

ANIMAL PETS FROM NEAR AND FAR

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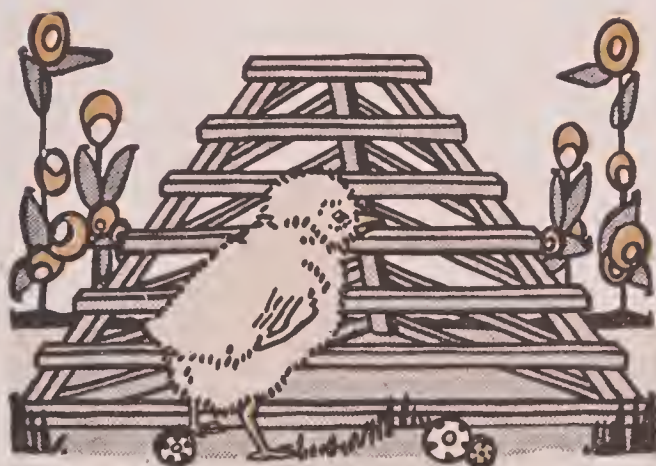
From Near and Far

A Book of True Stories

By

ANNA BOGENHOLM SLOANE
"

Illustrated by
Marie O'Hara



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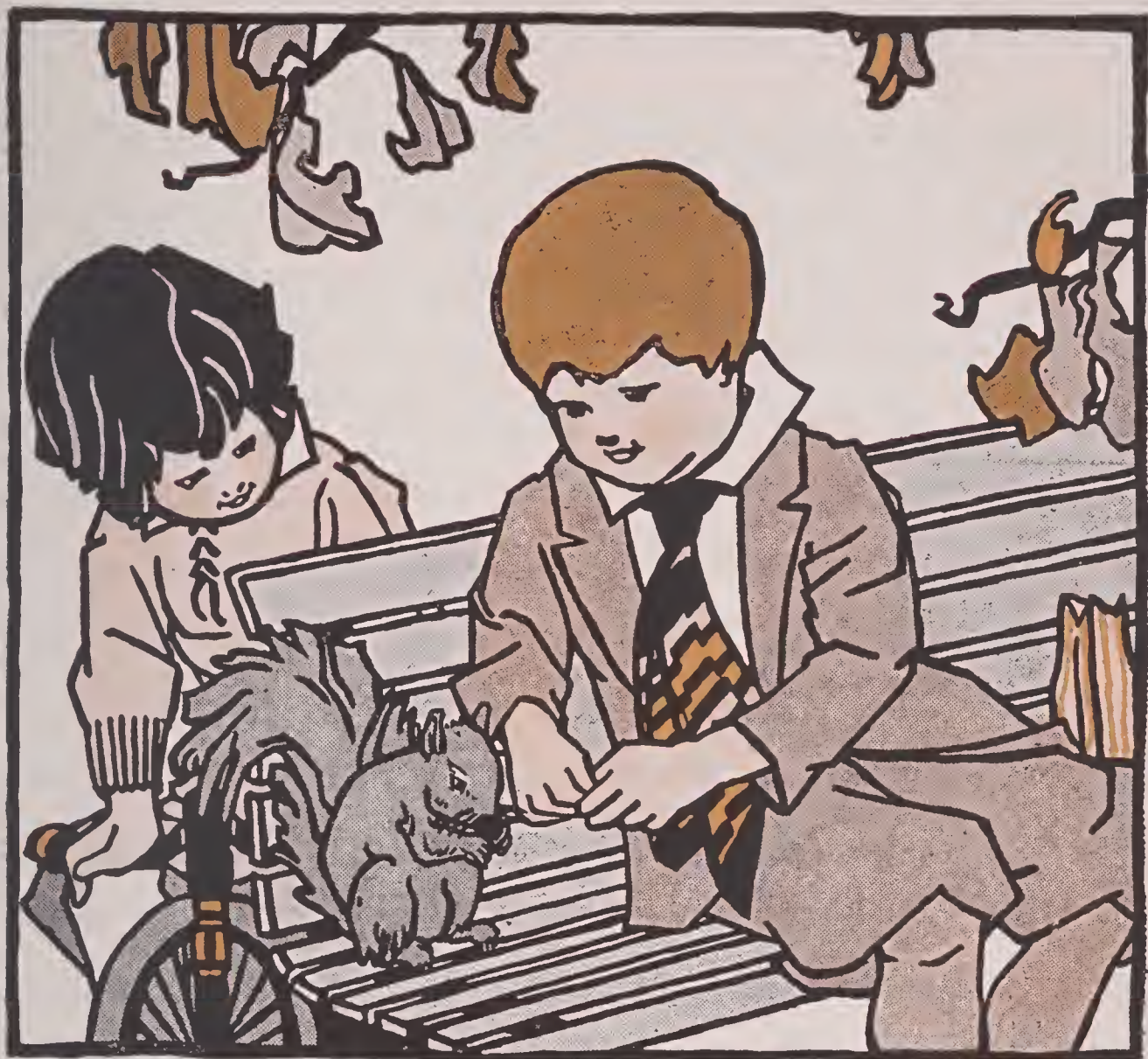
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Animal Pets
from Near and Far



Bushy Tails

The squirrel is one of the most lively and graceful of all pet animals, but when one remembers the free life he enjoys in his woodland home, it seems hardly fair to imprison him in a cage.

The best home of all for the squirrel is an unused room, made as much like his natural home as possible, with strong tree branches and a cozy little box, filled with dry moss or hay, for him to sleep in. Few people, however, can give up a whole room for the use of a pet squirrel, so most families would be obliged to keep them in cages if they kept them at all. The cages should be as large as possible.

If you wish to keep a pet squirrel, it is best to take him when he is very tiny. As soon as the baby pet is old enough, he will enjoy himself greatly if he is allowed to run freely about the room. Then, little by little, he may be allowed in the garden. He will soon return to his house or his cage when he thinks that feeding time is near.

One animal lover who kept tame squirrels discovered that these pets have a sense of rhythm, because they would dance sometimes for ten minutes together in exact time. Their

dancing seemed to be an attempt to amuse themselves, for they never did anything of the kind when they were let out of the cage.

The ordinary red squirrel of the woodland is a charming little fellow, but his cousin, the gray squirrel, is more easily tamed and learns tricks more quickly than other relatives.

These gray squirrels are to be found in great numbers. They are more than twice the size of the red squirrel and are perhaps the favorite pets in great cities. People may often be seen feeding them in the parks, and a very pretty sight it is to see these little, furry, half wild creatures running to accept nuts from the hands of strange givers. It is amusing to watch them suddenly dart up the trunk of a tree and then turn round and pause, head downward, quite still.

Sweet and innocent though they may appear, both the red and gray squirrels have one bad trait. Who would suppose that these squir-



rels would rob birds' nests of the eggs, and even kill the young birds? Their mischief does not stop here, for sometimes they will even try to tear the nest to pieces.

One is bound to say, however, that the squirrels, in their turn, have enemies. Wandering cats pounce upon their young without mercy.

A pair of tame squirrels in a garden had a family of babies every year for five years, but

none of the young ever escaped the attacks of prowling cats. On the other hand a cat has been known to rear baby squirrels as tenderly as if they were her own kittens.

Every summer this couple hid horse-chestnuts, the kernels of stone fruit, small potatoes, the bulbs of crocuses, and all sorts of treasures in different places. Then, when winter came, they would forget where they had put them. After a deep fall of snow, the luckless couple might be seen scampering about, looking into every hole and cranny to see whether that was the forgotten hiding-place.

Most squirrels bury more nuts and acorns than they need. Those they cannot find often shoot up from the ground in warm weather and begin sprouting leaves. And soon other squirrels are climbing and chattering in trees that squirrels before them had planted.

