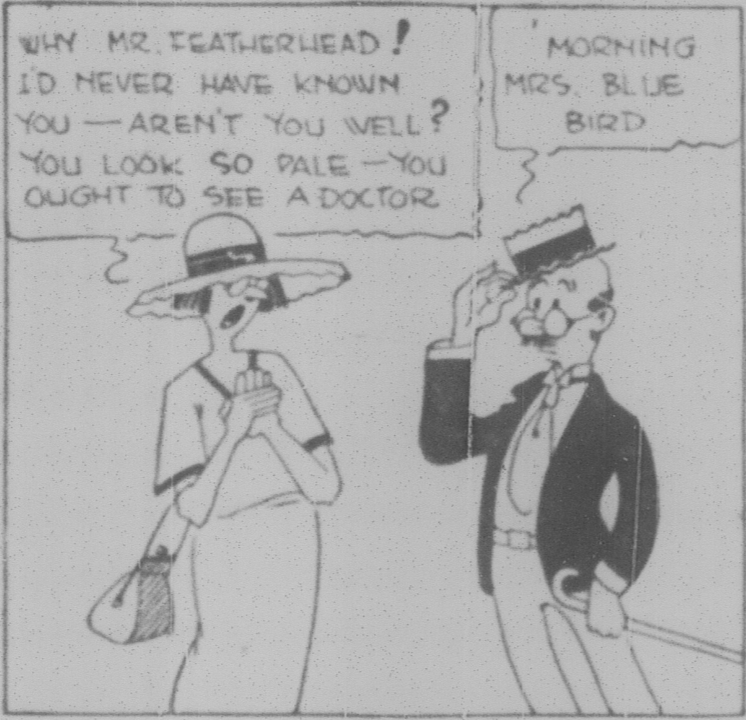


AW, WHAT'S THE USE



100% PERFECT BABY



By L. F. Van Zelm

What's the Use of It Anyway?



