

# THE HUMAN ZOO

(Continued from First Page.)

companion, "that these creatures, denominated men, of which the specimens before you are the largest of stature obtainable on earth—these creatures, I say, have a very evident means of communication. A good example is represented this instant. Observe the threatening look and gestures which accompany the gibbering of these big boys to the smaller ones. Again, can you not distinguish different feelings in words the father addresses to the group? See," he continued, "that tall girl chatters audibly to the short one and she, understanding, raises her hand to her pompadour and fastens a stray lock. Yes," he added excitedly as a baby toddled after it mother, crying lustily, thereby drawing exclamations of compassion from two little elephant girls, "men certainly have a means of communication. I have prima-facia evidence of the fact," he asserted, as a boy received a bag of peanuts lowered by Ella Phant, and holding it into the air shouted "Scramble!" with usual results.

Taking out his notebook the philosophic monk wrote earnestly for a moment, then taking his companion's arm moved on to the next cage. —Alvylda DeHaven, B Ninth Grade, 3200 Logan Avenue N. North Side High School.

## LEOPOLD OF LIONESIA.

(Honorable Mention.)

The capitol of the kingdom of the lions is one of the largest and most interesting cities in the world. Its name is Lionesia and it is noted far and wide for its zoo, which contains some of the rarest specimens of mankind. Today the king of the land is going to take Leopold, king of the leopards, to visit this menagerie, so let us follow and see what it is like. Upon reaching it we find every man fenced off by himself in an iron cage no larger than a tiny closet. The floor is of hard earth with a little straw strewn in one corner.

The first cage we come to contains an American Indian lately captured. How pitiful he looks! And how hopeless he must feel as he paces backward and forward across his stall! At last this poor prisoner sinks upon the straw from exhaustion, only to hear the roaring and growling of the crowd in his ears. Passing on we come to a cage containing a cannibal from New Guinea. His prison is surrounded by a crowd of mischievous cubs. They are poking him with a long stick and throwing him acorns and various other things. We now pass a bear who is making a white man dance. This is not a very rare species of mankind, we find he attracts much attention. The next ones we see are very rare specimens, such as Incas from Peru, and Aztecs from Mexico. They, tho, are not quite as bad off as they might be, as their stalls are larger.

Poor mankind! How miserable it must be! But the king is leaving and we hurry after him, feeling rather glad to leave this human exhibit. —Nancy Brewster, B Eighth Grade, 1770 Emerson Avenue S. Douglas School.

## MOST WINSOME WAYS.

(Honorable Mention.)

Well, here I am, a caged human being. I never quite expected to find myself in such a distressing position. "Can't I explain matters a little?" Certainly, with the greatest of pleasure. You know this is the year of 47 in the twenty-first century. The species of bear killed off all but ninety-three of the human beings, these being caged in the famous "Human Zoo" at Purgrowl, the largest city in the world. The bear now rules the world in triumph.

We are fed with the utmost care and have everything we desire. This is lest we should rise against them and overcome them, thus recovering our lost powers in the world. But I must acknowledge that I can't bear being stared at in the fashion they gaze at us. I know we are very beautiful, but if that were the only reason they stared at us so I would immediately put on my most winning look.

Our chief articles of food are peanuts and popcorn, that is, during the time between meals. But for our regular meals we have the best of food. Oh, pahaw! Listen to me bragging upon our condition when I wish from the depths of my heart that the world was once again its old self with naught to interfere with the doings of mankind. A Seventh Grade, —Florence Muir, Calhoun School, 233 W Thirty-third St.

## THE TERROR OF BEARS.

(Honorable Mention.)

My family and I were captured by a band of monkeys who brought us to a zoo. We were put into an iron cage

## MINNEAPOLIS TOPICS

For Saturday, November 19:

"PIPE."

This is both noun and verb, and the noun has a great variety of meanings. What does any one of them suggest to you? The stories may be true or imaginary. Whichever is chosen as a topic, be sure to make the story attractive and convincing. The papers must be in the hands of the editor of The Journal Junior

NOT LATER THAN SATURDAY EVENING, NOVEMBER 12, at five o'clock. They must be strictly original, written in ink on one side only of the paper, not more than 300 words in length, nor less than 100, marked with the number of words and each paper signed with the grade, school, name, and address of the writer. The papers must not be rolled.

For Saturday, Nov. 26:

"A FORTUNATE MISFORTUNE."