The baby squirrels, usually four or five in number, are born early in July. Their parents

tend them with great care until spring, when the youngsters have to start out on their own account.

There are gray squirrels born with black coats. There are fox squirrels in the South that always have white noses and ears. But in the North fox squirrels never have white noses and ears. There are squirrels of a rusty color, a mixture of red and gray. Then there are flying squirrels and ground squirrels.

But everybody loves the gray squirrel, with his handsome bushy tail, best of all.

Little Lambs

Young lambs to sell, young lambs to sell!
If I had as much money as I could tell,
I would not come here with lambs to sell.
Dolly and Molly, Richard and Nell,
Buy my young lambs and I will use you well.

This is an old cry that used to be heard in the streets of large cities a hundred years ago. The lambs, however, were not those that one sees skipping in the meadows. They had white cotton wool for fleece, red paint on the cheeks, jet black spots for eyes, horns of twisted, shining tin, and round the neck a piece of pink tape for a collar. They were, in fact, toys.

There is hardly any child who would not like to have a gentle, frolicsome lamb as a companion. But alas! Just as playful kittens grow to be serious minded cats, so, in time, do pet lambs become sheep. And before this happens they have to go away to live with their grown-up brothers and sisters.



When a lamb is taken as a pet, it is nearly always because he has lost his mother. Often the lambkin is born in wild and wintry weather, quite at the beginning of the year. Sometimes

it happens that he is taken out of a deep snow-drift, from under his mother's dead body. Then he is fortunate indeed if the shepherd carries him to a farmhouse where friendly hands make a soft bed for him, before a bright fire, and feed him with warm milk. He will drink this milk from the spout of a teapot, or from a bottle, like a little human baby. Soon he is able to eat crushed oats, or bread and milk, almost anything, in fact. In three weeks' time he can nibble grass.

He is very helpless at first, poor lambkin, and as he is carried his long legs hang down as if they were too weak to support his body. Soon, however, he grows stronger, and the second day after he is born he will gambol and skip about as if he were the merriest creature under the sun.

He is most loving and will follow a person from room to room, pressing more closely to his owner than even a dog would do.

Most lambs are born white, but some are

black and as they grow up they become white.

Once a boy who had kept a pet lamb was driving with his father in a cart to market, when, having gone about a mile from home, he happened to look back. To his surprise he saw his lamb trotting after the cart, but almost tired out. Needless to say the lamb was taken up in the cart and went to market with his master, but not to be sold.

Another time a man riding along a busy street on a bicycle turned round and saw his pet lamb, which had followed him from home, and had been running behind for some distance. This seems to be a favorite trick of pet lambs.

In the Bible we read of a time of peace that is to come when the lion shall lie down with the lamb. It seems impossible that a lamb should be so near the king of beasts and escape harm, but there is a true story that shows that this has happened.

A lion and a lioness were presented to a king



long ago. One day the king paid a visit to these noble creatures. He ordered a lamb to be put into the cage, as he wanted to see what would happen.

A pet lamb, belonging to the little daughter of one of the keepers, was brought. The little lamb, knowing no fear, went close to the lioness, and to the lion, but they did it no harm. After a time the lamb was taken away alive and unhurt.





A Pet Without a Tail

It must be because it is clean and harmless that the guinea pig is in so much favor as a pet for children. Certainly it never attempts to bite those who handle it, although one can not help admitting that it is rather stupid.

The coat of the native guinea pig is sleek and sometimes nicely colored, black, white or brown,

and sometimes tortoise shell, a mixture of these three and in almost every family there is a white one with pink eyes. As is well known, the guinea pig has no tail, and he is about half the size of a rabbit.

There usually are from two to eight guinea pigs to a family.

Mrs. Guinea Pig is not a very affectionate parent. In fact, she will let her young ones be destroyed before her eyes without making the least effort to save them; and at times she has been known to devour them. Neither the baby guinea pig, its father nor its mother, seem to care in the least for the kind hands that feed and caress them. All that these creatures live for is to eat and sleep.

And yet they have gentle manners, and it is a pleasant sight to see the guinea pigs followed by their young. They will all run round and round in a ring, as if trying to play some new delightful game. When they are pleased they

give a sudden sharp turn and an odd little squeak.

Baby guinea pigs are not the helpless little creatures that one might expect, and this is quite as well, since they have not a very fond mother. They are born with their ears and eyes open, and they are covered with hair like a newly born hare; and quite unlike the rabbit, which is born blind and helpless. Young guinea pigs are able to run about when only a few hours old, and a day after their birth they are able to nibble corn. This is not so very wonderful when one considers that they possess a set of teeth when they are born. Then, when they are six weeks old, the mother knows that they are no longer babies, so they have to provide for themselves.

The name guinea pig is not a very apt one, for these creatures are not pigs at all, but belong to the same family as rats and rabbits; nor do they come from Guinea. In their wild state



they are found in South America, where they have the far better name of "restless cavy," and they differ from the guinea pig in being all of one color, dusky, with speckled hairs.

Guinea pigs have very sharp ears, and seem to be forever listening, listening. They become

greatly alarmed by any tinkling noise, like a button or coin dropped on a stone floor outside their hutch. In their wild state, should they be disturbed, the leader will give a sort of purr or chuckle, as a warning note to the others. They will all remain still, but alert, for a few seconds, and then rush madly to their hiding-place, tumbling one over another in their haste.

Guinea pigs should be fed twice a day. Their ordinary food is oats and they are fond of bran. Tea leaves are a great treat to them, but these should be given only now and then. Another luxury is bread dipped in milk or water. Green food is good for them, particularly dandelion leaves and plantains. In fact, the guinea pig will be feeding all day if left to himself, and it seems to matter little what the food is, for he gobbles everything with relish. For his size he will eat more than almost any other animal.

Rabbits

Every child who has kept a family of pet rabbits must have taken delight in watching their playful antics. They will run races with each other, and scuffle in corners, while their mother sits and looks on quietly, with an air of great wisdom.

But although they so enjoy a frolic, two separate families should not be allowed to live together, nor should they both be let out for a run at the same time, for they are very apt to disagree. It is sad to think that soft little baby bunnies are so foolish as to quarrel and fight, but they will do so at times, and their mothers seem unable to teach them better manners. Indeed, the father rabbit is the worst of all. He has been known to fight with and even kill his own children.

As pets, rabbits can be made very tame. They will become playful and affectionate. Some of



them have beautiful colors. The lop-eared rabbit has long, silky ears, some much longer than others, but perhaps the most beautiful rabbit is one named the Angora, which has long,

silky hair, mostly pure white, but sometimes black, gray or fawn. The baby Angoras are quite pink when first born and remain so for a short time; but when they are seven or eight days old, their skin is covered with white down, soft and silky in appearance. At the end of two weeks they are nicely covered with wool, which thickens and grows for some weeks more, when the baby bunnies first shed their fur.

All pet rabbits should have a comfortable and healthy hutch to live in, with a day room and a separate sleeping apartment.

The food of pet rabbits is bran, wheat and other grains and certain vegetables. Parsley is much enjoyed by them. Some people think that these pets need no drink, but that is a mistake. Very little is needed, certainly, but in every hutch there should be a pan with a few spoonfuls of water.

The mother rabbit makes a nice bed for the young ones if plenty of soft hay is given her.

She bites this into small pieces and arranges it, and adds downy fur, pulled from her own body. She feeds her babies for about five weeks, and then they are able to nibble juicy grass blades and other green food.

While Mrs. Bunny is feeding her young she should have for herself a good supply of green food, and now and then a warm mash of milk and barley meal.

She keeps her babies in good order, and will drum them soundly with her foot, should they annoy her.

