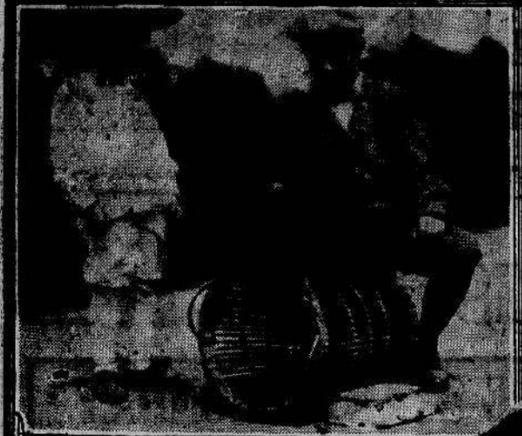


BABIES of the BRONX Zoo



Black Bear Cubs, Clowns of the Zoo



Zebra Most Stubborn Baby



Prejevalsky Wild Horse Most Aristocratic Baby

MOTHERLOVE is just as deep-rooted in the beasts of the jungle as it is in humans. From the moment the offspring of those animals whose fecundity is world-famed, have seen the light of day the parents' nature undergoes a softening influence which leaves her a creature that lavishes her love and caresses upon her baby, resorting to all the little tricks of motherhood that one looks for in a nursery where the first born of the household nestles in the arms of its doting parent.

And then, too, that same ferocity and tigerish hate that a mother manifests when her baby is in peril, or has been criticized, is reflected 10-fold in wild beasts when the safety of their little ones is at stake. Of course we all know that each and every baby is the most wonderful thing in the world—that is in the eyes of its parents and near kin. If it lacks facial beauty, then the shape of its head betrays the brain of a genius and a toe's wriggle is easily construed into a mark of mental capacity.

These things are just as true in the New York Zoological park as anywhere else. There is just as much jealousy among the animal parents and the guardians of the babies there as anywhere else over the respective merits of their offspring and wards. There are nearly 100 babies in the park now, all wards of the Zoological society and the City of New York, and each baby has a keeper to cultivate it and praise of just what a wonderful youngster it is.

Here are a few claims to distinction the zoo keepers set forth for their wards and each waxes wroth if the slightest doubt is cast upon his assertion:

Zaza, the zebra colt, is the stubbornest baby in the zoo.

Kiddie, the Rocky Mountain goat, is the most rollicking youngster.

Nigger, the Brazilian woolly monkey, is the most affectionate and the biggest cry baby.

The orangs and chimpanzees are the most highly educated.

Uncle Sam, the buffalo calf, is the genuine American baby.

Tiny, the kangaroo rat, is the smallest baby.

Mike and Nettie, the pygmy hippopotamuses, are the costliest.

Fuzzy, the tapir, is the queerest baby, and will little resemble her parents until full grown.

Alice, the 200-year-old tortoise, is still an infant and the youngest of her specie in the park.

Lily, the puma kitten, is the crankiest baby in the collection.

Mongol, the prejevalsky wild horse colt, is the most aristocratic.

Pearl, the musk ox, the most northern baby.

Raccoons, the most playful and mischievous.

Richmond, the Virginia wild deer fawn, the hungriest baby.

Tommy and Tumble, black bear cubs, get more spankings and give their keepers most worry.

Flip, the walrus, costs more to feed than all others.

Nile and Cleopatra, lion cubs, have the lushest voices.

Kitty, leopard cub, the most dangerous baby.

Teddy, the dick dick, presented to the park by Theodore Roosevelt after his African hunt and the only one of his kind in captivity.

Coyote puppies, known as the Suffragette babies, because their mother came from the original suffragist state.

To Flip belongs the distinction of proving that soft shell clams are the real and ideal baby food. He has added one hundred pounds to his bulk

in the past six months and will double this gain within the next. He's an expensive little fellow, but as Mr. William T. Hornaday, director of the park, remarked, "He's worth it."

It costs in the neighborhood of \$10 a day to feed Flip. That includes time for an expert opener of soft clams who is kept busy four hours a day preparing Flip's meals. Flip's teeth are still too tender to open his own clams and as he eats 50 pounds at a time it can readily be seen that his title of most expensive baby is well earned. There is not another baby walrus in this country and only one other in the world and that in the zoo at Hamburg, Germany.

But Flip is rarely lonesome for he cries so lustily for his friend and keeper, Charles Snyder, assistant curator of reptiles, that he is rarely alone. He always barks his joy at the sight of his friend and hops about on his flippers doing all sorts of queer antics as long as Snyder stays near. When he leaves him, though, his wail is pitiful to hear.

