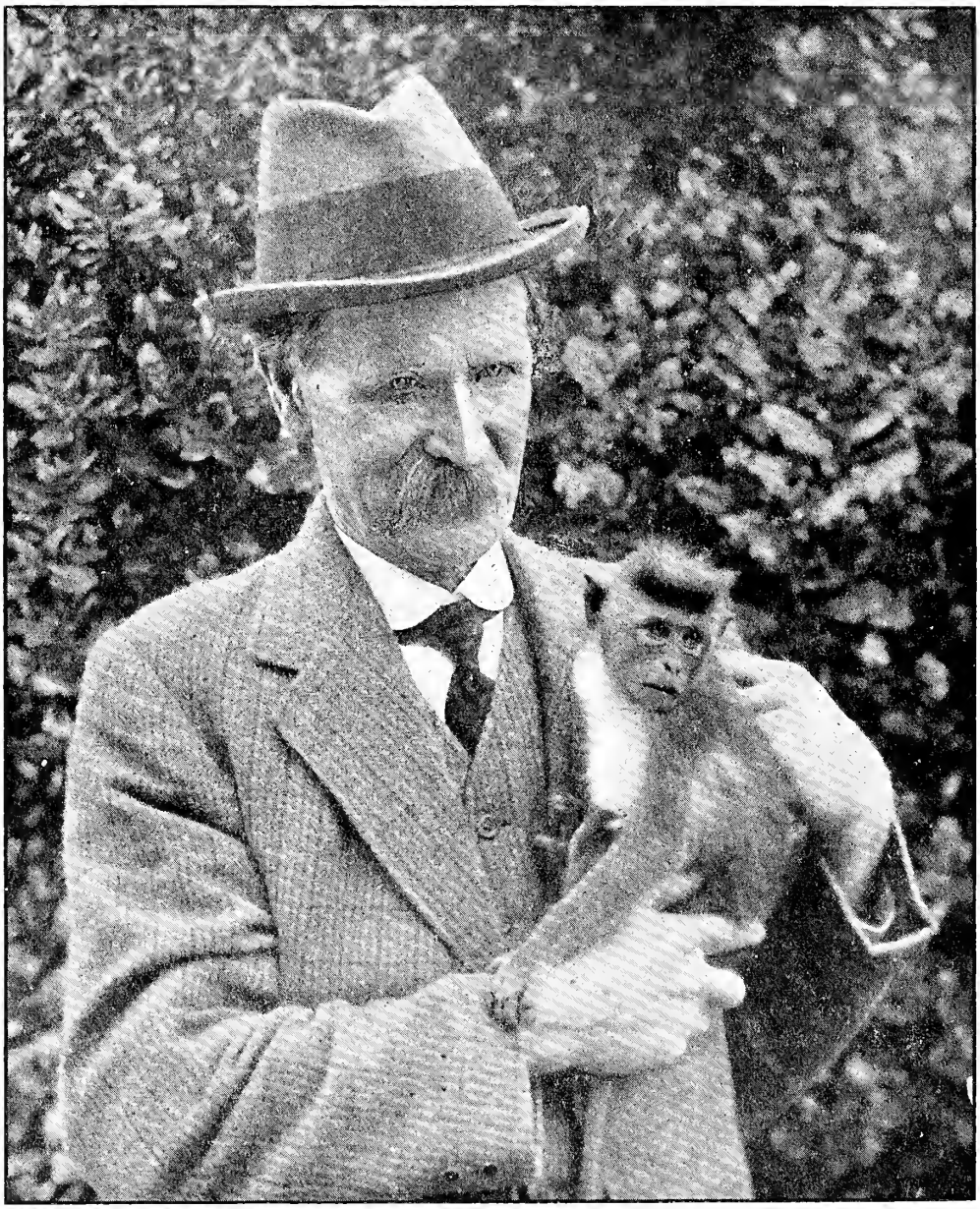
ALMOST HUMAN

REMINISCENCES FROM THE MELBOURNE ZOO



Mr. Wilkie and his pet.

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ALMOST HUMAN

REMINISCENCES FROM THE MELBOURNE ZOO

Told by

A. A. W. WILKIE

Overseer, Melbourne Zoological Gardens

Written by

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INTRODUCTION

Not only children, but all lovers of animal nature, will be delighted with this fascinating volume, wherein artistic treatment has combined with long experience in weaving into consecutive story the life history of many of the denizens of the Melbourne Zoo. Mr. Wilkie, who for half a century has been in intimate familiarity with the birds, the beasts and the reptiles included in this collection, and has bestowed upon their habits and their idiosyncrasies an increasing and affectionate scrutiny, is responsible for the facts. Mrs. A. R. Osborn has undertaken the duty of giving these facts effective representation. Originally the work was done for the Children's Page in "The Leader," and the appreciation it received is extenuation and justification for its reproduction in more permanent form.

Animal life, while differing from the human, has many of its characteristics, and we may see mirrored in their ways an adumbration of the feelings and the motives which influence our own action. They are responsive to kindness, always allowing for the legacy of hereditary incentive. They are subject to rages, even as we are, and they feel and resent their environment as we are liable to do until we learn the virtue of resignation where things cannot be altered. The capacity of memory is largely shown and there is also evidence of reasoning power, as many of these records illustrate. The facts given are genuine, founded on the knowledge and experience of one who has had a life-long association with the animals he describes. The book will recommend itself to popular favor.

HENRY SHORT,
EDITOR *"Leader."*

PREFACE

It is pleasant enough to pay a visit to the Melbourne Zoological Gardens, and watch the animals being fed, or to study them at their play or in repose; but a tour of the grounds, personally conducted by Mr. Wilkie, is a delight not easily forgotten. Natural history then becomes a new study. It is absorbingly interesting, and possesses a fascination that compels further enquiry. It was during such a pleasant walk about the Zoo grounds that this book was first contemplated. Originally Mr. Wilkie began to tell me the stories for the children who know me as "Cinderella" of "The Leader." But as time went on, it seemed that the delight my young friends were sharing with me should be offered to the wider public, and Mr. Wilkie was asked to recall whatever incidents he thought worthy of transcription and add them to "The Leader" stories to make this volume. The proprietors and editor of "The Leader" not only gave a willing consent to the project; but they further helped to make it complete by giving all the photographs taken by their Mr. E. T. Luke to illustrate the series. For this courtesy we give sincere thanks. All the illustrations are from photographs by Mr. Luke with the exception of the kookaburra and the tiger (Mr. Caudle), which were taken by Mr. Bertram Barnett.

Many of the stories in this collection will lead readers to the conclusion that other animals besides monkeys are uncomplimentarily "Almost Human." Those who do not approve of the title must remember that it is not any reflection upon the super-human among the sons of men. Much more could have been told, for much remains unsaid, but I am sure that this record of Mr. Wilkie's fifty years' observations and experiences will be appreciated, and I only hope that readers will derive as much pleasure from them as I did in listening to and transcribing them.

ANNIE OSBORN.

Table of Contents

CONTENTS.

CONTENTS.

CONTENTS.

Illustrations

ILLUSTRATIONS.

Almost Human

Reminiscences from the Melbourne Zoo

MOLLIE, THE ORANG-UTANG

It is fairly safe to say that no visitor willingly leaves the Melbourne Zoological Gardens without having watched Mollie, the splendid specimen of an orang-utang. Many animals hold the affection of various sections of the public; but for one admirer before other cages, there will always be found ten watching Mollie. More stories are told of her than of any other individual captive there; and the daily agreement of surprised spectators is that she is *"almost human."*

RESENTING A LIBEL.

Orang-Utang means "The Wild Man of the Woods," and this name is sufficiently descriptive to make it comprehensible why the creatures are very difficult to keep alive in captivity. Mollie has established a world's record in living in a cage for sixteen years, and present indications are that she will live there for a very much longer period. She was brought to the Zoo when a baby a few months old, and she has always taken very kindly to her restricted life, enjoying the many good things that come her way, and resenting and avenging any insults that may be offered to her. The determined way she persists in doing anything she sets her mind upon may be understood from the story of how she tore down the label that described her as "The Wild Man of the Woods."

Mollie was interviewed for the Press. Occasionally she had been photographed before, but this was the first real interview she had been asked for, and naturally, she was somewhat elated by it. She was far too proud to go through her repertoire of tricks so that the interviewer could describe them at first hand, but she had no objection to listening to a detailed account of her cleverness, and she sat gravely watching the note-taker with such a comical attempt at being very dignified that it was easily guessed she thought her behaviour perfect under a somewhat trying ordeal. She must have revolved the problem in her mind afterwards: Why was she called "The Wild Man of the Woods," when she acted like a perfect lady? Supposing it was published to the world that she was correctly labelled, notwithstanding all her good manners?

Half-an-hour's thinking convinced her that she had endured the insult long enough. She therefore put her hand through the bars and

tore off the plate that bore her name and country of origin. One of the keepers found it on the ground, and it was at once replaced. Again it was found where she had flung it and put back; and a third time she undid the work of the hammerer. Then it was decided that the label must be put high above her head so that she could not reach it. No sooner said than done, and all believed that she was beaten. Mollie made a number of vain attempts to get at it with her fingers, but she discovered that no straining would enable her to even get within a foot of it. So she resorted to other means of accomplishing her object. She folded up one of her sleeping bags into a long tight wad, pushed it outside her prison bars, and began to hit at the plate, keeping up a steady, tireless flicking at one point until she managed to loosen the nails. A little longer, and the plate drooped, again a little further effort, and it swung down, hanging by the nails of one side only. It was then the work of a moment for triumphant Mollie to seize it and send the offensive description flying across the road.

Satisfied that she had won her point, and was at last mistress of the situation, Mollie curled herself up to sleep off the strain of her exertions. When next the label was affixed to her cage it was done when she was not looking, and it hangs in a spot where she cannot possibly see or feel it. It was a mean advantage for human brains to take over a monkey's, but what else could be done under the circumstances?

IN HER YOUTH.

When Mollie was young they tried to teach her to ride on the donkey's back, but Merriwee disapproved of the arrangement even more than Mollie did, and so the training was not persisted in, but it caused great fun for the onlookers while it lasted. Merriwee did not like the immense number of hands that Mollie seemed to be able to bring into action, nor her marvellous success in pinching up a very considerable quantity of skin with each one of them, although he was so fat it had hitherto seemed a matter of impossibility to raise even a crease in his sleek sides. She sat his back easily enough, but gripped him very hard, proving thereby that she was not as comfortable as a cursory glance might seem to indicate. But Merriwee was worse—he was merely a bundle of nerves the whole time she sat astride him. He kept shaking his skin violently to try to loosen her hands, and his ears moved incessantly in his fear of something worse. Mollie was always glad to get back to her cage, and seemed to have no yearnings after fuller liberty. Her one attempt at getting away was not such a success that she craved for more. One day, in her restless search for novelty, she

managed to pick the lock of her door, and got out. A crowd collected after she had found a coign of vantage on top of an aviary, but no one seemed to have seen her get there. A man rushed to one of the keepers in great excitement. "There's a lion loose over there!" he cried, as he pointed to the crowd congregated about the owl house. There was a facing board projecting all round the top of the aviary, and all that could be seen above it was the dim outline of something russet-hued. It really looked as much like a lion as anything, and no one thought it was Mollie until she cautiously peeped over to scan the surging crowd below. When the people saw there was no danger from a sudden spring from a lion, they stormed the aviary and hoped for great fun. Two of the keepers quickly got a ladder and climbed to the roof of the aviary. Mr. Wilkie stayed below in the hope of being able to catch her should she take the whim of evading the men by sliding down the side. She watched them come up, one going along one side of the roof, and the second going in the other direction. She calmly got up and walked up and down the very centre—where she knew they could not follow or reach her. For about twenty minutes she kept up these aggravating pranks, until Mr. Wilkie feared something had gone wrong. He mounted the ladder, and as soon as he called "Come along, Mollie!" she waddled over to him at once, put her long arms about his neck, her feet around his waist, and looked confidingly into his face, as much as to say she was satisfied there would be no trouble for her. Then she looked back suspiciously at the two keepers crawling on hands and knees on the narrow parapet, and clung closer to him for protection. It was no small task to get down the ladder with her great weight hanging so awkwardly on him, but Mr. Wilkie had not the least difficulty in getting her back to her cage. She was delighted to see the door open, and sprang into safety with a real and intense sigh of relief.

Like all the higher type of monkey, Mollie loves to get a tool to work with. If the carpenter is doing any work in her compartments, she must be lent the hammer, or the chisel, and if she can also get a nail or two, she will hammer them into her floor with great precision, never once hitting her thumb or fingers as most humans of her sex do so beautifully. When the nail is far enough down, she sets to work to lever it out again, and if she finds it too hard to pick out with her fingers, she sets her brains puzzling to find assistance. Many a clever lever has she constructed, and as her patience is infinite, she always achieves her end. People love to watch her at work, and they bring her all manner of queer things to see what she will do with them; but surely the limit of strangeness was reached when a lady dentist brought her the plaster model of a double set of artificial teeth! What she expected of Mollie

was made clear when she cried out aloud in her disappointment when Mollie industriously broke them to pieces, crumbled the plaster of Paris and extracted the wires. Mollie thought that was the hidden treasure —the lady dentist had hoped she would try to fit the cumbersome things into her mouth.

A CONFIRMED SMOKER.

No one can resist the attraction of watching Mollie smoke a cigarette. One day she was honored by a visit from a Very Distinguished Person, who had attended a Very Grand Banquet the night before, and whose morning "pick-me-ups" had been just a trifle too numerous. He was prepared to be bored in the best manner, but Mollie was on her best behaviour, and when he was condescending enough to give one of his expensive cigarettes to Mr. Wilkie for Mollie, he gave it with an unassumed indifference. Then he lent his matchbox to her, by special request, for he had just lighted a match for himself from it, and Mollie eyed it anxiously. His interest began to stir when he saw her open the box and strike a light after placing the cigarette in her mouth in as rakish a manner as he had done, but when she proceeded to imitate his way of lighting, and shook the match twice as he had done to put it out, he watched with real keenness. Then the two smoked in unison, she imitating his every gesture; but the Very Distinguished Person was completely sobered in a moment when she held out her hand for a pin, and then impaled the last half-inch of the unusually good cigarette to enjoy it to the last. He stared in bewilderment, and laughed unrestrainedly as he admitted that he had never believed it could be done by an animal.

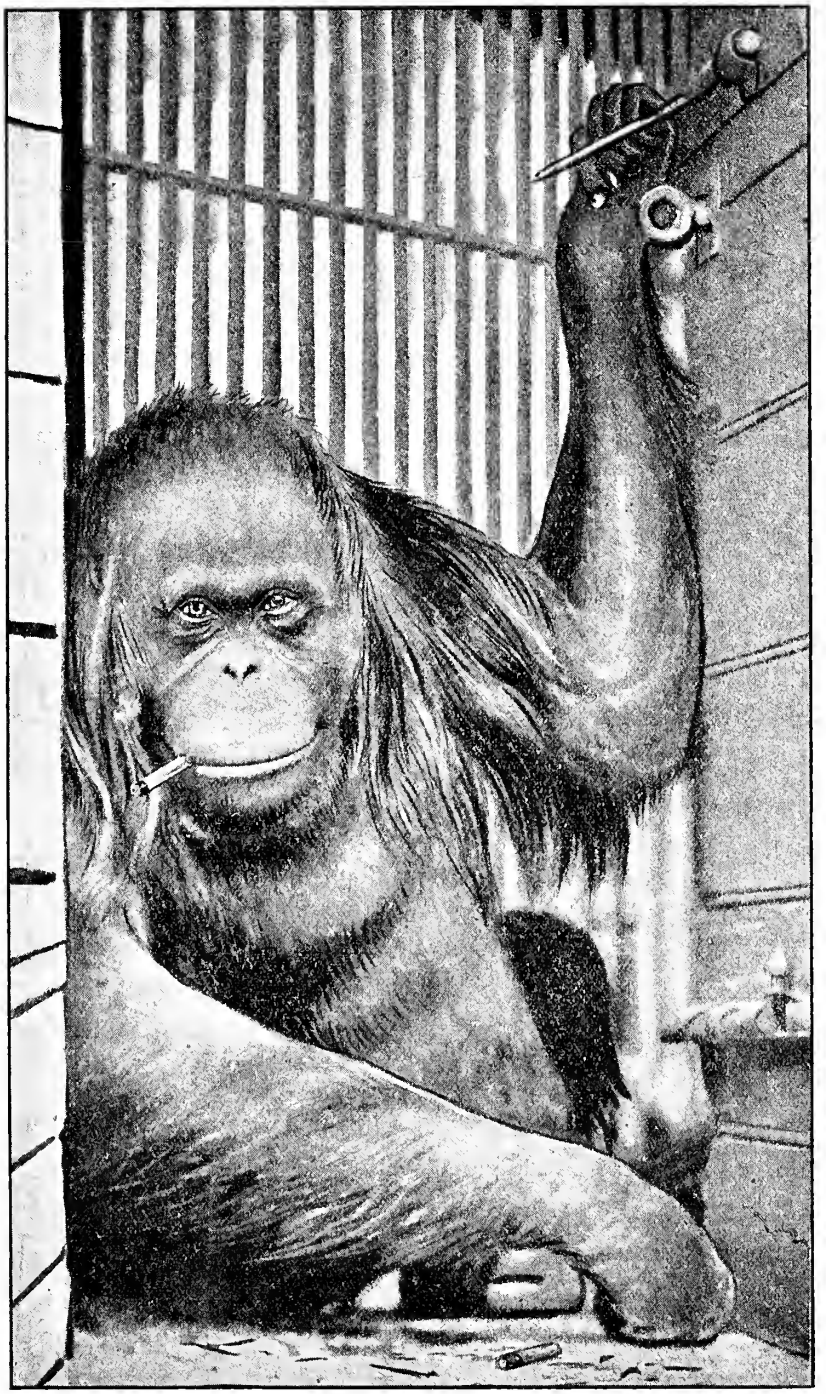
A number of city men were grouped about her cage one day, when one of them said:

"They say she smokes cigarettes. Lend us one, old man, to see."

The man addressed took out a packet and offered one to her. She took it at once, but turned it over in her fingers after smelling it, as if she did not think very much of it. She was so unimpressed that another member of the party laughed:

"Say, old chap, she doesn't think much of your taste in cigarettes. Perhaps she'll prefer mine."

He drew out his gold cigarette case and took out a Milo. In an instant Mollie's eyes glistened, and as she thrust out an eager hand to get the rare treasure, she contemptuously threw back the cheaper brand at the giver of it. There was a yell of laughter from his delighted friends as the nonplussed man caught his unappreciated gift and twirled



Mollie.

it in his fingers, and the yell grew to a sustained roar as Mollie eagerly begged a match and lighted the prize. She smoked it with such obvious delight that they were all satisfied that she knew the difference between a choice cigarette and an ordinary one. So clearly did she prove her knowledge that to this day that cheaper brand of cigarettes dare not show itself among any of that group of men. "Thanks," they say, as they wave the proffered gift aside, "but even the monkey won't smoke those!"

There is a subsidiary joy that Mollie derives from this accomplishment of hers, that has necessitated the lining of her cage throughout with iron, in order to render it fireproof. She found out that she could set fire to her bags by using the stubs of her cigarettes. Sometimes it entails a vast deal of patience to get the blaze going; and she has to hold the two very close to each other, and blow most assiduously before the desired flame will come. When it gets well alight, she hunts for a stick or some other means of carrying the burning rag, and takes it about to every bag she possesses, and then has a fine bit of fun in watching them go up in smoke. She loves to warm her hands by them, but she never burns herself in one of these riots of incendiarism. She knows exactly how near and how far to get for safety. It is said that the only thing monkeys do not know about a fire is how to keep it going after it has been lit. They have never learned how to add fuel to dying embers, and Mollie's only idea is to carry the flame to the other bags, not to carry the bags to the original blaze.

WHAT'S IN A NAME?

One day a Vice-Regal visit was paid to the gardens and it was Mr. Wilkie's duty to take the ladies around the place. When they stopped at Mollie's cage he naturally addressed her by name.

"What do you call her?" asked one of the young ladies, smiling mischievously.

"Mollie," was the answer.

The two girls laughed this time so meaningly that he said:

"I think they really called her Mary at first, but we changed it to Mollie when we grew fonder of her."

Upon this the whole company could restrain its mirth no longer, and the mother explained the joke to him. One of the young ladies was Lady Mary, and was known in intimate circles as Lady Mollie.

HOIST ON HIS OWN PETARD.

With the passing years Mollie is finding that people play fewer tricks upon her than they used to do. The fact is that it is becoming

generally known that it is not safe to trifle with her. One man who learned the lesson to his cost was a very heavy, short man, weighing perhaps fourteen stone. He offered her some fruit, and as she stretched out her hand for it he gradually drew it back. Further and further back he went until she could stretch no more. Then he caught the outstretched hand, and pulled for all his might. She bore the pain for awhile, although he nearly dislocated her shoulder, and then she put out her other hand. He prepared to catch this too, but she was too quick for him. She had evidently calculated upon this action of his, and she caught his hand in a second. Then she began pulling. In a minute he was raised off his feet, and all his frantic efforts to recover his balance were useless. She pulled steadily and remorselessly, and got him half way over the fence. There he dangled, amid the laughter of a delighted crowd, unable to do a thing to extricate himself from his ridiculous position, and no one offering to make his punishment less severe. Mollie held him until he was nearly purple in the face, and then she suddenly let him go, to pick himself up as best he could.

BED MAKING.

Mollie has most human-like ways. To see her make her bed is a good lesson in how it should be done. She gets half-a-dozen bags and spreads them out on the floor of her inside cage most carefully, smoothing away every suspicion of a wrinkle. Then she takes a couple more and rolls them into a very tidy bundle, and places them at the head of her bed for her pillow. When all is satisfactory she takes the remainder of the bags and wraps herself up as cosily as a chrysalis in a cocoon, then she stretches herself out for a long night's sleep. Sometimes she gets out the wrong side of the bed in the mornings, just like boys and girls do. On such days she has to be treated with great respect, and no one cares about taking liberties with her then. A keeper who forgot that it was unsafe to go into her cage when she was cross-grained, will remember his experience to his dying day. She caught him by the arm, and with her powerful hands and strong nails she tore at it until the bone was almost stripped of its flesh. The unfortunate man was off duty for nearly twelve months through the terrible mauling he received.

WITHIN AN INCH OF HIS LIFE.

Another man that Mollie punished did not deserve or receive any of the sympathy given to the keeper. He was a young man who often went to the Zoo, and he frequently gave Mollie a cigarette and watched

her smoke it with amusement. One day he took several lady friends with him to see her, and he decided he would be funny at her expense. He offered the cigarette as usual, but instead of letting Mollie take it, he drew his hand back as she was about to grasp it. He kept this game up for quite a long while, and was highly amused when Mollie got on her dignity and sat frowning angrily at his cruelty. He turned his back upon her as he began to talk to his friends, and neither he nor they noticed that in leaning on the fence he was gradually getting within Mollie's reach. But she was on the alert, if they were not. Her bright eyes were fixed upon him as he moved nearer and nearer. Nobody noticed a long, strong brown arm stealthily thrust through the bars, nor the powerful, slender fingers feel for a tight grip upon the offender's collar. But before they could guess what she was about he was grabbed, lifted over the railings, and shaken within an inch of his life. His horrified friends screamed for help, and he added to their clamor, but Mollie cared not a whit for all their racket. She shook and shook him until his collar studs gave way, his clothes split half-way down with the strain, and he was quite half-strangled. When she was sure he had been taught a lesson that he would never forget, and was fully repaid for all he had done to her, she flung him across the railings again as contemptuously and triumphantly as she had thrown the label. No more thoroughly humbled and frightened man has ever gone out of the Zoo gates than the one who decided to "have a loan" of Mollie.

THE BORROWED PARASOL.

Once two ladies stopped before her cage and watched her for some time. They then began to tease her by poking her with their parasols. Mollie likes to be lent articles of attire, such as gloves, which she will put on carefully, and on the right hands, too, drawing them up over her arms without a wrinkle in them; or handkerchiefs, which she will turn into neckerchiefs or caps, deftly tying knots in the corners as if she had been used to it all her life. She looks curiously human dressed in this way. If she can get an umbrella her joy is complete. She knows that people cannot resist giving her a crack over the knuckles if she exposes them carelessly outside the bars, so she angles for the coveted toy as patiently as ever Isaak Walton did for fish. When she lands her prize, she will prepare elaborately to extract the last ounce of enjoyment out of it. She makes a presentable imitation of an arm-chair out of her bags, and then reclines at ease as she presses back the spring and opens the umbrella. She flirts with it then to her heart's content. At first it is held high up. Then it is lowered over her head;

then whisked around to the back, and when she is sure she has captured the admiration of all onlookers, she coyly hides herself from public view with it. She will sit for hours opening and closing it. If it has a valuable handle, and Mr. Wilkie insists upon her returning it, she will surrender that portion; but never will she give up the part that "works." It is gradually reduced to atoms.

These women apparently did not know of this fancy of Mollie's, but as she was in no mood for play that day she tried to avoid their attentions. But they poked her until she was thoroughly angry, and then she gripped one of the parasols in that firm clutch that no one has ever been able to loosen. When the woman discovered that her strength was no match for Mollie's, she changed her laughter to wailing.

"Oh, please, please don't!" she begged, as the parasol went inch by inch into the cage. "It isn't mine! I wouldn't mind if it was mine, but it's a borrowed one! Please don't take it!"

Mollie could not see how the ownership of the article was any concern of hers. People with borrowed parasols had no right to jeopardise them. She pulled steadily and relentlessly, and at last the strain grew too great, and Mollie gained complete possession of the treasure. She opened it carefully and moved slowly up and down her cage with it over her head, imitating many of the antics she had admired in humans of her own sex when they were anxious to make impressions. All the while the tantalised woman outside was beseeching Mollie to give it back unharmed. Mollie listened to her pleadings, and when she grew tired of playing with the toy, she gave her answer unmistakably. She sat down before the two women, and deliberately broke it into little bits. Then she gravely offered the pieces back.

AN OBEDIENT CHILD.

It was a hot day, and people carried bottles of cold drinks about with them. Mollie can open a bottle of ginger-pop or lemonade with anybody, and she dearly loves a drink of such a beverage on a hot day. Whether filled or empty it is not known, but on this day someone presented her with a bottle, and, very proud of her treasure, she began her favorite occupation of hammering it against the bars. She loves to hear the bottles smash, and, better still, she likes to fling the jagged pieces at children—for she regards children as her natural born tormentors. Thus it comes about that the whole staff gets anxious if they know that she has a bottle in her possession.

She would not give the bottle up for all their coaxing, so in desperation the men sought Mr. Wilkie. It was a holiday, and scores of

children were crowded round her cage—what mischief might be done before nightfall? He hastened to the spot.

A woman in the crowd had a bag of apricots.

"Would you mind giving me one of those?" asked Mr. Wilkie. "She might give it up in exchange for that, but I can't get it otherwise, I'm sure."

The tempting fruit was willingly given, and held out before Mollie.

"Now, Mollie," he said, "if you bring that bottle into the other cage and give it to me you shall have this!"

The bottle was dropped instantly and Mollie hastened off to her sleeping cage, where the bars are further apart, to get the dainty.

"No, Mollie," said Mr. Wilkie. "You haven't brought the bottle. Give me the bottle, and this is yours."

She looked at him for a moment, thinking deeply. Then she turned and went for the bottle. Bringing it back as fast as she could walk, she thrust it through the bars with her right hand and held her left one out at the same time for her reward. As soon as she sat back to enjoy the sweets of obedience, a cry went up:

"Why, she understood you!"

"Yes," replied Mr. Wilkie. "That is what we cannot make people believe; she does understand!"

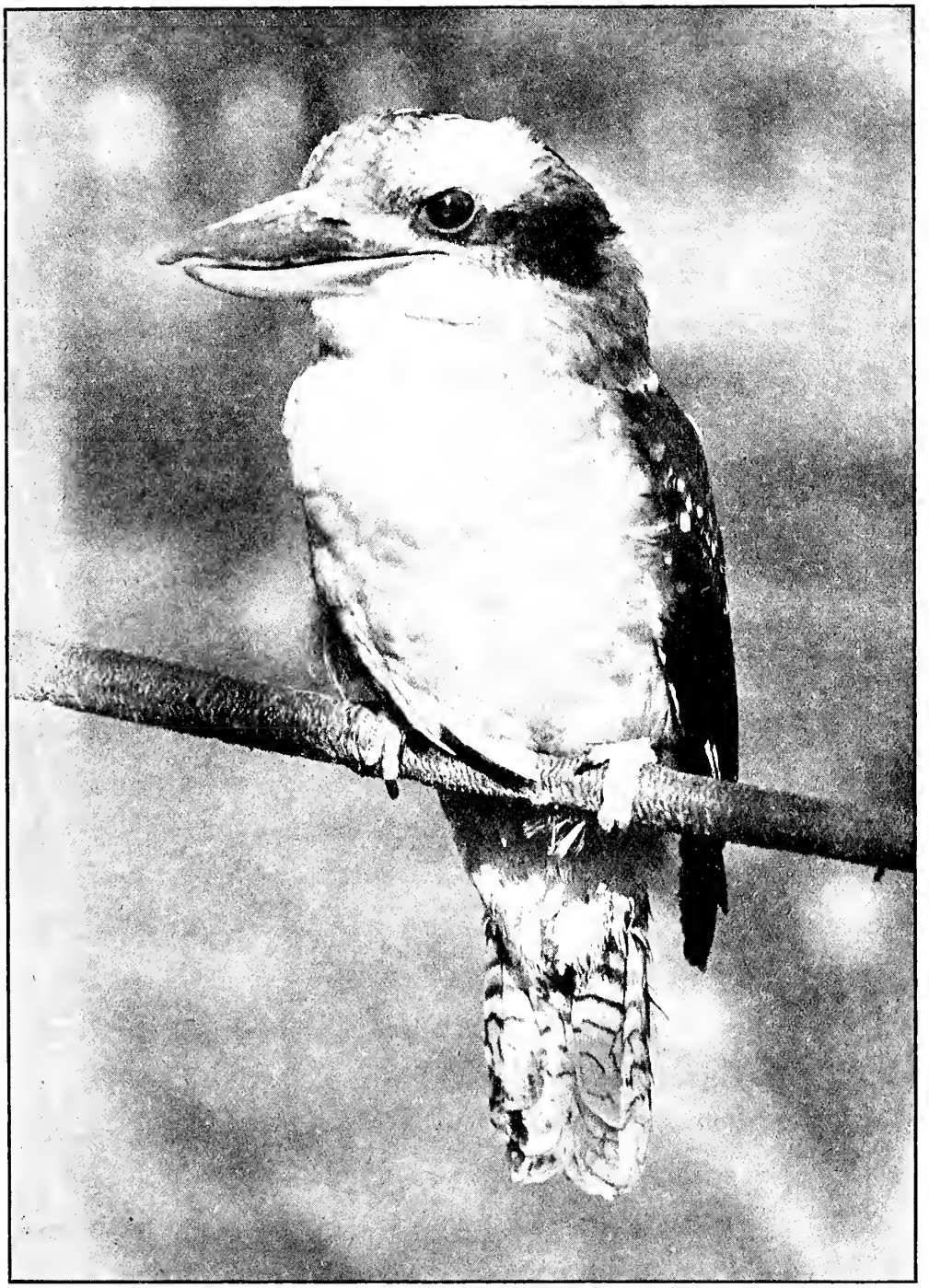
TEMPER.

It was nearly dusk, after a broiling day. The visitors had gone, and Mr. Wilkie was homeward bound. Mollie watched him, enviously. It seemed cooler on the path; her cage was suffocatingly hot, and the coming thunderstorm seemed to be delaying unnecessarily. So forlorn did she look that he stopped before her cage and handed her the match he was just about to use as a pipe light.

"Here, old girl; light my pipe for me!"

Mollie took the lighted match, but she was attracted by a kookaburra that had just perched on the fence opposite. She could not be constrained to look away from the bird, and, in her abstraction, she let the match burn her fingers. Instantly she flung it away in a rage and curled herself up to sulk. But just as she did so, the kookaburra began to laugh—laugh as if he could not stop.

Evidently she thought that Mr. Wilkie had got the bird to laugh, or was in some way directly responsible for the outrage, for she sprang up in an ungovernable rage, caught up one of her bags, and flung it with all her might at him. He tried to explain to her that the noisy fellow was trying to laugh down the fright he had got from an ibis just below



Without Malice Aforethought.

his perch, but the more he explained the more offended Mollie got, and at last he was compelled to leave her without having had the pleasure of making friends once more.

A KILLJOY.

A large number of clergymen who were met in counsel together one year took an afternoon off from their discussions and visited the Zoo. Mr. Le Souef and Mr. Wilkie took the gentlemen all over the gardens and showed them everything of interest. There were perhaps thirty in the party, and all but one were happy and pleased. That one must have gone there for the purpose of moralising upon the frivolity of his brethren, for he certainly did not enjoy himself, and he seemed to think none of them should be there at all. However the other men did not allow him to spoil their fun, and all went merrily. When they reached Mollie's cage they found she was in her best company trim, and she excelled herself to please them. But she soon became conscious that on the outskirts of the crowd was this cold critic whose face would not move a muscle whatever she did. His asceticism found little response from Mollie. She looked at his high cheekbones, hard mouth, and cadaverous face with every line deep set downwards, and saw that his first tenet was the mortification of the flesh. She at last determined that whether he wished to do so or not he should enter into the spirit of the day. She played her best tricks, she all but asked him to come nearer her. Then she rolled up one of her bags and, pushing it out of her cage, used it as a flick to reach him. One and another of the younger men caught its other end, but she pulled it away at once and threw it towards the object of her interest once more. The young men opened up an avenue and asked the stern ascetic to take it.

"Come along," they urged. "She wants you to take it. Humor the thing."

Reluctantly, and without relaxing one hard line of his face, he at last took the proffered end, and Mollie positively laughed. When she laughs her whole face is so curiously human that it is difficult to believe she is not so. She at once began to haul her bag in, and the minister had to follow. Slowly but surely she got the man, who would not laugh at her efforts to please, nearer and nearer to her cage. When she got him near enough she bent forward and deliberately spat in his face.

There was a most uncomfortable pause, during which the victim, still as mask-like as ever, took out his handkerchief and wiped his cheeks. There was a quickly suppressed titter first from one spot, then another, followed by looks of utter consternation as they marvelled what he would

do to avenge himself. But he turned when they did and moved away as calmly as if nothing had happened. Some of the unregenerate younger men found it a severe tax upon their self-restraint to keep back their mirth, and every now and again a spasm of laughter would be followed by a deprecating cough. They were bound for the refreshment room, near the entrance, and the ascetic quietly and unostentatiously took the first opportunity of leaving the gardens.

BABOONS

MRS. AND MISS MACG. . . . .

Although no properly constituted Zoo could keep its self-respect unless it had a well-populated monkey house, it is a surprisingly rare thing for one to have a native-born baby monkey on view, for they very seldom breed in captivity; therefore when one does make its appearance the event is looked upon as one of considerable importance. When a baby was born some years ago to a fine yellow baboon in the Melbourne Gardens it was the first monkey birth within the memory of two or three generations of children, and so the mother and baby held first place in the affections of Zoo frequenters for a long while. The fame of the pair having gone abroad, a newspaper reporter went there to interview them and to get their portraits for his journal. The silly season was at its height, and there was space and to spare for such biographies. He was delighted with the two, and after gleaning all available information about them, he asked if they had names. Yes, he was told, they were the yellow baboons. But surely two important animals like that would have had special names bestowed on them? They had, it was admitted, but the staff did not know whether their special names were for more than home consumption. Oh, surely they were? How could their biographies be written without their names being supplied? Besides, what was in a name? Well, they were known in the gardens as Mrs. and Miss MacG.——. It wasn't MacGregor. It was an unmistakably Irish name that cannot be told here, because some people mislaid their sense of humor when the story was first printed, and such a thing cannot be allowed to happen again. The publication of the illustrated history of the two proved to be a highly popular item in the night's bill-of-fare, but that by no means exhausted the news value

of the "copy." Indeed, it was only the commencement of the fun for the public. It at once called forth a most indignant remonstrance from a well-known Irishman, who demanded the reason why a noble family should be so shockingly traduced by having its name given to a brace of monkeys? He even suggested that if the young Irishmen of the city did their duty they would get out their "shooting-irons" and go up to the Zoo and kill every animal that had an Irish name attached to it, and thus avenge the latest insult to Ireland. Letters for and against this use of that name or any human name for such animals appeared from day to day until there was a full-grown controversy raging, and the most excellent advertisement thus freely given sent crowds of people flocking up to the Zoo to see the much-discussed animals. At last the bubble was pricked in a most unexpected manner. A very short letter was published in which the writer stated that he had been very deeply interested in the problem, and as an Irishman he had gone up to inspect the offending animals. After watching them carefully for a considerable time, he had come to the conclusion that they could not possibly be called anything else.

This ended the business for the public, but not for the monkeys. The famous curse pronounced by the Cardinal upon the thief who stole his ring did not take effect upon the luckless jackdaw sooner than the ill-wishing of the innocent victims of miscalling did upon them. Both sickened and died in a very short time. I don't attempt to explain it: I merely state the bald facts of their sad history.

A HANGING MATTER.

Years ago there were three fine baboons in the Melbourne Zoo. They were not kept in cages, but were chained to poles about ten feet high. Each of these poles was surmounted by a small platform, perhaps eighteen inches in diameter, and all three were fixed in a paved court-yard enclosed by a high fence. The chains were attached to broad collars around the baboons' necks, and were long enough to enable them to run up and down their poles at ease, and to curl themselves up in their kennels behind in whatsoever fashion they pleased. The three poles stood in a row. The central and biggest baboon was named Jacko. On his right was Jacob, on his left a nonentity whose very name has been forgotten.

Jacob loved to concentrate public attention upon himself, and in order to ensure it he learned to turn somersaults. As soon as a crowd collected before him, he would run up his pole, stand on his hind legs, rattle his chain, and scream, "Ya-hoo!" Then, carefully holding the

chain in one hand, so as not to go too far, he would throw a complete back somersault, and he never once failed to land again on that tiny platform. This he would do repeatedly. When he saw the people had tired of this fun, and were moving on to admire his mates, he had one trick up his sleeve that never failed to bring them rushing back to him. He would descend to the ground, and run up the pole from the other side, artfully drawing the chain over the back of his platform. Gripping it tightly about six inches from his collar, he would then pretend to do the same back somersault, but this time deliberately missed the platform, and came down dangling at the end of about three feet of chain just like a man hanging himself. There he would hang perfectly still, with legs stretched out, and one arm by his side, as if he were dead. The only thing a close observer might have wondered at was that one hand was still holding firmly to the chain near the collar, so that there could be no strangling grip about the neck. Of course everybody was deceived, and, with horrified screams of "He's killed himself!" "He's dead!" they would rush back to watch him. When he felt that he had caused a sufficiently great sensation, he would fling himself back on his platform, and then, rising once more upon his hind legs, he would wave his chain in the air and cry "Ya-hoo! ya-hoo!" Thus he laughed at the success of his greatest trick, knowing that nothing his companions could do had a chance of eclipsing him in public favor. One day, however, he was not successful. His hand must have slipped, for when the people cried "He's killed himself!" there was no doubt about their truthfulness. His neck was broken, and a really dead baboon swung loosely on the end of the chain.

A FEARFUL APPARITION.

All that remains of Jacko to-day is his stuffed skin in the Melbourne Museum. He outlived both of his companions, and made history before his death. He could throw a somersault as well as Jacob, but he would never do it on his pole. He preferred gyrating on the ground, and time after time he would go round and round the base of his pole, back-somersaulting like an acrobat. When he tired of this demonstration he would assume the attitude of a beggar, and, standing in a slouching kind of way, would hold out his hand for presents, which, naturally, he never failed to get.

After the death of his two mates, it was decided to remove him from the large paddock where he had lived for so long, and put him in a smaller enclosure where the polar bears are now. To make the foundation for his pole, the keepers utilised a quantity of large, white

pebbles they had on hand, which, when cemented together, made a very ornamental and effective floor, and one which Jacko in course of time learned to appraise at its true value. People have never been able to resist tormenting monkeys, and Jacko was decidedly no exception to this rule. As he could not reach them to pay them back, he was quite defenceless until one happy day he discovered that he could loosen the pebbles. Thereafter many a person left the gardens with a bruise presented by Jacko. He could fling these stones with the accuracy of a sharp-shooter. If he missed his aim it was miraculous; if he did not, the offender knew all about it for some time afterwards, for pebbles thrown from his hand were more dangerous than those from boys' shanghais.

Through rubbing his chain constantly on the uneven pebbles, some of the links wore thin, and on one memorable day Jacko got loose, carrying about three feet of chain with him. Immediately there was a great hue and cry among the keepers: "Jacko is loose!" But he easily outstripped the men after him, and triumphantly sprang over the front gate. His chain got caught in the spikes rising above a cross bar of wood, which had been placed above the gate to keep mischievous boys at bay. It was wonderful that he was not hanged like Jacob, but his fortunes were better. He had somehow prevented strangulation, but there he hung, baffled, for a few moments. "Come on, boys, he's caught!" cried Mr. Wilkie. Jacko heard the well-known voice, and, turning, he gave the chain a tremendous jerk with one hand. He snapped the wooden bar fairly in two, and just as the men reached the spot he set off ambling towards Flemington road. He had rolled the chain deftly over one arm, holding the end in his hand so as to avoid tripping over it in any way. Even though he was running on three legs, however, he was able to make sufficient pace to keep his pursuers, who were armed with lassos, well behind him. A Newfoundland dog, dawdling in the middle of the road, got a terrible surprise when he saw this unknown specimen of his tribe, (as he thought), bearing down upon him. Valiantly, he charged, but Jacko stood up on his hind legs and met him like a man. He gripped the dog by the scruff of the neck and threw him clean over his shoulder. He did not stay to see the effect of this treatment upon the unfortunate dog, for one quick glance behind warned him that he had no time to spare if he wished for further freedom. The Newfoundland had come down upon his back, but in an instant had scrambled to his feet and stood staring at the black apparition loping off again on three legs. Was that overpowering force man or beast? How could it change from one to the other like that? He sank down on

Jacko.

his haunches with that bewildered, haunted expression that follows a horrible nightmare.

By this time Jacko had reached the Melrose Hotel. Not being accustomed to running, he was getting winded, and his weather eye told him that the keepers were getting uncomfortably close. What was he to do? At that instant he saw a terrace of small cottages with iron roofs, just beyond the hotel. He reckoned they were an ideal place of refuge. To climb the verandah post, run across it, and get on to the roof of the first cottage, was the work of seconds. Looking down at the keepers, he was sure he had won the day. After the manner of his kind he let out a tremendous "Ya-hoo!" with its accompanying waving of the arms. Doing this he found that the chain rattled on the roof and made a horrible din. This was much to his liking, and so he kept it up. In a moment a woman shot out of the front door to the middle of the road to discover what was happening overhead. The intelligent brute at once recognised cause and effect. So he went to the next roof and repeated the performance with the same result. Having the time of his life, he went along the whole row in this manner, and before he reached the end, every occupant of the terrace was on the road. By this time one of the keepers, with a lasso, was on the first roof. Jacko saw him coming, jumped down the end verandah post, and made off quickly—much refreshed by his pause and diversion. As he reached a tannery on Flemington road he discovered that his pursuers were gaining on him, and again he looked for a way of escape. Near by was a small two-roomed cottage occupied by a young man working in the tannery, and his elderly mother. The old woman was getting ready her son's mid-day meal. She was bending over two pots on the fire, (one holding potatoes and the other a stew), when Jacko, standing on his hind feet, pushed open the door, and yelled "Ya-hoo!" The poor, terrified woman, notwithstanding that she was a sufferer from rheumatism, gave one horrified look at the creature, and was out of her window like a shot. She rushed to the tannery, screaming: "Let yez all come, let yez all come! The devil's at me front door!"

Left undisputed master of his surroundings, Jacko determined to make the most of his few precious moments. Allured by the smell, and feeling hungry after his hard work, he at once investigated the pots on the fire. The potatoes were boiling, and as he could get them out in no other way, he tipped them on to the floor to cool. Then, finding the stew just as hot, he poured that over them. Knowing perfectly well that if he did not dine at once the chances were all against his dining at all, he began to expedite the process of cooling by tossing the victuals into the air. He burnt both hands and feet in doing it,

and when the keepers got there he was like the proverbial cat on hot bricks. He had placed the saucepans in a strategic position, and at once he snatched them up and flung them when his would-be captors appeared. Taking advantage of their momentary retreat, he escaped into the bedroom, jumped over the bed, and, getting between the bedstead and the wall, he cleverly used it as a barricade. As soon as Mr, Wilkie and a keeper entered the bedroom after him, he was prepared with his defences. Each time a lasso was lifted, he fired his ammunition. The pillows, bolster, blankets, sheets, went flying, and the mattress quickly followed. Then he turned his attention to the washstand, and every separate article on that went the way of the bedclothes. Mr. Wilkie and the keeper—who were all the tiny bedroom would accommodate—were not enjoying themselves as much as Jacko. He had an admiring crowd watching him, while they suffered from the outspoken comments of a derisive one, for the tanners, armed with their scraping knives, were standing four-deep outside the window, hugely enjoying the progress of the fight. They cheered the monkey every time he made a palpable hit, and sent up a special roar when the contents of the water jug, aimed only too accurately, soused Mr. Wilkie. Jacko knew as well as the men that he was the popular favorite, and he enjoyed to the full the boo-hoos that greeted every ineffective throw of the lasso. By the time the washstand had followed its furniture he had smashed everything within his reach, and showed signs of exhaustion. Then he was caught, and, as an extra precaution, both lassos were put about his neck.

Captured, but unconquered, Jacko proudly walked away from the scene of his triumph, between the two men. Before they had gone far, he measured his strength against them. Then he found that, where he might have beaten one lasso, he was no match for two, for in whichever direction he attempted to pull, he was bound to feel the strangling grip of one. So he yielded to the inevitable, and, like a small boy between two constables, he marched dejectedly, but unresistingly, home. As a reward for this escapade, he spent the remainder of his life behind bars.

The Zoological Society repaired the damage to the old woman's furniture—indeed, replaced it with new—but nothing could make her forget the awful shock she got when she thought Mephistopheles had decided to pay her a morning call.

TIT FOR TAT.

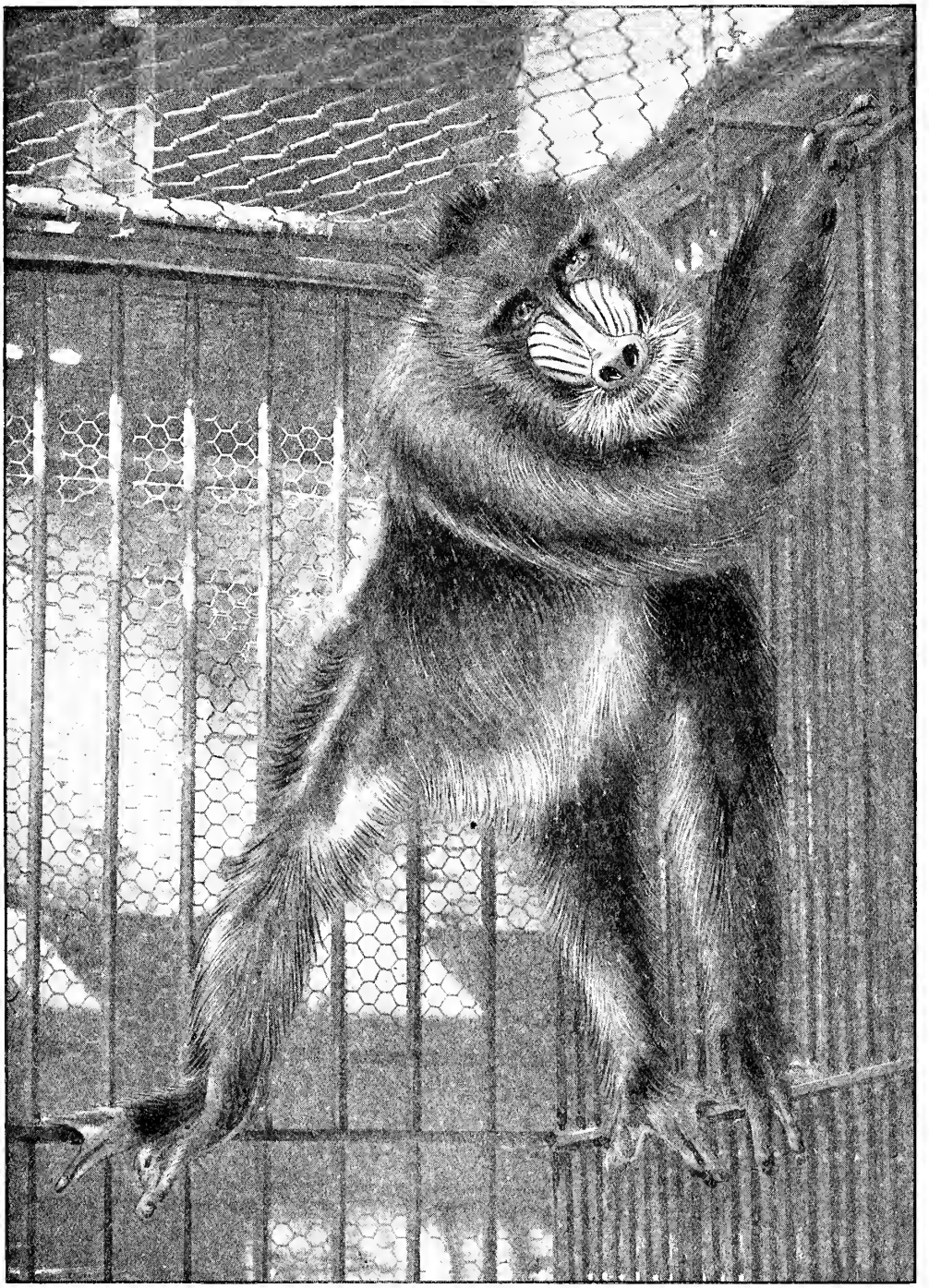
Pete the baboon and a fine pair of albino dingoes have been next door neighbors for several years at the Melbourne Zoo, but that by no means signifies that they have been the best of friends for the same

period. When one lives in a terrace house his comfort or misery is very largely determined by the class of neighbor he has, and the dingoes are agreed that the man next door is not at all a desirable acquaintance. Soon after Pete came there to reside, he scooped out a hole in the cement foundation holding the iron bars and wire netting composing the barrier between himself and the dingoes, not for the purpose of a little friendly borrowing, but in order to be able to get hold of their feet if they should be foolish enough to come within range of his fingers. To entice them into his snare the baboon would go up to the partition, hold his head up as high as he could to attract the dogs' attention to it, and then begin a pitiful howling. The dingoes, not at all backward in accepting such a challenge, would at once rush up and bark defiance at this tantalising creature. But somehow they always discovered that a long, slender black hand was creeping through that hole, in time to avoid serious consequences—always, that is, for a considerable time; but inevitably the day came when one of them was caught off his guard. Master Pete had a firm grip on one foot before the warning signal was hoisted, and the dog's sharp barks of anger turned to long-drawn-out wails of pain, interspersed with vicious, ineffectual snaps at his persecutor. Pete pulled steadily and determinedly at the foot, enjoying the distress of his victim. He got the foot further and further through the small aperture, and the leg was drawn in almost up to the shoulder—indeed the shoulder was almost dislocated in his fierce attempt to get the whole dog through, and it is quite possible that it would have been pulled right away from its socket had not the injured dog's cries brought quick relief. The pain he suffered, however, was so severe that he was never the same kind of fool again. It did not matter what blandishments Pete put forward, or how innocent he looked, this dog kept a wary eye directed towards that hole henceforth; and he had a fine reward for his vigilance, too. A day came when the long, black hand was seen stealing through into his cage in search of a stray foot, but before it could do any mischief, or be pulled back out of harm's way, the dingo had caught it between his powerful jaws, and then it was Pete's turn to lift up his voice and weep, and the dog's to revel in the music. If he did not actually break two of the baboon's fingers he so badly hurt them that they are to this day bent and twisted from the injuries received in that encounter.

Since the time when Pete frisked about his cage shaking his hand to get rid of the pain, just as Jacko did over the hot potatoes, that hole has been used only on the safest of occasions, and Pete's form of teasing his neighbors has undergone a change. He only provokes them now when he wants to attract a crowd. A crowd means a liberal shower of peanuts and other dainties, and what else is there for a captive baboon

While the Dingoes raged.

to crave? When he sees numbers of people about, and wants to draw them to himself, he will spring up and down the bars between the cages like lightning, grimacing and yelling his defiant "Ya-hoo!" at the unfortunate dingoes. They never fail to get excited over this manœuvre, and, barking like mad things, they begin a race, chasing their sprightly neighbor up and down the length of the cages and bounding after him as he springs up towards the ceiling, where he adds materially to the already unearthly din by pulling the cross bars so desperately that onlookers begin to fear that he will bring the whole roof down upon himself. Of course, the coyotes and Indian wolves in the adjoining enclosures have long since joined in the chorus with their ill-used cousins the dingoes, and the intolerable hubbub brings everybody in the neighborhood rushing to see what gigantic cat and dog fight is in progression. Then Pete, looking as innocent as only such an unmitigated scoundrel can, calmly sits down upon the big stone in the middle of his cage, and announces that the smallest donations will be thankfully received.



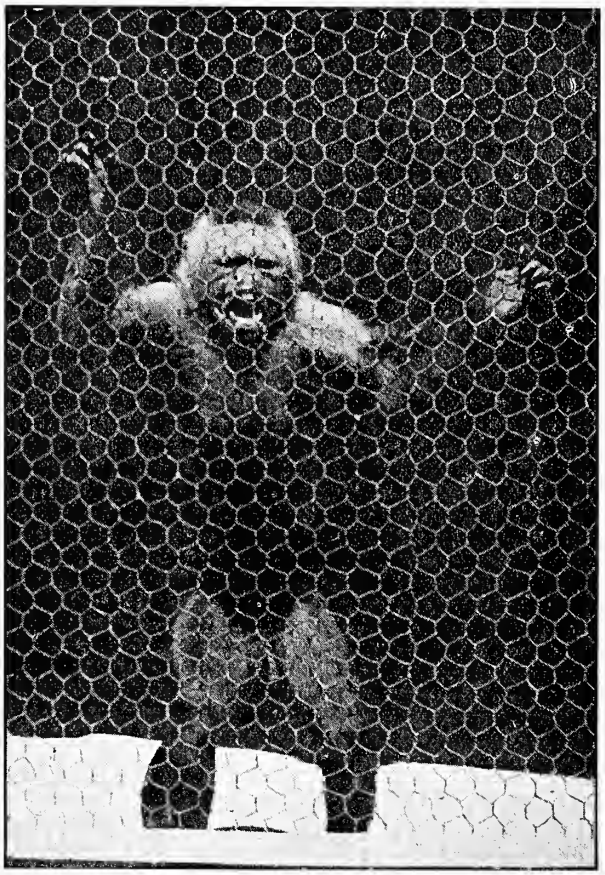
A Futurist.

"Strike me pink and blue!
What in the name of fur are you?"

SMALL MONKEYS

A HYMN OF HATE.

Several Capuchin monkeys were brought to the gardens some years ago by sailors from a vessel trading between Melbourne and India. One of the little fellows had a leather collar about his neck. A chain had been attached to it, by which he had evidently been led about by a former owner. After he had been at the gardens awhile it was noticed that this collar was becoming rather tight for him, and so directions were given for its removal. It was easier said than done. The keeper who tried to carry out the instructions found that he had hold of the most savage little beast he had ever handled. The creature spat and scratched and bit and squirmed so vigorously that it was quite hopeless to attempt to get hold of the collar, let alone remove it. They soon found that he regarded it as a treasured ornament, and was not going to be deprived of it if he could prevent the outrage. He would die from it, but he would not live without it unless under compulsion. Mr. Wilkie came



Doing his daily hate.

up to see what all the noise was about, and when he saw the keeper struggling desperately with the little savage, he laughed:

"Don't let the little beggar beat you, old man. Let me hold it for you."

He quickly found he had reckoned without his host. It was a much harder proposition than he had anticipated even to hold him while the other man tried to get the collar off, and as he did his best to bite and scratch both of them at once, it was even then a tedious affair to accomplish the task. When at last it was done, it was only by holding the active resister a good deal tighter than was comfortable for him. When he was put back in his cage, unadorned, his fury burst all bounds, and although he was exhausted from his fight, he flew from ceiling to floor and from floor to ceiling with almost the rapidity of thought, yelling his hate and spitting his defiance at the despoilers. He has never forgotten and never forgiven it. If anything, his venom grows by what it lives upon, and if Mr. Wilkie appears within his range of vision, he instantly forgets all else and indulges in unbridled abuse. It is one of the strangest sights in the gardens to see the intensity of the little creature's anger as Mr. Wilkie passes. Crowds of people may be around him, giving him nuts and fruit to his heart's content, when they are astonished to see him suddenly bound off up the netting and begin spitting and gnashing his teeth in ungovernable fury. He will hang up near the roof, a personification of blind hate, until the figure of his enemy has disappeared from view. No one else interests him while Mr. Wilkie is near. Although he will not refuse to take a proffered dainty from his hands, he will take it with a snarl and at once rush back to croak out his undying defiance. His daily hate is the business of his life.

THIRTEEN TO ONE.

Years ago there were thirteen little Rhesus monkeys in a cage together, and it was the sport of the gardens to see them indulging in a fight. Their usual mode of punishment was biting, and more than once the result of a bite would be a missing finger. When monkeys are injured like this, they rush about the cage like streaks of lightning, rubbing the hurt member on the ground to get rid of the blood, and, if possible, the pain, for they apparently imagine the hurt is something that has gripped them and can be rubbed or shaken off. When the rubbing is inefficacious, they try shaking it, and they go round and round the cage, holding the elbow of the sore arm in the other hand, and constantly giving a sharp shake to free themselves of the smart.

A very little thing will suffice to set a whole cageful in an uproar, for once a pair begin a dispute, the rest wish to join in without leave, and, usually, before peace is restored, they are all willing to get out of it as unostentatiously as possible. One morning a boy went into a cage containing thirteen of these monkeys, and of course, their inquisitive little minds would not allow him to work without their supervision. One of them, bolder than the rest, came down to him and grinned in a very cheeky fashion in the boy's face. Thinking he would scare the bold little thing away he waved his broom and cried: "Hoo!" The monkey instantly screamed in fright, and before the boy could move to defend himself the whole thirteen were swarming over him, biting him viciously from head to foot. In a moment he was covered with blood, and he had to lift his broom and knock them about like ninepins in his efforts to save himself. It was not until eight or nine of them lay panting on the floor that the rest thought of saving their skins by flight. He was badly mauled, and although that is many years ago, there are scars from that fight still to be seen on his face, and every year, about the time of the encounter, he has trouble with them. After that day he could never enter the cage without using the broom to defend himself, and usually he had to knock one or two down before the others decided it was wise to remain at the other end.

A RECORD JUMP.

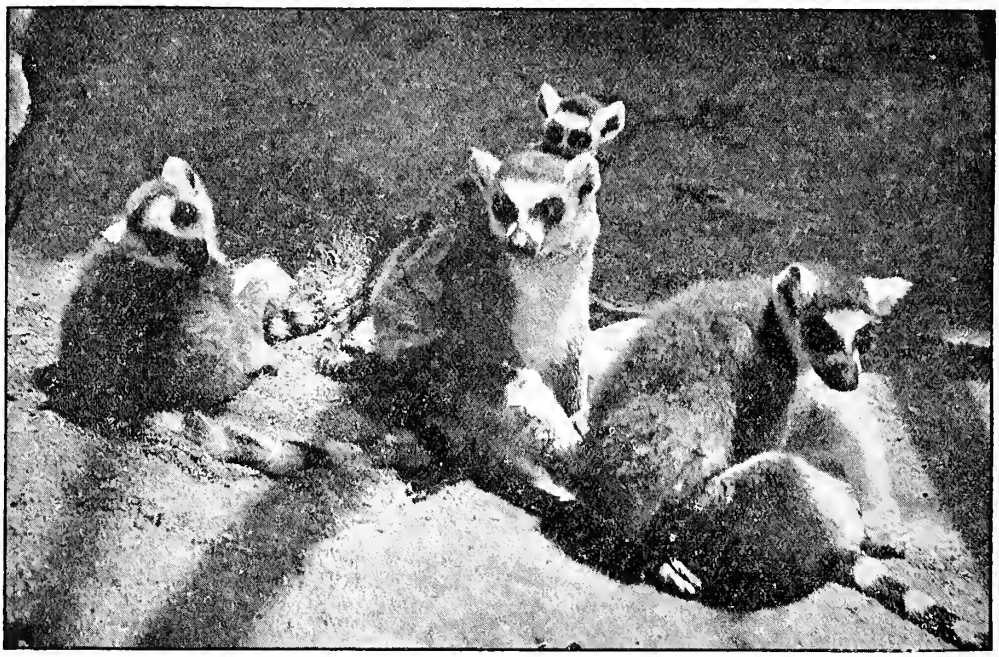
One day a sooty Mangabey monkey got out of his cage, and as soon as he saw that his new-won liberty was likely to be of very short duration, he ran up the highest pine tree in the gardens. The tallest branch was at least thirty feet above the ground, but he ran agilely up and out on to its extremity. A keeper volunteered to go up after him, and looked like a steeplejack as he balanced on the slender branch, but he went gamely along until he got within touch of the monkey; but, when he saw that escape otherwise was impossible, the intrepid little thing sprang lightly off the bough and made a leap that all who watched thought must end in fearful mutilation on the hard pathway below. He not only sprang to the ground from that height, but he propelled himself in some mysterious fashion out for about twenty feet into the air before he began his descent. As he touched earth they rushed to his assistance, but movement was momentarily paralysed by the surprise of seeing him get up, hold one foot affectionately in his hand for a second, and then limp off, as determined as ever to safeguard his hard-won freedom. He gave the keepers a long and tiring run before he was finally captured

and put back into his cage. Apart from limping for a few days he gave no other indication of injury from his wonderful flight into space.

KIDNAPPING.

Whenever there is a new baby in a monkey house the camp is immediately split into two. There are two supremely happy creatures in it—the mother and the father; and there are a number of supremely unhappy ones—all the other females. The mother rather unnecessarily flaunts her great happiness before the others, and has no compunction whatever when she witnesses their ill-concealed jealousy. The unblest ones beg for a small share in her joy, but she guards her infant with a suspicious watchfulness that will not allow one of them even to touch it, let alone nurse it. They then fall back upon the doubtful pleasure of watching her every movement for the purpose of criticising the mistakes she is making in her mode of rearing it. They begin interfering with her practices, and telling her how she ought to do it all, just like their similarly-situated human friends, their sole qualification being that they have never had one of their own. When, very like human mothers, she resents this well-meant interference with her domestic routine, one of the self-appointed committee of control—usually the strongest-minded and ablest-bodied of them—decides that for the sake of the infant it must be rescued from its silly mother. She knows that the mother will never consent to give it up of her own accord, so that it is useless to try to reason with her. Stronger measures are imperative, and to be sure of success, she must use guile. Thereupon begins one of the most pathetic comedies of animal life. She begins stealthily creeping up to the mother, who, keenly alert to all the movements of her envious neighbors, at once takes alarm, and clasps her baby tightly to her breast as she scowls at the approaching foe. At once assuming a mask of complete indifference, the crafty monkey stops and looks about the cage and at everything but the timid mother, whose suspicions are lulled into a false security as she resumes her former and never-ending occupation of attending to her baby's toilet. The designing female at once takes the opportunity of creeping a little nearer her goal. Again the mother notices her movements, and as she hugs her baby tighter she looks up for an explanation. The other turns without a moment's hesitation and shrilly scolds one or two other females who are watching her most anxiously from a safe distance, and who have some glimmering of an idea that all is not well for the baby in the movements of the leader of their band. The mother's attention is thus drawn to the intent scrutiny of these onlookers, and she joins in the chorus of hate

for a moment or two, until their combined remonstrances compel the unoffending group to move away in self-defence. This convinces the mother that she has done the approaching monkey a cruel injustice in suspecting her of designs on her child—has she not proved herself most zealous in warding off some grave danger that she would not have noticed unless her attention had been attracted by this friendly vigilance? She takes no further exception to her coming nearer to her, and this is exactly what the other monkey has calculated upon. Under the spell of the generous spasm she draws close up to the mother's side, and then



"A superior breed of monkeys with very fine silky hair and extra long tails."
(Daddy Long Legs.)

sits with folded arms viewing the landscape, as if the last thought she had in the world was the baby monkey. Presently she attempts to take an imaginary bit of fluff off the mother's back or shoulder, but this action immediately revives the old doubts, and, all maternal fears uppermost, the poor creature hugs her treasure so close as to almost squeeze the life out of it. But when she can spare a moment to look at her too-near neighbour, she sees a monkey sitting with folded arms gazing vacantly into space, or watching the movements of friends in

the far corner of the cage. So the little game goes on until the artful dodger thinks it is safe to try the experiment of touching the baby's hand very gently, or of smoothing away a pucker in its forehead, or of making the parting in its hair just the thousandth of an inch straighter. The mother's nervousness makes her interfere, and once more there is a straightening up on the intruder's part, and a perfect simulation of indifference. Thus she wins the mother's slow confidence, and is allowed to play with the baby fingers. She settles down as if absolutely content with this privilege. Occasionally she will turn and scold the other females, as if vigorously informing them that because she has been allowed this inestimable privilege they must not look for it, and so she is proving all along that she is to be counted upon as helping the mother to keep all enemies at a safe distance. She, poor deluded being, knows nothing of the faithlessness of those who do protest too much, and so her fears are finally put soundly asleep. Now is the time for the other to act, and she watches like a lynx until she sees she can catch the baby around the waist and jerk it out of the protecting arms. The attack is so sudden and so strong, that the baby is gone before the mother can comprehend what is taking place, and as she raises her voice in anguish, the thief is off to the top of the cage with the baby securely tucked under one arm. There is now a frightful uproar. Every member of the colony joins in the hot pursuit, and naturally each impedes the other to the top of her bent, in her eagerness to be the rescuer. They fly from bar to bar, from side to side, from floor to ceiling, banging the resounding chains and bars with all their might as they dash about, and shrieking in an ear-splitting fashion, like the rats of Hamelin, in fifty different sharps and flats. As soon as one comes within touch of the unfortunate baby, it is clutched viciously and wrenched violently back by the thief; it is knocked about in an appalling manner as the culprit springs from one hot corner into another, and altogether it has a fearful time during the scrimmage. Sometimes it is almost torn limb from limb before the chase ends, and usually when the mother gets it back again it is more dead than alive. The kidnapper, too, has a good deal to think about in the next few days. Not only the mother, but the father and all the nearest monkeys, bite and scratch her cruelly, and she is sent with ignominy out of the the company of the respectable ones. She remains a pariah among her fellows until another of the females does the same thing, and then her escapade is forgotten, and the next one becomes the victim of tribal displeasure in her stead. If one of these attempts should be made so unskilfully that the mother manages to circumvent the snatching, and the unlucky thief is caught at once, the mother has the undiluted joy of being the sole chastiser of the guilty, and

she does not err on the side of mercy. If she manages to catch the baby-snatcher by the hand she nearly bites it off; if by the scruff of the neck, the biting is accompanied by a nearly successful attempt at throttling. But this punishment does not involve the baby, so after all the only difference is that the offender's punishment is forestalled and she has no excitement to mitigate its severity. Whether successful or not in the actual capture of the baby, the pleasure she derives from its possession is so slight that it is not worth the resultant suffering.

