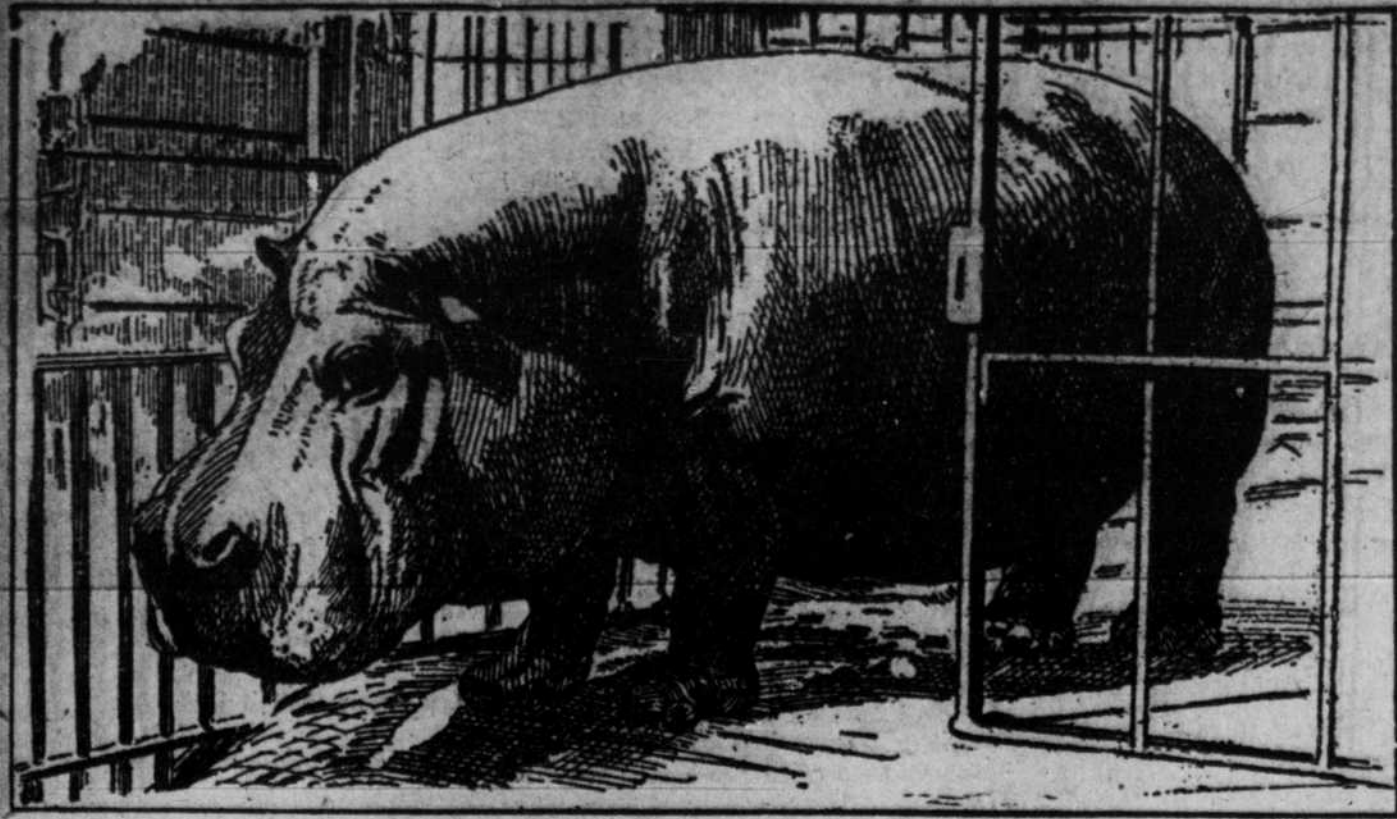
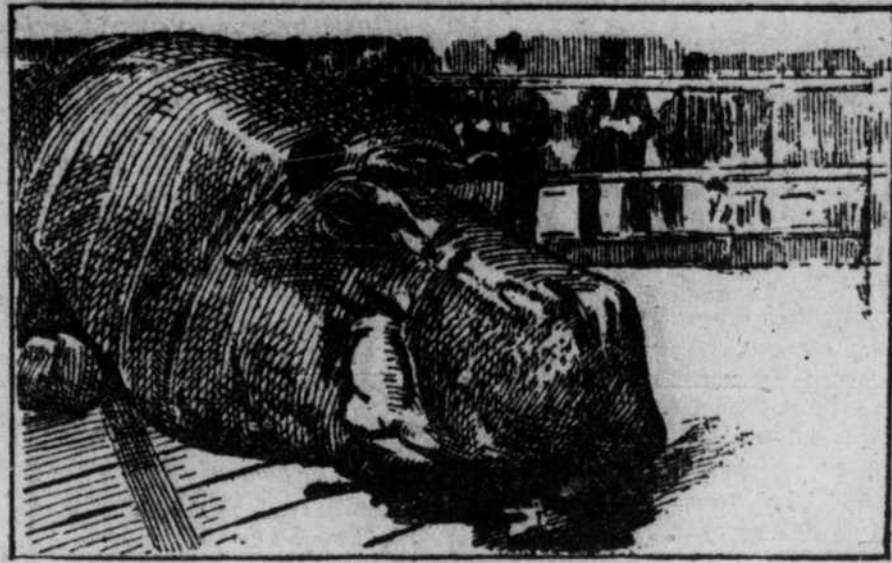


