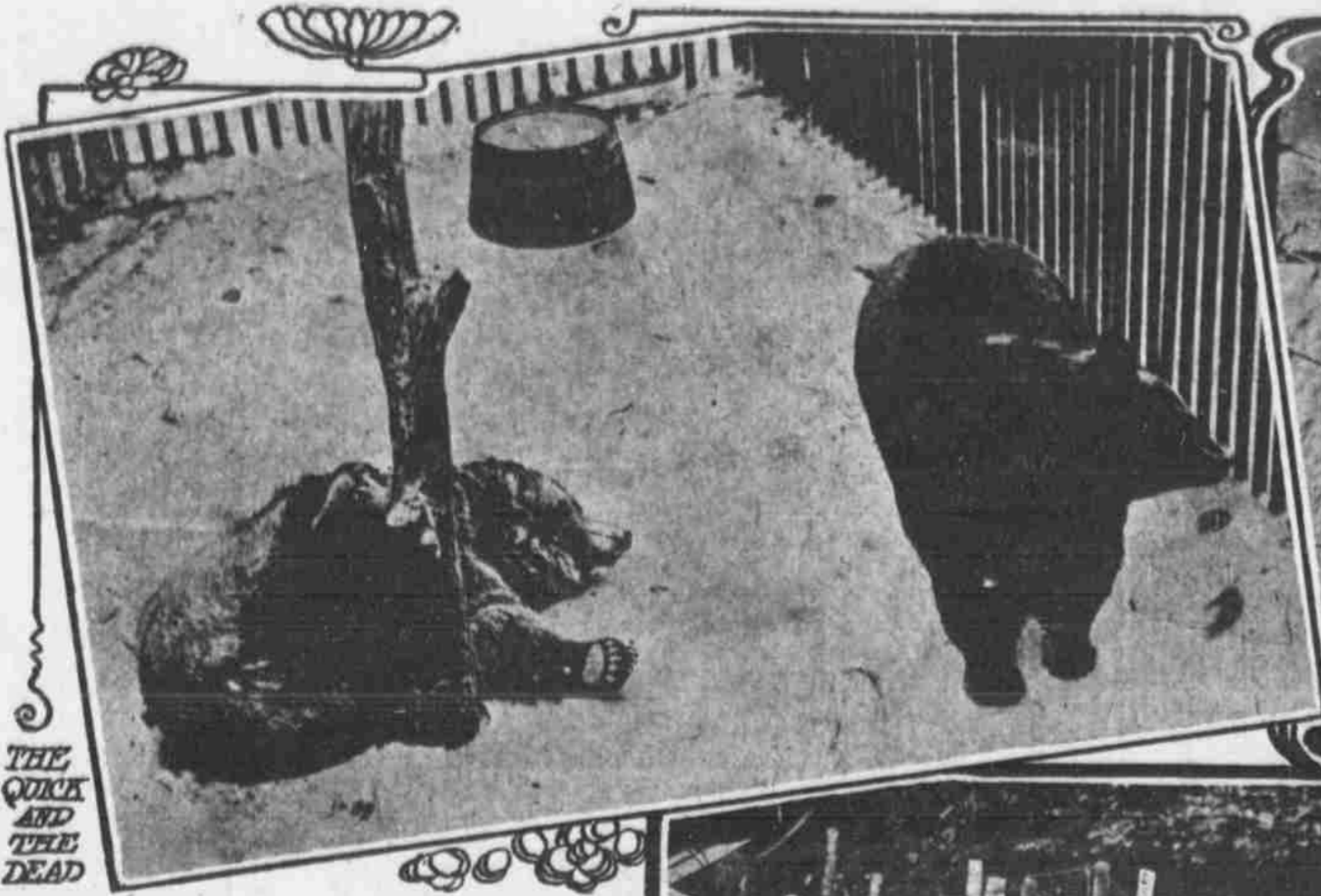


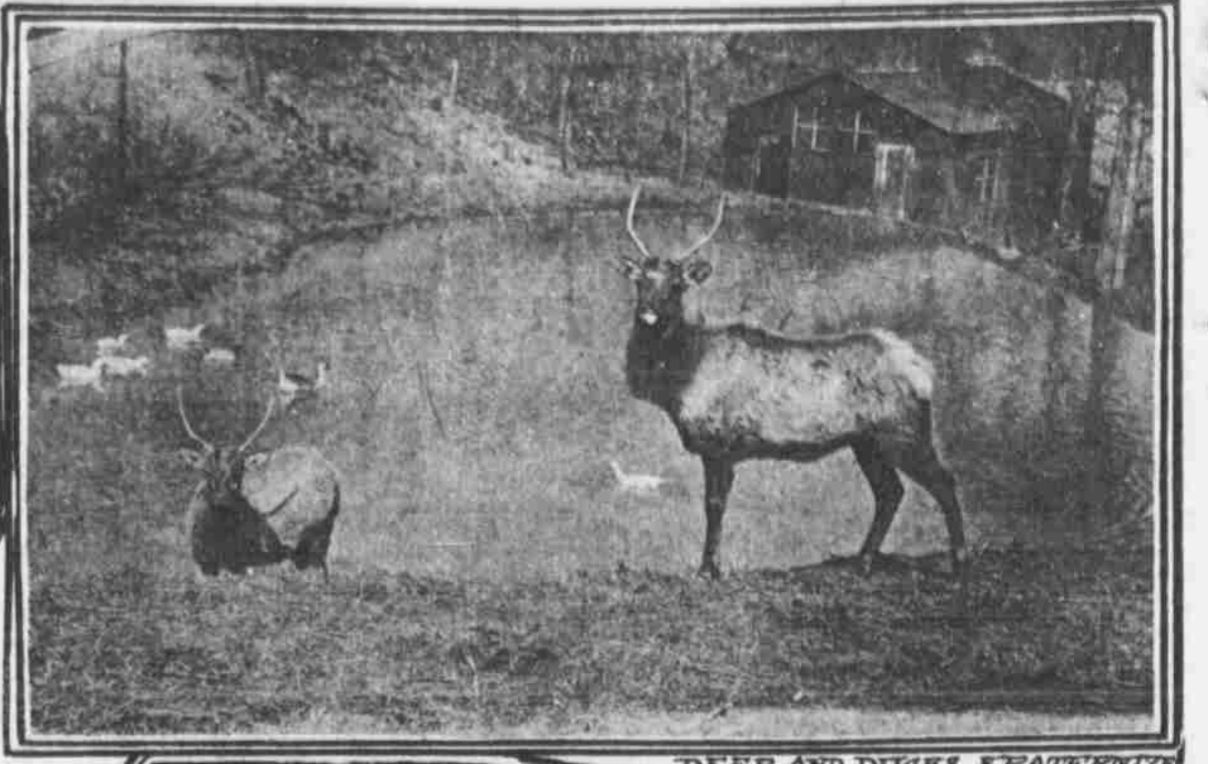
Some Fine Specimens of Bears and Buffalo in Omaha "Zoo"



THE QUICK AND THE DEAD



HORN'S "IN THE VELVET"



DEER AND DUCKS FRATERNIZE

TWO bedticks were engaged in an animated scuffle, rough, but noiseless; for, of course, bedticks have no angular or crusty protruberances to hit against things and make inharmonious sounds. And, talking of harmony—the animated sleeping bags gave an exhibition of grace, lissomeness and swiftness of the like of which would be exceedingly difficult to find. First one would have the apparent advantage and be on top, only to be rolled over incontinently, swiftly and without a sound—not even a grunt. Immediately the other animated pile of softness would roll onto the fallen one and be tossed away like a feather, or a feather bed. No wrestler of any style was ever quicker to take advantage of openings than the animated bedticks, albeit they seemed to have not a leg to stand on. Sparring for position was not to be thought of; it was grab and go, roll and rebound, flop and fall, no hold barred.

"Here, you, Sam, fight fair!" yelled Pete Anderson, the referee.

And one of the bedticks cocked an eye sideways to make sure he had heard aright; then side-swiped the other bundle of mighty fluffiness and turned it end on against a post. It was a hard swipe, too, but a soft fall. Anderson yelled again and the clumsy combatants broke apart for an instant, then piled onto each other in fiercer fashion than before.

"That's always the way," commented Anderson. "These beasts will wrestle like champions when there is no audience, but when the crowd appears they refuse to budge."

Fancy Specimens of Bear.