There is no animal more deeply loved in the park than little "Nigger," the Brazilian woolly monkey. He is as near human as it is possible for one of the baser animals to be, and he is as loyal as he is lovable. Nigger is idolized by his keepers and by the children of the officials of the society. He nestles so confidently in their arms as the most spookiest babies. His tricks are inimical and he is mischievous and cute. He has the rap of the turtle pen and big Alice, the baby of the lot, and he are close pals. He scampers over her back, shares his food with her and when he proffers her a nibble of his choicest tidbits she exercises the greatest care not to nip his fingers, for he is remembered Alice, at a single clutch, could sever the arm or leg of a man. Nigger is the life of his section. He is so rare and costly that he is kept to himself and out of reach of the commoner breeds of monkeys who scamper and romp in their cages day in and day out. Nigger was born to be petted. He not only invites it but demands it. He likes nothing better than to curl up in one's arms and spongle his head down beneath a coat collar.

But when he is put back in his cage he will weep and sob for an hour, or until some one of the keepers comes along and tempts him out of his hysterical state with a choice bit of food especially prepared for him.

Mike and Nettie won their sourest title, "the most expensive babies," because of their purchase price—\$15,000. Their specie is nearly extinct and when they were captured in Central Africa last spring the bidding among animal collectors to buy them was keen and spirited. Agents of the zoological society finally came through with a bid of \$15,000 and they were at once brought to New York. They are the last, it is said, of this diminishing tribe and there are standing offers for others of their kind far in excess of that paid for them.

And speaking of Alice, the galapagos tortoise, she is well worthy of a paragraph to herself. Although two hundred years old, she is easily the baby of the turtle pen. Her sister, Martha, is 150 years her senior, while Grant, the old bachelor turtle, readily recalls the days of the Pacific coast when the Indians were freely discussing the visit of one they called Christopher Columbus who had just set sail for a visit to their relatives on the Atlantic coast. Alice exercises all the prerogatives her tender years demand and she is as coy and kittenish as the most unsophisticated debutante. But her keepers have hopes of her attaining years of discretion and assert-



Kangaroo Mouse, Smallest Baby



Raccoons, Most Playful Babies



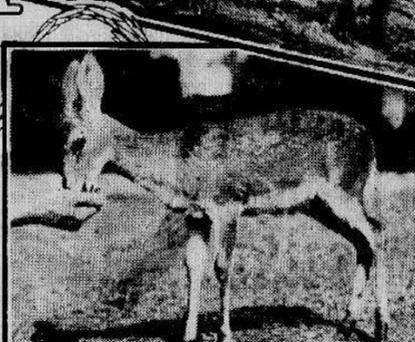
Virginia Red Deer, Hungriest Baby



Walrus, Flip, Most Expensive to Feed



Puma, Crankiest Baby



Musk Ox, Most Northern Baby



Lion Cubs, Royal Babies



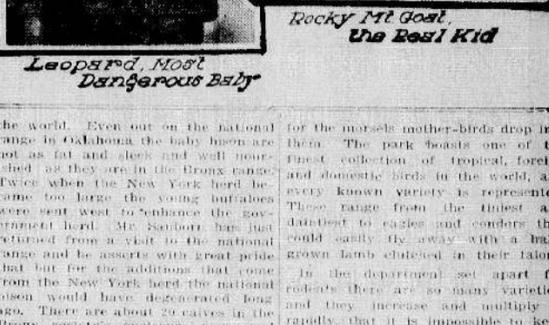
Pygmy Hippo, Costliest Babies



Alice, Aged 200 Years, Oldest Baby



Rocky Mt Goat, The Best Kid



Leopard, Most Dangerous Baby



Tapir, Funniest Baby



Educated Babies



Coyote Puppies, Suffragette Babies

that when she outgrows her kiddish ways she will be as dignified as her sister Martha.

And now we come to the real clowns of the zoo—Tommy and Tumble—who have the best time of any pair of youngsters in New York, even though they get more spankings than all the other "babies" put together. This is not only due to their own mischief, but because their mother, Henrietta, is one of those old-fashioned mothers whose creed is, "spare the rod and spoil the child." Hence a dozen sound thrashings a day are none too many for her riotous and rollicking sons.

Not only do Tommy and Tumble keep the park guards busy watching them, but they make poor old Henrietta's life miserable, especially when the time rolls round for her sister. But let her curl up or stretch out for her nap than Tommy and Tumble will perpetrate some joke at her expense that causes her to rise in her wrath, capture the two of them, lay them across her lap and administer a spanking that apparently makes their little teeth rattle. No sooner is she asleep than the trick is repeated, but this time her "boys" have prepared for an immediate and safe retreat and keep securely out of harm's way.