Captured Hippopotami Now in Central Park Zoo, New York



"Calluh" the Giant Hippopotamus of the Central Park Menagerie, New York City.

While few menageries or zoological gardens include hippopotami among the members of the animal world which they contain, the general public nevertheless quite familiar with the appearance and characteristics of the great ungulates. They have been described in word and picture by innumerable naturalists, historians, and writers, even of the earliest times. We find unmistakable reference to them in the records of the ancient Egyptians, and to-day there is little doubt that the behemoth of the Bible is identical with the hippopotamus. The Central Park Zoo of New York City, is particularly fortunate in the possession of three splendid specimens, a pair of older animals and a young one. The pair, Calluh and Miss Murphy, are well known, not only to those directly interested in these matters, but also to the reading public, for the huge brutes have been described and pictured in various publications. Calluh, the great male which is the subject of the accompanying interesting engravings, has been in the Central Park Zoo since 1889, while his mate, Miss Murphy, has been included in the collection for a somewhat shorter period. These two have proven remarkably prolific, and have presented an admiring public with eight healthy offspring, and these, with the exception of the young one at present in the ark, have been sold to other menageries. This is not an exceptional case, for strangely enough these curious beasts thrive well in captivity, and breed not infrequently. Were it not for the difficulty formerly experienced in securing original pairs, they would be far more common in zoological parks. Needless to say, it is very difficult to capture the hippopotamus in a wild state and transport the animal uninjured to civilization,



"Calluh" Musing.

though if this be accomplished successfully, he takes kindly to captivity, and often lives contentedly for many years. In fact, a single specimen existed in the Zoological Park in London for over twenty-eight years. Hippopotami in captivity do not require the excessive care and attention which are usually necessary for the well-being of tropical animals. One factor which is of considerable advantage in this respect is the fact that the animals lack the restlessness and nervousness so commonly found in wild creatures. Though terrible fighters if aroused they are even-tempered and fairly intelligent, and learn to obey the word of command of their keepers. They appear to appreciate kindness and seldom if ever require punishment. Hippopotami are purely herbivorous, and in the wild state feed upon grasses various water plants, rice, millet, maize, and similar growths. This diet is approximated as nearly as possible

in captivity. They are fed every day, usually early in the afternoon, on fresh grass or hay, various vegetables, and bread. They have very healthy appetites, and one can imagine the quantity of food that a "hippo" can consume, when one considers that the stomach of a large specimen will measure as much as eleven feet in length. The hippopotamus is heir to few troubles. Natural attrition keeps his teeth, which grow throughout his lifetime, within proper bounds. As he not only spends most of his waking hours in the water, but often sleeps there also the frequent immersions keep his thick skin in a healthy condition. The water must have a temperature of not less than fifty-five degrees, and must be maintained at this point the year around. With the exception of the usual attention regarding the cleanliness of the habitation, other necessary care includes merely the preparation of his food and the regulation of the temperature.

