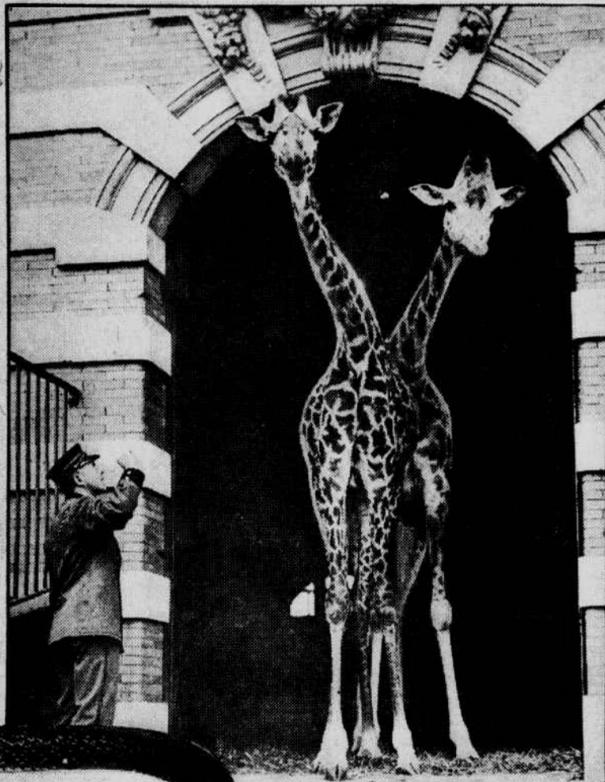


CITY'S GREAT ZOO ACQUIRES RARE NEW SPECIMENS

Giant Anteater Usually Called "THAT" Most Appropriately by Visitors Only One of Many Valuable Exhibits at the Gardens in The Bronx---Priceless Birds of Paradise, Great Collections of Snakes and Remarkable Mammals Are Other 1921 Additions

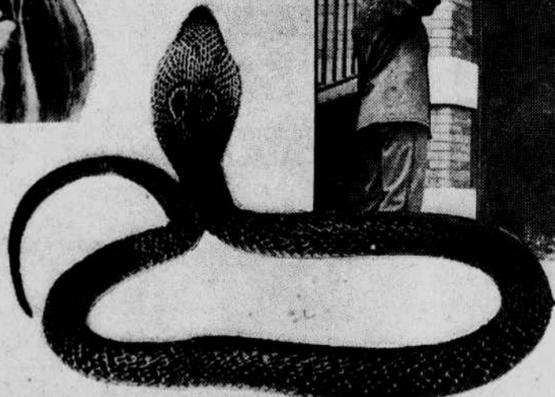
THE KUDU, AN AFRICAN ANTELOPE SELDOM SEEN IN CAPTIVITY



THE LATEST ADDITIONS TO THE GIRAFFE COLONY.



THE KAOLA BEAR FROM AUSTRALIA. IT IS ONLY TWO FEET TALL and RESEMBLES A TEDDY BEAR, THE ONLY ONE in CAPTIVITY.



THE HOODED COBRA FROM INDIA, THE MOST DEADLY REPTILE in THE WORLD. ITS BITE KILLS in TWO MINUTES.



THE GIANT ANT-EATER FROM CENTRAL AMERICA. THE ONLY ONE in CAPTIVITY.

DAYLIGHT saving, increased railroad fares to suburban places and the growing congestion in the city combine to drive more and more urban dwellers to the great city parks for their recreation. The New York Zoological Society's collection in the Bronx, commonly known as the Bronx Zoo, this year has drawn more visitors than ever in its history. And rightly so. Not only is it the largest, most complete and best classified assemblage of wild animals in the world but it has gained in the last few years—despite the world war—many notable additions. The following story tells how the collection has increased and outlines some of its striking features.

By HERBERT ASBURY.