Under these conditions a baby monkey's life is not too happy. Frequently one dies as the result of injuries received in its too strenuous rescue. Then a most pitiful scene presents itself to the spectator. The mother hugs her dead baby as closely to her breast as she can while she mourns with unaffected sincerity. All the other monkeys comprehend what has happened in an astonishingly short time, and they crowd round her in a circle, watching the pathetic little form, but not making the slightest attempt to touch it. The keepers find it a task of incredible difficulty to get the body away. The monkeys guard it so sedulously that occasionally it will be almost falling to pieces before a lucky attempt brings success to their numberless efforts. As the rake goes cautiously along the floor towards the dead, the whole tribe surrounds it and jabber at the top of their voices as they endeavour to prevent the theft. If they can possibly pick up the disintegrating form they do so before it reaches the door, and the baffled men have to wait for another opportunity. But once it is taken out they turn their fury upon the keeper who has done it, and it is a long time before he dare go near them again. The same strong resentment is shown against any attempt to remove the body of an adult monkey. They seem to have a deeper sense of the desolation that follows death than any of the other animals, and dread the final parting from all that remains of the friend they have loved.

EMUS AND CASSOWARIES

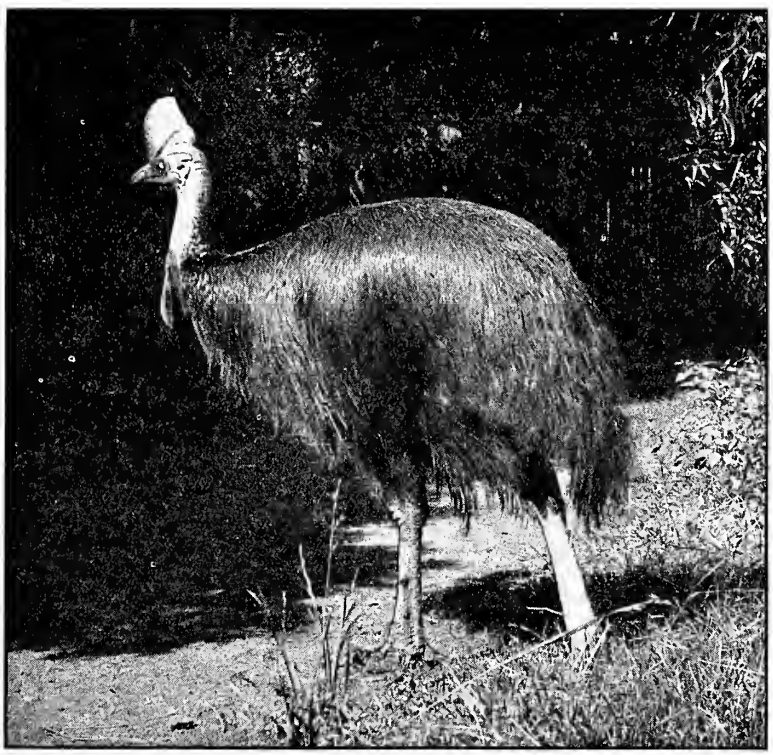
COUSINS.

The emu and cassowary are cousins to each other, and to the ostrich. Like the ostrich, they cannot fly, but can run with most astonishing swiftness. Mr. Wilkie once saw a whole band of horsemen give chase to an emu for sport, but although the hunters flew over logs, ditches and fences, the bird jumped them as easily as the horses, and eluded them, too, escaping with its life when the horses were beaten.

The emu is a native of Australia only; the cassowary is found in the Malay States and in New Guinea. The New Guinea species is much smaller than the Australian one, and it makes most excellent eating. Mrs. Lett (daughter of Colonel Honman, A.A.M.C., of Melbourne), who lives in British New Guinea, told me how her natives shot cassowaries for her meals, and how delicate the flesh was to eat. But they are not as plentiful in Australia as in New Guinea, and so we look upon those in the Zoo as rarities.

THE FOOLS OF THE FAMILY.

Cassowaries differ from the emus in their queer, horny heads, and their brilliant wattles that are very like the turkey gobbler's. But



Self-sufficient.

although they have all the extra room in their heads for brains, they are not nearly as clever as the emus, and seem, indeed, to be very stupid. The only time one has been noticed to show either pleasure or resent-

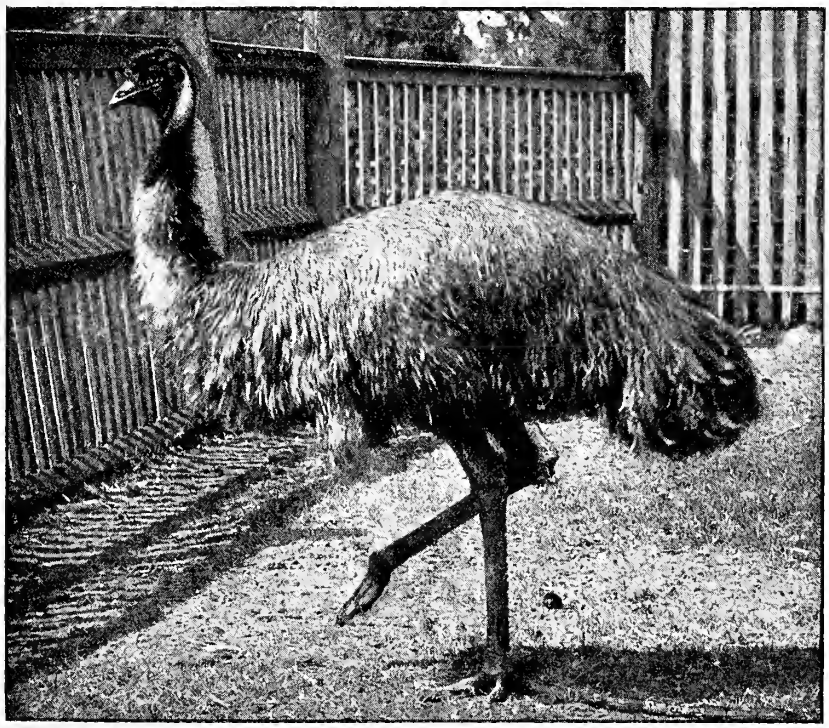
ment at the Zoo was recently, when a very young cassowary was placed in a small enclosure next to an old bird who had lived all by himself for years. He strongly resented the presence of the fledgling, and the poor little thing, feeling very miserable after being wrenched from its mother, tried its very hardest to make friends with the miserable old bird. It ran up and down the dividing fence, keeping up a most mournful cry, but the old bird did his best to pick it to death. He flew savagely at the fence, and tried to batter it down, so as to get at the baby and destroy it. The staff was very pleased when the young bird was taken away by the man who owned it.

Cassowaries are found in heavily timbered country, hiding in the thick vegetation. They live in pairs, and do not appear to have any of the pretty habits that naturalists love to watch. They are so accustomed to half lights that when they are kept in captivity in the bright sunlight they invariably go blind, queer cataracts forming first over one eye and then slowly spreading to the other.

AN EMU CORROBOREE.

The emu, although he is not what the Amerians call a "highbrow" like the cassowary, is a much more sociable bird, and consequently a greater favorite than the other. Emus live in colonies, on the plains, and they have a tribal dance like the Australian cranes—a real corroboree. There is often great fun at the Zoo when a colony of emus is in residence, for one bird will suddenly take it into his head to run around in a circle at full speed, and then a second, after making sure that his mate is exercising for sport, will throw himself down on his back and kick out vigorously with both feet, as though he has been caught in a maze of net work, and is struggling to get free. A third will then join in the game by jumping clean over the prostrate bird's heels, without touching him, and a fourth will follow his example. Then, with a most peculiar booming sound, like the beating of a muffled drum, they will all start madly careering around in the circle made by the first bird, and as they run they kick out left and right. If a bird gets too close to his next door neighbour, there will be feathers flying in all directions, for one touch of the powerful claws will tear out a big tuft of his comrade's plumage. There will be a momentary pause for explanations, but as soon as the injured bird is assured that it was a pure accident, he decides to bear no grudge, and the two set off in wild delight to rejoin their companions. But one bird has not joined in the hilarity, and that is the very oldest of them all. He has watched the scene from the beginning, and as soon as he is satisfied that the giddy young things are

tired out, he walks with the "emu step"—which is far more haughty and imposing than the goose step—right into their midst, and gives a delightful exhibition of side stepping and high stepping. He parades up and down with most comical pride in himself, all the time keeping up the strange booming sound, as if challenging the younger ones to



Improving on the Goose Step.

excel him if they can. When his vanity is satisfied he retires with an exaggerated high step, and the others go off again on their mad chase in a circle. Before they stop they are all so utterly exhausted that they can do nothing but drop where they stand, and then they sprawl in most ungainly attitudes, puffing and panting like wheezy bellows.

A MILITANT PACIFIST.

Emus make fine pets when young, but as they grow older they develop very bad tempers that prevent any friendship between them and men becoming lasting ones. There is, too, an ineradicable tendency to

thieve anything bright. Many a man has lost the locket from his watch chain by standing too close to the emu's fence. There is no getting it back, either, for the moment the ornament is wrenched off the chain it is swallowed. The bright buttons on men's uniforms, too, are irresistible, and many of them are used as a change in diet by these queer birds. One emu at the Zoo, however, so badly dislikes fighters that even a bright button will not tempt him to be friendly. There is no reason, as far as the staff knows, for this aversion, such as is the case with the ostrich, who has hated dungarees ever since his fight with a man dressed in those overalls. As soon as he sees a uniform he shows such unmistakable temper that there is no fear of the owner getting near enough to have his uniform rifled of its decorations. There is a kangaroo that shows the same invincible hatred of dungarees, and no man dare go into his paddock with them on. In both cases it seems to be some strange antipathy on the part of an individual animal or bird for which there is no accounting. If a soldier gets any way near to this particular emu he will do his very best to pick the man—and would succeed, too, if the soldier did not keep his distance. Of course he may really be a pacifist, and may have conscientious objections to anything approaching militarism. At any rate it is singular that our typical Australian bird should so disgrace himself as to make a parade of his lack of orthodox patriotism.

SENT TO COVENTRY.

Another interesting thing about the emu is the way it will punish a mate by sending it to Coventry. Often one will be turned out of the mob and made to feel the sting of his comrades' displeasure for weeks at a time. The offender will not be allowed to drink, eat or sleep with the rest; he is turned out in disgrace, and he must serve his sentence of banishment to the very last day of the term. There were at the time of writing three male emus in one compound at the Zoo, and one of them had been in disgrace for weeks and weeks; the other two combining every time he came near them to send him into the outer darkness with what sounded very like maledictions. They attacked him mercilessly, and no member of the staff knows just what he did to offend. All that could be done was to patiently wait until he was forgiven and readmitted to the friendship of his mates.

LIFE HANGS BY A THREAD.

The emu is the most easily killed creature of any size in the world. Its vertebræ is something like a honeycomb, and the slightest touch

sometimes is sufficient to dislocate its neck, and cause instant death. Sometimes at the gardens it is necessary to catch one for removal. It will be safely caught, a bag thrown over its head with very little trouble, and without the slightest known cause it will be found dead when the bag is removed. In these stories will be read how two of them met tragic deaths, through a lion cub suddenly turning savage and springing on one, and another day through a leopard getting free and bounding straight into its neighbor's paddock and killing one of the finest emus there.

SNAKES

A CAT AND SNAKE FIGHT.

If a snake were asked what it would like best for its Christmas dinner, it would probably reply, "A fat fox terrier." These dogs, however, are rarely fed to snakes in the Zoo, because they have a habit of showing fight when they meet a reptile, and, if the snake is valuable, it does not do to risk its life. A story was told in Sydney of a gentleman who left a fox terrier chained to the gate-post of a house when he went inside to pay a visit. On coming out he found, not his dog, but a big snake on the end of the chain. This was apparently regarded as a very tall snake yarn in the Northern hemisphere, for it was reprinted in both English and American papers. Mr. Wilkie has more amazing snake stories to tell than this.

By some undiscovered means a cat once got into the cage of a big Queensland carpet snake. This was a meal much to the snake's liking, and he prepared to enjoy himself. The cat, however, had no intention of being eaten. He had some important engagements to fulfil before thinking of his latter end, and he intended this to be merely a passing visit of courtesy. As soon as his host turned dangerous, puss determined to show him what manner of cat he was. The moment the snake reared his deadly head the cat darted out of reach, and, getting to one side, he sprang on the back of his enemy, giving him a fine bite on the nose as he stuck his claws none too tenderly into his neck. Then he flew off to one corner of the cage to recover his breath and watch for developments. Again there was a squirming movement, and again the head was raised. Puss again made a bound, once more leaving marks of his teeth and claws, and then he sprang up the tree-pole in the centre

of the cage to meditate his next move. Thus the fight went on furiously. Attack and counter-attack came repeatedly, and although the snake was apparently as quick as lightning, puss was always quicker. The noise of the conflict attracted the attention of the keepers, and when they saw it was a real case of the biter being bitten they at once set to work to free the dauntless fighter, Puss needed no second invitation to leave the cage, but although he was glad to quit fighting, he was quite unscathed. The snake, on the contrary, had a badly battered nose, and bore the marks of the thrashing he had received until he sloughed that skin.

THE HORNS OF A DILEMMA.

The head keeper at the Zoo places a very different construction upon the meaning of the words "The horns of a dilemma" from the ordinary one, and well he might. Mr. Brown calls the dilemma a goat.

A great python one day woke up, remarkably hungry. He was hoping for a sheep, or a lamb, or a small deer, or some such delicacy. Unfortunately for him, it was considered expedient to give him a goat for his dinner, so towards nightfall the doomed animal was put into his cage and left there. Next morning, they found that the serpent had developed a most suspicious eye, and was regarding the goat with anything but a friendly expression. He disliked the look of the formidable horns so greatly that he had not attempted to touch the quivering creature. The goat was taken away, and replaced at night-time; but next morning, and the next, they found that the python had preferred remaining hungry rather than come to conclusions with the animal. The fifth morning the keepers encountered a most amazing sight. The snake had screwed his courage to the sticking place and had despatched his prey, so, like the young lady of Riga, who went for a ride on a tiger, the goat was inside—but the horns were not. The snake could do nothing with those unnecessary adornments, but as they were still attached to their grower's skull, he was in a very sorry plight. His jaws were still stretched to breaking point, his neck was still incorporated with his body, and thus they were likely to remain unless some means of relieving him could be devised. A hasty conference of keepers resulted in two of them volunteering to undertake what must surely have been the strangest task of their lifetime. They armed themselves with saws, went back to the distressed diner, and sawed off the horns of the swallowed goat. With every sign of manifest relief the python at once finished his meal, coiled himself up and went to sleep for three or four months to forget his most uncomfortable

predicament. The next time a goat had to be given to a snake the keepers saved themselves from a repetition of this unenviable task by removing the callous part of the victim's horns before serving it up.

WHAT MIGHT BE CALLED A BLANKETY YARN.

To-day the snake houses are heated by a hot-water pipe system. Snakes can stand as much heat as any living creature, but do not endure cold well. Thus the winter would see a high mortality among the Zoo specimens if some way were not devised of giving the cold-blooded creatures artificial warmth. Now they snugly coil themselves up under the hot water pipes and, secure from observation—for there is more than man that loves darkness rather than light—they hibernate until Spring calls to them as well as to most other living things with a voice that is irresistible. Not always, however, have the petted reptiles at the Zoo had their houses warmed after the most approved American fashion. Time was when, like mice and most men, they had to be content with less aristocratic apparatus for thawing the winter's chill. Certain pythons had come to the Zoo in boxes snugly lined with soft blankets. When it was seen how they coiled luxuriously underneath these blankets, it was arranged to allow the pythons to keep their comforts for sleeping hours. One of them, however, managed to get his covering into such a mass of tattered rags that it was decided to present him with a new pair that would yield much greater warmth. To this end a large pair of double-bed blankets of superfine quality were given to him at sundown one night, and he was left to make himself as comfortable as he wished.

Next morning one of the keepers sought out Mr. Wilkie.

"Did you take those new blankets away from that python?"

"No," was the reply. "Haven't you? I noticed they were gone half an hour ago."

"I haven't touched them," said the keeper, "and I can't see them in the cage."

Together they went to investigate, and then they found that although they could not see the blankets, they were undoubtedly still in the cage. The python had made a change in his usual habits. Instead of coiling the blankets around himself, in his customary way, he had coiled himself around the blankets in so effectual a way that they could never again be separated. He had mistaken the soft, woolly things that stretched in his grip for the sheep from which they had been shorn, and had made a meal of them. It took nearly six months for that python to get back his usual graceful figure, and until he did he slept on the blankets in a far more literal sense than he had been meant to do. In the South

Australian Zoo another python made a similar meal. At the war prices of such commodities, it is certainly cheaper to install heating services in snakes' houses than risk such costly meals.

Among the throng that visited the pythons' cages the week following the publication of this story in "The Leader" was a woman who saw Mr. Wilkie attending to one of the houses. She stopped him.

"Do you belong to the gardens?"

"Yes."

"Have you seen those stories in 'The Leader'?"

"Yes."

"Do you believe them?"

"Yes."

"Well, I don't. My husband says the man who tells those yarns is the best liar in Australia. But he went and spoilt that blanket yarn. Why did he stop with the blankets? Why didn't he finish the yarn up properly, and make the thing swallow the pillows and the bolster and the mattress while he was about it? We'd have believed it just as easily."

"But the python did swallow the blankets," said Mr. Wilkie, making no serious attempt to reveal his identity.

"Do you mean to tell me that you believe it as well as the fellow that told it?"

"Yes, I do," was the prompt reply.

She looked at the unblushing man for a few moments in perplexity.

"You, a sensible man, believe a snake swallowed a pair of double-bed blankets?"

"Yes; I was here at the time."

Mr. Wilkie then patiently explained the habits of such creatures, and showed how it was the python imagined he had caught a tender lamb for a meal. She listened, and slowly showed signs of conviction.

"I see it now," she conceded at last. "But do you believe the stories they have been telling in that paper?"

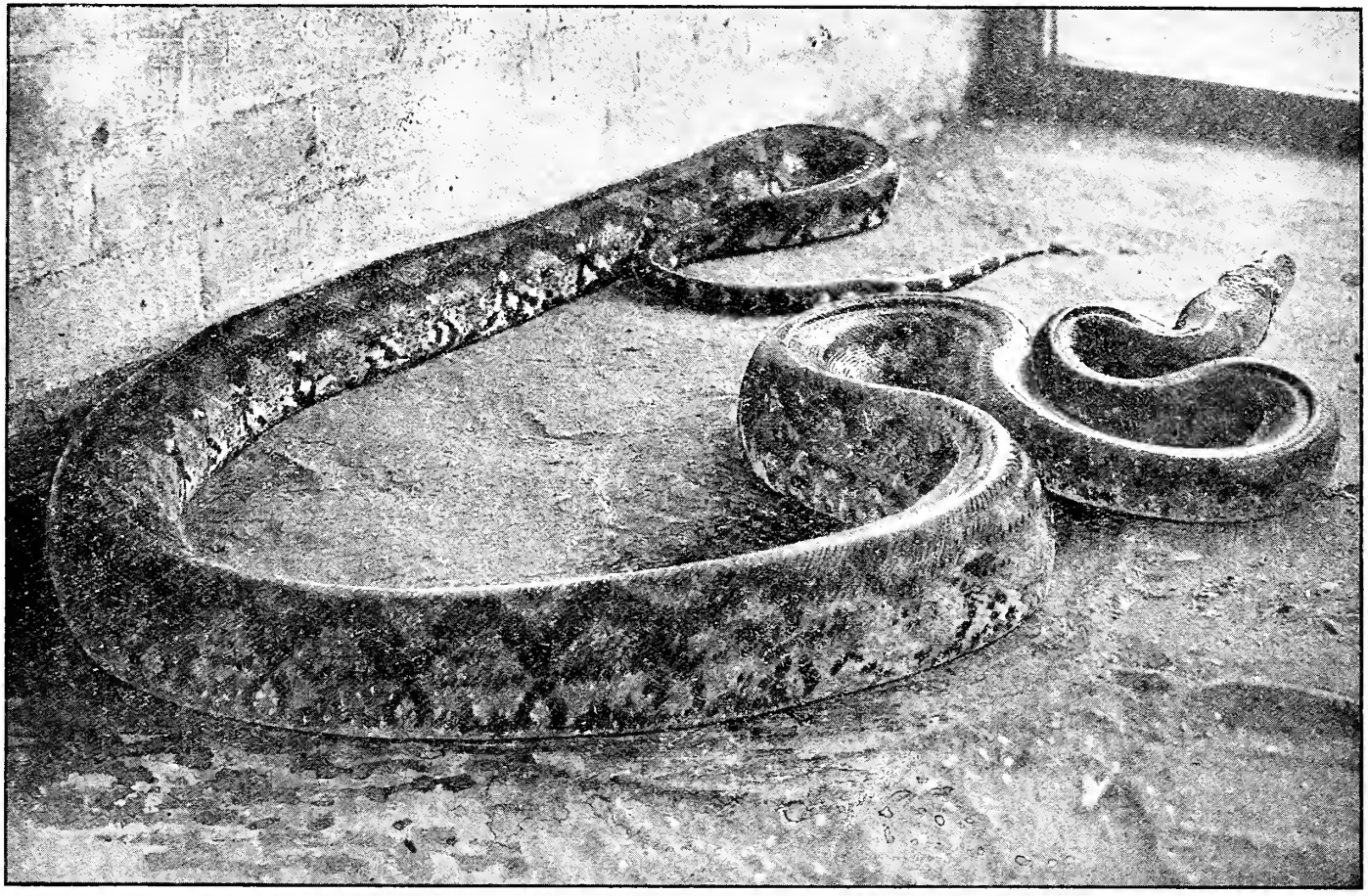
"I do."

"Every word of them?" she demanded.

"Oh, well," said the 'best liar in Australia,' "You see the lady that writes them ——"

"Oh, there's a woman at the bottom of them, is there? I thought so!"

Mr. Wilkie had intended to explain that as the writer of the stories was a minister's wife they must necessarily bear the stamp of truth; but she would not wait for the completion of the sentence. Why its opening conveyed exactly the opposite impression I leave for others to explain.



He could a tail unfold.

AN INFALLIBLE ANTIDOTE.

Two University men had been experimenting on antidotes for snake poisons. At last they came to the conclusion that they had succeeded in discovering just what the Australian public wanted, and were ready for final tests. So they called upon Mr. Le Souef one morning with the request that he would allow a venomous snake to bite a dog they had with them in order to demonstrate the efficacy of the antidote. They were positive that no harm could come to the animal from the bite; their chemical tests were remarkably accurate, and the antidote would act the moment the virus began to work. Mr. Le Souef happened to be particularly busy that morning, but, ever willing to help forward scientific research, he went at once into the gardens with the investigators. He is quite fearless where snakes are concerned, and will handle them with a freedom that astonishes and terrifies the ordinary mortal. So, without the loss of a moment, he opened the door of the snake house, selected a particularly venomous-looking snake and hauled him out. Then in a most businesslike way he asked the man who was carrying the dog to hold him out for the experiment.

But the discoverers of the infallible antidote were not prepared for any such casual acquaintanceship with venomous snakes. They begged Mr. Le Souef to be most careful of what he was doing—and surely he did not imagine they were going to hold the dog out for the snake to bite like that? Supposing . . . . .? Wouldn't he put the dog and the snake in a box together somewhere, anywhere, as long as there was no attendant danger for the experimenters?

One man began hastily preparing the implements for the cure after the disease was communicated. He got out his cotton wool, his scarifier and his syringe. The other still argued the case with Mr. Le Souef, who, at last, cried:

"Come, come, gentlemen, I'm holding the snake in such a way that it cannot possibly do you any harm. Hold the dog here and it will be over in a second, then I can put the snake back in its cage."

Very cautiously, very timidly, at last one of them held the dog out. The snake snapped viciously, the dog yapped, and Mr. Le Souef flung the reptile back among its companions. He was more concerned about the success of the antidote than even the two chemical analysts. But while the man with the dog was holding it out anxiously to his companion, that gentleman was eagerly searching his pockets, his bag, his accoutrements, and then his pockets once more.

"I—I did have it—I'm certain I had it," he said nervously. "Bless me, where is it?"

"What is missing?" asked Mr. Le Souef, as he thought of joining in the search for the purpose of saving valuable time. It could not be the syringe, or the scarifier, or the cotton wool, or even the dog—it must be the antidote!

"Have you forgotten the antidote?" Mr. Le Souef enquired, when no answer was forthcoming.

"No, no!" protested the searcher. "We most certainly did not forget it. But where can it possibly be?"

When another frantic search failed to reveal the missing necessity the distracted man took the dog from his companion and begged him to feel in his pockets for the phial. And there it was, in the vest pocket of the one who had summoned up sufficient courage to hold out the dog for the experiment. Hurriedly he began to pull out the cork, but while he was doing so the poor dog crumpled up an incontinently died!

A BABY RAT AT BAY.

One day in the early months of 1917 the keepers unearthed a nest of eight or nine less than half-grown baby rats—probably under two months old. In the scramble to avoid capture one little rat got its hind leg hurt and had to drag it after him as he ran. Thus handicapped he fell an easy prey to the marauders, and in a few minutes was on his way to the house where a black snake about four feet long and a brown one of perhaps six inches shorter had lived together in wonderful amity for several months. Even on his way to slaughter he showed fight, and his sharp little teeth met through Mr. Wilkie's forefinger. As soon as he was put into the cage, he ran into a corner and looked around his new quarters. The black snake was particularly hungry, and the moment he saw the little creature there he reared his head to strike. But the rat emitted a shrill squeal, and raised himself on his hindquarters. He seemed to realise instantly that he was in the presence of his deadliest foe, and his first terrified look around the house showed there was no way of escape by flight. He determined on fight. This was amazing as an instance of the quick use of instinct; for the baby rat had certainly never before seen a snake. He was born under a haystack in the cultivation paddock, and had hardly left his mother's nest. Possibly his parents had seen such things as reptiles, but how could they have warned him to be instantly on his guard, and how to avoid being attacked by them? He did not wait for the snake to begin the conflict, but with a continuous squeal he flew at the reptile's head. The snake, surprised at this move, dodged the blow, and the little rat missed his aim. But he was back in a second to his corner, and there a second spring was made, with more

careful calculation than at first. This time he got fairly on the back of the snake and fastened his teeth in its neck. The snake gave a sharp, quick jerk and flung him right off. This was repeated time after time. The snake began to get very angry, and in his eagerness to finish off his intrepid young assailant he raised nearly half his body off the ground in order to get a better advantage in striking a death-blow. This time the doughty little warrior sprang cleverly for the middle of the snake's body just where it left the ground, and he ran hastily up the upraised back and clung as well as he could with his crippled foot on to the slippery surface of the back of the neck. Just as he was about to fasten his teeth in the most vulnerable spot of his foe's anatomy, the frightened snake gave a mighty shake as if he were swept by a volcanic storm off the ground, and freed himself of the little thing that kept up the nerve-racking squeal. By this time both snake and rat seemed utterly exhausted. The rat ran back to his corner and watched for the next move—that failed to come; and there he rested, puffed painfully, but still full of fight. The snake, on the contrary, had had all he wanted of it, and he drew back, completely cowed. The brown snake had been a most interested spectator of the whole of the proceedings, but, although he was ready to strike if opportunity offered, he did not attempt to interfere. The little rat gave him a side glance occasionally, but he seemed to regard him as of quite minor importance, to be tackled when the bigger one was finished. A truce was called. The black snake badly wanted to kill and eat the rat, but even while it lay panting in the corner he dared not make an effort to strike home.

"It showed," said Mr. Wilkie, "that size does not count for much if sufficient pluck is there. I thought as he had put up a tip-top fight of three rounds, he had earned his freedom, and although the last things we want about the gardens are rats, I had to let the brave cripple get back his liberty. I opened the door, and he ran to me at once in perfect confidence that I would rescue him from such horrible surroundings." One of the keepers put in another of the little rats, because they knew the black snake was really hungry, but the snakes had had quite enough of firebrands for one day, and neither molested it. When the keeper went to see how the second offering was getting on, he found the little rodent busily employed in burrowing a hole in the floor in order to escape. As the hole would have been quite large enough to allow the reptiles to get through as well, it was a matter of necessity to free that one also, and thus he escaped his threatened doom.

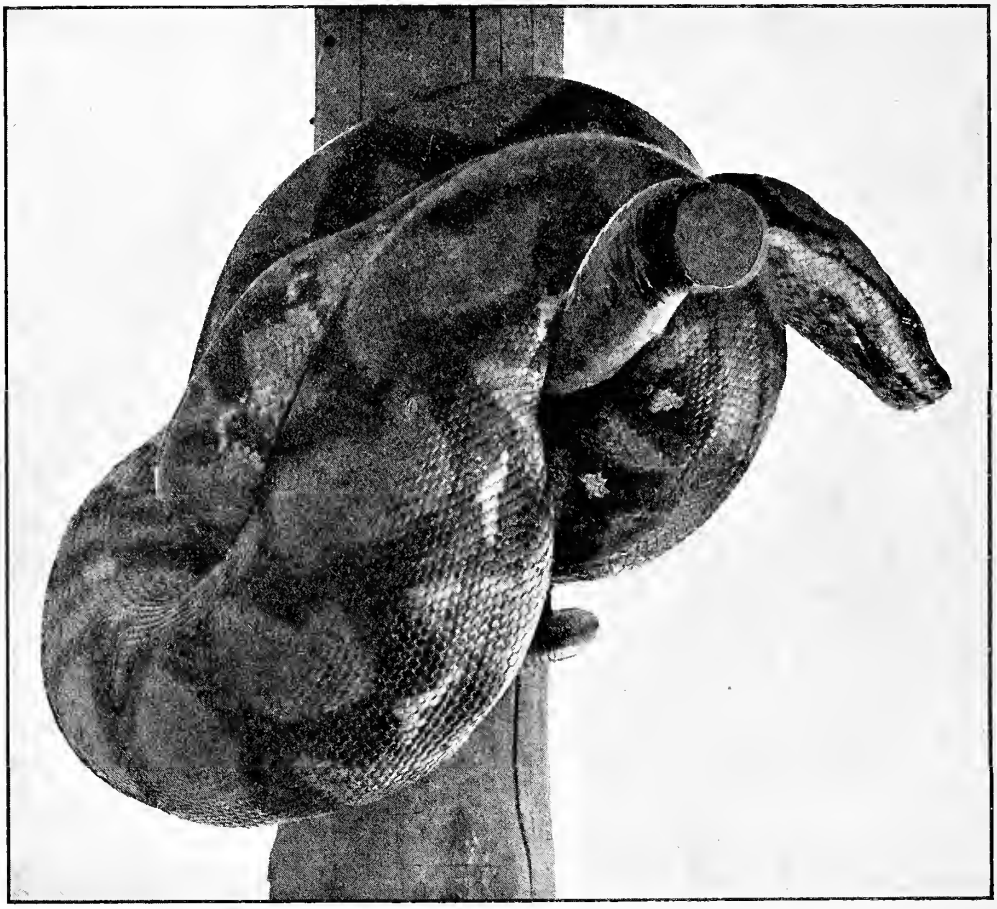
It was very evident next day that the brown and the black snake had quarrelled. It is presumed that the brown snake began hostilities by telling the black one what he thought of his conduct the previous

day, even going so far as to call the beaten creature a coward. If so, the sting of the accusation must have lain in its truthfulness, for it hurt so badly that the black snake immediately resented the imputation and set about proving its falsity—as such cowards have a habit of doing under stress of smarting from ridicule. At all events the argument degenerated into a brawl, and when the keepers came along they found the two erstwhile friends at death grips. The black attacked the brown ferociously, caught it and shook it as a terrier does a rat, and as soon as the brown felt the squeeze, he endeavored to save himself by coiling about his foe's body. This was successful each time, and the strangling grip made the black let go. Then the black would watch his opportunity to get another grip of his opponent's neck and the whole process would begin over again. Once when the black made a fierce nip, the brown managed to shake himself free and wriggle away. The black followed him, darted his head to strike, and the brown one did the same. In an instant they seemed to be knotted up together in a death struggle, and it was impossible to tell in the whirling mass of snake which one was getting the worst of it. Whether it was at that moment the black inflicted serious injuries on his companion is not known, but from thence onwards it was evident that size and superior strength told in favor of the black snake. The keeper took a rake and separated the antagonists, throwing the brown one at the far end of the cage. A few minutes later they were seen in grips again, the black having the brown by the middle of the black and literally shaking the life out of it. Once again they were forcibly separated, and the brown, who appeared to have had quite enough for that time, crept under their water trough, where it was presumed he would remain until the storm was over and peace was restored. The black one coiled himself up as if he had completely got over his bad humor and was determined to have a nap. Some time later in the evening the black must have resumed the offensive, for next morning the brown snake was found dead in the centre of the cage with a very bad wound in the middle of the back, and other ugly hurts behind the neck and near the tail. No attempt had been made by the black snake to eat his vanquished foe. He was coiled up again at his ease, and he took no notice of the keepers when they abstracted the body of his victim.

FEEDING SNAKES.

Two fine pythons—those in our illustrations—were added to the Zoo collection recently, and on the night of their arrival two roosters were placed in their cage for their supper. Next morning the light one was

discovered snugly coiled around the tree in the cage, resting after having swallowed both fowls; and the dark one was sleeping in one corner on the floor, as if he had gone there to sulk after he had discovered that his companion had eaten all the food. As a rule snakes prefer animals to



An after-dinner nap.

birds, but if they have no choice, and the birds are seasoned with hunger sauce, they will take what is put before them. Once a big Muscovy drake was put in a cage for a snake's supper, but next morning the keepers were thoroughly disgusted when they found that the drake had used the snake as a perch to roost upon. It was left there for months, and apparently both bird and snake approved of the arrangement, for

both thrived, and the drake appeared to like his novel roost. At last he was removed and given to someone who was in need of a Muscovy drake and could get one nowhere else. Opinion was divided as to the cause of the snake's forbearance. Some said the drake was too old a bird to be caught; others leaned to the idea that he "acted the innocent" so well that the snake thought it would be cruel to take advantage of such confiding reliance upon his honor.

Much interest is always taken in the question as to how a snake manages to swallow animals so very much broader than itself, and, indeed, how it swallows at all. Many a curious person has written to the papers asking whether snakes really eat other snakes, and whether they swallow their own young as a means of protecting them, or for food. Mr. Wilkie has seen a snake at the Zoo with a smaller snake half-swallowed, and in the Sydney Museum there is a preserved snake with another snake half-way down its throat. A notice attached to the exhibit certifies that they have been preserved in the exact position in which they were despatched. Sometimes mice are put into the cages of the small venomous snakes, and Mr. Wilkie has repeatedly watched them eaten afterwards. He says that they follow the trail of a mouse by scent, apparently, for even though the "wee, sleekit, cow'rin, tim'rous beastie" is crouching in the corner opposite to it, the reptile will laboriously follow the track the mouse took in its first terrified rush around the cage. Then, as soon as it comes within range of its victim, it will dart its poison into it, and at once the bitten creature will dash off, perhaps getting half-way around the cage before it drops, the poison having done its perfect work. Other snakes will pass that dead mouse by or crawl over it, unheeding. They seem never to touch a creature poisoned by another snake. The mice are definitely marked by their bites, and the reptiles know their individual catches by some infallible means. After poisoning, they will follow their victims up and swallow them at their leisure.

Mr. Wilkie has something interesting to say upon the vexed question whether a snake covers its food with saliva before swallowing it or not. He does not know whether the custom prevails with all reptiles, but he has often watched one take up a mouse, get half of it into his mouth, and then eject it. Then the other half will be slowly treated the same way. The mouse is then covered with a slimy substance, and the snake then proceeds to swallow it once more, this time beginning with the part it first took into its mouth, and the whole finally disappears. Apparently they cannot poison frogs, of which they are very fond, and therefore they do not let them go once they get within striking distance,

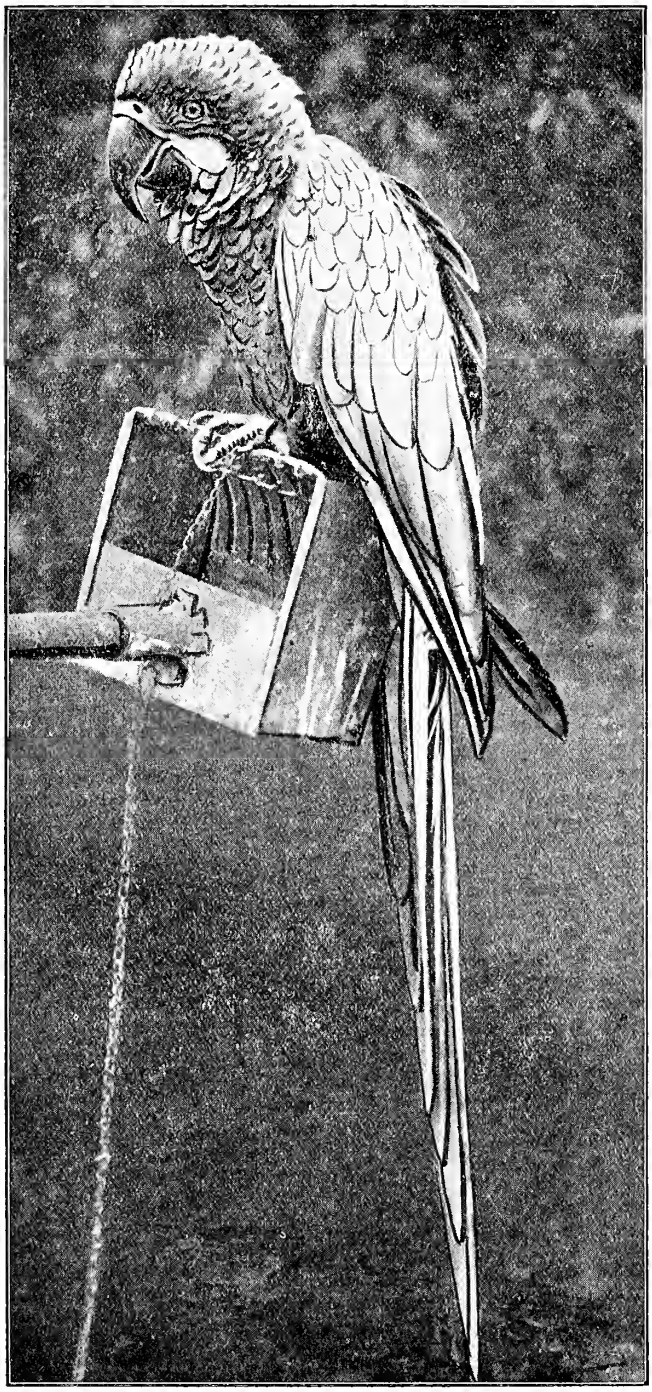
and Mr. Wilkie has timed one squirming in a snake's mouth for half-an-hour before it was quiet enough for final despatch.

The great family of constrictors do not kill their prey by poison. They do not, either, as is usually supposed, slowly and laboriously crush the life out of the hapless thing. They catch a victim by a bite aimed at the neck or shoulders, and then, like lightning, throw two coils about it, just above the heart; and the life is crushed out of it instantaneously. Thereafter the slow and steady coiling of the reptile about its victim's body is not for the purpose of extinguishing the life, but in order that every bone in the body shall be crushed to pulp so that it can be sure of having a meal without getting a bone in the throat that it cannot negotiate and thereby get killed by what it seeks to live upon.

MACAWS

A FINE GATEKEEPER.

For thirty-five years a magnificent hyacinthine macaw has guarded the entrance to the gardens. His name is Jacob, and he must be fully fifty years old, for when Mr. Le Souef brought him from his home in South America he was a well-matured bird, and he seems to have scarcely aged since then. It is, perhaps, as well that Jacob is not given to chattering about people, for in his long reign at those gates he has seen many a playful trick and many a queer action wrought by those who are now grave and reverend seigneurs. His sense of humor is so strong that he thoroughly enjoys listening to the inanities, or watching the antics of those who pass him by, and many a hearty laugh he has when they have gone. If people speak affectedly before him, they are considered by Jacob to have so little penetration that he does not wait until they are out of earshot before he begins to mimic them with fervor. If old folk talk to him, he knows he must show respect to age, and so he waits until evening to fire off his comments upon their conversation, and his quavering hesitancy is most lifelike. If children have chattered inconsequentially near him he sends Time rolling backwards and revels in a long past youth of pranks and capers. The orders he gives, the directions vouchsafed, are shadows of the realities at the gate. If he sees people trying to go out through the entrance turnstiles instead of the exit ones he will call sharply: "The other way out! The other way out!" and keep it up until they realise he is speaking for their benefit.



Taking Notes.

A FORCEFUL PREACHER.

Years ago there was a quaint old man at the gate who was much interested in theology. He was a local preacher on Sundays, and on week-days he would argue abstruse theological questions with a friend who used to visit him assiduously. The two would "wrastle" with, and settle, problems that have mystified the great minds of all the ages, and as they disputed they had the pedagogue's habit of shaking a wise index finger at the other's stupidity. Jacob was tremendously interested in these unending controversies. He could not distinguish what they were saying, but he could hear the tones of their voices as they rose and fell disputatiously, and he always knew when one had made a perfectly unanswerable point by the serious chuckle that he would give at seeing his friend confounded. After a few years of this diet Jacob knew their arguments—or the sound of them, from A to Z. He learned every trick of voice, every cadence, every gesture, every pause, every chuckle, and every ending. He began, at first cautiously, and then more confidently, to relieve his own tedium with rehearsals of these confabulations, and when he found that this made most entertaining sport for those who knew the two old friends, he gained all the assurance he needed, and since then he has been a most excellent preacher. He composes his face and form to a befitting seriousness, then with one foot gravely raised he begins to talk slowly, dogmatically stating views which are, from the very nature of the case, incontrovertibly true. Then comes the rather timid reply, warming up as it gains in length, and as the uplifted foot begins to impress the righteousness of his arguments upon the speaker himself. Anon comes the first argument repeated, for argument in a circle was the strong point of both worthies, and they believed if they but repeated their assertions a given number of times, they must carry conviction. At last confusion covers one like a garment, and Jacob knows this is the grand peroration to all discourses, and so he lets out a mighty chuckle of triumph. This being the only "lastly" he knows, he ends his sermon for the day, well pleased with the result of his efforts.

OUT OF THE PULPIT.

Where men and boys are concerned Jacob has a bad character. He is, however, most chivalrous with ladies—but he knows that not all who are dressed like ladies deserve to be called so. Quite recently a woman passing his cage shook her umbrella at him and scolded him—evidently in memory of their last meeting. He returned her insult with interest. Summoning up all the energy he had stored up in his body, he screeched

his opinion of her as she walked down the central path. So vigorous was his denunciation, so fervid his phrasing, so lurid his wrath, that she stopped and said: "I do believe that bird is swearing at me!" And there were others who believed it, too; but they also believed he was justified in doing so. He takes great notice of men when they approach his cage. If he likes them he will permit them to scratch his poll without doing them harm, but if for any reason he conceives a dislike to one, he will carefully set a trap. Bending his head as low as a Uriah Heep, he meekly solicits the favor of a scratch. The moment the man puts his finger in the cage, he gives it a sharp nip that usually draws out all the bad language the man has in him, and then Jacob throws back his head and laughs heartily at the success of his fine trick. As soon as the man resents this expression of pleasure, the bird dances in sheer happiness, and the unfortunate sufferer has no alternative but to get away from the callous creature as soon as possible.

A LIVING TOMAHAWK.

Mr. Martin, who has had charge of this and the other birds for a considerable time, says that he does not need a tomahawk with Jacob so near, for his mighty beak needs stronger work to keep it in order than cracking the maize and other grain given him for food, and so he has been given the task of cutting up the kindling wood. He will take a fair sized piece of deal and split it into splinters, all the time as happy as if he were denuding a tree of its nuts in his native forests. He shows the greatest liking for this friend, and that is the more remarkable because it is the first time in his long residence there that he has condescended to give his friendship to one of the staff.

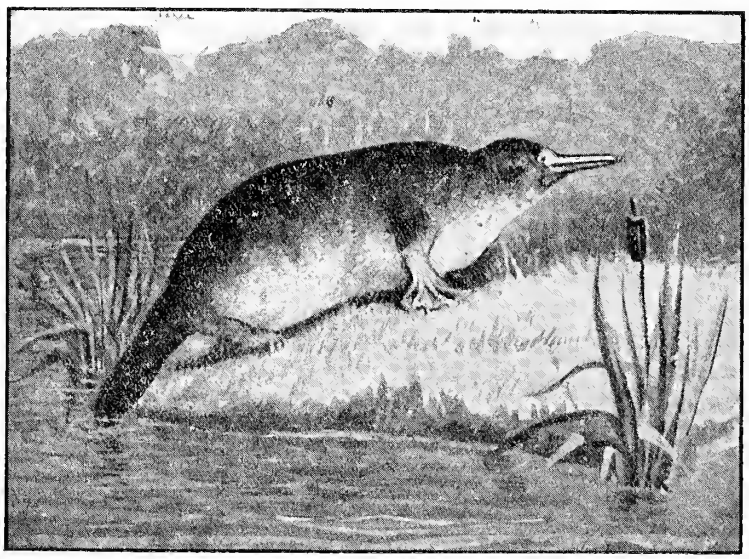
THREE'S COMPANY, FOUR'S NONE.

In a large cage in the gardens are three other macaws, two military and one green one. Several times other macaws have been placed there to enlarge their circle, but they will have none of them. If the keepers were quick enough they saved the newcomer from an untimely fate; if not, the old birds indulged their cannibalistic instincts and ate the brains of their unfortunate relative.

SOME QUEER AUSTRALIAN ANIMALS

THE PLATYPUS.

We have several very quaint and interesting animals of our own in Australia, and the very queerest creature existing to-day in the animal world, the platypus, belongs entirely to us. When Mark Twain visited Australia he believed everything he heard from us, or of us, until he was told of the platypus. He then wrote his delicious account of the "Ornitho-rhyncus dear." He had reason to be sceptical, for it is, like



Nature's Riddle.

the gnu, made up of odds and ends of other creatures, and the resultant patch-work is most extraordinary. No one can really decide whether it is rightly classified as an animal, a bird, or a reptile, for it has some of the characteristics of all three. It is amphibious; it swims; it burrows; it hibernates; it lays eggs, and yet, like the higher animals, it suckles its young when hatched. It has a long, bushy tail like a beaver, it has strong, webbed feet that resemble both a duck's and a lizard's in

certain ways; and yet the outward-turned back feet are provided with a very long and strong sharp claw—its only means of defence. These claws are said to inflict a bad and poisonous scratch, and so men keep a wary eye upon them when catching the strange creatures. They have another use, too, for they are the platypus's only article of toilet. It can twist these hind legs about in any direction, and with the claws can comb its long fur out nice and smooth, and get rid of any tangles that mar its beauty. It lays one or two eggs, takes them between its hind legs, rolls itself up into a ball with its bushy tail covering its face, and hatches the young in that fashion. The only relation it has got in the world is the echidna, or ant-eating porcupine—and they don't play speaks with one another.

SOME HAVE GREATNESS THRUST UPON THEM.

It is very difficult to keep platypuses alive in captivity. They are quite numerous, and can be found in most rivers of any consequence in Australia and Tasmania. A few years ago, when Sir (now Lord) Gibson Carmichael was Governor of Victoria, a telephone message was received at the Zoo from Richmond stating that a platypus had just been found in a quarry hole there—it had evidently got itself lost from the Yarra—and the finders wished that someone from the Zoo would come out and get it. Mr. Wilkie went for it, brought it back, and placed it in the large "flight aviary," where hundreds of small song birds live under such favorable conditions that they hardly know they are in captivity. In this aviary there is a small pond and a lot of ferns and fern stumps about the banks of it—just an ideal place for a platypus to hide when he wishes for forty winks. For a few days the little prisoner sulked, but presently when Mr. Wilkie caught him tenderly, and placed a dish of finely-chopped meat under his nose, he began to rub his beak in it. When he found the taste was good he began to shovel up the food like a duck would, and thenceforward there was no trouble in getting him to eat. Indeed, as the days went by, Mr. Wilkie only had to whistle to him to come out, and at once the queer bill would push some undergrowth on one side, and a pair of beady eyes would look up inquiringly from amid the ferns, and then a few words of encouragement were all that was required to bring him waddling towards the tempting dish. It was most interesting to watch him eat. The platypus has no teeth in its bill, the inside of which is serrated like a duck's, but at the back of the bill, where it joins the head, there are two strong incisors top and bottom of the jaw, and with these he grinds

the small shell-fish, mussels, earthworms and other edibles that form his natural diet.

The captive got on remarkably well, and the Zoo authorities were very proud of their prize. News reached Government House of the strange pet, and the Governor expressed a wish to see the rarity at close quarters. One morning Sir Gibson Carmichael with a few other gentlemen, went up to pay a visit of ceremony to the platypus, and he was highly amused at the way the queer little thing acknowledged Mr. Wilkie's friendliness by coming at his call. After watching it for a while, eating, moving, and playing in the water, the distinguished visitor was asked if he would like to handle it. Yes; he would, indeed. So Mr. Wilkie placed it in the vice-regal hands, all the time holding its back claws carefully, for fear the platypus would be no respecter of persons. Then the captive was let go, and they watched it take to the water—its natural refuge in trouble—and departed, satisfied with the result of the morning's inspection.

Later in the day, Mr. Wilkie, anxious to discover whether the platypus had suffered as the result of his accumulated honors, went to look for him. There was no response to the friendly call, and for a long time search was in vain, until a fern log was overturned and a very sick little platypus was found huddled beneath it. Its bill was open, and Mr. Wilkie at first thought a piece of meat had got stuck in its throat, but examination proved this to be incorrect, and that the trouble was approaching death. He hastened to take his pet to a warm room, to wrap it in a blanket before a fire, but before he reached the door of the house the platypus was dead. Some creatures evidently cannot support the weight of undue dignity.

A WELL EXECUTED ESCAPE.

That platypus lived for about two months in the gardens, which so far is the record time one has been kept. Another was found one day and placed in the same aviary, and he seemed well content, and was very friendly. Mr. Wilkie began to think he was about to win another pet when it was discovered, about a fortnight after he was placed there, that he had cut his way through the strong galvanised half-inch mesh wire netting, and had got away. His tracks could be very easily followed, because of the sweep of his bushy tail. He was traced to a large pond, and there, of course, he was safe, because a platypus always burrows about a foot below low water mark, and tunnels along the bank in an upward slanting direction until he finds a spot that suits him for a sleeping chamber. This is above the high water mark, so he is always

nice and dry. He covers it with rough grass, dead leaves, or some such bedding, and makes himself very comfortable. From this bedroom he tunnels an exit in another direction, and reaches the door of his passage higher up the bank, on a convenient slope. Here he can cautiously peep out, and if any danger threatens can dive into the water before the watcher has realised his presence. Then, making down stream, he can enter his burrow secretly and get into safety without again being seen.

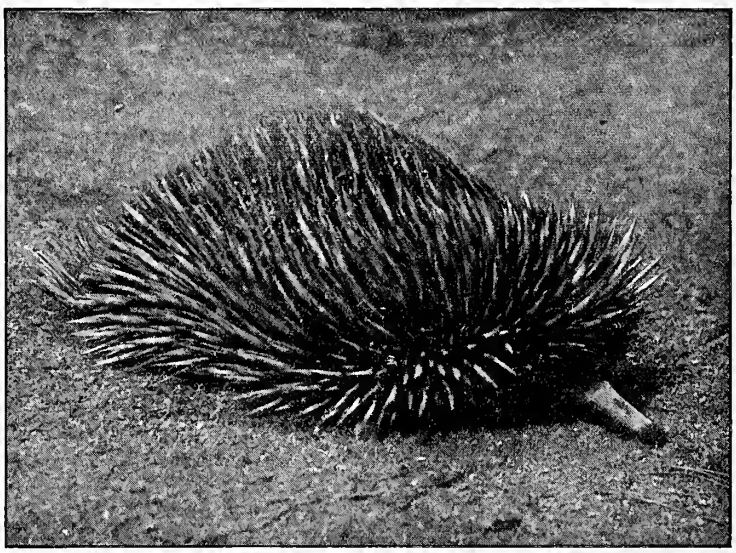
For weeks and weeks the trail of this escaped platypus was found every morning, leading from the pond, sometimes for hundreds of yards in different directions about the gardens. Following it carefully trackers always found the return tracks to the pond, but never once could they discover the platypus itself. One morning they traced him to a drain pipe that ran down through the gardens, and there he was finally lost. He evidently decided to attempt an escape that way, and by dint of strong swimming he would ultimately come, to his great delight, to the waters of the Yarra.

"THE FRETFUL PORPENTINE."

The echidna, or ant-eating porcupine, is a very strange little animal. When attacked, he rolls himself into a ball of spikes, and then dogs and men know better than to try to pick him up. There are usually a couple of these queer spiky things in the gardens, but they can rarely be seen during cool or cold weather because they burrow two or three feet down in the loose earth and roll themselves up to hibernate. All that can be discerned is a very dusty, dirty heap of prickles just showing above a depression of earth. But early in the morning they are all alert and are watching keenly for the coming of their breakfast. They get surprisingly friendly, too, and know the man that feeds them, and the Zoo keepers cannot understand why Shakespeare should have described them as "fretful porpentines." They have very queer long tongues, like those of the American ant-eater, but Mr. Wilkie questions whether they really do eat ants—if they do, it must be only the tiny black ants, for the opening of the lips is not big enough to admit the soldier ants if thickly fastened on the tongue. The tongue is a long, soft, finger-like substance, about three times as long as the snout. There is no action of the jaw at all, but the lips merely open enough to allow the thin tongue to pass through. They are fed on beaten egg, new milk, and very finely-chopped meat. They cannot swallow the meat, but have a great fancy for the flavor of it, and the juices are nourishing for them. Individual echidnas have been kept at the Zoo for years. They are very amusing to watch at feeding time, for they come out and

supervise the mixing of their food with the greatest interest, and are as bad as cats or dogs for sticking their noses into the dish too soon.

The common idea that they shoot their quills at strangers in order to protect themselves is pure nonsense. The fact is that with such spiky covering there is always a gradual loosening of them, and always



"I can show you many points."

one or two are ready to drop out on the least provocation; but their only mode of defence is to be quick enough to roll up and leave no soft spots anywhere.

THE WOMBAT.

Another strange and interesting animal that is "all our own" is the wombat, that tireless little burrower that is the despair of so many settlers, though others have found an excellent use for him. One settler in the mountainous country of Victoria said that if it were not for the wombat he and his family would never taste pork. They eat the flesh of the wombats exactly as we do that of swine; they salt it and cure it; and eat it fresh as well; and he, as well as many another settler, bears testimony to its quality and flavor.

In the ranges and sparsely-populated districts the pioneers have until now been beaten by the wombat as far as erecting fences is concerned.

They will laboriously erect sheep-proof or pig-proof slab fencing, which is much stronger than paling fences, and will imbed the slabs for about eighteen inches, to give a really strong foundation. It is pig- or sheep-proof, but the wombat comes along, and when he finds that he can neither climb over it nor squeeze through it he at once proceeds to burrow under it. The speed with which he can dig is marvellous. He can excavate faster than a man with a spade. In this he resembles that other lightning sapper, the echidna. He digs down one side of a fence, turns on his back, and then burrows up the other side. Of course, by this time, the slabs have lost their protecting foundation, and the farmer discovers them spread out in wondrous confusion next morning, and it is to be feared that he forgets to count ten before saying what he thinks.

A CUNNING RUSE.

The wombats live in holes burrowed through hill-sides, and perhaps go in for six or seven feet. Sometimes they burrow under fallen trees. In the Wombat Ranges they burrow under rocks. It is an exceedingly

A Master of Strategy.

difficult matter to shift them from any spot if they once can get a grip, even on a very precarious foothold. Mr. Wilkie has watched strong men pulling at them by the hind leg to move them from a cave, but as long

as the animals could get the least grip with their forefeet, they were more than a match for the strongest men.

Nature has taught the wombat how to make a most effective resistance to the dog's endeavors to dislodge it from its hiding hole. This hole is always somewhat bigger than the wombat, and when the dog appears the wombat promptly turns his hind-quarters to the intruder. Naturally the dog, unless he is an old hand, will attempt to bite; but, finding the hide excessively hard, will thrust his muzzle further over the wombat's back, in the hope of getting at the shoulders. This is the wombat's opportunity. Suddenly he will give a sharp, upward jerk, for which the dog is not prepared. It means that the dog's head is struck violently against the rocky roof of the burrow, and as the little animal will kick out as well as buck, the game generally results in a bad mauling for the attacking dog and immunity for the hunted. Wise dogs that have served a hard apprenticeship are not caught in any such fashion. They merely stand on guard and yap, yap, yap at the hind-quarters until, in desperation, the wombat kicks, and the outstretched leg is then caught by the cunning, wide-awake dog. Even then it is a long and desperate struggle before the creature is dislodged. Mr. Wilkie has known them to resist capture so strenuously, even when they had only a cement floor to cling to, that they have almost had their legs pulled off before yielding to the strain.

Wombats become very friendly with visitors at the Zoo, and there is one there now that will get on its hind legs and beg for scraps from the children, and will eat out of their hands as tamely as a Guinea pig.

TASMANIAN DEVILS

THREE INTERESTING IMPS.

A great deal of interest was evoked by the appearance of two families of baby devils at the Zoo last August (1917). Never before have the miniature specimens been known there; but in the middle of 1917 three or four adult Tasmanian devils were brought from Tasmania, and when they arrived it was discovered that one had three babies in her pouch. Fear was expressed lest, through the change and all the handling, the notoriously bad temper of these creatures would lead the mother to wreak her wrath upon her own young; but she took her

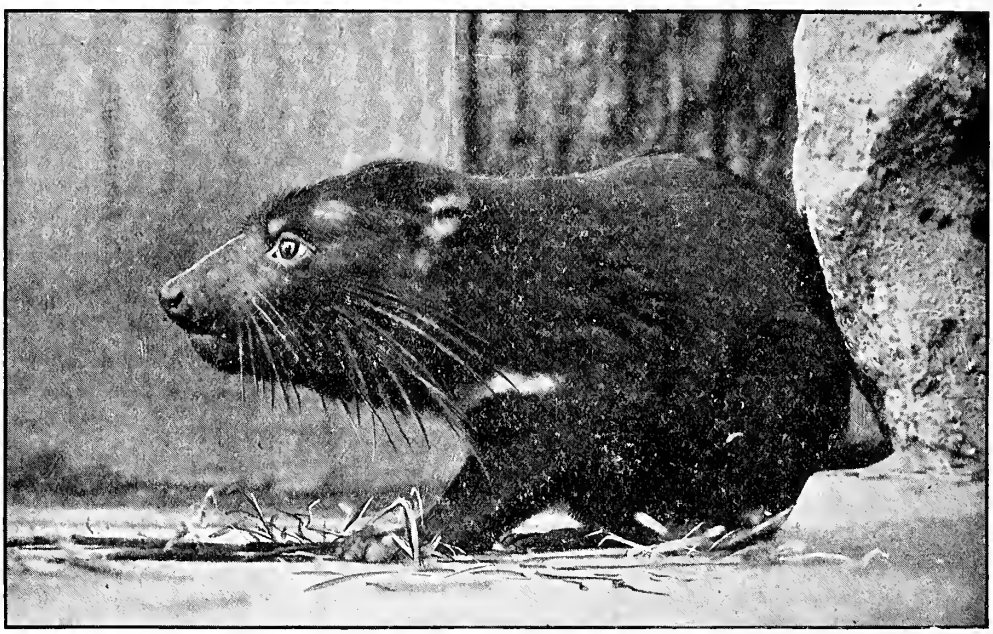
vicissitudes with marvellous equanimity and accepted the inevitable with so good a grace that when her little ones began to honor the world with their presence it was found they were as healthy and hearty a brood of imps as any mother devil could desire. A second adult devil was caged with the mother, and when the brood began to move about it was thought wise to remove this old one, for fear it would indulge a certain propensity for cannibalism that is known to belong to the tribe. But in handling this beast it was discovered, contrary to former belief, that

Three little Imps.

it also was a female, and also had three very immature young in her pouch. So that it was another instance of "it never rains but pours;" and a closer study of the lives of these repulsive looking animals can now be undertaken by seeing them in families. Mr. D. Le Souef says that he does not remember having seen a photograph of such very young devils before, and believes it to be unique; but although the little things protested, (and their mother even more vigorously), against being handled for photographing it can be seen that they decided quickly to ignore the whole process and make themselves as comfortable as possible.

When this picture was taken they had left the maternal pouch about one week.

Curiosity having been aroused as to why these ugly things received their highly suggestive name, it was stated that there can be little doubt that they deserved it. It is another case of ugliness going to the bone. Indeed, any virtues they possess are negative ones, and their vices are most positive. They are very savage, and have frequent fights among themselves, while they slay other creatures for the mere wanton lust



Ugliness goes to the bone.

of slaughter. When they attack anything, a member of their own tribe or any other species, they will practically tear it to pieces in sheer ruthlessness. After a fight at the gardens the dead victim has more often than not been found to be almost devoured. Even in their sociability they are dangerous, for one can never tell the moment when their rough play will turn to rougher quarrelling, so uncertain is the temper of every one of them. Their unearthly noise is as bad as that of the lynx and nearly as bad as the golden cat's vocalisation. If one could imagine a choir consisting of imps in the infernal regions, with every ear-splitting, brain-scratching sound grouped in hideous discords, the only earthly

model that could be used as a guide would be a chorus from a company of Tasmanian devils.

The young devil is black with rather pretty white markings, in irregular spots or stripes. These disappear as they mature, and in adulthood they have merely the V-shaped white collar. Their heads are entirely disproportionate to their bodies; for they really seem to be all head, with repulsively strong jaws, large mouths filled, or over-filled with excessively strong teeth, that keep them perpetually grinning.

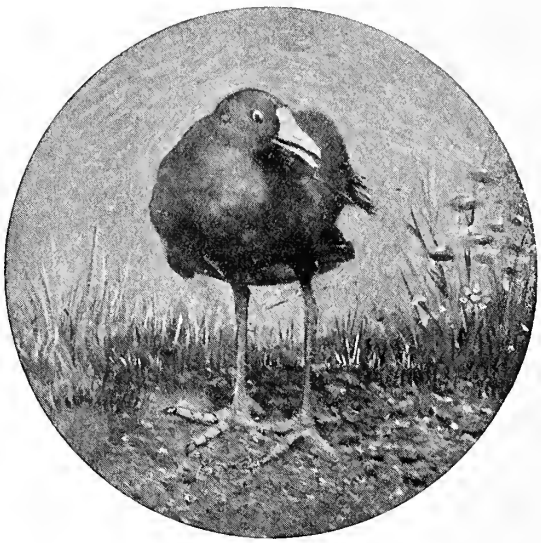
As one might anticipate from such a list of dark characteristics, this creature, that is scientifically known as the Dasyure, is nocturnal in its habits. During the day it is too sleepy to be otherwise than very stupid, but with the oncoming of covering darkness it displays a cunning and a cleverness inseparably connected in the human mind with the original owners of the despised name of devil.

