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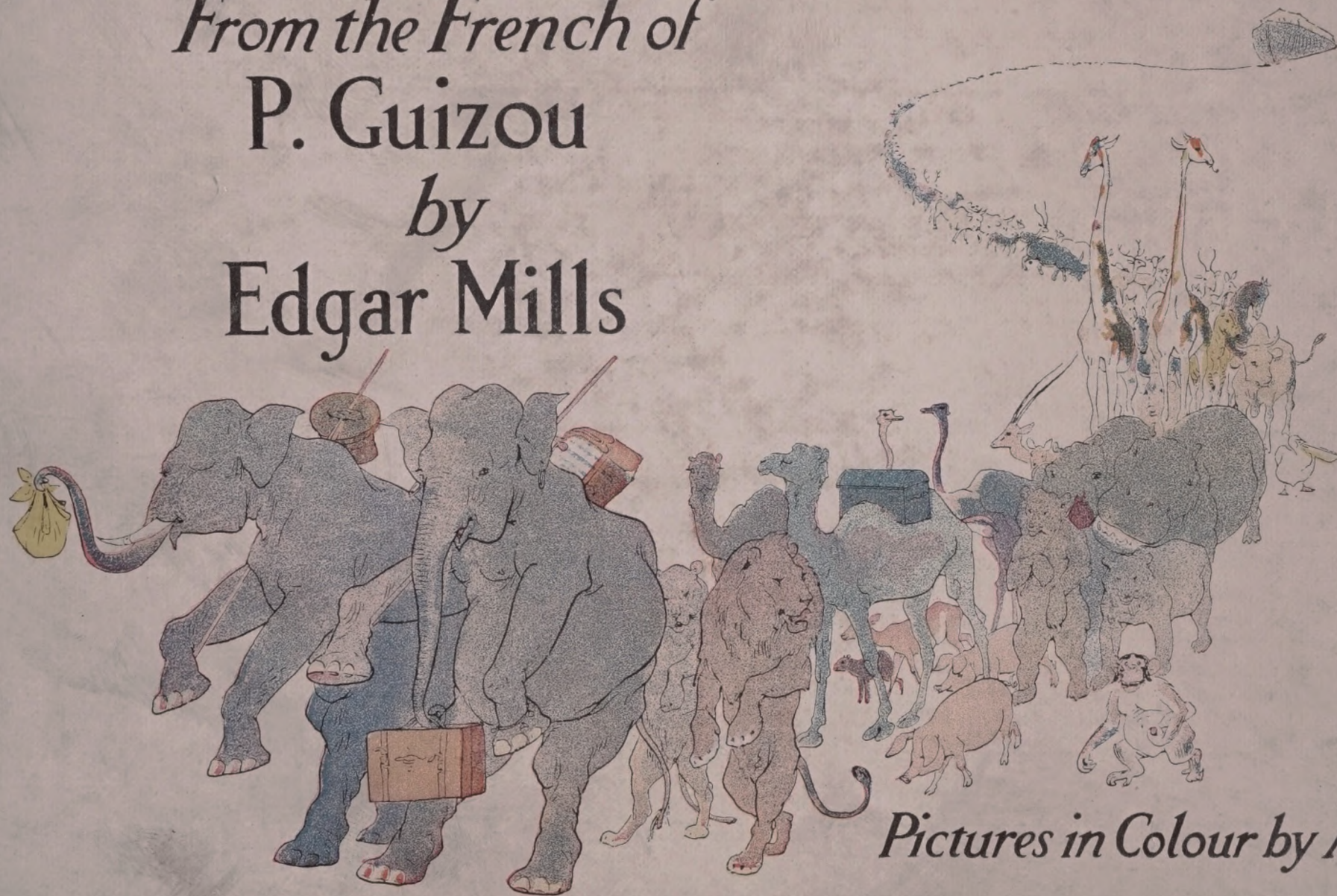
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# The Animals in the Ark

*From the French of*  
P. Guizou  
*by*  
Edgar Mills



*Pictures in Colour by A.Vimar*





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*They all arrived at exactly the same moment*



# *The* ANIMALS *in the* ARK

From the French of P. GUIZOU by

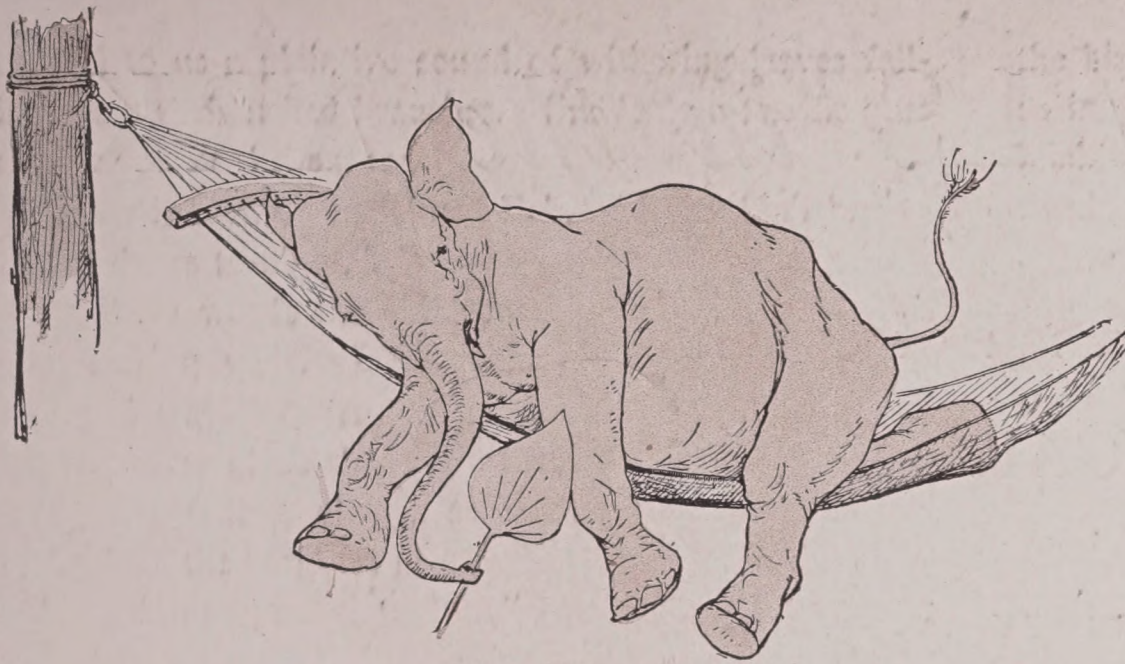
EDGAR MILLS

PICTURES BY A. VIMAR



New York: DUFFIELD & COMPANY

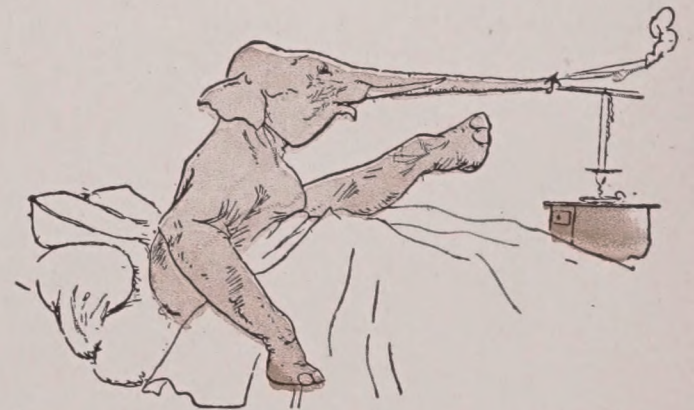




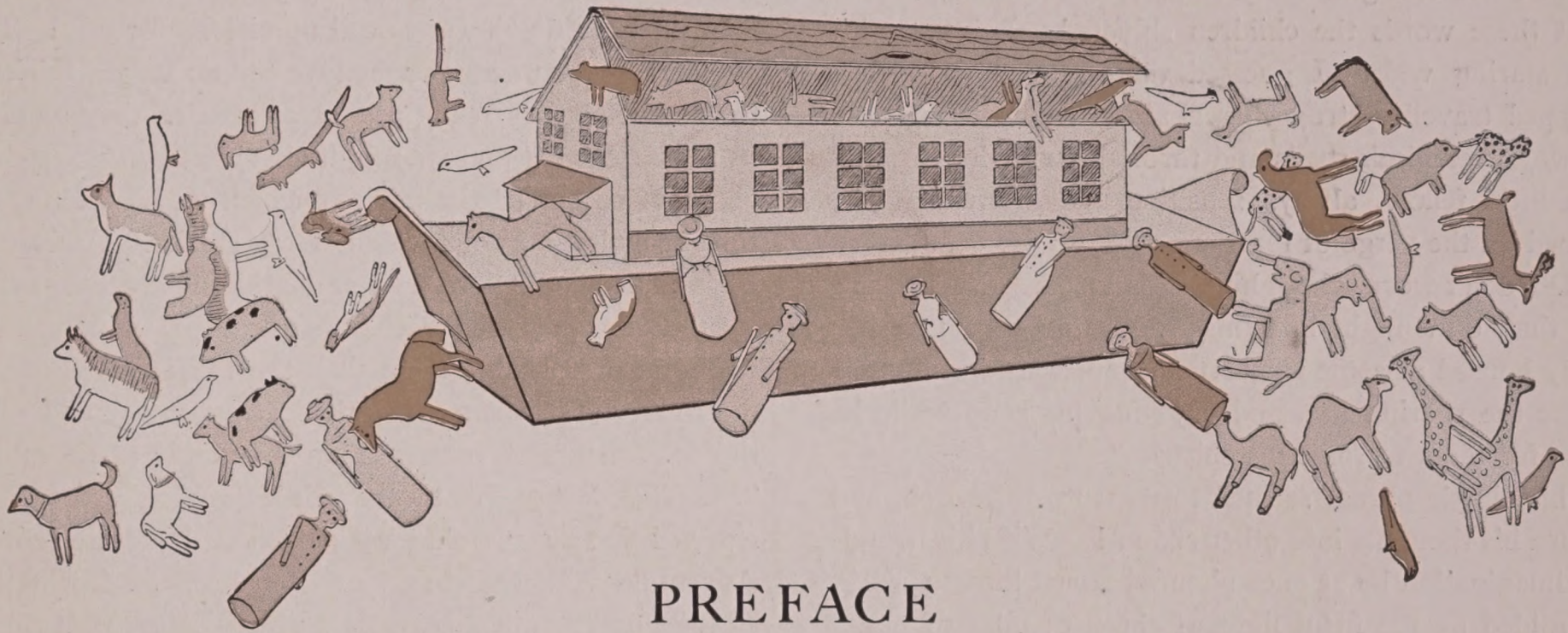
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*To*  
*Bratty, Ratty and Blobs*

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## PREFACE

“Then it rained forty days, without ever once stopping?”