THE encyclopedias and the scientific dictionaries say that the Giant Anteater is a prominent member of the family Myrmecophagidae, but the keepers at the New York Zoological Park, which is the dressup name for the Bronx Zoo, do not care for such long and frightful words and have named him Henry. They usually refer to him as Zip's cousin, because his head bears a remarkable resemblance to that of the circus's most celebrated freak, particularly that portion of it behind the ears. Like Zip's head, the head of the ant-eater runs to a point and is set off by small, upstanding and pointed ears, and, like Zip's also, it has a marvellous fascination for the beholder.

But the crowds which visit the Zoo—and incidentally these crowds are breaking all records for attendance this summer—stand open mouthed in wonder around the ant-eater's pen and call him THAT, to the disgust of the small boys and girls who have seen the animal's picture in their natural history books and know quite a lot about him. Still, the commonest remark heard in that part of the Zoo is:

"What on earth is THAT?"

Well, to begin with, THAT is one of the most interesting and perhaps the rarest in captivity of all the animals that are penned in Bronx Park for the education and amusement of New York and New York's country cousin. The Zoo authorities had been trying for years to obtain an ant-eater for exhibition, and they counted themselves extraordinarily fortunate when they succeeded in purchasing one a few months ago for a few hundred dollars. The animal is very seldom seen, either in captivity or in a wild state, because while it is distributed throughout Central and South America it is nowhere abundant. It lives along the rivers and in the low, swampy savannas and the depths of the primeval forests where man cannot penetrate and live.

While Ants Are His Special Diet, He Disdains the American Variety

The keepers at the Zoo say that so far as they have been able to learn the one that paces back and forth along a worn path in the rear of the reptile house in Bronx Park is the only one in captivity anywhere, and it is not likely that it will live many years. The rarity of the creature is well illustrated by the fact that one of the principal animal dealers in the United States, a man who has supplied many of the rare specimens in the Bronx and London Zoos, has offered the Zoo probably \$2,000 for it. The London Zoo probably would buy it for several times that amount.

To one not particularly versed in natural history or the reasons that Nature may have had for doing various things, the ant-eater appears to be one of those experiments that started out well, petered out toward the end and then as a whole turned out poorly and was abandoned, leaving the product in a woefully unfinished state. There seems to be no reason at all for the ant-eater. He eats nothing but ants in his wild state, yet it would seem that ants have a hard enough time as it is, with all the life of the world stepping and trampling on them, without the creation of an animal that does nothing but devour them. Still, New York ants are safe from the ant-eater at the Zoo, because he has been offered them as a diet and he has refused them indignantly. If he cannot have

his pet South and Central American ants he will have no ants at all.

The ant-eater in Bronx Park is a full grown, remarkably fine specimen, about four feet long and two feet high at the shoulder, with a tail almost as long as its body, which it uses as a blanket when it sleeps. It does not burrow like the armadillos and the sloths and others of its family. It sleeps in the open, and when it reposes itself for slumber it curls its tail up over its body so that it is covered excepting for the snout. Anyone who admires the thrifty and industrious habits of the ant cannot help but wish that it would sometimes lie down on an ant hill and get its long fur filled with them and itch for evermore.

The feet of the animal appear to be shaped somewhat like those of the lion, with pads, but with no claws excepting two anterior ones. These are long and sharp, and to protect them the ant-eater walks on the outer edge of its feet causing a peculiar swaying and unsteady sort of locomotion that nevertheless gets it over the ground with considerable speed. The claws are used for digging into ant hills and turning up logs and stones under which the ants have come to get what protection they might from the beasts that seek to devour them.

The methods of the ant-eater in obtaining its prey are somewhat similar to those of the Ichidna, a curious Australian mammal which is the only mammal besides the platylus which lays an egg and then nurses its young after hatching them. The specimen at the Zoo died recently. The snout of the ant-eater is some two feet long, and it has a tongue that measures at least three feet. This tongue is covered with a sweet, glutinous saliva to which the ants cling when the tongue is poked down an ant hole and the ants run to protect the damaged part of their dwelling. Then the ants are drawn into the ant-eater's mouth and devoured.