A FRIENDLY LITTLE COOT

There is a very small bird at large in the gardens that few people recognise as part and parcel of the establishment, but which is one of the most attractive little things in the whole place. It is not outwardly beautiful, but there is something about it that has endeared it to everything in the gardens save the churlish eagles and a few other creatures of their stamp. It is a little brown coot, with sea-green bill and dull maroon legs that cross very quaintly as he limps along slowly, a victim to combined old age and rheumatism. He has been in the gardens for over fifteen years, and has been allowed perfect freedom to go about the place as he chooses, and visit whomsoever he pleases. A casual observer, seeing him in any of the big birds' company, would probably judge him to be a common wild bird that had flown down to pick up the scraps from some of the compounds, but this estimate would be entirely wrong, and by not knowing his history the visitor would miss one of the prettiest of the Zoo stories.

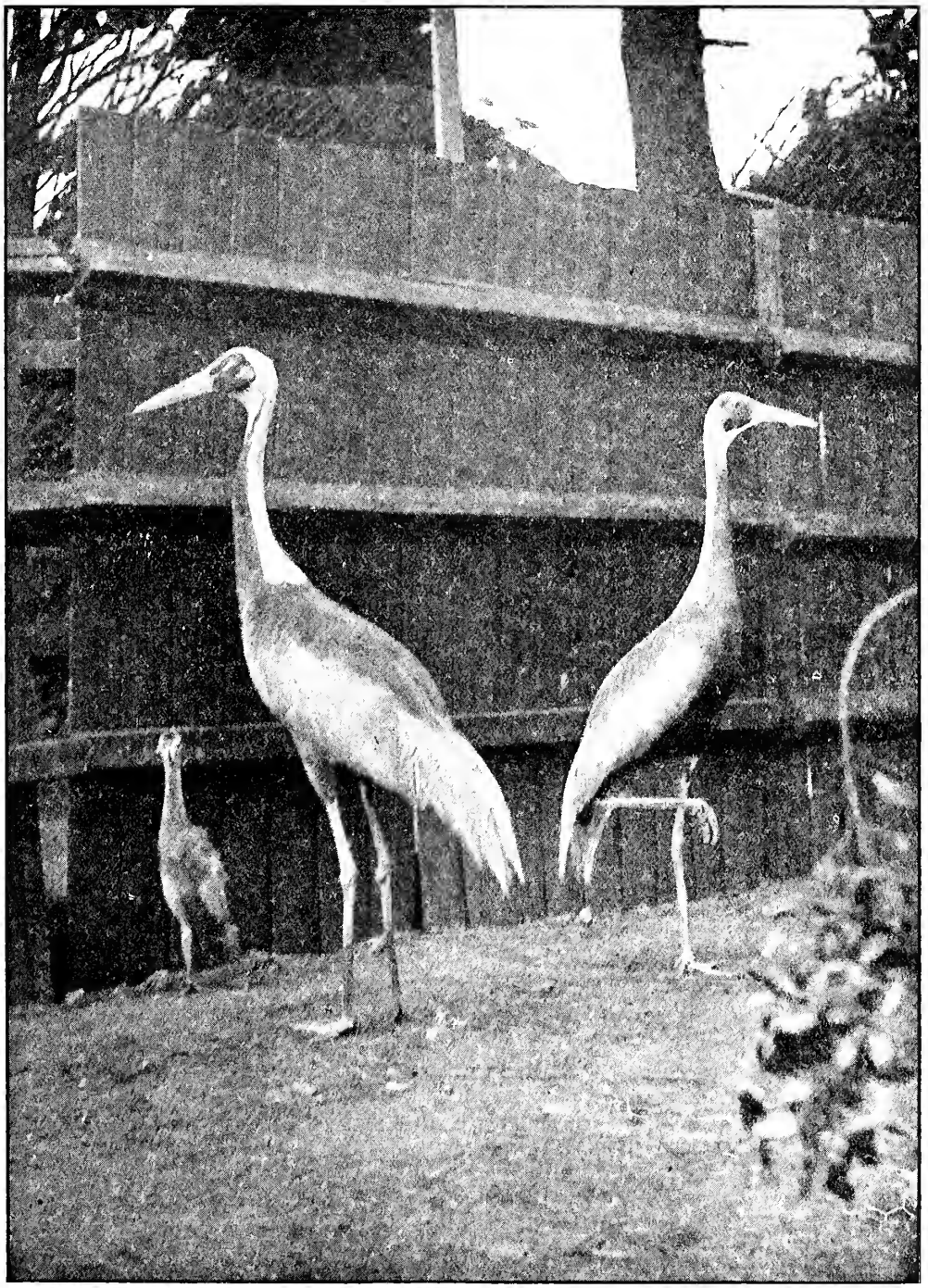
The fact is that every bird visited by this little coot is thoroughly envied by all its neighbors, who exert all their blandishments in the attempt to entice him away. The competition between them for the honor of his company is such that one would only expect to be extended to royalty, and yet the little bird goes through life with unswelled head and gentle manners which prove that admiration is not always bad for

modest worth. The cranes in particular—those most unsocial of birds —regard him as their special friend. As soon as he is seen hopping along the walk outside their compounds, these long-necked things stretch themselves to the uttermost in their endeavors to be the first to catch his eye. They flap their wings wildly, and cry aloud for his notice. When he turns into one compound the others watch so jealously that every moment of his stay makes the favored ones more keenly desirous of prolonging the visit in order to retain the fascination. So sure are the host and hostess that he is a visitor of note that their reception is as courtly and formal as possible. They spread out their wings as they bow ceremoniously almost to the ground, advance a step or two,



Everybody's Friend.

make another obeisance, retire a step, then advance with the same courtly ceremony. Those who have seen a ceremonial advance towards a throne know how courtiers take three measured steps, bow almost to the ground, and then resume their march. This seems to model the courtly reception given by storks and cranes to visitors whom they delight to honor. The whole ceremony belongs to the formal eighteenth century rather than to the free-and-easy twentieth, but perhaps birds do not know how completely times have altered, and may be under the misapprehension that in polite society deference is still paid where deference is due. Of course, in bird-land, such news as the abolition of class distinctions would travel very slowly.



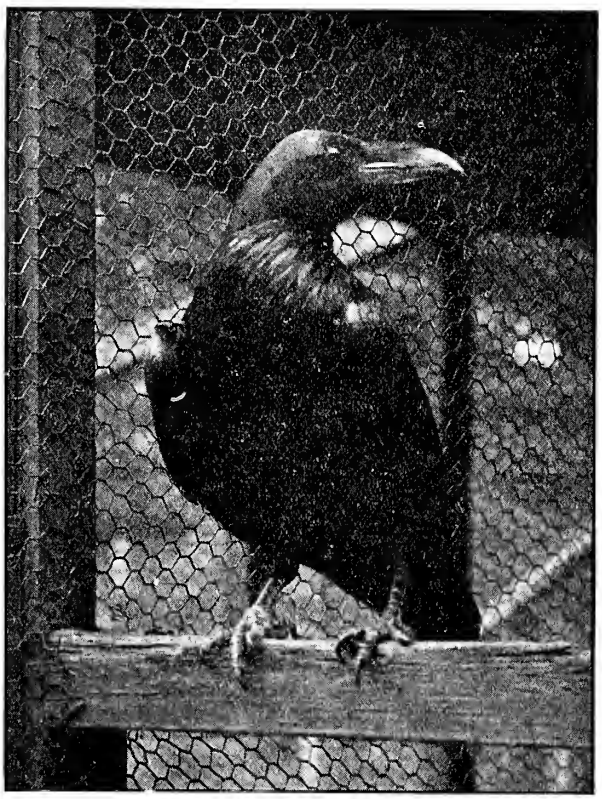
Before the baby died.

When the European cranes were the proud possessors of a baby, the coot did not trouble them very much. He considered they were quite well-enough entertained by the delicate little fledgling that occupied every waking moment of both parents. But when a sharp frost deprived them of their treasure, he seemed to realise what an awful gap the baby's death had left in their lives, and began to pay them frequent visits of condolence. They showed their delight in his company so ecstatically that he even tolerated their elaborate ritual of welcome, which he had been apt to regard as tedious and unnecessary before. He stood it patiently as long as they went through their evolutions, without even a shrug of the shoulders, though as soon as they reached him he hopped off with every symptom of relief towards their breakfast dish, one of the great birds on either side as an escort. Then he felt at liberty to throw aside conventionality and settle down quietly to a nap, disregarding all the entreaties of the other birds to call upon them. He knew he was needed by these two birds, and he would stay with them as a member of the family. Since then he has been found more frequently with the two bereaved cranes than anywhere else, and it has been acts like this, unostentatiously performed throughout his long career, that have made him the pride of the gardens.

THE RAVEN AND THE CROW

All who have read "Barnaby Rudge" love ravens for the sake of Grip, and not even all the croakings of Edgar Allan Poe's pessimistic raven can make us believe him to be a bird of evil omen like our Australian crow. The raven at the Zoo is a lively, cheery optimist, with a very strong sense of humor. He knows when he has got an innocent visitor at his mercy as well as the most inveterate joker living, and he makes the most of his opportunity, too, croaking out to the world that he has had the best of the deal whenever the fun is on his side. Ravens are becoming very scarce now—they were in Dickens' time. The foreword by that novelist to "Barnaby Rudge" makes very interesting reading about the two pet ravens he had owned. It is a matter of some difficulty to get a mate for the splendid specimen at the Zoo, but for all that he has only recently been left lonely. The staff there witnessed for years a very pretty comedy of bird friendship between the imprisoned raven and a maimed crow, and they are about the only people who have

ever been heard to say a good word for this pariah among Australian birds. The crow was a wild one that had been hurt at the point of one wing, and was unable to fly, but by dint of many attempts at hopping managed to get on low spreading branches of trees and thus hop higher and higher until he reached a convenient perch for roosting at night. He made himself quite at home in the gardens, and adopted



"Shall I never see my loved, my lost Lenore?"

the role of Good Samaritan to a great many captives. He tried his best to make love to the cranes, but those high and mighty birds preferred going hungry before accepting gifts from a blackfellow, and all his thousand attempts never broke down their prejudice. But with the raven it was a case of birds of a feather—or birds of a color, from the beginning. They became the fastest of friends, and their good understanding lasted right to the day of the poor old crow's mysterious

disappearance. This crow was a great gossip, and he loved to pay flying visits to the various birds to discover the latest news and report it to the raven. The two cronies held many a confidential chat together, and the way the cunning old raven flattered his friend was something wonderful. The first visit for the morning was always to the flamingoes' pond, for the crow knew he would meet with more than gossip there—he was sure of a well-filled breakfast dish with appetising biscuit to be taken for the asking. He could not only help himself, but he could carry some off in his beak for his impatient friend across the road. With this offering he would hop off to say "Good-morning." He would drop the biscuit on the path outside the cage, caw his greetings, and then look slyly down sideways at the tempting morsel. The greedy bird inside would mingle his croakings with the cawing outside, but all his begging would not make the crow give up the food until he had had a fair amount of fun through it. He would hop aside to let the biscuit be seen more clearly, and as the raven frantically flapped his wings and tried to get through the wire netting, his tormentor would seem to take pity on him, and hop over and pick up the food. Then as the raven held open his beak for it, the crow would tantalisingly drop it again. The prisoner would then forget every thought of dignity in his desire for the scrap, and would beg pitifully to be given it, acting like a creature in the last throes of starvation. When he was sufficiently abject to please the crow's sense of power, the bit would be condescendingly dropped inside, and the donor would hop off to watch the raven bury the present. It was an understood thing that this first present should never be eaten at once, but must always be carefully preserved until a fitting occasion presented itself. Therefore the raven had to seek for a suitable hole for a cache, and as soon as the morsel was decently buried the crow sped off to the monkeys' cages, where long experience had taught him there would be fine gleanings. Here he would fill those strange little cheek pouches so many birds and monkeys seem to possess, and hop back with much noise and ceremony to the raven. This time he had quite a spread to lay out before his friend, and lollies, nuts, and scraps of biscuit would be placed alluringly around, just too far out for the raven's beak to reach. Then the crow would strut off to the opposite side of the walk in order to better enjoy the poor raven's attempts to batter down his cage as he vainly tried to reach the dainties so near and yet so far away. If the crow thought there was a possibility of the raven reaching a morsel he would hop over and pull it out of harm's way, fluttering back to his old post with caws of satisfaction. This proceeding would nearly drive the raven mad with vexation. He would alternately coax and scold and whine. When

the crow was satisfied with this performance, he would come back and carefully pick out the most tempting bits and give them to his friend, between each gift holding as long an argument as a pawnbroker with a reluctant client. It seemed as if the crow were bargaining and the raven were arguing as to the value of the exchange, and at last the crow would give in after extracting a dozen promises that the raven never meant to keep. Nearly all the treasure would be given in bit by bit to the impatient raven, but the last two or three pieces were always reserved for his own use. They would be left spread before the eyes of the greedy raven until the crow had found a satisfactory spot for burying them, and then he would carry them off to make a plant for himself. He never seemed to remember where he had buried his share, and was never once seen to unearth any of it. The raven, on the contrary, never forgets his caches, and spends one-half the day hiding things, and the other half in finding them. Possibly the fact that he was free in a land that never failed to produce plenty made the crow careless of his hidden treasures, but nature proved too strong for him to give up the custom of providing for days of scarcity. This was the invariable routine for his morning's visit; but at night, when provender was always more plentiful and he needed only to hop from cage to cage to get all he could possibly eat, he was far more liberal with his captive friend and would give up the spoil with less reluctance, though he never once gave it up without having his meed of fun in return. It did not matter how much or how little he brought, however, he had full knowledge of the exceptional value of the very last bits. They were always most coveted by the raven—and he never once was given them. The crow made it an invariable rule to bury those for himself.

LIONS

THE KING OF BEASTS.

It is often asked why the lion, and not the tiger, has been given the title of "The King of Beasts." It is really difficult to say which is the stronger of the two; but sportsmen state that when a lion and a tiger meet in a fight they are frequently both found dead afterwards. Such a battle royal must needs end in the death of one of the contestants, for it is inconceivable that either should ask for quarter. Some years

ago a lion and tiger managed to get together in the West Australian Zoo, and after a terribly thrilling encounter the lion was killed. So that it is by no reason of its superior muscular strength that the lion has succeeded in winning the proud and honored title, but some think it is because of a certain regal instinct in the lion that is quite absent from the tiger's mental make-up. If the lion makes a spring at an intended victim, and misses it, he apparently decides that he must in honor give his mark the sporting chance it has gained by his stupidity. For a moment or so he will stand watching the fortunate animal, and the very tip of his tail will be moving impatiently, clearly displaying his deep chagrin. It is the movement we all notice in the cat's tail when the bird or the mouse has been too quick for him. Then, when he has finished telling himself what a fool he has been, he will move off to stalk down a fresh victim. But the tiger is different. With Hunnish determination, he springs to kill, and if his first attempt is a failure, he will coldly and remorselessly follow his prey for slaughter, and no feelings of compunction or sportsmanship ever disturb his predestined course. The relentlessness of the tyrant dominates his cruel, calculating brain, and this characteristic, so far beneath the high spirited nobility of the lion, has cost the tiger the title of "The King of Beasts." So that moral qualities count in the beasts as in man!

CRUELTY TO ANIMALS.

Some years ago the staff at the Zoo was busily engaged in the never-ending business of ratting, when a small, rough-haired mongrel terrier, who had got in without paying, came up to watch the performance. As if to show them how it should be done, she took a hand in the game, and she was "rough on rats" with a vengeance. So valuable was her assistance that she was permanently engaged as a generally useful hand on the spot, and although her duties were to range over a very wide field, nothing (not even the question of wages, which were somehow overlooked), ever interfered with the amicable relations between employer and employed until the very end.

Shortly after Whizzy signed on in this loose way, she had a litter of puppies. Just about that time an even more important birth was registered in the Zoo annals—a baby lioness saw the light of day there. Then followed a shameless trafficking in babies. No one knows what became of the terrier's own offspring; but the authorities thought that a fair exchange was no robbery, so instead of her large small family they gave her one big baby to rear. At first she did not see the force of it, but she soon resigned herself to the inevitable, and gave her un-

divided attention to her valuable foster child. Whizzy proved herself to be a very good mother. All her love was spent on her nurseling, and as it grew bigger and bigger her pride in it also swelled visibly. The love was mutual, as it was discovered when an attempt was made to separate the pair after the cub was weaned. The dog fretted, but it is to be feared that would not have counted had not the lioness had something to say in the matter. She sulked and moped so badly that in order to save her from illness they were forced to give her back her little friend. A second and a third time they were separated, with like results. Indeed, when a determined attempt was made the third time to break the comradeship the consequences were very nearly serious, for she would not forget and would not eat, so that in despair the keepers were forced to reunite them. This was the more surprising because the lioness was not in any way a pampered baby. The terrier did not believe in selfish children, and so she trained the cub to come after her seniors, not before, and to wait until her elders were served at meal times. For the three years that they lived together the lioness was one of the best trained babies any mother ever had.

As was to be expected, great interest was taken by the public in the presence of a little dog in the cage with a full-grown lioness, and newcomers to the gardens were sure to go to the keepers with a dozen questions about it. The general enquiry was made in great excitement:

"When will the lion kill the dog? Is that the way you feed it?"

Tired of entering into particulars for the thousandth time, they would say:

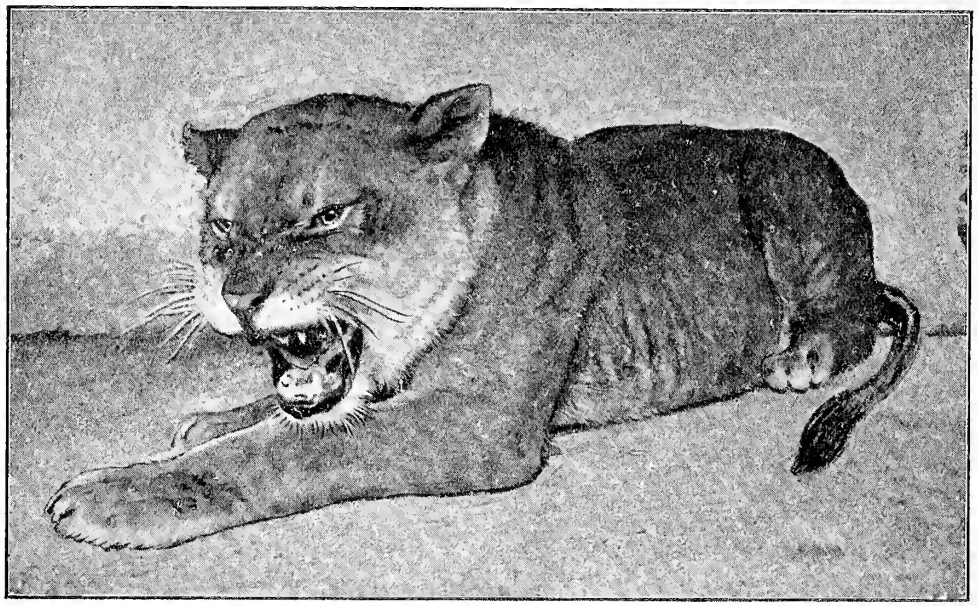
"Feeding time is half-past three. You just wait!"

Those who waited until half-past three would see the tiny creature dominate the one that could have swept her out of existence by a blow of her paw had she so desired.

Both dog and lioness waited most impatiently for the feeder. When he came he always had two pieces of meat in his hand, a small piece for the dog, and a great bone for the lioness. Whizzy, all excitement and noise, was given hers first. This was grabbed, and with one bound was deposited in the far corner of the cage. Another bound brought her back to where the keeper was pushing in the shin. This, almost as big as Whizzy, would be snatched too, the lioness not daring to interfere. With a great effort the little terrier dragged it to where the scrap of dog's meat was lying, and then she would mount guard over both pieces, and bark her warnings to the lioness to have patience and wait. The snap, snap, snap, at the big creature continued until

at last, yielding to the inevitable, she threw herself down, stretched her head over her extended forepaws, and closed her eyes. As plainly as words could utter she said by her attitude: "There now, go on. I don't want it. You see how good I am!"

Satisfied that she would have no unpleasant interruption to her meal, Whizzy started, and when she could eat no more—she never could get beyond her own morsel—she rose, licking her lips, and then barked her commands to her adopted child to come and eat what was left. Without the faintest show of resentment the lioness took what was set before her and was thankful.



In a bad mood.

Those who waited to find out the facts regarding the partnership were satisfied; those who did not wait went home and wrote letters to the director or to the Zoological Society, or to the Society for the Protection of Animals, demanding that such an iniquitous piece of cruelty should be stopped at once. So many letters were received by the latter society that at last the secretary decided to go out to the gardens and make investigations. After he had watched the pair at their daily meal, he said:

"I'm satisfied there is cruelty in this business—but it is cruelty to the lioness, not to the dog!"

But the letter-writers grew so insistent that never a mail came to the gardens without some hotly-worded protest, and in sheer weariness the director decided that the strange partnership must come to an end. The terrier was again removed, but only for a short time. She was allowed to come and go, and the lioness gradually got used to her absences. These grew longer and longer, until there came merely a daily visit at feeding time. Then, as soon as the bars were dropped, Whizzy would bound into the cage, and there would be a loving greeting between the friends, and so they continued. Then came a time when a second cub was given to the terrier to rear, and the older one became a mere nodding acquaintance.

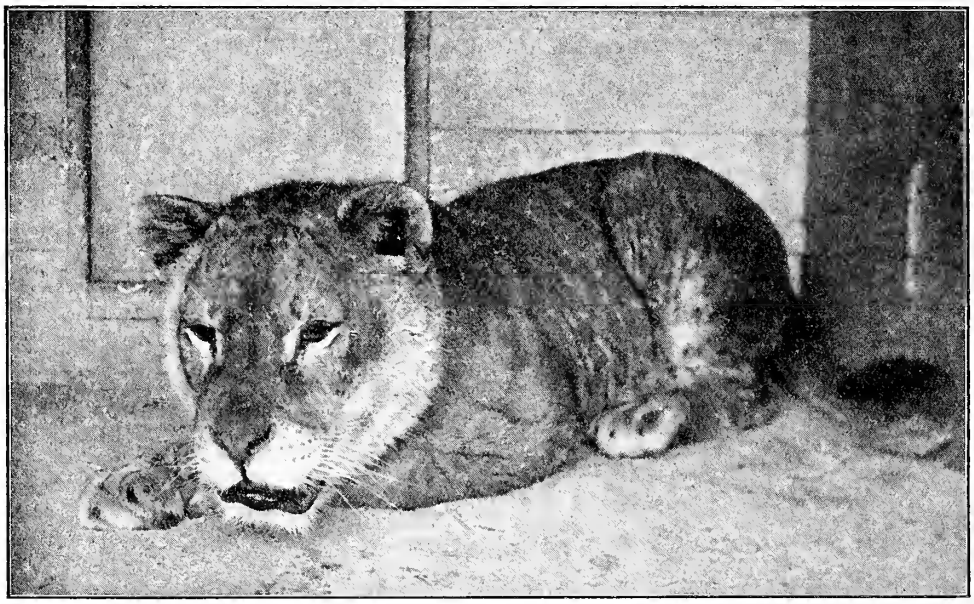
THE CUB AND THE KEEPER.

A fine lioness cub was born at the Gardens one day, and one of the keepers, an old bachelor who had quarters in the grounds, decided to try the experiment of rearing it on the bottle like a human baby. It is very difficult to rear cubs born in confinement into strong, healthy lions, and, in order to give this one the best possible chances of vigorous lion-hood the keeper was willing to take all the trouble involved in hand-feeding the big, but delicate, baby. The two became inseparables. Wherever the keeper went, there was his shadow, and it would have been very unhealthy for anyone to have tried conclusions with that keeper as the cub grew up. You may be sure that if anyone contradicted him it was done with the best of tact, and that no one wished to come to blows while he had such a powerful second by his side. The baby developed into a very handsome beast, as harmless as a great dog. She took particular pride in going the rounds of the gardens every morning at cleaning time. Quite possibly the close confinement of all the other lions made her feel how greatly she was privileged; even more possibly, the fact that she was free when they were not made her believe she was a most superior creature.

At night she took up a position at the foot of her friend's bed, and if anyone even passed along the gravel path outside there was an ominous growl from a tireless watcher inside. It would have been sudden death for anyone, friend or foe, to have attempted to enter that house during the hours of darkness, for the creature would have sprung first and listened to explanations afterwards.

One day, when the cub was grown into a fine lioness of about eighteen months old, she went on her usual round of visits at cleaning time, but when they reached the lions' cages, she turned her attention to the emus' enclosure next door. Here three emus had lived a peaceful,

uneventful life for a very long while, and she had assisted her friend to feed them many scores of times. But this day, the call of the wild stirred the great cat. She suddenly crouched, sprang, and in a second was over the fence and had caught one of the emus by the back of the neck. In another second the unfortunate bird fell lifeless, with the strong jaws closed relentlessly over its backbone.



On her best behaviour.

The happy days of the two playmates were over. A wild light shone in the eyes of the awakened creature that had tasted first blood, and a very sad keeper reluctantly gave up his companion and pet to imprisonment for life.

BRITISH AND GERMAN LIONS.

I went one day to see the lions at the Zoo. My interest had been aroused by the information that there were both British and German lions there, and I had been invited to discover which was which by my own observations. It was just about the time when the "Arabia" was submarined, and Australians were very resentful of the cowardly blow that sent our men to, and threatened our women with, so cruel a death.

There were four members of the kingly caste in a row, three lionesses and one magnificent lion, not yet fully grown. One of the lionesses was very old, and was painfully crippled with rheumatism, the price she paid for long years of captivity. She had a cub of eight or nine months old in another part of the gardens, but even this baby had rheumatism, and its twin had died of it in early infancy. Poor old Girlie rose slowly and with great difficulty when Mr. Wilkie spoke caressingly to her. It was painful to rise, but she would have endured more than that to get the soothing rub down she expected from her friend. She stretched herself out and then flattened against the bars for the petting, and as she enjoyed it she purred happily, her big eyes closed, and her whole face a picture of pure contentment. In the next cage, sprawling on her back, with her four paws up in air like a frolicsome young puppy, lay another lioness, who immediately rolled over and scrambled to her feet the moment she heard a well-known whistle. She was just as eager for some petting as old Girlie.

But while this pretty idyll was going forward, I became conscious of a villain in the background. A great lion was pacing impatiently backwards and forwards from his den to his promenade ground, and was showing his teeth and snarling in most unkingly fashion. His tail lashed about angrily, and each few minutes he crouched as if for springing before he resumed his restless prowl. He was so uncommonly vicious that I sought explanations.

"Ah," said Mr. Wilkie, "that conduct is because I am unarmed, and am inside the railings. Watch him as I go nearer."

It was amazing to see such an exhibition of unrestrained hate. As he went up to the beast it crouched for springing, snarled uncontrollably and almost foamed at the mouth in its desperate attempts to break through those mighty iron bars. Then, as Mr. Wilkie walked quietly past the fine sunning cage, the big lion followed him, making a series of ineffectual and undignified snaps, just as a furious terrier will do at passers-by through a fence, only a strange, indrawn snarl replaced the staccato bark.

"Now," said Mr. Wilkie, "lend me your umbrella for a moment."

Wonderingly, I did so, and my astonishment did not decrease when I saw the immediate effect of the ruse. With every manifestation of abject fear the lion sprang back instantly, and ran, backwards, towards his grotto, and there he hid like a great coward, timorously peering around the corner to make sure that the man with the stick was at a safe distance from him. He did not once leave that improvished barricade while the umbrella remained in Mr. Wilkie's hands, but the moment

it was handed back to me he was out again—a roaring lion, seeking whom he may devour!

A number of people were watching this interesting demonstration, and one man, utterly disgusted at the new idea of a cowardly lion, cried:

"That's not a British lion—he's a German!"

Everybody agreed instantly. Whoever heard of a frightened British lion? As well talk of a timid bull-dog! But no one was quite prepared to hear Mr. Wilkie say quietly:

"Well, it's a case of environment against heredity. He should be a British lion—but he was reared in Germany. He was bought from Hagenbeck's, and so was his mate—see how treacherous she is!"

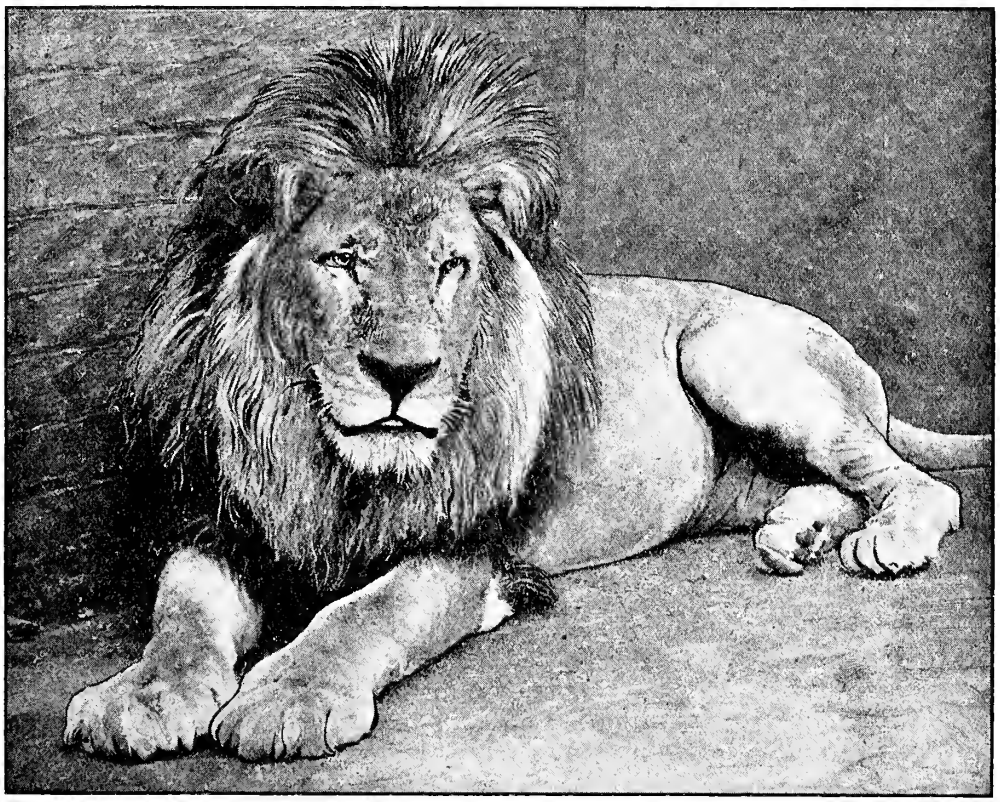
He went to the next cage, where a remarkably fine lioness came to the bars and fawned even more tamely than the other lionesses had done, but she was not clever enough to hide her spleen. Her head was held abjectly low for petting, but her tail was swishing in quick, short jerks as her observant eyes watched for the smallest chance of catching the fingers that caressed her.

"They are both so truly German," said Mr. Wilkie, "that ever since the war broke out they have not been able to endure Englishmen. Every keeper in the place gets the same treatment from them, and there is not a man in the gardens who would go in among them alone or unarmed. They would not hesitate to go in the other cages without a weapon. None of us has done anything to deserve this treatment; it is just the nature of the creatures to 'strafe,' and they would not thrive without their daily hate."

AN ESCAPED LION.

Some time ago the lion in this illustration was lent by the authorities to an illusionist who was appearing at the Tivoli Theatre in Bourke Street, Melbourne. Careful instructions were given to the stage hands about securely fastening up the cage when the day's performance was on, and these instructions were as carefully carried out—every day but one. On that memorable afternoon the illusion was in progress when there was a sudden scatter of a crowd of chorus girls in the wings, and screams rent the air as they rushed right and left in their terror—the lion was loose! Some of them got to safety at the back; others sought a nearer way by clambering up the ropes attached to scenery. But the lion, majestically ignoring such insignificant mortals, walked quietly across the stage to the footlights, and stood, deeply contemplative, gazing at the scene before him. The amazed conductor of the orchestra

immediately grasped the full significance and possibilities of the unrehearsed item on the programme, and, although in imagination he already felt a strong paw reach across the footlights and grab at his hair, he kept his nerve and said, in low, tense tones to his orchestra: "Play up, men, for heaven's sake, play up and keep going!" Conducting more vigorously than ever, he nerved the men for their uncomfortable task, even though they one and all admitted afterwards that not only was



King Leo.

their hair standing on end but their scalps were lifting with fright. And the people looking on were delighted. This was such an illusion as Melbourne audiences had scarcely dared hope to see, and they said to each other, in their bewilderment: "Doesn't it look like a real lion?" As the lion turned and walked back the way he came the thunderous applause showed that the turn was a perfect success, and an encore would be much appreciated. But the "star" had had enough of the business,

and without so much as a "by your leave" he went exploring about the back of the stage—none interfering with the perfect freedom of his movements—until he came to the door marked "Exit." So he made his exit, and he went down and out by the back lane until he found himself looking down Little Collins Street. As he surveyed the unfamiliar landscape a motorist bore down towards him.

"At first," said the motorist, "I thought it was a great dog, and I took a good look at him. But all at once I recognised him for a lion. Didn't it give me a start? What could I do? I could only toot, and so I tooted like the mischief! To my relief he showed no signs of wishing to attack me in my car, and turned his back on me. I was quite willing to fade out of his memory!"

But in turning his back on the man in the car, he came face to face with two gentlemen who had had a night out, and who had not quite recovered from the effects of their celebrations. One caught the other by the arm. "What's that?" he cried, in horror. "Look!" "Look where?" asked his friend, casually. He was not as near to convalescence as the other. "Why, there! Look! It's a LION!" In infinite pity, the second man stroked the arm of his comrade who was "seeing things," and urged him to brace himself up. He pointed out the utter impossibility of a lion walking down the streets of central Melbourne in the middle of the afternoon, and as his remarks became impressive by reason of their sense, the cause of the discussion quietly entered the first door that stood invitingly open—the offices of the Society for the Protection of Animals! But he only got into the passage. Even the founders of this excellent society had never intended that strolling lions should take their work in so literal a sense as to call in person to prefer their complaints. So they inhospitably barred their doors against the unwelcome visitor, and at the same moment a quick-witted onlooker shut the street doors, for fear the lion might fancy he heard an invitation, in the words of the song, to

"Come with me down Swanston Street!"

Outside the Society's rooms he stood, looking at the surging crowds of excited pedestrians, with an expression on his face that seemed to say: "It was not an enemy that did this, else could I have borne it!"

Inside the office, the telephone was requisitioned in a second. An urgent message went to the Zoo:

"A lion is loose here. Send somebody down to catch it!"

This peremptory order needed a little bit of carrying out. A pinch of salt was scarcely sufficient equipment for the catchers. They hastily

placed a "catching box" on a lorry, got some ropes and other things together, and then Mr. Wilkie and four keepers drove off to the scene of action. Thousands of people surged to and fro in the near-by streets; a fully-equipped fire brigade was there in readiness, no one knew what for; quite a hundred policemen tried to keep order with the mob; several mounted riflemen patrolled as well as they could—but nobody understood very readily that the lorry with its box and its five men were the solution of the difficulty, therefore every possible hindrance was, as usual, placed in the way of the real helpers.

At last the catching box was placed close against the door, where the keepers could see a dangerously savage animal banging desperately at the plate glass in his frantic endeavours to get out—to get anywhere away from that howling, jostling crowd which was so cruelly near to him. His eyes were so bright that they seemed to be emitting sparks of fire at each spring, and had the rescue party delayed much longer it is quite possible that the comedy would have been changed to tragedy, for one spring of the creature in such a mood must have meant damage if not death to the ones he reached. Seeing all this the men worked hard to save every precious minute, but even as they toiled a high-pitched voice reached them from above to distract their attention. An old lady, leaning out from a top storey window, screeched her orders to the keepers below.

"You men! Get that lion caught! Get that lion out of here at once! Do you hear me?"

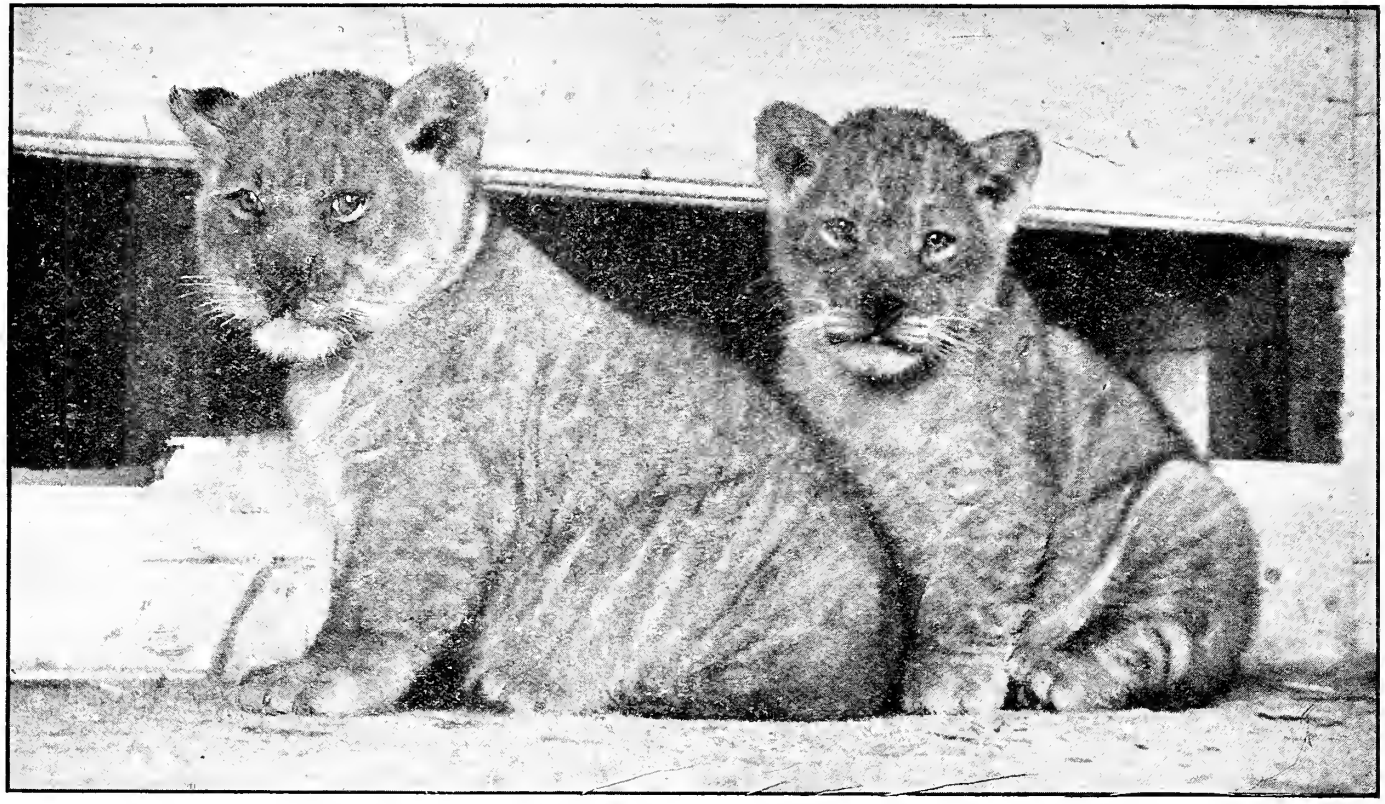
Doing their best to obey her, the men drew up the trap door of the box, and dangled a tempting shin of meat before the terrified beast. Mr. Wilkie then carefully opened the street door of the building and spoke kindly, in reassuring tones. At once the poor thing was satisfied. He recognised Mr. Wilkie and sniffed the familiar box—the first known thing he had encountered during his crowded hour of city life. Quickly deciding that there was no place like home, he walked into the box, and as soon as his fangs met over the succulent bone, the subsequent proceedings interested him no more—not even the shrieks of the multitude that offered him his choice of deaths—chloroforming or shooting.

Consciousness of innocence saved him from any fear of either reward as a result of his star performance; but the illusionist thought he was very badly treated when the management of the theatre unceremoniously cut out the turn that required the assistance of the king of beasts.

THE HEAVENLY TWINS.

In all the attempts to rear baby lions at the gardens it has very rarely been found possible to trust the real mother with the task of bringing up her own babies. So many cases of failure made the staff sceptical as to whether it was possible to risk it. In 1916 a beautiful lioness had a pair of handsome young cubs, but she knew that she was still in the gardens, and she knew that people were constantly passing by her den, because a few chinks had been left in between several of the boards that had been placed around her cage as a barricade between her and too inquisitive human beings. But even though she could not actually see them, she could discern the shadow show as it revolved daily past her cage, and so she got out of her difficulties with regard to her offspring by eating them. Then she came out of her hiding place, serene and unrepentant. The next year a second attempt was made to make her rear her own babies. This time every ray of sunlight was excluded; the place was so securely boarded up that her den was as dark as a vault, and no possibility remained of even the ghost of a shadow falling across her path. The success of the endeavor was so great that the authorities are now in possession of two of the handsomest cubs to be seen anywhere, and the mother is so proud of them and so solicitous for their welfare that it seems quite incredible that she is the same mother that made a meal of her last babies.

It was ten weeks before the authorities attempted to take the shutters down, so fearful were they lest she would resent publicity and lay violent hands upon her valuable children. But instead of resenting it she seemed to welcome the freedom and the light, and was very proud indeed to show her babies; although if too many people congregated around the cage at one time she would give a short, low, "huff!" and the two would go scampering inside, leaving the disappointed crowds to go away unsatisfied. The photograph of the happy young things was taken the day following their release from the darkness of the den, and although the mother kept a very watchful eye upon the photographer, and once or twice got a sharp claw uncomfortably near his hands, she behaved, on the whole, with admirable restraint as the babies posed for their first group picture.

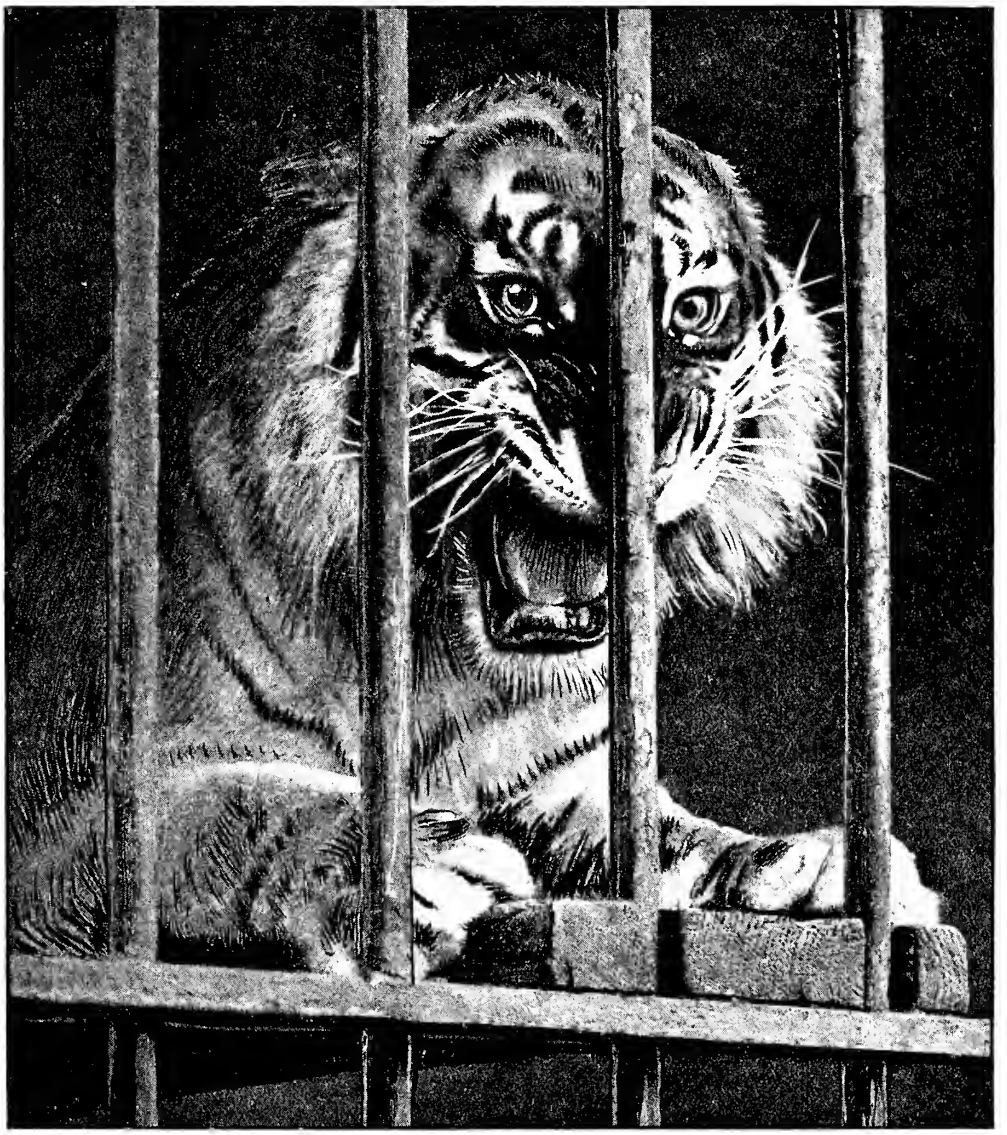


Their first view of the world.

TIGERS

MR. AND MRS. CAUDLE.

When Douglas Jerrold wrote his account of the family life of Mr. and Mrs. Caudle he did a service to humanity, for he gave the woman with a grievance a true portrait of herself, and made the "nagger" appear so ridiculous that she has been out of fashion ever since, with, it is to be hoped, the result that fewer husbands—and wives!—have had to endure curtain lectures as an ordinary matter of routine. Along with the three bottle man and other relics of a barbarous past, the chronically bad tempered person has become an outlaw, and ostracism is disliked by everybody, with salutary effects. But even in the animal world there occasionally occur examples of unsound livers, with their consequent derangement of family life. At the gardens there once was a notable Mrs. Caudle in the shape of a vixenish tigress that made her husband's life one perpetual misery. She growled all the time she was awake—she growled when she was hurt and she growled when she was not. So persistent did her snarling become that the monotony grew unbearable. Her mate was a fine, placid old tiger who did not seem to notice her growing ill-humor until it became so serious that it interfered with his resting or sleeping. She had then grown addicted to the habit of finding fault with everything and everybody, and was determined that he should listen to her complaints whether he wished to do so or not. At first he pretended he was not listening, and went about his daily round wrapped in a cloak of indifference; but she soon killed his philosophy. When at last her growls became unendurable, he showed his resentment by rising, stretching himself wearily, yawning, and pacing the cage hastily as if in search of a spot where her hideous monotone could not penetrate. Occasionally he gave vent to a short grunt of disgust as he moved away; a strong indication of impatience that always added great zest to his wife's ill-temper, for that gave her what she regarded as a full-grown reason for her attitude as a poor, neglected, lonely, ill-used victim of marital unhappiness. She would follow him about the cage with her teeth displayed hideously and uttering the never-ending growl. Then he would pause, look through the bars yearningly, as if he thought freedom had suddenly acquired new charms for him—did it not mean somewhere to rest?—and then

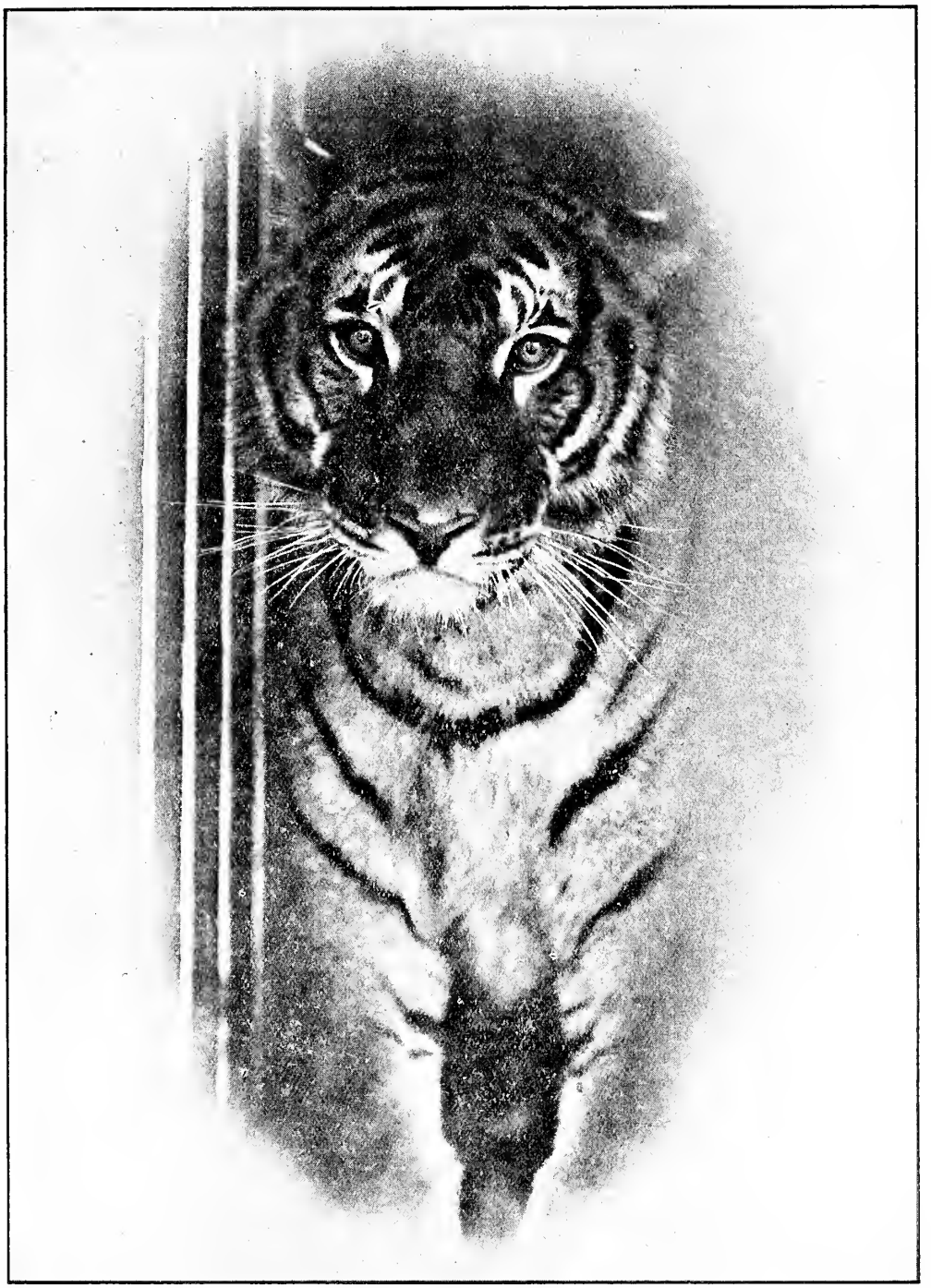


Mrs. Caudle.

he would stretch himself out ostentatiously as if to say he was going to sleep and she might as well give up grumbling for half-an-hour. But she knew perfectly well that he could not sleep unless she did, and therefore it was quite useless for him to make the attempt. His subterfuge brought its own reward. She would recognise that here was another real grievance—if he loved her he would be anxious to share her troubles; as it was she was sure he was only waiting for her to die to begin his ardent courting of Miss Prettyman. So, with fuel added to the flame of her displeasure, she would stand over his prostrate form and call him every name that the tiger tongue could utter. When he pretended to be deaf she went a little closer, and by the flicker of his eyelids, the swish of the tip of his tail, the hasty motion of his head away from her, she knew that every word found its mark, and that he was suffering as he justly deserved for his callous neglect of such a wife as no tiger ever had before.

The director and staff took so much pity upon the suffering tiger that it was decided they should be separated. No living creature could be expected to endure such punishment for any length of time. This decision was not communicated to the tiger in time. He took the law into his own hands while a new cage was being prepared for his cross-grained mate. One day the tigress was even more provoking than usual. She had determined to forgo her usual sleeps for the sake of her husband's moral nature, hoping that the "third degree" might bring forth an admission of his guilt in ceasing to love her, and so she packed the misery of two days into one. The consequence was that the unending solo was more than any worm could meekly endure, let alone a tiger. The worn-out creature determined to have peace at all costs. While she stood looking at him with a frown of hate darkening her whole face as she held it low in sullenness, her mouth set in horribly ugly lines as she emitted the bass snarl, her overtried mate sought a position of vantage, sprang, fastened his teeth through her spinal cord at the back of her neck, and she fell dead almost before her last growl was finished.

At first he seemed perfectly unconcerned about the dread deed he had perpetrated. Indeed, he slept almost continuously, night and day, for several days, showing unmistakably how fearfully worn out he was for want of quiet. But as his tiredness passed off he began to reflect. He grew restless, and paced his cage hurriedly, sniffing in every corner, and hastening back to look out of the bars as if expecting her to come to him from beyond. He would stand gazing fixedly away into the distance, and there was no question but that his thoughts were "long, long thoughts." Day after day his uneasiness increased, and as he



Mr. Caudle.

walked the floor with low-hung head he would occasionally give the strange sharp cry that a cat will give when it is not happy, and is asked the cause of its perturbation. Then he began to look extremely haggard, he neglected his food, and moped badly. His lengthening periods of remorseful introspection began to worry the keepers, and they saw that his health was being seriously undermined. Nothing could arouse his interest, no one could cheer him or make him forget. It was palpable that he regretted his frenzied action. Like Mr. Caudle, he even found the quiet too much for him, and thought it would be more home-like if he could hear himself scolded. The fretted conscience at last proved more terrible to endure than the fretted nerves, and he found it easier to die than to live. Within three months of his desperate deed he was dead from remorse.

THE GLOVES AND THE TIGER.

A few years ago there was a quiet old pair of Bengal tigers at the Zoo that had been so long in captivity that they had grown quite reconciled to their fate and wished for no other. Almost anyone could have petted them without a superhuman amount of courage. About the time they strayed into old age there was a quaint old character employed there whose harmless foible it was to swagger before the crowds of visitors on Sundays and holidays when they were congregated around the bigger animals' cages, and parade himself as a man who could do anything with wild beasts. He would dress himself in his very best—and he was something of a fop—and in his lavender trousers, his frock coat cut extra long, and his shining silk hat and brown kid gloves, he looked quite imposing. He would get inside the fences separating sightseers from the cages, and there he strutted his little hour up and down, talking to the animals as if he and they had known each other all their lives. His attitude as he strolled seemed to say to all around: "You see how brave I am! I am not afraid of a thing alive!"

One Sunday afternoon his self-love received a very cruel hurt. There was a great throng of people clustered about the cages of the lions and tigers. The old man walked up and down in his customary manner, speaking to the various animals, and when he had succeeded in attracting all attention to himself, he decided to prove how true his valour was. Carefully drawing off his gloves, he placed them on the ledge of the tigers' cage, and then began to pat the tigress on the head. She had no objection to offer. Like a great cat she held up her head for the fondling, closing her eyes and purring her contentment. Then she rose and rubbed her long body against the bars in invitation for more

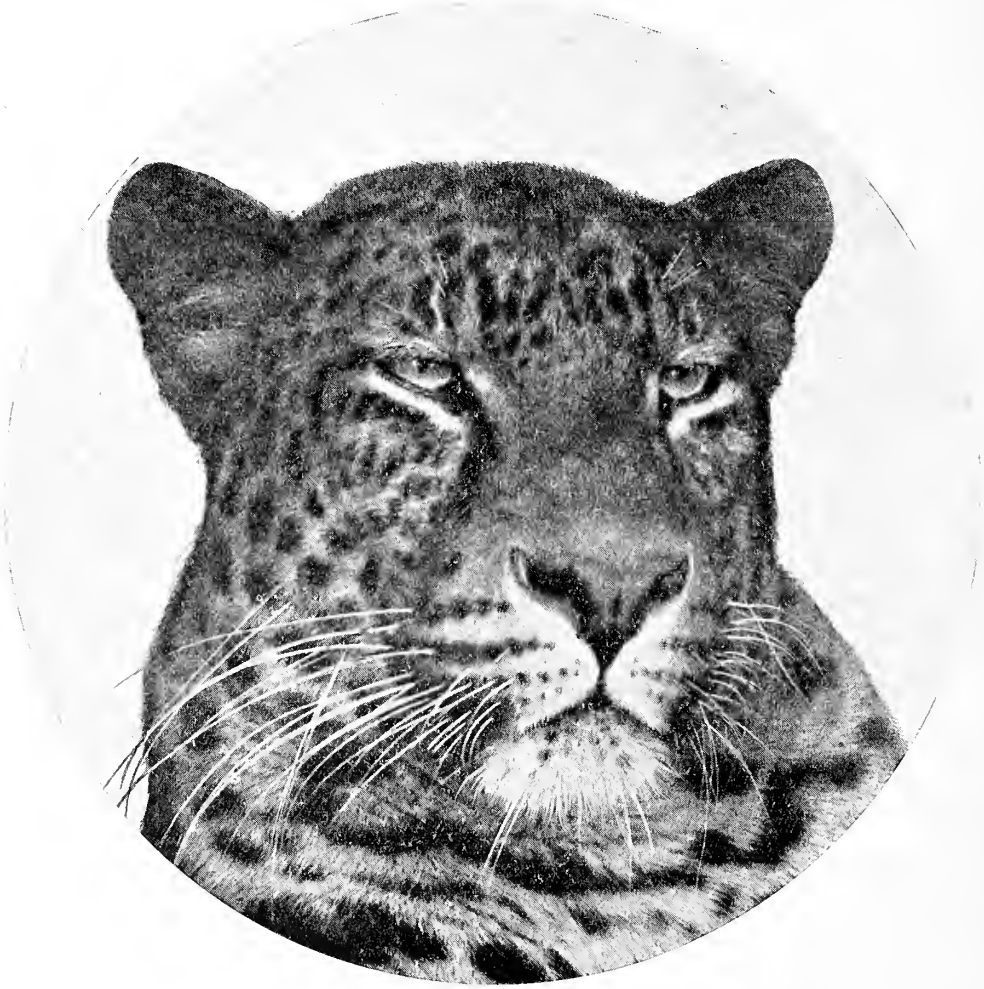
of it, and he rubbed her down gently. As she turned he playfully caught her tail. Of course this convinced the onlookers that he was a real live, fearless tiger charmer. Presently the crowd began to laugh, and the laugh grew into a sustained roar of merriment. Delighted at making an unusually deep impression, he put a little more flourish into the exhibition that was going with such a swing, and the antics he cut were most amusing. He then determined to give the tiger a share of his patronage, and turned towards him. Alas! he at once saw that he was not the cause of the fun at all. The wily old tiger had seen that the smart gloves were just within reach of his paw, so he had laboriously manœuvred to get them inside the cage, and then leisurely proceeded to chew them up. The comic side of it appealed to the people strongly; but as for the owner of the gloves—well, in the words of Sir W. S. Gilbert, "I'd be sorry to mention the words that he said!"

LEOPARDS

THE BEGINNINGS OF THE ZOO.

The first wild animal bought by what was then known as the Acclimatisation Society of Victoria was a leopard. That was many years ago, but Mr. Wilkie still distinctly remembers the thrill of excitement and pleasure that ran through the staff when it became known that at last a real live wild creature was to be added to the collection of deer, alpacas and monkeys already in residence there. The gardens had just been removed from the position now occupied by the Amateur Sports Grounds to the forty acres at Royal Park presented to the Society by the Government. The director was Mr. A. C. Le Souef, father of the present one, and the staff consisted of Messrs. David and Andrew Wilkie and Frank Meaker, and as a son of the last-named is still there, there has been an unbroken connection of the original staff with the gardens down to this day. These were the parent gardens of the Commonwealth, and Melbourne thought itself most up-to-date in possessing them. Shortly after the first leopard was purchased two travelling showmen came to Melbourne with a pair of performing lions and a tame cheetah. The success of the show may be judged by the fact that after a time the three animals were seized by the butcher who supplied them with meat, and were sold by public auction to repay the cost of their keep. Mr. A. C. Le Souef bought all three; and

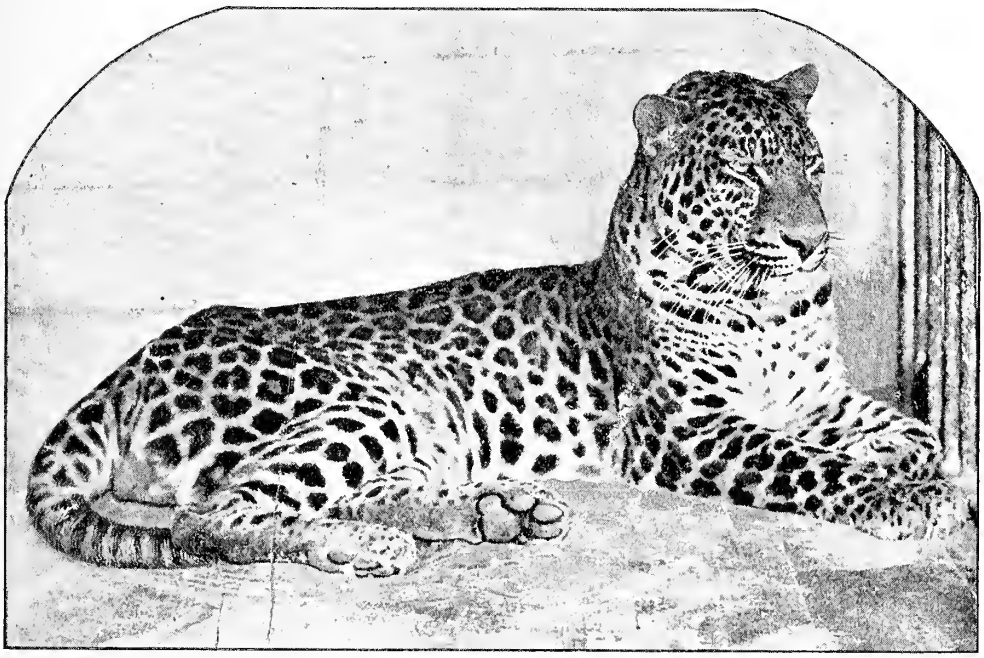
then with a fine collection of four indisputably wild animals he succeeded in having the name of the gardens changed from its first title of "Acclimatisation Society's Gardens" to the "Zoological and Acclimatisation Society's Gardens," by which name, with the addition of "Royal," they are (officially) known to-day.



Studying his new keeper.

The first leopard was well known in Melbourne before he became a resident of the Zoo. He was part of the stock-in-trade of a quaint old identity known everywhere as "Old Charlie Wright," a cheery old man who was the proprietor of a variety show that he ran in connection with

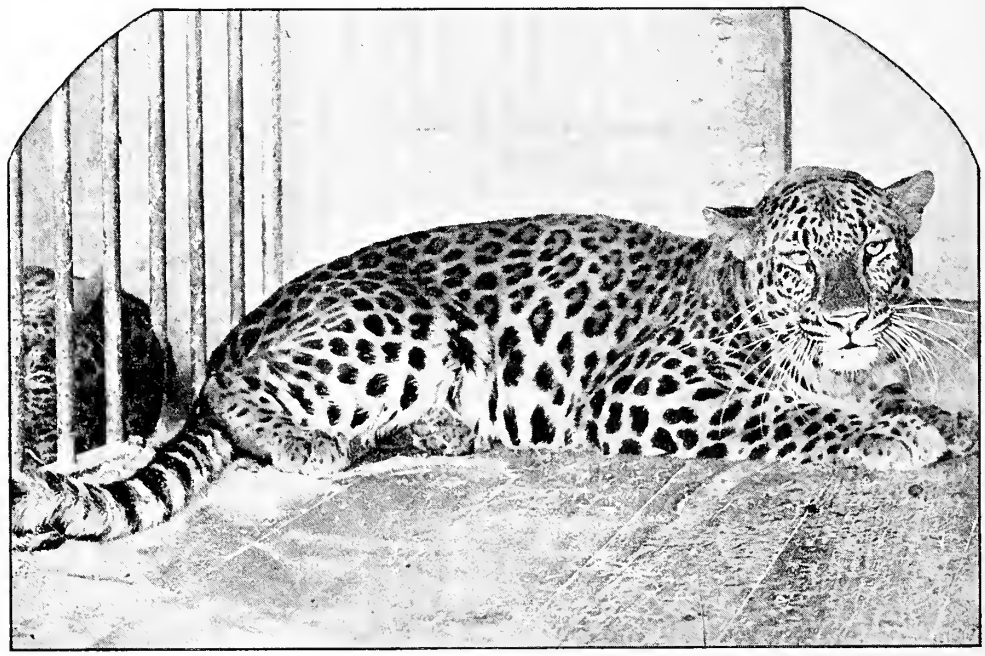
a cafe known as the City Buffet, which was located close to the site of the present Tivoli Theatre. The leopard had been taught to do all manner of circus tricks, and he was a great pet with his owner, who, after he sold him to the Zoo, visited him every Sunday afternoon of his life. He must have been tamed by kindness, for Mr. Wilkie says he was the tamest leopard he has ever had anything to do with in all his experience. He could lead the big creature all round the gardens on a rope like a great dog, and he never saw the least inclination to revert to his



Just arrived from England.

wild state. Naturally when one day it was discovered that this prize was ill there was tremendous consternation. The veterinary surgeon was sent for, and he tried all sorts of ways to induce the sick animal to take medicine, but without avail. No matter how skilfully it was disguised, they found he could scent castor-oil in anything, and powdered meat he scorned. A fowl was newly killed and medicine was cunningly hidden in its entrails, but he would not even sniff what would have been a rare delicacy in his normal health. At last, when desperation sharpened wits, it was recollected that dogs and cats ate grass when

ill; and at once a sod of prairie grass was carried to the "vet." for an experiment. He put the grass in the cage, and instantly the leopard attacked it greedily, eating every morsel of it as if it were a rare luxury. A second sod was given him when he had finished the first; and that, too, was eaten voraciously. The effect was magical. Distinct signs of improvement were noted with great rejoicings; and all anxiety regarding



Fresh from the Jungle.

the favorite's immediate future was dispelled. So successful was the cure, indeed, that he lived for many years afterwards; and ultimately died of senile decay some time after he had passed his thirtieth birthday.