“Yes, forty days and forty nights.”

The children sat silent a moment, deep in thought.

“Forty days! What a long time,” finally said Bob.

“Oh, how scary,” whispered plump little Florence.

“But,” broke in Carolyn, “what did the poor beasties do all those forty days? Did they ‘just sit,’ or did they play games, as we do on wet days?”

At this rather original question, I looked up from the page of my own book, and began to watch the group playing near the fire. The little heads crowded around their adored uncle, forgetful of the superb Noah’s Ark on the table, where lay in wooden, yet graceful attitudes, bulls, giraffes, camels, lions, shepherdesses and frizzy trees. How fine and warm it was! Oho, the wind might roar a storm outside! Here, thought I, we had nothing to fear. It was late Autumn, and, at intervals, the wind



carried to us a plaintive sound of withering leaves falling from their naked branches. Suddenly a terrific gust almost uprooted the trees.

"How it blows," exclaimed Bob. "I shouldn't like to be out doors to-night."

At these words the children shivered. Bob sat with eyes staring wide. I guessed that he saw the cloak-wrapped traveller struggling against the wind, fighting his way over bleak roads and through terrifying forests. The little fellow, always sensitive and impressionable, seemed on the verge of tears.

"Oh, don't worry about him," I laughed. "I'll warrant you that, on a night like this, you'll find your traveller safely housed at some comfortable inn, warming himself before the roaring fire, and enjoying his soup while he waits for them to roast his chicken."

This simple phrase seemed to reassure little Bob, and to turn his thoughts into other channels. With his boundless imagination he at once pictured a vast kitchen, dark, yet gilded by the fitful light of the fire; piles of plates on the table; the great copper pots lighting up the shadows of the huge room; branches of laurel and holly festooning its walls, and bulging hams hanging from

the blackened rafters; while the sly tabby cat (looking as innocent as St. Nitouche herself), and the old dogs, blinking at the heat of the fire, mounted guard over the turning spit.

Dream on, little man, and may the magic of words long preserve the power to call up visions for you! The day arrives soon enough when we can no longer think of things but as they really are, or at least as they seem to us to be. Would that we might always see with the clear vision of childhood the pictures which we so often paint for our children in our little nursery stories. And of all these I have had it forced upon me that none attracts children more, none holds them firmer in its grasp, none more frightens or enchants them than the wonderful Story of the Flood. For them, the Ark floating on the waters of the deep has more interest than the magic castle of the "Sleeping Beauty," or all the palaces of the fairies. The story of that blessed old craft combines the allurements of Adventure with the charm of Romance, the fascination of the Church with the wonders of the Zoo. I sat thinking over these things while the children coaxed and wheedled their old friend to tell them about the real Noah's Ark, and *all about* the Flood.



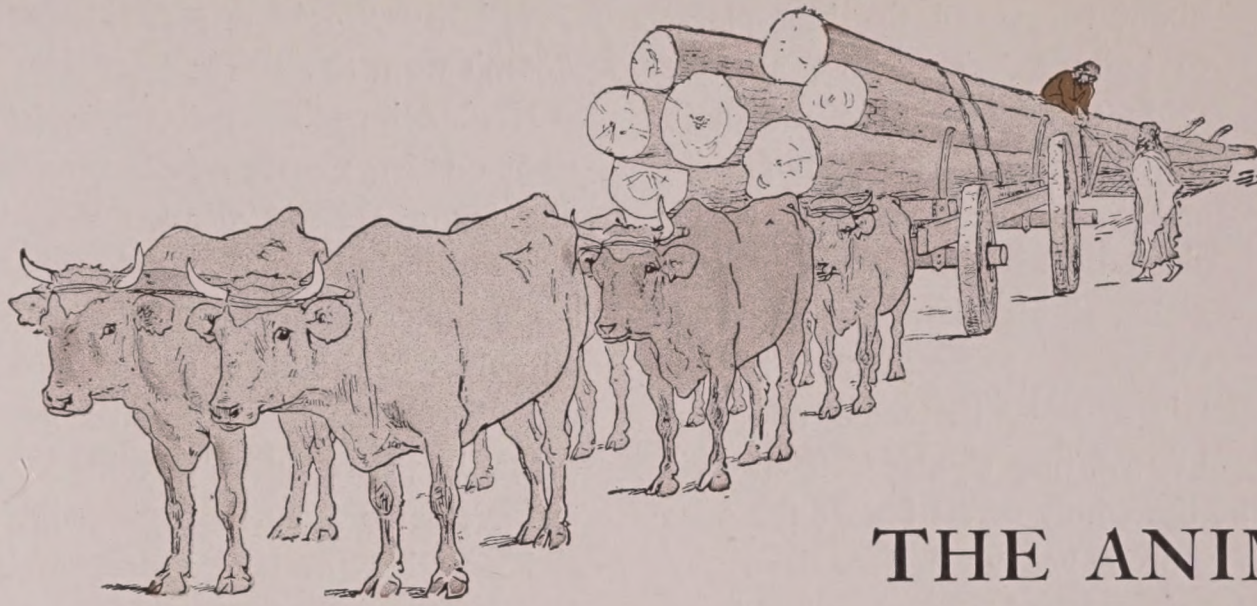


*Noah directed all the work*









## THE ANIMALS IN THE ARK

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You must know, my dears, that in those days men were very, very wicked, knowing no law but their own wishes; they laughed at the idea of the Lord's getting angry. The terrible punishment which some day must fall upon such people, and crush them out of existence, their wise old men had already predicted. Stupid old fogies; nobody believed a word they said, pooh-poohing their prophecies as some old women's tales. In a word, all the world had become so hardened in its wickedness, that the good Lord finally said: "No longer shall this endure."

However, hidden away in the great wicked crowd was

a dear old man; he, at least, and his whole family, lived in the love of justice and the dutiful fear of God. His name was Noah; he was the son of Lameth.

Now one night in his sleep he dreamed that the awful fate of the nations was upon them. He felt commanded to begin at once to construct a great house of wood, large enough to contain seven couples of every "clean" animal, and two couples of every "unclean" animal, and so built that it would float on the water. Now you know that the "clean" animals were those the Lord allowed His people to eat, and the "unclean" those he forbade them to eat. He began the very next day, going





about to see all the best places to build in. He chose a great field at the foot of a mountain which was covered with an old and vast forest. Then Noah, aided by his three sons, got together all his labourers and began the work. Some of them ran up the neighbouring mountain to select the right trees, and when they had cut them down, they chopped off all their branches. Down came the whole forest before the axes of the woodmen. Others drove heavy waggons drawn by four, five and sometimes six pairs of oxen, carrying down huge logs to the field; here carpenters and trained workmen cut them up, carefully squared them, rounded them, and fitted them in a thousand ways. You might hear the gimlets and the planes squeaking and swishing, the smith making the anvils ring with the thuds of his heavy hammer. Noah directed all the work with a watchful eye.

Little by little, through the tangle of the scaffold, you might make out a huge shape, while all the time the idle on-lookers cracked silly jokes about the ridiculous builders.

“Why, it’s a boat,” at length cried one, and the sound of laughter and mockery burst like a squall. To build a boat, away up there, far from the sea or any river, seemed to them, you can well imagine, an undertaking of some originality.



“Perhaps,” said one funny fellow, “it’s a boat that doesn’t want to get wet.”

Noah deigned no reply. Day in and day out the work went on, from early morning to late at night, until one fine day, at the end of one hundred years, the Great Ark was finished.

On the same day—you would hardly believe it—from all points of the horizon, North, South, East and West, came great caravans of animals two by two, arm in arm,—that is, where nature permitted. Some of them seemed to have come from the near neighbourhood, quite fresh and neat, but the far greater number gave unmistakable evidence of having journeyed long and wearily.



Obedient to some mysterious instinct, like that which in the Autumn starts off the birds in their yearly flight through the sky, they had started at such an hour that, having carefully calculated their distance, they all arrived before the Ark exactly at the same moment. The white bears, who to be sure had come all the way from the Pole, declared that they felt awfully tired and pantingly complained of the heat.

What a sight, that great field all covered over with animals! There were little and big, short and long, fat and thin, long-legged and short-legged, hairy and smooth, scaly and feathery, four-footed, two-footed, without any feet at all; white, black, yellow, red, spotted, striped, speckled, mottled, walking, jumping, creeping,





flying, long-maned lions, tousled buffaloes, bald elephants, long-necked giraffes, wide-antlered stags, crested cocks, tapirs, donkeys, wild asses! You never saw such a surging mass of beaks, muzzles, snouts, jaws, horny noses, with great trunks and wide nostrils. Every one in his own language sang at the top of his voice. I assure you it was a glorious symphony.