The father rabbit can hold his own against almost any prowling puss, and one was seen to drive away a large cat by jumping across his back, kicking fiercely each time, and dragging out bunches of fur with his claws. Puss soon had enough of this treatment and made off in great haste.

There is an interesting story of a baby rabbit. A man was one day going along a country



road when he spied a wee bunny lying in the dust almost dead. It was so young that its eyes were not opened, it could not have been more than a day or two old.

The kind-hearted man picked up the small creature and carried it home in his jacket pocket, quite expecting to find the baby bunny dead when he arrived. However, when some warm

milk was given, the little stranger gave signs of life. Soon its eyes opened, and in a few days Bunny was able to drink milk from a teaspoon. Soon it was scratching one ear with a long hind foot. And that is always a sure sign that a rabbit is feeling better. Bunny became a great pet, and, if placed on the table, would run after the friend who had been feeding it.

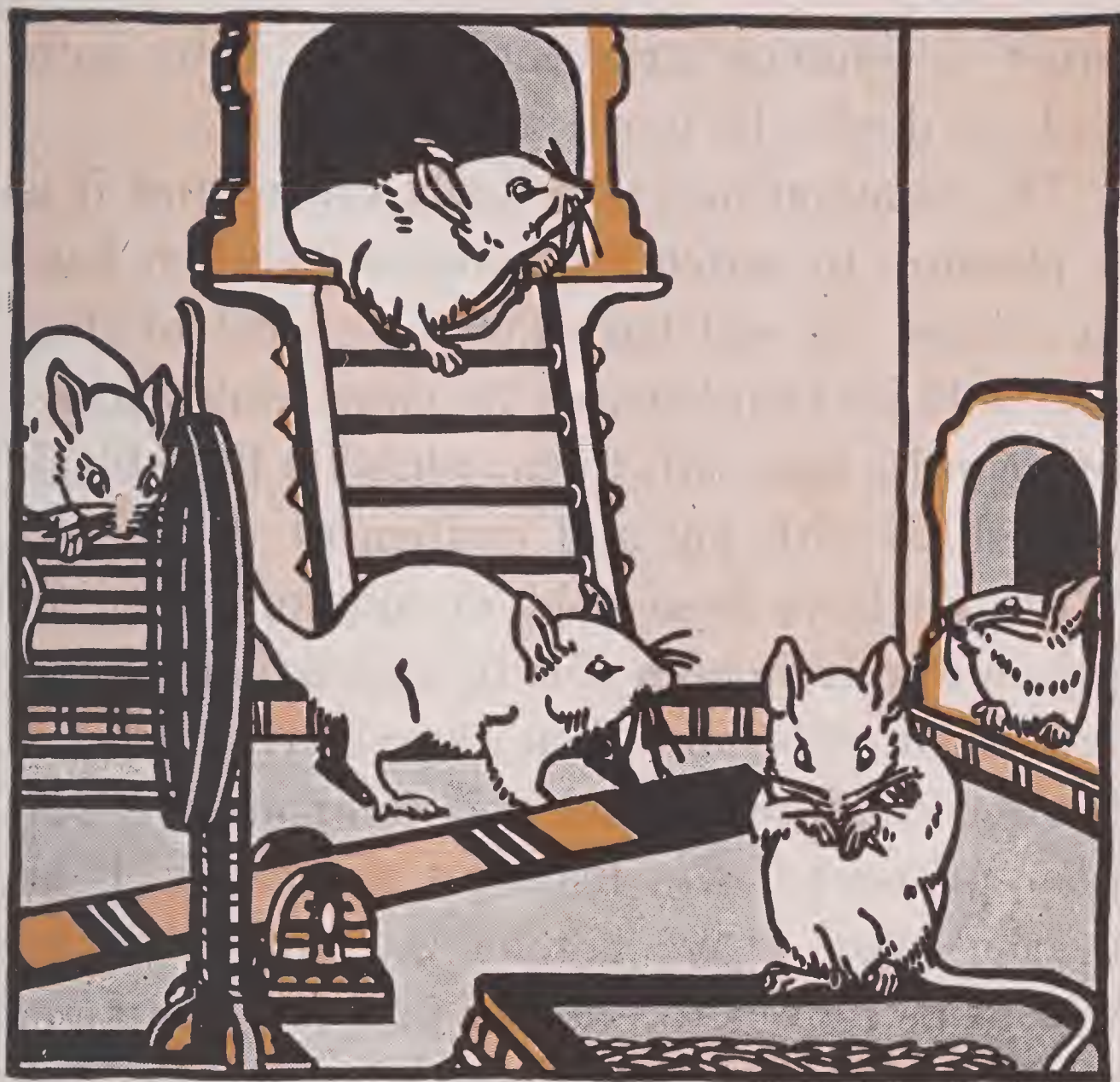
Friendly Mice

Many brown mice are caught
And are not much regretted;
But mice of my kind are bought,
And dearly loved and petted.

Such a dainty, wee creature, is the white mousikin, that one would hardly believe her to be first cousin of the common household mouse, with her shabby coat of gray and timid, beadlike eyes, that are filled with terror at the sight of a stranger.

Sometimes, no doubt, the baby pet mouse asks her mother why she is obliged to live in a cage. She thinks, no doubt, that it would be much nicer to be free and able to scamper here and there at her own sweet will. Then perhaps her mother tells her of the dangers that lurk outside, and of how even the delicious smell of toasted cheese may lead straight to a trap.

All pet mice are not white, however. There



are several kinds: black, fawn colored, black and white, black and brown, and brown. All of these are more scarce and therefore cost more money to buy than the white mouse. When one of the parents is a white mouse, and the

other a common gray mouse, the baby mice will, no doubt, be mottled.

The common mouse is easily tamed and it is a pleasure to watch its movements when kept in a cage. It will lap water like a cat or dog, and hold its food between its paws while eating, or clean its face with them, while its little black eyes shine with joy and excitement.

Stories have been told of unhappy men in prison who have been able to coax a little mouse into their cells and then tame her, until she became a faithful friend and companion. One poor prisoner had a little pet mouse which he dearly loved. One day he was told that he was to be moved to another prison. The news made him sad, for he knew he would not be allowed to take his pet with him. However, the governor of the prison was a kind-hearted man and he promised the convict that the mouse would be taken great care of, and given back to him when the time came for him to leave

the prison. The parting was sad indeed. The prisoner wrapped his tiny friend in a small piece of flannel, kissed her, gave her a scrap of bread and cheese that he had saved, and bade her good-by.

Pet mice are generally so gentle and friendly that they may be let loose to run about in the room.

There are many kinds of cages, the best ones being made of wire with a little dark, sleeping compartment filled with hay, as well as a large space to run in. If scraps of waste paper be given to Mrs. Mouse, she will chew them up to make of them nice, soft bedding. The secret of keeping pet mice in health is to see that the cage is clean and dry always.

Mrs. Mouse generally has a very large family. She will have from six to eight broods in the course of a year, with three to eight young ones in each brood. Baby mice at first are quite naked and blind, but soon they can

see and are covered with pretty, downy fur. Then they are the sweetest little things that anyone could imagine.

Since Mrs. Mouse has sometimes the bad habit of eating her young ones, she would better be kept away from them until they are about two weeks old, when they will be able to look out for themselves, and may be taken from the mother if need be.

No matter how fond and gentle our own pussy cat may be, it is not safe to leave a cage of pet mice within her reach. Of course the cage should always be kept in a warm, dry place.

Pet mice may be fed on bread soaked in milk, squeezed almost dry. Oats, peas, and beans are good for them, but though mice are fond of these, they should not be given too many. Some fruit and vegetables should be given each day, and a small branch of a tree left in the cage for them to gnaw. Meat and cheese should never be given.