What the Ant-Eater Eats Since He Refused to Eat Ants

The ant-eater at the Zoo, having turned away in disgust from the colony of ants that was imported into his pen and placed ready for his meals, received other food. After some difficulty the Zoo keepers persuaded him to eat soft boiled eggs, milk and beef chopped very fine. Its usual meal is six eggs, a quart of milk and a pound of chopped beef. It cannot possibly chew anything, because the opening of its mouth is only large enough for its long, rapier-like tongue to emerge, and it has no teeth. What it does with its three foot tongue at such times as it is not using it to explore ant hills Nature only knows. Probably it is curled up in its head in the place where the brain ought to be, as the animal in Bronx Park has never done anything to suggest that it might have a brain, even a tiny one. The people who call it THAT appear to have given it an appropriate name.

John H. Toomey, who has been head keeper at the Bronx Zoo for many years and who knows virtually all there is to know about the animals there, said the other day that this last year had been the best in the history of the Zoo, both in new acquisitions and in interest on the part of the public. Even with summer only beginning, people are flocking to the Bronx Park Zoo in larger numbers than they ever have in previous years.

Two or three Sundays ago the turnstiles at the entrances recorded 72,600 persons who entered the park, and the Sunday after that there were 65,000. These are easily the record Sundays, but the authorities of the Zoo believe that when New Yorkers generally know more about the many new animals on exhibition, and when the park going

habit become a little more firmly fixed, even these records will be broken.

During the past year the Zoo had added to its collection more animals and birds and snakes, probably, than have been added in any previous five years. Not only have many specimens been purchased from animal dealers who resumed their activities as soon as the war with Germany was over, but many others have been added as the result of trades with the London Zoo and with zoos and menageries on the European continent and in the United States. A number have been born to those already in the Zoo, among them an American buffalo, a yak, a white-tailed Virginia deer, a Rocky Mountain sheep, a pigmy hippopotamus, the latter a rare animal and the only one born in the United States; two or three Indian axis deer, a red European deer, two zebras, several new kangaroos and a score or more new prairie dogs.

In addition to all these new animal wonders the Bronx Zoo is expecting soon another shipment from London in exchange for American snakes and animals, which will include that rarest of all snakes, the King Cobra, the dreaded hooded snake of India, the deadliest reptile in the world. The Zoo has one specimen of the hooded cobra, a fine one, and it is the one snake in the reptile house that the keepers will take no liberties with. It is with difficulty that the snake is fed, because it is so alert and so vicious that it is very dangerous to open the door of its den.

But in spite of the danger the snake must eat to keep alive, and its den must be cleaned. The head keeper therefore has rigged up a sliding panel and a drop door to the den, through which the reptile's food, usually a smaller and less deadly snake, is



THE PRINCE RUDOLPH BIRD OF PARADISE, ONE OF THE RAREST BIRDS in CAPTIVITY, RECENTLY ACQUIRED at a COST of \$1,700.

to be poisonous. These reptiles have tongues as blue as indigo, and, according to Head Keeper Toomey, they are very good things to have around the house. They make docile and affectionate pets, crawling all over one and kissing at the slightest provocation. To those who like to be kissed by a lizard they are recommended as being better and more affectionate even than the chameleons which had such a vogue a few years ago. They are better than cats to prevent the house being overrun with mice, ants and roaches.

One of the finest snakes in the reptile house this year is the twenty foot python which Raymond L. Dittmars, curator of the reptiles department at the Zoo, bought from an animal dealer on the Bowery some months ago for a few dollars. The snake was in its annual torpor, weighted and wearied by three layers of old skin on its body which should have been removed, and the animal dealer thought it was dead. He therefore pitched it, twenty feet of sudden death and destruction, into the garbage can at the rear of his store, where it lay for several days, perfectly at liberty if it had felt inclined to crawl from the can and start on a tour of the Bowery.

Dr. Dittmars heard of the snake and went to see it. He knew at once that the snake was only sick and was not dead and believed it would be all right if its skins were removed and it was fed. He bargained for it and bought it, and the next day Head Keeper Toomey set to work with his assistants. They removed three layers of skin, bathed the snake in warm water and it began to move. Two or three days later it ate a young pig weighing six pounds, and now it is as healthy and as robust as any snake in the Zoo. At its last feeding a few days ago it ate a thirty pound pig and seemed to want more.