The tricks Tommy and Tumble play on each other are almost human for their ingenuity. Aleck Ferguson, their keeper, may leave a broom standing on the outside of the bars. In a flash one or the other of these

little clowns spies it and proceed to sweep out the cage, always taking due care that his brother is included in the debris. Then follows a rough and tumble fight which is invariably terminated by the arrival of Henrietta and the inevitable spanking.

Not long ago Mr. Edwin R. Sanborn, official photographer of the society, and the maker of the series here presented, sought to get a good photograph of Tommy and Tumble. He pressed Ferguson into service but the cubs were so full of devilry that day that they made the lives of all about them miserable. No sooner would Mr. Sanborn get them posed than one or the other would rush "out of focus," snatch the focusing cloth under which the artist's tripod was concealed, or else strike the tripod and upset the camera. Even Henrietta sought to get them to remain tranquil and all was proceeding happily until Tommy spied a bucket of water Ferguson hid and at a bound Tommy seized it and emptied its contents over Henrietta's head. More spankings followed but there was no picture taken that day.

Lily, the baby puma, unlike most of her tribe, rarely gets restless. She is the sleepy head of the zoo and her keepers declare they can almost see her grow. At birth her mother took a violent dislike to her, and to save her life, her keepers removed her from the cage and brought her up on a bottle. She is a bottle baby in every essential and in consequence is far tamer than her kind, for she likes to be petted by those she knows, al-

though at times she shows her claws even to them.

Nile and Cleopatra have a pair of lungs that put even the royal bengal tiger to blush. Get within half a mile of the lion house at feeding time and you'll notice that every other "cat" in the house stills its voice and gives this pair the center of the stage. They can make day and night hideous when they start and it doesn't take a great deal to start them.

Kiddie, the Rocky Mountain baby goat, is the inventor of more games than any other youngster in the park. She, with her little playmates, climb and romp their way through little "bug in the gully" and other games of chase and hide and seek are in their repertoire and they can climb to dizzy heights over obstructions and precipices that are almost perpendicular. They are a merry little group and children spend hours about their enclosure watching their antics.

John Quinn has charge of the deer range and his principal care just now is untying the hard knots into which they get their long legs. These little fawns, especially Richmond of the Virginia Red Deer herd, can get his legs into more seemingly impossible entanglements than any other quadruped alive. Quinn has been working laboriously for a month to demonstrate to Richmond that his legs were meant for propulsion and not for such games as "cat's cradle" and the like.

When it comes to baby buffaloes New York has the finest collection in

the world. Even out on the national range in Oklahoma the baby buffaloes are not as fat and sleek and well nourished as they are in the Bronx cage. Twice when the New York herd became too large the young buffaloes were sent west to enhance the government herd. Mr. Sanborn has just returned from a visit to the national range and he reports with great pride that but for the additional that come from the New York herd the national herd would have deteriorated long ago. There are about 20 calves in the Bronx society's enclosure now and they are a rugged, healthy looking lot.

Mongol, the prejevalsky wild colt, is the red aristocrat of the park, and this because his forbears were the finest collection of tropical, foreign and domestic birds in the world, and every known variety is represented. These range from the thicket and quietest to eagles and condors that would easily fly away with a half-grown lamb chased in their talons.

In the department set apart for rodents there are so many varieties, and they increase and multiply so rapidly that it is impossible to keep track of them. As breeders they are even more prolific than guinea pigs, and as fast as the young arrive they are either killed off or else exchanged for some other specie more desired by the keepers.

Not far from the lion house is to be found the wolf and fox den, and here the ever restless and alert wolves and coyotes pace restlessly to and fro in their enclosure, seemingly never still and giving no evidence of ever tiring. Their howls and growls are weird and depressing and there is no indication that their long period of captivity has tended to tame them or make them any wittier or more reconciled to their surroundings. Every once in a while visitors to the park are startled by an ear-splitting scree of growls, howls and shrieks that emanate from the wolf den. Their penetrating howls easily carry to the lion house, and there the cry is taken up by lions, tigers, leopards, panthers and others of the cat family, while even the elephants, not far away, add to the din by their shrill trumpeting, and so on down the line until the whole park is in an uproar.

Investigation rarely fails to prove that the uproar, which always originates in the wolf den, is caused by the Caucasian, or milk-white peacock, which tantalizes the wolves and coyotes by strutting and spreading his magnificent and immaculate plumage before the eyes of his arch enemies.