Goldfish

When we are seen in a small glass sphere,
It seems our chosen or native spot,
And you may half believe that there
We must be happy—but we are not.
It is to us a crystal jail
Which rubs against our head and tail.

They are almost like the princesses of a fairy tale, these glittering creatures in their dress of golden and orange-red. They are so silent, so graceful, they have such wondering eyes. Perhaps they are thinking of those far-off countries from which their grandparents came, the countries of China and Japan. There goldfish may still be found in the wild state, swimming freely in the fresh, warm water of lakes and streams, and there they still give delight to the hearts of the children of those flowery lands.

They are not quite so golden there. Indeed, they are olive green and yellow, blackish and brownish in the natural state. It is only in

captivity that they become bright golden or silver. Baby goldfish, too, are darker than their parents.

It was two hundred years ago that baby goldfish were first brought to Europe. Then they were looked upon as most rare and precious creatures. Today they are, perhaps, too common; for sometimes they are kept in small glass globes, where they soon die.

They should be placed in an aquarium, or better still in a pond, heated with warm water through pipes. In such places the goldfish thrives and lives happily, and has large families of baby goldfish.

Although the goldfish is generally only a few inches long, yet he will grow to be a foot in length, and very fat, if kept in a large tank for years. Goldfish live to a great age if well treated.

When an aquarium is used it should be roomy, with sand and pebbles at the bottom. It should stand in a light place, but never in



full sunlight, and the water used should be from a river, if possible, or soft water. To fill a bowl or tank with fresh water from the faucet every day is surely to kill the poor goldfish. A little water only should be added to that in

the aquarium. The water need not be emptied away, unless some one has been giving bread crumbs or biscuit to the fish. As these make the water impure, they should never be given.

Dried ants' eggs daily and a little vermicelli two or three times a week make the best food, and for a great treat a tiny strip of raw meat hung in the water by a thread. Water snails may be put into the aquarium, and a few sprays of water cress, which will live and grow, for the fish love to nibble at the leaves.

Stale bread may be used in a very large tank such as one finds in greenhouses, if goldfish be kept there.

Should a strange fish be put with the others, the goldfish will soon hunt it to death.

There is a story about a goldfish which lived in a great fountain in a park. It was the duty of the gardener to remove the fish to clean the tank from time to time. In a short while this particular fish would rise to the top of the

water and allow the gardener to handle him. Then he learned to answer the sound of a whistle, and to take worms from the hand of his friend. He seemed to enjoy being stroked like a cat or a dog, and he would wriggle right into the hand of the gardener.

At last the man was allowed to take the fish home, and the creature lived at ease in a tank in his garden. He learned to swim over and above a stick, then to perform the same trick on his side, to swim backwards, and at last he managed to leap to the surface to greet his kind master.

Kittens and Cats

There is hardly a little boy or girl who has not at some time kept a kitten. Indeed, kittens are the most common of all pets, and therefore, sad to say, a kitten is not always so well treated as one might wish. Pretty and amusing as pussy might be, she is not a mere toy, and no doubt her feelings are often hurt, as well as her soft body, when she is lifted up carelessly and dropped with a thump to the floor.

It is supposed that cats were first brought to the continent of Europe by merchants from Cyprus. Four thousand years ago Madame Pussy was looked upon as a most important creature. This was in the land of Egypt, where the cat was worshipped, where temples were built to her, and where, after death, her body was embalmed and buried with very great honors.

In those days it was a dangerous thing to

kill a cat, even by accident, for whoever did so was himself put to death. Should a cat die a natural death, every inmate of the house in which she had lived had to shave the eyebrows as a sign of mourning. Today in the great museums we may see the bodies of some of those highly respected cats, made into mummies, as were those of the kings of ancient Egypt.

On the tomb of a certain King Hana, at Thebes, may be seen a carved stone figure of his favorite cat, Bouhaki, who in life wore earrings and sat at the feet of her owner.

The mother cat is very fond of her kittens; but now and then, she loses patience and will give one or another of them a sound box on the ear with her paw. But she will risk her own life for their safety.

A true story is told about a mother cat who was cut by a scythe and badly wounded. She crawled to her kitten, took it up in her mouth,

carried it to her mistress, and then lay down and died.

A curious story tells how two hens made their nest in a manger and laid a nestful of eggs. Soon thereafter the mother cat chose the same spot for her family of six kittens. The hens did not mind at all. In fact, they seemed to think it a pleasant arrangement, for they took the tiny kittens under their wings and cared for them most tenderly while the mother cat was away.

When bread and milk were brought, the hens would break it up with their beaks and cluck as if the kittens were tiny chickens.

“No prettier sight can be imagined,” said the owner in telling the tale, “than that of the six kittens jumping over the backs of their foster mothers, and playing with their feathers.”

Once a mother cat was returning to her home and her kittens in the stable loft, when she found that the place had been on fire, and that



the firemen were even then playing with their hose on the smoking beams.

The cat was seen to make her way across the puddles, and rush towards the fiery place. The people knew that she was running to rescue



her kittens. Once she was struck by a stream of water and hurled to a distance of some feet, but still she made her way onward.

The crowd began to cheer the mother cat's bravery. Soon she disappeared among the ruins and after a little while returned, carrying one tiny drenched form in her mouth. It was one of the young, very wet but still alive.

After she had left this kitten in a safe nook she returned to fetch another. The third time she returned without any burden, but ran mew-ing to attend the two she had saved. The firemen had heard that there were five kittens, so they went to see why the cat had left three. They found these were already dead.

Mr. Hedgehog

He looks so fierce with his spines sticking out all round him that one can hardly believe that Mr. Hedgehog, or the Urchin, as he sometimes is called, will make a pleasant or useful pet. However, if he is given an opportunity, he will show what he can do in the way of killing cockroaches. In the garden, which is a better place for him than the kitchen, he will eat up worms and troublesome insects.

Baby hedgehogs are usually born in early spring. In a family there are from two to three young ones. These do not reach their full size until the following spring. Like kittens, these little creatures are born with eyes closed. At first the prickles or spines are quite soft and white, but they become harder as the hedgehog grows older. He has a short tail, his upper jaw is longer than his lower, his snout is projecting and flexible, and his claws are long but



weak. His spines are remarkably sharp and elastic. The moment the hedgehog is touched, or hears any such noise as the report of a gun, he rolls himself into a ball, by the help of strong muscles that are under his skin.

Few enemies care to attack that spiky ball. Although cats and dogs will live in a friendly way with tame hedgehogs, yet a dog will often

pull out Mistress Prickleback and her young and kill them and eat as many as he can. From such a fray a dog will return with his nose bleeding. The sharp prickles seem to enrage him, and he will often tear Mr. or Mrs. Hedgehog to pieces to punish them.

Unless he wishes to drown, a hedgehog must unroll himself in water. It is said that cunning Mr. Fox trundles the poor creature along to a stream, or into a puddle and, as soon as he unrolls, seizes him by the smooth underpart.

The pet hedgehog is usually one that has been caught young, but the worst about these pets is that they have a way of disappearing. They will live happily with their master or mistress until, one summer night, they begin to long for the woodland and for the taste of juicy insects caught in the long and dewy grass, and then they disappear.

In a certain garden on a warm summer day, a hedgehog was found in a famishing state.

He was given a saucer of water, and after that he strayed into the dining room looking for more. Perhaps he was given too much, for he was found the next morning under some bushes, dead, with his nose on the edge of a saucer.

Hedgehogs may mostly be seen on a warm, misty evening, or during a drizzling rain in summer. They appear as dark spots, walking hastily over the grass. They must often try to cross the dusty road, for their bodies are sometimes found there, crushed by the wheels of some wagon or automobile.