ROLLER SKATING.

Leopards have strange ways of showing their impatience at the slow movements of the meat-man. Instead of pacing restlessly up and down their cages like the rest of the feline tribe, they bound up the walls, springing from side to side with a curious S-shaped motion, and almost turning somersaults in their frantic efforts to attract the attention of their feeder. A few years ago a keeper let down the strong cross-bar at the

foot of the cage of a powerful leopard, preparatory to placing his day's rations inside; and this movement so excited the leopard's eagerness to get his meal that the animal made a mighty spring at the back of his house, coming down heavily on the floor that might have been glass, so smooth was it from his year-long velvet tread across it. Somehow he did not land fairly on his feet as usual, but shot across the floor as if he had been on skates, and, more wonderful still, the one movement not only sent him to the bars of the cage, but actually through the narrow aperture made by displacing the cross-bar, on to the ground beneath. Mr. Wilkie and his brother were standing before the cage at the moment, but before they fully realised what had happened the beast recognised that he was free—FREE to go where he liked and to do what he liked! His mind was made up in a flash. He knew the two men before him—had they not been friends for more years than he could count? What need to fear them? He walked past Mr. Wilkie, and, as Mr. David Wilkie was standing with his legs apart, the animal calmly dived through them, in his haste to get at his goal.

Swift as a dart through the air, the leopard sprang over a fence and caught a poor emu that was quietly grazing without the slightest premonition of evil. He caught it by the back of the neck, and, as he bore it to its knees, he nimbly vaulted over its back, and, with his teeth still locked in the bird's neck, he slowly pulled it down, down, until it lay struggling wildly for dear life. A fearful tussle ensued as the bird strove to regain its feet and shake off its foe, but as soon as the leopard could manage to pin it down with his feet, it was the task of seconds to tear open its jugular vein, crouch down beside the now quiet victim and drink its life-blood. Very soon the keepers were at his side with a catching bag, and as he was so pre-occupied in enjoying his unexpected meal he was surrounded and captured before he knew his danger. Still, it would have been far too dangerous to remove him from his prey until he was in some measure satisfied, and so they waited patiently until it was safe to hoodwink him and transport him to the cage that was at once rendered safer as a prison house for the dangerous beast. Such a surprising occurrence would probably happen only once in the history of any Zoo, and once was quite often enough for those who were concerned in the day's adventure.

THE PEANUT GATHERER.

Small boys are a source of great anxiety to the staff of the Zoo, especially on Sundays. Every possible precaution has been taken to protect them from themselves, and after one cruel lesson it was found

advisable to place triple barbed wires before the cages of the more dangerous animals as well as "Danger" notices. A very interesting clique of young urchins was discovered not so long ago. Their leader was a boy of about seventeen, and there were at least a dozen smaller boys in his gang. The little ones were sent to various parts of the gardens in sets of three, and were given orders to get between the fences and the cages and gather up all the peanuts that had been unsuccessfully thrown at the animals. These amount to a large number every Sunday, and therefore their haul was always a considerable one. When the boys had collected all the plunder, they met their chief at the appointed place and emptied their overflowing pockets. He pooled the lot, and gave each of his henchmen a few for their pains and kept the rest—certainly the lion's share—for himself. Whether he ate these or re-sold them is unknown; but the fact remains that he managed to get a large number of children to place themselves in positions of grave danger to satisfy his cowardly cupidity. As soon as the operations of this gang were discovered and stopped the anxiety of the men on duty was greatly lessened, but it is still a task of no small seriousness to guard the animals and little boys on Sunday afternoons. All the cages have had to be disfigured with barbed wire and wire netting because of the boys.

One Sunday afternoon, there was

> "A poor little ragged young urchin,
> As ought to've been home with his marm,"

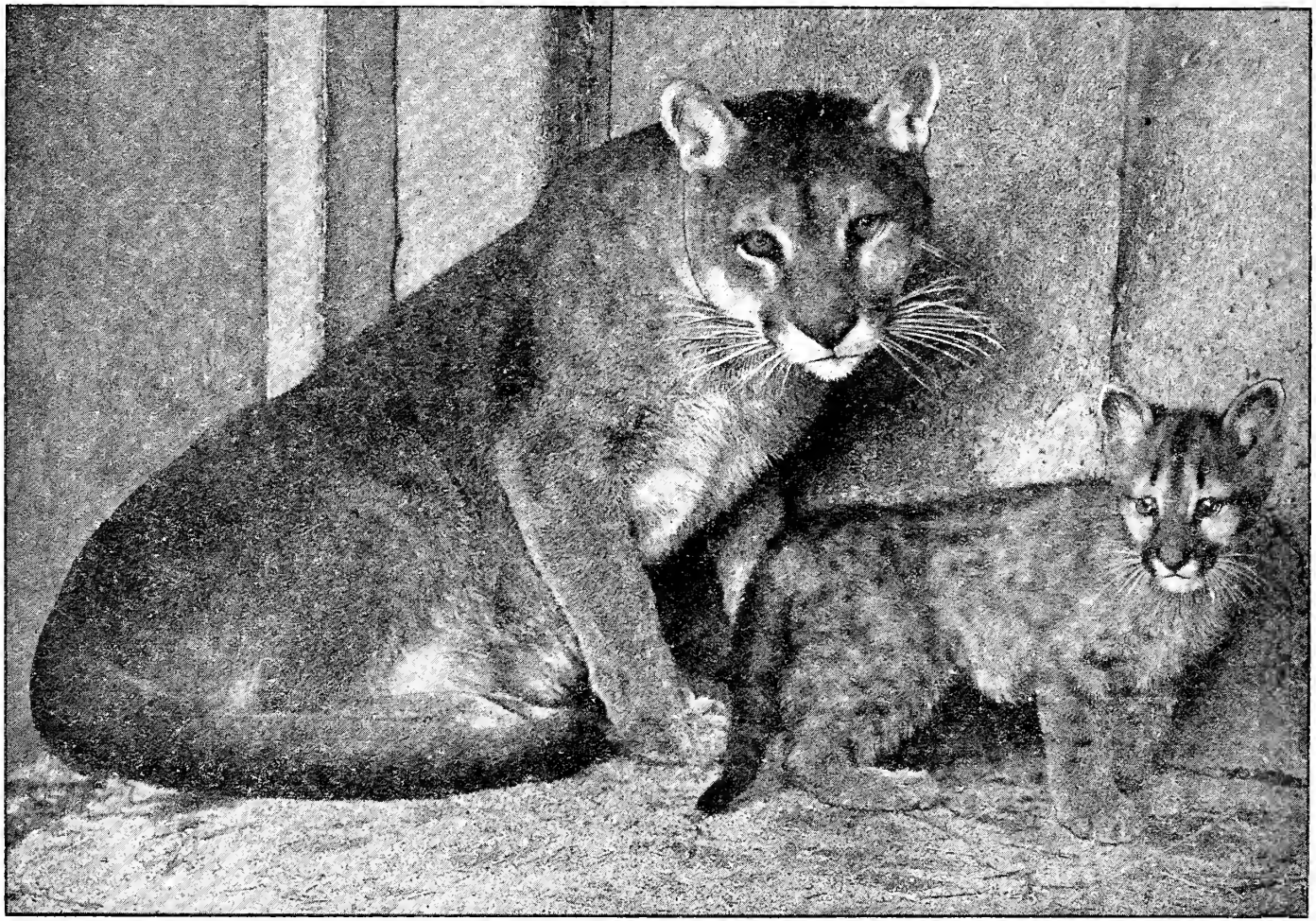
hunting for peanuts in the manner just described, and he was unnoticed until he began industriously gathering up the nuts in front of the leopards' cages. As he was stooping, absorbed in his task, he did not know that he was within range of the leopard's paw until the cruel claws were fastened in the crown of his head. He thrust up one arm to defend himself, and at once a second claw clutched at that and tore it horribly. While the beast was endeavoring to pull his victim up towards his teeth, a soldier in the crowd, with the true spirit of the Anzacs, sprang across the fence and caught the screaming victim of folly. But the leopard had no intention of releasing his prey. No straining could get the child free: indeed, straining meant a rending of his tender flesh each time it was attempted. The soldier called for help, and two or three men had to get over and kick with all their might at the leopard's legs before they could make the least impression upon the brute. When at last the child was freed he had lost so much blood that the place resembled a shambles. A gentleman offered the use of his motor-car to the constable who took charge of the sufferer, and they were whirled off to the hospital, where the youngster had time to ponder over the folly of dis-

obeying orders that were made only for his good. Thereafter three rows of barbed wire were placed before the cage of every animal that could so maltreat any stupid trespasser.

PUMAS AND JAGUARS

The baby puma in this illustration is the seventh child born to this patient mother at the Melbourne Zoo. Prior to its coming she had had two sets of triplets, all daughters. The first three were sold, as other gardens were very anxious to get such good specimens; but the two surviving ones of the second trio are still to be seen in cages next their mother's. The dead one was one of the quaintest little freaks ever seen. It had a perfect body, but its legs were only about six inches long, and it seemed to move about like a new species of lizard, because, with the curious habit the puma has of holding its head very low as it walks, this funny little thing almost touched the ground when it moved. So it was mercifully destroyed, although it is to be feared that if it had been allowed to live it would have been regarded by curiosity seekers as one of the sights of the gardens. The latest baby is a fine healthy romp that refuses to allow its mother a moment's peace while it is awake. She is a semi-orphan, for her father died of pneumonia just before her birth.

The puma comes from America. He used to be called the "friend of man," because it was asserted that he would protect man from the jaguar and other beasts of prey, and not even when attacked would he hit man back. A story used to be told that if a man hurt him the puma would cry, great tears falling from his soft, bright eyes as he reproached his assailant for his ingratitude; but this is one of the many pretty myths that have grown up about favorites in the animal world. The Spaniards, when they went to Central and South America, called the puma "the friend of the Christians," because of the many stories told by the pioneers of the way the pumas protected them from danger when asleep. But the animals did not discern any difference between the Christian and the heathen, for the colored races of America had just as many pleasant tales to tell of the beautiful creature. Apparently his warning to men of the approach of the jaguar was not because of his friendliness towards man as much as because of his deadly hatred of the jaguar,



Mother and Baby Puma.

which is, of course, the American tiger; and which differs from the leopard only in the configuration of its spots. Tradition says that the ancient feud of puma and jaguar had its origin in the practice of jaguars of carrying off female pumas, and that thus arose a standing quarrel between the males; but this is purely fanciful. The real reason of the deathless hatred that undoubtedly exists between them is apparently found in the fact that although the adult puma is a perfectly plain light brown in color, the baby puma is marked by irregular spots or streaks and this peculiarity could easily lead the jaguars to suppose that the pumas had stolen their young, and naturally would give rise to terrific conflicts, through the jaguars attempting the rescue of their supposed babies, and the pumas, of course, fighting to the death to defend their cubs from the foe.

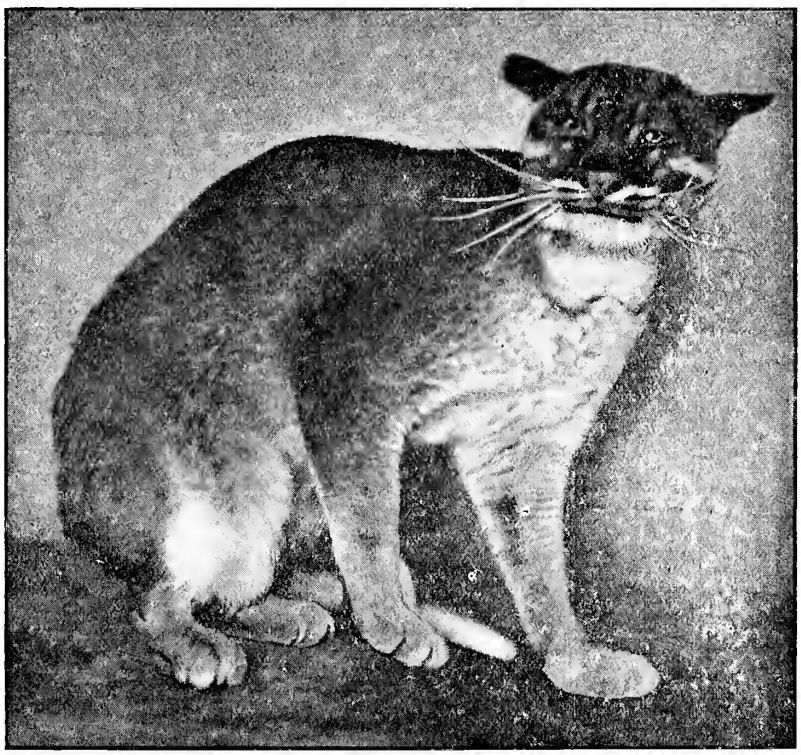
There is a very old jaguar in a cage next to the pumas at the Zoo, and as he tirelessly tramps up and down his cage his features show none of the attractiveness of the leopards or pumas. He looks a surly brute who would resist all offers of friendliness, and he has never once shown anything like regard for or recognition of those who have fed him for years. The only story told about him is to his detriment. One afternoon the hero of the adventure of the "Gloves and the Tiger," was walking in his usual Dickensian style up and down the enclosure between the fence and the cages when the jaguar noticed that as he pompously threw his hands out in his walk he put them within reach of his paw, so, watching carefully for the right moment, he thrust it out, caught the arm just inside the elbow, and with a vicious tear he scraped the flesh down in ribbons to the hand. The old man suffered cruelly from the wounds; and he was effectually cured of his propensity for posing before the public on high days and holidays.

CATS

THE GOLDEN CAT.

There are quite a number of different kinds of cats at the Zoological Gardens—nice and nasty ones—and three species may be seen in our illustrations. The Golden cat is one of the oldest inhabitants of the Zoo, having been there for fully sixteen years—longer even than Mollie, the orang-utang. Yet, in spite of his long residence, he has never

once made any attempts at friendship with any member of the staff; he has never taken the slightest notice of efforts to attract and gain his affection. He remains aloof to-day as he did the first day he went there; he is just as self-contained and reserved. He is the only animal in the whole gardens that shows no interest in feeding time, or that is too dignified to betray what interest he does feel. He takes no notice



Oft in the stilly night.

of the keeper when he places the meat inside the cage, and pretends to be profoundly indifferent to the food. When the man has passed on to the impatient and crying creatures next door, his feline majesty will stretch himself, yawn, and go leisurely up to the meat and eat it with very little show of relish.

No other creature in the gardens can make the unearthly noise the golden cat does. In the hours of darkness he will cry so piteously that new residents of the Royal Park district always get the same

kind of fright that Mr. A. C. Le Souef did when this creature was first brought to the gardens. He was entertaining some friends one evening when he suddenly was startled by screams of agony, followed by the long-drawn-out groans of something enduring the tortures of purgatory. With his friends, he rushed pell-mell for the gardens and down to the lions' cages, for he was sure some poor unfortunate man had been caught and was being tortured to death by a lion; but peace and quiet reigned there, as usual. The groaning had ceased, and they made a hasty search for a dead or unconscious body among the cages of the great carnivora—resultlessly; then, perfectly mystified, they slowly retraced their steps, most reluctant to leave the gruesome mystery unsolved. All at once the heart-rending screams began again, and the wailing followed—close by! Another moment, and they saw the cat on his haunches, pouring forth his woes on the startled night air. Mr. Le Souef's fright has been suffered by many a score of people since, who have had to bear their alarm as best they could until older residents have enlightened them about the origin of the blood-curdling night-disturbing noises.

TALES TOLD BY TAILS.

Not so long ago three very fine brown Tasmanian opossums lived next door to Mr. Golden Cat. They were very friendly and very tame, and many a wild opossum that lived in the trees in the Zoo or in the Royal Park, or in Princes' Park, visited the captives at night time. If one mistook the compartment and went next door, the old story of the Spider and the Fly was enacted over again, and next morning a bushy tail and some bits of fur had to be cleaned out of this hermit's cage. But one unfortunate night one of the valuable brown opossums managed to squeeze his little self out of his cage and join his wild companions in a night's escapade. Coming home early in the morning, he mistook his neighbor's house for his own, and before he could even apologise for disturbing the cat he was caught in the cruel claws and torn to pieces, and the keepers still mourn the loss of a real pet.

TIGER CATS.

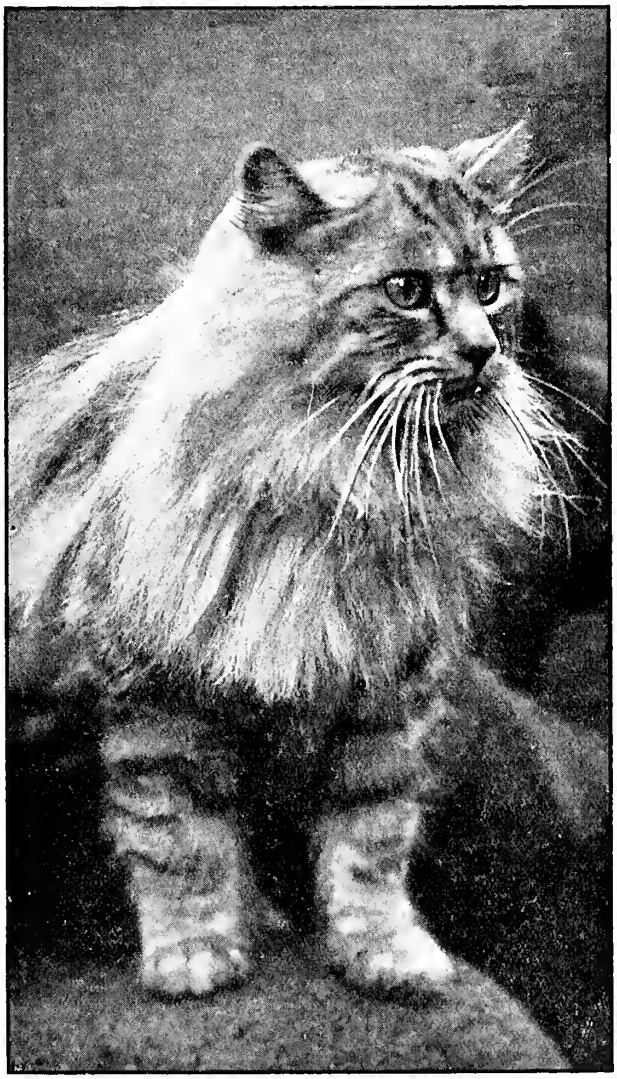
Horribly ugly are the tiger cats. The golden cat has some claim to the beauty of all the cat tribe of India, whence he comes; but the tiger cat belongs to the same tribe as the Tasmanian devil, and it is just about as repulsive to look at as its relative. Once on a time the tiger cat was common in Victoria and New South Wales, as well as in Tas-

mania, but it is rarely found now outside the island State. For that the farmers are truly thankful, for poultry cannot exist where the tiger cat reigns. Like the fox, the tiger cat will destroy a whole farm yard in a night, just for the sake of sucking the blood, instead of eating the bird, so its depredations are frightful. Recently four of these strange little things were brought to the gardens. They had been caught in a noose trap—which means their feet had got entangled in a noose of

Cousin to the devil.

string or rope. Many a tiger cat has been known to bite its foot off and leave it in the trap, rather than be caught, just as the dingo and the bear will do.

Native cats are like the tiger cats, only very much smaller. A farmer told Mr. Wilkie that he was once so plagued with native cats that he made a trap for them out of a disused tank. He placed a plank across it, and fastened a bait to a drop string. In the morning he found



The Pride of Persia.

500 cats in the tank. Others tell how they once caught them in scores, week in and week out. They used to be so plentiful among the trees at the Zoo that Mr. Wilkie always reckoned on a bag of eight or nine any night he went out with his gun, but now one is very seldom seen there.

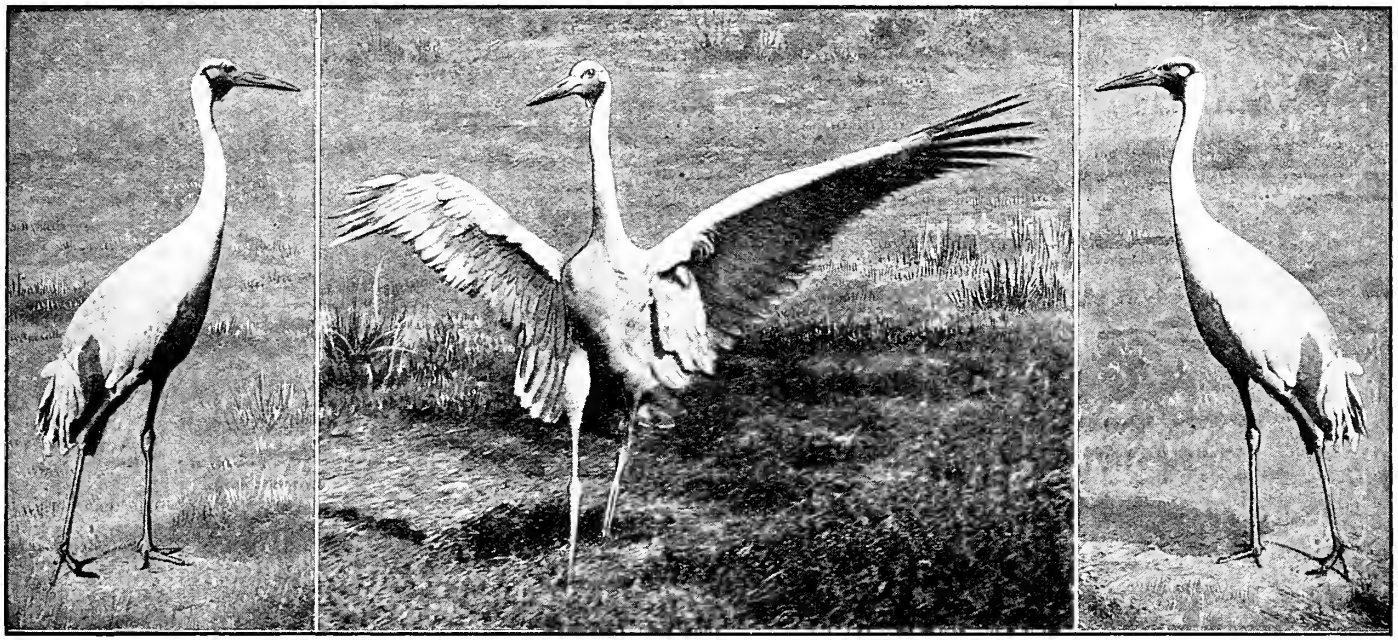
THE PERSIAN CAT.

I am sure everybody will fall in love with the beautiful Persian cat in the illustration, but unfortunately it died a day or two after the photograph was taken. It died suddenly, from no apparent cause, and the Veterinary College, making an autopsy to discover the disease, diagnosed it as pneumonia. Yet it looks the picture of health, does it not? It is most difficult to keep Persian cats very long in the gardens. They are luxury-loving creatures, and must have the petting and affection and warmth of home life to thrive, and even seem to miss the handling that most kittens get from children. In spite of all the efforts made by the staff to make them comfortable and happy, they mope and pine, and need so much attention that joy in their beauty is tempered by anxiety for their welfare.

SOME ORNAMENTAL BIRDS

CRANES.

There is a very fine collection of ornamental birds, especially of the aquatic varieties, at the Melbourne Zoo. On the various ponds are to be found numerous varieties of ducks, geese, and gulls, the ibises, the black and white swans, the flamingoes, and many other birds. But the cranes, that with the flamingoes would be the most beautiful of all in the water, or at its edge, are not to be found among them. These birds are at present confined to paddocks just behind the refreshment rooms, and they lose much of their beauty through being usually dust-stained. They were once put upon the ponds, but the havoc they wrought caused the sentence of banishment to be read against them, and thus they were placed in a number of small enclosures which had been thickly sown with buffalo grass and were really beautiful lawns. It did not take the birds, with their razor beaks, long to undo all the work of preparation. They set about the task of devastating their homes with much misdirected ardor and misapplied energy. Every root of grass was dug up separately in the hope of finding succulent white grubs underneath; every inch of the surface was patiently and persistently dredged for worms until there remained only a dreary waste where the lawns had flourished. This was only a continuation



"Turn not pale, beloved snail.
But come and join the dance."

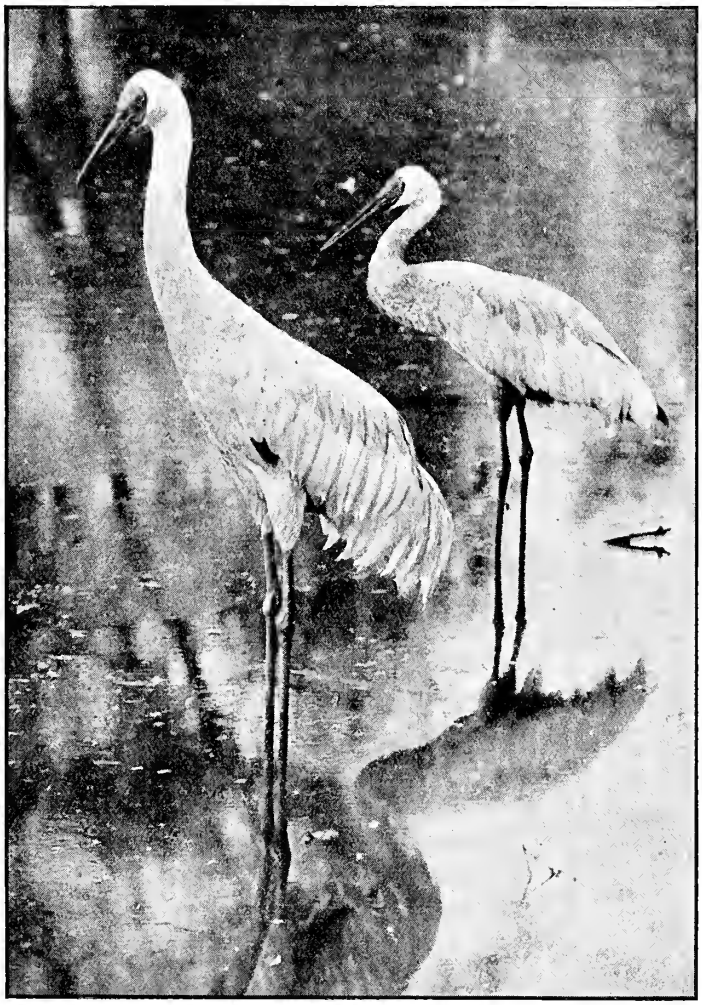
of their conduct on the ponds. After they had succeeded in dispossessing every small bird of its rights to use the shallows or to patrol the banks, they systematically rooted up every vestige of greenery growing near the water's edge, and were better than half-a-dozen floods for eroding the banks themselves. In their ceaseless search for yabbies, crabs, or worms, they unearthed the roots of every bamboo or other aquatic plant within their reach. Their zeal in ridding the place of these small creatures was laudable enough, but it was exactly similar to the eager determination of the starling to get at the core of every apple in the hope of finding a Codlin moth—that sore plague of the orchardist. To vary Touchstone's opinion of a shepherd's life, 'in respect that it destroys grubs, we like it very well; but in respect that it destroys an incredible amount of excellent material, it is very vile.' They dug every bit of cement away from the stones building up the banks, and had they been allowed to continue their mining operations would soon have had the ponds overspreading the whole place. Then, too, they became a source of considerable danger to children. Being in sole command of the shores they were "at the receipt of custom" with a vengeance, for they got all the toll in the shape of children's gifts. In taking peanuts from them they were apt to let the little ones know the razor-qualities of their beaks, and several children got severe bites in this way. To prevent any repetition of these accidents in their paddocks, where they are even keener to snap at any such dainties, a double fence has been erected to keep a respectful distance between their daggers and children's fingers.

A NATIVE CORROBOREE.

The Australian Crane is known better by its second name of Native Companion. In the Australian collection at the Melbourne Museum, there is a large case holding seven or eight of these handsome birds posed in the correct attitude for their ceremonial dance, which is believed to have been the inspiration of the aborigines' corroborees. The two dances are identical, and it is certainly more probable that men imitated birds than that birds copied men.

For their dance these birds choose an open surface, preferably a mound, covered with a heap of twigs. The entertainment begins with one bird spreading his wings as the bird is doing in the illustration. A second bird, standing next to this one, will stretch his neck up to its fullest extent, and with uplifted head begins the "music" without which, of course, a dance would be impossible. He sets up an incredibly monotonous "ka-ka-ka-ka-ka," and then the other birds begin high-stepping around this central pair, quite methodically and rhythmically, advancing

and retiring, bowing and scraping most ceremoniously to each other the while. Suddenly one will pick up a twig from the mound, and with it in his beak will fly up perhaps six or eight feet, then will drop the twig, but always before it reaches the ground he catches it again. He will be



The Good Samaritan and his mate.

descending when another imitates his action, and so they go in rotation, though these short flights never impede or interrupt the continuity of the high-stepping of their comrades. Next one will fly from one end of the ring to the other, just above the heads of the dancers. Another will fly to

take his place from the opposite side, and this stately and graceful interchange of positions adds lightness and beauty to the whole scene.

These evolutions go on tirelessly for a long while, until one of the birds inevitably does something wrong—interferes with the graceful stepping of his partner, or clumsily impedes the progression, and so angers his neighbor, who is mightily proud of his proficiency. Immediately the outraged performer begins to chase the wrongdoer out of the dance with terrific noise and clapping of wings. Without any parley to discover the rights and wrongs of things, all the other birds join in the pursuit. Numbers gradually tell, and the disgraced member of the company falls back and back until he is quite outside the pale, where he is left to repent of his wickedness at his leisure. As if completely crushed by the disgrace of relationship with the outcast, the rest of the flock return soberly to the serious duties of life, all dancing forgotten until some other cause for thanksgiving arises—preferably the emergence of the sun after a storm.

A BEAUTIFUL IDYLL.

Much interest was taken not long since in a pair of baby native companions brought to the Zoo. The flock there had gradually dwindled to one, and so these newcomers were gladly welcomed, but one of the pair was a very sickly youngster, and the staff believed it would be useless to insure its life for a fortnight. The elder of the two was quite robust and cheery, but the baby had a most plaintive cry, which it kept up with irritating persistency throughout its waking hours. On one side of their paddock was the only adult member of the tribe; on the other was one of the beautiful white Asiatic cranes. The native companion took not the slightest notice of the delicate baby; the Asiatic crane pitied its helplessness almost from the first, and soon tried to succor it. Whenever he got a bit of food or a worm, he went to the dividing fence and offered it to the weakling. Then he adopted the baby as his own, and watched it all day long. When a keeper went inside to attend to the little ones, the great white bird flew to the fence, threw open his magnificent wings and flapped them menacingly, while making the curious guttural sound that they always emit in temper or fear, as if daring the man to touch the baby he had chosen to protect. Whether this loving kindness had anything to do with its improvement can only be a matter of conjecture, but it is certain that the baby soon began to show progress after the white crane's care commenced, and in a few weeks it was impossible to recognise the well-set-up little creature for the dying thing brought there so short a time before.

After the dance—two outlaws.

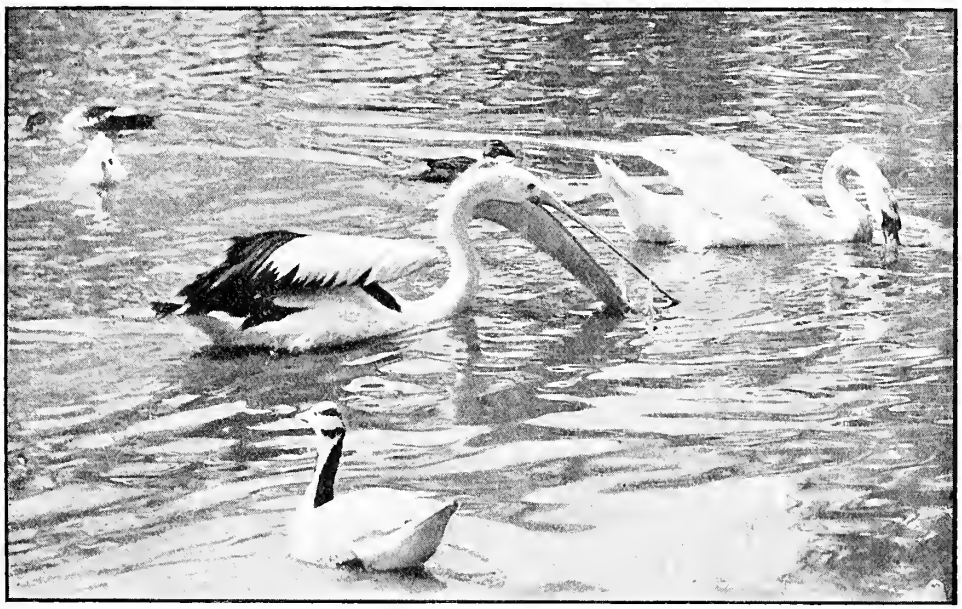
FLAMINGOES.

The brilliant white and rosy-pink flamingoes are always prime favorites at the Zoo, particularly if they can be seen in their stately dance that is almost identical with the ceremonial one of the native companions, only they go through the whole performance in the water, and thus omit the flying with twigs. They would hurt their webbed feet too seriously if they attempted this quick and high stepping on rough and hard ground, whereas they are peculiarly fitted for any movements in the water. Their advancing and retiring, bowing and curtseying are rather more allied to the Lancers than the movements of the Australian cranes, but otherwise the two dances are alike, especially in the finale; for there is always a pariah before they resume their normal avocations.

These flamingoes never leave the water. They sleep with one foot tucked up under a wing, and the head hidden in the back plumage, their wondrously long necks being almost tied into the figure 8. It is said that they never sit down; that even in nesting the mother bird builds a mound so high that she can stand astride it. They rest one foot at a time, like the stork. Their wings grow so quickly that they have to be cut every six or eight weeks—flamingoes are not pinioned like most of the captive birds. Several years ago, on a very windy day, one of them shook out his great wings in a fine stretch, when he was caught up by the gusty wind, and discovered to his own and everybody else's astonishment that he was able to fly! Up he went joyously. He circled around and around the gardens for a while, as if he dared not lose sight of home lest his new-born joy should prove unsubstantial, and he might awake and find himself away from help. When he was sure he was not dreaming, he sped in all the ecstacies of new-won liberty for pastures new, and his old friends saw him no more—at least, all but one were left behind forever. It is possible—and let us hope true—that he has found a friend in his retreat to whom he may whisper "Solitude is sweet!" for shortly afterwards a pair of these flamingoes were sold to a gentleman in one of the suburbs, and, the clipping of the wings having been delayed a little too long, one of them swept into the blue dome of air likewise. So it is quite possible the two old friends met somewhere, and unless somebody (saying "It's a fine morning; let's go and kill something,") found them with his gun, are still happily exploring the marshlands of Australia.

THE PELICAN.

One last remaining pelican reflects upon the uses and abuses of solitude at the Zoo to-day. He looks as if his reflections are sad ones —as if he is a "has-been" rather than a "never-waser." Certainly he has been in happier surroundings. Time was when he found himself monarch of a score of smaller birds, when there were young broods dart-



Before he was found out.

ing here and there on the pond like fire-flies, and there was no one to tell precisely why they were missing if one or two of them were absent from roll call. But discovery tracked him down when his easy morals made him reckless of consequences. There were four-and-twenty ducklings in two broods, and they were a promising flock indeed. But by threes and fours they vanished as softly and suddenly as if they had been seen by the Snark—the Snark that was a Boojum! No one could understand it at all; but at last, when there were only four left, the mystery was revealed. A keeper happened to be passing the pond in the early morning hours when a sudden quacking and commotion attracted his attention, and he was just in time to see a duckling hauled out of

Who said ducks?

the water by one leg, tossed unceremoniously into the air, and caught neatly in the cavernous pouch attached to the pelican's lower mandible. A second duckling took the same involuntary flight into oblivion; a third, and then the fourth—the last of the four-and-twenty that were to make such an imposing sight upon the face of the waters of the Zoo. There was now

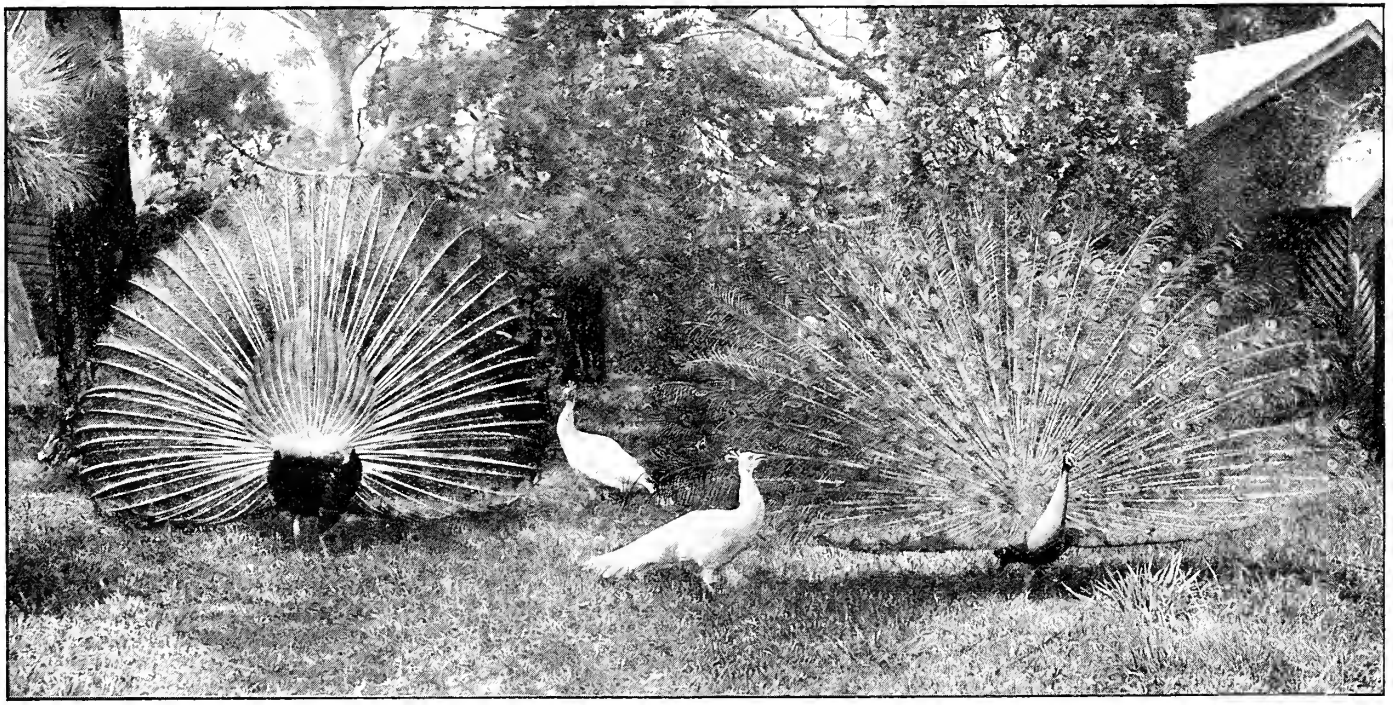
"No doubt at all,
No possible probable shadow
of doubt,
No possible doubt whatever"

who was accountable for the ducks.

There was no possible doubt either that the complete amalgamation of forces benefited only the pelican; and as the staff believed he would thrive just as well, and far more cheaply, on raw meat or coarse fish, they removed him from that pond before the next clutches made their appearance.

Later when the Cape Barren goose, incurably addicted to rambling, strolled past the pond where the pelican was brooding on the problem: "What's the good of anything?" he immediately recognised a creature that was bored to death with the monotony of life. He thought a sensation might be good for the pessimist, and so he at once sailed in towards him. Mr. Cape Barren was not quite prepared to see that long beak open and show space enough to engulf himself, his wife and family, and

then have room to spare; and moreover, he did not like the suggestiveness of the strange chopping sound the pouch-bill made when both mandibles met in violent concussion. For a few minutes he felt like Montmorency did when the cat stopped to answer all enquiries, and so he swam back a bit to take second observations. At longer range, he soon perceived that while the queer bird was making those brave noises to frighten geese, he was nevertheless artfully making stealthy attempts to increase the distance between himself and the little intruder. This immediately brought back the goose's courage with redoubled strength, and he floated up again as valiantly as if he had never known a qualm of fear. He took little heed of the chip-chopping, but, always careful to keep out of the way of that fearsome pouch, from which he knew there would be no escape, he began slowly swimming round and round the pelican, waiting until the fates were propitious to come to grips. These tactics quite confused the pelican, and so the goose soon managed to get in a strong bite in the rear. Streaming with blood, and cruelly frightened, the big bird waited for no further punishment. He swam at top speed to the sheltering palms of the nearest island, and there lost no time in rendering himself first aid, while he kept a careful watch upon the savage little invader. But Mr. Cape Barren had been attracted by the Egyptian goose, a cousin he had never managed to subdue, and in his new excitement he forgot all about a poltroon that fled without avenging first blood.



All is Vanity!

BEARS

MOTHER BEAR AND BABY BEARS.

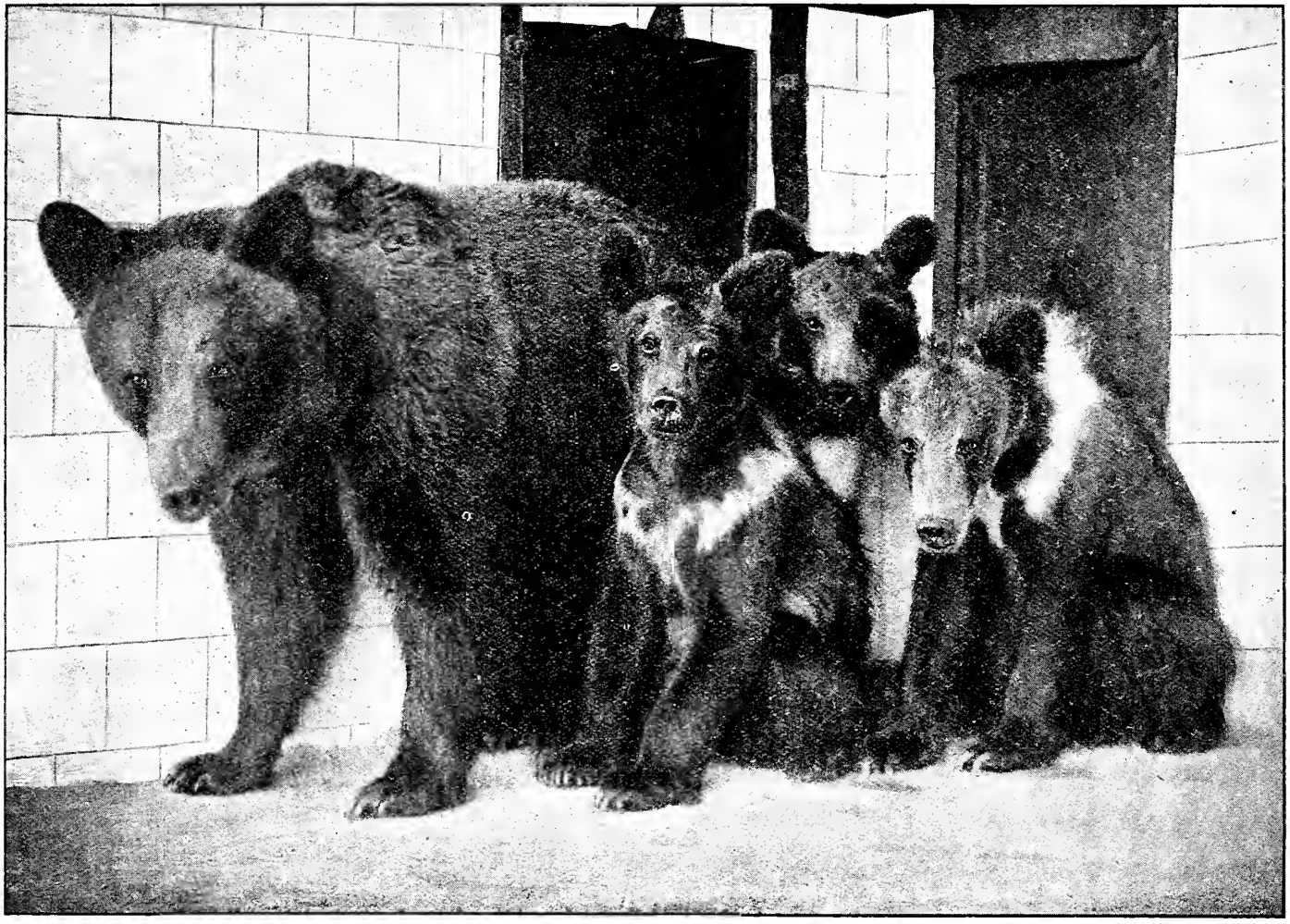
There are a large number of bears of all kinds at the Zoo; but for many months public interest was centred around the fine family of three cubs born to the handsome Thibetan brown bear, so distinguished with his fine yellow collar, and the Russian brown she-bear. These three young ones had the sense to take after their father in outward appearance, and the Thibetan collar made them much more attractive than their unadorned mother. Father Bear never should have any part in his children's education, and therefore the Zoo authorities kept him securely caged off from his family until the little ones were able to set up a separate establishment for themselves. This was the more necessary because he has a little habit of punishing any breach of bear discipline in his family by killing the offender, and then making a meal of him. In wild life, Mother Bear, who knows all about this unpleasant peculiarity of her husband's, takes steps to circumvent him by going away by herself just before her babies are to be born, and burrowing down beneath the snow, preferably by the root of a tree. There, secure from the icy winds anl cosily warm under the sheltering snow, she brings her cubs into the world and tenderly cares for them until they are at least three months old. All this time she does not have a bite of food, but she has stored up sufficient nourishment for the babies, and as soon as she knows they are strong enough to defend themselves from any sudden onslaught of their father's, she brings them out to look for him. She is by then a perfect skeleton, and ravenously hungry. Her mate has been idling about in her vicinity for some time, awaiting her re-appearance, and as soon as the loving re-union is over, and he has inspected his family and grunted his pleasure at their looks and behavior, they set off to fossick for food. Woe betide any living creature that crosses their path just then! Although Father Bear is not a bit bearish in his treatment of his children, Mother Bear has a very trying time in guarding them, because she knows they will be a happy family only as long as the babies are models of obedience and agree among themselves. Once they fall out with each other and thus annoy him, or cross his path in a vexatious way—well, that is the end

of the culprits. So the mother has to keep her eyes open for danger signals, even while she is engaged in satisfying her appetite.

There used to be a bear pit at the Zoo, where everybody enjoyed watching the antics of the pair of occupants. The bears had no complaints to make about their quarters until their first triplets were born, and then they discovered there was no place in which they could hide their babies away from the public gaze, and as everybody wanted to see the little things there was always a crowd of curious spectators clustered about the iron railings, watching and throwing things down at the tiny scraps of fur. Poor Mother Bear was worried out of her wits. Day after day she tried to find a way of escape, snatching up first one baby and then another, and pacing round and round the pit seeking for a place of refuge, a corner for concealment. When all hope of hiding her little ones from the troublesome crowd was gone, in sore desperation she killed and ate them all. This is often done by wild animal mothers when they see their cubs in any grave danger from which they feel themselves powerless to shield them. It is not the cannibalism of the father, for there is no lack of mother love. Apparently they think that by absorbing them again into their bodies they are placing them quite beyond the reach of enemies.

Naturally after such a terrible tragedy the director did not wish to expose any future baby bears to the possibility of such a fate, so the mother was taken from the pit and placed in a cosy cage where she had a fine bedroom to use when she wanted to get away from prying eyes. When the last babies came, although she could not get beneath a fine blanket of warm snow, she had a very good makeshift in a darkened cage, which was so securely boarded-up that no one saw the babies until the usual three months of concealment were over, and they were big enough for the mother to lose all fear of danger from exposure.

But, even though their father was separated from them by stout iron bars, their mother had a most unhappy time in rearing them. They seemed to know that the last and worst penalty for disobedience could not befall them, so they did as they pleased, and obeyed their mother only when her commands coincided with their wishes. Let a peanut, a bit of fruit, or a biscuit, be thrown into the cage, and let one get it when another thought it was his by right, there would be a sharp snarl, and instantly the two would be on their hind legs indulging in a first-rate boxing match. No mercy was asked or received as they danced around each other seeking for an opportunity to give a knock-out blow. Very often there would be a triangular match, as exciting as it was brief. None of the fights ever lasted long, because Mother



Mother Bear's Nursery.

Bear had ideas about "direct action" that were very disconcerting to the belligerents. Without wasting time in making enquiries as to the rights and wrongs of the case, or as to who was to blame for the rumpus, she would stride in among them and deliver the knock-out blow to the lot. The hardest hit, or the one whose feelings were most hurt, would slink off into a corner rubbing his sore head—you have heard of a bear with a sore head, haven't you?—and as soon as he was sure he was out of reach of his mother's long arm, he would begin to tell her bluntly what he thought of her conduct. In bear language he gave most unmistakable "cheek." She would not endure the impertinence long, but as she was usually fully occupied in dealing with the other two, he was reasonably sure of being able to relieve his feelings fairly well before she could make a lunge in his direction. As soon as she moved his way he, quite alert, scampered for the door of his bedroom, and there he would complete his oration on his mother's shortcomings and end up by putting his paw up to his nose. This imitation of naughty little boys was so ludicrous that people who were privileged to see it regarded it as Baby Bear's star performance.

Twenty times a day trouble broke out in that distracted mother's home, and although she tried her best to train them as respectable bears should be trained, it is to be feared that they were only too well aware that there was nothing worse to be dreaded than a box on the ears, and familiarity with that form of punishment made them careless of it. Father Bear listened to it all philosophically from the next cage. Since he knew there was no possibility of sentencing them to the death he was sure they richly deserved, nor of himself being the executioner, he washed his hands of the whole business and spent his days then as now, in unashamed solicitation of alms. The way he stands bolt upright against his cage, and beckons to everybody within range to have pity on a poor bear with a starving family on his hands and no work to do, is so entertaining, and so successful, that human mendicants would be well advised to take a few lessons from this prince of beggars.

A FIGHT TO THE DEATH.

Sometimes a lonely animal at the gardens is pitied so much that a mate is secured for it. But the introduction of one to the other is not nearly as simple a thing as might be imagined. It is not merely a case of putting the newcomer into the other's cage or enclosure, and leaving them to kiss and be friends at their leisure. The old-established tenant has come to look upon its home as its undisputed possession, and no one else dare trespass there. If it does, it must be prepared for the

consequences. The usual mode of procedure adopted in such cases is astonishingly complicated. Not only is the new animal kept in a close cage for several days after its arrival, but the old inhabitant is taken from its home, whether a cage or paddock, and placed in close captivity also. The two cages are then placed so close together that the pair

"Assist the Blind, Please!"

grow used to each other and sympathise with one another over the unjust treatment that has been meted out to them. When they betray evidences of chumship, both are taken to the original home of the one, and the doors of the two cages are opened. The keepers do their best to contrive that the newcomer shall be the first to get into the home.

Then the older one is restored to his old surroundings, and, in delight at the change, the two come together and exchange views upon the whole proceedings. They then settle down to life together.

Once there was a great black bear to whom they wished to give a mate. A beautiful and valuable black she-bear was procured, but for some reason the preliminaries of introduction were dispensed with on this occasion. The newcomer was merely placed in the other one's cage. She had scarcely time to look about her or even to move from the doorway, before the rightful occupant of the cage disputed her entrance. He rushed at her and caught her in a deadly embrace. She fought valiantly for freedom, and as the two were very evenly matched, at first, a finer fight than any human boxers ever made was soon in progress. The alarm was immediately raised, and every available man in the gardens was assisting in the endeavor to separate the combatants. Rakes, goads, pieces of quartering, were powerless to make any impression, and then the hose was requisitioned. Bears do not like water, especially when it comes at them full force from a hose. Indeed, a hose will usually stop any fight in the animal world as effectively as it will put an end to a riot among men. But the hose this day might just as well never have been touched. The two danced about the cage in an attempt to avoid the steady, suffocating stream, but that was all. The old bear was determined that it should be a fight to a finish, and after a tremendous battle, there came a moment when the she-bear ceased to struggle in the fearful grip that crushed her. He stood still for a few moments awaiting further movements, and whenever she showed the faintest sign of life he squeezed a little tighter until he was perfectly sure there would be no further resistance to his clasp. Then he let her go. She fell, limp and dead, at his feet. Before any hope of getting her away could be realised, the bloodthirsty cannibal had begun to eat the victim of his hate, and when at last the remains were secured they had been frightfully mauled. Since that day no risks have been taken in introducing partners. Introductions follow the strictest laws of etiquette known in the animal world, and the free and easy methods of marriage shops are strictly tabooed.

IN THE BEAR PIT.

The bear pit at the Melbourne Zoo has been closed down for some years. It was a source of endless amusement to the public; indeed, it was the prime attraction there, and since these creatures have been enclosed in ordinary cages they have lost most of their powers of inter-

esting by the hour together. Their antics do not seem as amusing in cages as in pits. The spice of seeming danger in being able to almost touch one of them in the open was almost always fascinating to many minds, but the danger was decidedly only fanciful, for a bear cannot leap even a very narrow chasm. It can climb almost anywhere a fly can; but it cannot spring at all, and so a pit is the safest of all enclosures for Mr. Bruin.

Many wild stories used to be circulated about fearful and wonderful happenings in the bear pit, even to the extent that a careless nurse once upon a time dropped a baby over the railings and it was promptly gobbled up by the beasts. But it is needless to say that such emanations from horror's brain were entirely without foundation in fact. The worst thing that happened there arose from the never-ending cruelty of people who thought that teasing the dumb animals was the highest form of amusement. Bear baiting was irresistible. They would put dainties upon the ends of sticks or umbrellas, and hold them just beyond the reach of the eager animals, for the pleasure of seeing them strain dangerously across from the pole and almost topple over in their desire to get at the proffered morsel. This was thought to be great fun, but the old story of what is fun for one might be death for another was never truer than in this case. One day a valuable black bear of simply huge size did overstrain. He overbalanced and fell to the bottom of the pit, sustaining injuries grievous enough to kill him the following day.

A bear pit is a very difficult thing to keep in good order, and keepers have a rather anxious time in attending to it. A den is built in one side, and this has a large iron grating that can be lifted or dropped by the manipulation of a heavy weight. The bears are enticed into the den by biscuit or other delectable morsels, or else guided into it by means of a long bamboo. Then the grating is let down, and a ladder is lowered by which the man descends to do the necessary work, as well as replenish the food bin and refill the water trough. Behind the bars the bears are well-nigh frantic in their impatience to get at the food and fresh water, and, incidentally, at the man who is so near and yet so far away. After ascending the man pulls his ladder away before he thinks of raising the grating, because if he left that there one second after the bears were released, the nimble things would be half-way up and he would be compelled to have a serious argument with two mutinous prisoners.

One Sunday morning, in his haste to get through his work, a young man forgot to remove the ladder when he left the pit. Not stopping to look behind him, he did not know that advantage had been taken of

his forgetfulness, so he went serenely on his way. The gardens were still closed to the public, and there was no one about the place except the brothers Wilkie in their quarters. The elder went for a stroll to see that all was well before lunch, and as he walked along one path, lost in thought, and rolling some tobacco in his hands, he was suddenly bailed up by an unmistakable "Huff!" growled hoarsely close beside him. There was a great black bear disputing the right of way with him.

Single handed, he was utterly powerless, so like Montmorency when the tom-cat stopped to argue the case with him, he beat a strategic retreat without raising the bear's suspicions as to his intentions. He got into his house and warned his brother, who at once forgot his half-shaven face and assisted in the work on hand. They found it a difficult task to spread the snare in sight of the bird. The catching box, which is about seven feet long and nine feet high, with a sliding door at each end, was quickly placed on a lorry or low truck, and wheeled towards him. At about two hundred yards distance from the truant, they halted and threw some biscuits to him. He sniffed these carefully before eating them, for he suspected some trick in this unwonted generosity. He ate them very slowly, keeping vigilant watch the while upon the two men, and ready for instant flight should any movement on their part endanger his present liberty. But as the biscuits kept coming in an endless shower, he was drawn imperceptibly towards the box. Mr. Wilkie had pulled up one of its doors, and was standing behind it on the roof, ready for instant action as soon as he was enticed inside. As he drew nearer and nearer, Mr. Bruin sniffed suspiciously at every step. There was something more about the business than met the eye, for he had fully expected to find them resenting the liberty he had taken instead of rewarding him in this wholesale fashion, and his knowledge of his deserts made him feel very uneasy lest worse remained behind even after a good beginning. He was not at all satisfied that the anxiety displayed by Mr. David Wilkie was entirely disinterested, especially when he threw the choicest of the biscuits on the floor of the box, but as the closest scrutiny failed to reveal the presence of the other brother behind the sliding door on the roof, he became convinced that as long as the one he could see remained at a safe distance he was justified in accepting his invitation to walk into the parlor. But once he was inside, he quickly discovered that his host was no more willing to part with his company than the spider from the fly, and down came that door before he could even turn around to escape. Even then the anxious men found that it was easier to leave a ladder in the pit for a bear to walk out than it was to persuade him to return to his quarters

from a catching box. Ultimately a derrick had to be used, and Mr. Wilkie had to swing out into space on the roof of the box, and be lowered into the pit with the bear. He then raised the door and released the animal, and was hauled up again in the same undignified fashion, just in time for the opening of the gates for the sightseers, who little dreamed how narrowly they had escaped all the sensation they would have wanted for a month.

CHAMPION BOXERS.

The two great white Polar bears are a source of endless amusement at the Zoo, especially when they are in sporting mood. The best time to see them is in the early morning when they are in their bath together. They are like two mischievous boys in the tricks they play on each other, and in their boxing matches they are so interesting that if they could be taught to do it when required, instead of only when they feel inclined, they would make a fortune for the Zoological Society. These matches always take place in the water. After a good bout they will go swimming round and round the pond, apparently taking no notice of each other, but in reality each is watching for an opportunity of catching the other off guard, in order to spring upon its back and send it to the bottom of the water. When one has succeeded in doing this, the under dog is held down much longer than it wants to stay there, and when at last its desperate struggles have freed it, it rises to the surface quite prepared to resume boxing, and this time a fair amount of temper gives additional zest to the rounds, because the victim of the practical joke wants to get even with the victor. But their quarrels are not very serious, because Mr. Polar-Bear has made himself head of a well-regulated household, and unlike Mr. Hippo. or Mr. Caudle, he has kept his wife well in hand from the earliest of their married days. She is a properly obedient wife, with perhaps a little of Mrs. Hardcastle's resentment stirring her occasionally, but no more than that lady's spirit for rebellion against self-constituted authority. Especially at meal times does Mr. Polar-Bear give her to understand that he does not believe in woman's rights. They exactly reverse the order of things obtaining at the Hippos' ponds. Here Mr. Polar-Bear, with all the dignity beseeming a hyphenated gentleman, leisurely examines the food given to them, selects and eats the choicest, and when he has finished all he wants, he magnanimously leaves the rest for his waiting wife. She, all meekness, takes what is left and is appropriately thankful, while he

is condescendingly cleaning his paws and curling his whiskers beside her.

AN EXPERT DANCER.

Besides mastering the art of boxing, Mr. Polar-Bear has become an expert ragtime dancer. This accomplishment delights everyone who visits him, although those unacquainted with the meaning of his movements can only admire the rhythmic swing of his lithe body as he trips lightly backwards and forwards, and fail to appreciate the full meaning of the actions. He first became actuated by the desire to dance when the Vice-Regal band, which plays at the gardens every Sunday and holiday, began playing the heady ragtime airs. These proved irresistible to the lover of bright music, and from keeping time to the intoxicating tunes he slowly developed a well thought out dance to accompany his favorite music. He sways his head and body as the conductor of an orchestra does in keeping with the time, and lifts his feet lightly and gracefully in short, low steps, as he waltzes backwards and forwards, around and around his pond. Every now and then as he reaches one particular wall of his cage he lifts his great body—perhaps nine to ten feet high when on his hind feet—and peers through the bars in hope of seeing the makers of the entrancing strains; but not much time is wasted on this fruitless endeavor; down he comes, and back he goes so statelily, so attractively, that he would convert an anchorite to an approval of this lilting art.

A USELESS MOTHER.

A very happy life is led by these two in their home at the Zoo, far away from the Arctic snows and the walrus meat and the seal blubber of their native regions. They thrive on meat and an occasional fish, and have reconciled themselves to eating biscuits and peanuts like the monkeys. It was hoped when they settled down so contentedly and thrived so well that they would rear a family there. All over the world it is the ardent desire of zoological authorities to rear baby Polar bears, but although it is a common enough event for them to be born in captivity it is said that none has ever survived very early infancy. To begin with, the mother Polar bear is useless as a captive mother. She has to be counted out from the beginning, and, indeed, if she is not counted out from the moment of their birth, it is too late to think of it, for her babies have already died from neglect. It is believed that the birth of the babies makes her at once go to seek their natural environ-

"These cheerful old bears at the Zoo
Can always find something to do.
If it bores them, you know,
To walk to and fro,
They reverse it and walk fro and to."

ment, and while she restlessly paces her cage seeking for what she would find in the Arctic regions, the new-born babies die. Twice at the Zoo have this pair had twin babies. The first infants were found drowned in the pond. The following year at breeding time it was determined that if human vigilance could prevent it, there should be no repetition of this regrettable occurrence, and so four members of the staff agreed to keep vigil. Taking it by turns, they slept in a small tarpaulin lean-to run up at the back of the bears' cages, and with the fictitious warmth of a small kerosene heater, they took week about, two at a time, for six weeks, one of them always doing sentry duty throughout the hours of darkness during that bitter winter weather. But it became evident that all their trouble was useless, and that Mrs. Polar-Bear had no intention of adding to her woes for that year. The following year the men were again discussing similar sentry duty, but the day before they were to begin two dead babies were found lying at the edge of the pond, and the mother was resting comfortably and unconcernedly in the far corner. She made no fuss when the little things were removed, and evinced not the smallest interest in them from first to last. Since then she has evidently considered that it is useless bothering about babies if they can only die like that, and she has settled down as a selfish believer in a good time, unhampered by family cares.

When it became known that the three brown baby bears had been sold to go to America, large numbers of people hastened to the gardens to see them before they should be taken away. One woman confounded them with the Polar bears, and demanded of a casual attendant there where she could find the Polar bear babies. She was politely informed that there were none. At once she became angry. She did not believe the statement, and insisted upon being told the truth. Again the man said there were none.

"But there are, I tell you, and I'm not going away until I've seen them. You can't fool me!"

Taking the measure of her mind, the man said:

"Well, perhaps I shouldn't have said there were none here; but what I meant was there were none to be seen. You see, the Polar bears are amphibious creatures, and the mother keeps her babies under water until their eyes are opened. So really at present you will not be able to see them."

"Oh," said the disappointed woman, "I quite forgot they were amp—amphi—amphibious! What a pity!"

The man consoled her for her disappointment by telling her there were three brown baby bears that were better than nothing, and advised

her to go and have a look at them. She went off satisfied, and the man remained to speculate upon that quality in human nature that will doggedly refuse to believe the unvarnished truth, but will readily swallow a highly spiced fabrication.

"I saw she would not believe me, and was certain I did it only to prevent her having her money's worth, so I had to satisfy her by a lie and then send her to see all we had!" was his explanation—and he was clearly unrepentant.

SANDY'S FIGHT FOR LIFE.

