

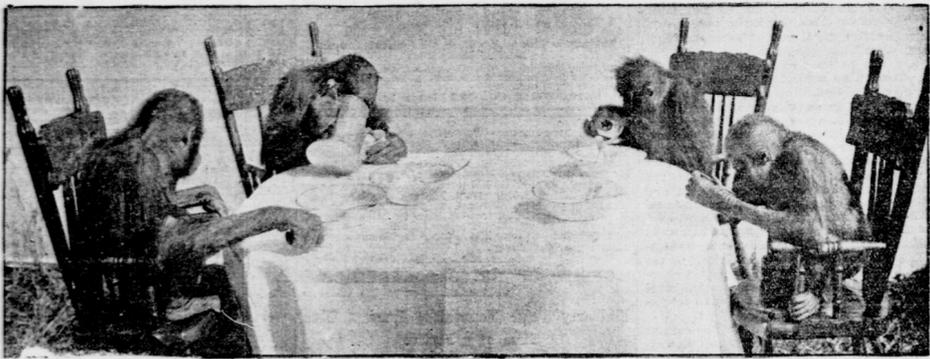
When the Monkeys Dine.

Funny as are the three semi-civilized monkeys up in Bronx Park, as they go through their daily stunts with knives and forks, high chairs and bins, they are funnier still when they take "company" in the keeper's private rooms.

coats of coarse brown and black hair, but Peggy's skin is almost smooth. Peggy, too, is not nearly so affectionate as the others. They will sit by the half-hour with their arms around Keeper Miles's neck, holding his fingers or stroking his face.

About 2:30 in the afternoon a table is set in the summer extension, a semi-circular sort of cage some half a dozen times as big as the ordinary cage. A spotless table cloth, real knives and forks and dishes, and three high chairs make the place look for all the world like a little folks party.

When, once in a while, as a great treat, they are taken for an extra "bite" into the keeper's room, they "show off" to much more advantage than when they are at the regular afternoon meal.



MONKEYS IN NEW-YORK ZOOLOGICAL PARK EATING THEIR DINNER.

blue polka dot, and Dohong a red and blue sweater. They are all immensely proud of these garments and smooth them and pat them and strut about in grand fashion while they have them on.

They proceed to play with these strange things. They play cradle and see-saw and pushcart with the rocker, and try to climb the window cord hand over-hand. Polly never goes very far from Keeper Miles, however, and once when a visitor shook hands with him she "rapped" loudly and struck at the offending stranger with her long, thin, brown hands.

Their ribs and napkins are all marked with their initials and they never make a mistake about these newly acquired possessions. For their afternoon meal they have milk, tea or chocolate, bananas, apples, zwieback, etc. Only their six or more weeks' training in "table manners," however, prevents their gobbling up everything in sight the moment they get their heads above the edge of the table.

Once while these two were the guests of Keeper Miles, he put Polly on the floor and lifted Dohong up in his arms. The roof was nearly raised with the hideous cries of the little orang.

When they began to take lessons in table deportment the two orangs were comparatively blubbering, but Polly was "full of the old boy" as one of the keepers said, from the first. She squirmed and screamed and threw things about, and broke up several sets of dishes before she could be made to understand what was wanted of her.

They wanted him to trot around the ring, and not jump when the ringmaster cracked his long lashed whip at him, while the monkey danced on his back and jumped through paper rings, as the lady circus riders do.

A ROYAL COUPLE.

There had been heavy rains, and all nature had been weeping. But the sun peeped out at last, and with the sun appeared a swarm of tiny winged insects, which, flying hither and thither, met their fate in various ways.

The king and queen, only perhaps to lose them again. The king and queen would grow, but the workers would remain the same size, and they took care to leave plenty of room for themselves, for they would have to be running in and out constantly.

Some found their graves in the bodies of birds, who greedily devoured them; some, attracted by the bright lights, flew inside houses; while others fulfilled their various destinies, which were neither interesting nor romantic.

The soldiers were easily distinguished by their big heads and long mandibles. They did not move as briskly as the workers, but then, they had not nearly as much to do. The workers had to dig tunnels, provide food for the king and queen, and care for the young larvae, and keep the cells and passages neat and clean.

A young couple, after flying some distance with the swarm, at last went off together. They were very young, for only a short time ago they had been the larvae of termites (white ants). Almost as soon as they were hatched they had been led politely to the door by the workers of the nest, and it had been intimated to them that they could go their way. They had been on the wing almost ever since, but at last they were very tired, and, drooping to the ground, shook their wings repeatedly. These wings dropped off, leaving tiny stumps, and the little creatures began to run about the ground in that quick, light way which all ants have.

Almost as soon as things were settled, the queen began laying eggs, and as she laid on an average five or six thousand a day the workers were kept busy. As soon as the eggs were laid, in came the workers and carried them off carefully to the specially prepared nurseries, where the soldiers kept careful guard over them, and where ants with pear shaped heads, who always appeared at the first sign of danger, shaking their heads and palp in a threatening manner, always lay carefully hidden. While some of the workers looked after the eggs, others took food to the royal couple, and saw that the cell and passages were kept in perfect cleanliness and order. As the months went on, some of the larvae hatched into soft, pale, blind little creatures and were fed on food specially prepared by the workers, being mainly pulverized wood mixed with saliva.