The hedgehog prefers the night, and will not stir from his retreat in the daylight unless he, or his young, are very hungry. He is fond of the eggs of wild birds, and eats them in a clever way, holding the shell between his paws and biting off the top. Then he will put in his little tongue and lick out the contents without spilling a single drop. Another delicacy is the honey of the bumble bee. A hedgehog has been seen

to dig out a nest and eagerly gobble the bees, honey and grubs.

A pet hedgehog named Timothy was placed in a walled garden to help clear away slugs and other tiresome insects. He was often seen at dusk, strolling about calmly. When the weather became dry, and food was scarce, Timothy was fed on bread and milk, given from the kitchen window, which reached almost to the ground. He soon found that, when he was hungry, he had only to go and scratch at the window to be supplied with a meal. Then he would stroll off again to look for worms.

But alas! One day a strange dog went into that garden, and seeing Timothy, sprang upon him, and hurt him so much that he died.

A Baby Elephant

A baby elephant, though not so small
An infant as are many,
Can skip, roll round and over like a ball,
And play as well as any.

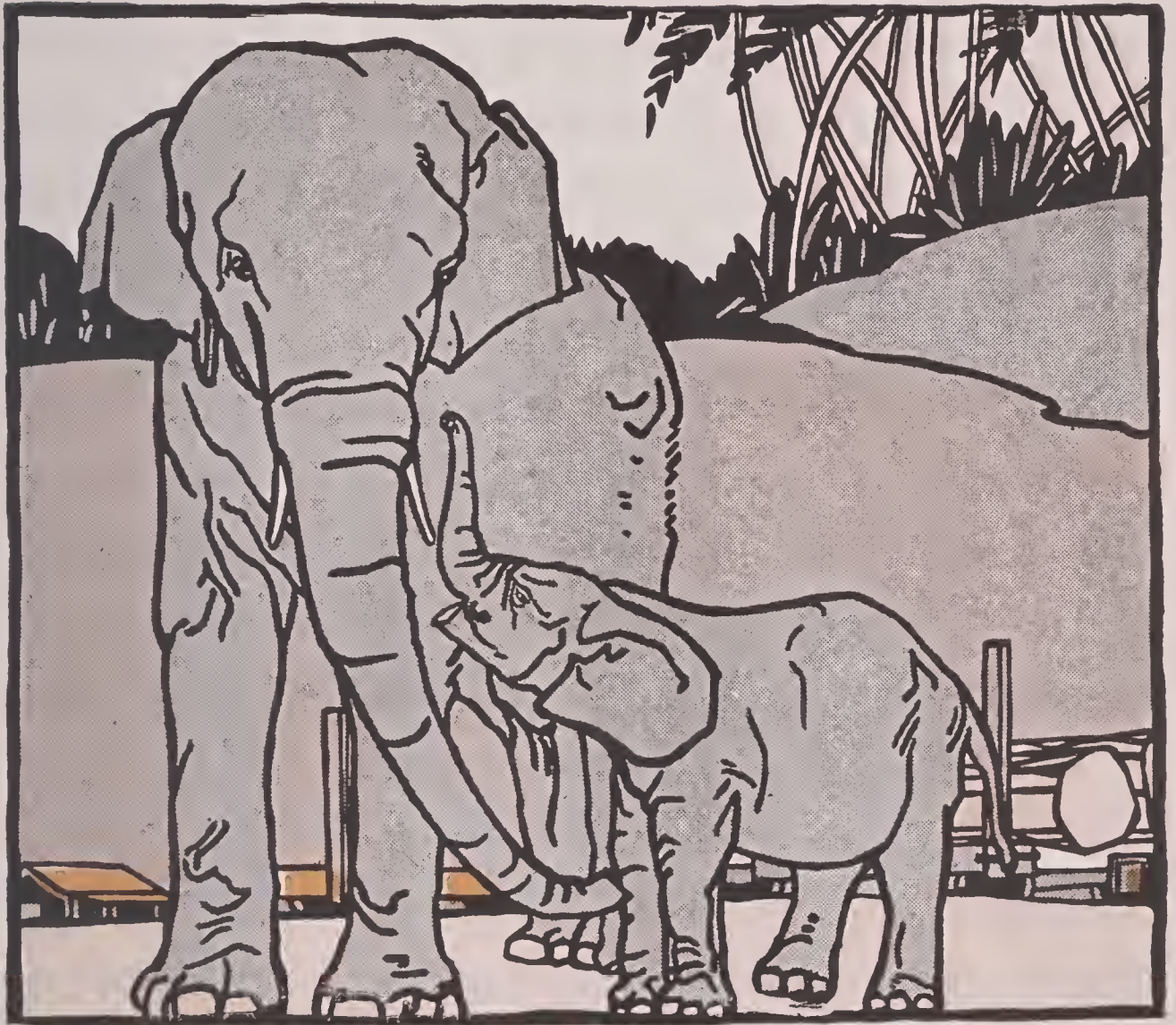
A baby elephant is a dear, delightful creature, but for all that he could hardly be called a convenient pet. He is friendly and amusing when one sees him at the zoological gardens, stretching out his trunk eagerly for peanuts; but in any ordinary house his big body and his huge appetite would make him something of a difficulty.

In his own home in the Indian jungle, he leads no doubt a happy life. His mother protects him with her great strength, and he frolics and gambols with other young elephants, spreading out his ears, running and butting at the others. He is a most forward baby, for as soon as he is born he will stand up and

wag his funny little tail and flourish his trunk. He is about three feet high when born, and weighs something under two hundred pounds. His trunk is one foot long, and his tail is the same. After two days he can run alone, and soon he can swim across a river if his mother supports him with her trunk.

When the herd of wild elephants roams from place to place the mothers go in front with their babies. At the first approach of danger the young ones disappear, taking shelter beneath the huge bodies of their mothers. The herd has to move from tract to tract because the grass, bamboo leaves and other green food in one spot is soon eaten up.

Once a wild mother elephant was caught with her baby, and when the two were separated the little one sobbed and cried and shed tears. The poor captive mother was securely tied up, and the baby tried to strike those who led him away with his trunk. At this time he was only



three feet high, and he was sold to someone who thought that he would make a nice pet.

Soon this baby elephant became fond of the coachman who looked after him. He had a snug little house of his own near the stable, but he much preferred, like many a human

child to prowl about the kitchen, where he was fed with fruit and other nice things. Sometimes he was taken to the dining room and treated to ripe melons, sweets and cake.

He had some delightful ways and when he saw his master in the grounds he would run up to him, slip his trunk in his arm, gently lead him toward the fruit trees, and wait to be fed.

Then he would pick bunches of leaves and fan himself gently. He enjoyed nothing better than a bath in the pond, where he could stand in the water and drink and throw a cool shower on himself.

He could pick flowers and open and untie packages.

At last he began to be a nuisance. He would march into the dining room whenever he could and help himself to anything he fancied on the buffet or table. One day, in trying to get some oranges, he knocked down a quantity of valuable china and glass, which was broken.

Then it was decided that the pet was growing altogether too big and clumsy to be allowed to run about at will. So he was sent off to work with grown-up elephants, and there he was lucky enough to find one very kind, who became like a mother to him. He seemed happy and contented in the new home.

It is a most interesting sight to watch a baby elephant being dressed to carry a rajah or Indian prince to some great state occasion. He must first be washed and for this he draws the water from a well, or lies down in a tank, while his driver climbs about his body and scrubs him with bricks. If he is in a frolicsome mood he rolls over and blows clouds of vapor from his trunk, and for this he must be scolded like a child.