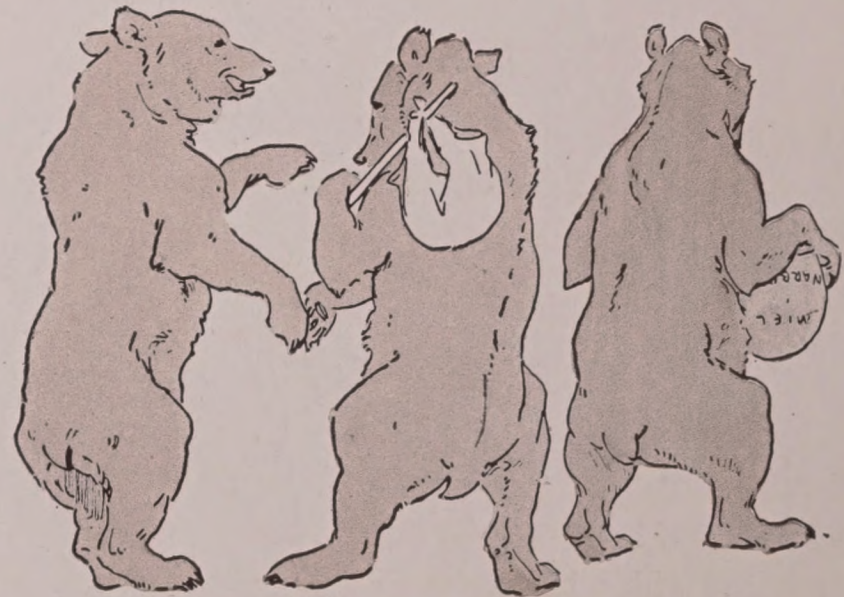
Oh, but what a concert!  
How the lion roars!  
Loud and mighty music  
From his jaws he pours.

Listen to the tapir  
Sing an anthem clear;  
While the gay hyena  
Deafens every ear.

Then the bull majestic  
Bellows loud and long;—  
All declare his bass is just  
The organ for such song.

Whinnies come from jolly deer,  
Elephants trumpet high,  
While the hippopotamus  
Raises his sweet cry.

Pigeons coo with languor,  
And the good fat hen,  
Rises for a solo,  
Cackling now and then.





And Tirra! sings the lark,  
 And both the owls: Tu who!  
 Till all the floating ark  
 With song rings through and through.



And cock-a-doodle-doo  
 The cock crows to the air,  
 While Duck and Mrs. Goose  
 Go quacking every where.

The donkey chorus brays,  
 And ba-ba go the sheep;  
 And all the camels join,  
 The harmony to keep.

And so the beasties all,  
 The eagle and the crane,  
 The cassowary tall,  
 Take up the blithe refrain.

The white bear and the black,  
 The screaming parrots, too,  
 Sing second with a knack  
 Distressingly untrue.



When they had finished  
 this delightful performance,  
 the animals, a trifle  
 fatigued, sat or lay down  
 for a moment to rest. It  
 was wonderful to see old  
 enemies sitting side by  
 side at last reconciled: the  
 wolves tenderly caring  
 for the little lambs, the  
 tigress nursing the  
 graceful gazelles,  
 and Mr. Fox making

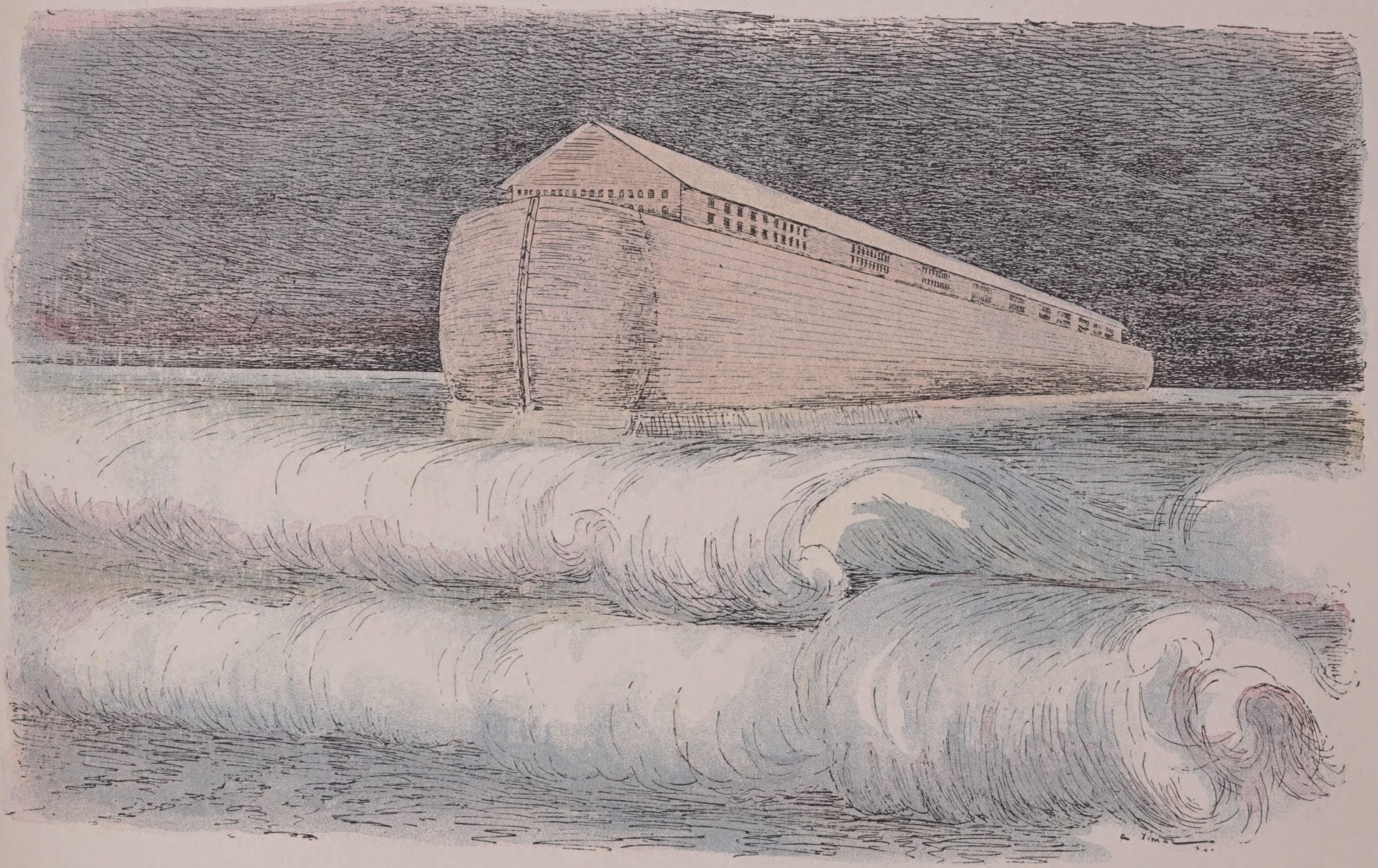


protestations of disinter-  
 ested affection, even deepest love, to Mrs. Hen. In-  
 deed, you never saw such a charming family reunion.  
 Joy shone on every face and perfect trust lulled every  
 fear.

And, of course, those nervous little rabbits preferred to  
 sit down right next to the animals who liked the same  
 things to eat that they did.

At last Noah, accompanied by his wife, his three sons  
 and his three daughters-in-law, appeared. In a flash every  
 one was on his feet, and the grand march began. Each  
 bowed and presented its respects, according, of course, to  
 the way he had been brought up, as he passed before Noah  
 and his family. The elephants waved their trunks like  
 censers, the giraffes bowed their long necks to the earth,  
 the camels plumped down on their knees, the fat bears put  
 their hands on their hearts, and the majestic peacocks  
 spread out their many-eyed tails.





*The ark floated*









This ceremony over, they began to embark. An enormous and curious crowd gathered round to watch them, leaving on the outskirts those unfortunate animals who had not received the mysterious command to go on board. You can well imagine how the crowd jeered at those passengers. But the chosen animals moved on,

indifferent to their senseless remarks.

As soon as the greater part of the passengers were on board, Mrs. Noah and the wives of her three sons mounted the gang-plank. At that moment (a signal they had long been waiting for), all the winged animals took flight, and circling above the head of those ladies, formed themselves into a vast and radiant halo. The brown eagles on their great wings joined the pink flamingoes; the parrots, red, blue and green, grouped themselves with the white doves, the black crows with the dazzling swans. Then all about flew tiny little birds, so many and so thick that they reminded you of grains of wheat thrown far and wide by the hand of the sower. All the people crowded round the Ark, really astonished at this; but, as evil thoughts never take long to enter evil minds, some one suggested to set the Ark on fire.

“Oh, what fine roasts they’ll make, all those nice, fat animals in the Ark,” said one, with wicked joy.

No sooner said than done. In a moment some one had heaped a great pile of dry leaves and branches against the Ark; the flames began to crackle, when suddenly out of

the clear sky, a terrific clap of thunder roared. Then deep silence.

A nameless terror seized all living things, and even the plants and stones. The whole creation in horror awaited—what, they knew not. The day began to fade. A veil, faint and ashen, settled over the plain. In sudden fear, the trees of the forest began to shake and the grass to tremble. At the far edge of the sky three dark cloud-like forms rose with frightful rapidity. A shadow which seemed to hang like a cloak from their shoulders enveloped the earth, while behind these gigantic clouds others, and still others, darker and darker, rolled their misshapen masses, ceaselessly flashing out streaks of fiery lightning, all red and violet.

Noah cast himself upon his knees, while from the Ark came forth piercing screams, mingled with the deeper voices of fervent prayer.

A great tent now covered the sky as of black velvet, and in the awful gloom from far over the plain advanced, hissing and surging, a white, narrowing circle. Higher it grew. What was that murmur? The sea, the sea!

With hideous rapidity it approached, covering all the earth; already its overhanging crest curled with foam.

Noah bowed his head to the earth: “O Lord,” he cried, “Thy will be done.”

The great ship felt a sudden shock and reared like a frightened horse; then settled back slowly and quietly.

The danger had passed; the Ark floated.