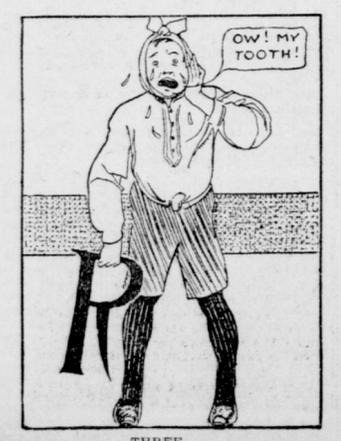
As it happened, they had dropped close to a small termite burrow, and the little workers inside rushed out to welcome the newcomers. The newcomers each had eyes, which proved that they were perfect insects, but the workers were quite blind. In spite of this, they found their way about easily, made a great fuss over the strangers, and took them inside the burrow.

But the king and queen knew nothing and cared less to the welfare of the larvae. They stayed contentedly in their royal cell, waited on night and day by the workers, guarded carefully by the soldiers, and eating somewhat greedily all that was brought in the way of food. The king occasionally took a few runs round his cell, while the queen went on laying thousands of eggs a day, and at last the colony became one of the largest in the country.

The royal cell was made in the very middle of the burrow, and was more than twice as large as any other. The walls were very thick, but although the cell itself was so large and lofty the passages leading in and out were too small for the royal couple ever to get out again. The termites had no intention of taking all that trouble to se-

cur a king and queen, only perhaps to lose them again. The king and queen would grow, but the workers would remain the same size, and they took care to leave plenty of room for themselves, for they would have to be running in and out constantly.

Any little man or woman who has been to the country ought to be able to solve this row of puzzles, for each of the six may be found on a farm. The first, for instance, is a churn. Now for the five others. For the correct solution of all, with a sketch not exceeding fifty words on any one of the articles pictured, The Tribune will give as first prize \$2; as second, a book. Address Little Men and Little Women, The New-York Tribune. Write on one side of the paper only and post the answers in time to reach this office before June 5.



LITTLE MEN AND LITTLE WOMEN



Billy Whiskers.

THE AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF A GOAT.

BY FRANCES TREGO MONTGOMERY.

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PART IX.

The next day dawned bright and fair, and there was great commotion throughout the circus to make ready for the 11 o'clock procession that was to march through the streets. Early in the morning Billy was led into the sawdust ring, and a peculiar saddle like a little platform was strapped to his back. This the monkey was to dance on, dressed in yellow, spangled skirts, a satin bodice and a blue cap with a feather in it on his head.

back and swinging on Billy's horns. Everything was going smoothly, when Billy saw Mike O'Hara coming out of the crowd. He came up to the clown that was walking beside him, and said: "Look here, that is my goat!"

"Well, I guess not; you must be crazy." "I'll prove it to you," said Mike. "Do you see that black spot on his forehead and that he has one black hoof and all the others are white?"

"That don't prove anything," said the clown. "You just noticed that we were walking along, and now you come up here and try to claim our goat."

"I'll give you another proof," said Mike. "He will come when I call him." "All right, call him, and I bet he won't follow you," said the clown.

Mike held out his hand and called him by name, but Billy did not turn an inch, though he knew he belonged to Mike. He did not propose to go with him and be made to pull milk carts. He preferred to stay where he was, as he liked the excitement of a circus life.

When Billy did not go to Mike it made the clown laugh, and he said: "There, I told you so. The goat never saw you before."

"Yes, he has," said Mike, "but it is just like him to pretend he don't know me."

"Go along, I can't bother talking to you any more," said the clown, as all this time Mike had been walking beside the clown as they marched.

"Well, you need not talk to me any more," said Mike, "but I am going to have my goat." And with that he caught hold of Billy's horns and was going to lead him away.

"Here, take your hands off that goat, you are stopping the procession!" But Mike held on, and the clown gave him a hit in the ribs. Mike struck back, and a policeman who was standing in the crowd, ran out and arrested Mike for disorderly conduct and for stopping the procession. This was the second time that Mike had been arrested on Billy's account.

When the procession returned to the tents all the animals and horses were fed and allowed to rest, so as to be fresh for the afternoon's performance. Billy had been resting only a short time when a couple of men came toward him, one carrying a table and the other a long black gown of some kind.

"What in the world are they going to do now?" thought Billy.

When they came up to him, the man that was carrying the table put it down and then brought a high backed armchair and set it up close to the table. Then the men came up to Billy and one of them said: "Now, old fellow, we are going to make a professor out of you," and with that they both took hold of him and made him stand on his hind-legs while they put the black gown on him and a black skull cap on his head and a pair of spectacles on his nose—the latter they had to tie on. Then a man got on each side of him and supported him to the table, where they made him sit in the chair.

