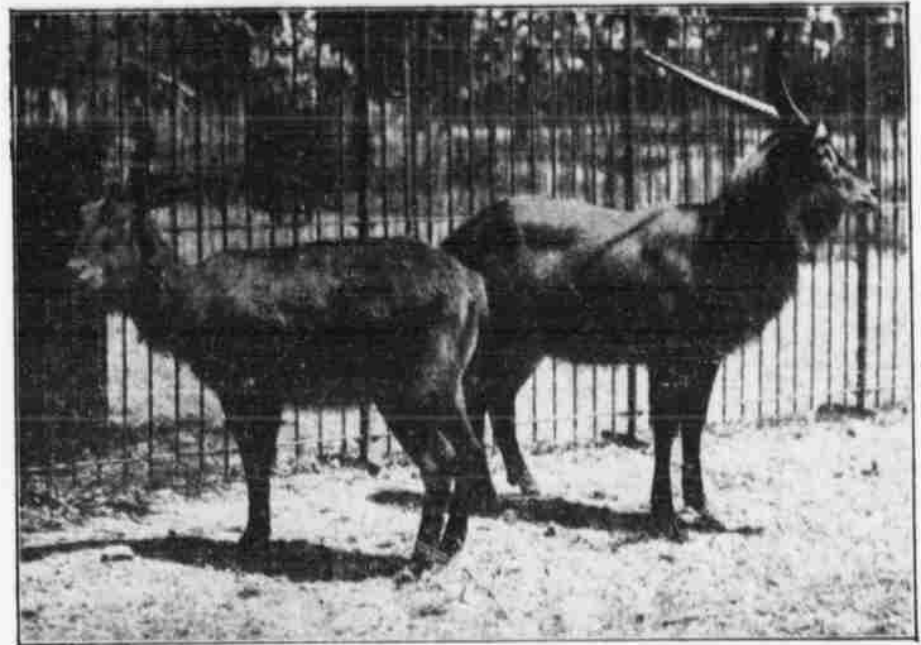


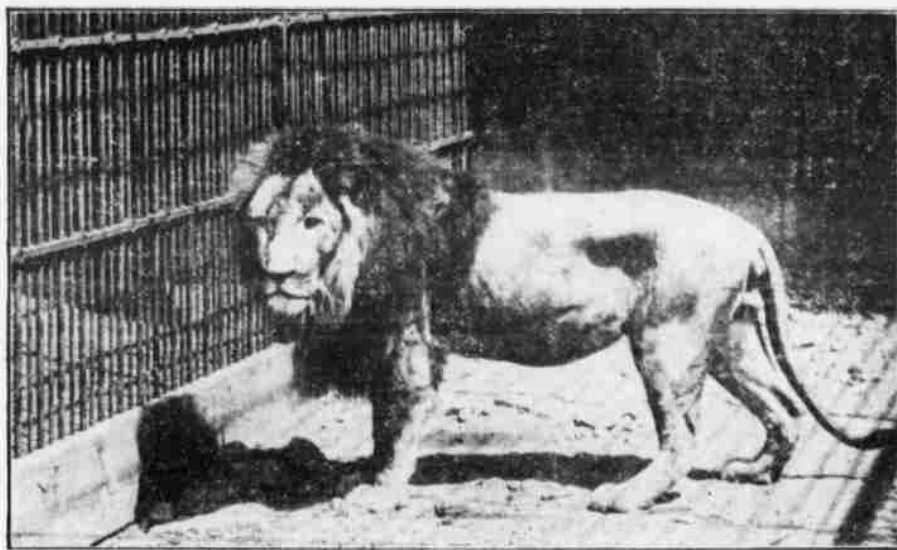
# The Farce and Tragedy of the Zoo



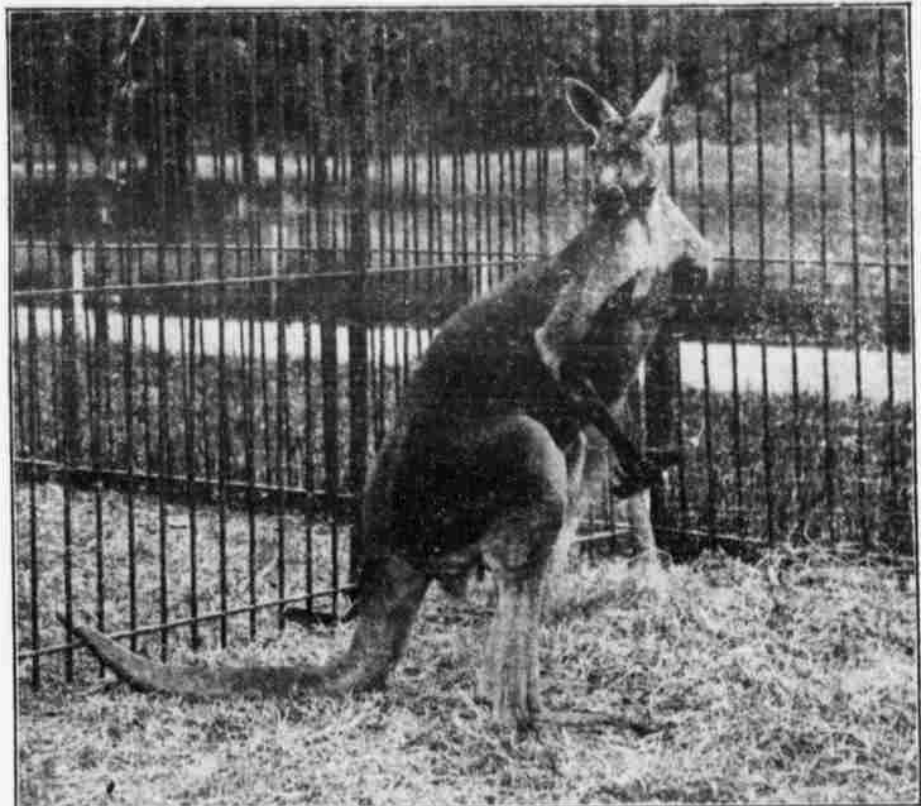
THE DESERT KING IN CAPTIVITY.



A PAIR OF SING SING ANTELOPES.



BARRED FROM HIS OLD ENEMY.



A BOXING KANGAROO.

(Copyright, 1904, by T. C. McClure.)  
**E**VERY zoological garden is rich in stories of queer incidents in the lives of its inhabitants, and these stories are full of tragedy, comedy, pathos or excitement.

In San Francisco there is a large recreation park which is partly made up of a menagerie. Some years ago two orang-outangs were imported and placed therein. The orang-outang is naturally a gentle, tamable animal, but these two specimens were unusually so. A miniature bed room was fitted up for them, containing a table, chairs, a bed with a mattress, and covers and dishes from which they ate.

On Sundays Darby and Joan, as the pair were called, were allowed to show their housekeeping methods to the public. One side of their little house was taken out and replaced by a wire screen, so that they were fully exposed.

Joan was dressed as a woman should be, and Darby was gorgeously arrayed in a pair of short red trousers, a green coat and a leather belt. They would amuse themselves at playing housekeeping, which they did in an unusual way by picking their teeth with chair legs, pulling the mattress off the bed and shoving it under the table, or pushing each other under the bed. They seemed to enjoy the fun almost as much as the crowd outside.

Darby had an investigating turn of mind. No new article introduced into the room ever escaped his eyes. He would seize upon it and by repeated experiments learn its use. This habit cost him dearly.

One day a small boy tossed a match in between the wires. Darby's eyes lighted with a new interest and he picked up the match, his mouth screwed up in naive wonder.

First he put it in his mouth—his first test of any new article—but it did not taste well. He found its true use sooner than he expected. Taking the match from his mouth, Darby rubbed it on the table, and it flared up into flame. It fell on Joan. Her skirts were made of some inflammable material and the lighted match set them aflame.

