MICKIE, THE PRINTER'S DEVIL

By Charles Sughroe
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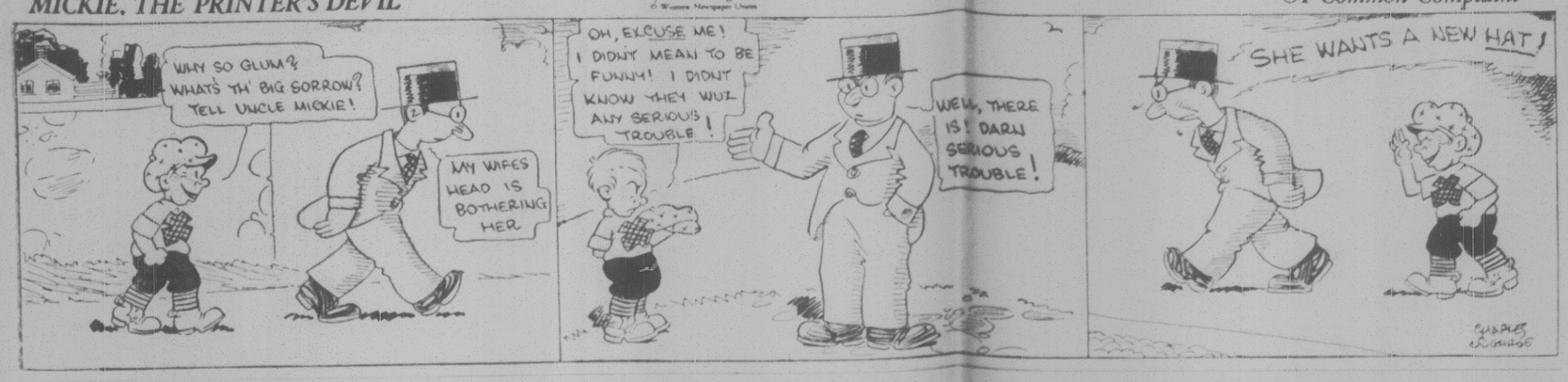

A Common Complaint

AW, WHAT'S THE USE

By L. F. Van Zelm
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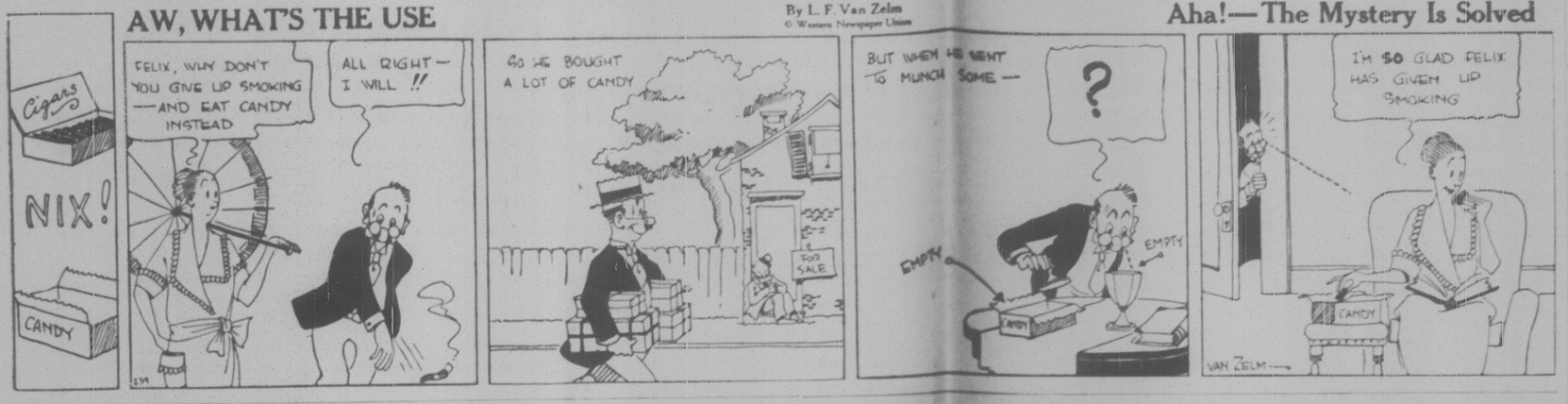
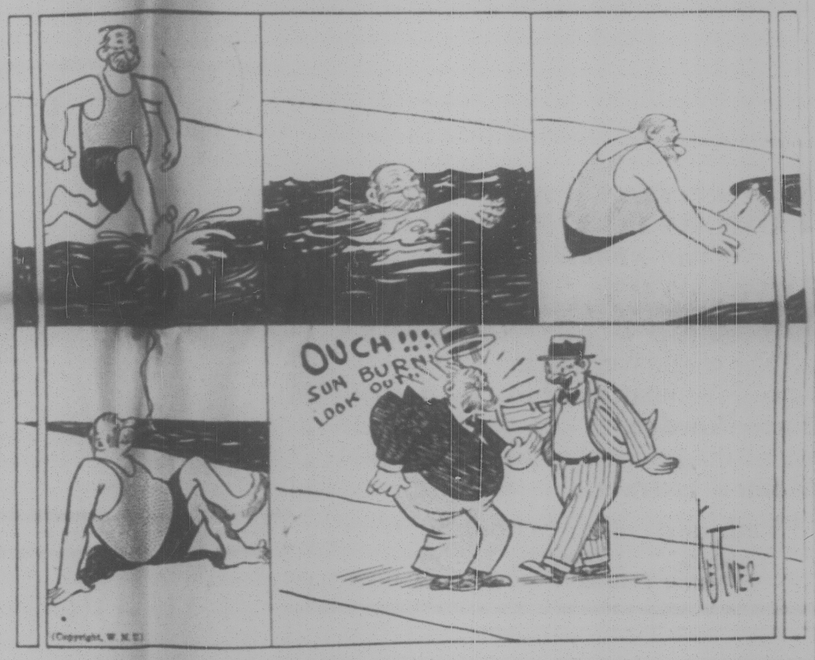


