(Continued from previous page)

threw a tennis ball down that dirty pink hole, and the Hippo got the bellyache and died of that tennis ball.

* * *

THE only cool place in the zoo is the stream, in this hot day full of flies and smells. And here you can see the flamingoes standing, just as we've always been told but never quite believed, on one leg. I'm still not positive that it isn't a huge joke, a canvas rigged up by the keepers to make people think they have live flamingoes at the zoo. Well, it was a very hot day. Perhaps on a cool day they change legs or even bat an eyelid occasionally.

Some people really enjoy it. Who? Look there, out on the lawn. No, silly,

Zoo-logicalities

A Matter Of Beards



"MA-MA," said the little white kid out of his perpetually moving mouth, "why does pa-pa m-have that extra sort of m-beard under his m-chin?"

"M-goodness m-me," said his mama, "m-how should m-I know? Run and m-play. I'm m-busy."

"M-m-m. Just m-chewing. Go on, m-be a sport and m-tell."

"M-m I tell m-you I don't know.
M-you'll m-probably grow m-one
yourself when m-m you grow
m-up."

"Oh, m-goody. Then I'll m-know. M-anyway, I m-s'pose it's m-just one of m-those m-atavistic m-things — m-m-vestigial m-form of the handle m-they m-m-used to hang the bell on m-m-when we all wore m-m-m-bells in the old days in m-m-m-m-Switzerland."

"M-m-my-goodness! What highm-brow m-nonsense they m-do
teach m-you these days. M-m-mwhen I was at school m-m-m
they just m-m-taught us the
three m-m-ch's. M-m-chew,
m-chew, and m-m-cheese."

"M-fair pop, m-mum? No m-m-kiddin'?"

those aren't stones or boulders. Granpappy tortoise. Ole Man Terrapin himself. And another one; and over there, playing put-your-head-in-the-corner, a small grey and yellow one. Yes, says the keeper, he's always got his head in the corner somewhere. M'm. Doesn't like publicity. But the Ole Man himself doesn't mind a bit. Waddle, waddle, waddle, (but much slower than that), taking the children for a ride. But you'll notice that it's never the same children having the ride at the end of the journey; they get tired about three yards from the start and prefer to walk. But Ole Man Terrapin just plugs along, and I really haven't the ghost of a notion what he's thinking about behind that monstrosity of a head. Possibly of next winter's sleep. Well, it's going to be cold to-night, boys, a good 60 in the shade. Be nice getting into that electrically-heated den of ours. It's quite true, you see; the tortoises come out on a hot day only; the rest of the time they're in heated dens. So there's one unsuitable companion for Commander Byrd.

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FLIES, says the zoo on a hot day, flies, smells and snooze. No leopards? No tigers, No jaguars? Oh, yes; there they are, back in their dens, half-asleep, limp muscles waiting for the cool to become rippling and taut under marvellous skins. And the lions lying in the shade, legs mingled, the round pink pads pressing against each other's sides. Well, the zoo is asleep; the beasts are quiet and the birds make a steady twittering music down in the hollow. We'll come again when it's cooler.

—J.

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