Then he has to have fine patterns painted on him, and a gilded howdah put on his back, and he is hung with gold and silver cloths bedecked with bells. The driver has to keep a



watchful eye on him while he is being dressed, or he will throw dirt and leaves all over himself, and spoil the effects of his fine clothes. It is said that captive elephants always become ill, miserable and dangerous.

The Gay Canary

Sing away, ay, sing away,
Merry little bird,
Always gayest of the gay.

The gay canary with his brilliant coat and his delightful song is a favorite pet. It may be that many a child who loves this bird causes him pain and shortens his life through not knowing what is best for Master Dick. His cage should be oblong, not square or round, and he should have proper food and a bath every day. A bunch of flowering grass from the wayside is a great treat, and he likes groundsel, lettuce, watercress and apple. All of these are good for him. Foliage with greenfly on it will give great delight.

When Mrs. Canary is hatching her eggs, stale sponge cake may be given her, and hempseed, besides plenty of green food and fruit.

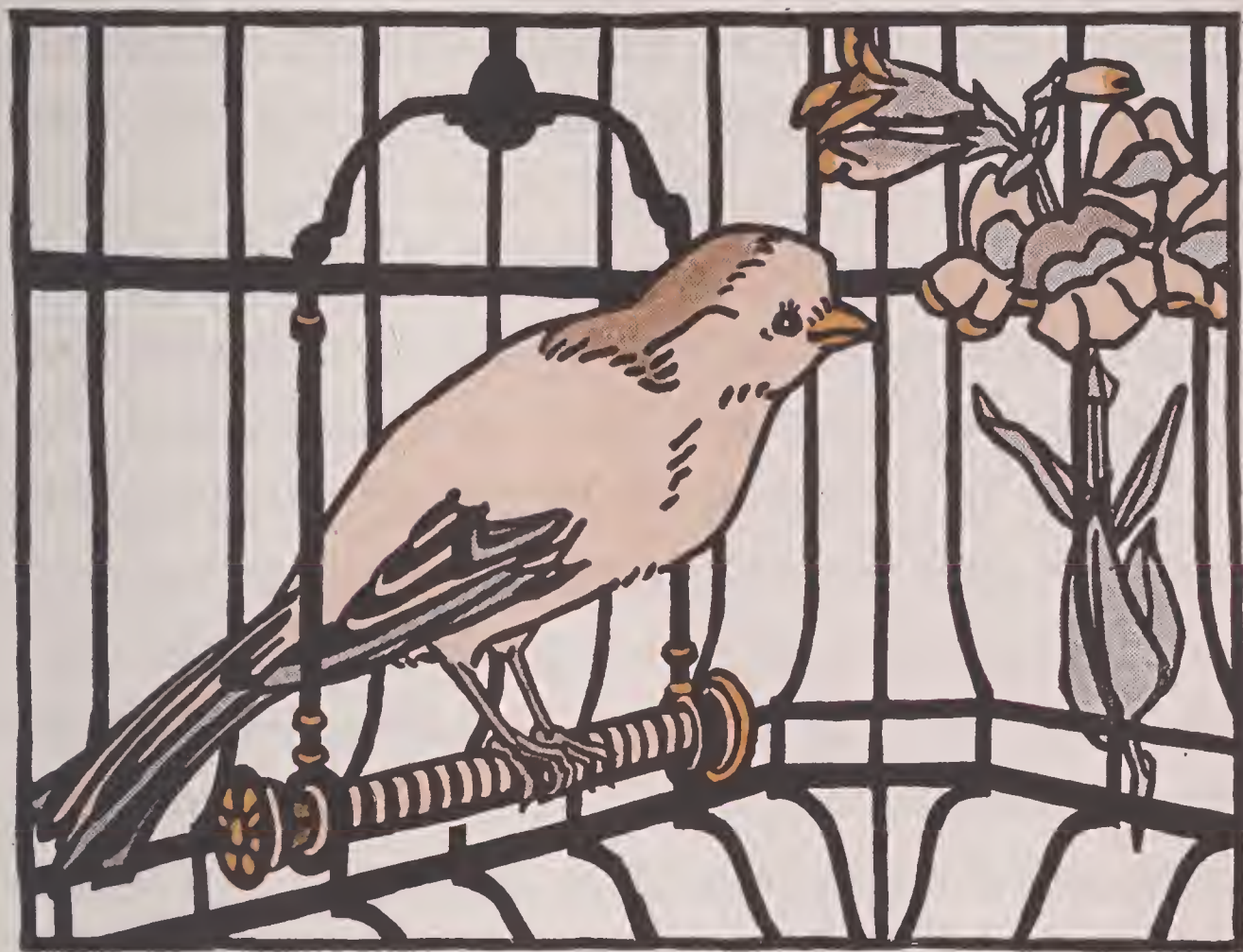
Nothing can be more delightful to watch than

a pair of canaries in a pleasant, roomy cage, where the little mother may in due course make her soft nest and hatch her eggs, carefully watched over by her attentive mate. She will often have three or four broods in the year, laying from four to six pale blue eggs each time.

Since these birds cannot fly about and gather material as they would in a wild state, a sort of nest should be hung in the cage, full of such soft stuff as fine hay, scraps of wool, cotton, feathers and moss. There should be two little boxes in the cage, for sometimes the canary will make another nest and bring up a second brood before the first is hatched. In such a case the father bird is left to finish bringing up the first family.

A door loudly slammed, or any such violent noise, will often kill the young birds in the shell.

The fledglings soon begin to sing. Sometimes the baby cocks will warble even before they leave the nest.



Nothing could be more wonderful than the way the nestlings make their way out of the shell. The beak has a sharp, bony point, which afterward drops off, and this point first finds its way through the shell. Using his little feet, the bird keeps on gently turning until the whole top of the large end of the shell is cut off, very

neatly, and there is a large enough space for the imprisoned chick to make his way out into the world.

There is an appealing story of a baby canary whose brothers and sisters all died almost as soon as they were hatched, so that he was the only one left. Then, to her great surprise, his mistress saw that the parent birds had started to build a new nest on the top of the old one, covering over the helpless fledgling, who would thus have starved to death. This often happens when only one of a brood is left alive. Perhaps the heartless parents think that it is not worth while to take a lot of trouble to bring up one puny child, and so they forget it in making the nest ready for the new family.

The mistress rescued this tiny one, who seemed all head and fluff, for no feathers had begun to grow. As the baby bird needed warmth, it was wrapped in flannel and cotton-wool and then kept in a little cardboard box with a lid.

It had to be fed every two hours with chopped eggs and bread crumbs. After a little it seemed to know the voice of its mistress, and as soon as she took the lid off the box, the yellow mouth gaped wide, and feeble little chirps told how eager the baby was for the food, of which it swallowed great mouthfuls.

Dicky grew wonderfully. In a few days he was able to open his eyes and look about, and he could flutter his wings. A tiny row of golden yellow feathers in his tail began to appear, and all seemed well. But one morning he was feeble, and felt less warm than usual. He had wriggled out of his cotton-wool wrappings in the night and caught cold. His mistress took him to bed with her and cuddled him and warmed him. Soon he seemed better and brighter, but in spite of this, when evening came, the baby canary died.

Another fledgling was rescued in the same way. She was the only one left out of four.

She was kept in flannel by the fire, fed by hand, and brought up away from other birds. Her mistress was always talking to Minnie, as the canary was called, and she would perch on the finger of her mistress. In three months the bird surprised everybody by repeating some of the sounds she had heard her mistress use. After a time this wonderful canary could sing a few bars of a familiar song and could also whistle to the dog.

Puppies and Dogs

If one wants a pet who will be true and faithful beyond all living creatures, one who will be an intelligent companion, one whose love will grow stronger as the years pass, then a puppy is surely the pet to choose.