Daddy's Evening Fairy Tale

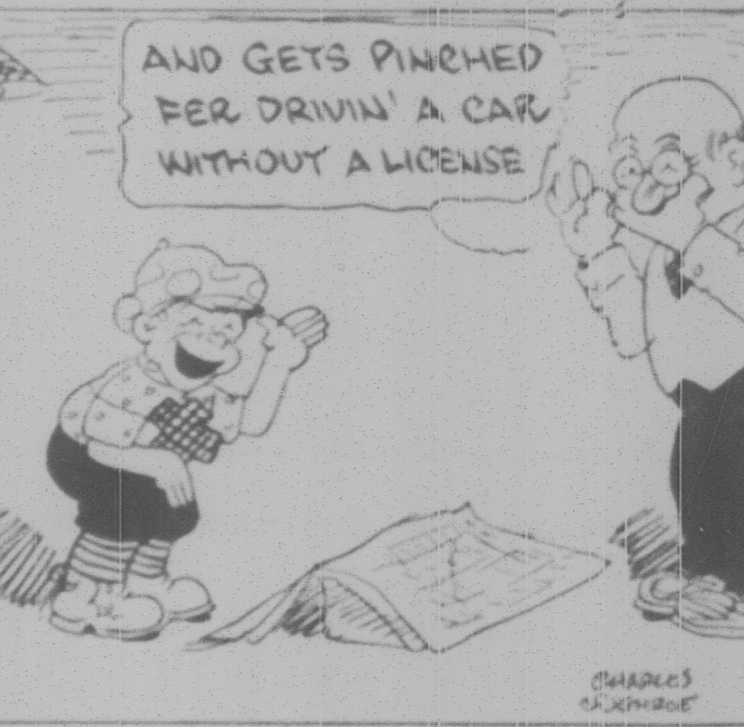
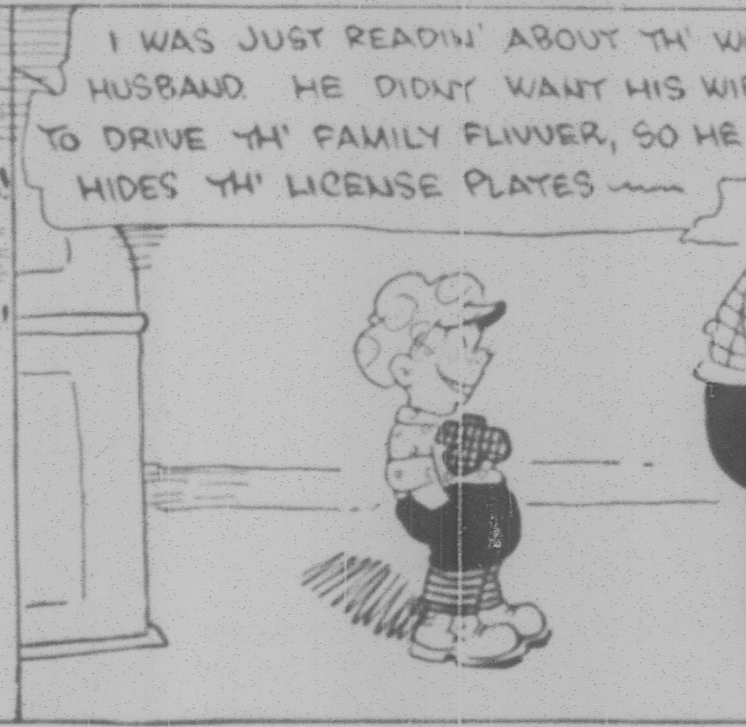
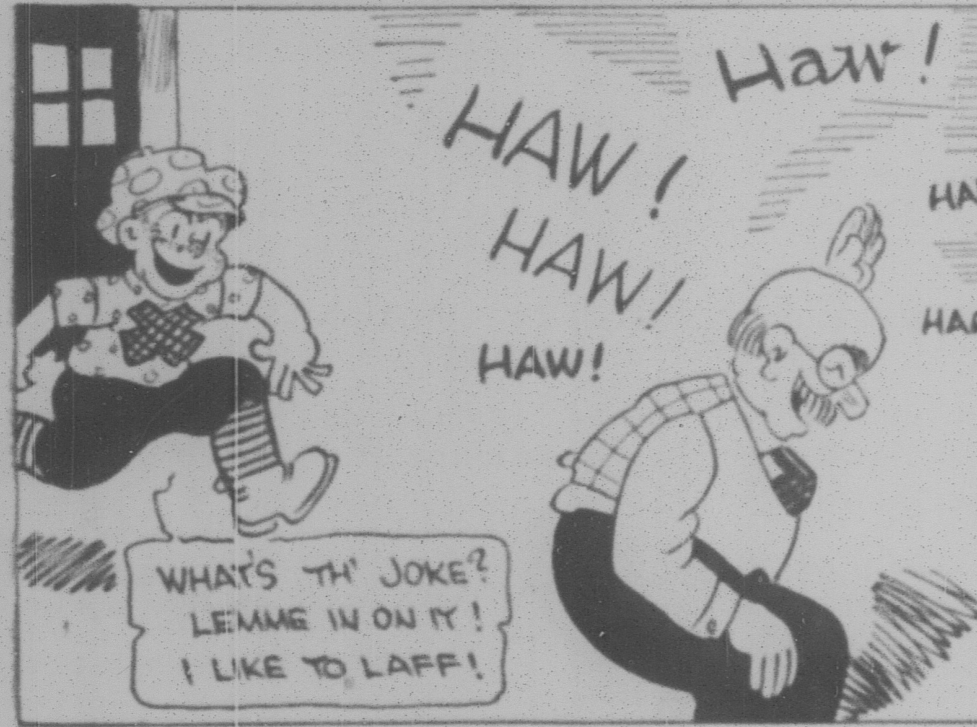
MARY GRAHAM BONNER