It was not long before the animals began most unpleasantly to realize that they were actually at sea. Master



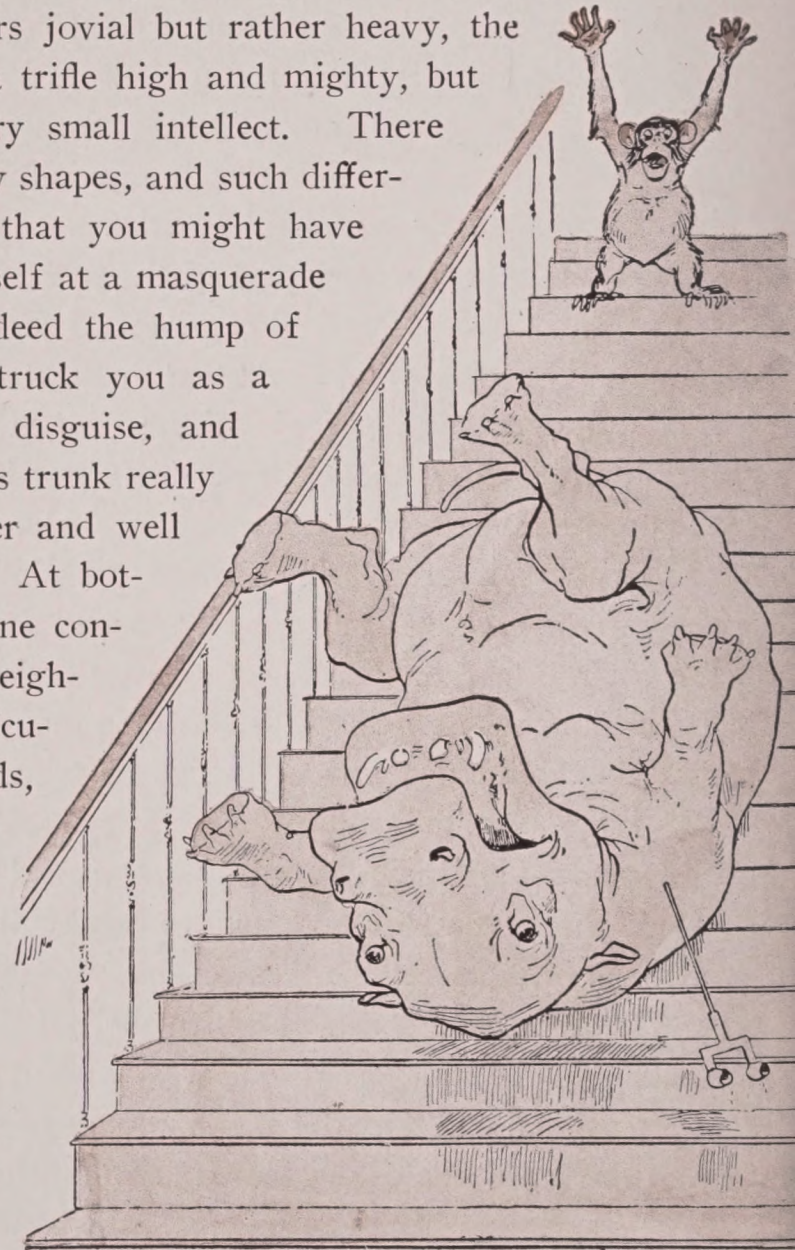
Hippopotamus, his beautiful eyes brimming with tears, wailed piteously for his dear Mamma. One poor lion leaned on the rail in an attitude always dignified yet a trifle constrained, and a certain fashionable young tigress appeared highly vexed at having been caught in a display of such doubtful manners.

The rain fell in torrents, so heavy that even the pilot had to abandon the bridge. Before long, however, the Ark began to stop rolling, and the animals, somewhat relieved, now for the first time had a chance to look about them. With great curiosity they began to examine the place in which such extraordinary recent events had brought them together. By a staircase, with easy steps, they mounted storey after storey until they came to the "Grand Saloon," a room much longer than it was wide, with a great cross-beamed ceiling, enormously high. Big lighted lamps swung back and forth, for in this part of the Ark, which was below the surface of the water, there was not a single window in all the walls. At the two ends of the room, which, it appeared, was intended for a general meeting place for the animals, large doors led through corridors to other apartments—common bunks for the steerage, state rooms for the animals of distinction, stewards' berths, and even an infirmary.

The animals in excited and curious groups wandered about at will. For some time no one had laid eyes upon the hippopotamus. As yet hardly recovered from his unpleasant sea-sickness, he had started out by missing his footing on the top step of the stairs and had tumbled clean to the bottom. But then, you know, he never did take any but the tiniest kind of steps, as if he were walking on egg

shells, rolling from side to side his great poppy eyes, round as saucers—one of his peculiar tricks that made every one whisper: "Thank Heaven, there aren't many others like *him*."

Each animal let you see, by the way he behaved, his real character: the elephant amiable and without airs, the bears jovial but rather heavy, the giraffe just a trifle high and mighty, but really of very small intellect. There were so many shapes, and such different colours, that you might have fancied yourself at a masquerade ball; and indeed the hump of the camel struck you as a pretty good disguise, and the elephant's trunk really awfully clever and well thought out. At bottom, every one considered his neighbour too ridiculous for words, —but concealed his own feelings with all the exaggerated politeness of the usual globe trotter.





"You live quite a distance from here, Mr. Polar-Bear, do you not," said a giddy young antelope, making conversation.

"I come," replied the other, crustily, "from a country, much more agreeable than this."



"Indeed," said the antelope, interested.

"Yes, the air is always deliciously cool, and we *always* have snow. It's perfectly charming; we take our daily outing on an ice floe, where at least we can always get a breath of air."

The elephant here jauntily, and with a sly wink, interposed:

"But, my dear Sir, might I venture to enquire why, if you find it so unusually warm, you don't check your furs in the cloak-room?"

The bear, who received this sally with very poor grace, replied in a tone positively glacial:

"And you, my *dear* Sir, why don't *you* run along and check your trunk?"

In fact everyone pretended to admire everyone else, but really was interested only in himself. The lion declared in an aside that bald heads gave him the horrors, and the crocodile sneered at the ostrich's feathers as being too ridiculously old-fashioned.

The animals with beautiful and expensive clothes quite shocked those who bought them ready made. Mrs. Elephant went into ecstasies over Mrs. Zebra's gown, but confessed to her own circle that she really thought stripes hideously unbecoming, and in atrocious taste.

The other, to whose ears

this pleasant remark soon came, answered back that any way it was prettier than common gunny-sacking.

Mr. Pig all this time took surprisingly little interest in these bickerings over the details of the toilet. A much more important question occupied his thoughts.

"Do you know," said he, "I'm awfully hungry. It's most extraordinary how these great wonders of nature take it out of one. I really must have something to eat. I don't care a bit what it is, just as long as there's enough of it."

"But, man alive," said the camel, "don't you know that already they've put us on short rations?"

"You don't say so," replied the pig, really alarmed.

"But why all this silly fuss?" remarked the giraffe.





“Fuss”! snapped the pig, “well, as for me, I shouldn’t care to have my head quite so far from my tummy as yours is.”

And he waddled away to find something to eat.

It was getting late, and everybody was by this time pretty well tired out. Mothers thought it was high time the children got to bed, but where? Already all the good corners were full of little animals stretched out and fast

asleep. The hungry pig was nosing about, finding not so much as a single carrot.

“Well,” said he, “let’s try to get some sleep. Who sleeps, dines.”

But just as he was nicely settled and beginning to dose off he caught the following:

“I,” announced the camel, with complacency, “have often gone fifteen days without so much as eating or drinking a single mouthful.”

The next day it was at once evident that some sort of order or organization was necessary, and before anything else, some form of government. His Royal Highness, The Lion, as was natural, assumed control; the tiger, the jaguar, the panther and his other relations formed his court. As a wise precaution, they at once decided not to let any one else have a word to say in the management of affairs. The first business was the distribution of the different offices.

The hippopotamus, who fancied he knew more about management than any one else, was humiliated almost to tears by being simply nominated Table Steward—Vegetarian Department. So, too, the tapir, who had dreamed of a fat job, got only that of Inspector of the Steerage. He swallowed his disappointment as best he could, but so much was his health affected that he was advised seriously to try a simplified diet, and a regime of baths.

The remaining positions were finally distributed to general satisfaction: the bear they made Coal-and-Wood Man; the ox, Water Carrier; the elephant, Chief of Police; the giraffe, Chief Inspector of Chandeliers; and a great number of quick little monkeys, Stewards and





*They began to embark*









Stewardesses. But it seemed almost impossible to find just the right individual for purser. The pig moved



heaven and earth to get the nomination, thinking himself particularly fitted for it.

"It's for the general good that I should be appointed," he cried.

Some one nominated the camel. The eyes of Mr. Pig flared with anger.

"That's a put up job," he grunted with rage, rising to object. "The camel will never do in the world. Does he think just because he can go fifteen days without eating that he will not succumb to the temptations of the kitchen? Don't be deceived by these long-winded visionaries. Fifteen days without eating indeed! Why, he would forget all about us."

Long was the discussion, but it was at last decided that, steadiness and sobriety being the first and most important virtues of a purser, the camel should be elected by acclamation.

Discomfited, poor piggy retired to the kitchen to clean the pots and pans (which they said he did exceedingly well), always, however, complaining bitterly of the gross indignity put upon him.

The distribution of positions over, each went about his own business. Everything ran like clock-work.







what of that; the youngsters thought it would be all the more fun. The giraffe alone, with silly affectation, complained that the cots were too short and too narrow, and that there was absolutely no place to put his head. Some people are so particular!

Practical jokes were frowned down, and a very watchful eye was kept on the crocodile, who, however, was so tired that he slipped in between the sheets as innocent as could be, and was soon snoring

loudly. The occupants of some of the expensive cabins near by rang for the steward and insisted that he should at once be waked up. At the other end of the dormitory

The vegetarians had their table, too, simpler but very neat. The elephant alone had to be served separately, since they could not find just the right dish for him. He, however, not in the least particular about such things, was quite content with an old barrel for a soup plate. What an appetite every one had! Suddenly the monkey-stewards rang the dinner bell, announcing that their Majesties' luncheon was served.

