

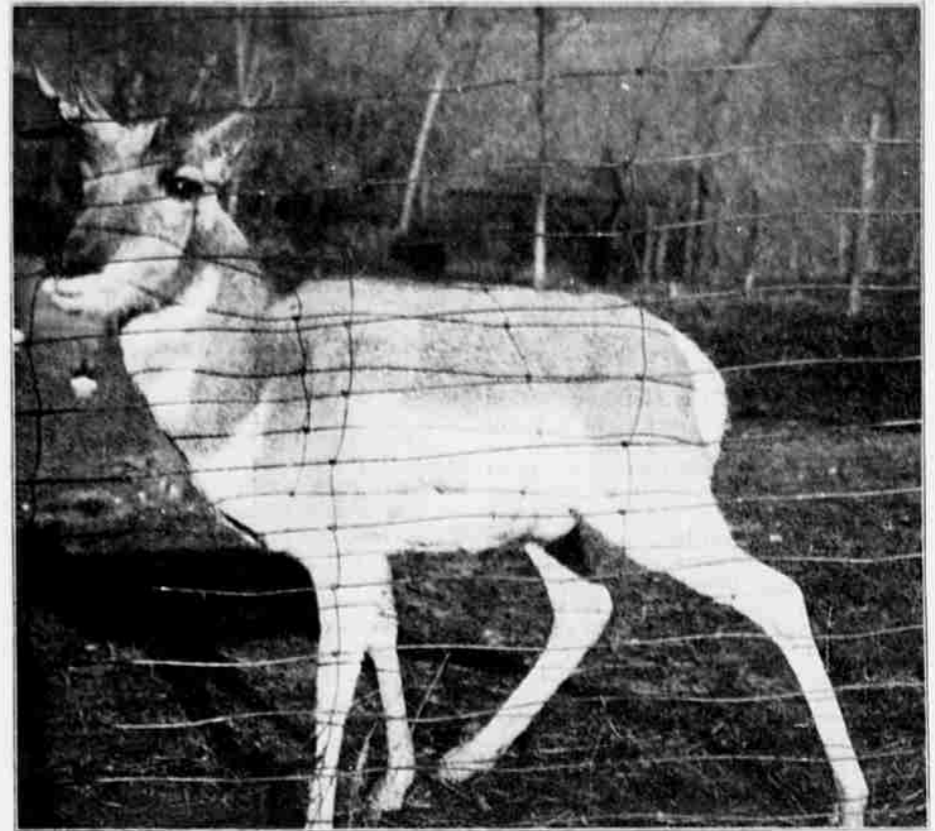
# The Animals in Omaha's Zoo at Riverview Park



OMAHA'S ZOO AT RIVERVIEW—MR. BUFFALO—Photo by Louis R. Bostwick.



OMAHA'S ZOO AT RIVERVIEW—THE EAGLE COLLECTION—Photo by Louis R. Bostwick.



OMAHA'S ZOO AT RIVERVIEW—THE ANTELOPE—Photo by Louis R. Bostwick.

THOUGH the zoological garden at Riverview park has barely passed its second anniversary, it is already regarded by the Omaha public, and especially by members of the younger generation, as a pleasant and profitable place to spend leisure hours.

Its growth since its inception in 1898 has been most gratifying to the park commissioners and to all south-siders. The commissioners plan extensive improvements for the coming year and if present designs are carried out the zoo will be still more of a favorite resort for park frequenters before the close of the season. Not the least gratifying feature of this project is the fact that little actual outlay of money has been made, nearly all the most valuable animals and birds having been donated by the public spirited citizens of Omaha.

It is the purpose of those in charge of the zoo to keep only such animals and birds as are indigenous to North America, as to maintain others would require special care and skill as well as an additional expense in the way of artificial heat and housing. This rule, in a general way, has been observed, the only exception being in the cases of two alligators, six guinea pigs and a cockatoo. These, however, under the watchful eye of M. P. Anderson, the caretaker, seem to be standing the cold weather admirably.

Last summer the commissioners had constructed a bear pit at a cost of \$600 and a lion cage at a cost of \$140. A row of smaller cages, costing \$1,200, made of lumber, iron and strong wire, was built near the bear pit and constitute a permanent fixture at the park. During the coming summer an aviary will be built for the birds. It will be made principally of wire netting, large quantities of which have been bought for a small consideration of the wrecking company now at work on the exposition grounds. The paddock for the deer will also be moved later to the newly acquired portion of the park on the north side and greatly enlarged. These are the principal improvements contemplated by the board.