Had she been cool about it there would have been no danger, but Joan did not understand fire, so she flew from side to side of the little room, while her skirts flamed about her. Before the keeper could come to her rescue she fell on the bed in an hysterical heap. She was taken out and her burns treated with sweet oil, but the fright and the smoke and flame she had inhaled proved fatal. Next day Darby found himself a widower.

Friendship is not uncommon among citizens of the Zoo, even between the representatives of different species. In the New York Central Park Zoo a big Polar bear and his distant cousin, a grizzly, were confined in the same pit, but it was con-

sidered expedient to separate them by a strong partition of bars. Both were full grown, husky specimens of their breed, and had they ever come together with intent to kill it is probable that the entire force of keepers could not have separated them.

One day a small boy threw a paper box containing some sugared popcorn into the grizzly's side of the pit. It fell close to the partition, and in trying to shove it away with his muzzle the grizzly clumsily pushed it into a hole just under the partition bars. The greater part of the hole was on the Polar bear's side of the house and he could easily have pushed out the box, but he seated himself on his haunches and watched his neighbor trying to get his big paw down the opening of the hole. It proved too small and the box was too deep down. At last the grizzly gave it up and sat ruefully regarding his lost treasure.

Suddenly the Polar bear rose to the occasion. He waddled over to the hole on his side, rolled over on his side, thrust his paw down and shoved the box up into the grizzly's yard.

Ever after that the two giants were good friends. The Polar bear would often stretch himself out beside the partition on a hot day and poke his long, slim muzzle in between the bars. Grizzly would drop down, too, and shove his snout over against his friend's, and thus they would sleep for hours, granting their dreams into each other's ears.