FOR YOUNG READERS

Now.
If you have hard work to do.
Do it now.
To-day the skies are clear and blue.
To-morrow clouds may come in view.
Yesterday is not for you;
Do it now.
If you have a song to sing.
Sing it now.
Let the notes of gladness ring.
Clear as song of bird in spring.
Let every day some music bring;
Sing it now.
If you have kind words to say.
Say them now.
To-morrow may not come your way.
Do a kindness while you may.
Loved ones will not always stay;
Say them now.
If you have a smile to show.
Show it now.
Make hearts happy, roses grow.
Let the friends around you know
The love you have before they go;
Show it now.
—Charles R. Skinner, in New York Sun.

A Kind Crow.
You have often heard, boys and girls, of animals helping each other, but perhaps you would like to know of a very kind crow who appeared at a country house not long ago.

The family was much interested in watching a little black bird make frequent visits to an old chicken coop, which it entered by the door. For six days in succession the crow kept up these regular visits, to the great astonishment of the watchers.

At last it was discovered that good Mr. Crow had been carrying corn all this time to a poor little hen who had been caught by the neck between the bars of the coop in such a way that it could not be seen from the outside.

When the hen was set free, Mr. Crow sprang at her triumphantly and conducted her to a basin of water standing near by, as if to say, "Now, quench your thirst."

Bow and Arrows.
First, a stick about three feet long is needed. Trim this down till it is smooth. Then bend it into shape

shown in illustration. Cut notches in the ends for the string to be tied on.

Take a heated piece of wire will do, and three inches from each end of the stick bore a hole. These are for the string to pass through. A strong string a little longer than the bow is needed. One end of this is tied to the notch on one end of the stick or bow and passed through the holes and tied on the other notch in such a manner that it can easily be untied again when the bow is put away. The bow is now finished. A bamboo stick on one end and a nail on the other make a good arrow.

Merely Arrangement.
Add the figures 1 to 9 inclusive and make 100.

It sounds impossible, but an expert "puzzler" shows that it is merely a matter of arrangement. Here is the demonstration:

15
26
47
98
2
100

Easy Games of Magic.

Take a coin in each hand and then hold both arms out straight to left and right. Now say that you will get both coins into one hand without changing the position of your arms in the least. After everybody is wildly curious to know how you are going to do it, walk to a mantelpiece, lay the coin from one outstretched hand on it, and turn around and take it up in the other.

Then tell another person that you have hypnotized him so that he is unable to take off his coat alone. He will take it off immediately, of course, to prove that you are wrong, but the moment he starts you take off your

coat also, and thus you prove to him that he couldn't take off his coat alone.

Then you announce that you will show the guests something that no human being ever saw before, and that no human eye will ever see again. You crack a nut, show the kernel and say: "No human being ever saw that before." Then you pop it into your mouth and say, "And no human being will ever see it again."

Mixed Nuts



Why is it that every man's pants are too short? Because his legs stick out two feet.

Why is it dangerous to go in the woods in spring? Because the bull-rush is out, the cowslips around, the grasses have blades, the flowers have pistils and the little twigs are shooting.

When were walking sticks first mentioned in the Bible? When Eve presented Adam with a Cain.

What is it that you can put up a stovepipe down, but you can't put down a stovepipe up? An umbrella.

Why is a dog's tail like the heart of a tree? Because it is farthest from the bark.

