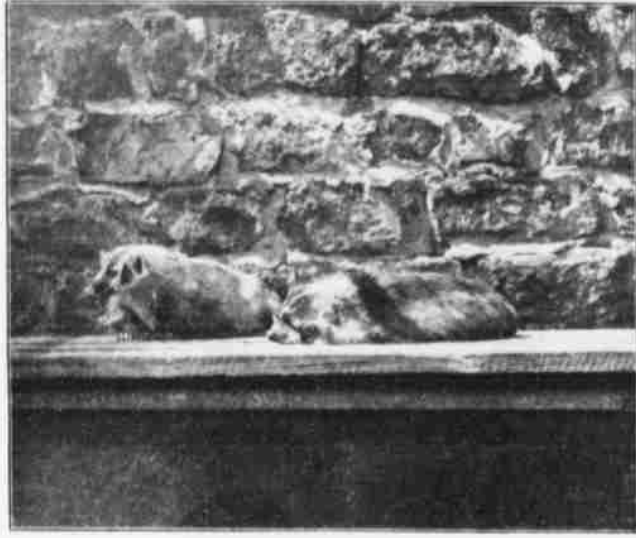
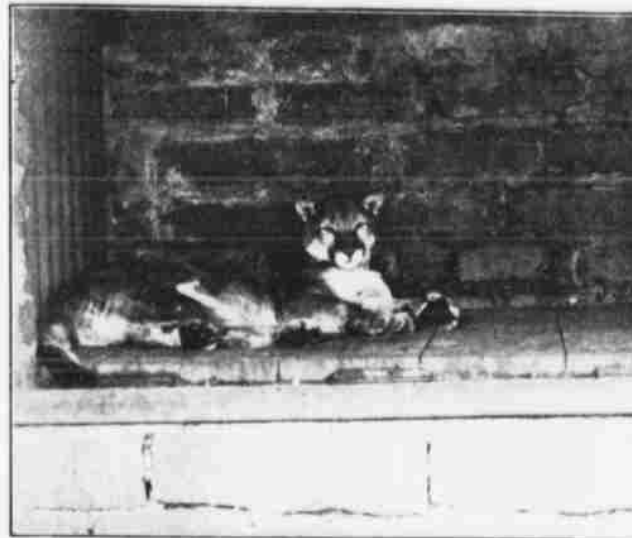


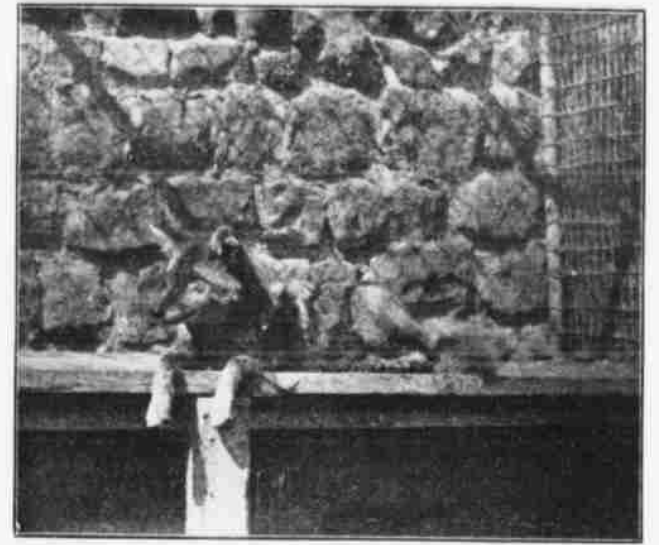
Animals at Park Zoo Welcome Spring's Coming



BADGERS ARE LAZY—Photo by a Staff Artist.



MOUNTAIN LIONESS TAKES A LOOK—Photo by a Staff Artist.



PAPA WOLF IN HIS PRIDE—Photo by a Staff Artist.

SIMMONS, the brown bear in Riverview park, whose quickness and ability to endure the rough blows his two mates in the bear pit sometimes deal out to him led, by a curious association of ideas, to his keeper giving him the name of the famous blacksmith pugilist, Fitzsimmons—or "Simmons" for short—came out of his den in the pit the other day, snuffed the balmy air, climbed up the pole ladder and surveyed the surrounding landscape as only a bear can, and then, with a snort he dropped quickly to the floor of the pit and rolled over and over so often that his two playmates, "Queen" and "Johnnie," came out and gazed at him with amazement. Seeing them he made a jump at "Johnnie," gave him a lively box on the side of the head and managed, in escaping from "Johnnie's" retaliatory vengeance, to roll over the mild-eyed "Queen," much to her indignation, and then in a jiffy he was sitting serenely on the high perch again. He must have said something in bear language to his mates, for instead of pursuing him they, too, began sniffing the fragrant air, sagaciously wagging their heads at each other. "Simmons" cautiously descended and joined them, and if each one didn't say:

"It's spring again, and I smell peanuts," they certainly meant that and would have said it, too, had they known how. Birds were singing in the trees, hopping from bough to bough, in apparently aimless excitement; the elk, in plain view, looked longingly at the green grass on the undulating landscape, and "Monarch," probably the biggest buffalo in the world, abandoned his hayrick and threw soft earth high in air with his short curved horns. The sound of distant activities in the outer world came floating through the trees. The warm sunbeams, the budding trees, the gentle and balmy breeze, each told the news that austere winter had fled.

Unwonted excitement in the wolf cage



"BOB CAT" RESTS AFTER A LIGHT LUNCH—Photo by a Staff Artist.

showed that something unusual had happened there. The big, black wolf walked back and forward less discontentedly than usual, and his frequent visits to the cave under the rocks disclosed his lively interest in something concerning his gray partner, whose protruding head and inquiring eyes betrayed questioning interest in the state of the weather. Whether it was be-

cause of the eloquent demeanor of her mate, or because her independent investigation satisfied her solicitude, she emerged from the cave and, turning, proudly watched the uncertain steps of five pup wolves as they one by one hesitatingly obeyed the signals of encouragement of their mother. The big, black parent strutted about the little fellows until

a dry, warm spot in the sun was reached, when the pups began playing, to the manifest delight of their parents. But they didn't stay out long, for in a few minutes they followed their mother into the warm seclusion of the cave.

The mountain lioness in the adjoining cage, sleek and active, appeared to understand the interesting occasion of subdued

excitement on the part of the wolves, for she paused in her rapid movements long enough to watch the pups as they played with each other, although the brightening of her eyes suggested ambiguous emotions and indicated that only the unyielding iron fence stood between the little wolves and a tragedy that would have stamped her as five times a murderer of the helpless; though she may only have been envious of the happy family, living in sharp contrast with her own lonely life.

Whatever may have been her feelings, it was significant that the well fed wild cat in the cage on the other side studiously kept as far away as possible from her sharp claws. The "bob-tailed" cat is a handsome fellow and when he isn't lazily dozing in hunger-satisfied indifference to the stern limitations of his prowling nature, he is sharply eyeing every bird or chicken that comes within his view. The tiny dog of one of the keepers caused the cat almost to forget the observant eye of the mountain lion. The cat looked as if it would have enjoyed playing with the little dog until ready to eat it.

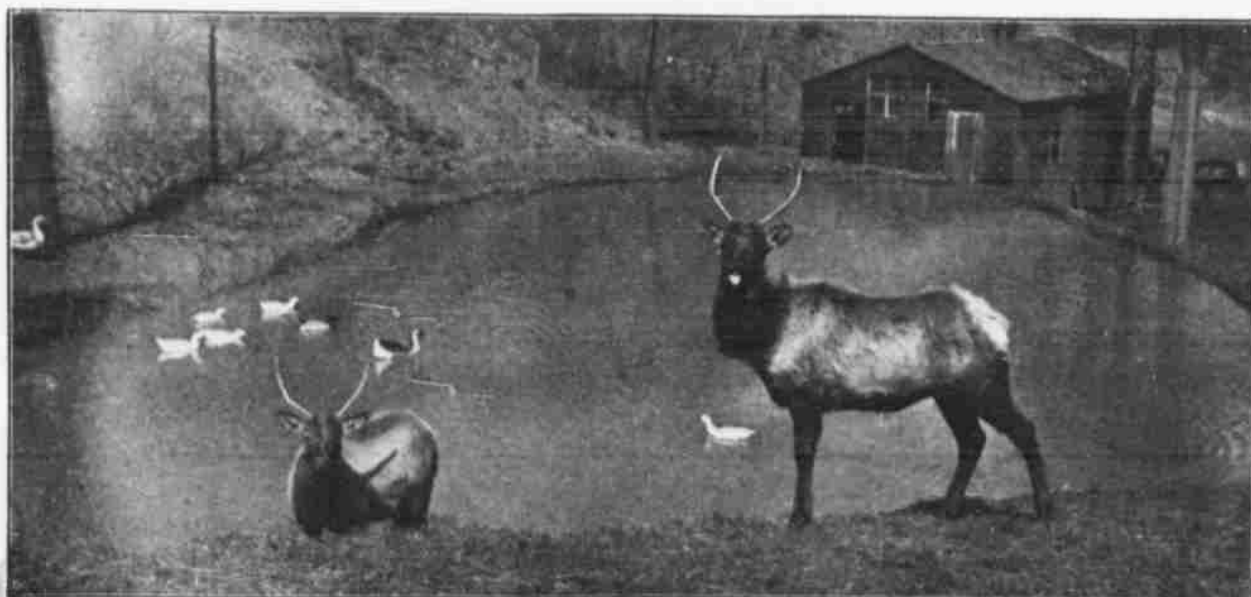
The beautiful red and silver gray foxes in adjoining cages appeared to take life very easily and not to regret their captivity. They showed no alarm at the close approach of persons to the cages. Probably their regular supply of food has made them indifferent to the pleasures of the chase.