Another bear story comes from Raymond L. Ditmars, head keeper of the New York Zoological park, but it is of a different nature. A pair of brown bear cubs were put into the same pit with a black bear. The latter was almost full grown and larger than the little brown cubs together. So he proceeded to bully them, nipping their tails when they ate, tumbling them about, and ducking them in the water tank in the middle of the enclosure. Protest did them no good, and the only peace they ever found was when they crawled into a little cavity between the rocks, too small for the black bear to follow.

But while the black bear remained much the same size, the little brown cubs grew apace and soon they approached the size of their bully. For a time both sides seemed unconscious that relations might soon change. But one day the crisis came.

The two brown cubs were sleepily lying on the brink of the water basin. The black bear rolled sleepily in the shade of a rock ledge. Finally he rose, waddled over to the tank to drink and then sat down on his haunches. His eyes fell on the two drowsy cubs. With a snort he rose again, and then deliberately gave one of the brown bears a shove into the tank.

The cub came up on the opposite side with a howl. His partner gave a responsive howl. Then both charged the black bear. There was a momentary scuffle, an

ursine yell and the black bear went into the tank. He rose after his involuntary dive and tried to crawl out, but a brown paw came down on his nose with such force that he turned to the other side. Again he tried to crawl out, but again a powerful rap on his head sent him back. Again and again he tried to regain the rock brink—each time he was pushed back. Whenever he made an attempt to knock him down, the keepers came to the rescue, but ever after that there was no more bullying done by the black bear.

Some years ago there was a popular pleasure resort in San Francisco called Woodward's Gardens. It was established by Mr. Woodward, an early pioneer, and he imported a large variety of wild animals. The gardens flourished in popular favor, for Mr. Woodward conducted them on a nonpaying basis.

Finally, he died and the property fell into the hands of persons not so interested in collecting wild animals as he had been. The animals died off as the years passed and were not replaced. At last only a few were left, among them two big African lions, confined in cages that faced each other.

The enmity of these beasts had been well known for years, but they had only been able to express their mutual hatred by roars and snarls, or by glaring contemptuously across the grounds.

In the end only these two survivors of a once large community were left. All the other cages were empty. Local newspapers urged through their editorial columns that the two survivors ought to be painlessly put out of the way. In order to end what had become a miserable public spectacle of cruelty to animals. The end came sooner than was expected.

The cages stood in the open air, in a great circle about an arena where trained animals had performed feats in the old days. One bright moonlight night somebody opened the doors of the cages of the two lions, in a spirit of mischief, probably. The gardens were deserted except by some keepers who had grown old with them.

These keepers heard a roar in the arena. One of the lions stood in the moonlight, his mane bristling, his head thrown up. The old men closed the big gates to the street, but dared not enter the arena. The keepers looked on from the top of an old cage.

Another roar answered the lion's shri-

lling; his old enemy came limping across the open space. For some time they crouched opposite each other, their tails switching from side to side. Then, with a simultaneous roar, they rushed upon each other.

The fight was short. The old beasts were not equal to the excitement of such an encounter. When morning came they were found dead—the last of Mr. Woodward's once famous menagerie of wild animals.

There is a small town in Colorado whose ambition it has been to possess a zoological park. So the municipality laid out some land for the purpose. Land was easy to get, but when it came to gathering in the animals, the question became a complicated one. Finally the officials got together some coyotes, two tame wolves, a wild cat, a black bear and an old buffalo bull. It was the tamest collection of wild beasts that was ever put together, excepting, perhaps, the buffalo. He still labored under the delusion that he could boss things as he had done years ago in his youth.

Some time after a circus came to the town, and before it could get out became financially embarrassed. The municipality was thus enabled to buy at a low price various specimens from the circus manager. Among the purchases was a boxing kangaroo.

Next day the animals were taken out to the zoological park. The kangaroo was put down into the same enclosure with the buffalo, it being supposed that the extensiveness of the space would prevent trouble between the two.

But the old bull challenged the kangaroo at once to mortal combat. At first the Australian tried to avoid the American and cleverly dodged, but finally the buffalo's repeated charges became too fiery to be ignored. Then the kangaroo rose in anger and the two came together.

They tore about the paddock for fully an hour, the buffalo bellowing and attempting to gore his adversary, but not succeeding. The kangaroo landed blow after blow with his hoofs on the bull's face, his training coming to the aid of his natural ability. It was an old-fashioned bull fight, with the kangaroo as the torador. By evening the buffalo retired to a corner of the enclosure, thoroughly conquered. The boxing kangaroo had knocked him out according to the white man's methods.

OWEN SAUNDERS.