What kind of a cat do we usually find in a large library? A cat-alogue.

Why does a goose come out of the water? For sundry reasons.

A Japanese House.

A Japanese house causes a European visiting the country for the first time unparalleled astonishment. The interior is spotlessly clean, a dead set is waged against dirt in every shape and when you enter you discard your boots. To retain your boots on your feet is an indiscretion that is not quickly forgiven.

On looking round, you wonder where the rooms are situated, for only one is visible, and that apparently takes up the whole of the house. As a matter of fact, for the moment—we will assume that you are calling during the day—the residence cannot boast of more than one chamber. But, strangely enough, this one compartment can be converted into several others. The transformation trick is effected by means of panels, which when run into their places divide the house into several rooms. If you require a few feet of space to yourself, you just slide along a few panels, and behold your wants are satisfied. With the utilization of panels you actually make a room. At night the bed rooms are constructed in the same way. The floors consist of mats, and it is on these mats that you sleep. There are no beds. In the morning, when the family is up and about, the bed chambers disappear—the panels are put back—and you have one large apartment.

The outside walls are as fragile as those inside. They are composed of paper panes. If you are unpardonably curious to ascertain what the people are doing inside, you wet a finger and push it through the wall! The result is a hole through which you can look.—Montreal Herald.

A Dog of Heart and Courtesy.

"I saw a very pretty scene a day or two ago during one of the heavy afternoon rains," writes a correspondent of the Jacksonville Times-Union. "A little kitten, the pet of some children, probably, with a blue ribbon around its neck, soft gray fur and dainty white feet, had wandered out into the street, and feared to cross the gutter where a swift stream whirled and dashed along. It was mewing piteously, but no one paid any attention to it. In this busy world the moaning of a human being excites but little attention; how much less, then, the crying of a forlorn kitten. Then there came along a great Newfoundland dog, with bright intelligent eyes and glossy coat. Attracted by the little kitten's distress, he gazed at it a moment, then glanced quietly about him. The nobler animal, man, was going by unheeding, so this dog walked out into the street, picked up the kitten in his mouth and carried it gently to the sidewalk. There he placed it on a dry spot, licked it kindly once or twice, wagged his bushy tail and went down the street. It was a little thing, but it struck me that that dog had something higher than intelligence."

Dogs usually reflect the manners and morals of their owners in some degree; how many dogs are there who taught by brutal masters, would not rather have killed the kitten?

Keeping the "Thread" of a Story.

Each player holds the ends of a ribbon or string in her hand, the other end of all the ribbons or strings being held by the leader, who begins to tell the story. Every one must pay close attention, for at any moment she may break off, at the same time pulling one of the ribbons. The holder of it without delay must take up the story and continue it until the leader pulls another ribbon, which transfers the task to some one else.

HOW PUP SAVED HIS MISTRESS

By EUGENE O. MAYFIELD (Rex M.)

He was just an ordinary dog, with no pedigree. Who his parents were, or where he was born, he never inquired. As far back as he could remember he had slept in the coal shed, from which he occasionally came forth at night to bay at the moon, or answer the call of some other dog in the neighborhood.

His name was Pup. Just plain Pup. Once a little girl called him "Puppy," and he was so surprised at her kindness that he licked her hand, and she ran away screaming. After that he never heard the pet name "Puppy" again.

Pup's occupation was chasing the chickens out of the back yard, and watching for crusts of bread to be thrown out. Occasionally he got a bit of meat, or a bone from the kitchen, and then he was very happy, and would wag his tail as he gnawed the gristle.

Several times the dog man tried to catch Pup, but Pup was a wise little dog and always got away and took refuge in the coal shed. Then he would peep through the cracks and bark and growl at the dog man. No one seemed to care whether the dog man caught Pup or not. If he had a real friend, he did not know it. That is, until something happened. This something changed the entire course of Pup's life.