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BRAIN PUZZLERS.

The Tribune offers each week a book as a prize to the one who sends the best solutions to the Brain Puzzlers. The answer to every puzzle must be correct in every detail, must be written on one side of the paper only and must be addressed to Brain Puzzlers' Contest, Little Men and Little Women, The New-York Tribune. The letters must reach this office before May 23. Neatness and clearness count as much as correctness in the award of prizes.

ENIGMA. My first is found in loveliness, but just escapes in beauty; In every action stalks my next, but not in every duty; My third in catchwords comes, my fourth they also cover; While in tall tree tops is my fifth, but never in red clover.

ENIGMA. My sixth's in androns, also fire, In wood my seventh broods; In many men of many minds my eighth, but not in moods; For grownups as for little folks, my whole's a happy time. A season of three syllables the answer to this rhyme.

NUMERICAL ENIGMA. My 1, 12, 13 is often a knot, but sometimes, as well as a bow; 17, 17, 5 is never the truth, as even the littlest folks know; 2, 5, 23 is a well behaved fowl of the farmyard, the field and the roost; 4, 22 and 14 is the home of feline to jungle lands; 6, 10, 9 and 11 is drawn by a dog, an ox and also a horse; That my 27, 28, 18 and 11 is money all men will adore; When the seed is ripe my 21, 13 and 24 is rent; My 16, 20, 26, 27, 23 is a barrier of boards; My 19, 25 and double 7 water and shade affords; My whole's a new world document of import far and wide; Though the framers of this writing long years ago have died.

ENIGMA. What common noun in daily use in the English language is composed of eight letters, of which seven are consonants? "Matter out of place," thought; to send forth steam or vapor, to seize. Particles of dry earth, a well known Scotch abbreviation for "uncommonly," froth on the surface of liquor, a large volume.

DIAMONDS. A sixth of a dinner, an impediment, saint, belonging to this world, a well known spring flower growing almost everywhere in the United States, horses, steps for mounting a fence, 2,000 pounds, another sixth of a dinner.

CHARADES. My first is a piece of money; my second a feature of the face; my third is a collection of several human beings not women or children; my fourth is a beverage; my fourth and fifth together is lofty; my sixth is a form of the verb to be; my seventh

RIDDLE.

To my first there daily come Sounds of sorrow, sounds of mirth, My second holds small feathered folk, As in cradles o'er the earth, In my whole you never lie, For then e'en small things signify.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES PUBLISHED MAY 17.

ANIMAL PUZZLE. Dogma, dogwood, dogmatize (cat-eyes), bulldog, doggerel, (R. L.) Cat-sup, cattle (cat L), cat-fish, catomb, cat-mount, cat-kin, cat-a-rat (R-act), cat-argue (cat-logic), Horse-man-ship, horse-ray-fish (radish), horse-power (P-ower), horse s-hoe, Coward (R-D), comer (err), cow-hide, cowslip, cow-lick.

ENIGMA. The Fourth of July morning.

SQUARES. EVIL V A L E I L L S L E S T B A T T L E N N I T T E E K N I T T E E T P L E W A W M A G N I F I C A M E N T

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ENIGMA. "In the good old summer time."

BRAIN PUZZLERS' CONTEST.

E. H. Taylor, of Wissahickon Heights, Philadelphia, is the winner in the last week's Brain Puzzlers' contest and gets the book offered as a prize. The Tribune is sure its little men are just as clever as its little women, and wonders why they do not try for more of the prizes.

PRIZE FOR BEST ARTICLE.

The Tribune wants to find out how much its little men and women know about the holiday that will be celebrated next Saturday, and offers an interesting book for the best article of not more than three hundred words giving a history of the custom of observing Memorial Day, purpose, methods, etc. Write on only one side of the paper. Address Little Men and Little Women, The New-York Tribune, and see that the articles are posted in time to reach this office before May 23. Every little man or woman who has studied American history ought to be interested in this competition, and The Tribune feels sure some fine essays will be received.

PUZZLE PICTURE PRIZE WINNERS.

The two prize winners in the eleventh of the Prize Puzzle Picture Series published May 19 are eleven-year-old Helen Davenport Perry, No. 44 North Main-st., Rockland, Me., first prize, \$2, and fourteen-year-old Florence R. T. Smith, No. 6 Elm-st., Newton, N. J., second prize, a book. The little men surely must look to their laurels, or they won't have any left.

TWELFTH IN PRIZE PUZZLE PICTURE SERIES.

Any little man or woman who has been to the country ought to be able to solve this row of puzzles, for each of the six may be found on a farm. The first, for instance, is a churn. Now for the five others. For the correct solution of all, with a sketch not exceeding fifty words on any one of the articles pictured, The Tribune will give as first prize \$2; as second, a book. Address Little Men and Little Women, The New-York Tribune. Write on one side of the paper only and post the answers in time to reach this office before June 5.