Sometime something has happened which at the moment seemed like a misfortune, or at least a very pronounced disappointment, but which very soon proved to have been Fairy Fortune in disguise. The apparent misfortune may have been of great degree, or it may have been very trivial, so far as the topic is concerned. Recognition will be given for the manner of telling the story rather than because of the incident. The papers must be in the hands of the editor of The Journal Junior

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and taken into a tent. In the tent thronged giraffes, apes, kangaroos, elephants, bears, lions, wolves, horses, cows, pigs and many others. Across the tent stood a gilded cage in which sat King Edward VII. This cage was labeled, "The King of the Beasts." In the next cage stood a fine specimen of humanity closely resembling Theodore Roosevelt. This cage was labeled, "The Terror of the Bears." Around him were crowded bears talking in an excited way, telling of narrow escapes from this terrible monster. Ernest Thompson Seton was allowed to walk around the tent at his ease, but there were two apes guarding him. Animals went to see him especially so they did not want him to escape. A giraffe (with a pompadour on her back) called to her husband to look at a cage of small boys cutting up monkey shins. I saw six pretty girls dressed in fine clothes walking around in a ring, while some kangaroos stood back and laughed to see them mimic their walk. —Marion Armatage, B Sixth Grade, Margaret Fuller School, 4600 Fremont Avenue S.

## TRUE TIGER TEMPER.

(Honorable Mention.)

I live in a cage in a New York park. I am not the only one in a cage. There are five others beside me and we are fed by the animals. They rule this world now.

One Sunday there were many visitors in the park. There was a great crowd around the cage as all the animals came to look at us. Some of the animals in the rear were pushing and pushed down a tiger in front. The tiger grew angry, jumped up and began to push them all back. A lion in the rear was knocked over. He sprang over the others and ran up and caught the tiger by the throat. They fought terribly. I was glad for once that I was in

## PICTURE PUZZLE.

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Where are the two wicked step-sisters of Cinderella?

a cage. The fight grew and grew. They pushed and pushed. Finally they pushed the cage over and broke one of the iron bars. I crept out softly and ran to the mountains. I lived in the mountains for only a day. The next morning they found me in a tree and took me back to my cage. —Dora Domas, B Fifth Grade, 2504 Bryant Avenue N. Hawthorne School.

## SUCH A SHORT MEMORY.

(Honorable Mention.)

"Isn't he the queerest creature you ever saw?" asked a brown and white spotted dog. "Yes," answered Mrs. Rover, his wife. "And isn't he foolish to wear his brains out studying that old book? I had no idea there was such a creature." "There's only one more like him," said Mr. Rover, "and they've taken him to the western part of the United States since the only student in the western zoo died."

"What on earth are Mr. and Mrs. Maud laughing at?" said Mrs. Rover. "Let us go and see," said her husband, and the two started toward the donkey and his wife who were watching two proud specimens of the human race. "I wonder why they like to look at their reflection in the mirror all the time," said Mrs. Maud. "I suppose they don't want to be ignorant of how they look, and they have such a poor memory that they can't remember without looking all the time," said Mr. Maud. "They are trying to make themselves look like the pictures in those fashion books," said Mrs. Maud. Just then a wolf called to them to come and look at the easy-going creature who only slept, or sat and looked around.

As they all stood looking at the various human beings, the wolf sighed and said, "Isn't it a shame that these strange beings are so rapidly disappearing? The following generations will lose great pleasure." —Pearl Wood, B Seventh Grade, 2113 Twenty-fourth Avenue S. Monroe School.

## JUST AS WE DO NOW.

If animals were to take our places they would think we were as rare as we think the animals are now. They would live in houses and have stores of all kinds and theaters. We might make our homes out at Minnehaha Falls and the animals would come out to see us quite often. The monkeys might come and compare their hands with ours and say what nice hands they have. I suppose they would give us a little something to eat and when it was time for our regular meal they would all crowd around us and see how we eat just as we do with them now. They might give us a little lookingglass to see what we would do with it. —Gerda Anderson, A Fifth Grade, 1109 Washington Street NE. Sheridan School.

## A CURE FOR THE CUBS.

One day I was strolling thru the woods when I heard a murmur of strange voices. I started back to the cave but as I was running along I stepped right into a trap.

Before I knew it the animals were upon me. They put a chain around my neck and led me off. I made up my mind that I would not bite or act savage because I did not know what they would do with me. As I neared the city I saw a number of cages. I knew at once that was the place where I should be kept. I tried to escape but they held me fast.

When I was put into a cage a great crowd gathered around me. Small cubs came close to the cage and began to poke me with sticks. I crouched in the corner and tried to keep away from them but one of the cubs brought a longer stick and tried to poke me. I caught his stick, pulled it out of his hands and hit him a blow on the head which kept the other cubs from bothering me any more. In a few weeks I escaped and went far away from that land. —Earl Bloomquist, A Sixth Grade, Horace Mann School, 3136 Park Avenue.