Aha!—The Mystery Is Solved

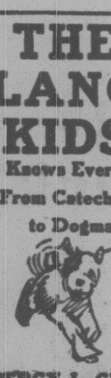
Big Events in the Lives of Little Men

Our Pet Peeve



THE CLANCY KIDS

He Knows Everything From Catechism to Dogma



By PERCY L. CROSBY
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RADIO RALF AND HIS FRIENDS—

By JACK WILSON
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THE NEW METHOD.

Nurse — Here is your new little brother.

Johnny — Gee! I s'pose he came by parcel post, too.

Smelled Something.

As they sped along between golden fields she murmured: "Don't you love fragrant hay?"

"Is that hay?" asked her guest. "I thought it was gasoline."

Force of Habit.

Member of Firm—Miss Pounder—Mabel—I love you to distraction—

Fair Stenog.—How do you spell "distraction"?

Daddy's Evening Fairy Tale

BY MARY GRAHAM BONNER

BABY ZEBRA

"I've named you Julia," said Queen Bess to her child.

"Of course it was the keeper in the zoo who told me that he thought that would be a nice name for you, and I think so, too. I thought so the moment he spoke of it."

Now, Julia was a baby zebra, and her mother was a grown-up zebra.

A zebra, as you know, is something like a horse with stripes.

"I suppose there are some people who wouldn't think a baby zebra was the sweetest thing in the world, but I do," Mother Zebra said.

Sometimes now she was called Mother Zebra, though, of course, Queen Bess was her real name, as I've said before.

"Your father, Julia Zebra, is known as George First. Does not that make him sound regal?

"Regal means kingly, of course.

"You're enjoying hay, too, now. Oh, yes, you're eating very grown-up food, and yet you are only a little girl, only a little girl.

"Your father is eleven years old. You see, that makes him very wise and important.

"There are creatures of eleven years old who may not be wise and important, but to my zebra mind there is nothing much finer in the way of an age than the age of eleven.

"The King, your father, thinks that my age is a fine age. I am nine years old.

"We are both from Cape Colony, South Africa, which is far, far away from here. There are nine zebra cousins here in the zoo, which is a splendid number. Of course I think eleven would be a nice number of zebras to have here, and perhaps

"It's a Nice World."

they'll send for two more some time to make the number eleven.

"I really think, though, that nine is all right as a number when it means the number of cousins we have here.

"And eleven is the finest age to be.

"Two of our babies have been given to other zoos, which is quite fair, I suppose. We were given something in this zoo in exchange.

An exchange is fair. Even if it means exchanging zebra and other fine beasts.

"One of the young zebra children was sent to Belgium, which is far, far away, across an ocean, and then still more of a distance.

"To be sure I do not think so much of the distance, for I came here from a greater distance still. But people think that is far away.

"The other baby zebra was sent to a zoo in this country. But you are to stay here with your mother, for you are your mother's Julia baby girl!

"I knew you were going to look just as you do."

"How did you know that, Mother Zebra?" asked Julia Zebra.

"A little bird told me," said Mother Zebra.

"A little bird?" repeated Julia.

"Yes," said Mother Zebra, "a little bird. But when I say that I say it as people do who use that expression.

"When some one knows a nice secret they are apt to say:

"'Oh, a little bird told me.' They mean that it is a very nice little secret—just such a one as a dear little bird would tell.

"Dear me, dear me," continued Mother Zebra, "what a handsome bumble-bee I do see over yonder.

"He's handsome, but I hope he's not coming to call on me. He has a most magnificent black and golden suit. It looks like a very expensive and rich and magnificent bumble-bee suit.

"He must have paid a great deal of bumble-bee money for it.

"Ah, he's not coming to call here. He seen a flower over yonder. Well and good, well and good."

"It's a nice world, isn't it?" asked Julia as she looked about her.

"Couldn't be better," said Mother Zebra. "Couldn't be better!"

He'll Stop.

Pa—At last I've found a way to make that young scamp of ours stop winking his eyes.

Ma—How?

Pa—I'll show him the article in this science magazine where it says that every time we wink we give the eye a bath.

Inside Information.

"Pa, I was the only one in the room who could answer a question today."

"What was the question?" asked the father proudly.

"'Who broke the window in the cloak room?'"