Our quaint little native bears known and loved in effigy in all English-speaking lands as the Teddy bears of the nursery, are very difficult to keep alive in captivity. They have something of the whimsicality of the Irish, and, as Peg o' My Heart says mournfully yet defiantly: "You can't cage the Irish; they'll die on your hands." Therefore the specimens at the Zoo are always changing, and can rarely be seen, for they are usually sleeping or moping in the leafiest forks of the clumps of gum trees specially grown in their enclosures for their pleasure. They are harmless, attractive little things, and the many stories told by old hands to new chums in the bush have not a particle of truth about them. The very word "bear" has a fearsome sound to those who come from parts where bears are only known as creatures who can give most uncomfortable hugs; and the invariable habit of the little koala of running up the nearest upright pole or tree is used by practical jokers to torment the newcomer. A typical story is told of a young Scotchman who joined a gang of prospectors away in virgin country where there were plenty of native bears. When he heard their weird and plaintive cries he naturally asked what animal they emanated from, and when the careless, laconic reply came "Bears," he unwisely cried in alarm: "Bears! I always thought there were no wild animals in Australia!"

"There's none but bears and snakes and such," came the disquieting reply.

"But are they dangerous?"

"No—not unless they catch you," was the ambiguous answer. "But if they do—look out, that's all!"

"Look out for what?"

"Look out for your windpipe," said Sandy's tormentor, rising to the occasion as he saw the effect of his vague warnings. "If one of the little beggars catches you, he'll climb up to your windpipe before you can stop him, and then—well, we'll send any last messages home for you or anything like that!"

That dialogue ended Sandy's happiness in the Australian bush for a few days. He dreaded nightfall unspeakably. One night as his braver (?) mates sat "swapping lies" around their camp fire, one man surreptitiously brought in a bear he had captured on his return from a stroll, and unostentatiously dropped the frightened little creature near Sandy.

A live Teddy Bear.

Instantly the terrified Scotchman sprang up, determined to defend dear life with all his might. As he was the only one who moved, and was standing upright, the koala ran at him and began climbing up his leg. Sandy tried to pull him off, but the more he tried the more tenaciously the bear clung, tearing trousers and leg as he fastened his strong, long, sharp claws into the man. Inch by inch he climbed, his progress stoutly

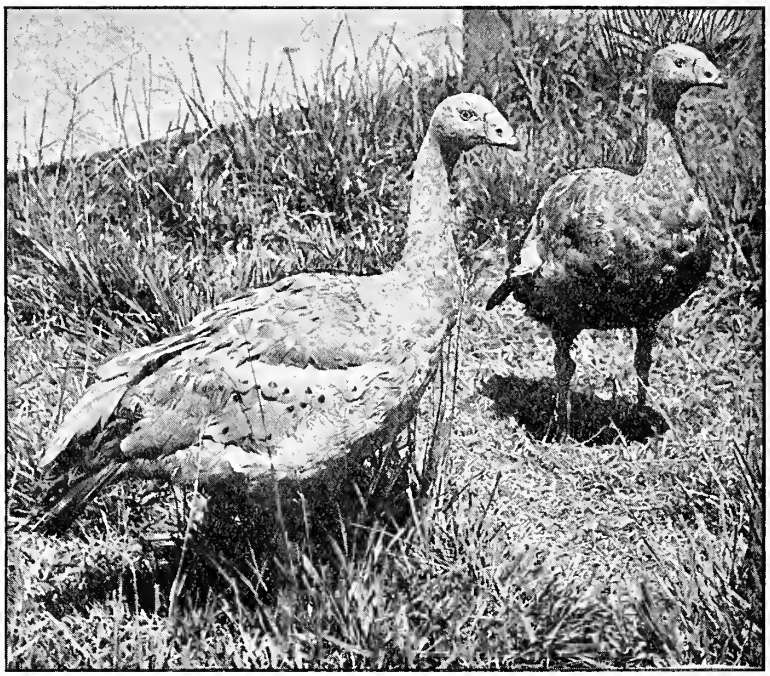
contested inch by inch as well. Great streams of perspiration rolled down the desperate man's face as he called for the help that was cruelly withheld by the interested spectators. At last the bear reached that fatal region where his fangs could wreak such dire mischief, and, giving himself up for lost, Sandy flung himself on the ground in one last vague hope of being able to shield his throat. As soon as he fell, the poor little koala knew himself baulked of a high and secure shelter, and he sprang off to look for something better. When Sandy recovered, and discovered the unhallowed joy of his mates, he changed his tattered clothes for more respectable ones, suffered his countless scratches in silence—and preserved silence until he himself was so old a settler that he could grow reminiscent for the benefit of brither Scots who, newly arrived, were hungry for stories of the early days of pioneers.

THE CAPE BARREN GOOSE

A TERROR FOR HIS SIZE.

The Cape Barren goose is the beauty of the goose family. His delicate dove-grey plumage, with the faint black peacock's eye in the wing feathers and the black tail, are set off to perfection by the strange sulphur-yellow shield that surmounts his short black beak. His coral pink legs show up to advantage his curiously blackened feet that look as if he had just been accidentally bogged in a tar-barrel. He looks so excessively mild that the greatest coward might summon up enough courage to say "Boo!" to him; but his looks belie him—indeed, this is an excellent instance of the utter unreliability of outward appearances. He is afraid of nothing, and it is said that at one time or other he has tackled every animal in the gardens excepting the lions and tigers. Not a great deal was known about the fighting propensities of this bird when the first one came to the gardens, and so it was decided to put him into the large lake next to the hippopotamuses' compounds, because it was known that he liked the water and they thought he would make a highly ornamental addition to the flock of ducks, geese, and swans already there. The first thing he did was to take possession of the large island in the centre. Previous to his coming, the male white swan had been overlord of the isles and the birds, but the Cape Barren goose quickly disputed his claim to this proud title, and at once proceeded to demonstrate that an Australian native must be,

in the very nature of things, superior to any European living. The swan sailed majestically up to the island to enquire what the goose wanted there, and Mr. Cape Barren, bellicose at once, rushed noisily into the water to meet him. At the first onslaught the swan was badly beaten. He soon found he was no match for this upstart intruder, so he swam away to fight another day. The goose tried hard to catch up to him, but unfortunately for his valor he could not swim anything like as well as



The Unspeakable Turk.

his retreating foe, and so he was forced to give up the chase. As, however, the swan's victory was so like that of the Germans at the battle of Jutland, the goose thought he was quite justified in returning to his tight little isle and cackling aloud the news of his triumph. No one disputed his claims. He was left in supreme command of his conquered territory, but this condition of things soon began to pall upon his martial spirit. He sighed for new worlds to conquer, and in a few days was busily looking for fresh fields. In his eager search for excitement he discovered the paddock adjoining the pond where the poor old lion horses are fed up before being shot. He diligently sought a place of admission

until he was successful, and then he found himself in the midst of ten or twelve poor old wrecks, who studied him as carefully as he inspected them. One of them was a very old pony, and he thought it would be the best to begin upon, so he made straight for its hocks, inflicting a sharp bite. In its astonishment the poor cripple jumped higher than it had done even as a frisky foal. That was quite satisfactory, so he turned his attention to a number of great old draught horses that had never put up the semblance of a canter since they were weaned. In less than five minutes he had the whole yard of them rushing madly about as if they were panic-stricken race horses being chased by a mob of dogs. Before long the horses began to look upon the humorous side of things, and pondered whether they were not geese as well as their tormentor. They paused, badly winded, and appeared to enjoy the joke of their being so silly as to stampede; but the joke lost its point as the business-like beak caught one hind leg after another that was far too stiff to be lifted for a kick, and they showed signs of acute distress before the goose could be captured and tipped unceremoniously back, headlong, into the pond.

He had not the smallest intention in the world of being "cabin'd, cribbed, confined" in such inglorious surroundings. He watched his opportunity, and got away by climbing the front bank. Then he sauntered past the Polar bears, but a cursory glance showed him it was scarcely worth his while wasting time over them. They were too securely barred in, and, besides, looked rather dangerous. He went on to inspect the Brahmin cattle, but decided he could do nothing much with them. The keepers were after him by this time, and so he dodged into the compound of the water buffaloes, though he liked them still less than the Indian cattle. Their heads were far too formidable, but it was a case of "any port in a storm." He quickly got from there to the American bison. He walked around them slowly, scrutinising them carefully. The little calf seemed to be fairly tame, so he made a decisive move towards her, but she ran for safety to her mother, and that effectually finished the visitor's little game. Thus baulked, he went further afield, and cut across country to the ostriches' paddock, where there was a luxuriant growth of Cape weed. As he began grazing at once, the keepers thought he was quite out of mischief, and allowed him to remain there. These geese live entirely upon grass, and so the men argued that he would be so pre-occupied in this land of plenty that he would ignore any live inhabitant. But as soon as he had eaten enough to go on with, he turned his attention towards the ostriches, and then from his triumphant cackling the keepers knew there was fine mischief a-foot, and that he was far too happy to be virtuous. When they came upon the scene two great cowards were rushing madly around and around their paddock. The goose, however, was not

such a goose as to follow them blindly wherever they rushed. He cut off angles, crossed corners, and darted like lightning, first at one bird and then at the other until they were ready to die of fright. They tried their hardest to trample on him each time they felt a bite dealt savagely at their heels, but he was not to be caught in any such clumsy way. He was off at a tangent while the foot was being lifted, and was at the heel of the next one before the other knew he was gone. What would have happened if the keepers had not arrived in time to prevent further mischief is hard to say, but it is not at all unlikely that there would have been a little funeral. The exhausted ostriches gave up the flight as soon as their rescuers appeared, but the goose was game for many a mile, and it took a long while to corner him in the extensive grounds and carry him off in ignominious bondage.

In desperation they shut him in a place by himself. Here, for a long while, he had time to meditate upon his sins, and to seek for a chance to break into his neighbors' home. These neighbors happened to be the twenty or thirty fine eagles that live near the entrance to the gardens. The goose was determined not to be beaten in his endeavors to poke his nose into their business, and one unlucky day he succeeded in gaining his end. The eagles at once swooped down upon the rash intruder, and in a very short time there was nothing left to tell the tale of that untimely visit but a number of beautiful dove-grey feathers scattered over the ground.

THE GAME OF HOP, SKIP, AND JUMP.

When the next Cape Barren goose arrived at the gardens they knew more about the habits of these mild-looking birds, and were better prepared for surprises. But as the gentleman was accompanied by a charming wife they thought that the steadying and refining influence of her society would prevent a repetition of the bachelor's capers. There were a number of desirable bird comforts, such as roosts and nesting places, in the great paddock occupied by the red kangaroos, and as Mr. Le Souef hoped they would settle down to domestic routine and rear a family in the approved style of the most reputable citizens, they were put in there. For a time all went well, but the hopping of the kangaroos proved irresistible to Mr. Cape Barren. The two geese had been chattering incessantly to each other since their arrival. He, doubtless, had been bragging of what he would do when the time came to show his prowess, and it is believed that she challenged him to prove that his valor was not of the same kind as a carpet knight's. One day, at all events, when the kangaroos were giving an exhibition of fancy hopping,

he evidently thought the right moment had come to introduce some variety into their monotonous lives, for after an animated conference with his wife, he set out to show himself worthy of her admiration. The first kangaroo that got a sharp bite from the insignificant-looking little creature made a record spring towards heaven. Mr. Goose bit the next one with a like result, so he saw he was going to have the time of his life, and rushed back with wings outstretched to tell his wife about it. They stood with the tips of their wings meeting, their heads craned upwards, and shrieked in chorus of their triumph. He had a shrill tenor voice, and she a basso-profundo, quite opposite to what might naturally be expected. There they stood, fluttering their wings while they chanted their delight, and then he sped off again, refreshed, for more fight. With wings still outstretched, and head lowered threateningly, he let himself loose. The eight or nine terrified kangaroos began a race for life around their paddock, but he, like his brother in the ostrich run, was not going to needlessly waste his strength in running over miles of country when short cuts were best, so he darted from one flying creature to another, literally catching them on the hop, and doing immense damage to their nervous systems. Again and again the conquering hero rushed back to his wife to tell her of his cleverness, and, perhaps, to get encouragement for still doughtier deeds. Indeed, he might have been like Antaeus, the mythological hero who had to touch his mother Earth at stated intervals to remain invincible and renew his strength, and who was finally killed when Hercules discovered that his strength ebbed while he was kept from it. After each meeting with his mate he seemed really to renew his energy, and at last he had the great satisfaction of seeing every kangaroo in the compound jump the high dividing fences and drop, exhausted, on the other side. The keepers ran the rascal down, and got both husband and wife out of the place. Once again a special home was reserved for the sole use of this interesting bird, but he did not forget his triumph. Whenever he could manage to steal out—and he had a genius for getting out of tight places, although, being pinioned, he could not fly even the lowest fence—he would wickedly strut up and down before the kangaroos as if on patrol duty, with wings outspread and cackling loudly, trying to terrify the beaten marsupials. They, however, knew the difference between a Cape Barren goose on the side-walk and a Cape Barren goose in their enclosure, and so they loftily ignored their unsportsmanlike tormentor. Although he could not again get in with them, he once found his way into the home of the great Barrasingha deer, and even though the buck had his horns in the pink of condition, he did not dare to tackle this intrepid little goose.

UNDER MILITARY DISCIPLINE.

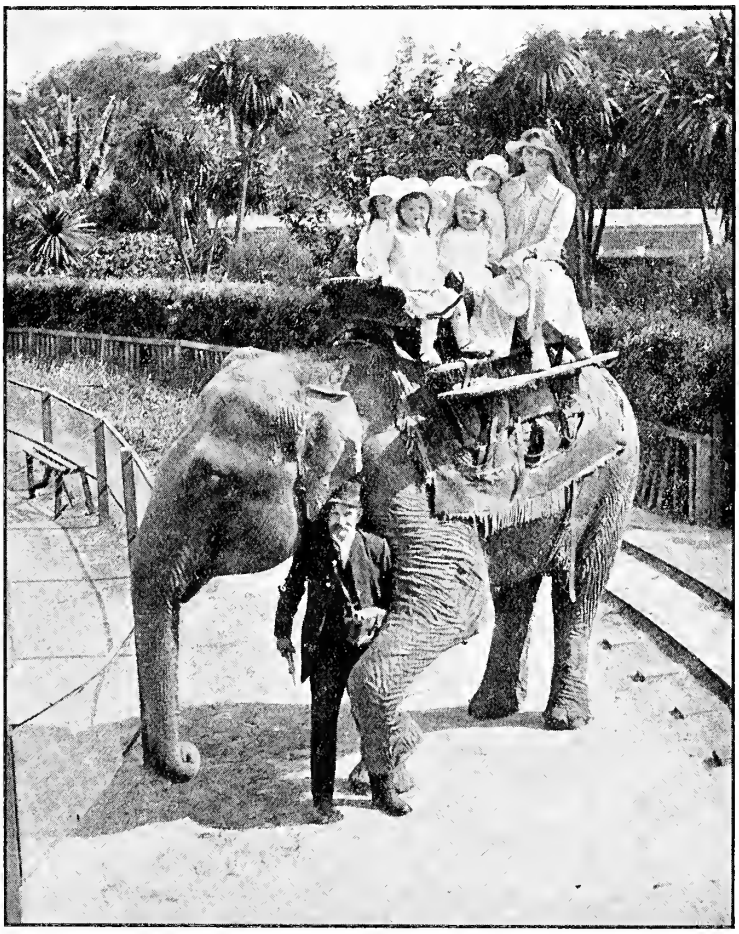
For a long time Mr. Cape Barren found that he was watched too closely to be able to challenge any more of his fellow prisoners at the Zoo, and he became utterly miserable at being unable to find any foeman worthy of his steel. His next ramble, and his last, to date, brought him his first fall. He thought his chance had come one day when he got into the small ground where the adjutant bird was confined. This extraordinary bird is, like the jackal, the scavenger of the Ganges. He is not pretty. Indeed, he is decidedly ugly, with his long bare neck and bald head and terrific beak. The goose was sure he could soon vanquish this queer looking bird, so he began his ordinary tactics, but, to his unbounded surprise, the adjutant was not in the least frightened. On the contrary, he made two or three snaps at the goose with his fearsome beak, and would have had the bold warrior's head off in a second if the intruder had not been too quick for him. The crestfallen goose got behind the house and examined this creature that seemed to be unafraid of him, with deep interest. The adjutant leisurely came up to see him, and every time the goose raised his head, ever so meekly, the wise looking old thing would snap his shears dangerously. Like a little bully, the goose had much bravado but small courage, and thus he took to frequenting corners of the house to see if the long bird were coming too near him. When the adjutant found that the intruder had learned his lesson, and was properly respectful in the presence of his superiors, he ignored him altogether. The keepers found that at last the terror of the gardens could safely be left with a companion other than one of his own species. Eventually the two became quite friendly, and they stayed together until the death of the old adjutant, when the goose seemed to fret so much for his friend that he was removed to a spot near the entrance gates, and a young pair of his relatives were given his former home.

ELEPHANTS

QUEENIE.

Few children consider they have paid a proper visit to the Zoo if they have not had a ride on Queenie's back. For over twelve years this elephant has been at the beck and call of all the young visitors to the gardens, and in that time she has learned that there are two kinds of children, the good and the bad. The good ones get on her back and enjoy her stroll around her ring; the bad stand too near to her track, and, when

they think the keeper is not looking, stick pins in her trunk, or pretend to give her fruit or nuts and then pull their hands back just as she thinks she is going to grasp the food. Naturally too much of this sort of treatment has made Queenie very suspicious of children who loiter too close to her fence, and she has often used her trunk, none too gently, to tumble



A Warm Embrace.

such trespassers over in the dust. They really deserve punishment, for her keeper will testify that she has the kindliest disposition that any elephant could have. She has been his constant care since he broke her in twelve years ago, and he has known her most of the twenty years of her life. Queenie is not yet full-grown, for elephants grow until they

are twenty-five. Mr. Parsons, her keeper, vouches for her wonderful intelligence. Like Mr. Tospell and the giraffe, this pair are inseparables, and it is difficult to say whether Queenie is Mr. Parsons' slave or whether it is the other way about. In one illustration she is shown with a foreleg held lovingly about him. She is never happy if he is not near enough for her to touch him, and usually her trunk is entwined around his arm. It is comical to see this devotion in ordinary hours; it becomes pathetic when she will leave the food placed before her when her day's work is done, merely for the pleasure of being close beside him for a few moments longer. It would probably mean death to anyone who hurt Mr. Parsons intentionally or accidentally if Queenie saw the deed. She knows his voice so well that if he raises it when she is shut up for the night she trumpets forth her distress that she cannot get out in such a way as to make the night fearsome.

As she goes round and round her ring in the daytime, carrying her load of children, she has ways of mitigating two nuisances over which she has no control—heat and flies. If flies be troublesome, she will gather up a pile of dust from her track and shoot it over herself in a fine spray, thus sending the small pests off in a second. If the day is hot, and, like most heavy creatures, she is suffering from her bulk, she carries inside her chest a reservoir of water, from which, by a most convenient arrangement of Nature, she can draw at will by thrusting her trunk down her throat, and thus she can give herself a delightful shower bath when she needs such comforting refreshment. At other times she uses this reservoir for other purposes. There are few who have not heard of the way the elephant in India punished the tailor who stuck needles into his trunk. Queenie has resorted to the same method of revenge more than once. It is not long since twelve or fifteen schoolboys congregated before Queenie's house one holiday and teased her unmercifully. All had nuts or fruit, and each in turn offered one of the dainties, but took every care to hold it just too far away for her to reach. Her patience seemed inexhaustible as she moved from one tormentor to another, but at last she turned her back on them all and left her house in deep disgust. Presently she returned, and then began a pretty little comedy. She imitated the boys' actions to a nicety. She stretched out her trunk to one and another, as they had held out their hands to her. As each boy tried to touch it she drew it swiftly back, and they found she was playing a game with them that was much to their liking. At last she had them all clustered in a tight batch near her, and then she sprayed a great quantity of dirty water all over them. She watched them placidly as they scattered in all directions, dropping

their caps and parcels as they ran, in a desperate hunt for handkerchiefs to wipe their eyes. They did not know that Queenie had a bath at the back of her house, and that she had gone from them merely to get a liberal supply of this water to pay them in full for their treatment of her. A short while afterwards a party of men and women teased her similarly on a Sunday afternoon, and she punished them in the same way, but this time the victims were not drenched like the boys, for she had a small quantity of water in her reservoir, and drew upon this internal supply to squirt them.

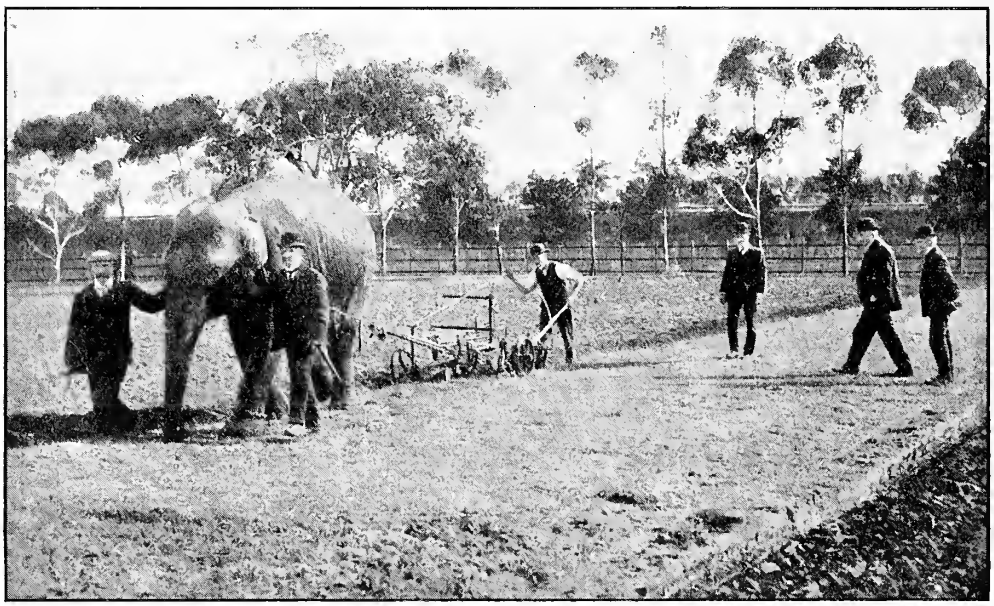
OUT ON STRIKE.

Everybody has heard of how Queenie struck work when she was being broken into the plough. It is several years ago now, but up to date it has remained completely successful, though there are rumors that she will yet have to use her great strength for some other purpose than that of carrying half-a-dozen children around on her back. She seems to know that she earns her living by these means, however, for she really does earn a fair amount of money. On a holiday she will carry as many as seven- or eight-hundred children around the ring at twopence a head, and on ordinary days she rarely fails to carry a fair number. She has no objection to being useful—she strongly objects to being ornamental; so as soon as a new drapery is procured for the saddle, she watches every opportunity when her keeper is not looking to flick her trunk at it and tear it to ribbons. When she has succeeded in reducing it to tatters, she is content, and it is of no further interest to her until a fresh one is got for decency's sake. But although she does earn a considerable amount of money, she is so strong that she could do the work of four horses without exerting any undue strength, and there are still intentions of making her use it. Though the first experiment ended in failure, perhaps the second will be more successful.

There is a large cultivation paddock behind the lions' cages where the crops are grown to feed all the corn-eating animals at the Zoo. Here one day Queenie was harnessed to a two-furrow plough, and she did her work admirably. Naturally, like a sagacious elephant, she minutely inspected the impediment chained to her, but if it did not object to its rough usage she saw no reason to protest, and so she ploughed up about an acre and a half perfectly. Visitors who watched her trial run were convinced that an elephant was all the stock-in-trade required to turn our virgin lands into profitable wheat belts. There was, however, such an air of reserve strength, or of trifling with the subject about her, that the authorities decided it was sheer waste of time to make her dawdle

with a plaything of two-furrow capacity, so, having demonstrated her capabilities at the plough, the director determined to get a three-furrow one and invite a number of farmers, who were then in Melbourne for the Royal Agricultural Show, to come and watch her draw it.

When all was ready, Queenie was set going, and she went at first as good-naturedly as she had done the previous day. But it was quickly seen that it was a very thoughtful elephant that ambled slowly down the first furrow. She was even more deep in thought as she came up the paddock again, but those who knew her best saw no cause for alarm;



Before the speeding-up.

she was merely meditating, in her own intelligent way, what was the cause of the added difficulty of towing the implement chained to her. She set off obediently at the word of command on her third essay, but she was now quite lost in thought and oblivious of all around her. After she had walked a dozen yards or so, she abruptly came to a full stop. She looked back curiously at the plough, as if asking it what it was that had so altered the conditions of partnership. An examination of the thing soon proved to her that there was an additional furrow upon it —she had inspected the first one too minutely to be mistaken about that fact. When she was convinced of the trick that had been played upon

her (she was sure it was a trick), she gave a great bound, and jerked the plough high into the air. Bursting the chains that tied her to it, she smashed the offending thing to pieces as she sent it spinning into the meadow. Then, with tail and trunk erect, and trumpeting aloud her resentment of such treatment, she made across country at such a

"This suits me best."

pace and in such a temper that none dared attempt to stop her. Presently she reached a big pond, and although it was so deep that she practically had to swim across it, she did not hesitate in making the plunge. In her fierce anger she went through it at such a rate that she sent a great wave about fifteen yards wide pouring over the banks

on either side of her. Cooled by the plunge, and tired by the unwonted exertion, she paused on the opposite bank to draw breath, and to see whether she was being pursued. When she saw that the keepers were coming empty-handed towards her, and that there was no sign of the obnoxious appendage, she stood waiting for them to come up, and allowed them to take her back to her house without the slightest difficulty. Apparently she decided that she had given sufficient evidence of her objections to doing such heavy ploughing for her living, and that she was reasonably safe from any further imposition for the present, at all events. She was right, for her strike was about the most successful in the history of strikes. It happened that circumstances suited her well. It took three men to break her in to the plough, and the staff was particularly busy just then; and the horses that were accustomed to the duty were available. So when she showed so unmistakably that she intended to be master of her fate, she was permitted to return to the child's play of ambling around her beaten track with half-a-dozen little children strapped to her saddle, and to pretend that thereby she was exempted from participation in any other form of Zoo industry.

RANEE.

Queenie is a small Indian elephant. Her predecessor, Ranee, was a magnificent animal, who delighted several generations of children with her kindness. But Ranee had an uncertain temper. No one could account for her bad outbursts. She died after a week's illness, at over forty years of age, and her body was presented to the Museum authorities. When she was skeletonised, the cause of her ill-temper was made abundantly clear, and to-day visitors to the Museum can see what it was for themselves. Her great molar teeth should have been about four inches long. One of them was, but the other grew and grew until its growth was impeded by the bony structure of her proboscis, and the attrition of each can be plainly seen in her skeleton. The runaway tooth must be at least nine or ten inches long. She would never allow her mouth to be touched, and that was the reason why the extraordinary growth was not discovered during her life-time.

Once Ranee was used to break in an elephant for another Zoo. This one was known as Siam because he was a present from the King of Siam. He was taken out in the ring with Ranee, and had the usual chain about his leg to guide his movements, but after a short time he thought he had had quite enough of such nonsense. He bolted off to his stable so savagely that all that could be done was to make way for him. Ranee, in all her twenty years of service, had never once

shown the slightest inclination to break bounds, but the infection caught her and she bolted incontinently after the runaway. Both of them walked through a five-strand wire fence as though the wires were cobwebs. They left the wires dangling without the least apparent exertion, and certainly the impediment did not stop them for a second. Ranee did not get to the stable as easily as Siam. She mistook the side entrance of a keeper's residence for her goal, and thrust her head through the gate. She could not possibly have got her body through it, but she could have got the fence down as easily as she had severed the wires. The keeper's wife was sweeping her verandah when the great head came through, but she had presence of mind enough to lift her broom and push it into Ranee's face. This sent the elephant back to seek more hospitable quarters, and when the keepers caught up to them, both Ranee and Siam were standing meekly outside their stable gate awaiting admission. That was the only attempt at a "fling" poor old Ranee had during her long career.

DISARMED.

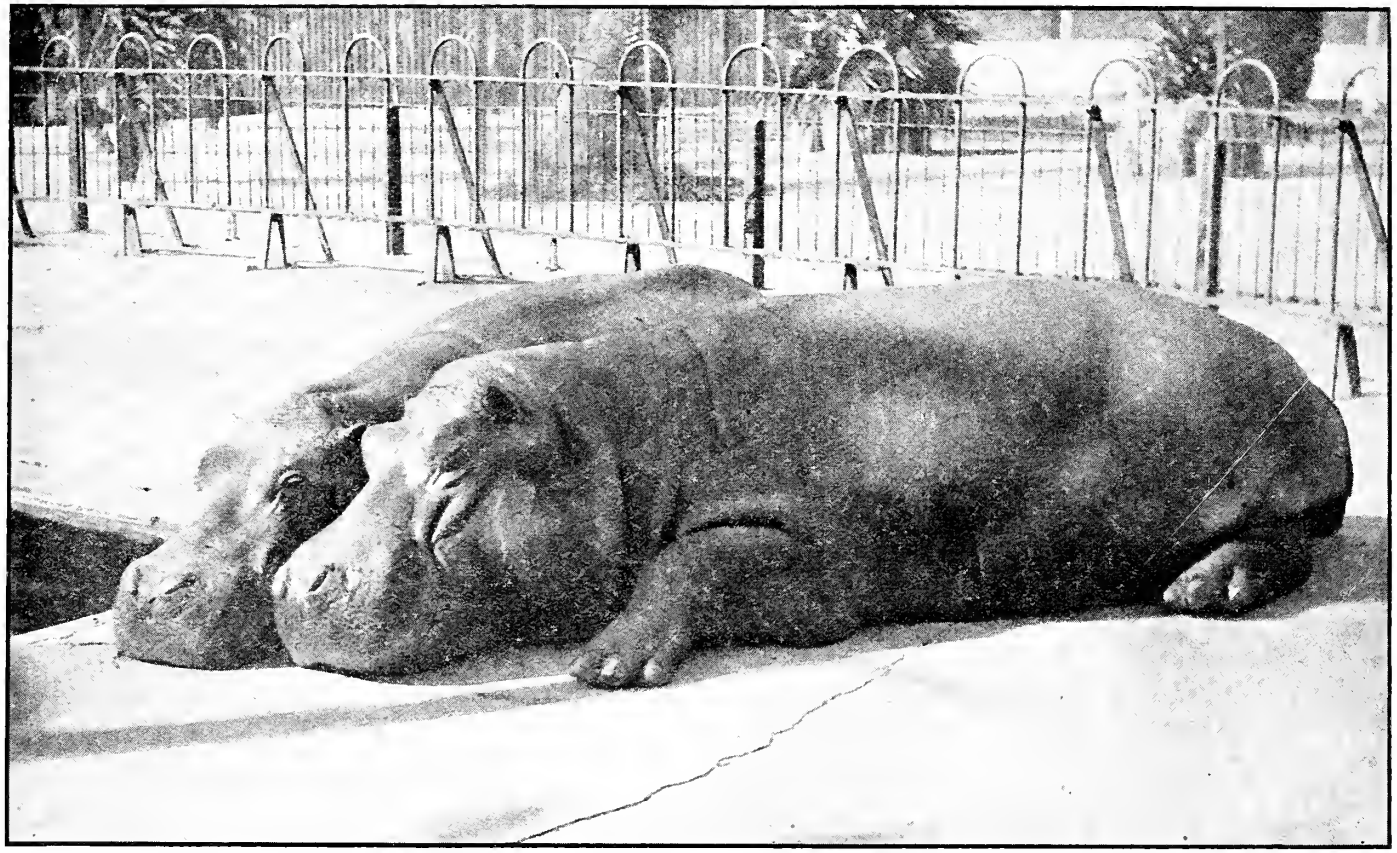
There is a magnificent elephant at the Sydney Zoological gardens. It is an African, which is very much larger than the Indian elephant, and grows much more valuable tusks. This elephant is said to have killed a man when he belonged to Wirth's circus. He one day showed fight to his keeper at the Zoo. The man by some means got in front of him as they were going to his house, and at once the elephant caught him on his tusks and flung him high into the air. Fortunately the man fell on his feet—had he not done so he would have been trampled to death in an instant. He turned around at once and charged the elephant with his goad, giving him such a thrashing that he was frightened into submission. This beast had tusks so long that he could not lower his head for them. They touched the ground, and crossed near the bottom. One day as he was going into his bath, his feet slipped, and he broke both tusks off near his mouth. Although his beauty was spoiled, his greatest means of offence was gone as well, and since then he has not been an object of dread.

HIPPOPOTAMUSES

WILLIAM AND ROSAMOND, OTHERWISE MR. AND MRS. HIPPO.

Two of the most interesting animals in the whole gardens are William and Rosamond, the great hippopotamuses who have reduced laziness to a perfect science. These two amphibious creatures cause endless amusement for visitors, and they deserve much better treatment than they usually get from thoughtless people. They are as gentle as they are big, and it is feared that their confiding trustfulness will yet bring them serious mischief. They throw open their cavernous mouths in expectation of food, and they will contentedly grind to powder with their great tusks anything from a peanut to a luscious apple or banana. But some people have such perverted ideas of fun that they will fill bags with sand and glass, and throw these dangerous articles into their mouths. It has only been by the best of good fortune that the two have been saved from the consequences of such senseless joking, and when it is remembered that the pair cost £1,000, this joking might have proved most costly. Another cruel trick is to throw empty bottles at them as they wallow in their pond. Rosamond's eye missed fragments of flying glass by an inch one Sunday as she rose to the surface at the same moment as a bottle was shivered on the concrete pavement of her pond. Ordinary people cannot see any fun in blood streaming from a cut, caused by such inhuman doings, on the head of an inoffensive animal.

Hippos are captured when very young in the rivers of Central Africa. Hunters watch their haunts carefully until they see a mother swimming down stream with a cub on her back. They shoot the mother dead, and then catch her baby and carry it off into captivity. The ponderous animals are most wonderful swimmers, and it requires no small skill to hit one, for they dive on the first hint of danger and the next appearance will be perhaps two or three miles lower down the river. They seem to have the power of closing themselves up like submarines, and can exist under water for an amazing time. When they rise to the surface they can merely show an inch or two of their flat mouths and blow off the spent air, inhale a fresh supply, and then vanish as the Cheshire cat or like the unfortunate person glanced at by the Boojum. But if they are disposed to come up out of the water they will rise like submarines, showing the whole of the back of head



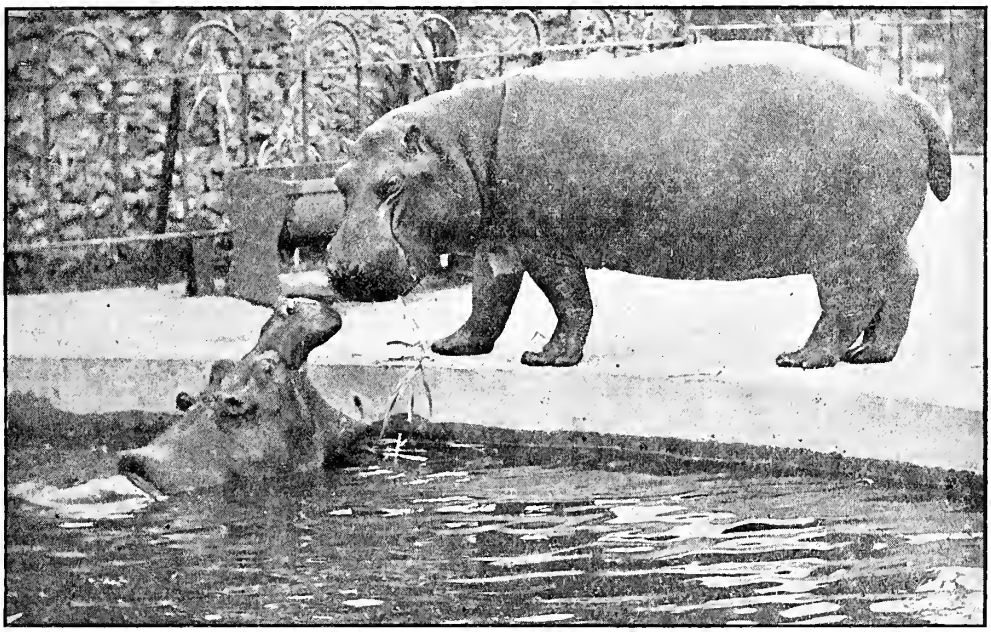
They grew in beauty side by side.

and body simultaneously, and then their gradual emergence is curiously balloon-like. They live in their ponds for hours at a time, winter and summer. When together in the same pond they play with one another most happily. Under water, above it, around its banks, they chase and run, dive and rise, showing an agility that is surprising when their bulk is considered. Occasionally when chasing each other around the pond one of them will have the misfortune to slip in negotiating an awkwardly narrow corner by their house, and the resultant unintentional dive will awaken echoes throughout the gardens. But the victim of the involuntary plunge will rise at once, puffing and shaken, but in admirable good-humor. It is all in the game, and it would be unsportsmanlike to show ill temper. Excepting for these happy intervals they are a splendid example of masterly inactivity as they lie stretched out on the asphalt paths dreaming away the lazy hours—denizens of Lotus land.

A HENPECKED HUSBAND.

Rosamond is a full-grown suffragette. There are no disputes in that home as to which is head and which is tail. She is so convinced of her superiority that there is nothing to argue about, and William, who always seems to have a merry twinkle in his benevolent eyes, is a life-like caricature of the jolly, fat man who allows his wife to think what she likes and do what she likes—it amuses her and doesn't hurt him. Nothing is important enough to allow it to disturb domestic serenity—so why worry? The supreme test of his forbearance and placidity comes at meal times. Each gets the same rations, consisting of half a hundredweight of hay, mixed with one hundred pounds of chaff and twenty pounds of bran. This allowance is placed in each feeding box. I am sorry to have to say that Rosamond forgets all about her assumed superiority at meal-times. She is content to adopt the tactics of the bully. Her one "devouring" passion is bran. The moment she puts her nose into her trough she roots about until she has got up every bit of easily discovered bran, and then with a snort she makes a bee line for the spot where slow, stupid, kindly Billy is leisurely eating what has been put before him as it was given to him. With an unmannerly thrust she pushes her spouse to one side, and he, having learned the futility of disputing her decree that "What's yours is mine, what's mine is my own," walks philosophically over to her trough and continues his meal there. As he has not learned the trick of eating up the bran first there is still a fine lot left for greedy Rosamond, and she soon finishes up every available morsel. William does not eat nearly as

quickly as she does. After she has finished the dainty portion of his food, she hurries back to her own trough, and poor henpecked William gets another sharp nudge that is tantamount to an Imperial decree to return to his own feed. His meekness is positively awful, and he goes without the semblance of a protest, while Rosamond finishes off her portion without further ado. If, when she has licked her platter as clean as Jack Sprat and his wife did, there happens to be a few morsels left in the bottom of William's trough, so much the worse for William.



The last straw.

He goes short by that much of his day's allowance. It might be well in the interests of the Husbands' Union if William could be introduced to Mr. and Mrs. Polar Bear at feeding time. But I doubt if his sense of humor would permit him to play the tyrant, even with a tyrannical wife. Again, he knows she has always one unanswerable argument that he prefers not to hear advanced. She can twit him on his youthfulness, for she is a full year his senior!

TWO INVALIDS.

The hippos' houses were given a good spring cleaning after an unusually wet winter, and the whole of the interior walls were lime-

washed for antiseptic purposes. To the chagrin of the staff, the two licked the whole of the lime off. Nemesis had a severe punishment for such knavery, and presently two fiery red mouths were constantly opened to the cooling winds. In the dilemma, recourse was made to borated vaseline, and the two burnt mouths were as carefully covered as the stone walls had been a day or two before. The moment the suffering creatures felt the healing balm of the soothing ointment they threw open their mouths a little wider—if that were possible—and they stood like statues while the remedy was applied. It took a pint of the ointment to dress the two great caverns each time. For days afterwards their favorite occupation was standing at the gate of their compounds with mouths outstretched waiting for that pot of ointment. They allowed Mr. Wilkie to put his hand right down their parched throats, and he states that the operation was like washing a floor or painting a ceiling.

INTO THE JAWS OF DEATH.

No one ever suspected William of being capable of guile. Like a fat, good-natured, humorous old man, he was credited with being as harmless as a dove, and willing to see everybody around him having a really good time. But he showed himself quite prepared for mischief when the opportunity presented itself, and then his bubble reputation was pricked for ever. Next door to his home is a large pond where numerous water-fowl live and thrive. But as in all communities, there were two or three birds that chafed at restricted environment, and sought incessantly for wider scope. One day a great Muscovy duck waddled into William's compartment in search of adventure, and took a voyage of discovery around the pond. It teemed with life of a description that had long since disappeared from his home waters, and after an hour or two, he had that well-fed feeling that insensibly mellows all one's philosophy of life. A maned goose followed him on one of his subsequent visits to his happy hunting, or fishing, grounds, and the two got some fine meals between meals in this way. But this was done when William was happily playing with Rosamond in her pool. It was quite another matter when William was floundering about in his own private bath. He watched the duck enter his preserves with a mistrust that soon turned to fierce anger, and as he had strong conscientious objections to poaching, and suffered quite enough from a confusion of "mine and thine" at meal times, he determined to have his revenge upon the stranger. The keepers, who knew that William was a strict vegetarian, thought no possible harm could come to the duck from the pro-

pinquity, and so they took no notice of William's grunts of displeasure, but he had decided to punish the offender with the utmost rigor of hippopotamus' law. Astounded at its audacity, he watched the duck swimming about erratically as it darted after the teeming life of the pool, and with malice aforethought he threw open his cavernous mouth and waited patiently to discover "what the news was gwine ter be." The lower jaw was completely hidden under water; the upper looked like the dense wall of the pond. All unsuspectingly the poor duck swam about at random, feeding and seeking more food, until at last he swam right into the jaws of death. The great mouth closed—and that was the end of the duck's career. William could not eat him after killing him, but that did not prevent him from sharpening his tusks by grinding the bones to pulp. The maned goose, ignorant of its companion's fate, went the same way to an untimely end. As they found William's new accomplishment a rather costly one, the staff set about reinforcing the wire netting around the iron fences, brought it down to the very ground, and thus securely barred the way for any subsequent visits from the neighboring fowl.

The Jaws of Death.

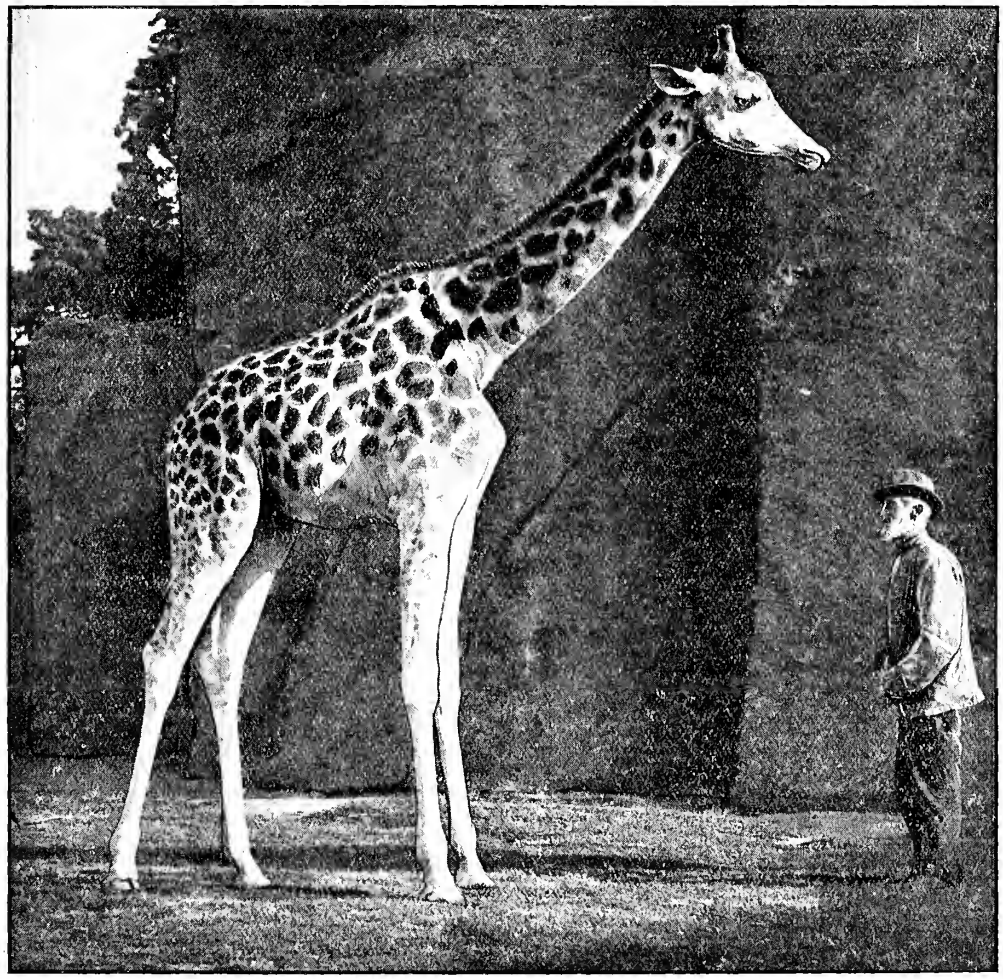
GIRAFFES

A WIDOW'S GRIEF.

At the time of writing there is but one giraffe in all Australia, and that is at the Melbourne Zoo. Rosie is a great favorite with all comers. "Say," said a contemplative farmer, "what a bail we'd need if our cows had necks like that!" Her incredible height is somehow forgotten in her kindly willingness to stoop to conquer, and although she finds it somewhat difficult to reach down to the hands of little children as they timidly offer her peanuts through the wire-netted fence, her patience is inexhaustible, and she manages to stoop by spreading out her front legs and thus reducing the distance between her and insignificant mortals. Like Queenie, the elephant, Rosie has a devoted slave. There never was a more spoiled baby in marble halls than this giraffe at the Zoo. Her keeper, who is seen in the accompanying photograph, is named Sam Tospell, and he devotes his waking hours to her and sometimes his dreams. Should a thunderstorm arise by night, Sam dresses as fast as he can make his fingers move, and gets down to the house where Rosie is sure to be found crouching in a corner, terrified by the awful noise. Throughout the storm he stays by her side and she gradually ceases quaking, in her trust that he will save her from any harm. She never makes the slightest sound, but her dumb entreaties, and the big tears that glisten on her long eyelashes and rain down her cheeks are more eloquent than any appeal to the ear. She trembles so painfully, and draws so close to her friend when afraid, that it would be a relief to him if she could express her fears in sound. Although she is tame as tame can be, yet she is not to be trifled with, and few besides her keeper would care to invade her territory. If she approves of visitors to her house, she will condescend to eat from their hands and then hold down her head for patting; but if she does not like their looks, her front hoof comes up instantly, and care must be taken to avoid a regrettable accident. She tolerates the staff—she knows they are necessary evils—but she worships her keeper, whom she regards as her personal property, and who cannot move about the gardens without her consent.

When she came to the gardens first, she was accompanied by a very handsome consort. He was so strong and chivalrous that he became an immediate favorite. The pair were brought out by a member of

Hagenbeck's staff—they were bought from that famous collection in Germany; and he was so proud of delivering them safe and well into the hands of the buyers that, when he was offered an honorarium as an acknowledgment of his care, he refused it on the ground that the feat



A Mutual Admiration Society.

would make him so famous in his native land that his success in itself would be a sufficient reward. Never did Indian nabob travel with such scrupulous attention to his comfort as this pair had on their long outward voyage. Hagenbeck had had specially constructed houses pre-

pared for their use on shipboard, and he sent with them all manner of delicacies to tempt the appetites of disconsolate sea-voyagers. They were only babies then, and when they were safely housed in the compound with a fence about twelve feet high all round it, people laughed at the ridiculously high surroundings. Their quaint house was even higher than the fence; and why should both be so absurdly high? Granted that the two creatures had long legs, and extraordinarily long necks attached to their queer, squat bodies, there was rhyme and reason in all things! Nobody laughs now, because, although Rosie has not yet attained her maximum height, she is able to look over that fence!

For about three years the two giraffes lived there happily, and gave promise of being sound investments, although, like the hippopotamuses, they cost £1,000 the pair. But in the spring of 1915, sudden tragedy overtook the young male. It was towards evening, and it is presumed that some unusual noise—probably a more than ordinarily savage or loud growl from a lion, who is, in their natural state, their most dreaded foe—terrified him beyond control. He sprang madly into the air, and whirled round and round his compound in his terror, and finally came heavily in contact with the corner of his house. He was flung backwards by the force of the collision, and instantly it was seen that he was seriously hurt. He was unable to rise, and only by the united efforts of a number of men was he piloted inside his house. The veterinary surgeon was summoned immediately, but he soon discovered the case to be hopeless. He was not sure whether he had actually broken his back by the impact, but there was some dislocation, and he knew there was mortal internal injury. In an hour or less, the fine creature was dead, and the autopsy proved that his kidneys had been ruptured.

Rosie had been frightened, too; but not so excessively. She was much perturbed by the number of men surrounding her fallen mate, and she kept coming to the door and sniffing suspiciously. She knew there was something seriously wrong, and her anxiety and nervousness increased with every passing minute. When the men moved away from the dead body, preparatory to removing it, she crept cautiously inside and smelt all round him. Then she looked anxiously into the wide-opened eyes, and some instinct seemed to tell her that they could no longer see her. She began to quiver most painfully, and nervously sprang back from the recumbent form. Out into the open she bounded, and rushed in her distraction up and down, to and fro, as if seeking to shake off the horror that had suddenly settled down upon her. She tried hard to find a means of getting right away from the spot so hateful

to her, and Mr. Wilkie and her keeper found it necessary to try to calm her by any means in their power. She knew they were sympathetic. She desperately needed sympathy, and so she came up to them in a strangely human way, and put her head down to their faces, inviting some of the petting she had been quite content to do without in the heyday of her happiness. When they sat down on the grass, she lay down too, and rested her head on their shoulders. But as soon as they moved, she would spring up excitedly, and make one bound off to the house, where now she knew there was nothing, but where lately her partner had lain so appallingly still. She sniffed at the door whence he had been carried, and then resumed her intolerable race around her grounds. The two men found it impossible to quieten her unless they actually sat beside her and petted her. She was crying continuously, and did not stay still a moment unless they were stroking her or talking soothingly to her. About midnight Sam Tospell crept away at Mr. Wilkie's desire, because he was too fragile to do without a night's sleep, and Rosie let him go very reluctantly, but as long as she had one man with her she offered no insuperable objections to the other's departure. There had been a hurricane lantern placed in the ground for lighting up the scene, but she showed such a distaste for it that it had to be put out and she was allowed to nurse her grief in darkness, or merely by the beams of the late moon. Mr. Wilkie tried repeatedly to get away, but each time she became so panic-stricken at the bare idea of being left to face that fearful solitude alone, that he abandoned the attempt at last, and spent the night by her side, smoking and considering how near to man came what were usually condescendingly termed the "brute" beasts. No vigil he had ever spent in the house of death had been characterised by greater appreciation of its mystery or more acute sense of its woe.

With morning light anxious, faithful Sam came down hurriedly to relieve the watcher, and to comfort the bereaved. Rosie received him with a sadness that lifted her right out of the realm of the animal world. She deigned to allow Mr. Wilkie to go, but she must have one of them. It was many days before she would stay alone, and it was a long time before she could be persuaded to enter her house without fear or dread. She got into the habit of creeping up cautiously to the door, sniffing suspiciously and then bounding away in mortal terror. Then gradually she grew accustomed to the idea of life alone, and time reconciled her to her fate. Had it not been for the war, she would have been provided with another partner soon after her mate's death. One was secured in Cairo, and is said to be a splendid specimen of the quaintly termed "camelopard," but difficulties of transportation have stood in the way

of his arrival in war time, and so Rosie will have much to gain by the termination of hostilities.

Visitors to the Zoo find great amusement in watching a number of guinea pigs running about in the grass at the tall creature's feet. They often wonder whether there is some delightful idyll connected with their presence there, and whether a romantic story of animal loves could not be unearthed if only they could find the right keeper to explain matters. It is to be feared that no such romance exists. There is no pretty tale of fascinating friendship between the lofty giraffe and the humble guinea pigs. The little things are kept there merely as a study in contrasts, and, so far from high and mighty Rosie condescending to honor her lowly companions with her friendship, it is feared—not without reason—that, if she could only succeed in putting her foot down upon one of them, it would mean sudden extinction for the pig. But they are so swift in their movements, and Rosie has such a great height to look down from to ascertain their whereabouts, that they are reasonably safe, and live their lives in careless disdain of any possible "frightfulness" on the part of unscrupulous Rosie.

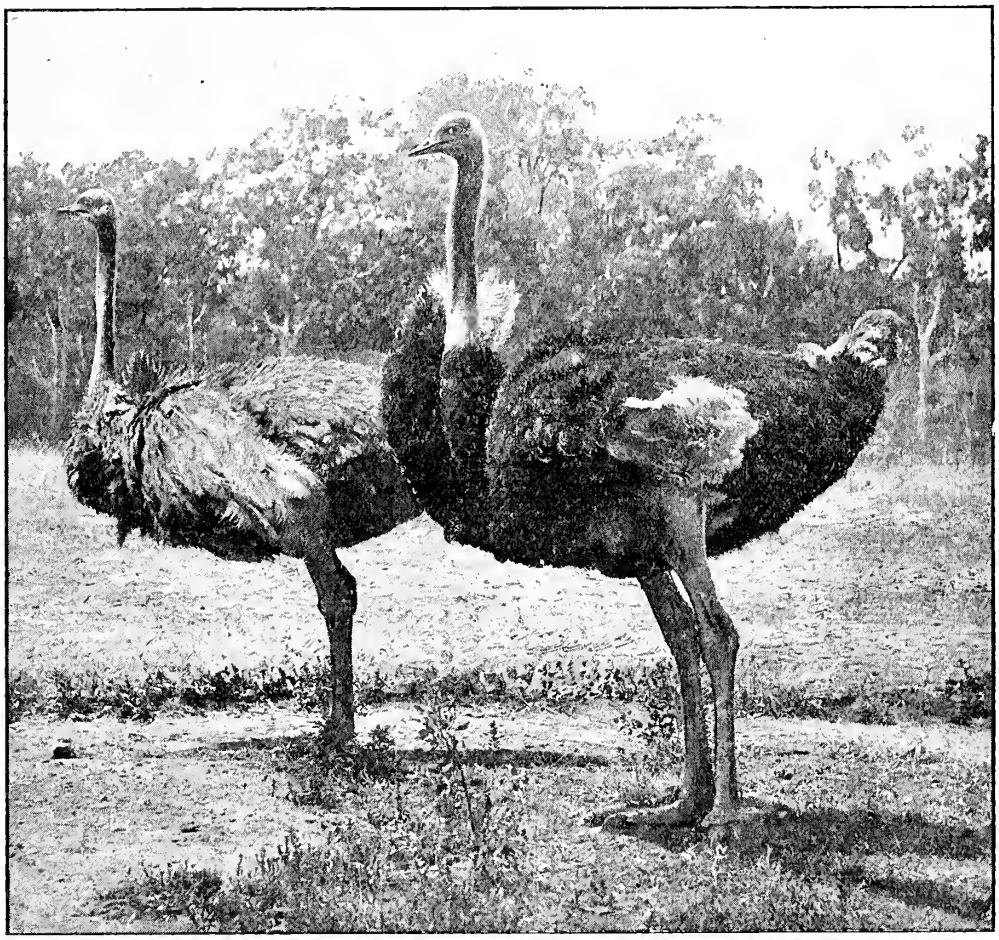
OSTRICHES

A FINE PAIR.

The ostrich is the largest existing bird. He reaches a height of from six to eight feet. His wings are quite useless as organs of flight, but he spreads them out when running, and they appear to act as sails. Everybody has heard of the digestion of the ostrich, but really he has no better digestion than any other bird. The trouble is that he lacks discretion, and fails to understand what is good for him and what is not. Needing really large pebbles to assist in the digestion of his food, he will in confinement swallow indiscriminately anything that comes his way, such as pieces of iron, bits of brick, or glass, or old shoes or coins, among other delicacies of as strange description. Copper coins once were accountable for the death of a valuable ostrich, while another found some pieces of a parasol beyond his powers to manipulate, and so he died. These fatalities, however, did not occur at the Melbourne Zoo.

Although there are thriving ostrich farms in Victoria, these birds do not get on well in Melbourne. There is but one pair now at the

Zoo, a fine male with a glossy black coat of feathers, white tips to wings and tail; and a female who is as demurely clad in grey as any Puritan maiden. Not long ago there was another fine male bird there, but one Sunday afternoon some wretched man poked his umbrella into one of



The weather eye open.

its eyes and gouged it out on to its cheek. When the cries of the by-standers brought a member of the staff on the scene the culprit had disappeared and could not be traced, but the unfortunate victim of his incredible cruelty had received such a shock that it pined and died in spite of all the skill and care that could be lavished upon it.

There is a double fence running the whole length of their paddock, and it is there to protect the public from any sudden impulse of savagery on the part of the male ostrich. He is a most rapacious bird, and in his ungovernable eagerness to snatch a proffered dainty he is quite capable of seizing the hand with it. These two seem happy enough there, and the female lays eggs and sits on them well, but she has never succeeded in hatching a single chick.

FRIGHTENED OF A BIRD!

The male ostrich has an invincible hatred of dungarees. If any man passes by his fence in these objectionable blue clothes, he gets furious, and spreads both wings as he rushes up and down in a vain attempt to get at him. It is probable that they remind him only too forcibly of a day when life grew very strenuous for an hour.

Two fish ponds had been dug in his paddock and built around with bluestone. They were to be used for hatching trout to stock our rivers. After they were finished the plumber was requested to connect the ponds with the water mains outside. He was a very little man, and was not anxious to undertake the task. He did not like the look of the ostrich's claws should he wish to come to conclusions, and he was by no means sure that the bird was perfectly tame. However, as day succeeded day and nothing happened he got used to his surroundings, as one gets used to anything. When he had almost finished his task, he happened to look up to the bank of the pond, and to his blank dismay he saw the bird parading around it, evidently in search of a safe place to descend. Terrified, the poor man did the only thing that occurred to him at the moment, and as he screamed for help he snatched up a couple of bags and threw them over himself, and then crouched down close to the ground, huddled up into as compact a bundle as he could make of himself.

Mr. Wilkie had heard his cry, and as he was on the way to supervise the plumber's work, he soon reached the spot. Seeing the ostrich stalking around the edge of the pond, he guessed there was something rotten in the State of Denmark, and hastily broke off a large bough from a tree as he ran to investigate. Such a weapon is the best of all against an ostrich, for if it be shaken in his face the bird will get hopelessly confused and forget all about the mischief on hand in his desire to escape from it. As soon as the bird saw the well-known figure coming towards him so formidably armed he dashed off into safety, and so there was no hindrance to the rescuer getting across to the pond. When Mr. Wilkie looked down, the sight that met his gaze was so comical that he could

scarcely speak for laughing. It was too funny to see a man adopt the ostriches' tactics to escape threatening danger from an ostrich!

At last he cried:

"Hallo, old man; taking a leaf out of the ostriches' book?"

The bag moved cautiously. A head appeared.

"Is it gone?"

"Yes; come up! I've heard that ostriches hide their heads from men in the belief that their bodies could not be seen, but this is the first time I've known a man to hide like that from an ostrich!"

Seeing that the man was really too frightened to move, he got down to him, and found that the alarm had brought on so acute an attack of rheumatism that he was physically incapable of rising even if he could have thrown off the shock. Mr. Wilkie had just begun to help the poor plumber up, when a voice cried from beyond the fence:

"Hallo, old man, frightened of a bird?"

This voice belonged to a man who was working at the water main outside, who, when he saw what was going forward, at once "downed tools" and prepared to vault the fence. He was as big as the plumber was little, and as he began to "shoo!" the ostrich bravely, Mr. Wilkie interfered.

"Now; leave that bird alone. He's pretty savage already, and it will do no good to anybody if he gets worse."

The man laughed aloud.

"Pooh!" he cried. "Who's frightened of that Brahmaputra?"

Saying this he raised his hands again and "shoo'd" the bird once more. Mr. Wilkie got the crippled plumber just to the gate when he heard a cry of terror behind him, and there was the courageous challenger of the "Brahmaputra" flying for his life before the swift-footed and powerful bird. Instead of rushing towards the gate, and thus to safety, the panic-stricken man raced for the ostrich house in the centre of the paddock, and there in a moment he was playing the game of "Here we go round the mulberry bush," with the bird. Round and round they went, but it was the ostrich that showed the possession of sense and initiative. Instead of blindly following the man in the unending game, he presently stopped and went in the other direction. Thus he came fairly upon the fugitive rushing towards him. The man tried to turn, but was not quick enough to get away. The ostrich raised first one powerful claw, and then another, and caught his clothes at the back of the neck with a violence that would unquestionably have killed him had the blows been placed in the middle of his back. With one strong movement, he drew both feet downwards, and ripped his victim's clothes

down to his heels. Mr. Wilkie arrived just in time to see the finishing touch of this avenging stroke, but prevented worse injury than a nasty bruise on one hip and a number of superficial scratches. He had to chase the angry creature well to the far end of the paddock and make sure of his remaining there before he could think of rendering first-aid to the injured. He then found it necessary to get the bags the poor little plumber had used as a screen, and wrap them about the one who had been so unexpectedly undressed, before he could pilot him through byways and hedges to the office, where he had to stay until he could be made fit once more to appear in polite society. After that was done the little plumber had also to be helped from the seat where he had been put, and sent to more congenial surroundings.

Before any further work was done in that paddock a strong wire rope was run around a portion of it, and the birds were effectually shut off from the workmen, but ever since that day the ostrich has evinced a savage objection to dungarees, and he follows any man wearing them the full length of his paddock, making, as I said before, frantic efforts to get at him and strip him as he did the man who was not frightened of a bird.

KANGAROOS AND WALLABIES

KANGAROO DRIVES.

Kangaroos are protected by our game laws all the year round; but when it can be shown that they have become so numerous in any district as to constitute a menace to pastoralists or farmers the Government permits a day's "drive," during which the settlers may kill all they can reach. Such days are celebrated with a certain amount of ceremony, and considerable preparation is made to ensure their success. Ladies and gentlemen who are fond of hunting are invited to follow on horseback, and the townspeople are asked to be present at the spot where the round-up is to be made. Some time ago there was a great drive at the overseer's run near Mr. Ritchie's homestead in the Western District, between Hamilton and Penshurst. As it was hoped to catch a number of kangaroos alive to re-stock the Zoological Gardens, Mr. Le Souef and Mr. Wilkie went down there to arrange a "race" where the animals should be corralled instead of being shot at sight. This "race" was

about seven or eight chains long, and about two chains broad in its widest part. It consisted of wire netting run out from the dividing fence in a V shape. The overseer had placed a row of wire netting above a three-rail fence on one side, and a double row of wire netting on the other, to make it about six feet high on both sides. Mr. Wilkie thought that the kangaroos would easily jump that height, but the man asked: "Did you ever see a kangaroo jump a six foot fence? There's not one in the country could do it." The other thought differently, and, as he wished to make doubly sure of bagging a fine lot, to please him the overseer had another width of wire netting run all round, and then all were satisfied that no kangaroo could negotiate nine feet, however frightened it might be. The race was buttressed at frequent intervals by saplings, and a sliding gate was placed midway down to secure the number required as soon as they were caught.