## THE MILD WHITE RACE.

Johnny and Teddy Bear were haloing and throwing their bright red tams into the air. Johnny had spied a notice that ran: "Mr. Tiger, who has the finest collection of mankind on earth, is going to bring his collection to Lionville zoo for the week commencing Sunday, July 15, 81096. He has the only red man in captivity. Admission 25 kerkeles."

"Oh, I'm so happy! Papa knows Mr. Tiger and I'm sure he will tell us all about mankind," cried Teddy. The two bears chatted merrily on until they reached school. They were so happy they could not keep their minds on their books. When at last school closed the little bears scampered home to tell their parents about the zoo. Papa and Mama Bear were delighted to think that their cubs might see some specimens of the now nearly extinct race, mankind.

The next day dawned clear and bright. The bear family ate their sweet breakfast of milk and honey and immediately left for the zoo. After looking at the specimens the cubs asked Mr. Tiger to tell them about mankind. He said:

"There are many different races of people. Now I find the white race is the tamest. The savage red man whoops very loudly most of the time. The polar men (Eskimo) have a very lovable nature. The yellow men are always trying to escape. We treat the specimens as they once treated us. Many of them were once cruel zoo keepers. Some people cry and reach out their arms as if imploring us to free them. Some smile at us. The men shake the bars savagely. We keep all of them in the same cage because then they are not so lonesome." Just then Papa Bear came and took his cubs home. —Alice Berry, B Seventh Grade, Lyndale School, 3112 Colfax Av. S.

## BAD JOHNNY BEAR.

"Oh, ma," cried Johnny Bear, "there is a circus coming day after tomorrow, down behind Mr. Lion's house, and if I throw in the wood may I go?" "Yes," said his mother, "you may go and I will go with you." "I saw some of the pictures of those things they call people on the fence," said Johnny.

The time flew fast and at last the day came. Johnny and his mother were ready to start when they heard a tap at the door. Mrs. Bear opened it and there stood Mrs.

Lion and her little girl. "Oh, Mrs. Bear, are you going to the circus? I thought perhaps we could go with you because I don't like to go alone," said Mrs. Lion. So they all started together. When they reached the zoo a lion was standing on a platform calling, "Step right in and see the only family of human beings in captivity." So Johnny and his mother went in and the first thing he did was to poke us with sticks and to throw us some peanuts. "Oh," said Mrs. Bear, "I should not like to be in a great iron cage, but I should be afraid if that big fellow broke out." "Well," said Mrs. Lion, "I think it is about time to go home." "Oh, I wish they would go home," said I. Soon they went home and we were rid of our troublesome spectators. —Florence Dickinson, A Fifth Grade, Whittier School, 2734 Stevens Avenue.

## A SCRAMBLE FOR A PRIZE.

I had been away for a long time and was on my way home when the conductor cried, "Minneapolis." The city was so changed I did not recognize it. Every carriage I saw was drawn by a man and in it sat some sort of animal. I thought I was looking thru my hair, I was so startled.

At last I came to a large building which was a palace. Just then a carriage drawn by two miserable men came thru the large arch. A mighty cry was heard which echoed far and near. "The king! The king! All hail the king!" The king, you must know, was a lion. I was discovered and there was a rush and scramble to get the prize. Above all this I heard his majesty cry, "Catch her! catch her! She is a fine specimen and I'll put her in my zoo."

"Oh, they have me, they have me!" I shrieked, for a big grizzly bear caught me. I was then brought before his majesty. He asked me where I came from and I told him. I then asked him where all the people were. He said, "I will show you." We had not gone far when we came to a zoo. "Here are the few remaining," he said. In the cages were some miserable men. I asked where the others were. "Some died of high living and others of overworking," he said. "And now we who first reigned are again in power." I awoke very glad that human beings still rule. —Esther Hansen, A Fifth Grade, 911 East Side Boulevard, Motley School.

## DEEP IN THE DUMPS.

"Here, ladies and gentlemen," called a large lion doorkeeper. "This way, please." The lions with their children walked into the tent where they saw "the choicest and rarest specimen of the rapidly-disappearing race of mankind." The "specimen" was dressed in hunter's clothes and was crouched down in one corner of the cage. "He is very sulky at present," said the keeper, "but I have no doubt that his good nature will soon return. He was caught in the wilds of Africa, roaming about with a curiously shaped instrument. We had seen him at different times and so we set a trap to capture