The cost of maintaining the zoo is estimated at \$30 a month, the principal item in

otes, several prairie dogs, badgers, raccoons, a wildcat, eagles, hawks and owls. Then came a black bear, donated by J. E. Markel, and two buffaloes, contributed by W. F. Cody. Dr. George L. Miller presented two deer and two others were purchased, so that the herd now numbers six, two fawns having been born recently. A moose and a lion cub were also bought, but both died of pneumonia. A black she bear, brought up from Texas as a mate for the one donated, succumbed to the rigor of this comparatively mild northern climate, and Bruin is now a widower.

Besides these there have been one or two cases of mortality in the paddocks, chiefly on account of the combative tendencies of the buffalo. Last summer a deer was goaded to death by the bull and soon afterwards he claimed another victim in the antelope. The two coyotes could hardly be considered a happy family, as they fight almost incessantly, but seem to thrive on it, and are as hardy as ever.

The depopulation of the prairie dog town, however, is perhaps the most notable and interesting incident in connection with the zoo since its establishment. Of an odd dozen of these fat little rodents a year ago not a vestige remains. In the opinion of the caretaker they found their quarters too cramped. They wanted to extend their town limits, pay their own taxes, elect their own mayor and be independent. They were tired of the roasted peanuts and colored popcorn tossed to them by a gaping crowd. How they managed to climb over the stone wall that surrounded their en-

"Nothing per—Oh! there goes my field glass!"

The glass struck the ground and rolled toward the bear cage. Leaning over the low railing, the young woman made a dive for it.

Then she screamed.

An instant later, from every direction, people were running toward the scene and some arrived in time to see Bob drag in between the bars of his cage a large straw hat, gorgeous with flowers and ribbons. Sitting on his haunches, Bruin began to dissect the millinery. Bow after bow, ribbon after ribbon and flower after flower were slowly plucked apart while Mrs. Bruin stood by contentedly sniffing the fragments.

Meanwhile the young woman was not to be comforted. She wept softly while her escort tied his handkerchief over her head to keep the wind from blowing her hair out of curl. Later she applied many complimentary adjectives to the bears, but the word "clumsy" was not among them.

Anderson tells another story of a man who wanted to donate a parrot to the zoo and who became offended because it was not accepted.

"I told him I couldn't take anything like that, because we'd have to keep a fire going for its special benefit all winter. But he seemed to think I doubted the bird's value and kept repeating its vocabulary and telling me under what conditions it could be induced to speak. It talked better when alone, he said.

"I told him that was an argument in its favor, so far as I was concerned, but that I couldn't take the bird. Then he got mad and the upshot of it all was he took the parrot's head in his hand and wrung its neck.

"I afterward learned that the bird couldn't speak a word—only scream and whistle—and that the fellow wanted to get rid of it because it woke him too early in the morning.

"At another time I was amused at a discussion between two men as to whether coyotes howl or bark. I don't know who they were, but they looked like college professors or professional men of some sort and they stood in front of the coyote cage and argued for an hour trying to agree as to what kind of a noise the coyote makes. One said it barks, but never howls; the other said it both howls and barks. I don't know how they settled it, or if they ever did.

"If they had asked for my opinion I should have said the coyote both howls and barks—that is, the coyote in a state of freedom on his native heath. In captivity they seldom make a noise farther than to whine."

## Bunch of Short Stories

In the seclusion of the house cloakrooms a story is being told on a western member, says the Washington Post. There are 357 men in the house. Three hundred and fifty-six are hereby released from any connection with the story. The other man—and the other man's wife—will recognize the truth of what is here recorded.

The western member went home at a very early hour in the morning. He had made a night of it with some friends. He knew that his conduct would be considered reprehensible by his better half, and so as he ascended the steps of his modest home he racked his brain for some plan to avert the lady's wrath. As he entered the hall he saw an umbrella. Instantly it occurred to him that the umbrella might be his salvation.

He carried the umbrella upstairs. Seating himself on a chair in the corner of the bedroom, he raised the rain guard over his

head and then he coughed loudly. His wife awoke and saw in the dim gaslight her liege lord sitting solemnly under the raised umbrella.

"What are you doing?" she asked in natural surprise.

"It is 3 o'clock, my dear," said he, "and I am waiting for the storm."

The congressman's ready wit saved him from a Caudle lecture. He is worrying now, however, to find an equally effective act for the next time he stays out late.

General Grosvenor was walking through the corridors of the capitol recently, relates the Washington Post, when a woman approached him.

"I beg your pardon," said she, pleasantly enough, "but isn't this Congressman Grosvenor of Ohio?"