ZOO BIRDS

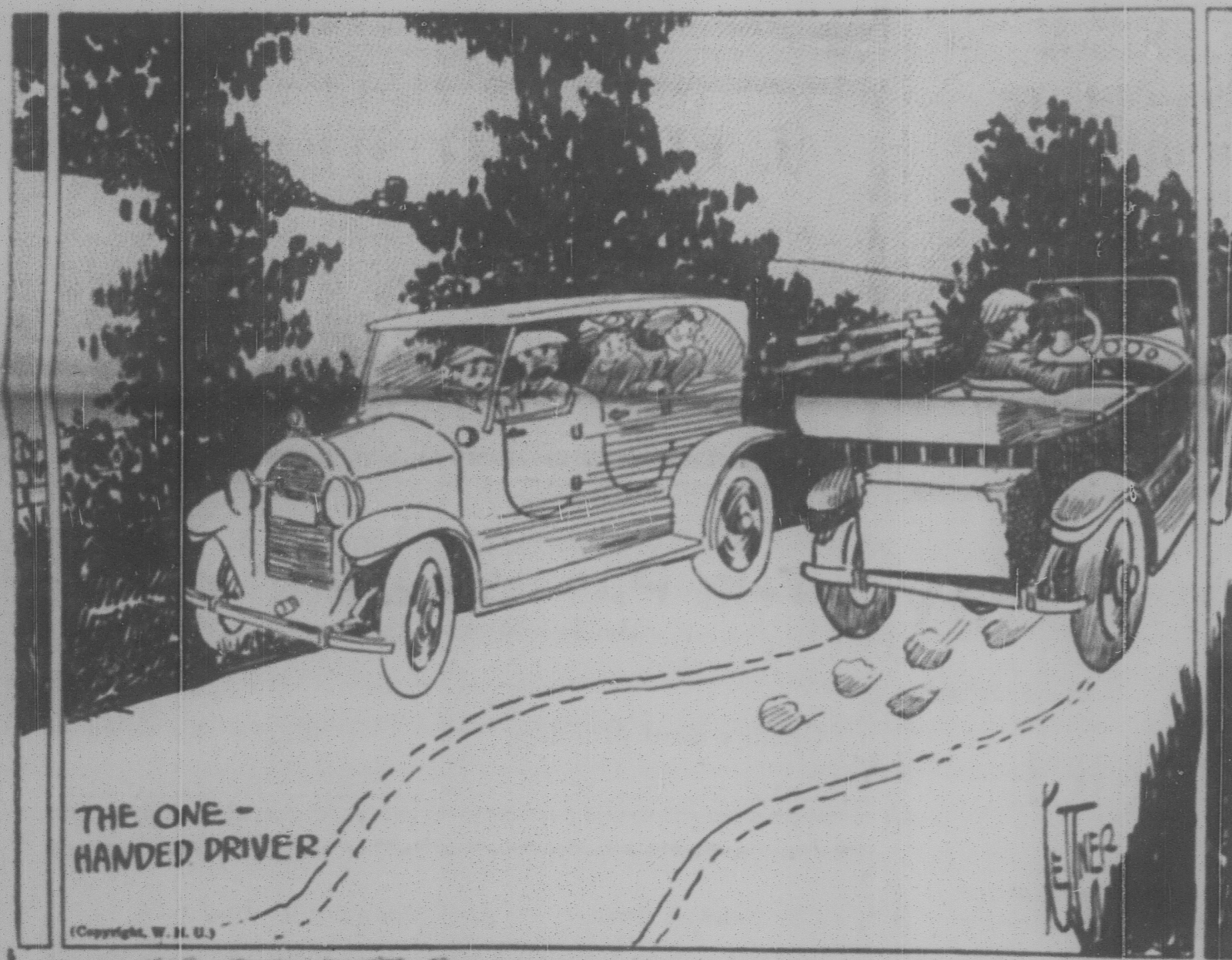
"I'm the white-headed sea eagle and I'm from South Africa." Billie Browne was visiting some of the birds in a zoo. And they were telling him about themselves. "Yes," continued the white-headed sea eagle, "and now I'm here. Of course you can see that for yourself. But it seems a long distance from South Africa, doesn't it?"