Anderson is the keeper of the Omaha "zoo," and the animated bedticks are known as Sam and Queen, probably the two largest cinnamon bears in captivity. They might, of course, with equal truth be called bundles of fur; but the bedtick simile strikes one as most fitting when watching the two soft huskies bating each other about the paved floor of their pit. And all the time the gladiators are silently tussling Humbert, the cub cinnamon, is just as silently lying in the door of the bear cave, apparently unseeing and unaring. Occasionally the cub will take one of his paws into his traplike mouth and pretend to tear it to pieces, but he is only faking.

While the mighty play is going on Nipper and Victoria, in the adjoining pit, fussily parade back and forth along the iron grill, now and again erecting their huge bodies against the bars and fixing their eyes with ambitious intensity on the cinnamons.

"Nipper could lick either one of the cinnamons with one paw in his pocket," says Anderson, "but Victoria could probably do the finish trick for any of them if once aroused."

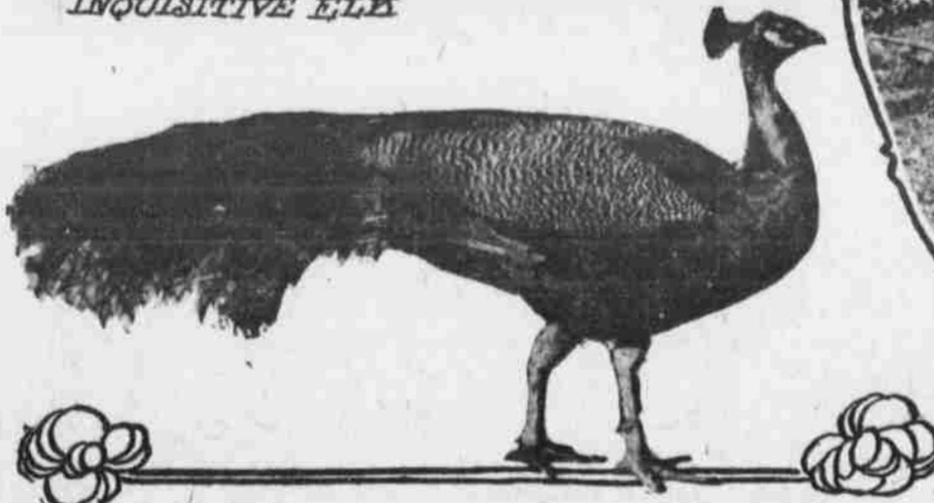
Be it known that Nipper is the great black bear in the Riverview park bear pits, and Victoria is the big silvertip. Despite her better fighting condition and more dangerous appearance Victoria has a very wholesome respect for old Nipper. While she is taking a dip in the water, if Nipper approaches Vic gives a grunt and a broddignagian firt and vacates the basin instanter.



INQUISITIVE ELK



BUFFALO AND CALF



BUFFALO AND CALF



KEEPER ANDERSON AMONG THE BEARS



COON

exercise. When disease struck the deer herd the bucks were first to succumb, and the does the last to give in. At present only half a dozen deer are left and one elk.

Of the seven buffalo in the park, all pure bred, four were born here. Leggins is the pet name for the big buffalo, a grand specimen of his race. He is about 15 years old and seems fitted to take the lead in any herd. Monarch and Napoleon are two young bulls of fine promise when they get their full growth, two or three years hence.

Anderson calls all the animals by name, and to hear him talk to Dolly Dimple, a fine young buffalo cow, and see her respond, proves they know a friend when they see him. One of the cows has a year-old calf as husky and hefty as a young elephant. All the buffalo appear to be in fair physical condition, in spite of the fact they have only about half an acre of range, with a very muddy feeding yard. Just now they are beginning to shed their winter coat, which makes them look rough and tacky as to "front."

Badger and Pecarries Fraternize.
An apparently happy family in one small enclosure

is made up of a badger and a pair of pecarries. All three are good looking specimens of their species, the badger at this particular stage of his existence being almost in the beauty class. He is fat, glossy and of most pleasing color, and has the faculty of flattening himself out until he looks like an enlarged edition of a flying squirrel. The pecarries, sent here from Arkansas, are a pretty pair, in their way, with short, stiff bristles. The black of their coat is plentifully shot with gray hairs, and they look fit for a long, hard race at any moment. Unlike their tame brother, the pig, they have no curl to their tail; if they have any tail at all they manage to conceal it.