There is nothing more beautiful than the unselfish devotion of a dog and nothing else like it in the animal world. Even the merry little puppy, a plump bundle of fur, will lick his master's or mistress' hand, but naturally, it is not until he is full grown that he becomes the devoted friend of man.

There are so many different kinds of dogs that it is hard to say which makes the best pet. Each kind seems to have its own special good qualities.

It is difficult to believe that our trusty friend belongs to the same family as the cruel and treacherous wolf, but indeed they are first cousins.

ins. "Hard times make rough manners," the wolf may say to excuse himself.

As a rule the baby puppy belongs to a family of from four to eight, but sometimes a mother dog has been known to have as many as twenty at a time. When the family is large the babies have to be fed with milk from an ordinary feeding bottle. They ought to stay with the mother for at least six weeks, and soft food must be given. While small they need many meals, even seven or eight a day, but when they are a year old, two meals a day will usually be enough.

If the puppy is to be healthy, he must have large bones to gnaw. He will have a second set of teeth, like children, and sometimes the first set has to be pulled out, if the teeth will not drop of their own accord. Puppies love leather things, and often do a great deal of mischief by gnawing them. They will not disdain a handkerchief, if they can get one to chew.



Puppies are born blind and do not open their eyes until they are a week or ten days old. The mother is very particular about washing them, and keeping them clean. Dogs have very sensitive ears, and will often cry or howl if they hear a noise which they dislike, such as the music of a concertina or a mouth organ.

A family of young puppies, living near a church, used to howl every morning when the church bells began to ring, and again in the evening, at the time of the evening song. As soon as the bells started they would raise their puppy voices in a doleful chant, and continue until they stopped.

Some dogs know the time in a most curious way, and they seem to have a power of reasoning, as this true story will show.

A gentleman took his dog with him to his fishing place. On his way back he got out at a small station and his little Scottish terrier slipped out unnoticed and was left behind.

No message came from the owner, and so a porter took care of the little dog, and gave him a home. Although the dog seemed comfortable and happy; and very fond of the porter's children, he never forgot his first master. Every day in summer and winter, in heat and cold, rain and snow, or blazing sunshine, the



faithful little terrier trotted down at the same time to the station, to meet the midday train, the same which had carried off his master. He became such a well known character that people knew the time of day by watching the little gray dog trot by daily.

Fortunately his patience was rewarded. When the next spring came the master passed again through the station on the way to his fishing place. The terrier saw him and, with one yelp of joy, sprang in beside him, and the two were carried off together.

Although the mother dog is very careful of her little ones, she sometimes becomes jealous of them when they have passed the baby stage. One terrier taught her son to hunt rabbits, but when she found that the puppy was able to outdistance her she was not at all pleased. Finding motherly caution of no avail, she hit upon the clever plan of holding him back by the tail when he had started a rabbit, much to the youngster's disgust.

But time flies fast in a dog's life and soon the puppy is full grown and lives his own dog's life, or as nearly so as we humans will let him.

The Curious Lizard

If, on some warm day when you ramble around
Among moss and dead leaves, you should happen to
see
A quick, trembling thing dart and hide on the ground,
And you search in the leaves, you might uncover me.

Almost everywhere, in hot countries and in those where the climate is neither very hot nor very cold, are lizards found. Indeed, there are not less than seventeen hundred different species. Some of these are large, others small, some pretty and others ugly. But certainly, as a pet, one would not be disappointed in choosing either a green Jersey lizard or the small, green Carolina lizard.

The Jersey lizard is quite beautiful, both in shape and color, which is a bright emerald green. The male often has a throat of wonderful sky-blue. When bought his size is generally about six inches, but if well cared for he will grow to

about twice that length, and even longer. In buying lizards it is well not to buy two males, for they are much inclined to fight and bite great pieces off each other.

One curious thing about the lizard is that, if handled much, the tail breaks off. Though this seems a terrible misfortune for the little reptile, yet it is not so bad after all, as the tail will grow again. Indeed, lizards have been known to lose a leg and grow another in its place. They do not seem to mind the loss of a limb at all, but scamper about as cheerfully as ever, even when the arm or leg is trailing by a thread of skin.

Like the tree frog and the water tortoise, the lizard should be kept in a vivarium, and he will become so tame that he will take food from his owner's fingers and allow himself to be handled without showing any signs of nervousness. His food consists of flies, cockroaches, earwigs, in fact almost any sort of insect.



Lizards are most amusing to watch, and have strange antics. A certain big Jersey lizard would go round his vivarium with slow, careful steps, and a twinkle in his eyes, and then, when he came to another of his kind, he would suddenly and wickedly bite that one in a tender spot. He was not backward, either, in seizing a choice morsel that a brother lizard was about to swallow. One little lizard was seen steadily watching a big one devour a worm, until it had all but disappeared. Then, when the big lizard gave the last gulp of satisfaction the small brother

snatched the tiny end of the same worm, pulled it out of the other's throat and devoured it.

The same small lizard snatched a moth out of a green tree frog's mouth, whereupon the angry tree frog went to the lizard, and slapped the crown of his head, his cheeks and eyes, and then opened his mouth and made a fierce snap at the unblushing thief.

Another lizard finding a tin full of red flannel on a shelf climbed up to this every day, for the sake of lying in the flannel instead of on a piece of turf which was provided for him. He was, indeed, an absurd object, with his head hanging over one side of the tin, and his tail on the other.

The green Carolina lizard is rarely more than three inches long. "Snap" was the name given to one of these elegant little creatures, because of the brisk way he had of catching flies. He would walk up a wall, even a glass, and would hold on for hours, head downward, waiting for some stray insect. He was so lively that he

had to be kept in a very large goldfish bowl, in the bottom of which moss was placed, and a small dish of water. Over the top a wire gauze cover was kept in order to prevent him from coming out. But Master Snap did not enjoy his snug little house. He liked better to be at liberty, darting about the furniture.

Snap used to turn a brilliant emerald green when he went to sleep, and also when he basked in the sunshine.

The eggs of the green lizard are covered with a hard, parchmentlike shell. They are deposited in the sand and hatch in the sun.

The common lizard produces its young alive, but one named Jemima had three blackish, skinny looking eggs. These were put in the sun, and after a quarter of an hour three young lizards split the shell and walked out. The mother was so amazed that she bit off the tail of one of them to be sure that it really was her child.

The Cordon Bleu

It is sad to know that of the small ornamental cage birds sent from warm countries, large numbers die, either on the journey or soon after their arrival. Often the cages in which they are kept are too small to enable them to take the exercise they need. Sometimes they are given the wrong sort of food, and again, the climate of our country is too harsh for them. But overcrowding in unsuitable cages is the cause of the greatest number of losses.

In the finch family there are so many charming little birds that it is hard to say that one is more lovely than another. No bird, however, can possibly be prettier than the little cordon bleu, or crimson-eared waxbill, as it is also called.

This small finch was first brought from the French colony of Senegambia in West Africa. It is a dainty creature, not more than half



the size of the green finch. It has plumage of grayish-brown color, with a coral-red beak, a crimson patch on the ears of the male bird, and a beautiful band of turquoise blue across the chest, from which it gets its name. The Cordon Bleu (blue ribbon) is an order that used to be worn by French noblemen of the highest

degree, but now the same title is playfully given to a very good cook. The blue ribbon is usually given as a first prize at fairs and other shows. So the term blue ribbon has come to mean a badge of honor. This little bird is neither a noble nor a cook, but deserves the blue band because of its beauty and its sweet nature.

Many bird cousins belong to the same finch family, and they too, having coral-red ears, go by the name of waxbills, but not one is prettier than, or indeed so pretty as the cordon bleu.