It was a glorious day, and the country was as fine as any to be found in all Victoria. Mounts Sturgeon and Rouse rose splendidly in the distance, and the undulating and heavily timbered country at their feet was sufficiently wild to try the capabilities of the best horsemen and horsewomen of the district. The marsupials were known to be congregated in a spot perhaps three or four miles from the race. The hunters rode out wide and gradually rounded them up. Everybody used stockwhips, and the cracking of these, with the constant shouting as the horses flew over fences, ditches, logs and every conceivable obstacle, made the country for miles around echo with one ceaseless roll of sound. Those who were waiting at the race first saw the old man kangaroo, *i.e.*, the leader of the mob, bounding towards the danger zone with wonderful strides of perhaps twenty feet each time. Then came one confused jumble of the lesser kangaroos as they wildly followed their leader, and around them all were the ladies and gentlemen on horseback endeavoring to keep them in a straight path for the race. About three-quarters of a mile from "home" the stockmen joined the hunting party, and then the cracking of the whips was like a regiment of soldiers firing a *feu de joie*. Between ninety and one hundred kangaroos were in the flying mob, and Mr. Wilkie considers it to have been one of the finest sights he has ever witnessed, as they bounded towards the race in mighty, majestic waves. Some of the terrified creatures defied both whips and horsemen and broke bounds. They went with such tremendous leaps that perforce they had to be let go whither they would. Perhaps seventy came straight on, and as soon as thirty or forty were safely inside the enclosure the gate was drawn. The prisoners, checked in their bounding, made a quick run around the race and found they were shut in on every side. Then, almost without hesitation, one of them took that

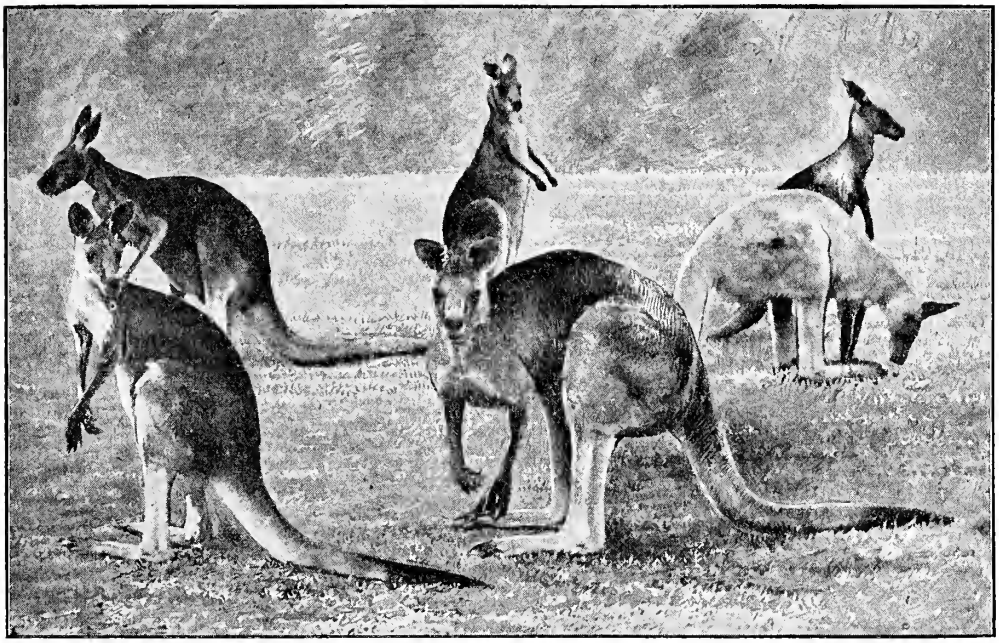
nine feet fence as if he were a swallow; and the rest followed his example. Pleasure turned to tragedy in the winking of an eye. Some of the poor things smashed into the unyielding fence and fell back dead with broken backs or broken necks. Others failed to clear the top, and being tripped, fell for ever on the other side or on top of their companions. Those, and they were many, who did get clear, were off like the wind to join their braver or more desperate friends who had run the gauntlet earlier in the day. All that were captured and placed in the boxes for transmission to the Zoo were three!

During the heat and excitement of the moment when all the prey was escaping before their eyes, a rough stock rider, who was not afraid of anything living on two legs or four, determined to capture one kangaroo at all hazards. He saw one cunning creature making a series of battering assaults upon the netting near the ground, and as he watched, it managed to make a small passage way underneath, and began to squeeze its body through. He closed with it, and in his eagerness to catch it he fell on the ground, but held on fast to one limb as the creature slowly extricated itself from the net fence. The man flung his arms around its chest before it could get upright, and in an instant there was a whirling mass of tumbling man and beast as they rolled over and over in the dust, locked in each other's arms. Each had securely pinioned the other, and neither could let go in the swelter and smother of the dust and anxiety. The kangaroo could have killed the man had it so wished, but apparently all it asked for was liberty, and in its struggles, while it tore his leggings off as if they had been muslin, and ripped his corduroy breeches and stripped his shirt from his back, it only inflicted a few superficial scratches upon his body. A number of interested stockmen gathered around to watch the fight, but while they were all ready with advice as to how to catch the animal securely, none of them ventured into the mad welter to give him the benefit of assistance. At last the kangaroo got on top, and with a mighty wrench it succeeded in getting free of the man. It gave him a fearsome knock-down blow that sent him backwards, with arms and legs in the air, too breathless from the fall to move; and so the man had to watch his mark give one of the mightiest, highest, widest leaps a kangaroo has ever been seen to make, as it made certain of the liberty it had secured at so high a cost.

At another drive where it was hoped a specimen or two would be obtained for the Zoo the procedure was different. It was at Woodgate, near Yarram, on the Gippsland line, in a beautiful bit of hazel scrub. A number of fine shots hid themselves in the undergrowth, and beaters

sent a crowd of well over one hundred kangaroos from all the runs round about down towards them.

It was arranged that the flying mob should run the gauntlet of the hidden guns, and if a kangaroo managed to get through the narrow avenue untouched it should remain unmolested for the rest of the day. No fewer than eleven of them got past those death-spitting weapons unscathed, and bought immunity at that fearful price. One very fine animal came close to Mr. Wilkie's hiding place, and paused to consider the best course to pursue. Her eyes were so troubled that she looked



"Australia will be there."

almost human. The sportsman next him pushed his rifle into Mr. Wilkie's hands.

"You take it," he said. "You ought to have a shot."

As the gun was levelled the distracted creature sat upright, and a fine joey thrust its head out of her pouch and looked about with evident interest in the stir and bustle. No wonder, then, that those magnificent eyes were humanised with pain!

The weapon was lowered, and next minute was handed back to its owner.

"I could nearly as well kill a man as that mother," he said, and the sportsman agreed, while she bounded off to safety.

There was a hardy little bushman among the beaters who drove the animals down. He was mounted on a nuggety little pony, and was suddenly possessed of the whim to capture a full grown male kangaroo alive and present him to Mr. Wilkie for the Zoo. He endeavored to get alongside the bounding creature, and with the butt of his stockwhip hit it on the forehead and bowl it over. A very light knock would suffice to throw it down, stunned, and then its capture would be a matter of seconds. He had the lash of his whip coiled about his wrist. The handle was about eighteen inches long, and its end was very thick, and was loaded. He gave a fine exhibition of reckless riding. As the kangaroo bounded, he rode, over trees and great fallen logs and high stumps, up hills, down gullies, and through the underbrush as though it were non-existent. It was thought that the end of the chase had come, victoriously for the rider, when a high four-barred fence stopped their mad career—but the kangaroo took it with space to clear, and the pony jibbed badly! The bushman nearly broke his own neck in his furious attempts to make his little mount follow the escapee, but it was of no use, and so he came back, crestfallen and disgusted.

"The beggar beat me at the fence," was all he would say about his disappointment.

The law is very strict about the disposal of kangaroo skins. An inspector is always present at these drives, and he counts every fallen beast. A bushman is employed to skin the victims, and he salts and rolls up the hides and sends them off without delay to the Fisheries and Game department. The tails, however, are usually missing from the hides. They are not tanned into leather—they make delicious soup, and therefore like the famous goose that appeared at table with one leg, it would need a very loud "shoo!" to join tail and pelt at headquarters.

PRACTICAL JOKERS.

Pet kangaroos, Mr. Wilkie considers, can be trusted to be civil until they are about five years old. They are very playful when young, and have a fondness for practical joking. After that age, however, they are very uncertain playthings, and no one is absolutely safe with them for the remaining ten or twelve years of their history. At the Zoo not long ago were two half-grown kangaroos who were noted for their love of coming stealthily up behind the keepers and giving them a sudden kick. This, though done from sheer love of mischief and with-

out the smallest degree of spitefulness, was most unpleasant for the victim, as the 'roos had no notion of moderating the force of blows dealt in fun. One day a gardener went into their paddock to clear up fallen rubbish. He was previously warned of this propensity of the pair, and told to keep them well in sight so that he should not be taken unawares. He was so intent upon his work, or so absorbed in thought, that he forgot all his instructions, and was bending low over the heap of rubbish he had raked together, when the larger of the two kangaroos hopped up and dealt his favorite blow. Taken completely off his guard, the man had no time to steady himself, and down he went, bowled over by the force of the impact.

The moment the two saw the man stretched out on the ground, their fighting spirit was roused, and the joke became real earnest. Both attacked him furiously, and it was some time before the unfortunate man could beat them off sufficiently to regain his feet. As soon as he did so he engaged the nearest animal in a fine round of boxing that might have brought him off victorious; but the second one, in a most unsportsmanlike way, came behind him and, catching him by the shoulders with his hand-like fore-paws, brought his formidable hind-feet to work on the gardener's ribs. Under these conditions it was but a short time before the man was on his back a second time, and the two punished him very cruelly. A lady passing the compound saw the struggle and quickly warned a keeper, who snatched up a bass broom as he ran—this is the best weapon a man can have—and in a moment he had vaulted the fence and beaten the two wildly excited animals off. He got the battered victim out of the paddock, but a subsequent medical examination proved that a number of ribs were broken, the collar bone fractured, and the head was badly cut in several places. Like so many practical jokers, the two young kangaroos found that they had lost their friends.

PAINTING A KANGAROO RED.

Years ago a quaint old character was employed at the gardens as a painter. He had been "sans teeth" for many years, and he was wedded to clay pipes, which he flavored with great assiduity. These pipes were difficult to keep steady in toothless gums, so he had a way of twining black cotton around an inch or two of the stems, and this provided what he considered an admirable "holdfast." It has always been a rule in the gardens that no smoking shall be indulged in during working hours, but the old painter found it conducive to artistic effects if his brain were soothed by nicotine as he decorated labels or transformed finger-marked fences. One morning his task was to paint the stand

holding the kangaroos' label, and he was annoyed when he received the customary warning to keep one eye on the animals and one on his work. He scorned the idea of being afraid of kangaroos—he always prided himself upon his fearlessness. So he filled his pipe with his usual deliberation, and then proceeded to combine business with pleasure. He began painting, but as the label was much taller than himself he had to stand on tiptoe and stretch as far as possible to reach the top of it. He had not done much of its surface before he heard a strange grunting noise behind him like "Hun-n-n!" To his guilty conscience it said unmistakably: "Mr. Le Souef does not allow smoking during working hours!" so the next minute his idol lay shattered at his feet. When he discovered that it was not an accusing superior, but an old man kangaroo, he was as annoyed as he was alarmed. There was no hope of safety in flight, for any attempt at a run would be the signal for a knock-down blow. To leave the post at all would mean that he must fight a champion boxer in the open. There was not much shelter in the post, which was perhaps eight inches broad, but still, it had a distinctly useful value for dodging purposes, so the old man nimbly slipped round to the other side. The kangaroo hopped after him, but he was by that time again at his starting point. They changed their tactics. Each took a stand at one side of the post, and began a sparring match. The old man tried repeatedly to hit the kangaroo in the face, but he was far too practised a boxer to be caught unawares, and his face was shielded every time. "I was like a drunk after a keyhole," he said afterwards, "the only thing I was sure of was missing the mark!" Then he remembered that the hand that held the post also held a brush wet with red paint. Here was a most effective weapon! The happy thought came that if he could dab that wet paint into the animal's eyes he would be defeated absolutely, and so he pointed steadily in that direction. The fun began in real earnest. The animal seemed to divine the intention of the man, and he was as determined to save his face as the man was to paint it. They again began the fun of chasing each other around that strictly circumscribed area, the man constantly jabbing with his brush, and the animal defending himself from it most cleverly. He had the whole of the creature's breast a flaming scarlet without once touching the spot that was to free him from his uncomfortable predicament. Next to the bear the kangaroo is the finest boxer in the animal world, and its guard is well-nigh perfect. "He guarded so well," said the painter, "that it was nearly ten minutes before I landed him one with the wet brush right between the eyes and finished his little game." As the paint began to trickle down the kangaroo instinctively

tried to wipe it away with the back of his hands, and thus he rubbed it into his eyes and half-blinded himself.

At once the duel resolved itself into:

"Punch said to Judy: 'Will you fight any more?'
'Oh, no!' said Judy, 'My eyes are too sore!'"

The old man took advantage of the pause to get out of the paddock as quickly as he could run, even leaving his broken pipe behind him; but there was really no need of such haste, for the kangaroo was otherwise engaged, and the old man's "subsequent proceedings interested him no more."

UNEQUALLY MATCHED.

A red kangaroo, not so very long ago, gave a mighty leap and got into his neighbor's domains. This neighbor was a great grey kangaroo, and as the two had not been on the best of terms for some time, through the dividing fence, they thought this was an excellent opportunity of having the quarrel out. Although the red had not as fine a physique as the grey one, he proved himself to be a notable fighter, and the two gave a magnificent display of boxing. Weight and height told in favor of the grey one at length, and when they were separated the red was still quite game, though obviously tired. He was put back in his own compound, and an examination failed to reveal anything more than a few ugly scratches. Next morning, to the surprise of all, he was found dead. The head keeper skinned him to discover the cause of death, and he called to Mr. Wilkie in astonishment.

"Why, it wasn't the fight that killed him. He's been shot clean through the forehead."

Mr. Wilkie laughed at such a supposition, but there was the clean round wound in the skull that could not be gainsaid.

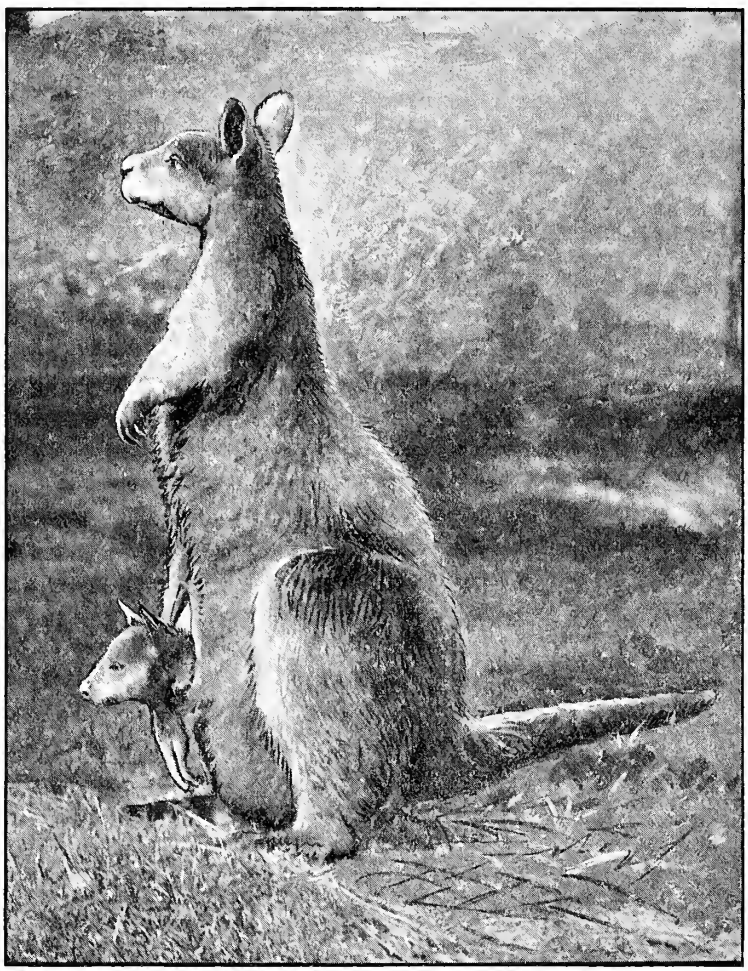
"Open up the head," he said, "and find the bullet. It's been a fine shot."

A minute search failed to show any trace of a bullet, and moreover, less than half-an-inch inside there was no further trace of the injury. Closer investigation showed that the skin had been torn, not shot, and then they understood that the long, prominent middle claw of his opponent's hind foot had penetrated right through the skull and had been his death blow. The wound had not caused instant unconsciousness, nor had it bled, but it must have caused death fairly quickly, for it was sundown when they fought, and he was cold and stiff next

morning. Such a chance mortal wound must be a very rare thing in the animal world.

ON THE WALLABY TRACK.

The wallaby is smaller than the kangaroo, and it has hair on its hide, whereas the kangaroo has fur. Moreover, the wallaby does not



A Proud Mother.

use his tail as an aid to moving as the kangaroo does. His tail is not nearly as powerful, and it slopes to a point in quite a different way from his great cousin's useful appendage. Although the amateur finds some

difficulty in detecting the differences between the two species the bushman knows which is which at once by the method of bounding before they come near enough for other distinctions to be observed.

Some time ago there was a wallaby at the gardens that could not be kept in its proper place. It liked to roam the garden paths, and especially on a Sunday would it indulge its wandering propensities. Men and boys, and often women, too, would set up a wallaby chase as soon as they saw its well-known head peep up from some covering shrubs, and fine sport would ensue, over flowerbeds, through shrubberies, and anywhere, until they were baffled by the sudden but complete disappearance of the quarry. It never once occurred to them that a quiet looking wallaby watching them unconcernedly from a compound was the one they had lost, but the cunning animal had a dozen different secret entrances and exits to his home, and when he found the hunt too fierce he would elude everybody by disappearing down one of his burrows and re-appearing as a well-conducted denizen of the paddock with the other wallabies. He was rather a favorite in the gardens, although he did give an immense amount of extra work to the gardeners on a Monday morning, and was not at all particular whether he led them a dance or not. One day after a big run he got into the Cape Barren Goose's enclosure, and from there, he must have sprung over to the eagles' paddock. One of the keepers heard a great sound of revelry among these excitable birds, and went to investigate. They were all clustered around what a very short time before was this wallaby, but what now proved to be some hair and a few bones. Sunday chases ended abruptly.

SWANS AND DUCKS

A UNIVERSITY DON.

Black and white swans live together now on one of the ponds in perfect accord, but when the first black swan arrived at the gardens the male white swan took very strong exception to his presence. He thought that black swans, like black natives, should be segregated, and proved himself a doughty upholder of the policy of a White Australia. This particular black swan was not an ordinary one. Indeed, he came from the University, where he took all the honors of the lake to himself. He was so arrogant, so overbearingly superior, on the University lake,

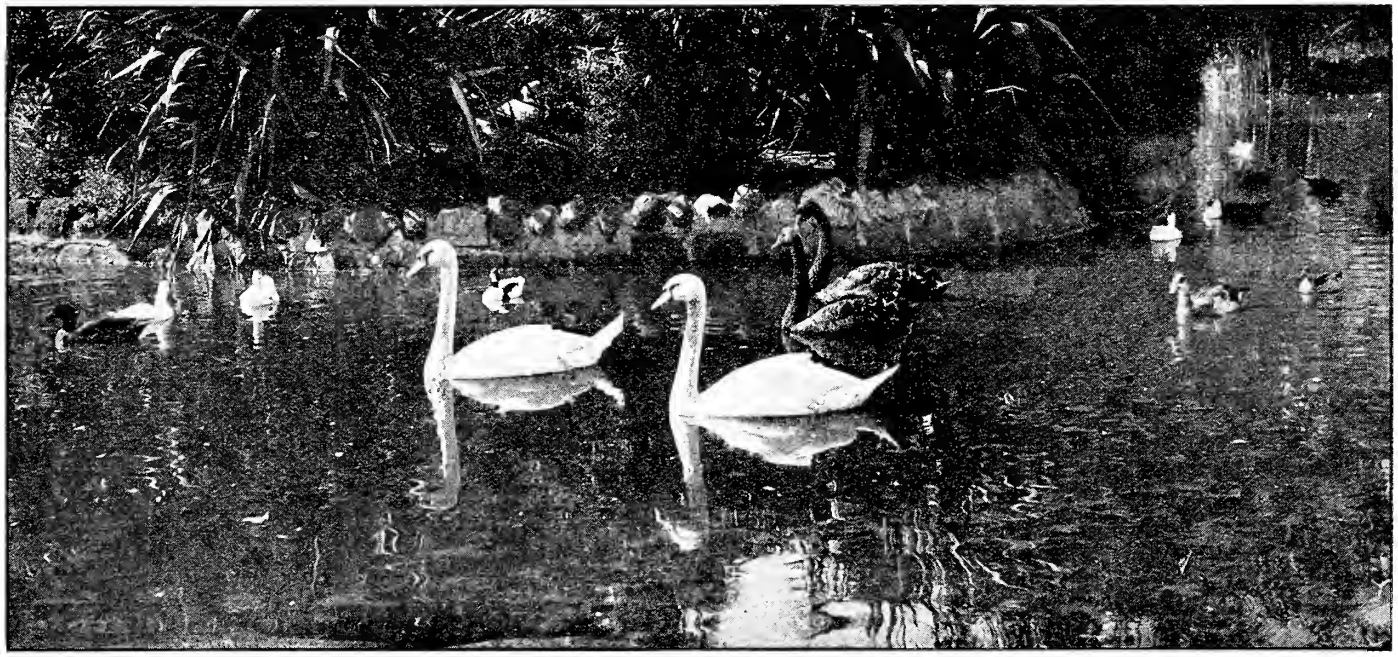
that it has to be confessed that he was rusticated and sent to the Zoo for conduct unbecoming to an alumnus of Alma Mater. Disdaining the indignity, he decided to show the unlettered creatures of the Zoo how far a University training had raised him above the rabble, but alas, they thought themselves quite as good as he—and what was far worse, they proved it! He put several small ducks to rout—a not very creditable performance, but as soon as the male swan, who had held undisputed sway on that pond for a very long while, saw the upstart intruder, he sailed up majestically to enquire into his reason for trespassing.

" 'It's very rude of you,' he said,
'To come and spoil the fun.' "

At first the black swan thought the white was in jest, and he was certain that a little judicious flattery would make them good friends until he could work a revolution in his own favor, but the white sternly ordered him to quit at once, and he

"Knew by that awful and kingly look,
By the order hastily spoken,"

that the challenge was meant to be taken in full seriousness, and so he at once turned to fly for the bank and safety. But the white swan was just as quick, and he caught him before the haven was reached. He caught the coward with his beak in the middle of the back, and hung on like grim death. The black got a terrible fright, and kept making for the bank with his assailant's beak biting right into his flesh. He flapped his wings piteously and cried aloud for mercy, but mercy there was none. He managed to crawl up the bank handicapped as he was with the weight of the heavier swan, but when he got on shore he was too exhausted to move a step further. Then his enemy crushed him down. He climbed right on the back of the beaten bird, all the time pounding him mercilessly with his cruel wings. Then the white managed to get a firmer grip of the black's neck, and was just proceeding to kill him by scalping when a keeper who had been working in the hippos' compounds rushed to the assistance of the black and pulled the infuriated white bird away from him. The black was badly torn, and took some time to recover from his wounds, but when he did recover he was not merely a wiser bird, he was rather a humbler one. The white was taken off to another pond, which was strongly netted in, and he paced up and down inside his cage for days, trying to get out and finish that fight. It is thought that, besides the arrogance of the newcomer



Beauty's home is surely there.

naturally challenging the old bird to teach him a lesson in humility, his fighting propensities were roused by the presence of two half-grown cygnets on the pond, and he felt it his duty to kill the black swan before he could touch them.

NESTING TIME.

Swans build their nests on the edge of ponds, and they have some instinct that teaches them what will be the highest water-mark during the period of incubation. Sometimes the nest breaks away from the bank, or from its supports, and Mr. Wilkie has seen more than one floating on the water with the mother bird serenely sitting as usual. While she is sitting the male swan is exceedingly dangerous, and it is well for our friend the Cape Barren goose that he and the swan did not come to conclusions at that period of its history. Peaceable enough at ordinary times, he then drives everything living off the pond. Once when ratting, a terrier sprang into the water after a rat that was escaping that way, and the vicious bird attacked him, and, while thrashing him unmercifully with the powerful pinion joints of his wings, held him under the water to drown him, and he would have succeeded, too, had not the dog been rescued at the last gasp by the keepers. This bird and his mate have reared several broods, but boys have stolen three of their clutches of eggs, and probably that has not improved his temper. It is a curious fact that the cygnets of white swans are black, while the young of black swans are white!

IN COMBAT.

A fight between two swans is always a thrilling sight to witness. Each one tries to get the other by the back of the neck between the shoulders. To do this they must swim around each other for a long while, making innumerable ineffective snaps. When baulked they fly together, breast to breast, hitting as hard as they can with the pinion joints of their outspread wings. The savageness with which they attack is incredible. They stand up in the water to hit, and the cracks resound far and wide. Then they will swim off, come together again, and renew hostilities, always watching for the main chance of getting at that strategic point between the shoulders. At last one will manage to get his beak into the nape of the other's neck, and once he gets hold he never lets go until the end of the fight. His own head is quite safe, and he does not fear the cracking of the wings of the under dog. He now spends his energies in attempting to effect a landing upon the back of his downed foe, and as soon as he succeeds he immerses him in the

water to scalp him—the swan's usual method of killing. The under, helpless swan tries to shake off his opponent by diving and jerking him off, but this is usually hopeless. If the top one fails to give his desperately wriggling victim his quietus by scalping, exhaustion will eventually compel him to let go, and then the released bird will be in a state of collapse, with only power to dog-paddle with his wings to the bank for rest.

A DUCK THAT COULD NOT SWIM.

Probably the last thing that we can easily credit is the statement that there could be a duck without the power of swimming. It was thought an impossibility—if it ever was thought of at all—until recently, when by accident such a thing was discovered at the Zoo. There was a great white Muscovy drake that had been away from water deep enough for more than wading for several years. It was thought expedient to place him on the swans' pond with several ducks of his species, and therefore one morning he was carried thither and thrown in. At once they saw there was something wrong. He sank far below the Plimsoll mark, as though he were freighted to the very limit. After a few frantic attempts to prevent himself gliding down into the water, first head foremost and then by the stern, as if he were a torpedoed liner, he determined to make for the island that stood invitingly near. He had at once discovered that he was in far too deep water to wade through it, so he made an awkward attempt at propelling himself towards firm earth and safety. He pitched dangerously for a moment or two, and threw open his wings in his frantic attempts to save himself from drowning. He then discovered that by using his wings he could paddle along with less risk of disaster than he had by staying still. The poor thing was obviously terrified of foundering, and he did not like the whole community of ducks on the pond watching him with open-mouthed astonishment. With a series of splashes, beating the water with his open wings, he got finally to the island, but, when he was driven off from there by the insatiable curiosity of the other birds, he made such a miserable attempt to get to the other side that one of the men waded in and brought him out to prevent him drowning.

This seemed such an extraordinary thing that I was asked to go and watch the phenomenon for myself. It was a beautiful morning and the whole of the birds were sleeping in the sunshine on the shore when the great duck was put gently into the pond. At once he began rocking dangerously lengthways, as he sank lower and lower in the water until it almost reached his pinion joints. The male white swan hastily came

up to interrogate him, and in a moment or two he was joined by his mate and the two black swans. The duck got rather uneasy about their prolonged conference over him, and attempted to move away from their vicinity. Such a commotion as he made disconcerted the onlookers tremendously. They moved aside to give him all the room he wanted for his exhibition of new swimming, and at once every bird about the pond came up hurriedly to watch the fun. He paused, obviously tired, several times en route for the island, and by the time he had splashed his way to land he had a great procession of gaping birds bringing up the rear. They stayed watching his movements on land for a while, and then swam in excited groups to find their own particular cronies among the gathering. Three white ducks met in a semi-circle and had a most animated conversation over the whole proceedings. They shook their heads as they quacked, and at last we were unspeakably amused to see the central one of the group break away and imitate the unfortunate drake for at least six strokes. He then came back to the other two as if to insist upon his contention that that was the way the strange bird had thought it right to swim. All the birds on the water had watched his demonstration with interest, and seemed ready to follow him as they had followed the other, but he turned back again too quickly, and swam properly towards the throng. A day or two later, a miserable, crest-fallen old bird was found prowling about outside his old quarters, waiting sadly for someone to come and let him in where his deficiencies would not make him an object of universal contempt. In the illustration "Beauty's Home is Surely There," he can be seen on the island, with his back turned to the dreaded water.

A TREE-NESTING DUCK.

Much interest is taken among naturalists in the question: How does a tree-nesting duck get her ducklings down to the water? Some people ridicule the idea of the mother getting her young ones on her back and flying down with them, and even go to the length of saying that she tumbles them out on to the turf below, or, in the event of the nest overhanging the water, into the pool itself. Mr. Wilkie states this is entirely contrary to Nature's way of doing things. Whenever she arranges a scheme of bringing young life into the world, she makes minutest provision for their proper chances of existing, and, to tumble young ducklings incontinently from a tree would be a sure way of destroying at least half, and maiming those not actually killed. There was a Korean duck in the gardens for years, and, although not a true tree-nesting duck, she always built her nest in a circular pigeon house that stood about twelve

feet above the ground. She hatched a number of broods, averaging eleven or twelve at a time. As soon as they were two or three days old—she never left them up there longer—she brought them down to the bank of the pond in two or three batches. They were poised on the middle of her back between the shoulders, which she almost cupped by holding her wings rigidly hunched up. She did not fly down, but volplaned to earth, steadying her ducklings most carefully as she sank. When one batch was placed on the bank, she returned for the second, and placed them beside the others. When the last were brought down, she marshalled them all to water, but the odd thing was that none of the first to arrive attempted to move until all were safely landed. They seemed to know that they must wait until the transportation of the whole family was completed before making a move towards the water. Had this bird left the moving of her brood to chance, or thrown them out, they must have fallen among thick blackberries and other brambles, which made such a tangled undergrowth that there would have been little chance of one escaping from it alive. The mother swan may often be seen swimming with her cygnets on her back in precisely the way this duck carried her young ones down.

Though this particular bird was not naturally a flier, she was more often seen on the roofs of houses or cages than on the ground. She was unpinioned, and was allowed perfect liberty to go where she pleased. After the pigeon house was removed, she philosophically built her nests on the ground like the other ducks in her company.

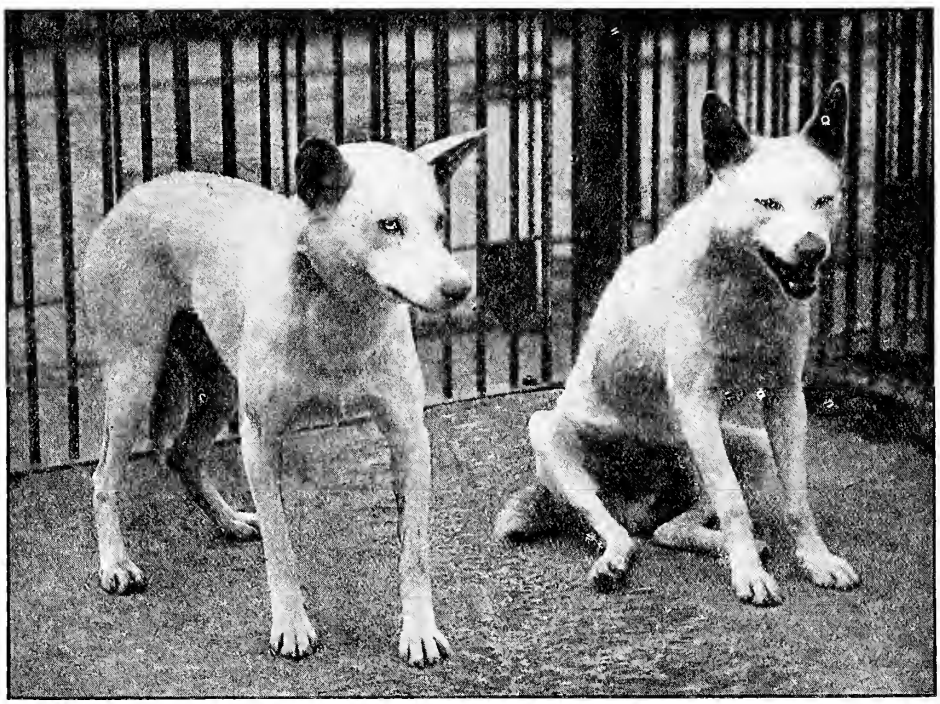
DINGOES

A MAD DINGO.

In the days when the Zoo was young somebody brought a dingo puppy there as a present for the infant collection. A boy who worked there at once asked for and received permission to rear the little thing, and it grew up into a very handsome animal, as quiet and as teachable as a collie. It learned to jump through a hoop, to bound over sticks, to sit up and beg, and to do numerous other doggy tricks; and it followed its young master about the gardens like a well-trained dog. But one evil day a goose or a duck was killed, and rightly or wrongly—it is still believed rightly—the culprit was presumed to be the dingo. Since there was no positive evidence against him the charge had to be dismissed 'Not Proven;' but to avoid any repetition of such accidents, it was

decreed that he must henceforth be shut up in a cage as one of the regular sights of the gardens and not merely a frequenter of them.

For a week all went well. The two comrades met and played together, and the dingo did not seem to object to his enforced idleness. Then one morning when his young master went into his cage for the purpose of cleaning it, he noticed that the animal showed signs of restlessness during their preliminary game together. However, they played happily enough, but as soon as the boy bent down to tidy the floor—he



Australian Prisoners.

was facing the dog—some savage instinct must have stirred him deeply, for he sprang with one bold leap and got on to the back of the crouching boy and fastened his ugly fangs in the calf of his left leg. Giving a sharp twist to his body in order to try to free himself from the brute, the boy managed to throw him off that leg, but only to feel the teeth close instantly in the right one. He quickly pushed his left arm around to save himself, but this movement merely made the almost mad thing crunch the left elbow and practically paralyse the arm for a time.

Desperate now, the boy gave a violent shake and managed to fling the dingo on to the floor. Then the antagonists faced each other, and the boy hoped he might be able to soothe his erstwhile companion and pet, but the thing had tasted the delights of battle and was ready for a fight to the death. Quick as thought he sprang for his old master's throat, instinctively making for the jugular vein where he knew death could be inflicted most rapidly. Seeing the unavoidable attack coming, the boy put up his right arm to shield himself—his left hung numb and powerless—and the dog's ferocious onslaught was stopped when he made his fangs meet in that elbow. The boy retained sufficient presence of mind to know that he must either use his arm as a gag as he steadily pressed the brute back, or risk the fearful damage he seemed determined to inflict. He now slowly got on to his knees, and thus got a firmer leverage against the maddened dog. A slow, horrible tussle began between the two. After the first few cruel bites, the arm grew mercifully numb, but the boy soon realised what a plight he was in with two nerveless hands. Should his strength give way completely before he was discovered, or his nerves fail to the point of faintness, it was good-bye to dear, sweet life. Calling at intervals as loudly as his fast ebbing strength would permit, he bore the burden of his situation as bravely as he could until his straining ears heard the first faint sounds of approaching footsteps. Mr. Meaker, senior, was returning from his morning rounds when he was attracted by a cry, and the second he realised what was going forward, he rushed to the rescue, armed with a formidable rake. He thrust this weapon into the animal's face and then pinned him down with it while the victim crawled out of the cage. The poor boy's wounds were bathed and bandaged, but there was some natural fear for consequences, for the brute seemed to have gone completely mad. Next morning Mr. Meaker put on a heavy pair of skin gloves and went into his cage to examine him, but the beast savagely made his teeth meet even through the hide of the gloves. The following day he was foaming at the mouth and showing every symptom of madness, so a special bit of meat was prepared for him with a seasoning of strychnine, and thus it came about that, like Goldsmith's story of a parallel incident,

> "The man recovered of the bite,
> The dog it was that died."

Very shortly afterwards one of the finest dingo skins to be seen anywhere was set up, stuffed, in the Melbourne Museum, and to this day the other participant in that memorable struggle carries the marks of dingo teeth in every limb.

SIX HUNDRED VICTIMS.

A surprising story is told by Mr. J. S. Bacon, of Deepwater, New South Wales, about a dingo, or wild dog, that accounted for six hundred sheep, besides doing damage hard to estimate to the flocks of the settlers of the district, before he was finally despatched. He was a powerfully-built, black dog, with a white star on his chest. He had twice been trapped—the first time he left behind him a front paw; the second, a toe from a hind foot. Several times he was poisoned, but recovered, and he had been chased on horseback, fruitlessly, times without number. All his mates, the ordinary dingoes, had fallen victims to the many traps laid for him, but he eluded them all. His main home was in some secluded mountains on the New England portion of the Great Dividing Range, between the heads of the Deepwater and Dundee rivers. From there he used to travel at night to the different sheep runs, which spread in a half-circle around the foot of those mountains for over twenty miles. His lair was so situated that he could reach the middle runs, or those at either end, in a sprint of from five to eight miles. He always made a bee-line for the dog-proof fences, and then he scratched under, jumped over, or bit his way through the wires. His plans were well thought out. He would suddenly appear in the middle runs and the slaughter would be fearful. On an average he was reckoned to eat a 40-lb. sheep every three days. After making things hum in these runs, and turning out the neighborhood in a search for him, he would disappear from ken for about a week. Then he would make his appearance at one of the end runs, and thus his depredations became the bane of the sheep farmers of the place. In despair, they clubbed together and offered a bonus of £50 for his dead body. Knowing that Mr. Bacon's losses from dingoes had exceeded £1,000, and that he had naturally made a science of their destruction, they asked him to devote his time to the task. He consented, but for a week every effort was useless. The dog knew as well as his pursuer where the traps were laid and where danger was writ large for him. Then the trapper resorted to an old scheme of his of setting a trap under water, wading down stream and jumping straight from the river on to his horse, thus leaving no scent at all behind him to warn the cunning brute. This succeeded at once, and the delighted sheep owners made the honorarium £60, which, as Mr. Bacon observed, seemed like getting a little of his own back.

HYÆNAS

NIGGER.

Nearly everybody feels a dislike to the hyæna. He is an ugly animal, and has a most offensive smell; besides, we hear so many gruesome stories about the way he robs newly-made graves of their occupants in Asia and Africa that we are apt to conclude there is no goodness in him. It must be admitted that he is a grave robber. He follows the very poor natives when they carry their dead relatives to their crude tombs, and he watches their funeral rites, not from sympathy, but from eagerness to see them depart for their homes. When he is sure that the dead is undefended by the living, he stealthily scrapes away the earth from the shallow grave and devours the corpse. Naturally, then, he is loathed by the natives. But he has a usefulness that far outweighs his ghoulishness. He is a carrion feeder, and is not at all particular whether his food has been dead a few minutes or an unspecified length of time. In hot countries any dead animal is a real menace to the inhabitants. It would disseminate fevers by contaminating waterholes or rivers, or set up other epidemics, were it not that the "scavenger" animals such as the hyænas and jackals, or birds of the vulture and adjutant type are for ever on the watch for them; and some of them, like the hyæna, leave not even the bones to decay beneath the fierce tropical sun.

It must not be believed that the hyæna has no good points. He is often tamed and becomes a very good watch-dog for his master. That he is capable of sincere and lasting affection is proved by a very pretty story told of the striped hyæna at the Zoo. He was secured in his babyhood by a collector of wild animals named Mr. Ellis Josephs, and tamed so kindly by him that the animal developed a strong love for his owner. Mr. Josephs had only to pat him on the head for the animal (who was called "Nigger"), to fling himself on his back and curl up like a dog, howling with pleasure. When he was brought as his master's companion on a vessel to Australia he was chained to the main hatchway like a great dog, and was made much of to relieve the tedium of the voyage. But even a collector of wild animals can scarcely lead about a full-grown hyæna wherever he goes, and so Mr. Josephs reluctantly sold his pet to the Melbourne Zoo. Nigger did not approve of the change of ownership, and although he thrived well enough in his cage he would not

transfer his affections from his old master to any of the keepers, and remained as reserved and repellent as any of the other members of his species there.

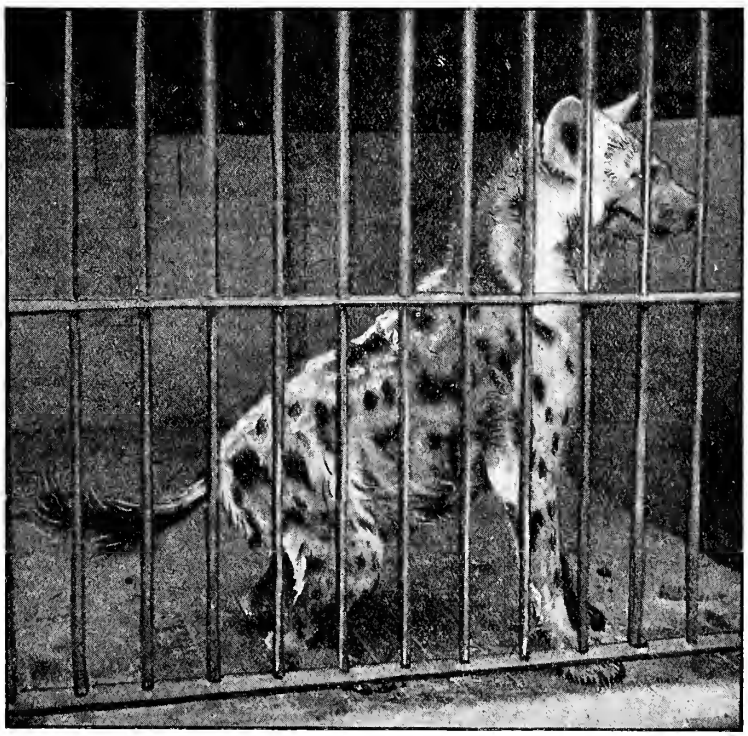
About two years afterwards Mr. Josephs returned to Melbourne. He was interested to find out whether his old pet remembered him, and so one Sunday afternoon he went to seek him out. There were perhaps a hundred people about the cage, but since Mr. Josephs reached six feet seven or eight inches in height it was with little difficulty that he looked over the heads of the crowd and called "Nigger! Nigger!!" At the first sound of his voice the animal jumped with astonishment and quivered painfully as he held back his ears to listen for the unexpected sounds. The second time his former name was called he was certain that he was not dreaming, but that, although he could not yet see him, his old master was somewhere very close to him. He sprang nearly to the roof of his cage in his eagerness to catch a glimpse of Mr. Josephs, and flung himself desperately again and again at his bars in a wild attempt to break through to liberty and friendship. When at last Mr. Josephs managed to elbow his way through to the cage, and was able to get inside to pet and fondle him, Nigger was so excited, and found himself so utterly incapable of giving vent to all his joy that he nearly went mad. The poor creature's anxiety to remain with his long lost master was so pathetic a sight that it brought tears to the eyes of those who were watching the little romance of wild life. There is something very good about an animal that can treasure up memories of past kindness like that, and remain true to an affection after so long a time.

A TUG OF WAR.

Generally speaking, keepers have not too much to say in favor of hyænas. The spotted hyæna is rather smaller than the largest varieties of the striped hyæna, but it is more fierce and dangerous, and, perhaps, more treacherous. The striped hyæna barks like a dog; the spotted one can bark too, but it has a most extraordinary way of expressing any strong emotion—delight or passion—by a weird laugh, so uncanny that it can only be compared with the ghastly laugh of a maniac. Therefore it is frequently called the Laughing Hyæna. It is an inhabitant of South Africa, and the people of the Cape of Good Hope call it the "Tiger-wolf." Hyænas seize an object with so firm a hold that once they get a grip it is almost impossible to wrench their jaws apart, and among the Arabs this tendency has caused them to be proverbial for obstinacy. This characteristic is well brought out in the following story.

At the Zoo some time ago there was a spotted hyæna that was so

docile and friendly that all the keepers had a kindly word and a pat for him as they passed his cage. He would press himself along the bars like a cat in his eagerness for a rub, and there was an expression on his face that seemed to say: "Come and pet me!" Consequently they all petted him, and he was something of a general favorite. It was approaching Christmas time one year, and the keepers were actively at work re-painting cages and generally giving the place a good spring cleaning. One



Watching for the meat man.

day three or four of them were engaged in refurbishing the hyænas' cages, and this particular animal took a lively interest in the whole proceedings, apparently quite pleased to have so much company about.

"Isn't this thing nice and quiet?" asked one of the men, as he paused in his work and stood stroking the hyæna. While petting the creature he noticed that some sawdust had lodged along the central bar of the cage, and, knowing that it would stick there permanently if not brushed off the wet paint, he thoughtlessly began to flick it off with his fingers

instead of using his paint brush for the purpose. He had not rubbed one-half the bar before the creature made a savage snap, and caught three of his fingers in his powerful jaws. Mr. Wilkie at once saw what a fearful predicament the man was in. Could the brute but get the hand further inside the bars it would be good-bye to the hand and perhaps to the arm as well. There was no unlocking those vyce-like teeth, so all that could be done was to grip the unfortunate man about the waist and pull as hard as he could be pulled in order that no further hold should be got by the beast, and that he would weary of the resultless struggle. For nearly a quarter of an hour that amazing and cruel tug-of-war went on, the two sides watching with desperate eagerness for the faintest sign of weakening in the opponent. On the one side were the two men straining all their powers to prevent the hyæna from twisting the fingers to the side of his mouth in order to bite them completely off, or from gaining the slightest chance to draw a further fraction of the hand into the cage. The beast was sitting with his powerful forepaws strained fast against the iron bars, which, of course, gave him an additional leverage upon the poor lacerated fingers, and was waiting for his opportunity to snap to greater advantage. Which would win? After what seemed an eternity to the man who was suffering tortures, and to the friend who was pulling, watching, and constantly speaking words of encouragement to endure, the beast somehow relaxed his hold for the fraction of a second. Before the hideous jaws could clamp down again upon the torn fingers, the two men had fallen back—victors!

Terribly swollen, perfectly black, the fingers appeared to be hopelessly mauled. When he was urged to go at once to seek surgical aid the keeper gasped: "I'm—all—right!" and he proved the assertion by immediately falling back into Mr. Wilkie's arms in a deep and obstinate faint. The bones had to be removed from the fingers by the surgeons, and the winner of the fight has ever since carried a badly mutilated hand as the result of that most extraordinary trial of strength.

When Mr. Ellis Josephs was happily engaged in the congenial task of making love to his old pet that Sunday he called to the hero of this struggle and asked him to be a third in the mutual admiration society. "Say, Jack," he cried cheerily, "take a turn with me!"

But "Jack" shook his head.

"No," he said, "I petted a hyæna once, and once is enough in one lifetime."

DONKEYS AND ZEBRAS

MERRIWEE.

The handsome little donkey that draws children about the gardens in his smart wicker cart possesses a most distinguished name, and has notions far above the average donkey. He was born on Melbourne Cup Day, 1899, and therefore was named after the winner of that Cup race,

Pining for the Footlights.

Merriwee. His name suits him admirably when he is before the public on the stage, for Merriwee has performed on almost every stage in Melbourne, and is quite at home behind the footlights. It is suspected that he has caught the stage fever, and would much prefer shining at night on the boards to drawing the humdrum cart by day in the gardens, but then who can blame him? If he is requisitioned for a play, he is treated as a star performer, is fed on the daintiest of food, and stabled

in a luxurious loose-box in a high-class livery stable. So Merriwee proves once more the oft repeated assertion that donkeys are not half as stupid as they are popularly supposed to be.

Not everybody believes in the intelligence of these much maligned animals, however, and once poor Merriwee was hired to act as a sandwich man. He had two big boards hung over his sides, and a liquor seller had him paraded through the streets carrying the statement that he was the only creature that did not drink his particular brand of intoxicant, and that was because he was an ass.

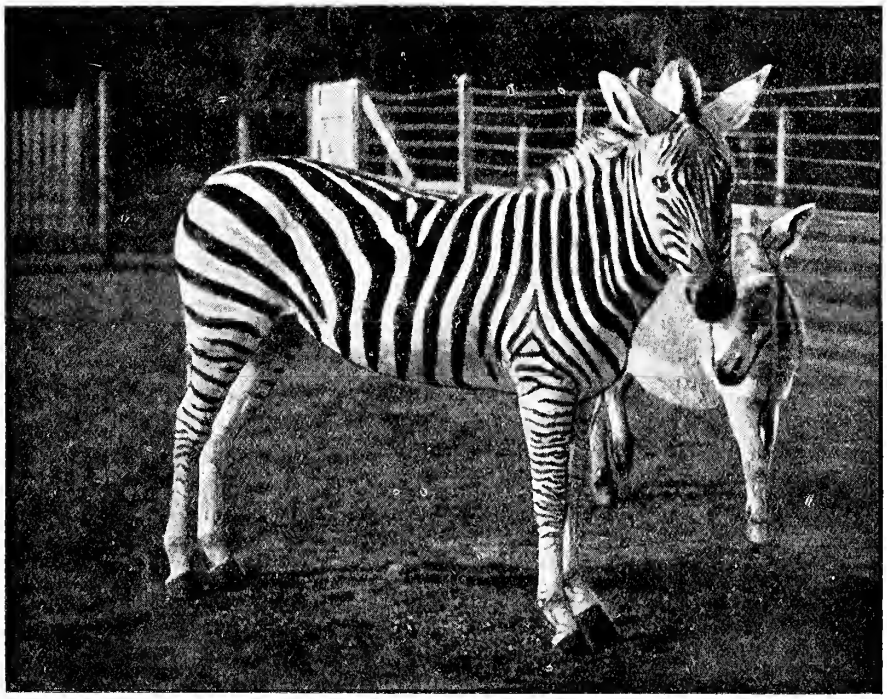
Besides being a noted performer on the stage, Merriwee has assisted in raising large sums of money for patriotic and charitable purposes, by being lent at carnivals. But this has come to an end through the cruelty he has had to suffer at the hands of unscrupulous people. Several times he has returned home so thoroughly exhausted that he was unable to do his ordinary work for days, and the last time he was unfit to move for over a week. It was incredible the torture he had endured from men who jumped on his back, half a dozen at a time, and flogged him to make him run beneath this staggering load.

AN OUTLAW HYBRID.

Merriwee has a most distinguished half-brother, a hybrid zebra. This curious little animal has the true donkey cross on his back—that wonderful cross that is said to have been bestowed upon the donkey for ever as a reward for the way an ass carried our Lord on His way to Jerusalem on the first Palm Sunday. He is a very dark grey, almost slaty-black in parts, and has the zebra markings on his legs only. His form is that of the zebra, though rather more like a pony than either zebra or donkey. He is now well over twenty years of age, and in his callow youth it was thought that he might be turned to useful as well as ornamental purposes. But no mule that ever made the driver of a transport waggon forget his promises to never swear again was half the outlaw that this hybrid was. He considered that he was not an ordinary animal. He was a most extraordinary one—why should he work for his living when so many everyday creatures were there to toil for him? He classed himself with the lilies of the field, and after one great attempt was made to teach him to become independent, he was given up as a graceless, useless burden on the pay roll.

A celebrated horse breaker, who boasted that he could tame anything on four legs, undertook for the love of the thing to break the gentleman in to harness. He brought enough gearing with him to rope in an elephant. Mr. Meaker, senior, knew as much as anyone did about breaking

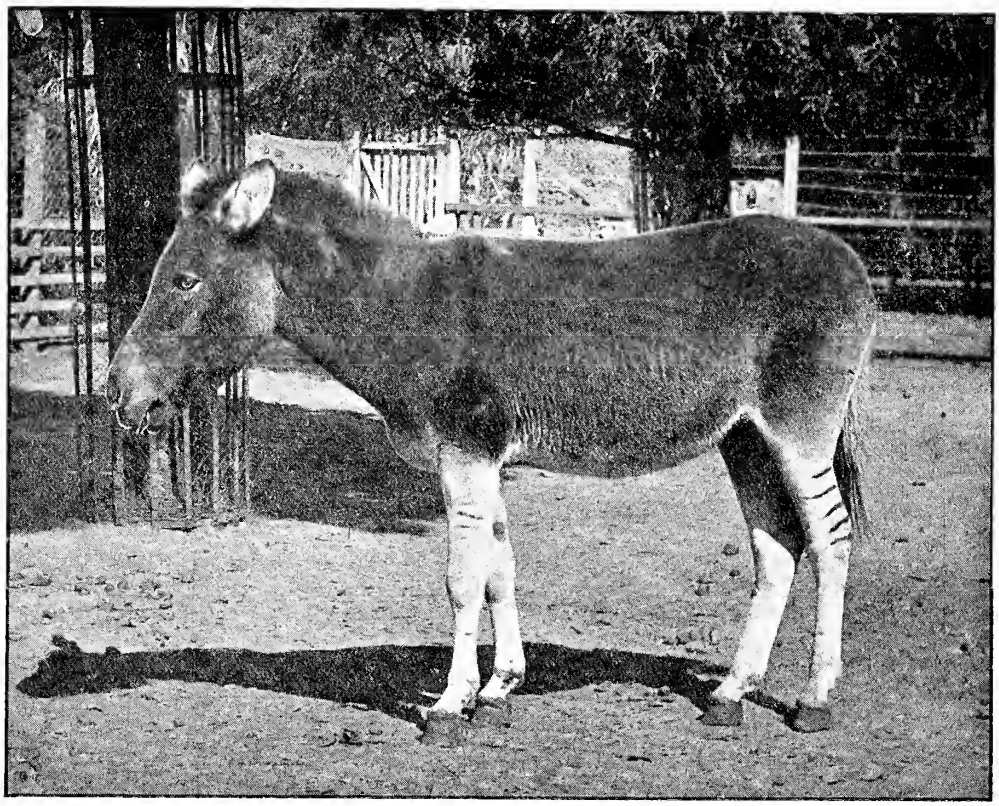
in horses, and he was quite sure the man had undertaken to perform the impossible, but he was willing to render any necessary assistance in the venture, and was most curious to discover what the outcome would be. He thought it would be easy enough to make a beginning, for the little thing had never objected to anyone in his paddock petting him, indeed, he believed it was his due to get a rubbing down and a patting from the keepers whenever they came near him, and he took care to impress the fact of his presence upon them whenever they entered his domain.



The Hybrid's Parents.

But this morning he scented something unusual in the stealthy approach of a man with both hands behind his back, and he preferred to be on the safe side and keep his distance from him. It was impossible to catch him. He reared and plunged and showed the cleanest pair of heels they had ever seen whenever they came within hailing distance. If they did approach so near as to put a hand out to touch his head, by some mysterious process, too quickly done to be seen, his heels were found where his head was thought to be! After a most trying experience they

got him corralled in his stable, and there they hastily threw up a temporary stall with quartering, and then they managed to get the headstall on him. The horsebreaker was delighted. He said that he had as good as completed his task now, and when he led his charge out into the paddock, he began the job of fixing him up with the martingale, surcingle, bridle, and extra-strong bit, and all the other paraphernalia required to



The Conscientious Objector.

teach the young horse idea how to go straight for home and beauty. Then, eminently well pleased with himself, the breaker started to lead him around the paddock. But the trouble was the hybrid would not be started. With a genius for going contrary, he divined the wishes of his leader—and did the opposite. If he were wanted to go forwards, he went backwards with alacrity; if they followed him backwards, he sprang forwards so suddenly that it looked like a run-away match in a

minute. So they battled all day, and at night it was the breaker that was broken. A lot of the gearing was left on the little animal, and he was fastened in his stall with the martingale still on his head. Next morning the fun began again and the hybrid was so sure that it was fun that he entered into it with unbounded zest. A night's rest had restored the breaker's spirits to their wonted elasticity. When leaving the Zoo the first night he was asked how he was getting on. "I've been trying to get on all day!" he answered, somewhat testily; but next morning he said cheerily: "We'll be riding him into town in a day or two!" But his optimism failed him before the day was out. The same impregnable obstinacy proved far too much for the tamer, who, as the day wore on, and as his patience wore out, strapped one of the animal's legs up, and then tried to mount him. Even thus handicapped, the young terror managed to throw the man three or four times, and, when he found that bucking meant his own downfall under this new treatment, he decided to lie down. He resented all attempts to make him rise, and once, when he lifted his head in protest, he managed to hit the trainer in the face with his muzzle, giving him two perfectly black eyes. The most that could be done with the outlaw after two days' strenuous exertion was to lead him two or three steps when the animal forgot what he was about. Recollecting himself, he owed it to his whole future peace of mind to stand stock still at once, and of course he did so. The third day's toil was a repetition of the first and second, and, as night closed that day, Mr. Meaker asked about the promised ride into town.

"That'll never be," came the disconsolate answer. "He's the greatest outlaw I ever tackled, and I'm going to give him best."

The hybrid's strike was as successful as that of Queenie against ploughing, and, as the result of three days' determination, he has enjoyed twenty years of care-free idleness.

EAGLES AND VULTURES

TRUANTS.

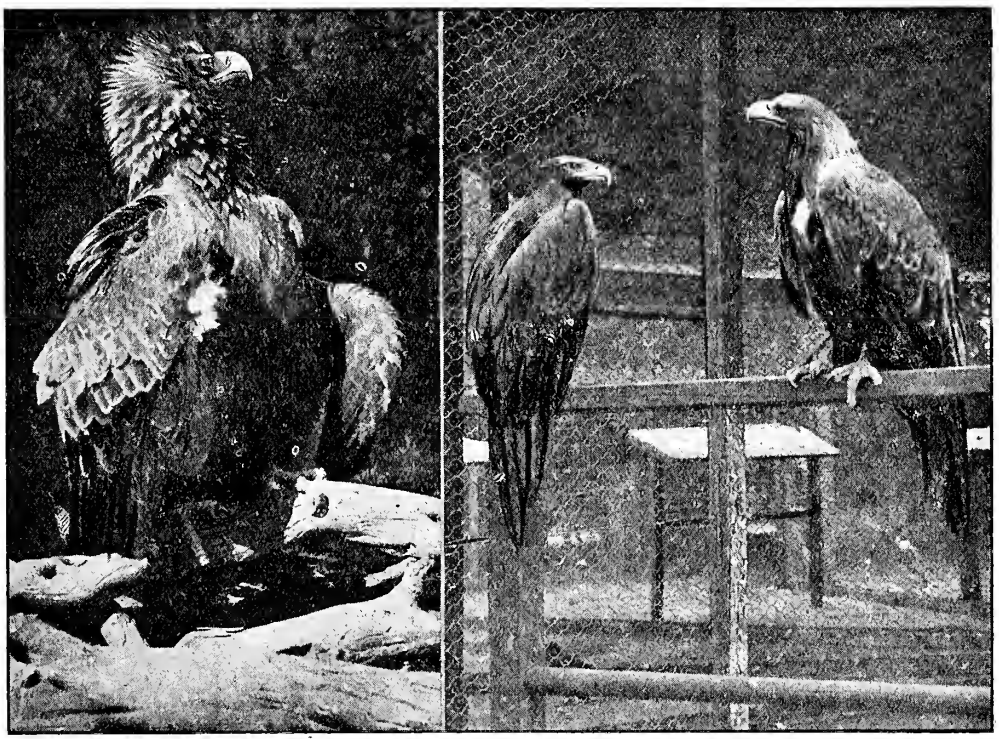
There are now about fifteen of the great Australian wedge-tailed eagles in a paddock near the outer fence of the gardens, and people are often puzzled to know why they tamely submit to captivity when they are free to the open sky. The attendants are asked if they are not

afraid of losing them, and, the temptation being too strong to resist, they frequently answer that the birds have been trained to stay at home. In reality they have been pinioned at the first joint of one wing. This is a very slight operation, but is efficacious for life. They seem to be far more contented than their brothers and sisters who are cooped up in the eagles' aviary, and who can only exercise their huge wings by flapping them on the ground or from their perch. The pinioned birds get by a series of lopsided flutters from branch to branch to the tops of the numerous trees in their compound, and then try balancing themselves for flight. They are obviously puzzled why they cannot soar away into the inviting blue, and occasionally one will overbalance and come down with a queer flying leap. If this overbalancing should take place on top of one of the trees bordering the fence, he will possibly come down, not into his paddock, but on to the road outside. Quick as thought he realises that he has got away from all restraint, and, with a joyous shaking of his wings, he sets off to explore the wide, unknown world. News of his escape soon comes to the gate, and a keeper, armed with a stick about four feet long, goes off in search of the runaway. Although the bird cannot fly, he can run very fast, using his wings as sails, and it takes a little while to run him down. He is never cornered without a very strongly worded protest on his part. He sits up on his tail and the second joints of his legs, and is ready to grip with his feet as well as to bite with his beak as soon as a chance comes his way. Sometimes he throws himself down on his back, and grips as the crow does, squealing horribly all the time. In that position he rests at bay, waiting until the stick is thrust near enough for him to get hold of it with his claws, and then seeking an opportunity of getting the holder with his beak. The man then shakes a hat or bag in his face, and of course he cannot resist the temptation to bite at it. This gives his captor the opportunity he wants of gripping the tip of his unpinioned wing and that is too wide for him to turn upon it and bite the man. If however, the mistake is made of catching the shortened wing, the bird soon has a revenge he never fails to take. The cap or bag is dropped, and his beak meets in the wrist of his tormentor. Held by the tip of his good wing, he can do nothing but submit to fate and follow submissively wheresoever he is led. It would be difficult to find a better example of fallen majesty than such a returning warrior. All dignity forgotten, he squeals for mercy as he hops from stick to ground and from ground to stick in his futile efforts to release his imprisoned wing. He looks most comically like a young truant from school who is being haled before his master to receive the reward of iniquity. As soon as his mates see him coming along the walk in this most undignified fashion, they rush towards the

gate through which he must again pass into captivity, and all shriek their welcome and their exultation that he has been brought back among them. If they cannot roam the world, why should he?

TALONS.

The eagles live together very happily as a general rule, the only trouble occurring at feeding time occasionally, when two will happen to fix their claws in the same piece of meat. There then immediately



Deprived of their place in the Sun.

ensues a terrific flapping of wings and ruffling of neck feathers and looks that would kill if they could be translated into action. But usually the skirmish ends in protestations. When they clutch at an object, they instinctively draw up their legs towards their bodies, and in that position it is impossible to let go, for all their muscles and tendons are connected with their talons, and the tension becomes so great that they must straighten their legs to unclasp anything. If one catches a man's arm

or leg the sensation is like being caught in a vyce, with someone tightening up the compression until the bones are pulped. One day Mr. Wilkie had the misfortune to discover this for himself. An eagle caught him by the ankle, and then it threw itself back on its legs and tail so that it could use its free foot to grip any would-be rescuer. It took so long to free him from the torturing grip that he suffered from the results for months.

THE PREMIER EAGLE.

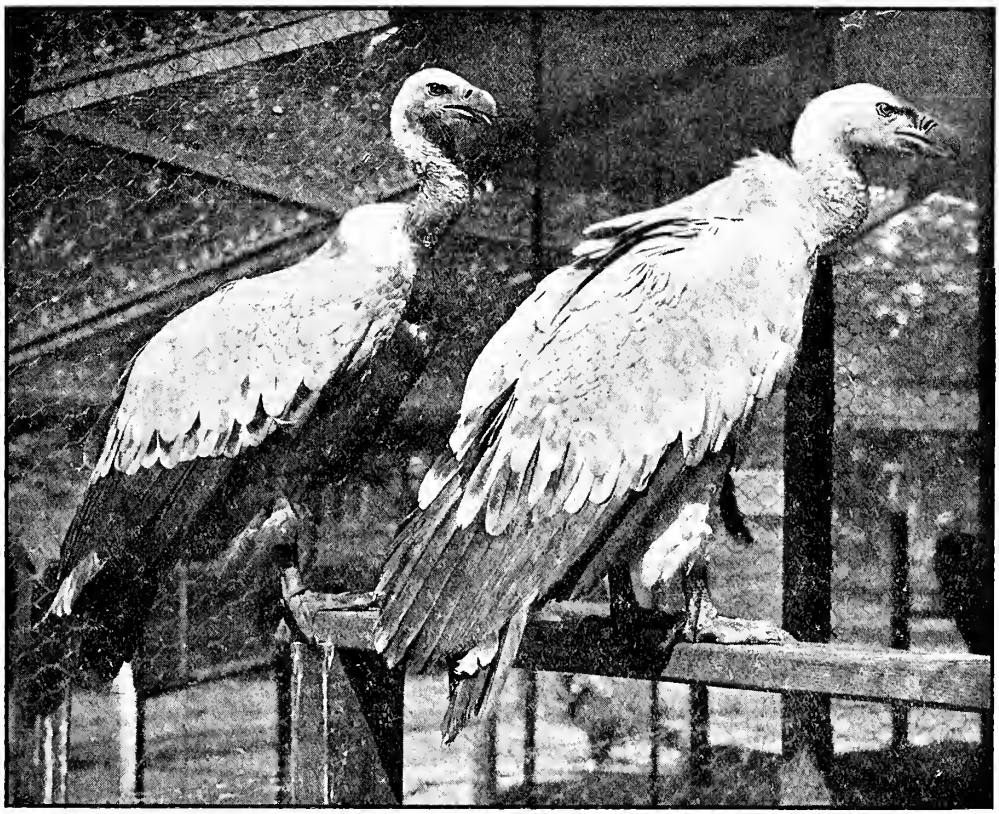
The Australian wedge-tailed eagle is the largest eagle in the world, for it beats its famous American cousin by a few inches in measurement from tip to tip. There is often controversy as to the biggest eagle ever caught, and some have claimed that they have measured their captures for as much as eight to nine feet from tip to tip. A great many have passed through the gardens, and the record width has been seven feet three inches, with an average of somewhere between six feet six, and seven feet. They are real creatures of the sun, and as long as there is sunshine they are happy and contented. Should the weather prophet make any attempt to break all flood records, and drench a sodden earth, they are easily the most miserable things in the gardens as they sit hunched up, staring hopelessly into vacancy, the water dripping ceaselessly from each lank feather.

BISMARCK.

Eagles are not the best kind of pets to keep. They may be on their best behaviour for a long time, but sooner or later their original sin will assert itself, with disastrous results to the owner. Many a pet eagle has found its way to the Zoo as the next best thing to having its neck screwed after such a display of its natural propensities. There are two among the flock at the Zoo who have developed a strong liking for Mr. Wilkie, and as soon as they hear his step on the gravel they will tumble awkwardly down from their perches and hurry noisily and clumsily to the fence for a chat, and to escort him to the other end of their paddock. One of them is known as Pete, but the oldest and greatest favorite suffers from the name of Bismarck. This was originally a compliment to the bird of blood and iron, but since the outbreak of war it has been a serious drawback to his popularity. All the teaching of his friend, however, cannot make him understand that the name of Bismarck is not mentioned in select British circles. He must be called "Bizzy," or he will not come to greet even the Governor.