One night, just as Pup went to the coal shed door to bay at the moon, he saw a bright light up near the roof of the house, where the lady lived who fed him crusts of bread and gave him old bones. At first Pup thought it was a star, but no, it could not be a star. It was too big, and then, there was smoke. Suddenly Pup understood. The house was on fire.

"Bow-wow! Bow-wow! Bow-wow!" barked Pup, but no one answered his call. If he was heard, it was only thought he was baying at the moon. "This will never do," said Pup to himself. "The kind lady who gives



me bread crusts and old bones must be awakened, or she will be burned to death. I must do more than 'bow-wow'."

Higher and higher the flames crept up the cornice. Then the shingles caught, and it was apparent to Pup that if he was to save the kind lady who had given him bread crusts and old bones, he must act quickly.

Just Plain Pup.

In which the kind lady who gave Pup bread crusts and old bones, lived.

Pup was in despair.

All at once he thought of the front door-bell. He had seen the kind lady's friends pull the knob, when they called, and why not he?



"Bing! Bang! Bing!" went the bell, Pup holding the knob in his mouth the while and listening for the approach of footsteps.

It seemed an age, although it was a very short time, before Pup heard the voice of the kind lady who had given him bread crusts and old bones, call down the stairs: "Who's there?"

"It's me!" yelled back Pup. "Come quick! Hurry."

The kind lady who had given Pup bread crusts and old bones, recognizing his voice, opened the door and looked out.

"Excuse me for interrupting your sleep," said Pup, with a low bow, "but the whole rear of the house is on fire."

"Mercy!" screamed the kind lady who had given Pup bread crusts and old bones. Just then the firemen came, and as the flames spread, more and more, the kind lady who had given Pup bread crusts and old bones clutched from the hall rack an opera cloak, and enveloping herself in it, she and Pup watched the firemen as they worked, and when they had finished their labors, all they had saved was the ground on which the house once stood.

But the kind lady, who had given Pup bread crusts and old bones, was wealthy, and she did not care a great deal for the loss. In fact, she was a wise woman and carried heavy insurance, and within a few weeks, a new house stood where the old one went down. Nor was the new house all that was built. Out in the rear yard was erected one of the finest dog houses in the world. It was a model dog house, throughout, and on the front door plate was engraved, on a silver bar, the only name the master had ever known—"Pup."

Country Editor's Day of Triumph

Very likely you have not heard of Chula, Mo. This is not strange, because Chula has but recently been placed upon the maps of a state whose citizens insist upon being "shown" and who refuse to give proper cultivation to their credulity. It is not exactly correct to say that Chula has been placed upon the maps, or on one bright red-letter day in its exicon it was thrown upon the maps by a bright red splotch by a country editor. This editor came to the city the other day as the guest of the St. Paul railroad. He occupied an entire drawing-room car, ate rich food and drank sparkling wines and received adulations, from the colored porter all the way from Chula and back again at the expense of a "souless corporation."

The man who compelled the map-makers to take notice of Chula enjoys the not uncommon name of Edith E. H. Smith.

Smith's great opportunity came when the St. Paul put the Southwest Limited train into service between Chicago and Kansas City. The train passes through Chula on its eastward and westward flights, and there were things about it that made a great impression upon Smith's imagination. He watched the flight of the Southwest Limited as it tore great holes in the atmosphere of Chula, and then wrote this about the train:

"The new train on the Chicago, Milwaukee and St. Paul railway passed through Chula for the first time Sunday night, about three hours after dark. There was no hesitation at Chula town, at least none perceptible. There are no high places in Chula town, hence we question whether she was touched the track. She just ripped a great fiery hole in the darkness and left the atmosphere heated steam out for a second, then whistled for Atlantic or Chicago, we are not certain which. If 'Central' had not been closed, we would have telephoned to Chicago to see if she hadn't run clean through the Union station. She is sure not a 'hurry-up train.' Chicago is only about three miles up the track now. She is a gleam of summer sunlight, vestibuled and electric lighted from the cowcatcher clear back a hundred yards behind the last coach. He is knee deep with velvet carpets, and her cushions are as soft as a trix's cheek. She is lighted to a daisy and heated to a frazzle. She was built to beat the world and her gorge-

ous splendor makes us chuckle to think we have a pass on her. She goes so fast that the six porters look like one big fat nigger. She is called 'The Southwest Limited.' She stops, going both ways, at Chillicothe, and you can get on her there, but you'll have to hurry."

