

ADVENTURES OF THE TWINS



MRS. RHINO GETS FITTED

"For goodness' sake!" remarked the crane. "You need to say nothing! Whoever made your clothes did a very bad job."

Presently Nick returned with a tailor bird and a crane, who explained that they were in the business of fitting over clothes, and asked what was needed.

Mrs. Rhino got up laboriously out of her rocking chair again, and turned around. "For goodness' sake!" remarked the crane. "You need to say nothing! My partner and I can see ourselves that whoever made your clothes did a very bad job. May I ask who it was?"

Mrs. Rhino shook her head. "I can't remember," she replied. "They happened to be on me as I grew up. But, I'd surely be obliged if you'd fix me up for the Jungle Beauty Show. That's what I came to Topsy-Turvy Land for."

Well, the crane snipped and cut with his long scissor-bill, and the tailor bird sewed up the seams, and everybody helped. Pretty soon the buckers and lumps were all gone, and Mrs. Rhino's skin—I mean her gown—fitted perfectly. But, as you may imagine, she was completely worn out, and started for her rocking chair again, groaning with weariness. But what do you think! Her clothes now fitted her so tight she couldn't bend to sit down. Try as she would, she simply couldn't bend.

"Oh, dear!" she cried. "What shall I do? I can't stand up all my life! Oh, why did I ever wish to be fashionable? I don't want to be fashionable! I won't be fashionable! So there, Mr. Crane and Mr. Tailor-Bird, if you'll rip up the seams and put in the pieces again, I'll pay you extra. Then I'll go home and live in peace. No more Beauty Shows for me!"

So everybody started to work again and before long Mrs. Rhino was rocking happily.

Nancy and Nick, the Magical Mushroom, and the Green Shoes continued on their way to hunt for Jocko.

(Copyright, 1920, N. E. A.)

Little Stories for Bedtime

Shadow the Weasel Goes Hunting

WHILE Whitefoot the Wood Mouse was busy building a new home out of Mrs. Redwing's old home in the alder, Shadow the Weasel was hunting for all the Green Forest. He was looking for Whitefoot, for Shadow had made up his mind that he wanted a fat little mouse for dinner. He had found Whitefoot's old house, and his sharp little nose told him that Whitefoot had not been gone long.

"Probably he is out for a morning walk," thought Shadow. "I will look around and see what else I can find and then I'll come back and—"

Shadow did not say what he would do but he licked his lips and smiled happily. You see, Shadow is such a greedy, unsteady fellow that he could not sit down and wait for Whitefoot to return. When finally Whitefoot did return, he saw Shadow's footprints, and, stopping just long enough to put some food in his pockets, he started out to find a new home.

Now, Shadow the Weasel is very quick to think and to move, and he is a robber, a very fierce robber. All the little meadow people and forest folk hate him, and most of them fear him. When Shadow returned to Whitefoot's house he knew right away that Whitefoot had been back, and when he saw some food spilled on the floor where Whitefoot had hurried to fill his pockets, he guessed right away that the wood mouse had been away to find a new home.

"It's got him!" said Shadow with a snarl, and putting his nose to the ground, he started to follow in Whitefoot's steps. Now, Shadow has almost as wonderful a nose as Bowser the Hound, and he had no trouble at all in following Whitefoot's every step and turn. His little eyes grew wide and savage. "I'll get him!" he would mutter every few minutes.

By and by Shadow stopped. He was puzzled. Whitefoot's trail had suddenly disappeared. Instead, here was the trail of Johnny Chuck. What did it mean? Shadow ran around in a circle, but nowhere could he find a trace of Whitefoot after the latter's track joined that of Johnny Chuck. Shadow's eyes grew redder than ever with rage. For a while he ran harder than ever along Johnny Chuck's trail, but found no trace of Whitefoot. Then he gave it up, for he had



Over the edge of it peeped two bright little eyes and watched Shadow the Weasel.

Next story: Shadow the Weasel Makes a Mistake.

Prince of Wales Off to California

PANAMA, March 31 (Delayed).—H. M. S. Renown, carrying the Prince of Wales on his visit to Australia, was to sail Thursday morning for San Diego, Cal. Tonight the prince was the guest at a banquet and ball given by the president of Panama.



There's No Picture Like the Picture of Health

The greatest masterpiece in the art gallery of life is Nature's "Picture of Health."

Could Nature have taken you for her model? Suppose you study yourself in the mirror of the present and compare your looks, your feelings and your condition with the characteristics of this picture of the human body in perfect working order, all parts of which are sound, well organized and disposed, performing their functions freely, naturally.