The afternoon passed quickly, and in the evening every one got his bed ready. To be sure it was just a little crowded in the dormitory. But







*The royal table was most magnificently set*







the hyena, the jaguar, the wolf, the fox and the hippopotamus, egged on by the envious pig, seized upon the camel and tossed him in a blanket.

• The pig enjoyed the fun immensely. "Oh, isn't he a sight," he squealed. "I shall die laughing. What splendid exercise this is for my stomach trouble."

Suddenly, in the midst of this hazing, they were surprised by the Chief of Police accompanied by another elephant carrying a dark lantern.

"Run," squeaked the fox, and, dropping the blanket, escaped along the wall, followed in haste by the wolf, the hyena, the jaguar and the pig. There only remained after this excitement the poor camel covered with bumps, and the hippopotamus, with the blanket still between his teeth.

"And what are you up to here, you boobies?" demanded the Chief of Police. "Turn the lantern on him. Out with you, all of you."



The night passed quietly, and without incident, until the cheery cocks announced the next morning.



Cock-a-doodle doo! Get up!  
Goes the merry rising song.  
Rub your eyes, and get your cup,  
No one lies abed so long.

Growls from every wakened bear  
Stir the lions in their beds;  
Hubbub, with the cock's fanfare,  
Frightens all the sleepy-heads.



Next, all bow and say Good day!  
Well, my dear, I hope you slept,  
No such storm was ever seen—  
Weather-records have been kept.

Listen to the patter-pat,  
Sounding on the window panes—  
Skies as black as Noah's hat.  
Water? Well, you see it rains.

Charming weather, frogs must think.  
Why, I wonder, aren't they out?  
One would almost fear to sink,  
Listening to the gutters spout.



Rheumatism frets the ass.  
“Mr. Lion, please, I beg,  
Shut that window as you pass,  
Such a draught is on my leg.”

So they chatter and make jokes,  
Whiling all the stupid hours,  
Lively and good-natured folks,  
Laughing at the awful showers.

Mr. Crocodile, aside,  
Seemed the only one put out;  
What could prick his tender hide?  
Rose-leaves in his bed no doubt.



Something, as he took his nap,  
Dreaming of his river Nile,  
Waked him up and made him yap—  
Poor old Mr. Crocodile!

Then a gay rhinoceros,  
Quartered in the room next door,  
Nimble, but with such a fuss,  
Danced and juggled on the floor.

“Yes, the nicest dreams must end,”  
Sighed the elephant, “Heigh-ho!  
Tell me what it meant, good friend,  
What I dreamed last night, you know.”

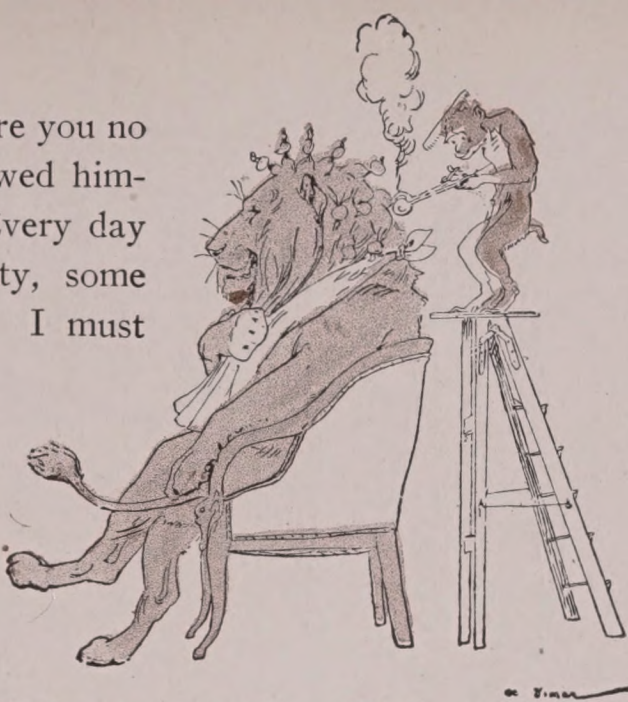
“In a garden full of flowers,  
With a lovely pair of wings,  
Round I flew for hours and hours,  
Just like butterflies and things.”

Thus the animals, each one,  
While the flood around them roared,  
Killed the time with play and fun.  
No one seemed the least bit bored.



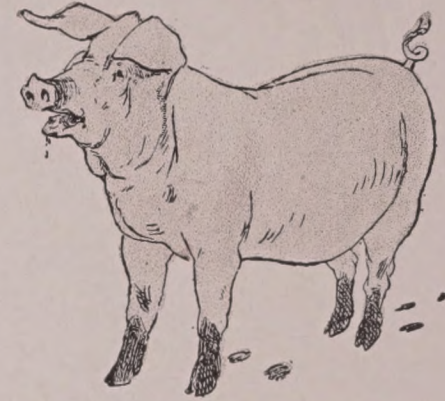


Indeed, I can assure you no one in the Ark allowed himself to be bored. Every day saw some new party, some new entertainment. I must tell you about the finest. In the first place, to lend distinction to the occasion, all the ladies wore their very best gowns, and the gentlemen their newest suits. Deft monkey-maids and monkey-valets were in the greatest demand. Mr. Lion insisted on securing the most celebrated to curl his mane. The ass, the bear, the elephant and even the pig resorted to every trick to rival him, but poor Mr. Piggy, who never did have any luck any-



way, turned out anything but a success. He had himself washed, scrubbed, be-ribboned and perfumed; the monkey-barber shaved his hide just as close as he dared, and, for the moment at least, gave him the appearance of a real "dandy." But, soon tired of showing off, Mr. Pig couldn't resist mussing about, and in no time was

as dirty as ever. As to the bear, it was only with his usual grumbling and growling that he submitted to a thorough shampooing, administered, with relentless hand,



by a monkey-valet. It was splendid to see him! With eye humbled and nose resigned, he waited the streams of water which his valet poured over him.



"Good enough for once," he growled, "but never again for me. I am *sure* I shall catch cold."





The elephant, with all the finicky care of an old beau, laid the greatest stress on the smallest particulars.

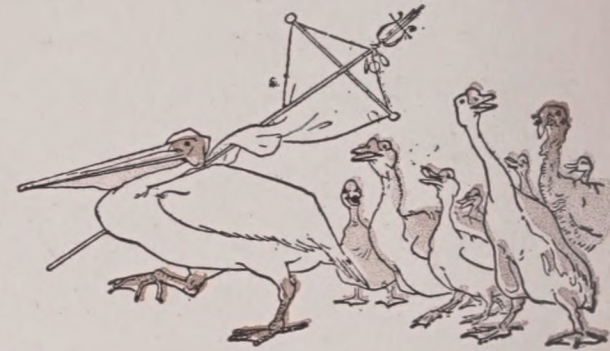
“Do try,” said he, to the artist who was at work upon him, “to give my ivories that beautiful tone the connoisseurs so much admire.”

The ass spent hours getting the very finest polish on his shoes. Those vain birds, like the peacock, the golden pheasant and the cock,



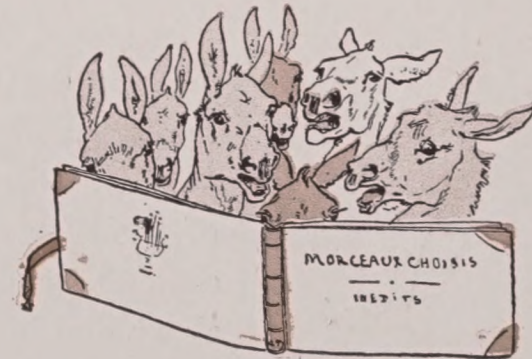
couldn't tear themselves away from their full-length mirrors.

The entertainment began with the reception of all the officers. Among them were particularly noticeable the



famous life-saving St. Bernard dogs, and a celebrated choral singing society, composed of Geese and Turkeys. A pelican, grave and dignified, carried their banner.

When every one was seated along the walls, the band struck up a lively air. His Leonine Majesty, with a regal gesture, gave the signal for the sports to begin. First of all a choir of sweet voiced donkeys in the closest kind







*Those vain birds couldn't tear themselves away from the mirrors*









of harmony sang a cantata especially composed for the occasion.

A few of the minor events then came off: the sack races by little rabbits and the long jump by the frogs, low and lofty tumbling, sleight-of-hand tricks by the monkeys, and difficult balancing by the badger. Indeed, every one was given an opportunity to display his talents.

Then came the more important events.



The wrestling match between the rhinoceros and the elephant was short, but lively; after a few tricky feints the elephant, by a clever twist of his trunk, seized his adversary around the waist and held him a moment aloft, all ready to slap him down and pin his two shoulders to the floor. I tell you it was a mighty ticklish moment for Mr. Rhinoceros. He, however, had strength enough to







twist himself about and fall upon his feet. The two athletes watched each other panting. Then the invincible Hornynose, letting out a war-whoop, threw himself with irresistible force upon the Bulwark-of-the-Jungle, who in his turn was lifted off his feet and suddenly found himself four yards away, flat upon his back,

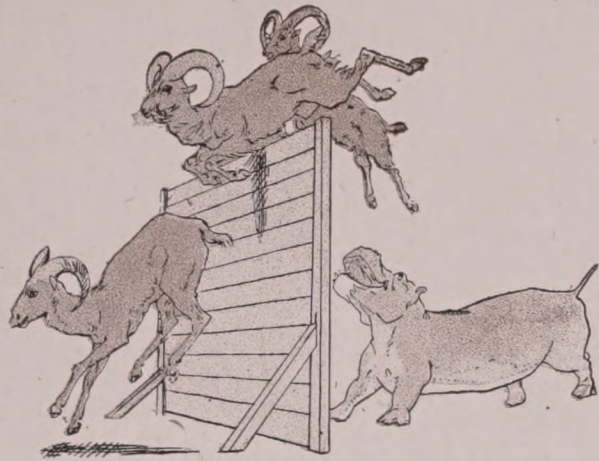
with his four feet up in the air. There wasn't the slightest question of a fall.