MICKIE, THE PRINTER'S DEVIL

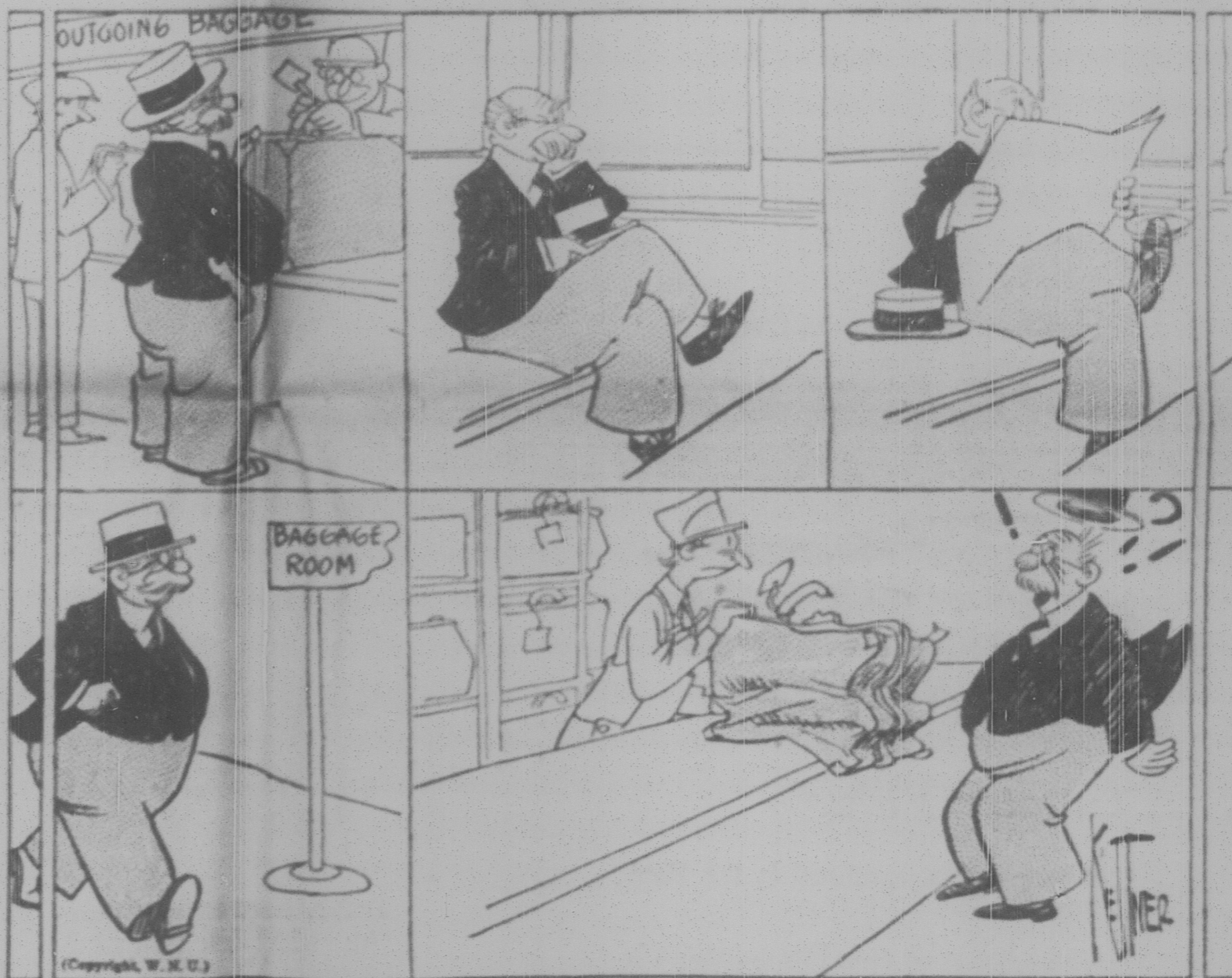
By Charles Suggs



On the Concrete



Our Pet Peeve



Shame on You, Boys!