Many Rare and Beautiful Specimens To Be Added to the Bird House Exhibit

The shipment which is coming from the London Zoo soon will also include a number of rare birds, which will be added to the numerous rare specimens already in the bird house, across from the dens of the lions and the tigers and near the pool of the sea lions. The bird house has already received several unusual specimens this year, probably the most important being the Prince Rudolph bird of paradise, which cost \$1,700 and is valued at a great deal more than that, and the six plumed bird of paradise, several immature specimens of which are on exhibition.

One of the animals of which the keepers of the Zoo are proudest of having obtained and for which they have the most affection is the little koala bear from Australia, a very rare animal in captivity but plentiful enough in the forests of the island continent. This animal is only thirty-two inches tall when full grown, and is so covered with dark fuzzy fur that he looks more like a Teddy bear than the Teddy bears for sale at most stores. There has never been a child who has seen the koala that didn't cry for the little Teddy bear, and the animal is so tame that he would really make a very good pet. This little creature probably has the best disposition of any animal in the Zoo with the exception of Henpecked Charley and Windy, over in the monkey house.

Henpecked Charley and Windy are two of the institutions of the Zoo. Windy has been there almost since the beginning of it, and Charley is almost as old. The former, an aged chimpanzee and wise, is wrinkled and

philosophical, and long ago learned to accept the fate that made him a captive and makes the best of it. He is tame, he loves prunes, and he will do anything that Dick Spicer, the head keeper of the monkey house, tells him to do. It is Windy who poses for the interesting photographs of the monkey tea parties and who helps Susie when she entertains her friends of the monkey house at tea.

Henpecked Charley is usually to be found hiding in the big monkey cage outside the house proper. The keepers seem to be the only friends that Charley has in the world. He is downtrodden and abused by the other monkeys in his cage, and when he gets his food he doesn't even learn how it tastes; unless he swallows it whole and quickly one of the other monkeys takes it away from him.

The other day Spicer gave him a prune, and as fast as Charley was he had not swallowed it before one of the others had him by the throat and was choking him in an effort to get the prune. Charley held onto it until he was blue in the face, but he finally let go of it. The other monkey ate it, slapped Charley's face, and Charley ran up a tree and cried. He always does that. He never fights back. When he is abused he gets out on a limb and cries and howls until one of the keepers goes into the cage, gives him something to eat and guards him while he eats it. On these occasions Charley grimaces and chatters and threatens the other monkeys and makes a great show of bravery, and as soon as the keeper has gone the others pile on him and give him a sound thrashing.

The most recent acquisition to the Monkey House is Dick, a big mandrill baboon from Africa and probably the most vicious one in the place, with the possible exception of the pig tailed baboon two cages away from him. Dick has canine teeth three inches long, he weighs several hundred pounds and he is gorgeously colored with red and blue ridges over his nose and face. He cost \$1,200 and the Zoo authorities considered that they were lucky to get him for that amount, as fine specimens of this mandrill usually cost much more. Neither he nor the pig tailed baboon is ever trifled with by the keepers.

The pig tailed one has a constant feud with a monkey in the cage with Charley, and all day long they snarl and snap and chatter at each other. The keepers say that either Dick or the pig tailed baboon would make mincemeat of the most ferocious bulldog that ever lived.

But the principal feature in the monkey house continues to be the big white faced gibbon, which walks like Charley Chaplin. There are only two of these animals in the United States, and this one has been at the Bronx Zoo for several years. But the crowds that swarm into the monkey house apparently never get tired of watching him walk like the famous film comedian. All day long there are groups about his cage coaxing him with peanuts and prunes to strut across the floor.

The last time Chaplin was in New York he made a special trip to the Zoo to see the big gibbon, and after considerable coaxing with prunes and nuts the animal let go of the limb he was swinging from and walked across the floor. The comedian was enraptured, and he kept the big ape strutting back and forth and turning corners until the keeper ran out of prunes.

"That," said Chaplin, "is the best imitation of me I ever saw."

But the white faced gibbons have been walking that way for several centuries, and it might be that the walk which he and Chaplin have in common is the missing link.