The elephant picked himself up, humiliated but dignified, and, wiping his forehead, accepted the condolences which the happy victor gracefully offered him.

The obstacle race for antelopes, gazelles, deer and chamois was the prettiest sight imaginable. Cries of admiration greeted the appearance of these graceful animals, who seemed to sail like birds over every difficult obstruction.







The running high jump for the mountain sheep was a record performance, but ended almost in a row. Sud-

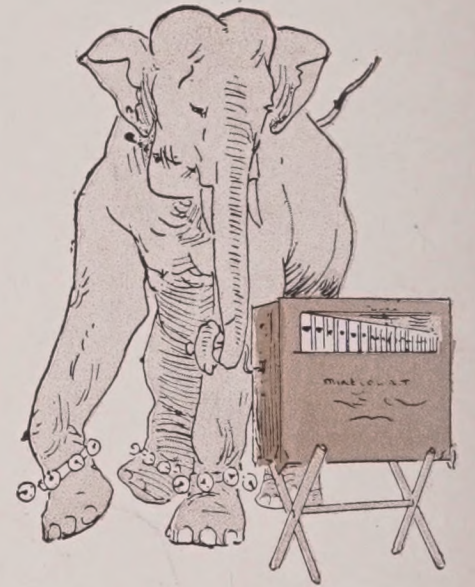
denly an enormous mass that could be nothing but a hippopotamus, rolled up on its four short legs and attempted to take the jump, too.

"Go away," bleated the sheep. "It isn't your turn, nor anywhere near it."

They had the greatest difficulty in persuading him of his error and getting him to join the huge entry for the flat race for rhinoceroses, elephants, camels, hippopotamuses and buffaloes, who dashed off at top speed. After this display of prowess, a ballet was introduced. The ostriches, much admired, led off. The crowd could hardly keep their seats, so fascinating became the inviting music played by the elephants on piano and hand







organ. Huge pachyderms embracing the slenderest of creatures, whirled about in the mad mazes of the valse. But poor Mrs. Giraffe! The clumsy





elephant, would you believe it, slipped on the polished floor and down they went, he right across her slender neck. The gaiety was interrupted a little by this accident, but soon began again.



It was not hard to guess where Mr. Piggy was all this time. With shameless unconcern he had gobbled up plate after plate of delicious meats and rare fruits.

In the adjoining rooms the smaller animals were amusing themselves. In the distance a drum, which the sedate badger continually beat, let all the company know that they were to come together for supper.

The day after a party is always rather sad, and between you and me it was so in the Ark. The crocodile had what you might call a hide-ache, and the ship's doctor was called in to look at Master Hippopotamus's tongue.

In the morning the purser began giving out the various stores: vegetables, breakfast foods and all sorts of fish. Of course the meat-eaters for the time being had to abandon their usual diet and content themselves with tinned things.

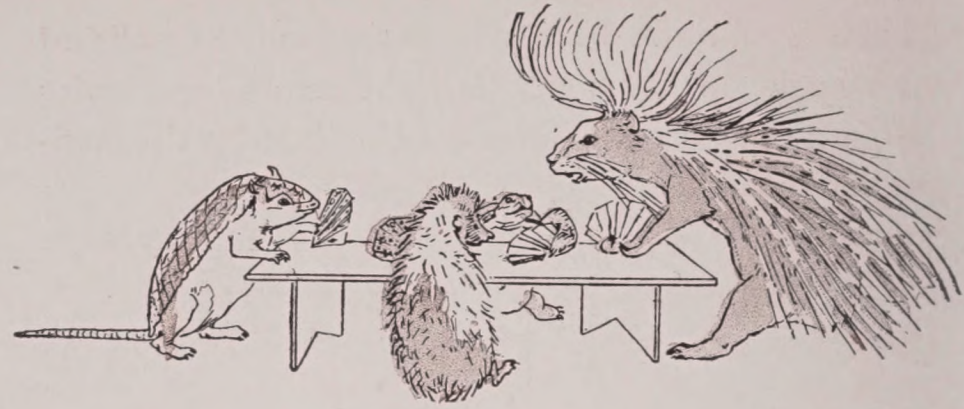




Some of the animals soon felt the cruel monotony of the hours which passed so slowly. The great birds of prey began to complain of the confinement.

“Stupid, stuffy cabins,” said the condor.

And the eagle, bored to death, nodded and yawned,



stretching his talons and shaking his immense wings.

To many of the animals, however, existence offered unusual attractions; they took interest in even the smallest details,—a squabble among the monkeys, a new mishap to the hippopotamus, or some complaint of the crocodile; a delicate personage, always having something the matter with him.

“Oh my head; oh my back; oh my tummy,” moaned he, with floods and floods of tears. At last it was

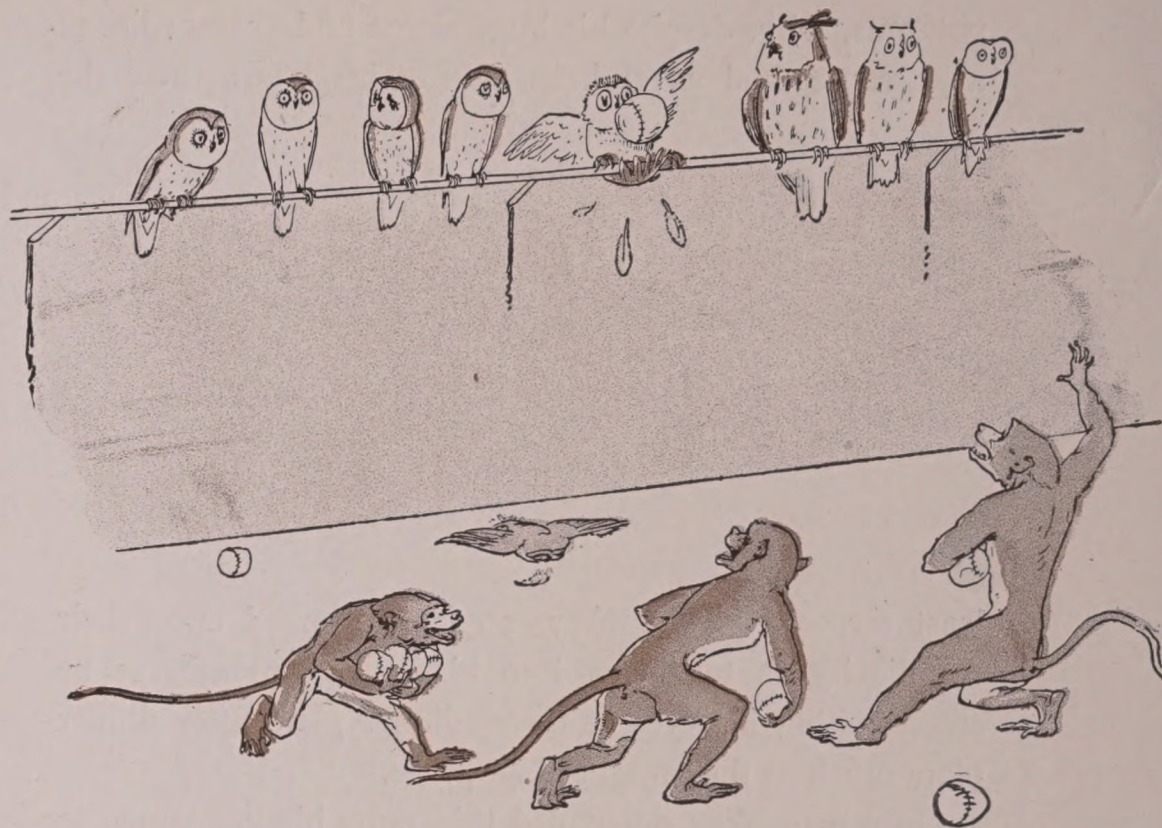






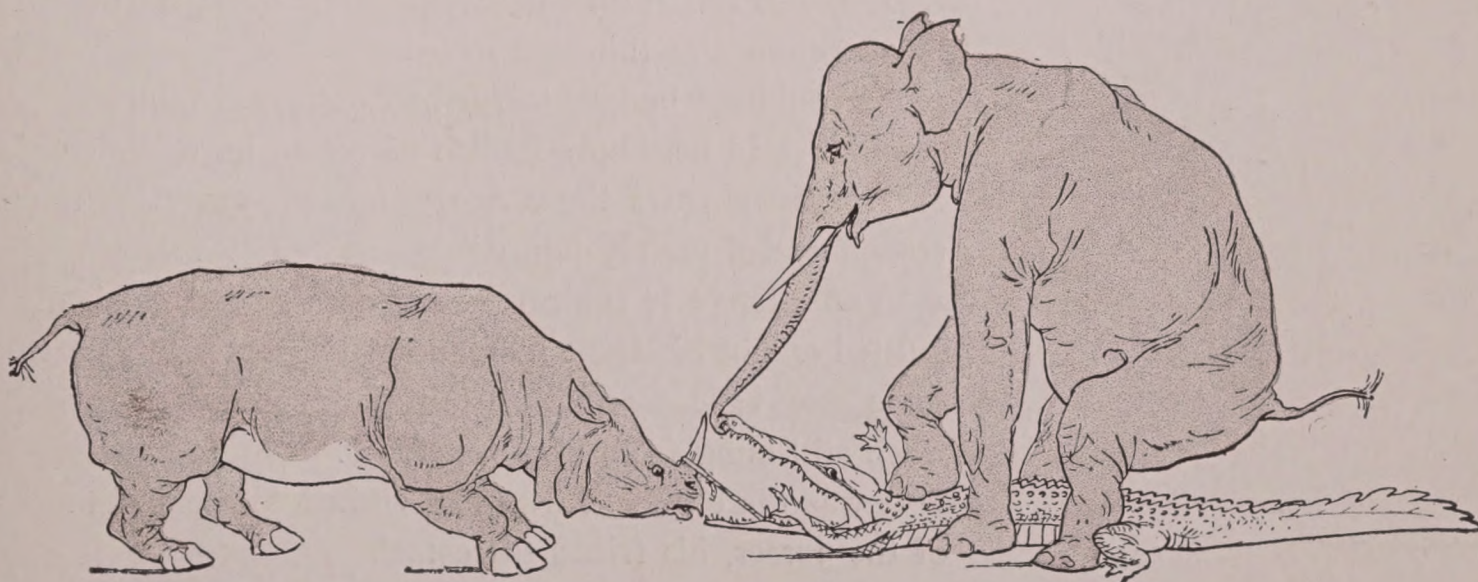
an awful toothache. He insisted upon trying the most unheard of remedies; mustard foot baths, poultices and great plasters: — useless, all of them. At length he was persuaded that the only thing to do was to have the tooth out. The elephant and the rhinoceros performed this operation, always delicate, with the most perfect success.