In the gratitude of his heart the general passenger agent wrote the poet-editor that whenever he desired to come to Chicago he would be more than pleased to cause the Southwest Limited to pause long enough at Chula to take him on and again to let him off. The offer was accepted by wire, as Editor Smith does not believe in toying with fortune nor flirting with opportunity. Then he wrote a piece for his paper, as everything that happens, if anything does happen, in Chula is news, and told the citizens that he was going to Chicago on the limited and as the guest of the general passenger agent and of the road.

As might be expected, the entire business of Chula was suspended the following day and every man, woman and child not bedridden was down to the depot bright and early. The Chula band in full uniform was there playing suggestive pieces about conquering heroes, and Chula's mayor revised his last Fourth of July "oration" to fit the occasion. It was a gala day for Chula, and the editor had to tell them with becoming modesty how he had achieved greatness.

About the time he reached the spread-eagle stage of his address there was a long, mournful wail pitched in a minor key which sounded like the exprolring war whoop of an Apache Indian. It was the Southwest Limited halting Chula, Mo. Editor Smith grasped his new \$2.75 suit case firmly by both straps and waited, all a-tremble with excitement. The band began a furious fanfaring and the citizens of Chula held their breaths. There were two more long wails, followed by two short ones, as the limited's mogul swept down upon Chula's only grade crossing, a cloud of blinding dust, an answering "toot" to the tower man as he dropped the semaphore indicating a clear track and a faint moan was borne upon a passing breeze to Smith and to Chula's population as the mogul whistled for "Niantic or Chicago, which?"

Smith, standing disconsolate with grip in hand, and with Chula's population gazing seemingly with a million eyes clear through him, didn't care

much which it was. Without so much as a look at his fellows the Chula News' editor turned and hastened to his sanctum, where he sent a telegram which read: "When it comes to four flushes there are others."

Needless to say that it was all a mistake. The general passenger agent apologized by wire, the limited did not forget to hesitate at Chula the following day. And thus was Chula, Mo., placed upon the map.—Chicago Record-Herald.

Thinks They Are Safe.

In the spring term of the past year the athletic young women of Smith college developed a passion for baseball. In conversation with a distinguished visitor at the college, President L. Clark Seelye spoke of the fresh enthusiasm which the students were manifesting in the national game. The visitor, having his own ideals of intelligent gentleness, looked somewhat distressed at this announcement.

"Aren't you afraid," he asked, "that baseball will have a tendency to make the girls masculine?"

A humorous expression stole over President Seelye's face. "Masculine?" he echoed. "My dear friend, if you could never have further fears pitching the ball you would never have any further fears on that score."

Simeon Was Given No Choice.

Amos Saunders of Rowley, Mass., once employed a boy to turn the grindstone for him. The boy turned until he was tired and then stopped.

"Turn, Simeon, turn," commanded Mr. Saunders.

"I can't; I'm tired," was the reply.

"Turn, Simeon; turn or die," thundered Saunders.

"I'll die, then," said Simeon.

"You can't have your choice," returned Saunders; "turn, Simeon, turn."

Ju-Jitsu Champion.

The champion ju-jitsu (not jitsu) wrestler of Japan offers \$5,000 to any man who will come forward and defeat him. This is no betting matter. The opponent puts up no stake. Tarro also promises \$100 to any man he fails to defeat in ten minutes, and \$5 a minute to any one who stands before him five minutes without being forced to acknowledge that he had been "beaten" in a struggle.—New York Press.