If you fall in any single point of resemblance, you are not the picture of health. It is imperative, then, that you look to a means to rebuild your strength, energy and vigor—to bring your body up to a normal state of efficiency in all of its parts.

LYKO
The Great General Tonic

It is a marvelous portrayal of the human body in perfect working order, all parts of which are sound, well organized and disposed, performing their functions freely, naturally.

Manufacturers: LYKO MEDICINE COMPANY
NEW YORK KANSAS CITY, MO.

THE DOINGS OF THE DUFFS



THE AD READS, THAT IT'S ON 208th STREET AND WITHIN WALKING DISTANCE OF THE CAR—7 ROOMS MODERN

WELL NOW FAR OUT IS THIS JOINT? I'VE WALKED SIX BLOCKS FROM THE CAR NOW AND I DON'T EVEN SEE IT— I HOPE I'M STILL WITHIN THE CITY LIMITS

I UNDERSTAND THIS PLACE IS FOR RENT

YES, \$150.00 A MONTH AND FURNISH YOUR OWN HEAT!

BUT YOUR AD READS THAT IT'S WITHIN WALKING DISTANCE TO THE CAR LINE

WHY IT IS I'VE WALKED IT A COUPLE OF TIMES

WEDLOCKED—



WELL, WHAT DO YOU KNOW ABOUT THAT?

SAY—JUST TAKE A LOOK AT THIS SHIRT—I'VE TOLD YOU AT LEAST A DOZEN TIMES TO SEW IT AN' HERE'S TH'

TO WHOM ARE YOU SPEAKING—TO WHOM?

I'M NO SERVANT, YOU FORGET IT—TH' NERVE WHY—I HAD MY OWN CARRIAGE BEFORE I MET YOU

YES, I DID

SO DID I—WHO PUSHED YOURS?

FRECKLES AND HIS FRIENDS



HURRY NOW—YOU'VE BEEN A BAD BOY LONG ENOUGH—SIT DOWN ON THE SOFA FOR AN HOUR AND NOT A WORD OUT OF YOU!

HE'S IN AN AWFUL FRAME OF MIND TODAY.

WISH TO NEVER BEEN BORN, THAT'S WHAT!

I'D BEEN AN ANGEL THEN, MAY BEBE I'D SUTED POP BETTER!

KEEPING UP WITH THE JONESES



BOSS HAVE Y' GOT ANOTHER CIGAR TO SPARE?

SURE!

THANKS, NOW HAVE Y' GOT A MATCH?

YEH!

JUST LEND ME THAT PAPER A MINUTE BOSS I'WANTA SEE HOW TH' 'WETS' ARE MAKIN' OUT!

SAY! A BIG HUSKY GUY LIKE YOU OUGHTA BE WORKIN'!

I CANT BOSS I'VE GOT NERVE TROUBLE!!!

I DON'T NOTICE IT!

OTTO AUTO



SIR—MY HORSE IS OUTSIDE WITH A BROKEN SHOE—BRING THE NECESSARY REPAIR IMPLEMENTS AND FIX IT!

BUT LADY, THIS IS AN AUTO REPAIR SHOP, NOT A HORSE SHOEERS—I CAN FIX AUTO ENGINES, BUT I DON'T KNOW ANYTHING ABOUT FIXING HORSE SHOES!

I REG PARDON—BUT YOU SAY YOU CAN FIX INTRICATE AUTO ENGINES...

BUT CANT FIX A SIMPLE HORSE SHOE?

WHY, YOU STUPID THING!

Gov. Riggs Will Return North Soon

FUNERAL ARRANGEMENTS are pending for Lyman Melvin Wood, 52, for 41 years a resident of King county, who died at 3006 E. Cherry at Tuesday.

ALL FOREIGN BORN men are invited to attend the opening of the new naturalization class at the Y. M. C. A. Thursday night. Special music.

U.S. Army Goods SALE

Loses Purse With Cash and Diamonds

PIMPLY? WELL, DON'T BE

The CANDY Cathartic

"NICE to Take"

Cascarets
FOR CONSTIPATION
THEY WORK WHILE YOU SLEEP

MRS. JESSIE MYERS is sole beneficiary by will of her husband, Homer C. Myers, late exalted ruler-elect of Local Elks, who died March 23. Myers left \$25,000. Will was admitted to probate Wednesday.

Our Glasses
Carefully Fitted by Skilled Optometrists, Priced Reasonable.

WEGNER OPTICAL CO.
DR. H. B. WEGNER, Reg. Optometrist
227 UNION STREET
Between 2nd and 3rd Aves.