As for the monkeys, to tell the truth, they were almost impossible to get on with. As long as they kept by themselves, no one thought of stopping them if it amused them



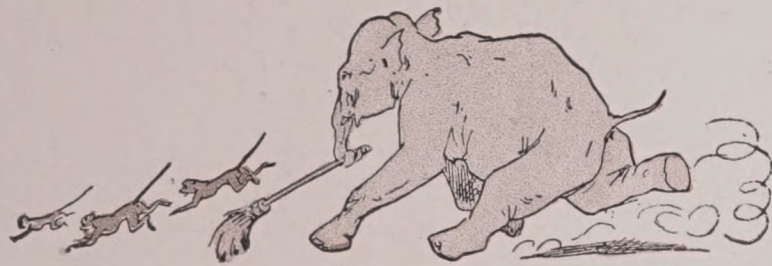
to pull out each other's fur by handfuls, or to scratch each others' noses; but it was too much when they began to tease and ill-treat those dear, harmless little parrots and owls. The monkeys bethought themselves of playing "nigger baby" with these perfectly innocent and quiet birds, knocking them off their perches without so much as a word of warning.

Their favorite victim, however, was the hippo-





potamus, who, despite his huge shape and extraordinary appearance, had never been able to inspire in them the



least terror. The monkeys so far presumed upon their familiarity as to throw into his gaping mouth, as he stood rolling his eyes at them, dinner plate after dinner plate much as they might play quoits.

Once a monkey persuaded this same hippopotamus to help him go down into the store room,—that lovely



larder which every animal in the Ark dreamed of every night. Poor hippopotamus, his vanity was his undoing.

“Now listen to me,” said Mr. Monkey. “You will understand at once, you are so very clever, Mr. Hippopotamus. Behind that partition, there are all sorts of awfully good things to eat. All you have got to do is to hold this rope in your teeth while I go down and get a delicious melon. Then we shall have a grand feast.”

The poor hippopotamus, easily fooled, assented. With great difficulty he mounted a convenient step ladder. Oh, what a sight met his eyes! What things to eat! His eyes popped out of his head with hungry joy. Mr. Monkey, as quick as any thief, with one rapid slide was at the bottom of the rope so conveniently tied to the front tooth of the hippopotamus. Suddenly there was a sharp cry, followed by hurrying steps. In three leaps the monkey was on the top of the partition. Bounding past the hippopotamus he whispered:

“The purser! Run for your hide!”

“Oh, yes, run is all very well,” gasped the frightened hippopotamus, so thin and lively.

He could not budge; terror had paralyzed him.

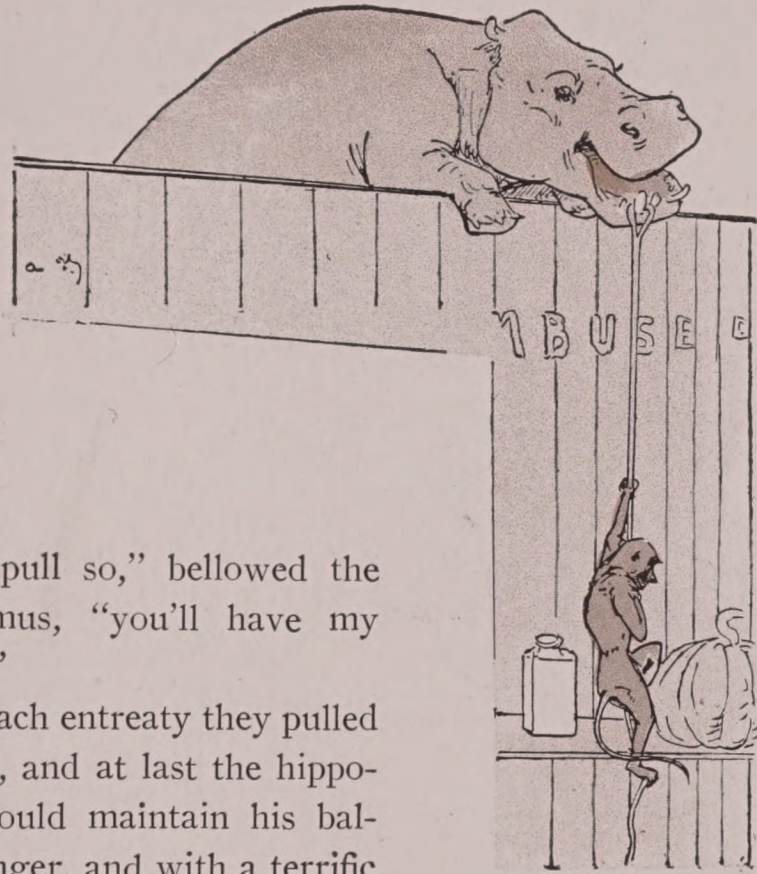
“Oh,” said he, “how foolish of me to have neglected for so many years those fine gymnastic exercises they recommended for my figure.”

In an attempt to squirm around on his perch, he badly twisted one of his front feet, and at the same instant felt some one violently pulling him forward by the rope, which still hung from his front tooth.

It was the elephant, who had rushed to the assistance of the purser, his friend the camel.



down then and there and had a good cry, while the pig and other sympathetic animals gathered about and tried to console him.



"Don't pull so," bellowed the hippopotamus, "you'll have my tooth out."

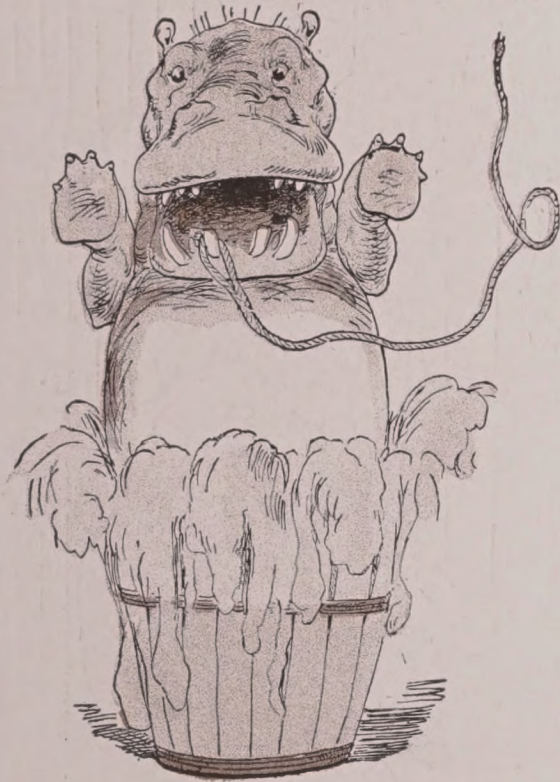
But at each entreaty they pulled the harder, and at last the hippopotamus could maintain his balance no longer, and with a terrific crash, down he came right into an enormous barrel where had been collected and stored up all the eggs for the entire crew.

Loud were the shouts of laughter when the animals saw the poor hippopotamus come limping out of the store room, covered with a layer of what appeared to be scrambled eggs. They fairly danced around him, the lion holding his sides for laughter. The pitiless bear made such fun of him that the poor hippopotamus sat





The most solemn hour of all the voyage came when the rain, which for a hundred days had fallen with persistent and relentless down-pour, suddenly ceased. No longer did they hear on the roof that patter of rain drops to which ever year had become accustomed. All



the animals jumped to their feet, and in an instant the upper deck of the Ark was crowded with excited passengers. What a relief it was at last to see the horizon! The sky, however, was still dark, and covered with great black clouds, and the sea about the Ark stretched away as far as the eye could reach, like some great mirror of



polished ebony. The animals could hardly control their

terror.

Gradually, as the Ark surged forward, the water became clearer. All had but one thought:

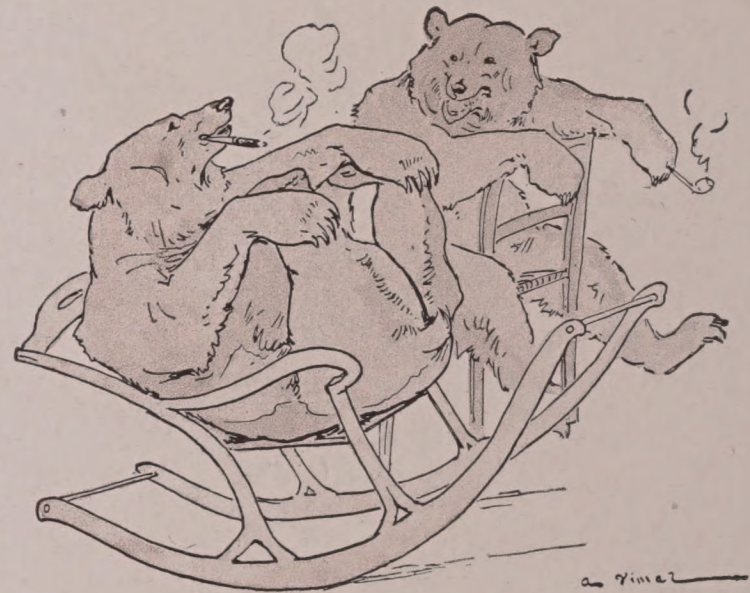
“Here once was dry land. Here possibly we once lived.”