North of the wolf family are five dens of the western prairies, two coyotes and three badgers. The coyotes have not abandoned the sneaking habits of their kind, although every time they hear the whistle of a locomotive, and, at other times, too, they howl and bark with that wonderfully deceptive and multitudinous bark which, when heard on the silent prairies at night, convinces the inexperienced that there are hundreds of them

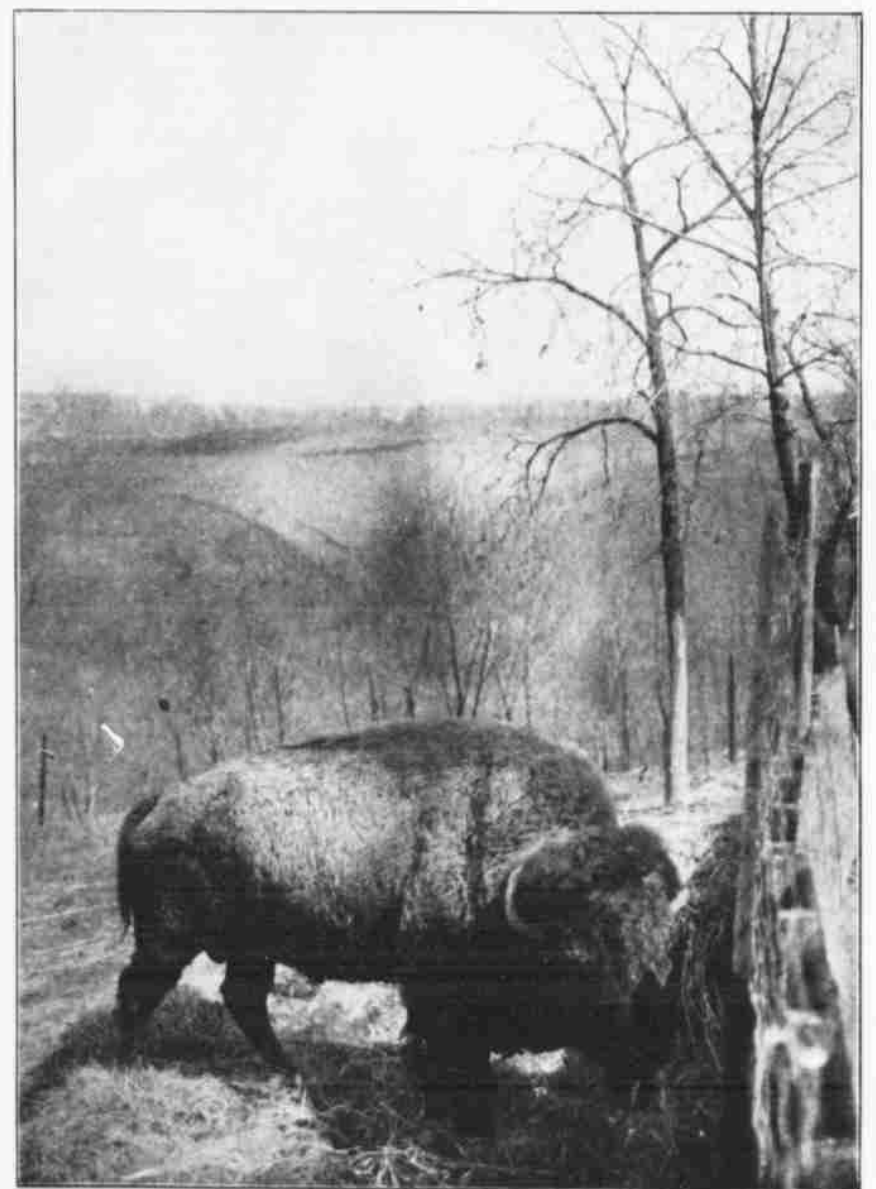
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BAND OF DEER IN THE GLADE—Photo by a Staff Artist.



TWO BEAUTIFUL ELK—Photo by a Staff Artist.



"MONARCH," THE MIGHTIEST LIVING MEMBER OF A NOBLE RACE—Photo by a Staff Artist.