"I agree with you," said Billie Browne. "You are a very striking, handsome bird." "Thank you, thank you," said the white-headed sea eagle. "I am the Australian Eagle. You see I have brown feathers. And I, too, am very beautiful. I have a white head and breast and at the back of my neck are white feathers too."

THE CLANCY KIDS

By PERCY L. CROSBY



The Pelicans Were Going About.

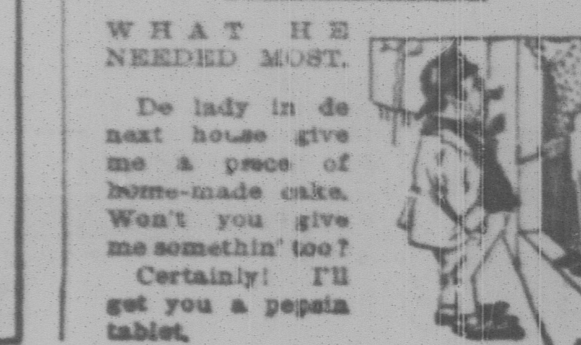
When they stopped making a great deal of noise they began to flap about and soon they had a nap. Before dinner they had been shouting about dinner time, which would soon be with them. When dinner came they shouted with joy about that and now they were through chattering and flapping their wings and were ready for pleasant picnic dreams.

RADIO RALF AND HIS FRIENDS

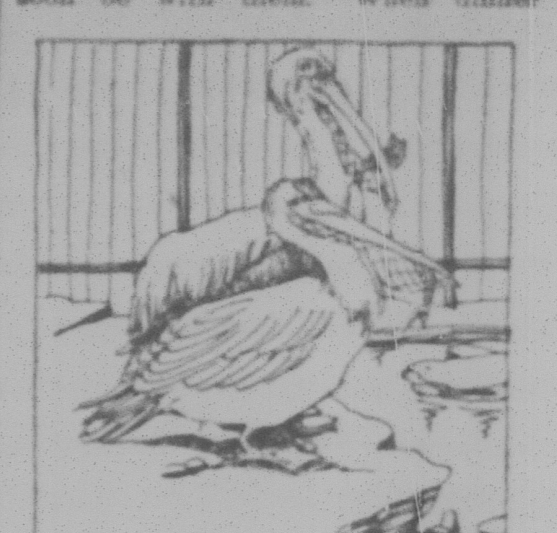
By JACK WILSON



THE WIFELY WAY.



THE GULLS WERE FOLDING THEIR FEATHERS SO NICELY ON THEIR BACKS, SPREADING OUT THEIR WINGS AND MAKING THEMSELVES LOOK THEIR VERY BEST.



"The Pelicans Were Going About."

They had not paid any attention to the pelicans when they had wiggled down their food - for that was just how it had looked to Billie Browne. Nor had they chattered as much as the pelicans had.

"I am the black-necked stork," said the next one upon whom Billie Browne called.

"My neck is really more of a peacock blue color than it is black, but I suppose the person who first named us was more or less color-blind."

"At any rate such is the name, and, too, I suppose some members of the family may have necks which are more black than blue."

"We come from India and from northern Australia. We're very shy and very wary of strangers."

"We go about all by ourselves when in the free state, though we do go in pairs, too."

"Don't you think our long and very thin pink legs are quite interesting and unusual?"

"Indeed I do," agreed Billie Browne. He had been particularly fascinated by their long and very, very thin pink legs.

"I'm the American Flamingo," said the next bird. "We live along the Atlantic coasts of tropical America."

"When we are wild our colors are more wonderful and more brilliant. We lose some of the brilliant coloring when we're in the zoo. Such is the Flamingo family way."

And then Billie watched the keeper feed the Pacific Gull and after feeding him he gave the gull's beak a nice little affectionate shake, for he was a great pet of the keeper.

But Billie Browne had to leave then. He was invited to come again, however, another time, to hear more of their stories.