About the Ark floated grasses, branches, even immense oaks which the violence of the waves had torn away from the mountain sides. At these sad reminders of their native forests and favourite fields the animals could with difficulty restrain their tears. The rhinoceros thought that he saw, floating by, the lovely palm tree in whose delightful

shade he used to enjoy his little after luncheon nap.

Despite the air of desolation over sky and sea, the ani-

mals could not tear themselves away from the sad picture. The upper deck of the Ark presented a curious spectacle: the giraffes promenaded in couples for all the world like fashionable ladies on a shopping tour; the bears rocked back and forth in imported rocking chairs, while the elephants held their wet trunks high in the air to find out which way the wind was blowing.



Existence, however, soon resumed its usual smooth and monotonous course, and every one seemed to lose his sense of time. Hour succeeded hour. The voyage grew aimless and apparently endless.



One morning the magpie, always the worst gossip in the world, spread the news that Noah had sent out a crow to see what he could discover.

“What was going to happen?”

“Would he come back?”

“Might he never come back?”

Impatiently they waited; day followed day; the crow never came back.



Then the animals saw something which astonished them. Noah mounted the bridge accompanied by all his family. In one hand he carried a white dove, caressing it and speaking to it in a low voice. Then, raising his arms as if in benediction he sang these words in a loud voice:

Under the sky so black, without a fear  
Fly forth, in rapid flight,  
Dove, little messenger that I hold here,  
Fly forth beneath the night.

Dove, little dove of hope, with neck of snow,  
Over the billows deep;  
Fear not the waves, and let the wild winds blow,  
Angels their watch will keep.

Go, little messenger of hope, my dove,  
Fly where God hides the shore.  
Angels will guide thee from the skies above,  
Back to this open door.

The tender bird fluttered a moment, then mounting strongly and rapidly, flew away towards the distant horizon.

The animals, much moved, watched the dove gradually fade into the dark sky like some white wind-tossed feather.

The pig was the first to break the silence.

“That,” said he, “is one of those flattering missions I should not in the least care to undertake.”

Such a characteristic expression could hardly fail to shock and exasperate the company.

“Do be quiet,” protested the giraffe. “It would certainly never occur to any one to select *you* as an ambassador.”



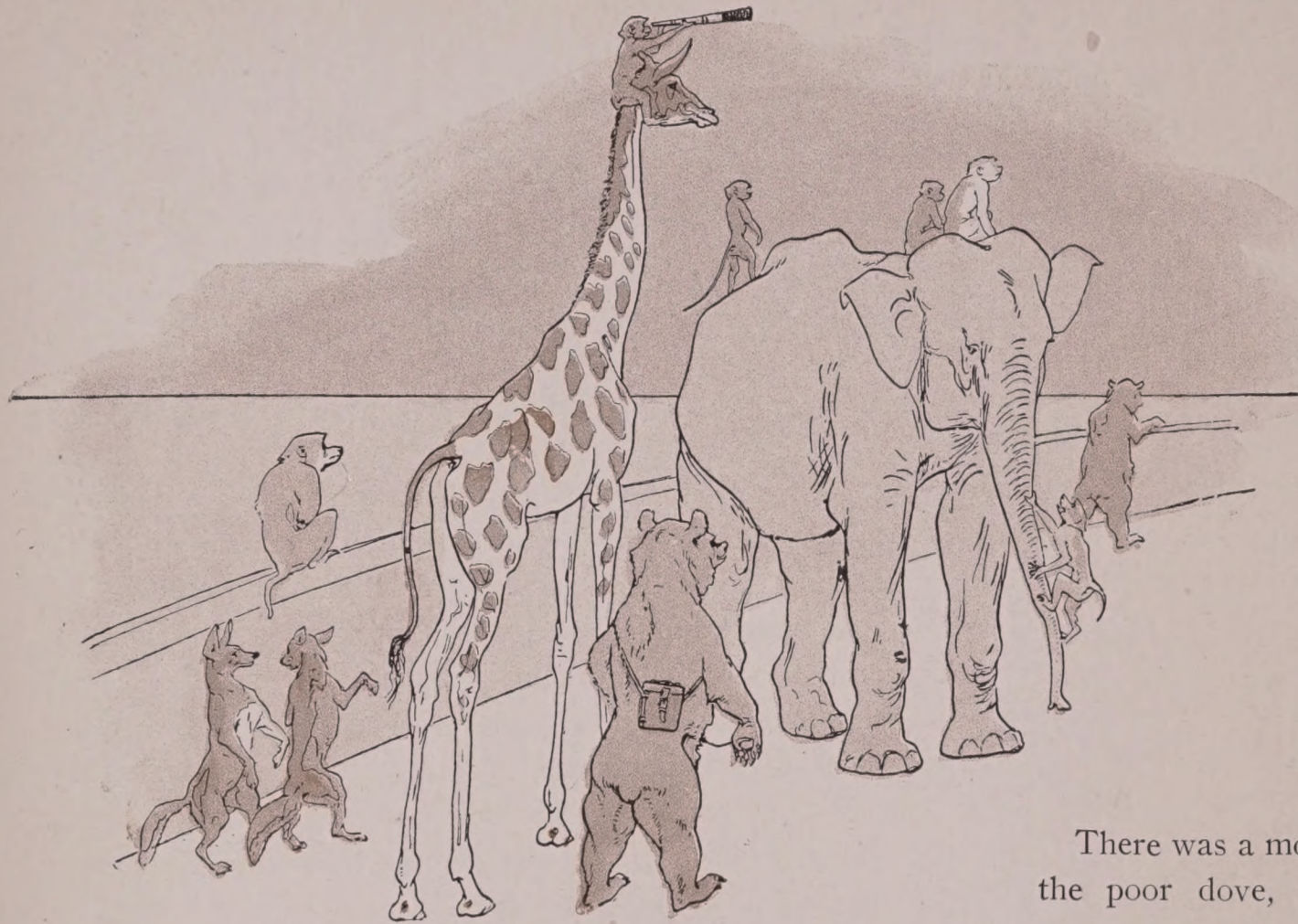


*With joyful shouts the animals hurried to disembark*









obscurity and monotony. Already some lost courage, and even the thickest-skinned of the animals began to show unusual concern.

On the seventh day, the lynx, who had been searching the horizon with his sharp eyes, suddenly cried:

“Dove, on the port bow.”

It was a long time before any one could see anything. Suddenly the monkey, perched upon the giraffe’s long neck, began to scream:

“I see her, I see her, and she’s got something in her bill.”

There was a moment of great joy and hope when the poor dove, panting and exhausted, holding

“Indeed, Miss Pert,” snapped Mr. Pig, offended, “what high and mighty airs you do give yourself. You might mind your own business now, that is, if you had any.”

At last, every one had something to think about. From morning until night the animals discussed the possible return of the dove. They strained their eyes in every direction trying to pierce the gloom, impenetrable and sombre as a wall of iron, but nothing came to break the





in her bill an olive branch, fluttered to the deck.

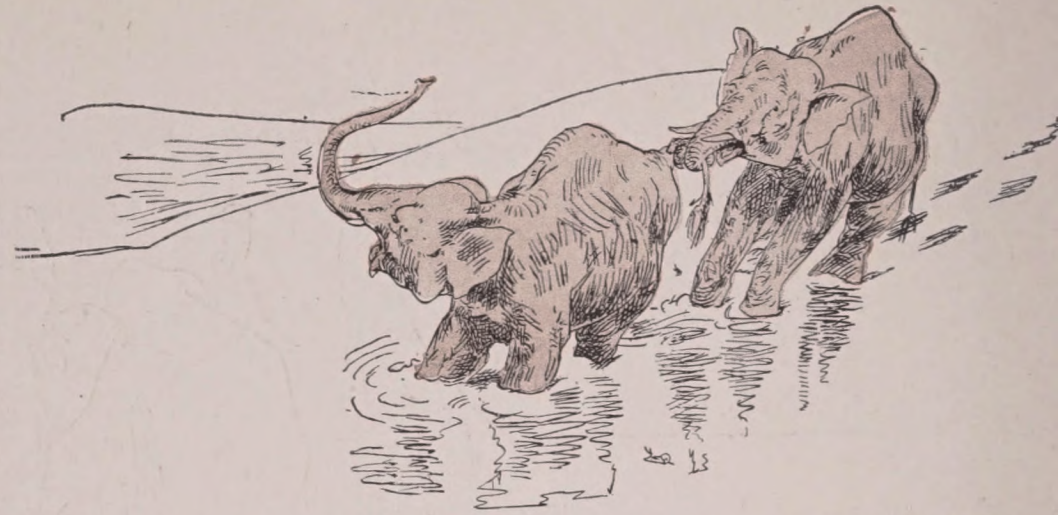
From that instant, all began to count the hours and minutes with feverish haste. Then, one morning very early, they felt a tremendous bump. Everybody ran up on deck.



Oh, goodness, gracious me!

"Land, Land!" The moment of separation had come;

they were going to live apart; perhaps as friends, perhaps as enemies, for who knows how long! A strange emotion swept over the huge gathering. The crocodile with a pensive air took out his last handkerchief and mopped his tear-dimmed eyes.



However, the splendid picture which nature displayed around them served to drive away their sad thoughts. During the night the water had fallen considerably. The Ark had grounded, and was now perched high and dry on the top of a mountain, from which stretched on every side bare and muddy slopes, with the sea in the distance. With joyful shouts the animals hurried to disembark.

The ground was still very wet, and so deep were the many pools that even the giraffes themselves had to get stilts; and a young elephant, if his dear mother had not rushed to his assistance, must certainly have been drowned. After an hour or so of stretching their legs the animals all gathered about the Ark.

The great dark clouds which for six months had hung above them suddenly parted. Blue the sky and glorious the sun burst upon them, and a rainbow like a magnificent bridge seemed to join the heavens to the dripping earth as with a Wonder Road. While Noah offered up a sacrifice and a prayer of thanksgiving, all the animals fell upon their knees about him and joined their voices in one stupendous Hymn of Praise.















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