"Yes, madam," was the reply.

"I thought so," she continued. "You see, I recognized you from your pictures in the papers." Then she paused a moment, while General Grosvenor also waited.

"General Grosvenor," said the woman, with a touch of timidity in her voice, "couldn't you give me a ticket of admission to the galleries?"

Quite gallantly the Ohio congressman pro-

ceeded and through the port to the laager, where they should be safe from roolueks.

It is said by a cynic of the masculine gender that a man never yields when he knows he is in the right, or a woman when she is equally certain she is in the wrong. In an Amsterdam avenue car the other day, relates the New York Herald, while the conductor was forward collecting fares, a woman, followed by a large English bulldog, entered and seated herself.

"Madam," said the conductor, "dogs are not allowed in these cars."

"I am going to Fifty-seventh street; here is my fare," was the answer.

"I cannot take it, madam. It is as much as my position is worth to let that dog ride in this car."

"Here is my fare."

"I must enforce the rule. It would be better to get off quietly; otherwise I shall have to call an officer."

"I've taken the dog in these cars before." "Only dogs that can be carried are allowed to ride in these cars."

"Come, darling, get in mother's lap," she said to the beast, and after considerable effort succeeded in dragging "darling" up on her knees. She flashed a look of scorn at the conductor and exclaimed: "Now, aren't you ashamed of yourself?"

## Love

Detroit Journal: Nowhere, it is likely, does the course of true love run more unsmoothly than in grand opera.

"Be mine!" roars the hero with tolerable distinctness.

"M—er—yuh—uh!" shrieks the heroine,



OMAHA'S ZOO AT RIVERVIEW—ON THE LAKE—Photo by Louis R. Bostwick.

ured a card, filled it out and signed his name. The woman went on her way rejoicing. General Grosvenor stood for a moment thoughtfully. "Well," he said, "that is the first time I ever knew I really looked as bad as my pictures."

An Afrikaner, trekking from Schuin's Hoogte to Palapsie with a load of biltong, halted by a fontein at the foot of a kloof, reports the New York Sun. A Voortrekker suddenly appeared from behind a kopje, waving a vierkleur.

"Oorlog!" shouted the Voortrekker.

"Dop!" replied the Afrikaner, who was a man of ready wit.

"Produce it," said the Voortrekker, "though I am no dopper."

The Afrikaner's voorlooper, who was standing on the disselboom munching mealies, jumped off and started on a run toward a krantz. In jumping a suit his foot slipped on a klip and he fell into a donga. The others, after much dop, got into a heated argument in Taal over the quickest way to the nearest dorp. One said he should take the drift over the spruit and the other that he should pont over the pan. A zarp came along and took them both around the vief



OMAHA'S ZOO AT RIVERVIEW—SNAP SHOT AT THE DEER—Photo by Louis R. Bostwick.

culminating an arpeggio in the upper register with a prolonged trill on the C in alt. "Oh, this terrible uncertainty!" protests the hero.

The beautiful girl regards him yearningly; she would speak, only everything has to be sung in grand opera; and then, too, her maidenly reserve restrains her more or less.



OMAHA'S ZOO AT RIVERVIEW—THE WOLF—Photo by Louis R. Bostwick.

this expense being food for the animals. In purchasing specimens less than \$75 has been expended.

Most of the animals now at the Riverview zoo were donated to the city two years ago by the South Side Improvement club, though a large number have since been contributed by individuals. The nucleus of the present collection consisted of a gray wolf, two coy-



OMAHA'S ZOO AT RIVERVIEW—THE BADGER—Photo by Louis R. Bostwick.

closure, or to burrow through the concrete bottom, is a mystery, but escape they did, and now there's neither hide nor hair of them.

Caretaker Anderson has a rich fund of anecdotes concerning the habits and antics of his half-tamed pets and under the proper conditions relates them with evident relish. His favorite of this collection treats of Bob, the black bear.

One Sunday afternoon about eighteen months ago, while Bob's mate was still lying, before the digging of the pit, a crowd was standing in front of the bear cage watching the restless movements of the beasts to and fro behind the iron bars. One woman wore a large, flashy hat of which she was obviously proud. She was in high spirits, giggling at everything her escort said, and seemed not averse to attracting attention. In her hands she carried a reticule, handkerchief, pair of gloves, field glass, parasol and bouquet and seldom a minute passed that one of these articles was not dropped.

"Clumsy things, ain't they?" she gurgled, indicating the bears.

"Reminds me of a certain person I know dancing the mazurka."