Rabbits are the principal food of our eagles, but they are not averse

to killing a lamb occasionally, and therefore they are not beloved by our squatters. Recently two eagles were seen to chase a hare into a fallen log. One of the eagles took up a perch on a tree close by, the other went round and round the log and worried the hare until it rushed out wildly in the hope of escaping by flight. The eagle on the watch swooped down



Noxious Traders.

upon it and caught it the instant it left cover, and then the pair had a terrific quarrel over the spoils.

VULTURE HABITS.

There are two or three magnificent specimens of vultures in the great aviary. The largest is a female Griffin vulture, a very pale grey in color. Her mate was a fine black-plumaged bird, with a white neck,

The Kolbe vultures, too, are excellent samples of the tribe. It is supposed that when the discussion about the size of the largest eagles is under weigh people confuse eagles and vultures, for vultures are very much larger than the largest eagles. They have not the prehensile talons of the eagle, and need very much broader perches to rest upon. Indeed, they never go into trees if they can find a good rocky ledge for a resting place. It is a point in the vultures' favor that they are carrion birds and rarely or never kill for food. Unlike the eagles, they do not carry off their food to eat elsewhere, but expect to feast where the animal has fallen. Both of these birds, however, have the gift of extraordinary sight. A vulture may be watching an animal dying. It will rise in the air as it sees the end approaching, and circle round and round the helpless body. For twenty miles around his flight will be observed by other vultures, who immediately set off in his direction. For a radius of twenty miles further back again the movements of these birds will have been observed by all the other vultures about, and they, too, will set off for the place of meeting. Thus, in an ever-widening circle these great birds rise high in air to follow the others, and before the last breath has left the body of the marked animal the sky will be darkened with all the vultures that were lurking within a circumference of two-hundred miles. They will not leave the carcase until it has been perfectly skeletonised, and so as scavengers they are invaluable in hot parts of Africa. Their long bare necks, so repulsive to our ideas of beauty, are provided by Nature so that they can thrust their heads into the body of a dead animal and withdraw them quite clean. Had they been clothed with feathers the difficulty of keeping themselves clean in such arid countries would have been insurmountable. The eagle tears his food strip by strip from the body, the vulture rather chews in a less ravenous fashion. Instead of using his beak and feet as weapons of offence and defence like the eagle, he uses the pinion joints of his wings with so great force that one blow from them is sufficient to fell a man.

THE WISE ADJUTANT.

The Adjutant bird is another scavenger like the vulture, and in India it shares the honors with the jackal of making places habitable. It haunts the banks of the Ganges watching for the bodies of the poor natives whom the faithful have thrown into the river in the hope of securing the future happiness of the departed soul. The jackal will probably be the one to draw the body from the water, and, standing with his fore-feet over it, he will raise his voice and cry to the surrounding country: "I've got a deád Hindóo!" in one long, wailing monotone. And the

answer will come floating back on the stilly night air: "Where where where where where?" from all the jackals in the vicinity as they rush in the direction of the sound. When they have feasted and are full, the adjutant takes his turn, and thus together they end the travels of the dead.

THE CAMEL TRIBE

ALPACAS.

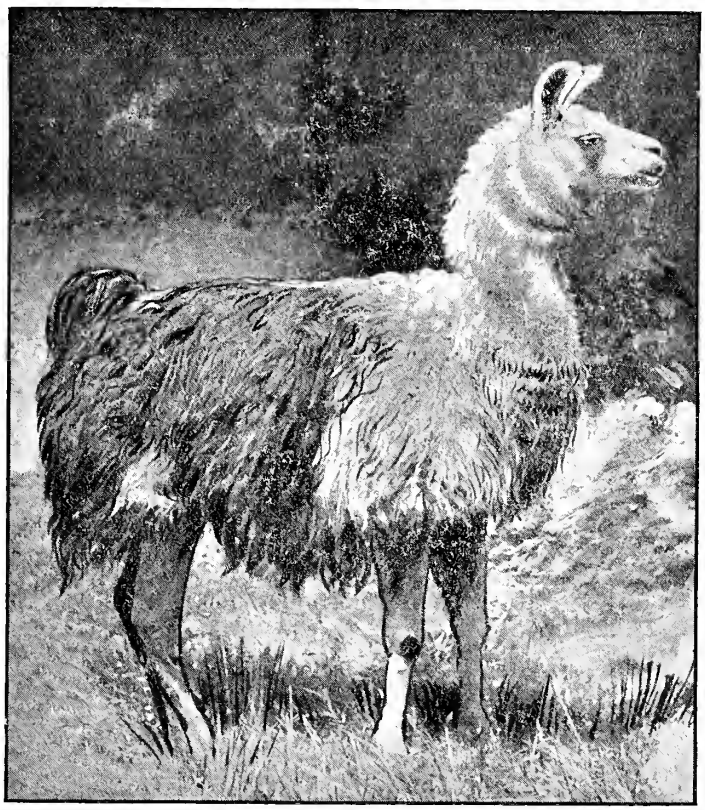
In the middle 'sixties a flock of about forty alpacas were imported in the hope of acclimatising them. At first they were housed on the original park north of the Yarra, then they were moved to the Albert Park, and finally to the Royal Park. But apparently such close proximity to the sea did not suit them. They were an anxiety from the first, and then a species of scab broke out among them, and despite shearing and dipping and every other means of allaying the trouble, they died off very quickly. Those few that did not die from it were affected, and as it was feared that there might be some contagion about the disease that might contaminate our sheep, the last were destroyed. Several specimens have since been bought for the gardens, but in no instance did one thrive.

LLAMAS AND HUANACOS.

QUEER FIGHTING.

The alpaca is a squat animal, the llama is larger and more graceful; the huanaco is the largest and most graceful of the three. They are like in difference. The alpaca is a rusty black; the llama is sometimes all white, sometimes all brown; and sometimes half-brown and half-white—not in patches, but one-half of the animal will be white and the other half brown, when somehow it reminds one irresistibly of the centaurs, so unconnected does the forepart seem to be with the hindquarters. The huanaco is the aristocratic relative of the alpaca and the llama. He is the biggest of them all, and by far the most graceful. He is a soft buff in color, and although all this tribe have beautiful eyes, the huanaco's eyes are such a wonderful liquid black that they brighten his whole appearance. All three make the same squealing noise as the angry

horse. All have the same method of fighting. When a couple picks a quarrel, just or unjust, the two will rise on their hind legs, chewing the cud most energetically. As soon as they have a mouthful of this objectionable soft greenish fluid they will eject it, in the hope of blinding one another. The one that gets most of the gluey substance matting down his eyelids gets the worst of the fight from the start, because while his opponent can see where to land his feet, he can only hit out at random,



Beware! he spits.

and under such conditions few of his blows take effect. All the time both are squealing so hideously that they make the gardens seem like a haunted place. When one recognises he is beaten, as a rule he lies down. This seems an extraordinarily foolish thing to do, for the victor without delay gets on his back and shakes him as one dog shakes another, and is none too troubled if he takes a bit of hide out with every shake.

As soon as he can struggle to his feet again the beaten one thinks it no shame to run away. He goes to find a place of refuge, and somehow the other seems to have the mediæval notion of "sanctuary," for he never attempts to go into this hiding place to continue the fight. One unusual thing about their quarrels is that the cause of the dispute is very quickly forgotten. They might fight almost to the death one day; next morning they will feed contentedly out of the same box together as though there had never been a ruffle in their relationships.

MORE THAN SATISFIED.

Time was when there was a notice affixed to the llama's fence, stating "Beware of this animal: it spits." This notice had to be taken down, because every second person who passed that way wanted to see him spit, and his life was made unbearable by the teasing he got in order to make him do it. Once he did spit, there was a group of people that never again teased him to get a second exhibition; but there was always a succession of visitors who never had seen him spit, and who "would not be happy till they got it." It came to such a stage that as soon as the old llama saw a person with an umbrella he prepared his weapon of defence, and so many an innocent victim suffered for the guilty. One day several well-dressed women passed that way in all the beauty of early summer array. One was in dainty white from top to toe, and she looked too attractive to be capable of cruelty to anything living. She saw the notice on the fence and spoke to a keeper standing near.

"Oh, couldn't you make this animal spit for us? I'd just love to see him do it!"

"No, you wouldn't, ma'am," was the reply.

"Oh, but I would! Please make him do it!"

"If you saw him do it once you'd never want to see it again, I promise you. It's horrible."

"But, really, we'd give anything to see it! We've never seen such a thing in our lives!"

The man again warned them of the unpleasantness of the performance, and then had to move off. The lady in white decided to stir up the animal on her own account. She closed her dainty white parasol and used it as a goad for the quietly ruminating llama. He endured it with marvellous patience for a while, and then, when he saw she was determined to test his powers, he rose languidly and sprayed a great shower of the vile-smelling green semi-solid, semi-fluid, cud all over her. From the crown of her hat to her pretty shoes she was covered with these minute particles of half-digested food that smelt as if they had come direct from a boiling-down works, and her fun changed in the twinkling of an

eye to deepest distress. Her friends had received the residue that she had not absorbed, and they were fully occupied in trying to rid themselves of all traces of it, but her plight, her half-blinded, half-suffocated condition, was so truly pitiable that they soon forgot their own woes in trying to relieve hers. She had to be taken to an office and rendered in some measure fit to move through the streets—even to enter a vehicle to get home by the nearest route. So there was one woman who never again wished to see how a llama spits. This old llama is dead, and the young one at present in the Zoo is rather better tempered because it is so long since that provoking notice was there that a new generation of Zoo frequenters has almost forgotten which animal it is that spits. Occasionally, however, some one who goes the rounds teasing all the beasts finds that he has struck the wrong one, and as he leaves the gardens in a powerful rage, everybody near him hastens to give him a wide berth.

CAMELS AND DROMEDARIES.

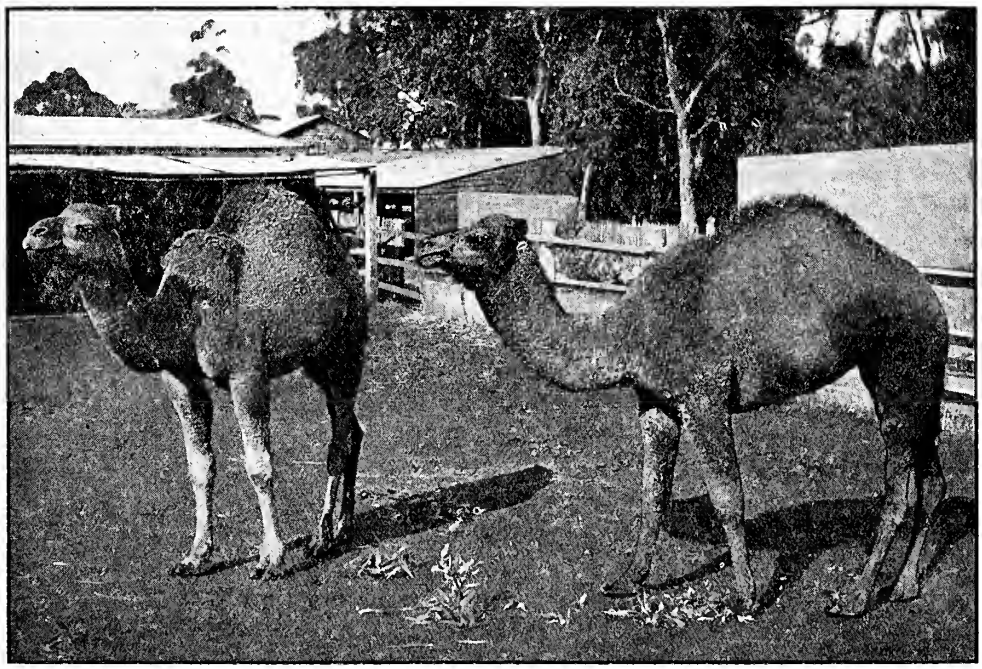
People are often puzzled to know which has one hump and which has two humps, the camel or the dromedary. The dromedary is the racing one; it has one hump, and is built for sustained speed, being able to cover about one hundred miles a day at the rate of ten miles an hour. The Bactrian camel can support a weight of one thousand pounds, and keep up a jog-trot of two-and-a-half miles an hour for many days with little food and less drink. The inside of its stomach-paunch is one mass of water cells which can easily hold a gallon-and-a-half of water against emergencies.

The late dromedary at the Zoo was as fond of the stage as Merriwee, the donkey, and he frequently figured in plays with Eastern settings. He was trained to carry children on his back, and was a general favorite. The present one has so far enjoyed a lazy life as a purely show animal, and yet its placidity where children are concerned, and its obvious attempts to make friends with the Formosa deer next door to it, prove that before it has become a really old inhabitant it will be as great a favorite as its predecessor.

There is more than a shade of romance surrounding this dromedary's pedigree, for its parents were part and parcel of the Russian Stores Department during the Russo-Japanese war, and were captured in Manchuria by the Japanese in one of their victorious conflicts there. When peace was declared this pair of dromedaries were presented by the Japanese Government to the Zoological Gardens in Sydney, and their first little one born in captivity there was sold to the Melbourne gardens.

The camel and the dromedary both have the same peculiarities in

fighting as the lesser members of their tribe, and both throw themselves on the vanquished opponent in the hope of smothering him. But when he is angry the feet of the camel are not nearly as much to be dreaded as his vicious teeth. The camels that were used in the Burke and Wills expedition were housed in the Royal Park for some time before the day of setting out, and one old male, in a fit of temper, bit an Afghan's hand completely off. It is interesting to know that the framework of that



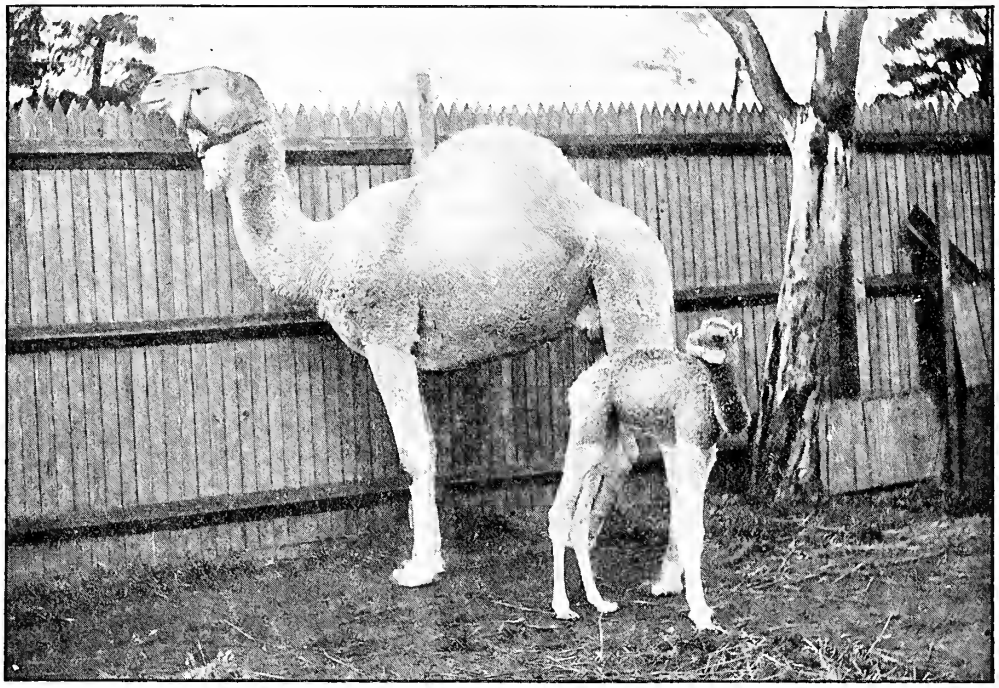
The Orphans.

camel-shed is still doing excellent service as the framework of the Zoo stables.

The two baby camels in the illustration were orphaned very sadly during the first month of their lives. A number of camels were being travelled into the interior of Australia when, unfortunately, near Mildura, they picked up some poisoned bait laid for rabbits. Among those fatally poisoned were three newly-made mothers. Their babies were hand-reared at Merbein—or these two were; the third did not survive its bereavement more than a week.

DISAPPOINTMENTS.

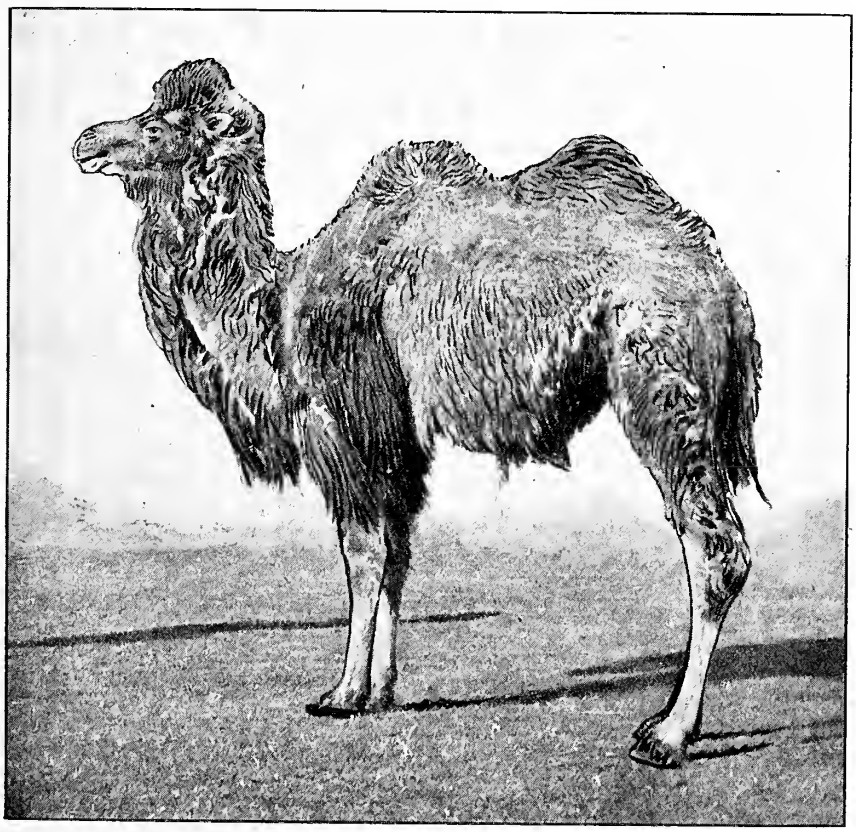
People often wonder why certain animals are not to be seen at Zoological gardens, for they think that surely a really representative collection of all the better known animals should be on view. They little know the anxiety and disappointments that fall to the lot of the officials through the extraordinary accidents and illnesses that befall their charges. After the myriad troubles of acclimatisation are over, valuable and rare ani-



Too sick to be bothered.

mals sicken and die mysteriously, and they will sometimes be found dead without apparent cause. They feel the variations of the weather most acutely, and a sudden change may mean a sharp and quickly fatal attack of pneumonia, the disease most dreaded of all ailments by those in charge of captive beasts. Besides being peculiarly addicted to this most deadly of diseases, wild animals often contract incurable sicknesses from the simplest causes. The uncommon and attractive white camel in our illustration was one of these bitter disappointments. She was expected to become a prime favorite with old and young alike, and when her baby

came there was no more popular animal in the Zoo. But from the first the health of the mother gave the staff much anxiety, and it was soon seen that she had serious trouble in her mouth. When it was examined they discovered that she had got some spear- or barley-grass seeds in her gums, and that they had worked their evil way deep down, setting up first inflammation, and then a malignant growth that no skill could cure. These grass seeds often work into the gums and cheeks of animals, as those who live in the country know only too well, and the mischief they cause is comprehended only by those who have actually seen it. The trouble usually begins in the lower jaw, and if the seeds are not soon extracted they develop cancerous sores in an incredibly short time, that always end fatally. It is not known whether the mother's condition affected the baby's general health, but it was a delicate infant from the first. Dr. Kendall attended it for rickets from birth, but no treatment was of any avail. It outlived its mother for about twelve months, but its misery was so long drawn-out that its death was welcomed by all who watched over it.



The Rag-bag of the Zoo.

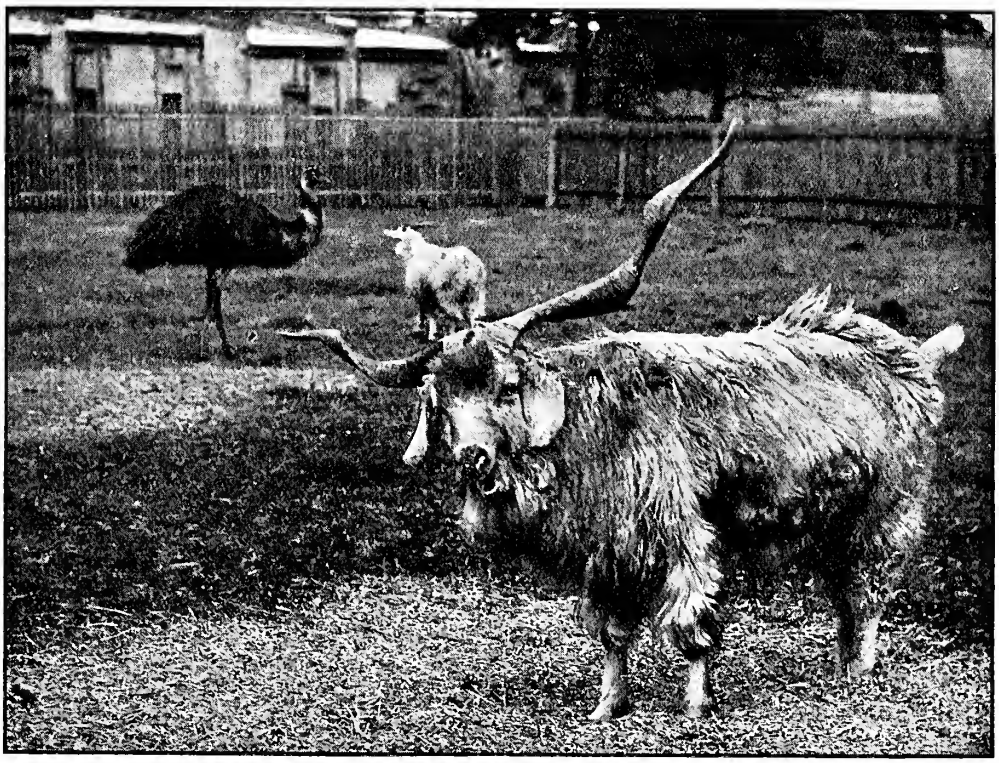
THE ANGORA GOAT

The goat is not a law-abiding citizen. He has a genius for trespassing upon other people's property. The only thing his owner can be sure of is that he will be found where he has no business to be. In days of old it was one of the commonest of sights in some Melbourne suburbs to see a string of goats walking down the streets, leaning against every gate they passed in the hope of finding one that had been left unlatched. As soon as such an one was found there was woe for the amateur gardener who took care of the front garden plot. One gentleman, who was a consistent prize-winner at the annual chrysanthemum shows, found one morning about a week before one of these fixtures that his back gate had been left unlatched, either by accident or through malice, and there were not even the stalks left where the night before was a radiant mass of bloom. Such acts as these led to no end of trouble for the domestic goat. One suburb was practically a large goat farm, for every cottager owned her own goat, and in those days it was continual sport for people to go to the local "pound" any morning and listen to a half-dozen highly indignant old women telling the pound-keeper what they thought of him for his cruelty in arresting their milk-supply. At last the nuisance became so great that all the metropolitan councils withdrew the freedom of the city from them, and goats were banished to outlying regions.

TRESPASSERS WILL BE PROSECUTED.

There was a half-bred Angora goat at the gardens once that was cured by an astute camel of his propensity for poking his nose where he was not wanted. He had been next-door neighbor to this camel for some time, and was always trying to get into his compound. One day he succeeded, and as soon as the camel saw him coming up his preserves, he loped down to enquire what the goat wanted. Somehow the camel seemed ten times as big, so close at hand, as he had done between the dividing fence, and Master Billy got suddenly panic-stricken. He bolted for the fence to get out again, but in his blind terror he failed to find the hole he had got through, and butted about for awhile furiously. The camel thought this was being done for his amusement, evidently, for he at once began bucking like a young horse. One of the most laugh-

able performances to watch in the animal world is a camel at these antics. He seems to get all his feet tangled up together in one whirling mass of kicks, while his body is contorted into the queerest serpentine twists. This, though done purely for exhibition purposes, frightened the goat more than ever, and in his desperate efforts to escape he dashed into the camel's house and hid in a dark corner. This seemed to please the camel immensely. He walked up and peeped in cautiously, and when he



An Imp of Mischief.

saw the goat lying down he went in and lay down beside him in most friendly fashion, making that strange bubbling sound a camel always emits when he is more than ordinarily satisfied with life. The goat endured it as long as he had any wits left, and then he sprang over the camel's back and got into the open air again. The camel good-naturedly followed him at once, and there ensued a scamper around the paddock that the host enjoyed far more than the self-invited guest. Again the goat rushed to the only port in this storm, and again the camel

seemed to regard him as pleasant company for a siesta in his cubicle. They were this time inside so long that Mr. Wilkie feared the camel had resorted to the usual tactics of the camel tribe and was lying upon his vanquished foe to smother him, but investigation proved that they were lying side by side, although the goat was so tightly squeezed up against the wall that he could not extricate himself. The camel was happily ruminating beside him. When it was seen that the camel had no intention of doing more than teaching the trespasser a lesson, they were left together over-night. Next morning the staff was highly amused to find that the goat had managed somehow to get back to his own quarters, and the camel was watching him philosophically from across the fence.

The goat never roamed again.

BILLY BINDON.

When Mr. Wilkie was a lad one of his duties was to watch over a fine flock of more than 350 Angora goats belonging to the gardens. In those days a Billy was worth about £20, and a Nanny about £10. Their fleeces brought at least 4/- per pound, and a good one would weigh between four and five pounds. The animals were housed in a great shed in the Royal Park, and were let out to graze first thing every morning. As soon as the gate was opened the first to get away was a fine male known as Billy Bindon, because he had been bought from Judge Bindon. The last to go was a magnificent one that stood fully three feet high. He waited till his young master was free to come too. As soon as all the rest were following Billy Bindon for their lives, the boy would leap on the last one's back, and ride off after the flock as if he were mounted on a pony, the goat as happy to be ridden as the boy to mount him.

Near the site of the Royal Park station was an old powder magazine, and it was guarded by eight soldiers under a sergeant and corporal, to say nothing of the cook. The guard-room was an old galvanised iron structure, with a big table in the centre as its chief item of furniture, and the arms of the guard were piled just outside in readiness for the emergency which never occurred. Behind this room was the commissariat department where cook reigned supreme, and which held the joys or miseries of the entire platoon according to the whim of the most important member of the unit. Each man brought his own share of the rations for the day. They had a fixed round of meals, and they knew by the day of the week whether it was corned-beef-and-cabbage day, or Irish-stew day, or fish-and-chips day, and each man brought his quota of the ingredients needed to make the delectable whole. The day when the history of this story was made happened to be Irish-stew day,

and the men's offerings were arrayed on the guard-room table. Some had brought potatoes, some turnips, and one man's contribution was a fine Spanish onion. Now a new cook had arrived on this eventful day —a cook who knew not Billy Bindon's inveterate habit of arriving there at express speed after gaining his liberty, and he also was in complete ignorance of this goat's playful little habit of inspecting the guard-room table and helping himself to any dainties that might have been overlooked by the cook when gathering up the men's votive offerings. It really was not for this chance meal that Billy raced there like an express engine, for most cooks knew him so well that it was the rarest of good luck for him to lay tongue to unconsidered trifles, but tobacco never failed him, and the men often laid bits on the table for him to find. All Angora goats have a great liking for a quid of tobacco, and they will chew it like an old salt. All the rest of the flock, from the oldest down to the youngest kid, pranced gaily after Billy in the hope of receiving their share of such favors, but he was the prime favorite with the soldiers, who had petted and spoiled him for nearly four years, and who had won many a little wager by a capital trick he never failed to play when he knew he was on his honor to win for his friends. His horns were so wide that he had to turn his head sideways to get into the guard-room, but once inside he always bounded on the table without let or hindrance. This happy morning he found the delicious Spanish onion. As soon as he buried his teeth in this rarity, the sergeant and corporal, who knew the fun there was ahead, called to the cook to come and defend his property. Mick rushed into the dark room, and seeing the great horned animal on the table he cried in mingled rage and terror: "A puck goat! The devil's got me onion!"

He made a frantic rush at Billy in the hope of rescuing the perishing, but Billy had been there before—many a time—and was quite prepared for such emergencies. He calmly turned his great curling horns, got Mick underneath them, and with one twist made the unfortunate man turn turtle on the floor. Of course the whole company roared with delight at Mick's discomfiture, and the crestfallen cook arose in a mighty rage. He made another spring at Billy, to capture the last fragments of the most necessary ingredient for the stew, but all he got was another overdose of horn, while the last sweet morsels of the onion disappeared. While the cook was picking himself up a second time, Billy jumped down from the table and waited to face his antagonist. He knew that he had to teach the newcomer the same lesson he had taught many another soldier before him. Mick was so enraged at the humiliating treatment he had received that he rushed to the door, caught up one of the rifles

with its fixed bayonet, and was just going to run the goat through when restraining hands prevented the outrage.

The men reasoned with him.

"You'd never take a gun to him, Mick? Aren't you good enough to tackle a goat with your hands?"

This quietened Mick down somewhat, and he made no resistance when they disarmed him and put the weapon back in its place.

Quite ready for the fun, the sergeant cried:

"I'll tell you what I'll do, Mick; I'll bet you a shilling's worth of beer that the goat will throw you twice out of three times. Are you game to take him on?"

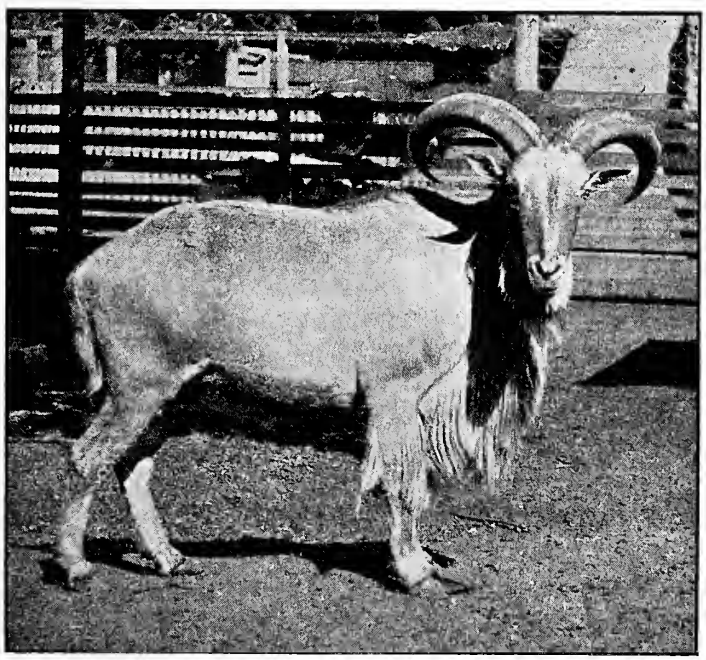
"I will!" at once responded Mick, as he tightened his belt and looked at Billy. The goat, seeing him coming with arms at business pitch, at once stood on his hind feet. Mick made his first rush to get a fall, and while he was doing it, Billy quietly dropped again on all fours, and stepped back a pace or two. This disconcerted the man, and threw him quite out of his calculations. He involuntarily bent at a disadvantage, and in an instant Billy had his curling horn around the bowed leg, and a slight twist upwards was all that was necessary to send the poor cook on his back as clean as a whistle. Roars of laughter greeted fall number one, and Billy was so keenly alive to the humor of the situation that as he looked around at his admiring friends his eyes seemed to be laughing too. Mick was barely on the ground before he was up again, and made his second rush without loss of a moment, but Billy had dealt with infuriated men so often that he knew the precise second to turn that awkward head and use his ju jitsu trick to throw him a second time. Up Mick rose like lightning after fall number two, and gamely tried to catch Billy's magnificent horns to get the last throw. But he hadn't a hope. Billy had him down a third time almost before he knew he was up. The goat knew this was the end of the day's performance, so he allowed his adversary to rise quietly this time. As poor Mick scratched his head he said ruefully:

"Bad luck to ye, Billy; it's made for wrastlin' ye are! Shure, sargint, he desarves that onion all right, but begorra I don't know what we'll do for the stew at all at all!"

The flock was gradually depleted by sales to settlers who wished to breed from them, or to improve their stock, so that although the numbers in the possession of the Zoological Society finally dwindled down to just enough for exhibition purposes, they were not lost to the colony. Several noted breeders have magnificent specimens among their great flocks, but there can scarcely be another rogue like Billy Bindon.

THE AOUDAD OR BARBARY WILD SHEEP

The term "Wild Sheep" as applied to the Aoudad at the Zoo is a misnomer, for he is one of the tamest animals at the Gardens, and there is scarcely one that gives more delight to children. He will beg like a dog, and will eat everything the children like to give him. Sandwiches, fruit, nuts, dry bread, leaves from the trees, or flowers, will be eaten with perfect relish, and when the bag in which food has been



A living waste-paper basket.

carried is offered him, that, too, is accepted and disposed of as if it were the choicest morsel thoughtfully saved for the last. Therefore the children find him great fun, and he is regarded as a living waste paper basket that would be very handy around a house if he could be taught to eat rubbish only. But his lack of discrimination would sadly diminish

his value as a scavenger, for valuables would disappear with the same unconcern that he would exhibit in eating rubbish. It is said that this hairy sheep with his long mane is the original type from which have sprung all our modern sheep, and it is believed that by careful crossing now the size of our sheep could be wonderfully increased. But should such crossbreds inherit the jumping capacity of the Aoudad the increased size would be purchased at a big cost. There is a fence about 8ft. high surrounding this one's paddock, but he has been known to clear it more than once.

CHAMOIS

WHEN AUSTRIA BEAT AUSTRALIA.

Not long before the outbreak of war, the late Emperor Francis Joseph sent a fine pair of chamois as a present to the New Zealand Government for liberation upon Mount Cook, in the hope that they would become acclimatised and would breed and flourish there. Latest reports indicate that the hope is likely to be realised. As the Melbourne Zoological Gardens are the quarantine station for all such animals coming from overseas, the chamois had to be detained there for three months before being forwarded to the Dominion. The pair took most kindly to their new quarters. The doe was in poor condition after her long sea voyage, but the buck had stood it remarkably well. They appeared to be nice, quiet animals at first, though most painfully timid; but after they had been well-fed and had had plenty of exercise for a month or so the buck began to swagger about the paddock with a lordly air as if he were rehearsing for the part of Lord High Executioner. Whenever a keeper entered his enclosure he would stalk around him with a comically questioning air, which made the man feel most uncomfortable. He did not know whether the chamois was merely admiring him, or was investigating his person for the purpose of deciding which place was best for an attack. The staff had had experience of young bucks with short, sharp horns and mild manners before, and so it was decided that until his character was better known no risks should be taken, but that when one man entered the grounds to do any considerable work in the paddock another should go with him to hold back the buck. One day it fell to the lot of the young son of Queenie's devoted friend to do this work, and

Mr. Wilkie volunteered to hold the animal at bay. When all was finished young Parsons gave the signal to go, and Mr. Wilkie left a deeply contemplative young buck watching his departure with a sadness that seemed to indicate his distress at being suspected of being capable of mischief. But he had scarcely gone a dozen yards past the gate when he heard an exclamation of surprise and fright, and, looking behind, he saw the young man coming through that small gate as though he had been shot from a catapult. The onlooker was irresistibly reminded of a clown going through a window in a pantomime. But who was responsible? There was the chamois still lost in contemplation and showing not the slightest interest in the man's extraordinary movements, so who could blame him for the deed?

Almost as soon as Arthur Parsons landed Mr. Wilkie was by his side.

"What's the matter?" he asked.

"I don't know!" was the gasping answer. "Something hit me!"

It turned out that the innocent looking chamois had proved himself to be not nearly as well-bred as the Dowager Countess of Mickleham under like provocation. Lovers of "The Dolly Dialogues" will remember that when that most provoking man, Mr. Carter, laughed over the accident of the breaking of the handle of her "starers" while she was trying to be particularly dignified, she ordered him out of her presence, and to get his hat he had to stoop at her feet. "To tell the truth," he said, "I was rather afraid to expose myself in such a defenceless attitude; but the Countess preserved her self-control." The Austrian also preserved his self-control, to a superlative degree, but that did not prevent him making the most of his opportunity and taking the Australian in the rear.

"I guess that Austrian consul owes me a new pair of trousers," said the victim, as he contemplated the ruin of his clothes—and he got them, too.

Later, when war broke out, this boy thought he would make an attempt to retrieve Australia's honor, jeopardised that day; and he was among the first to enlist. But he had to be content with fighting Turks instead of Austrians, and he is not even now sure whether he has received compensation in full for the damage done to his self-respect and his feelings, for while he punished the Turks they also punished him, and sent him out of the fray to be a mere spectator at the end.

THE BRUSH TURKEY

NOBODY WORKS BUT FATHER.

There is a buzzard that is erroneously called a turkey, but the distinction of being the only wild turkey in Australia belongs to the quaint little brush turkey of Northern Queensland. These turkeys are gregarious and live in colonies, and the male is a shameless polygamist. He takes his family duties very seriously as far as caring for his wives is concerned, but his fledglings know nothing of father or mother, and there is no attempt made by the parents to discover what becomes of the eggs once they are laid and carefully covered over in the remarkable hot bed they prepare with most extraordinary care. The colonies begin nesting at the time the silky oak begins to shed its leaves—that is, about the end of September, just when the English deciduous trees begin to sprout. These oak leaves lie about in great mounds, being shed by myriads at a time, and then the old male bird decides that the colony nest must be constructed. He changes from a leisurely bird into one of the fussiest creatures on earth, and like most people who get busy only occasionally, he cannot endure the thought of anyone enjoying the briefest repose while his fit of enthusiasm lasts. He chooses a suitable spot within easy reach of an abundance of leaves, and then he begins energetically collecting the material. All leaves within a radius of fifteen or twenty yards are scraped together in serviceable mounds, and when he has got one in a cone, he will shoot it far behind him by a mighty jerk of both his feet. Although the leaves have gone in a dense cloud for quite a respectable distance behind him, his first attempt does not satisfy his ardent, impatient spirit, and so he decides he must have help to complete the task. With a fine show of temper he rounds up his wives, who have been enjoying the first spring days in happy dalliance with the younger males, and orders them to lend a hand. They make a pretence of helping as long as he is watching, but as soon as he has recovered his breath and has gone to work again ahead of them all, they ease off and soon go back to their fun. In his absorption he does not notice the cessation of activities for a while, but presently the suspicious silence attracts his attention, and he looks back to see what they are about. The resultant explosion of wrath is terrific, and at first the delinquents think they have made a serious mess of things and landed themselves in tragedy.

So, for some little time, there is some good team work done, and solid progress is made. But as soon as the head of the colony is satisfied that they are really busy at the base, he goes further afield, and as he works always with his back to the crowd, he is unable to see them dropping out of the ranks one by one, and again his first intimation of something wrong is the calm of inertia that has superseded the bustle of preparation. When he again discovers a wonderfully happy family as sportively at play as though that were the business of life, he rushes with a scream of anger into the midst of the merry-makers, and under the lash of his caustic tongue the triflers again make a spasmodic effort to please him. They work this time desperately, for they feel that even work is preferable to his tirades against their utter shiftlessness, their blank ingratitude, their beastly selfishness, and the hideous injustice of leaving the whole of the gigantic task to him when it is for the benefit of all. Then he wanders still further away, and in the heat of anger he gathers outrageously big mounds and viciously sends them back, with a savage kick first from one foot and then from another, as if he is thus relieving his feelings, and does not care a straw whether the wide circle he is making means extra work for the lazy ones at the back or not.

This goes on until he has collected enough leaves to make the solid foundation. Then he comes back, and, as if in disdain, he tells them all if they will insist on playing when they should be working for their living, they might at least dance upon the mound of leaves and save him the job. He watches them grimly as they work under his supervision, without giving them one-half a chance to pause for breath, let alone for recreation. When he is satisfied that they have trodden it down enough, he does the next important bit himself. Their intelligences are not sufficiently acute for him to trust even to their assistance in anything requiring skill, so he gathers up by himself all the surface soil in the immediate vicinity and flings it on top of the heap of leaves, which have been trodden into something like a symmetrical shape. This earth is carefully spread all over the leaves, and then trodden down again. Another layer of leaves, and another of earth follow, in proper order, until the mound is about five feet high and twelve feet in circumference at the base. From start to finish he never ceases scolding and fussing like a bad-tempered old woman with a crowd of idle and careless children, so that this period is a most trying one for all concerned. He inspects the finished mound with the minutest care, flattens it somewhat on top, and then goes down, and in the course of a dozen trips around the base, scrapes up every odd leaf that happens to be lying about, and thus making everything as tidy as even an old maid could wish. With his strange foreknowledge of coming changes of weather, he has calculated that the mound will just

be completed when a necessary shower will fall and provide the moisture needed to convert the whole into a hot bed, and to generate the requisite heat to hatch out the chicks. He scratches open the top of the mound just before the storm breaks, in order to let the rain sink right through, then waits for the clouds to clear away with all the self-satisfaction of one who has foreseen every move in the game, as he struts around as pompously as possible, proclaiming: "Alone I did it!" As soon as the skies clear, he hastily covers over the vents again, and compels all to tramp down the surface flat and hard to conserve every drop of the moisture that has penetrated to the depths. This finishes the preparation of the warmth that is to hatch the eggs, and then the females dig many small burrows in towards the centre, all around the mound. These cavities are about eighteen inches to two feet deep. Then a single egg is laid in each cavity, and at once the hen covers it over. But he comes along and scrapes in more covering and then proceeds to firmly trample it down. This he will trust to no one else, for the proper hardening of this tiny bit is most essential to the welfare of the coming chick. In a day or two the weight of the egg presses down the under leaves perhaps two inches, but the top covering has been trodden so firmly into one mass that it does not sink with the egg, and retains its concave shape to the end of the period of incubation. By this means there is left a clear space of nearly two inches for the hatching chick to get out of the shell and to breathe until it can scratch its way through to the big world outside.

When this performance is over, the work of the parents has finished. Thenceforth they absolutely decline to take any responsibility whatever for future events, and the welfare of the fledglings is no concern of theirs. When the chicks are hatched, they are fully fledged, and are about the size of a pigeon. They scratch their way through the covering leaves, and after one quick look around the big world opening up before them, they make a rush for the nearest cover—a tree is always handy—and there they begin contentedly to grub for themselves from the first. They get no mothering, and apparently they need none. They fly up into the lower branches of the trees to roost, and take up their independent careers most happily.

LOVE'S LABOR LOST.

The first time there were brush turkeys brought to the Zoo, Mr. Le Souef had all the leaves from the silky oaks carefully collected, and under his supervision the men built a mound according to his instructions, based upon his personal observations in Queensland. The turkey

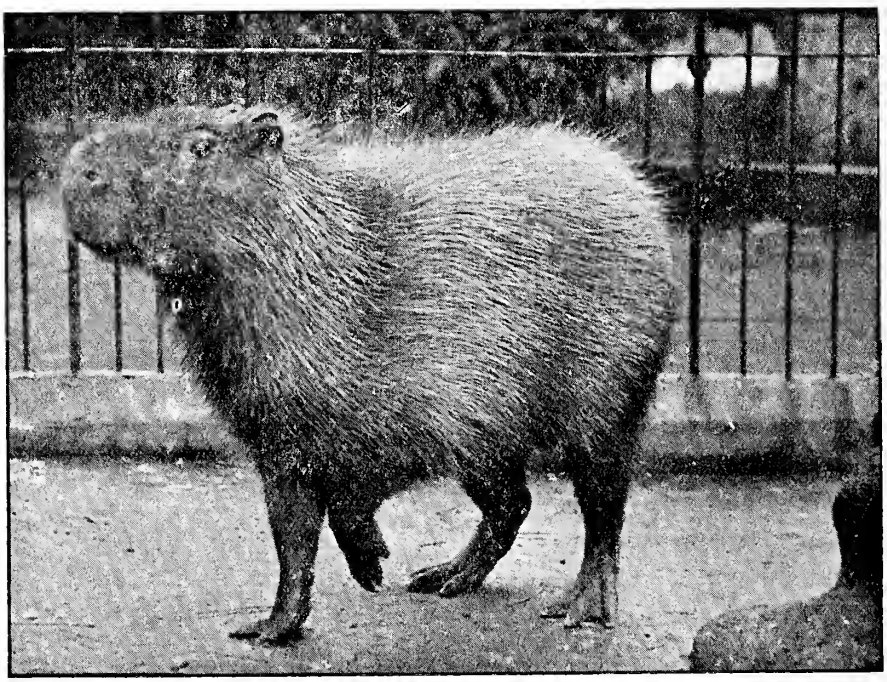
watched it all eagerly, and even seemed sometimes as if he would lend a hand, but on second thoughts he decided to leave them to their own devices. When all was finished, and the last loose leaf satisfactorily cleared up, the little bird only waited until the men were outside his fence to set to work energetically and pull it all to pieces. He did not relax his efforts until he had the whole of the material scattered far and wide about his grounds, and as that took less than half the time it took the men to put it together, they did not watch his zeal with anything like pleasure. When he was satisfied there was not a trace of their handiwork left, he began to build one more to his liking, in another part of the plot, and used up every scrap of their material, which he seemed to find especial pleasure in hunting out of every odd corner he had sent it to in his work of devastation. There was a big difference, in his eyes, between the first and the second mound. The first structure was imitation; his was the real thing, and from the real thing emerged the first brood of wild turkey chicks hatched in Victoria. Since then the men have not attempted to relieve a brush turkey of the task of building the nest for his offspring.

There was a crippled turkey at the Zoo for some time but he died while these stories were being written, and before his photograph could be taken. Despite his broken leg he managed to build a nest in the Spring; apparently by instinctive compulsion, for he had no mate. The gardeners offered no objections to his labors and provided him with all the silky oak leaves he required, for he constructed a huge bed of perfect material for forcing young plants. He did not in the least resent their removal of it when the season was past.

RODENTS

THE CAPYBARAS.

There are two most interesting creatures at the Zoo that are rarely seen, because they hide away inside their hut during the day, and get so far inside that very few people ever see them move. They are the capybaras, familiarly known as the big rats, for they are the largest living rodents in the world, and are exactly like rats, excepting that they have



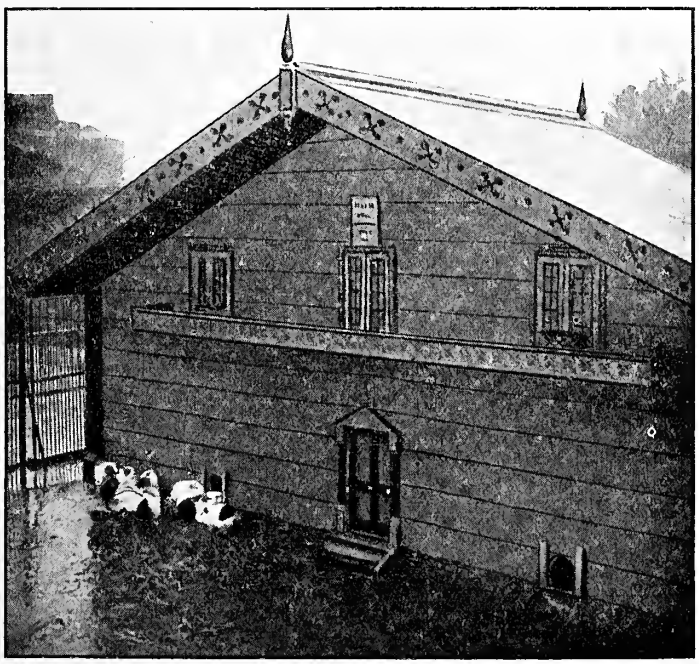
"Some" Rat.

no tails. They come from South America, and from parts of the West Indies, where they do a lot of mischief among the sugar canes. Otherwise they are quite harmless, and are most easily tamed. The two at the gardens are very timid, and do not like to be placed on show; however, if Mr. Wilkie offers them some nice hay or biscuit they will run

out and nibble it, all the while taking care that no one gets near enough to touch them.

GUINEA PIG CHALET.

The log hut, the castle, and the chalet are very much liked by children in their visits to the Zoo, and the guinea pig chalet in particular is a favorite spot with boys and girls. Some time ago the guinea pigs began to disappear in a most mysterious fashion. Boys were blamed for the loss until one day a stray cat was seen washing her face and



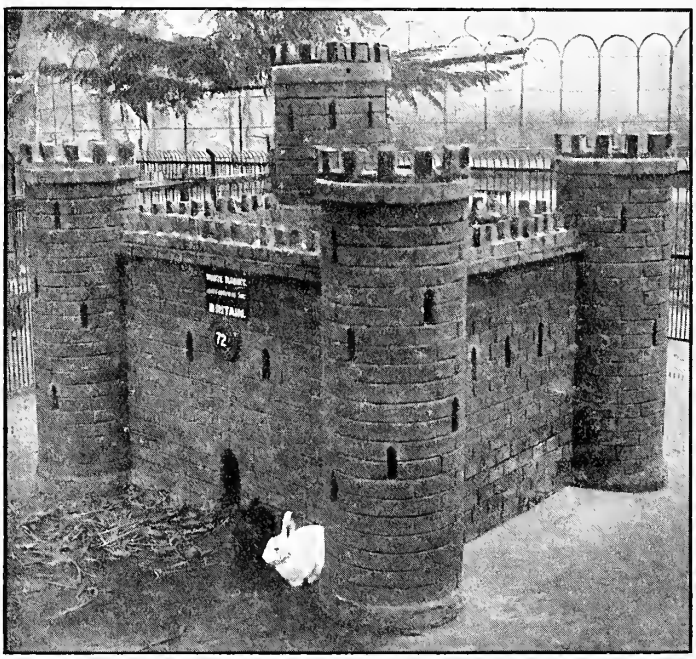
"Who called us Pigs?"

licking her whiskers as if she had just had more than enough to eat. The mystery was solved, and the guinea pigs were thereafter locked up securely for the night. There was no further trouble, and the colony grew with the rapidity that owners of guinea pigs understand only too well. But their numbers have again diminished, and it is believed that there can be no doubt that boys and rats are responsible for the losses. Instead of a large and happy family, there is only a handful of the little creatures in the castle. As regularly as Saturday comes around there

is a big ratting expedition in the gardens, but withal the unlicensed rodents continue to thrive, and, as in the case of the guinea pigs, they thrive at the expense of more welcome and more interesting members of their species.

WHITE RABBIT CASTLE AND BUSH HUT.

The white rabbit castle is rather badly named, because there is almost always a black rabbit standing near the entrance and a grey one frisking about in the grounds. Mr. Wilkie explains that the white rabbits really do live inside the castle, but that they are staunch up-



Born to the Purple.

holders of the White Australia policy, and they chase their colored brethren out at every opportunity. The black rabbit is occasionally admitted on sufferance; but no amount of familiarity will reconcile them to enduring the grey one. Therefore, because the white ones disdain to be seen during the daytime with these commoner creatures, they are rarely about, and the colored ones are practically always on view, since the latter pair only manage to get inside when the pickets are off their

guard. So, you see, strife over the color line causes trouble even in the animal world; and the white-skinned variety of animal usually imagines itself to be vastly superior to those with harder-wearing qualities of fur.

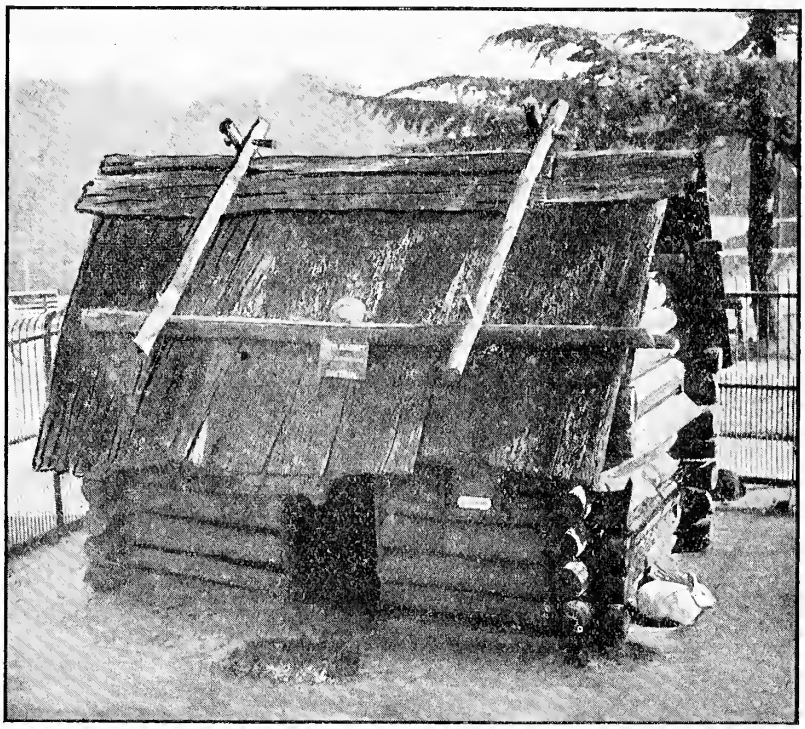
THE HARES.

Miss Violet H. Morgan, of Clayton, gave an attractive brown hare to the Zoo. This is her account of its infancy:—

"A friend of mine, when carting in his hay, the summer before last (1915), found the little leveret safely hidden under a sheaf in a stook of hay. He took it home and gave it to me next day. It could not eat herbage, and I fed it on milk twice a day. I had to get a bigger cage for him, and as he grew up and got teeth, he ate apples and carrots and grass. A strange thing I noticed was that he would not eat parsley. Now hares in their native state will travel for miles to visit a parsley patch. I used to give him his milk in a china bath—I mean the largest size canary bath we had. It used to hold a cupful, and he got that right up till the following May. When our shire dog-tax collector called and happened to see him, he told us that if a policeman saw him or a neighbor laid information, that we would be fined for keeping him in captivity, so I wrote to Mr. Dudley Le Souef, and he was delighted to have him. We took Brownie in one day and saw Mr. Le Souef, and after a chat he showed us some of his treasures in his museum. Then we took a walk and found Mr. Wilkie, who put some lucerne and water into the little house, and then unnailed the lid of Brownie's cage and tipped him out. He had really to tip him out of the box into the cage, for he just sat on the edge and looked all round him. When he got him out of the box he hopped round the cage, got saw-dust all over his whiskers, and tried his little nest in the corner and then nibbled the lucerne, and finally sat up in the middle of the floor and proceeded to clean his face. About a year afterwards we went out to the gardens to see him, and he was still in his villa, as cheeky as can be. Mr. Le Souef says he has never before known of one being tamed and reared from a baby so young. So, you see, I always have a warm corner for the gardens, for I was very fond of master Brownie. He would lift up his voice on the least provocation, and he could cry 'like he was twins.'"

Brownie was given a very interesting mate, which is believed by some to be a real hybrid, a cross between a rabbit and a hare. But Mr. Le Souef thinks it is merely an extraordinary looking hare. When this curiosity was put in Brownie's cage he sat up on his haunches and rubbed his nose first with one paw and then with another, as if he were literally

trying to make himself wake up and see things as they really were instead of as his imagination conjured them. When he discovered that no amount of nose-rubbing could change the optical delusion, he gave a dozen jumps around the cage, stopping every time at the same corner to take another look at the queer-shaped visitor. It took Brownie a



Common or Garden Folk.

good while to get reconciled to the company of the newcomer, but finally he got used to the oddity and then decided to patronise when he could not totally ignore it. The strange thing is that the odd-looking hare, or hybrid, whichever it is, seems to feel its limitations acutely, and is as really humble as Uriah Heep pretended to be.

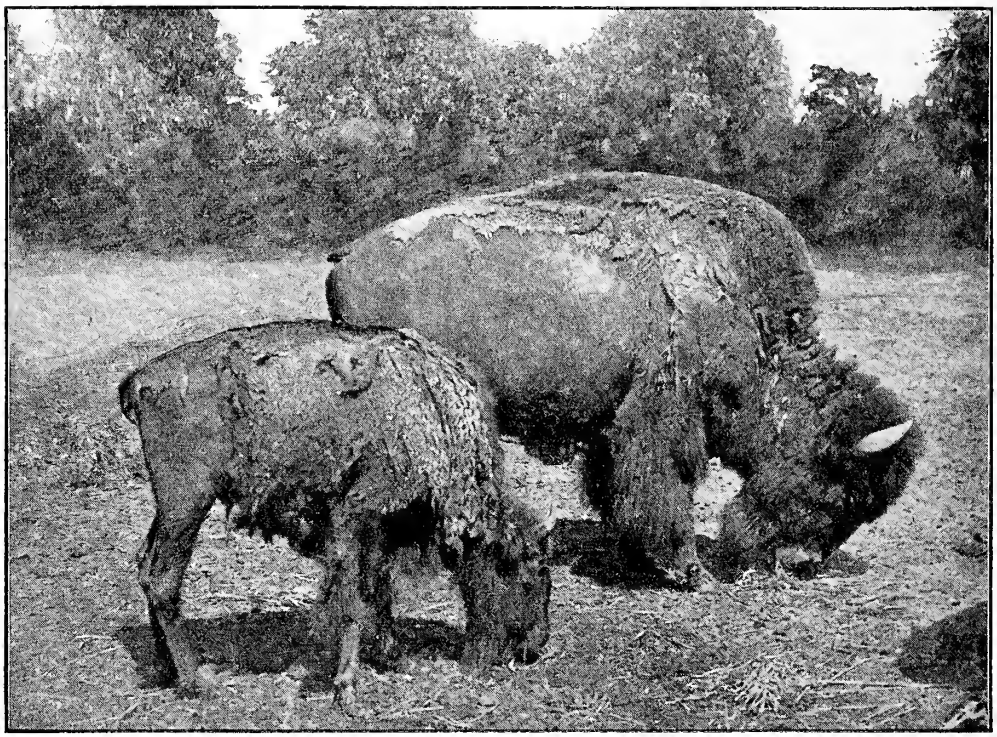
THE BUFFALO FAMILY

THE AMERICAN BISON'S LOVE STORY.

"You're a long way from home, honey, like me!" said an American visitor when she stopped before the compound of the American bison at the Zoo. There was home-sickness in her voice, and there is a quaint air of home-sickness, of painful resignation, about these strange, massive-headed creatures, that almost resolves itself into a plaintive "Nobody cares for me!" whenever they deign to notice visitors. To the uninitiated the three bison might seem to be a happy family of husband, wife and daughter; but to those who know, the air is pervaded with the aftermath of tragedy, and the two adult bison are "one and one with a shadowy third," not a pair of loving mates.

Several years ago two smart, vigorous young bison came to the Zoo intending to settle down as respected colonists. They were well satisfied with themselves, and had no fault to find with their lot in life. And they were deeply in love with one another. Their treatment of each other was idyllic, and they played together charmingly. It has been surmised that the evolutions of bison when playing were the genesis of the American Indians' war dances, just as our native companions' dances must have been the basis of the aborigines' corroborees. These two had a well-defined plan of action that developed naturally and rhythmically, and never varied any more than does the action of the Lancers or the minuet. First one of the bison would bound around the paddock, then the other would fly off in the opposite direction, and both would meet in the centre. These bounds of ceremony were quite unlike the ordinary jump or walk. They were short, even springs, with the body queerly bunched up, and all four feet leaving the ground together in leaps of perhaps six or seven feet at a time. When the two met in the centre they came head to head, with muzzles nearly touching the ground, and thus they worked around in a circle, heads almost meeting all the while. Then the bull began pawing the ground with his forefeet, throwing great clouds of dust up over his back. The cow did not do any of this pawing, but all the while he was doing it, she kept up a pretence of hitting at him with her horns. Then both rose together on their hind legs and pawed at each other with their forefeet as they danced round and round in a narrow circle. All this time they threw their paws about with the

queerest of gestures, and kept up a strange, grunting noise, quite different from the sounds made by other cattle. After a time one would bound off again, and at once the other scampered off in the opposite direction—never once even by accident did they go the same way round that paddock. There would again be a ceremonial meeting and scraping of heads in the middle of the yard, and then the former capers would follow once more. This programme was kept up until, utterly exhausted, they



"I've got you and you've got me."

would stand looking at each other with a world of meaning in their eyes. Both were quite beaten, but it did not become one to admit it before the other did so. At last the strain became too great, and one panting animal would go down with a flop that shook the surrounding earth, just as their great bounding always did, and almost before that one was fairly down the other would be alongside. There the two would lie, puffing and panting like a pair of furnace bellows. It was not necessary to see them at this to know they were going through it. The very earth

shook beneath their feet and with its movement and their noise it was like the long reverberation of rolling thunder.

These were happy times for the two lovers, and their antics made great sport for the keepers. Then their first calf came, and they assumed the most grotesque airs of dignity. It was time to give up all such youthful exhibitions of happiness. They had not only to remember that they were parents, but had the additional weight of honor to carry in the knowledge that they were parents of the first baby bison ever born in Australia. Their assumption of grown-up seriousness was very funny, but unfortunately this quaint family life lasted only for three or four months. The mother took ill and died suddenly; and all the color and beauty and joy went out of life for the poor widower. He refused to take notice of anything or anybody. The baby was nothing to him now its mother was gone, and he would not look at it. In the next paddock were some Zebus, or Indian cattle, and it was thought that if they could be placed with him it might cheer him somewhat and relieve his terrible loneliness. But they could put anything with him for all he cared; it made no difference to him as long as he was free to wrap himself up in his grief. The poor little orphan tried to get some of the sympathy she so badly needed from the newcomers, but they would not be bothered with her; and then she again began to appeal to her father. For some time she rubbed herself against him gently without eliciting the smallest response, but he did not repel her, and so she found courage to persist. At last he seemed to realise that she was fretting for the same lost treasure as himself. Once the ice was broken this bond of union quickly drew them close together, and then he adopted little forlorn Topsy in reality. They became inseparables. She grew better in health, and he in spirits, and to this day they live for and with each other. It can hardly be said that Silas has reared her as well as her mother could have done, for if ever there was an understudy for poor "Tops," who "jus' growed," it is this latest Topsy whose lack of mothering shows in every movement and in every line. But still she has found her father's love a big compensation, and one is just the other's shadow, so close are they to each other the livelong day. He is so devoted to her that the second wife, bought for him from Wirth's circus, has good reason to complain of being entirely neglected and kept determinedly in the cold. She is tolerated by father and daughter, but they give her distinctly to understand that they can get along very well without her. She never obtrudes her presence, and seems to have come to the philosophic conclusion that she must wait until Topsy is quite off her father's hands before she can hope for her proper place in the family life.

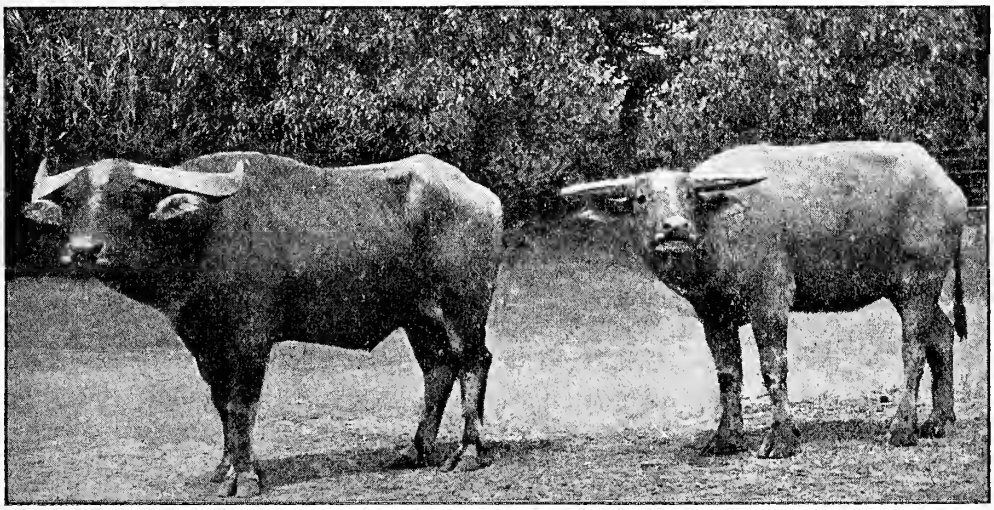
A TRICK JUMPER.

Topsy's father is known in the gardens as Silas. He is a law-abiding citizen generally, but one Sunday afternoon he got up a slight sensation that was quite exciting enough while it lasted. Owing to his great overgrown head being most powerful for mischief should he feel inclined to resent any action of passers-by, the authorities built a second fence about three feet in from the outer one, in order that the foolish portion of the public should be protected from itself. By some means Silas managed to get between these two fences on that afternoon, and yet there was hardly room for the great creature to squeeze himself into the narrow space. There was certainly no room for him to turn around, and the thoughtless crowds watching and baiting him did not realise what danger they were in when they began teasing him at such short range. As soon as the alarm was raised Mr. Wilkie hastily cut a handful of most tempting green food and went into this dangerously confined space, holding out the bait for Silas to follow it into the paddock through the gate at the end of the fence. But instead of following his leader—usually he would follow anyone for some luscious bamboo tops or choice lucerne—he backed slightly, and gave an amazing side leap over the dividing fence, landed neatly on all fours, and then held his head up for the reward of good conduct. Such an astonishing leap would probably not be so successful another time, for he had to take that four feet fence without the smallest preliminary run, or even a preparatory stoop or spring.