In the wolf den are three grown ones and a family of young ones, born a few days ago. The two largest are like steel wire in their movements. One, the female without a family, is almost white, while the father wolf is heavily shaded toward black. Mrs. Wolf with the family is not on view at this time, but will parade her tribe a little later on.

In a cage adjoining that of the wolves is located a pair of coyotes. They carry about with them at all hours a nervous, quick and sneaky manner, and if

they ever keep still for a minute it is when some new sight attracts their temporary attention.

A Dolly Varden Coon.

A queer little coon holds one den all alone. He is an unconscious comedian and appears to be posturing a la stage funny man all the time. Keeper Anderson explains the Dolly Varden rear elevation of Mr. Coon resulted from an accident in which the animal's back was broken. The injured vertebrae knitted in such a way that the coon has the appearance of mincing along with his shoulders very low and his hips very high. Across the middle of his back the skin is hairless, while the front and rear parts of the body have the natural soft covering pertaining to well conditioned coons. With slow but sure agility this queer coon takes his exercise by climbing about the bars of the cage once in awhile, but usually he is resting and blinking softly in the sun on his platform.

Animals Are Docile and Peaceful.

"Could this badger lick the pecarries if the need arose?" is asked of the keeper.

"I don't know," he says, "but the three appear to get along all right. A badger has a great reputation for his fighting ability, but this one has never been troublesome; probably because the little pigs have heard of his capacity and let him alone."

"Do your bears ever fight?"

"Oh, sometimes they get a little fussy and I have to separate them. That Victoria bear is none too good-humored, and several times she has knocked me over into the water basin. But I never have much trouble with them."

Sam has moved up to the bars now, puffing and blowing like a real wrestler after a bout, and Nipper also pokes his nose against the iron.

"Sam, what's the matter?" queries the keeper in a teasing tone of voice. But Sam only stares and wiggles a paw. Seeing a good chance, Queen lands him a hearty cuff on the ear, and over he goes like a bale of hay. Instead of resenting the cuff dealt him Sam folds his front paws one over the other, ignoring the lady bear as if she did not exist, and in disgust Queen retires to an iron gate and assumes the pose of a contented boy watching a ball game, with not a word to say.

Keeper Anderson an Enthusiast.

On the subject of animals in general, especially those that should be represented in any properly constituted zoological garden, Keeper Anderson grows enthusiastic. He is a native of Denmark, has been at Riverview sixteen years; before that spent some years with a circus, and when he talks of the Copenhagen "zoo" or the Hagenback collection at Hamburg, Germany, he is "all lit up," to use a pat colloquialism.

"At Copenhagen they charge an admission fee which would be equal to our quarter," says the keeper, "and the income is sufficient to maintain the place in high class style and leave a surplus to buy new attractions. On certain occasions the park is crowded and the pleasure derived by the people gives full warrant for keeping it up in line with the very best."

Of the possibilities of Riverview Mr. Anderson has opinions of his own, which he is slow to express; but it is plain to be seen he regrets the present paucity of animals and birds in the park. There is an aviary, or bird house, in the park, but the only available occupants are two owls, one Chinese pheasant, one parrot and a monkey—which latter is a bird of an agitator when he gets a proper chance. During the winter the parrot and the monkey have their retreat in the hot house at Hanescom park. Among the possessions of the Omaha "zoo" there used to be a wildcat and an eagle, but they died.

The thought will occur to the visitor looking over the small menagerie at Riverview park that, situated as Omaha is, at the gateway of the wild game country, there is opportunity to establish here a collection that might hope to vie with those in Cincinnati, Chicago and other American cities. Lack of money at the disposal of the Park board seems to be the main reason why the local collection is not enlarged, but public sentiment is not keen either. Even a moderately good collection of animals and birds at Riverview would prove a great drawing card for visitors, in the opinion of those who have given the matter attention. And the educational value of a well selected "zoo" would not be inconsiderable, as other cities seem to have proven to their profit.

How the Workingmen Rule in Great Britain

THE inability of the aldermen of Dublin to make up their minds concerning the salary to be paid the city's lord mayor, who is a newsvender, resulting in remarkable fluctuations, first from \$18,000 a year to \$8,000, then up to \$18,000 again, and finally back to the lower figure, draws attention to the fact that the Irish metropolis is not the only city in the United Kingdom that can boast of a workingman mayor. It is a question whether Great Britain cannot show a more democratic record in his respect than the United States, popularly supposed to be the land par excellence of unrestricted opportunity, says the London correspondent of the Washington Star.

It has happened, in two cases at least, that mayors of English communities have actually risen from the workhouse. Will Crooks, one of the most interesting representatives of "the other half," was born in the workhouse, and it is impossible to imagine a more humble beginning than that. Yet he was elected mayor of Poplar and a member of Parliament. One of the most respected citizens of the city of Devonport, Alderman Hornbrook, who served as mayor with distinction, was born in the workhouse of the same town.

A former mayor of Leeds, the greatest of Yorkshire cities, Alderman Scharr by name, was the indus-

trious dispenser of penny sweets from behind the counter of his modest store, when he was not maintaining the dignity of the highest office in the gift of his fellow townsmen. The contrast seems even greater when it is said that he put off his apron to don his robes of office to welcome the late King Edward and Queen Alexandra in the name of Leeds when they opened an extension to Leeds university.

Another workingman mayor can boast of a similar royal association. The Welsh city of Cardiff chose William Crossman, a working stonemason, to be its lord mayor during a year in which King Edward had promised to pay a visit to the city. The late king became so interested in this man of the people that he determined to show it in an unprecedented manner and, much to Crossman's surprise, tapped him on the shoulder with a sword and said, "Rise, Sir William."

Alderman Bond has several times been mayor of Plymouth, but those who knew him years ago when he began his career as a boy in a local solicitor's office would not have predicted that he would one day be the city's chief personage.

The police force in England would hardly commend itself to the casual observer as a stepping stone to the mayoralty, yet two chief executives have reached their high position by that route. Kingston-on-Thames several years ago elected Councillor Clarke mayor. His admirers made two unsuccessful attempts before they succeeded in landing him in the mayor's chair, largely because the proud residents of the town found it impossible to resign themselves to the rule of their former policeman.

Blackpool, the Coney Island of England, once selected Alderman Brodie to the mayoralty, despite the fact that he was particularly fond of telling of his experiences as a member of the force in Manchester.

Timothy Owen, one of the most popular residents of Aberaven, Glamorganshire, was a signman on a railroad when his neighbors expressed their desire to invest him with the office of mayor. On the occasion of his first visit to church after assuming the high office he had a curious bodyguard in 300 railwaymen, headed by the general secretary of the labor union to which he belonged.

Lights at the Mass

IT WOULD seem that in very early days, though lights were prescribed at mass, they were placed not upon, but near, the altar. Sometimes the number of lights at a solemn mass was very great and the candles then used were invariably made of wax, says the Ave Marie.

It would seem that in very early days, though lights were prescribed at mass, they were placed not upon, but near the altar. Sometimes the number of lights at a solemn mass was very great and the candles then used were invariably made of wax, says the Ave Marie.

Anglo-Saxon writers, such as Aelfric in his "Tenth Canon," give reasons for these lights. "The acolytes," he says, "light candles at mass not so much to dispel darkness as in honor of Christ, who is our Light." Even when later on it became the general practice to have two candles lighted upon the altar, "two others," we are told, "were often lighted at the parochial or high mass during the canon, or at least before the elevation."

But while it seems to have been usual at high

A Woodland Easter

THIS Easter morn! A day of loveliness. The earth, and sky above, are bright of mien. Sweet Nature dons her fairest gaud dress And everywhere rare blossoms deck the scene.

The birds their Easter carols blithely sing. A swelling chorus echoes through the dells, And with her joyous message dawning Spring The story of the Resurrection tells. All things look upward to the Heavens high; In offerings of praise each bears its part. And deep within my woodland dwelling I Find Easter chimes are ringing in my heart!

—John Kendrick Bangs.

Deer Herd Almost Wiped Out.

In bears and buffaloes the Riverview park "zoo" has something worthy of show, but beyond these two features very much is left to be desired. A year ago the deer park had twenty-three inmates, but the cold rains and sleet of the spring of 1910 destroyed seventeen of the herd. No shelter of any kind is provided for either the deer or buffalo. In the wild state these animals had the chance to find protection of some sort from storms and could hunt a dry place to lay by while bad weather prevailed. In their Riverview range they must mill around in the mud and take the storm with the sunshine as best they can. And their range is altogether too small to permit of proper