A BULL FIGHT.

There are myriads of water, or European buffaloes in Northern Australia, and although their flesh makes excellent eating, nothing is done to turn it to commercial advantage. The great creatures are slaughtered for their valuable hides, and the carcasses are destroyed by fire or merely left to decay unheeded. This species was originally a native of India, but was early introduced into Europe, where it became acclimatised and settled down so well that it eventually became known as the European buffalo. It has wider spreading horns than its cousin of North America, the well-known bison; but does not appear to be nearly as strong or as savage as the Cape buffalo of South Africa. Whether this appearance is deceitful in all cases would be difficult to say; but it was decidedly so in a fight between the two at the Melbourne Zoo not long ago. The European and the Cape buffaloes were side by side in different

enclosures, but separated from each other by a double fence. They tried many times to get at closer quarters, but the division between the fences made it seem a hopeless proposition for years. Eventually, however, they did get together by breaking down the two barriers during the dead of night. The Cape buffalo was much weightier than the other. He was a huge, shaggy, black-coated animal, with very strong horns that seemed to monopolise the whole front of his unwieldy head, and they could almost be used as a battering ram for anything, so well were they designed for butting purposes. All the staff thought that if ever a fight did come off between these two formidable antagonists the African



"It was a famous victory."

would get decidedly the better of it, for though his horns were not as long as the European's, size and strength were expected to more than outweigh this supposedly slight disadvantage. However, when the keepers reached their paddocks one morning they found that the dividing fences had been smashed to matchwood and there was ample evidence of a terrific battle having been waged in the hours of darkness. The water buffalo was resting from his labors, apparently unperturbed and certainly unharmed. He had not a mark of conflict about him. The Cape buffalo, that had been thought so superior in strength to the European, was standing dejectedly at the bottom of the paddock, evidently very sorely hurt. He was driven back into his own compound, and the

fence was repaired and reinforced. When this vanquished buffalo was examined it was apparent that he had received frightful punishment. He was swollen cruelly, and was too sore to move. In a few days disturbing wounds at first not noticed revealed themselves, and it became evident that the worst consequences must ensue from the fight. The longer horns of the other buffalo had proved too good a defence for him, and he had been able to prevent the other beast from coming near enough to use his shorter weapons at all, and so the African had had a monopoly of the punishment. Within a fortnight the injured creature died, and when an autopsy was made it was found that there was scarcely a square inch of his body that had not been battered and bruised. His smaller opponent had not even shown signs of fatigue!

GREAT HELP WAITS ON LITTLE NEED.

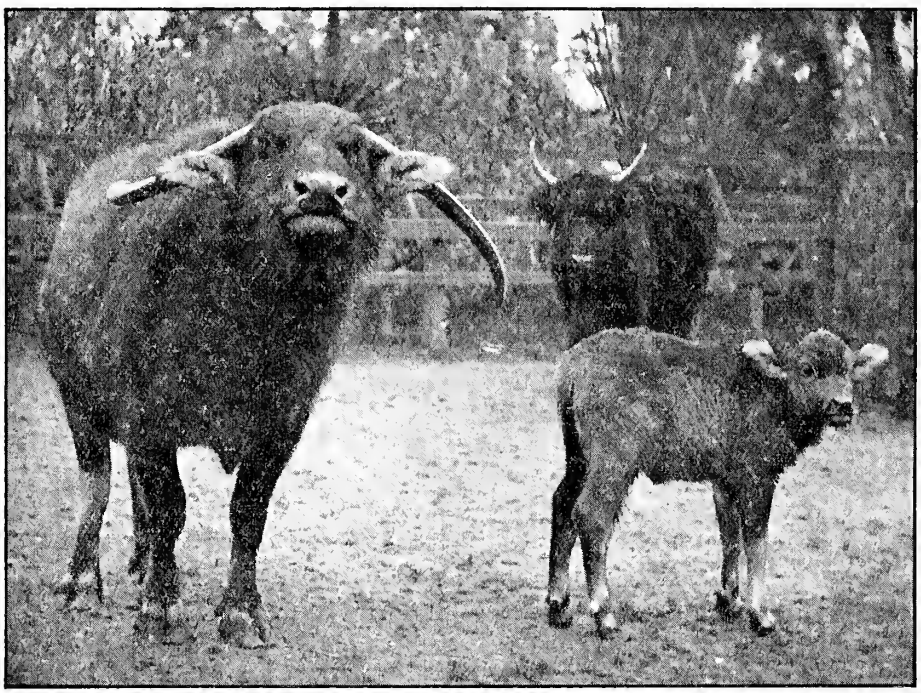
Many years ago there was an exceptionally savage water buffalo at the Zoo. No one knew when he would attack the men near him, and none cared to go into his compound alone. It was usually arranged that several should go in together, so that he would be over-awed by sheer force of numbers. One day several men prepared to do the necessary work in his enclosure, but when they reached it he was standing on guard near the gate, as if challenging one or all to dare enter. They were not too eager to take his defiance, and as they stood discussing what to do under the unpromising circumstances, the then overseer came up to inspect their work. He had not much sympathy for their nervous fears, and so he determined to prove how groundless their suspicions were. He told them that a bold defiance would cow the creature at once, so, taking a broom from one of the men, he lightly vaulted the fence to send the bull about his breakfast without more ado. But he made a slight miscalculation. There is no saying what would have happened if the men had followed their leader. It is quite possible the bull would have thought it dangerous to be in a minority and have waited for a more favorable opportunity; but when he saw that only one man had dared to beard him, he determined to vent his spleen to some purpose. At once he gave chase, and the overseer saw that he must make without loss of a second for a gnarled old tree in the centre of the grounds if he wished for safety. The men, who were one and all afraid to enter to his assistance, saw precisely how he should act in the emergency, and they shouted out all sorts of conflicting instructions to the man who was whirling round and round that tree away from the angry bull. The head gardener, hearing the shouts and the bellowing,

secured a bass broom as a convenient weapon, and ran to the spot to investigate. He was brother to the overseer, and the moment he saw whose life was imperilled he sprang to the rescue. Just before he reached the infuriated beast his brother got a chance of hitting the bull a strong blow in the face with his hard broom, and this staggered and momentarily stopped the beast, who shook his head impatiently as animals have a habit of doing in the hope of thereby shaking off the pain. In that moment his victim made a straight dive for the fence, laid his hands on it, and was in the very act of vaulting it when the buffalo, seeing he was escaping surely from his vengeance, gave one bound with head downwards, and as his victim's body rose in air to clear the fence, he brought up his formidable head and gave him far more assistance than he needed to reach the other side. The force of the blow was so great that the overseer's hands were forced off the top of the fence, and he shot up a great height, landing far across the barrier—on his feet, and unhurt, but in a powerful rage at being made to look so foolish before all those men. Had he been caught in a rigid position the result would have been tragic; but as it was the comedy was too maddening altogether. In a second he was looking for a weapon with which to avenge himself and thrash out the stinging insult. He did not hesitate, as soon as he had found a convenient and particularly stout stick, to vault the fence a third time for that morning, and he belabored the exultant animal until he could hit no more. He was determined to teach him that such things could not be done with impunity by animals at the Melbourne Zoo, and, strange to say, the bull took the thrashing with surprising meekness. When he was properly subdued and went off to his feeding-trough, both brothers left leisurely by the gate, and the men entered and set about their tasks with no more interference than if he were not present. It was rather remarkable that he had ignored the second brother from the first; and even after he had sent his victim spinning into the lawn opposite, he did not deign to notice the other man's existence.

WATER BUFFALO CALF.

This is not an ordinary calf. Indeed, if you heard its mother's opinion you would quickly understand that it is a most extraordinary one. But of course every mother crow thinks her baby the whitest. Still, we must allow the very important looking mother to take some credit to herself. She is not by any means a young buffalo. She has travelled with Wirth's circus all over Australia, and has been quite used to the admiration of many thousands of people as she marched in the arena with all the other

show animals. She has been so busy before the limelight that she has had no time for domestic worries, and therefore it is believed that this is her first calf; so is it any wonder that she is proud of it? The little thing was born in August, 1917, and to prevent its father disposing of it summarily, the mother and baby were put in the next paddock with the Highland cattle, where it was thought all would agree well together. The mother and the cattle were old friends. But circumstances alter cases. As soon as the little Highland cow saw the visitors she came



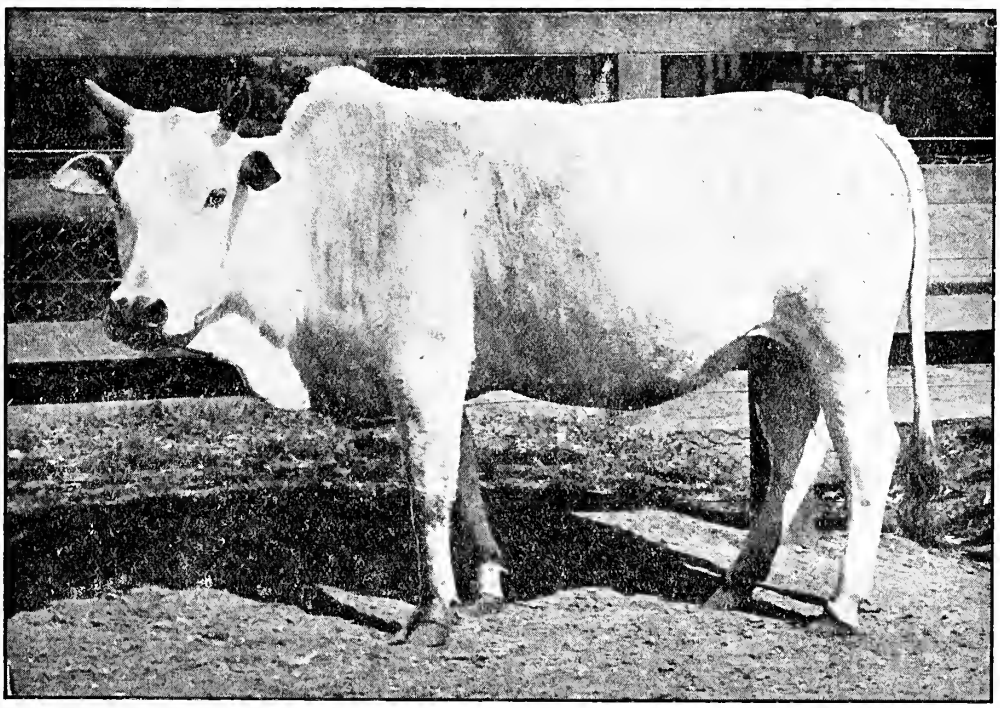
"What's mine is my own."

up to give a warm welcome to the calf, and to assure the mother that she was delighted with the company; but the mother was not going to allow anybody to interfere with her baby, and decided to warn all comers to keep a safe distance. She strode up to the unoffending cow, placed one long horn underneath her body, lifted her fairly off the ground, and contemptuously tossed her off yards and yards away to pick herself up and ruminate at leisure upon the folly of interfering with other people's concerns. You will notice from the picture how thoroughly the poor little cow has learned her lesson. She discreetly remains in the back-

ground, although she is the hostess, and leaves the two alone; nevertheless, she watches the calf with all the longing a good-natured cow can suffer. The mother is so sure that everything and everybody envies her her wonderful possession that it took Mr. Wilkie all his time to prevent her trying conclusions with Mr. Luke as he tried to get a picture of the treasure. Twice she began to assume war-like attitudes, and twice the process of posing was interrupted; but when she found that he really did not want to carry her baby off in his pocket she yielded with a fair grace to the inevitable. The little Highland cow looked on, from a respectful distance, as if she could scarcely credit the fact that the men were allowed to do that for which she had been so badly humiliated.

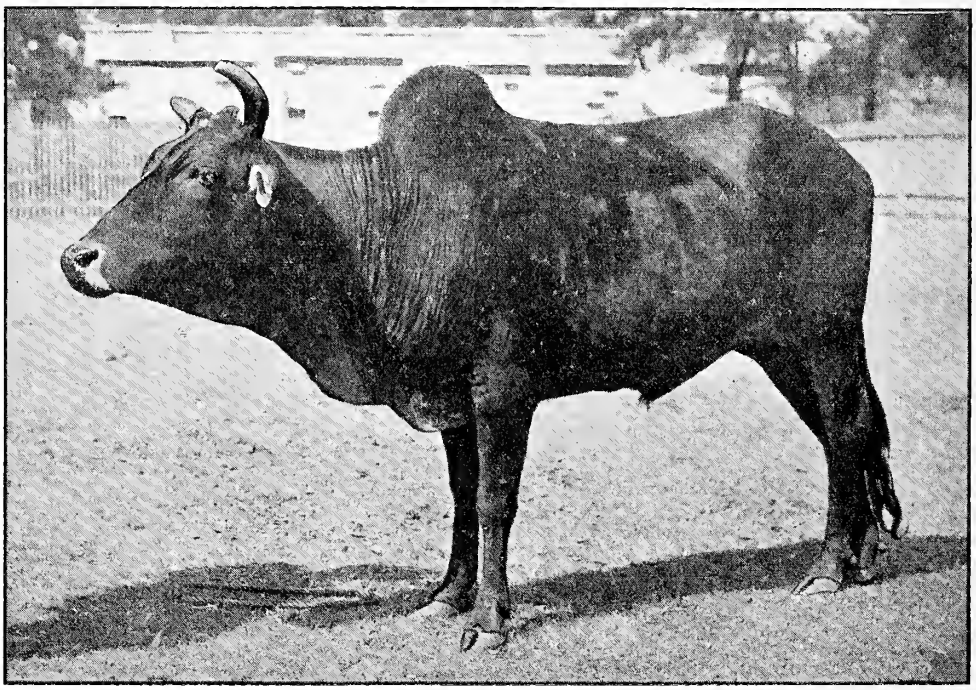
ZEBUS, OR BRAHMIN CATTLE.

The Zebu has a peculiarity that distinguishes him at once from all the other oxen of the world and places him in a distant relationship with the camel and dromedary. He has a fatty hump on his back, just above his shoulders, and one member of his family has two of them, one behind



The rich man's darling.

the other. Like the camel, the Zebu shows his condition, whether well- or ill-fed, whether considerately or over-worked, by the size of this hump. The Hindus have consecrated these cattle to the god Siva, the avenging or destroying deity of the old Brahmins, the deity of fertility to the moderns. They are allowed to roam the streets of Indian cities unmolested, and anyone who feeds them is considered to have performed a meritorious act well-pleasing to the god, therefore a wandering bull may enter any corn or vegetable store and eat whatsoever pleases him,



The poor man's slave.

the owner never daring to interfere. The little white variety is the trotting Zebu, which is commonly harnessed to the small native carriages, and may be seen running in double harness anywhere, or providing sport at trotting matches. The big, black cattle are the usual beasts of burden throughout India and in parts of China. They are the oxen of the plough.

Large numbers of the black Brahmin cattle have been imported to Northern Australia in recent years, and crossed with our own domesticated breeds. It has been discovered that their hides are tick-resistant,

and therefore they are absolutely invaluable to Queensland settlers. The crossbreds retain this fine characteristic, and their hides have been proved to make better leather, their size is larger, and the cows give a richer milk. In the pure-bred Zebu cow the milk, though not of great quantity, is wonderfully rich in butter-fat.

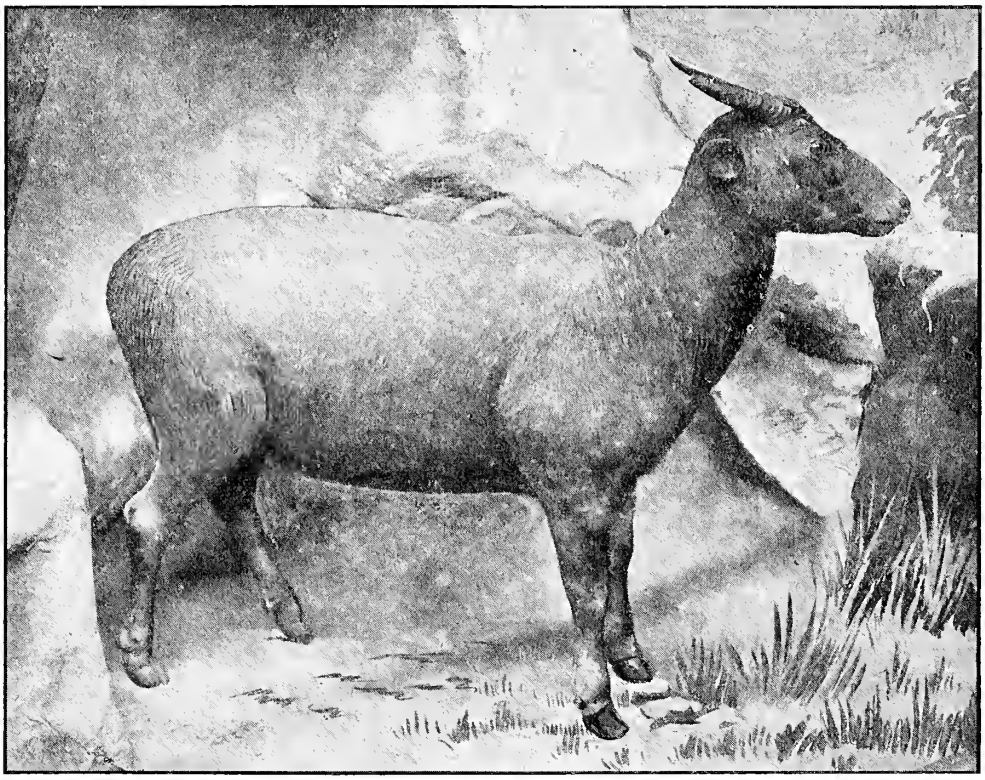
The black bull in the accompanying illustration is a much travelled gentleman. He has been all over Australia with Wirth's circus, not as a performer, but simply on show in the ring as a splendid specimen of this sacred cattle. Naturally so much adulation has had a good deal to do with turning his head, and he is exceedingly vain. The cow has lately recovered from one of the greatest operations ever performed in Australia on an animal. She was successfully treated by Veterinary Surgeon Lewis, and her life was saved and health skilfully restored when it was thought she must die. To-day she is as happy as though she had never known a day's anxiety in her life.

THE ONE AND ONLY ANOA.

The Anoa is the smallest member of the tribe of buffaloes. It comes from the Celebes, and has not huge, spreading horns like the bigger buffaloes, but short, straight, serviceable ones that cannot be trusted within range of anything living. It looks as mild as the gazelle, or the Cape Barren Goose, and like that goose, it uses its looks to ingratiate itself with strangers. Those who know the gentleman regard his appearance as the sheep mask over the wolf nature. A story is told that an anoa was sent to England as a present to the owner of a deer park. The little thing looked so innocent and so harmless that he was placed among the deer without scruple. Next morning twenty or thirty dead deer were stretched out in various attitudes over the park, and the anoa was busily searching for other prey to slaughter.

When the first one arrived at the Melbourne Zoo the staff took him at his face value, but were quickly undeceived. Those business-like horns were used to break down everything within reach. They had to hastily strengthen every fence near him. He made so many attempts to get at the deer in the paddock next to him that they had to keep constant watch over him. In sheer lust of killing he massacred his mate and her calf, and then the keepers, in despair, blunted his horns to moderate his transports. He acquired such an unsavory reputation that there was not a man in the gardens willing to go into his paddock alone; and none of them liked going in any way. Even with his blunted horns he could have killed anything he tackled with murderous intent. But before

this heroic measure was taken for curing his high spirits, he provided a morning's excitement for the staff that has never been forgotten by any of the participants in the fun. One of the men was leisurely leading a horse attached to a dray laden with green feed past the anoa's compound when some imp of mischief must have suddenly stirred him to action. He dashed at the fence, that had been strongly buttressed with heavy battens, broke through it as if it had been paper, and blindly



A Broth of a Boy.

charged the conveyance. Fortunately the horse had just passed out of his range, and so his horns got mixed up with the spokes of the wheel. It was merciful that this was the case, for he would have torn the horse open before anyone could have begun to interfere with his impetuous onslaught. As it was the cart got the full benefit of his rush, and he lifted it fairly off the ground, nearly upsetting horse, driver, and all. While he was attempting to free himself from the wheel, the alarm was

raised; but although there were several men about, none of them cared to come to conclusions with the little thing that had already made a name for itself as a fire-eater. On duty at the gate was a quaint old Irishman, who, hearing the commotion, determined to be in it. How could an Irishman resist a scrap? He hastily got someone to relieve him, and raced down to the spot. As there was an escaped animal to be captured, obviously the only thing to be done was to capture it, and so he caught it by the horns and called upon another man to assist him. But the other man knew so much to the anoa's detriment that he begged to be excused.

"No," he said, "I'd advise you to let it go, too. I don't want to be murdered."

A second man was willing to try, but the anoa contemptuously tossed him aside while striving to free himself from the grip of iron that he strongly resented. Yet, however much he jumped and spun around, the old man hung on; being bumped into fences, hurled around corners, and flung violently on the pavement, but he was not going to be beaten by a bit of a shpalpeen like that, not if he knew it. Indeed, he knew that however he might be bruised in this tussle, it would probably be certain death to let go; but he wanted help, and wanted to get out of his unfortunate contract, and so as he spun round he cried for aid from the worried bystanders.

"Where are the keepers?" he yelled, as he went round and round his impromptu merry-go-round. "I'll let him go, I will, sure's fate! If the keepers don't come soon, I'll let him go, so I will! If I let him go he'll kill 'em all, he will, an' serve 'em right, I say! Serve 'em right, yes; why don't they come? I'll let him go, an' where'll they all be then, I'd like to know? I'll let him go-o-o!"

All the time he hung on for dear life and for the honor of old Ireland, until the anoa got exhausted and seemed ready to appeal to the bystanders to help him to let the man go. Finally all the keepers together went to their comrade's assistance, and managed to overpower the savage little creature; yet although he was no bigger than a goat, it took the combined and full strength of six men to push him back into the place from which he should never have emerged.

There has never been more than this family of three anoas in the gardens, but the staff does not seem to fret over the fact. They are hoping that, at least in their time, circumstances will prevent the importation of a successor to the one they remember so well, and love far better now he is preserved in the National Museum.

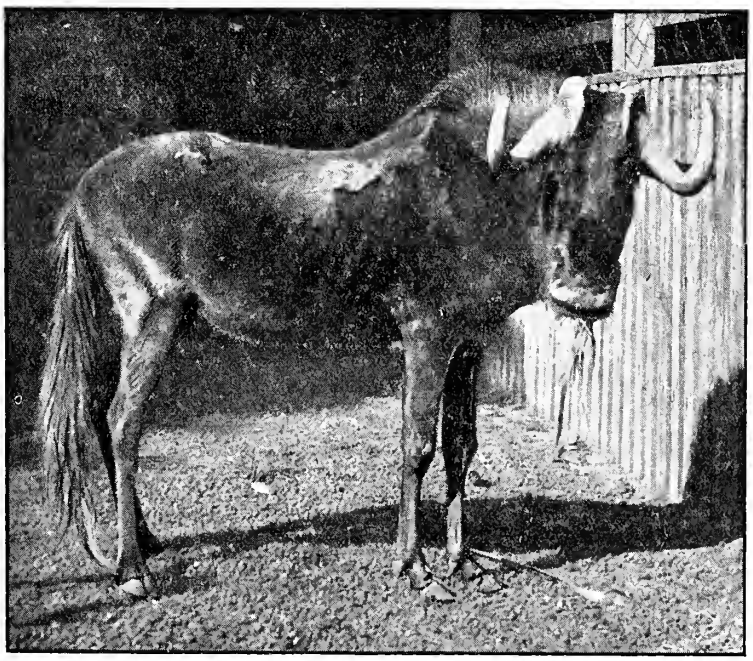
THE GNU.

The Gnu is a most extraordinary looking animal. It is classified as a member of the antelope family, but it is apparently made up of parts of different animals, the antelope, the ox or buffalo, and the horse all being drawn upon to provide some parts of its anatomy. It has a horse's body, mane and tail, a buffalo's head, an ox's horns, and an antelope's legs. It is the size of a large ass, and is of a tawny color. It is really the link between the buffalo family and the antelopes, and is thus of special interest. It has been said that the gnu was the inspiration for the mythical unicorn, which children may see supporting the arms of England, and which they know from "Through the Looking Glass":

> "The Lion and the Unicorn were fighting for the crown,
> The Lion beat the Unicorn all round the town.
> Some gave them white bread, some gave them brown;
> Some gave them plum-cake, and drummed them out of town."

These theorists think that the first travellers to see the gnu saw one with a horn broken off, and as it had but one, thought that for the sake of symmetry it must be placed right in the middle of its forehead, like the little girl's curl, or more probably, like the rhinoceros' horn. It is a common enough occurrence for a gnu to lose one horn. They are the most timid things known, being literally afraid of their own shadows, and in their mad flight when frightened, they turn corners most recklessly, and dash against anything in the way whether it be a brick wall, a rock, or anything else as dangerous to their chances of keeping a whole skin. One at the Zoo has been known to repeatedly smash right into a heavy panel fence and yet remain apparently uninjured; but one day it struck the corner of its house with frightful violence, and broke off one horn completely, together with a large piece of its skull. It was too wild for the keepers or veterinary surgeon to attempt to do anything for the gaping wound, for it would have meant certain death from fright if they had attempted to catch it in such a condition, so it had to be left to take its chances. It recovered, and lived for years afterwards, though after the accident had been well-nigh forgotten its brains could be seen palpitating through the thin sheath of skin that grew over them. In some gardens the experiment has been tried of tethering them by short lengths of chain in the hope of taming them and accustoming them to life as it moved by, but they have always killed themselves before

they could be released. Therefore it may be imagined what "kittle cattle" they are, and how proud the staff of a Zoo is if one becomes acclimatised and settles down contentedly. The present inhabitant of



A Thing of Shreds and Patches.

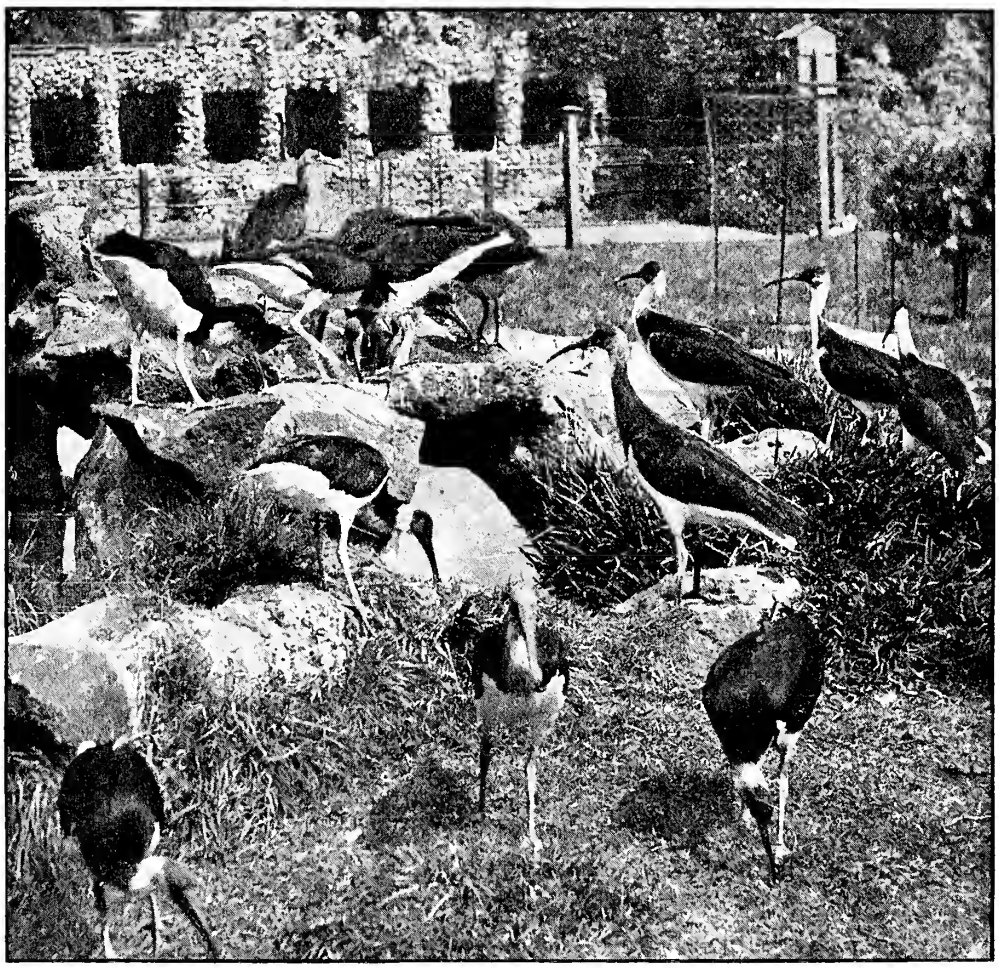
the Melbourne Zoo has been there for quite a number of years, and has even endured the change from a large paddock to the confinement of a very small place with wonderful equanimity.

IBISES AND GULLS

A HAPPY, UNHAPPY FAMILY.

Opposite the cages of Mollie, the Orang-Utang, and the alligator, is a pretty garden-like section, containing a rookery and a small pond. This is one of the noisiest portions of the Zoo, for it is the home of a large

number of ibises—those strange, long-beaked and long-legged birds—and of Pacific gulls, bad tempered and, as Shakespeare said, "sudden and quick in quarrel." They enjoy quarrelling with the ibises, and the ibises consider a fight with the gulls as their chief pleasure, so all thrive



A Peaceful Interlude.

in spite of their noisy squabbles. Although the gulls are much heavier than the ibises, the latter have all the advantage of very much longer beaks, and a gull that presumed too far would soon find himself minus a tuft of feathers, without a chance in the world of paying back the

score. So once more the hymn writer who said "Birds in their little nests agree" is proved to be wrong. It is very amusing to watch this colony at feeding time. They have chopped raw meat given them, and if a long thread of meat should happen to be among the mass it is bound to be grabbed by both an ibis and a gull. Then one of the funniest imaginable tugs of war takes place. Both pull their very hardest to make the other let go, and if the strip of meat gives way suddenly two very surprised birds spin over on their backs and pick themselves up, after an involuntary roll, to gobble up their half of the titbit. At other times the meat is too strong or tough to break, and as both birds pull one will decide it is necessary to get a firmer grip, and lets go for a second. But before he has any chance of catching hold of his end again the victor, who has gone rolling in the dust, is up and off, squealing with delight, to demolish his prize in some secluded spot. Should a stray frog happen to get inside this enclosure, one of the birds is bound to see the unfortunate trespasser, and with a shrill scream he pounces down and catches it by one leg. The scream has warned the company that something unusual is afoot, and at once the prize is coveted by the whole lot. A scramble, worse confounded than any football scrimmage, ensues as the whole pack rushes for the frog. Before they have actually surrounded the bird holding the delicacy they have managed to give the frog so many bites that it is fairly dead; but its final despatch is accomplished by its being literally torn into shreds. If the captor manages to keep the one hind leg for himself he has done remarkably well. The same thing happens to any trespassing mouse or poor little fledgling sparrow that has accidentally tumbled out of its nest overhead. They are literally torn piecemeal. The gulls have the blacker record for mice and sparrows, and the ibises are the culprits where frogs are concerned.

GULLS AND ALBATROSSES.

The Pacific gull is commonly called the mollyhawk, but Mr. Wilkie does not agree with those who identify him as that special terror of small birds. He is hatched an ugly drab brown in color, and he grows for a year or two a dirty-looking plumage. But as the months roll by he evolves some white feathers, and these gradually replace the dingy ones. By the time he is fully matured, about five years or so, he has changed into a magnificent bird, with purest white breast and jet black wings and back, and his yellow beak is surrounded by a handsome red ring. There is some doubt as to the exact length of time it takes for these final changes to take place, so a detailed study is being made of

them at the Zoo by carefully ringing and marking the fine collection there. It is, of course, possible that they may take a little longer to reach full maturity in captivity, so completely out of their natural element. The Pacific gulls are very seldom seen in the bay, and only an occasional one is noticed around the coast of land-locked waters. It is the small silver gull that frequents our harbors and bay resorts. These pretty little birds follow a ship out to sea for perhaps five or six miles; then they give place to the Pacific gull, which accompanies the vessel perhaps for upwards of forty miles. There they seem to disappear, and the lordly albatross comes on the scene. Mother Carey's chickens are about the size of the silver gull, but are of a greyish tinge. Sailors dislike these birds, considering them omens of evil. But the lovely albatross is welcomed and watched, and most people spend hours on shipboard in watching their marvellous flight. Even if a boat is going at twenty knots an hour the albatross finds time to circle round and round the ship, dip back a mile or two, play at hide and seek with the mountainous waves by tumbling over the crests as he lightly skims the surface with one wing, sinking into the troughs and grandly rising on the other side, all being done without even the tremor of a wing or the quiver of a feather, like some exquisite aeroplane. Their tireless ease and effortless speed gives a sense of so great reserve strength that no sympathy for exhausted battlers with the elements ever dims the enjoyment of the spectacle. It is strange that these great birds have no power to rise unassisted from land or from the deck of a ship. They can be captured easily, and kept in captivity as long as they are out of their native elements—air and water. When they are nesting they fall easy victims to depredators, because they must run out to sea and swim until they find themselves on the side of a wave, from which they vault into the "blue dome of air." Several times there have been albatrosses in the gardens, but they are not meant for captivity. They are at first very savage, but hopelessness tames them, and they die in two or three months —die from tameness, just as do other beings, birds, or men, that live for one purpose only, and that a non-material one.

THE LOCUST PLAGUE.

The ibises are natives of Australia. The black and white and the straw necked varieties are both found here, and live in myriads in the swampy marshes of north-west Victoria and the south-west borders of New South Wales. They are full cousins to the famous sacred ibises of Egypt. Mr. Le Souef has in his office a mummified ibis dating from

about 2000 B.C. They deserve great respect from us in Australia, as well as they did from the ancient Egyptians, for we, like them, are subject to the ravages of the locust, or grasshopper, plague, and the ibises are our best protectors from those pestilent insects. Mr. Le Souef has seen the birds in colonies estimated to contain half a million, and as one that was shot was found to have a hundred grasshoppers in his crop, as well as a number of yabbies, it would be an interesting bit of arithmetic to work out how many grasshoppers would be eaten in a week by half a million birds if each ate one hundred every day. A farmer on the border told Mr. Wilkie that not long ago he was threatened with the ruin of his year's work by a sudden visitation of grasshoppers. Smoking them out was ineffective, and then he tried burning a strip of bush and several other supposed checks, without any result. He was just about to abandon all hope, when some ibises appeared. They were the forerunners of a mighty host, that even darkened the sky as they sped to the feast. The farmer was saved. Next day, he said, the birds were hunting around for the stragglers of the grasshopper plague, for they had eaten up the vast majority of them the day before.

DEER AND ANTELOPES

OPERATIONS.

There are naturally a good many deer in the gardens. The beautiful tame creatures are always great favorites with the public, and, when the young fawns are to be seen, there is scarcely a spot more frequented than those holding the timid little things. Yet, although deer are so tame with ordinary human kind, they are by no means as quiet as they look. It is always necessary to erect double dividing fences between them and their neighbors, because otherwise there would soon be a fight to the death between them. Frequently it is compulsory to saw off their antlers in order to save the lives of the animals nearest them. At one time the red deer had as one neighbor the Barrasingha deer (the largest Indian deer), and on the other side a fine pair of Elands (the largest variety of antelope). When the red deer smashed off all the pickets of the two fences, and it was only too probable that he would get into the Elands' enclosure and bring about a deadly combat, his horns were sawn off to within about an inch of the knobs from which

they sprout annually. Not very long after this was done, the female Eland had the misfortune to break off one of her horns, and with it a considerable amount of skull. She was in great distress, so the heads of the Veterinary College came up very quickly, and a doctor gave her chloroform, while the professor operated. A number of students accompanied these gentlemen to watch so unusual an operation, and several onlookers, profoundly interested in the performance, as they did not know much about it, were very liberal with their advice as to how it should be done. One man caught sight of the dehorned deer, which, in fear and trembling, was watching through the fence the unwonted bustle and confusion in its neighbor's house. He at once spoke to one of the keepers, and demanded:

"Who operated on that animal?"

"I'm not sure whether I did, or the carpenter," was the reply.

"It is a painfully crude piece of work," was the comment. "Now, if it had been in my hands, I should have cut that ugly projecting piece right out, and have drawn the skin right over the wound. In a couple of months it would have been impossible to see that an operation had been performed."

"I see," came the quiet answer. "But, what would have happened when his new antlers began to sprout?"

As the discomfited man moved away from the laughing crowd, he said hastily:

"Of course, I was referring to antelopes, not deer!"

Deer shed their antlers each year, antelope keep the one pair of horns throughout life. Therefore, to fix up the poor Eland, there was an attempt made to carry out the programme sketched by the officious personage. Unfortunately the shock was too great for the timid thing. She lived less than a fortnight after the accident, and died as much from fright at all the handling she had suffered as from the wound. Deer and antelope are so nervous that it has sometimes happened that a perfectly healthy one will be caught for transportation, and an hour after it has been placed in its new box it will be found dead from fright.

REDUCED TO CIVILITY.

It is only for four months in the year that the deer's antlers are hard enough for him to be a menace to the peace of all about him. In the early Spring, before the fawns are born, they begin to be a worry to him, and he seeks desperately to get rid of the encumbrances. He will butt at tree guards or fences savagely until one antler will go snap. This never fails to give him a good fright, and he bounds off round and

Scenting Trouble.

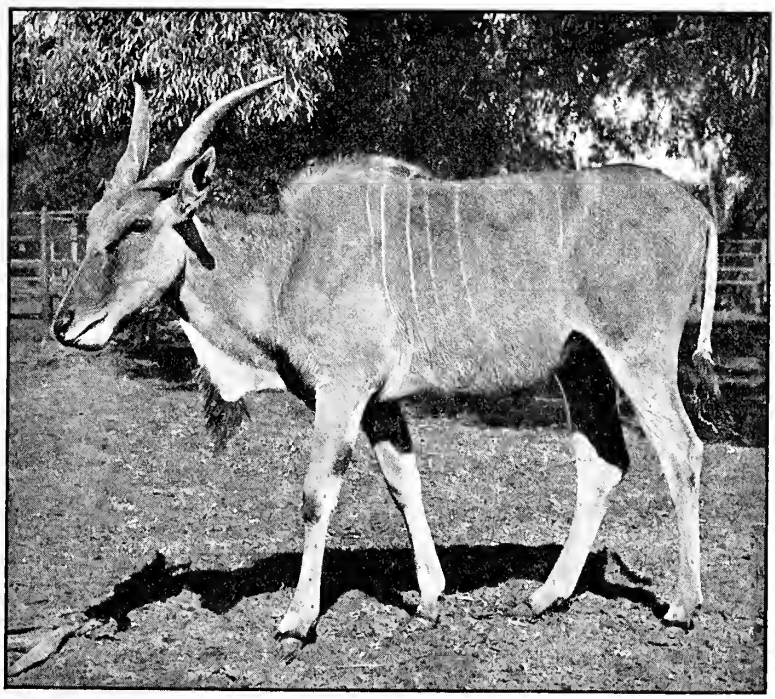
round his paddock, trying to discover which part of him is most hurt by the crack. For perhaps a week he is lop-sided, and then, forgetting his awkward plight, he will bang impetuously into something, and, just when he does not expect it, off comes the other horn. Now he knows he is utterly helpless, and any foe that comes his way can have him at his mercy by reason of his defencelessness. His doe knows it too. While he is monarch of all, she is as meek a wife as any animal ever had, but later she has a revenge many a wife would like to get. She now punishes any domestic defection mercilessly. When he angers her, she rises on her hind feet, and thrashes him severely with her front ones, as she bites mouthfuls of hair and skin from his aching sides. It is while his horns are off that the fawns are born, and, before he grows them hard enough to use as weapons of offence, the young have grown sufficiently to be able to defend themselves against any sudden outburst of anger. At this time, too, he has an uneasy conscience about acts done in the full flush of his power, and, when a keeper enters his grounds, he bolts off to the lower end. When he is again in the pride of strength, he will dispute possession with the keeper, and frequently shows fight, if he deems it inconvenient for the man to enter his domain.

SCOTLAND FOR EVER.

The big Indian Barrasingha deer is the most bellicose of them all. Once a man had just tipped up a dray-full of gravel in a paddock in which there were several does and one magnificent buck. He was driving the horse and cart back along a gully, about three feet deep, that traversed this place, when the buck suddenly attacked the vehicle and sent horse, cart and driver upside down into the gully. The man who was spreading out the gravel rushed to the defence of the driver, but not in time to save him from the fury of the deer, which drove its horn through the fleshy part of his leg, permanently laming him. There was a gigantic Scotchman in another part of the grounds, and he hastened to the help of his injured comrade. He also was attacked by the frenzied animal, but he managed to catch it firmly by the antlers, and a terrific struggle between man and beast resulted in the giant slowly forcing the deer's head down and down until he sent the antlers into the soft earth. He held them there, in spite of all the animal's exertions to free himself, until more help came and the other men were removed from danger, the cart was righted, and the frightened horse was led out into less exciting surroundings.

UNEQUALLY MATCHED.

Another deer of this variety once molested one of the keepers. He had known the man for a very long time—ever since he had been in the gardens—and had always shown a liking for him, but this day he attacked him, though by the greatest of good fortune the man got between his horns instead of on them, otherwise he would have been dead before any one could have reached him. As it was, the deer managed to fell him, and trampled him savagely with his feet, breaking three ribs and



The Bereaved Eland.

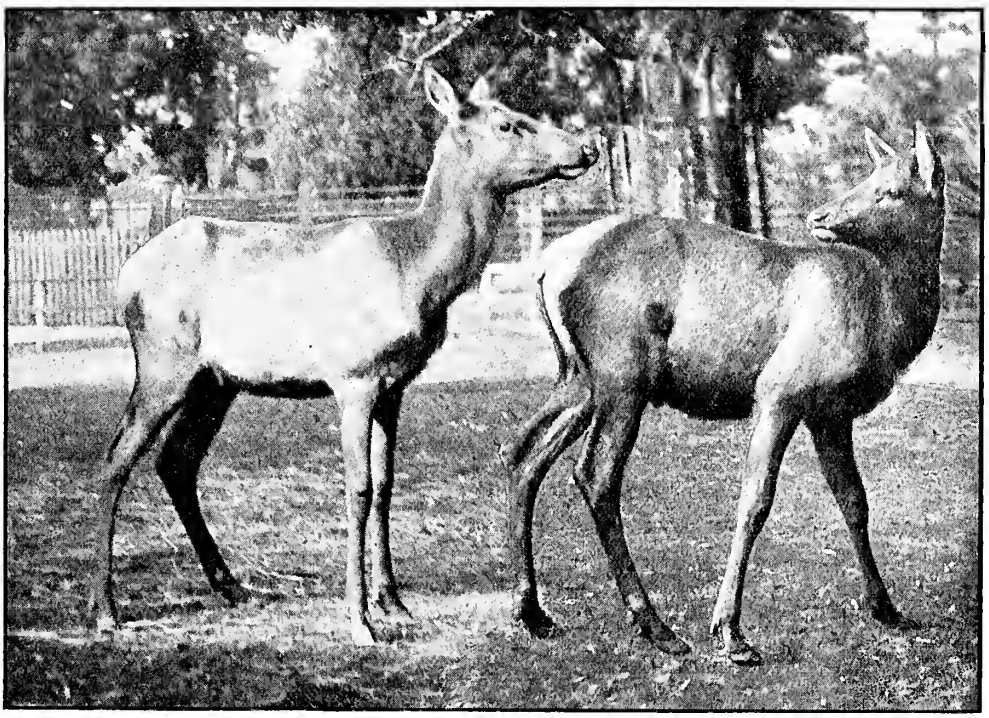
the small bone of one leg, besides severely bruising him all over. The poor man was on the sick list for many months after this treatment, but he was grateful enough that his life had been spared. It so happened that the deer was in unfamiliar surroundings, and, being uncertain whether reinforcements might not appear from unexpected quarters, he was unable to give the man on the ground his undivided attention.

IMPORTATIONS

For years it used to be the quaint custom of the gardens to shoot a fat buck and send it as a present to be eaten at the dinners given at the opening of Parliament. In those days deer were plentiful enough in Victoria for it to be a comparatively common sight to see one hanging, skin and antlers still on him, in the shop of a leading Melbourne butcher. The Acclimatisation Society has turned out large numbers of deer from time to time, but, owing to the settlers' guns being too actively used, they have not multiplied as was originally expected. In Gippsland there were once fifty hog deer turned out. These little things are scarcely larger than goats, and would have been valuable assets to the country, but the settlers killed them off too rapidly for any good to come of the experiment. Further up in the mountains Barrasingha deer were set loose, and, as they were able to penetrate deeper than man, they apparently thrived to a limited degree. Sambur deer appear to have done better than any other kind, and they too were loosed by this society. Around Cranbourne these deer are still to be found, and about Werribee Park the red deer have found sanctuary. Hares and pheasants were also turned adrift to multiply in our open lands, but the pheasants were ruthlessly slaughtered by the settlers and tramps. In one season the Society turned out three hundred pheasants, and the next year two hundred and fifty. Mr. A. C. Le Souef took them up to the Gippsland ranges and liberated them near Gembrook. Had they been given a few years to multiply, they would have afforded sport for every gun-man about, but they were killed so stupidly that Mr. Le Souef lost heart. It was found that hares would not thrive in Gippsland, but they did well in the Sunbury district.

Mr. Wilkie owns to being the first man to free a starling in Victoria. He repents of it now, although he still believes their credit account is heavier than their debit. Many years ago there were twenty of these pretty, noisy little birds in a cage in the gardens, and they began to droop unaccountably. Nine of them died in quick succession, then Mr. A. C. Le Souef thought it best to give the remainder their liberty. So under his directions Mr. Wilkie freed them. They never left the gardens; they roosted there at night, and fed there by day. At the end of the first Spring there were rather more than the original eleven, and the

younger birds became addicted to roaming abroad. Their progeny now go over the grass lands in flocks, hunting for caterpillars and beetles. and, although they may be destructive in some orchards, the liberator says it must always be remembered in their favor that they only dig open the apples to find the grubs. The first lot of gold-fish brought out came under the care of a man named Kimpton, from Covent Garden, by engagement with Mr. George Coppin. That was in the 'fifties. Our



Settlers from Canada.

mynahs, those friendly birds that love to frequent our cities, were brought out about the same time.

Who introduced the sparrows? The Acclimatisation Society gets the credit of it. They certainly brought out the hedge sparrow, which is a different bird—in other countries—from the house sparrow. But, somehow, like the starling, the hedge sparrow has sadly degenerated in his new southern home, and instead of being an unqualified benefit, as he was intended to be, he has become as bad a character as his rascally

relation. Still, the city dweller would feel very lonely without some kind of bird, and if it were not for the impertinent little sparrow and the charming mynah, who would brighten our lot by reminding us of places where the birds sing all day long?

The skylark and the English robin were introduced here by this Society. Unfortunately the skylark seems to prefer New Zealand to this climate, for it has thrived there much better than here. We have been deprived of the delight of listening to its glorious song: we have been saved the sin of eating lark pies.

The Acclimatisation Society had nothing to do with the importation of either rabbits or foxes, and feels proud of itself for having a clean sheet in that respect. Once upon a time there was a colony of over one hundred silver grey rabbits at the gardens, but they were in an enclosure especially prepared for them with rabbit proof fencing running right down to the clay bottom of the soil. So they did not manage to get away and set up separate establishments. They gradually died out, which was a pity, because their fur was both handsome and valuable.

HALF-PAST THREE

One afternoon a lady went up to a gardener who was industriously digging near the lions' cages, and she said:

"Do you know when the lions are fed?"

"I do," answered the man civilly, as he went on with his work.

The lady, thinking he had not heard her aright, repeated her question.

"I do," came the answer again.

She waited a few seconds, and then asked:

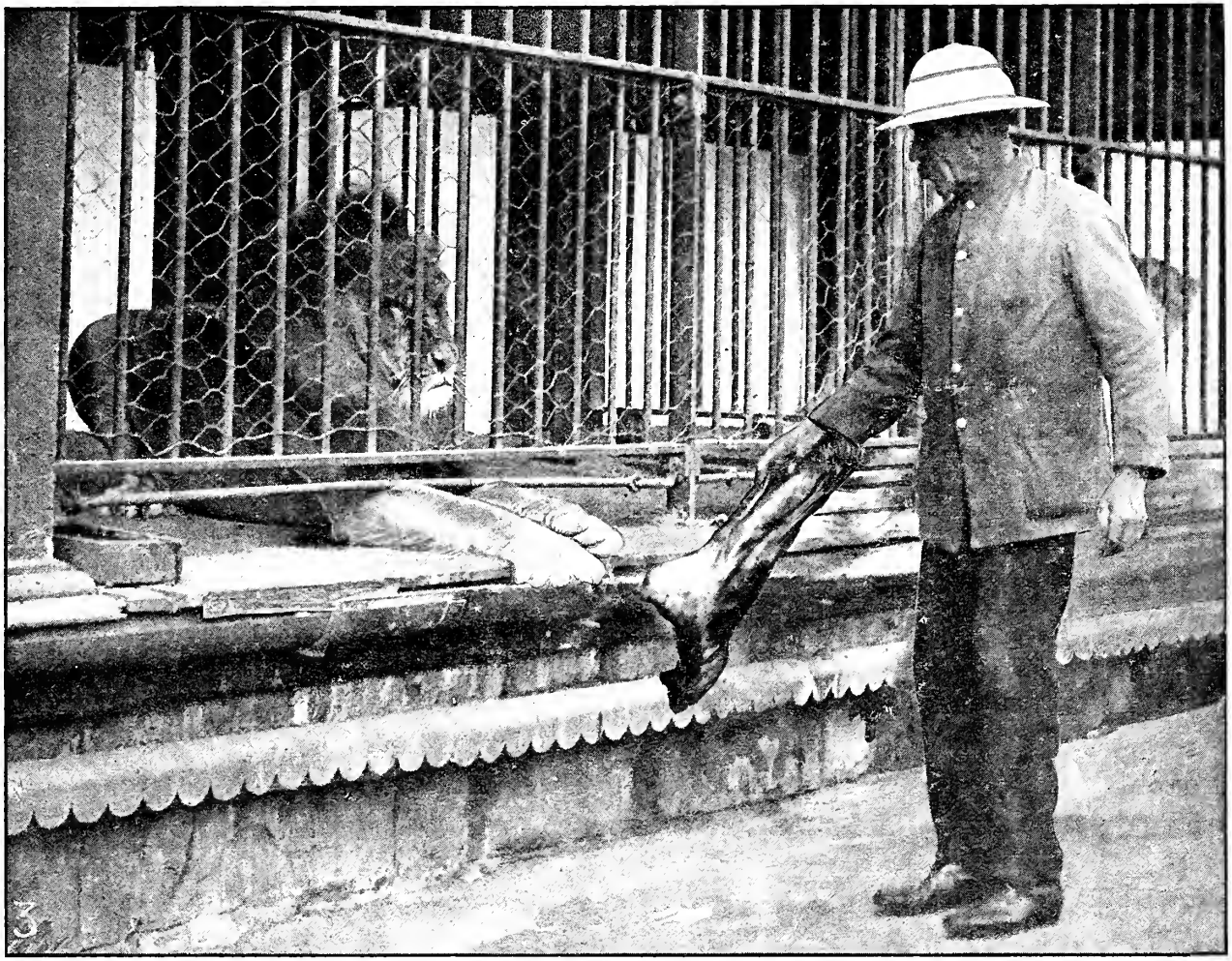
"Did you hear what I said?"

"I did," came the reply, without the least suspicion of incivility and without a second's pause in his work.

"Then I think you are a very impertinent man!" she said, with very evident anger.

"And why?" asked the gardener, as he looked at her in surprise. "You asked me a civil question and I gave you a civil answer!"

"I asked you if you knew what time the lions were fed!" came the heated retort.



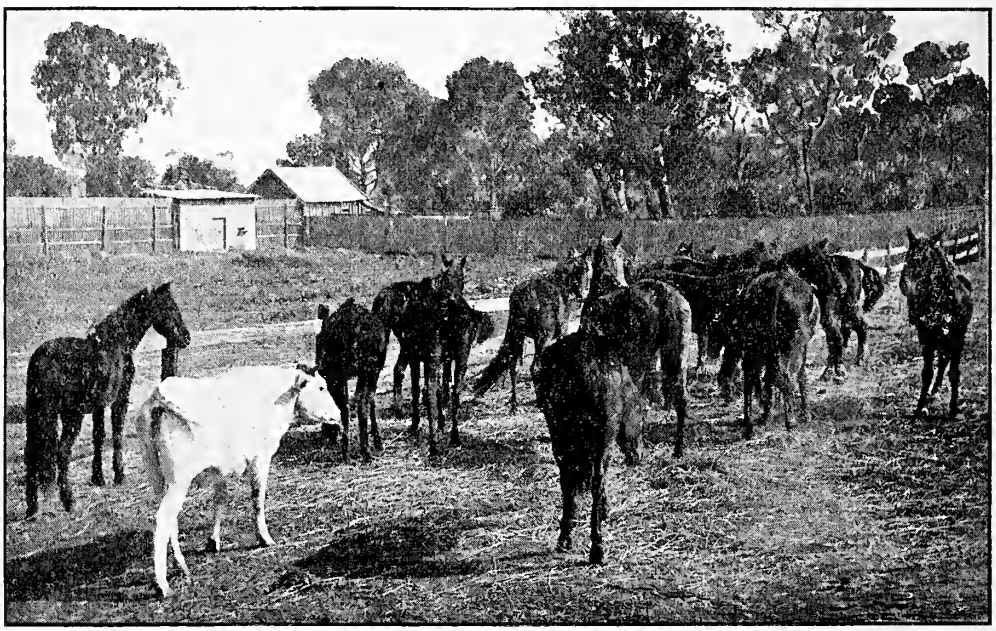
May good digestion wait on appetite.

"So you did; and I told you I did," was the patient rejoinder.

"Why don't you tell me what time they are fed, then?"

"But you didn't ask me to tell you what time they were fed, ma'am. You asked me if I knew what time they were fed!"

By this time the lady was so indignant with the blandness of the gardener that she would not condescend to ask him to tell her the time, and she walked off proudly at such high speed that she did not hear



"We are not the first
Who, with best meaning, have incurred the worst."
(King Lear.)

the crest-fallen man volunteer the information that feeding time is half-past three.

Everybody likes to watch the animals fed at the Zoo, but very few see the most pathetic exhibit there—the poor old lion horses. It takes an average of seven horses a week to keep the carnivora at the gardens fed, which means slightly over one a day, because the beasts are not fed on Sundays. This is not because of any question of Sabbath rest or of laziness, but because all wild animals have periods of abstention from food in their natural state, perhaps more from necessity than from

choice; but it has been found that too many regular meals in captivity affect them deleteriously, and so they are docked their Sunday meal and seem to thrive well upon it. The corn-eaters do not suffer this penance; but as they are always fed in the early morning before visitors are admitted to the grounds, their meals do not interest the public like those of the carnivora.

All kinds and conditions of horses find their way to the Zoo for a painless end—and they do have a painless end, too, for the butcher holds his rifle close to the doomed animals' heads, and there is never a miss in the quick extinction of life as the poor horses drop at his feet. Occasionally a horse comes in in such a fearful condition that as it reaches the horses' paddock it drops from exhaustion, and then a merciful shot saves it the torture of trying to rise again. Such horses are at once carted off to the boiling down works, and their hides are all that is good of them. But others come in with a framework that can be filled out by judicious feeding—and enough of it—and these are given perhaps three months of peace in a paradise where there are no more aching bones from overwork, and no more gnawings of hunger. If their teeth are in good enough condition to crop the grass, or eat the best of hay, they are happy indeed. One man brought in such a wreck not long ago and asked what they would give for him.

"But we only buy horses here; we have no use for clothes-props!" said Mr. Wilkie, as he looked the poor beast over.

"That's a horse; what yer givin' us?" came the retort.

By way of reply Mr. Wilkie put a hat on one shoulder and a coat on its haunch, and there they hung without fear of falling.

The man gasped.

"Well," he confessed, "I've never seen that done before. What's the worth of his hide?"

But three months of feeding and rest turned the prop into quite a respectable creature. Other poor wrecks cannot even nibble with their stumps of teeth, and it becomes a torture of Tantalus to see the food they cannot eat to allay their pangs. These are soon put out of their misery.

Many a man brings up an old friend in excellent condition, but with some defect that means the end of work, and he gives him to the Zoo in order that there shall be no pain at the end of a life of faithful service. It is always affecting to witness the parting of two friends like this. These horses can always be put out of their pain without any preliminary feeding up. At the gates the owner will give his final petting for farewell, and as he puts his arms around the creature's neck

he begs for the mane, for a shoe, or the fetlock, or the tail, as a memento. Mr. Wilkie naturally promises this boon, and when he asks:

"Will you wait and see him shot?" the man puts both hands over his ears as he makes a bolt for his vehicle, for fear the horse will be killed there and then.

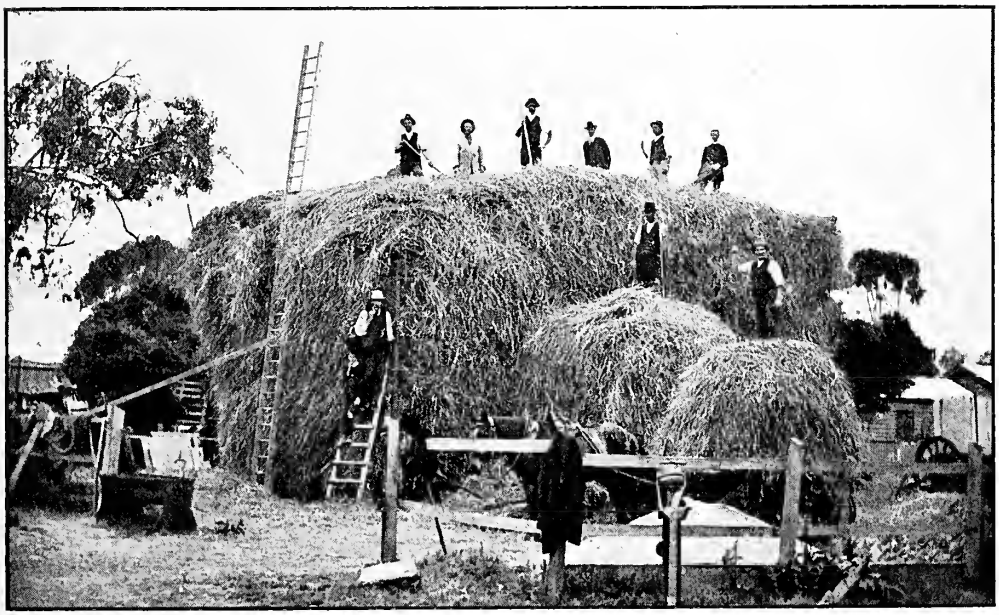
"Whatever you do," he shouts in desperation, "don't shoot till I'm out of earshot! I wouldn't for a twenty-pound note see him fall!"

And as he dashes away an unbidden tear he goes like one possessed, fearing that despite his warning he will hear one clear shot ring out that will toll the knell of his favorite, and ring in his memory for days and nights to come, as he accuses himself of sacrificing his faithful friend.

Often financial troubles mingle with sentiment over the sacrifice of a horse. Many a poor animal, overworked on the streets, reaches the stage where it is downright cruelty to give it another tramp, and the police or the inspectors for the Society for the Protection of Animals order the owner to take it to the Zoo or else stand a trial for cruelty, in which case there will be a fine and costs to pay, as well as the confiscation of the animal to suffer. These horses are usually the property of poor men who are dependent upon them for their livelihood, and naturally such cases are as pathetic as can be borne. In the cab ranks, at the markets, wherever men ply for hire, the inspectors are constantly busy weeding out the victims of overwork and under-feeding, and the Zoo authorities are as kind as their coffers will allow in these cases. They always try to give what will at least be a deposit on another old "crock" that has reached the second last stage downwards, but has still sufficient vitality left for a few months of work before it must follow its predecessor to the Zoo compound for the breathing space between a life of toil and oblivion.

A noted steeplechaser came there one day, old, bandy-legged, and crooked in every joint. The fearful knocking about he got in his youth told sadly in his age, and they were glad to see him die. From broken-down race-horses that have gone through life from their high position down every gradation of horse society until they have dragged their last cab-load, to fine old draught horses whose strength was once as superb as the others' feet were swift, every kind of horse finds its last way there, and it is at least pleasing to know of the twilight of peace and comfort that precedes the end of these toilers for men. Now and then a horse is sacrificed for sentiment in the heyday of his grace and strength. After the war broke out a German lady took there a beautiful dapple-grey pony about four years old. Her husband had lately died, and he had made her promise that if she had no further use for it she would not

sell it for a possible future of misery, but would have it painlessly destroyed. It would have brought from £10 to £15 easily, but she was adamant, and insisted upon its being killed while she was there. She refused to leave the place until she heard the gun go off, and then she so nearly fainted that she caused a great deal of trouble for the officials in trying to bring her round again. The poor woman's misery was so real that it was easily seen that she had only done what was done in obedience to the wishes of her dead husband, and that her faithfulness to his wishes had cost her more than she even guessed it would. Another



A Quarter's Visible Supply.

old lady came up in a hansom cab one day, with a groom following and leading a splendid pair of carriage horses that would have brought £40 to £50 at Kirk's Bazaar. She said she had no further use for them now her husband was dead, and she feared they would be ill-treated if turned out, and if sold might follow so many horses down from one life to another until they reached hawkers' carts, and she was not going to risk it. She was completely overcome when led away from the gardens, although she bravely maintained that she was satisfied she had done the right thing. It seemed a useless sacrifice of splendid material, and it cost the Zoo authorities more than one pang to see them slain. It was

almost a pity that such fine animals could not be given the choice between an early, easy death and a possible long life of toil. One could imagine them preferring unhesitatingly the sunshine and the work before mere extinction coming upon them at the zenith of their powers.

In the illustration a white cow will be noted in the foreground. She is a half-bred Zebu (or Indian) cow, that was born in the gardens. She was so much petted in calfhood that she grew up tamer than the ordinary domestic cow. Once, when calving, she was turned out to graze in one of the paddocks used by the horses, and she seemed, by some extraordinary instinct, to immediately realise the pathos of the position of her companions. She at once tendered her friendship, but for some time the horses rejected all overtures. It took months for her to establish herself as a member of their society, but unwearied persistence in well-doing at last convinced the horses that she had no ulterior motive behind her offers of comradeship, and slowly she became recognised as a friend indeed. Since then she has lived among them as one of themselves. All efforts to separate her from them affected her spirits and appetite so badly that at last the inevitable was accepted, and she remains permanently with them, the mascot of the regiment.

No food that is killed outside the gardens is given to the carnivora because the risk of disease or ptomaine poisoning is too serious. Visitors are often heard to express their astonishment at the small quantity of food that is given to these great animals as a day's rations, but they forget that the supply is constant, whereas in the jungle a meal comes to them between two prolonged periods of abstention, and after a gorge they have to sleep for a long while to recover their form and fitness; and moreover, they have unbounded exercise during the chase. In captivity over-eating and under-exertion would mean very short lives indeed.

A great boiler of soup is made daily from those portions of the horses that are not used in the raw state, and this is mixed with whole maize, wheat and rice. When cooled it is further mixed with pollard and given to the cranes and the ducks and certain other carnivorous birds. The boiled meat is then minced and mixed with maize-meal and pollard and is given to other birds and the monkeys, who are very fond of these savoury balls.

The rest of the food list of a Zoo is surprisingly varied. There are numerous little luxuries the animals not only want but must have to keep them in good health and spirits. Some dainty little birds must have cake; some animals must have bananas and apples—Mollie, for instance, must get her fruit regularly. Lots of things like bread soaked in sugar-water, and monkeys and other animals that have been mascots

must be indulged in this depraved taste. The honey-eating birds get through about twenty-eight pounds weight of sugar every three weeks. They live exclusively on this sweet water. Once they were given honey, but it was found it made them too fat; and they became subject to epileptic fits on this diet. Now they are quite free from such unpleasantnesses. Rice and potatoes are used in large quantities. The monkeys like nothing better than potatoes boiled in their jackets. These they break open and rub on the wire-netting into a fine powder, which they eat with a relish. Dog biscuits must be always available for the flamingoes and for the giraffe; and carrots are liked by practically everything that is not exclusively flesh-eating. Cabbages are needed in quantities; lucerne hay and chaff; all kinds of grain, sunflower seeds, canary seed, hemp seed, and finally, fish, must all be in the larder before the dinner of the captives at the Zoo can be said to be complete. Haphazard feeding is useless, and since it means death to a wild animal to tell it to eat what is put before it and be thankful, the keepers have found it necessary to be far more indulgent to the whims of their charges than we are to the human child.