In its home in Africa it lives seven thousand feet above the sea, and is usually seen singly or in pairs, instead of in large flocks, like its relatives. It is quiet and peaceable, and will live happily in captivity with others of its own kind.

Although this little finch will nest in a cage, yet it will be still happier and healthier if allowed to fly freely in a bird room, and will live much longer. Here the female will build her nest

high up, generally near the ceiling. The little husband bird will bring to her the materials, and the wife will weave them together. In the cage or bird room, there should be a supply of hay, basting thread, scraps of soft paper, horsehair and cotton thread. The nest when finished is a round, flattish bag, with an opening at one side, half hidden by overhanging stalks. On the outside the nest looks careless and untidy, but within it is soft and neatly arranged. From seven to nine days do this busy little couple spend in making the love-nook, and even when the nest is finished the male bird will still carry up stalks and feathers for his wife to put on the finishing touches.

There are three to six eggs, pure white, which become opaque and milky as the mother sits on them.

When the baby birds are hatched the parents require fresh, small ants' cocoons for feeding them. If these are very hard to get, as they

generally are, the birds should be tempted to use the soaked ants' cocoons with egg and soaked seeds. The parent birds themselves live on seeds, such as canary, rape and millet.

The baby birds have downy, blue-gray plumage, and the beak wattles are blue-white. On the breast, sides, back and upper tail there is that soft blue that gives them their name, but this does not appear, nor the red ear spot, until after the fifth week.

The little mother is very delicate and may die at a sudden change in temperature, or indeed of any severe shock. One pair of cordons kept in a bird room seemed well and happy and likely to live long. Unfortunately a strange cat made its way in and sprang at the wire work, trying to catch the mother bird as she clung there. He did not get her, but she died of fright a few minutes later.

Hard-Shelled Pets

In choosing a tortoise for a pet one has to decide which will be the more interesting and easy to keep, a land tortoise, or one that lives in the water. There is no doubt as to which is the prettier of the two. All will agree that the water tortoise is by far the better looking. His color is a delightful, grayish green. He is a better walker on land, oddly enough, than the real land tortoise, and he can swim with considerable skill. He does indeed, often get lost because of his power of walking. Unlike the land tortoise, he has webbed feet, and his nails are much longer.

One delightful pet water tortoise was brought straight from his native home in Honduras in the West Indies. He used to amuse himself in water poured into a bowl of rare old china. When he had enjoyed his bath sufficiently, he would exercise himself walking about the dining



table after the cloth had been removed.

When this water tortoise was put into a bath in the middle of the vivarium, he would remain for hours with his nose just above the water for the sake of air. When he saw his master coming, he would scramble out and flatten his nose against the glass in expectation of the

worm that he knew would be given. He always took this dainty morsel by the middle, and would hold it for some seconds, with the two ends hanging out and squirming one on each side of his mouth.

Water tortoises should be given animal food. They enjoy all sorts of worms, fish, frogs, insects and the like. In captivity they will eat raw meat and mice.

The pet tortoise whose story is here related was particularly fond of cold mutton, and he would eat the leaves and stalks of buttercups. Once he did something that shocked his mistress. In the same vivarium there were some tiny tree frogs. Master Tortoise one day caught the legs of one of them with his teeth and held it. He would not let go until he was beaten about the head, and the poor tree frog was so badly hurt that she died. The tortoise was afterward discovered tearing the body of his victim to pieces and eating it.

When another tortoise was put into the same vivarium, the two used to fight over choice morsels of food. Once they seized the same worm and then both turned and started off at the top of their speed for the other end of their abode, until they were stopped by finding their noses against the glass.

They were active creatures and could make their way about the tank at a great rate.

It is well that in any tank or vivarium there should be some water plants, as the water tortoise is more at home under the shade of these than in the open. And again it is a great cruelty to oblige water tortoises always to sleep in the water. They should have a stone wall above the surface of the water, on which they can climb and bask, and nearby there should be a box or pan of sandy soil, in which they can bury their eggs.

Land tortoises may often be seen by the dozen at bird fanciers, half starved and miserable,

crawling one over another in a dejected way. They are neither rare nor beautiful, but some people like them as pets.

One which was bought was offered lettuce leaves, but he would not touch them. He drew in his mottled head as if offended at the sight of them. He refused snails and quite rightly, since they were not his natural food. He was put out on a sunny lawn, and next morning was seen pulling off dandelion leaves and blossoms, and eating them daintily. Then it was found that he enjoyed plantain and sow thistle.

Soon he became very tame, and hissed and made barking sounds when his little master fed him. He did not like being rubbed or lifted or carried about. When rain fell, he would run to shelter at his fullest speed and find a dry spot in which to take refuge.

The Gentle Dove

A low soft sound which is called a coo,
Sometimes a little like laughter, too—
It is my parents who talk that way.
And so shall also I, some day,
When I speak to the other hatched with me,
Who is my mate now and ever will be.

On a drowsy summer' afternoon when the very trees and flowers seem nodding with sleep, the monotonous coo of the dove is one of the most soothing of sounds. Of all pets she is the most gentle and appealing. Mr. and Mrs. Dove seem very tender and attentive to each other, so much so, in fact, that one might think that they never have the slightest disagreement. If the truth must be told, however, they do, now and then, peck a little at each other. And certainly their children cannot be allowed to live with them, for, as soon as they are fully fledged their parents quarrel with them shockingly. Yet for all this, the dove is a charming pet.



The one so often seen in cages is, to give the right name, the colored turtle dove. She is often called the ringdove, from the dark mark of feathers that almost encircles her neck. But this name properly belongs to the wild pigeon, or wood dove, whose plaintive “coo, coo-coo, coo-coo” may be heard from March to October,

as one walks by woody ravines and thickets.

The pet dove came, in the first place, from warm, foreign countries, but it lives well and happily in large wicker cages in this country, sometimes reaching a good age. One was known to live twenty-six years, and it had great-grandchildren by the score. This is by no means an uncommon age for a dove.

The dove will often become so tame as to sit on the shoulder or head of her owner, and feed from the hand. She is happy if allowed to fly about a room, but it is hardly safe to allow her to be free in the garden, as she may stray away and be lost. The dove has not that wonderful power of finding her way home that belongs to the common pigeon.

Her color is well known and always the same; a varnish cream or soft buff. She often has beautiful red eyes which look like jewels, and of course always a collar round her neck. Sometimes this bird is called the "laughing

dove," from the peculiar cooing sound the cock bird makes when addressing his mate. The length from head to tip of tail is about twelve inches, but the female bird is smaller than the male, although exactly like him in color.

It is a pretty sight to see the husband dove hop forward to his wife, then stop, bow his head gracefully, swell out his crop, and give his peculiar love call.

As a rule the dove has three broods a year, sometimes four. The eggs are two in number and white, but not quite so large as those of the pigeon. The mother sits on them fourteen or fifteen days.

A story is told by a bird-loving boy about his pet dove. She lived alone and seemed to want to sit. So one day he asked his mother to let him have a newly laid hen's egg. He did not think that the dove would really hatch this egg, as so small a bird could hardly supply enough warmth. However, he put the egg in

her nest and after twenty-one days he found that she had hatched a healthy chick. The two seemed as devoted to each other as an ordinary mother bird and nestling. At last, when five weeks old, the chick was as large as her foster mother, and therefore unable to shelter under her wings. Instead she had to tuck herself as close to the dove as possible.

The baby doves are of rather a washy color, and the ring on the neck can hardly be seen. The feet are flesh-colored, whereas those of the older birds are of a delightful carmine, sometimes coral red. Both the father and the mother feed the babies, who, as soon as they are fully fledged, should be moved to another cage.

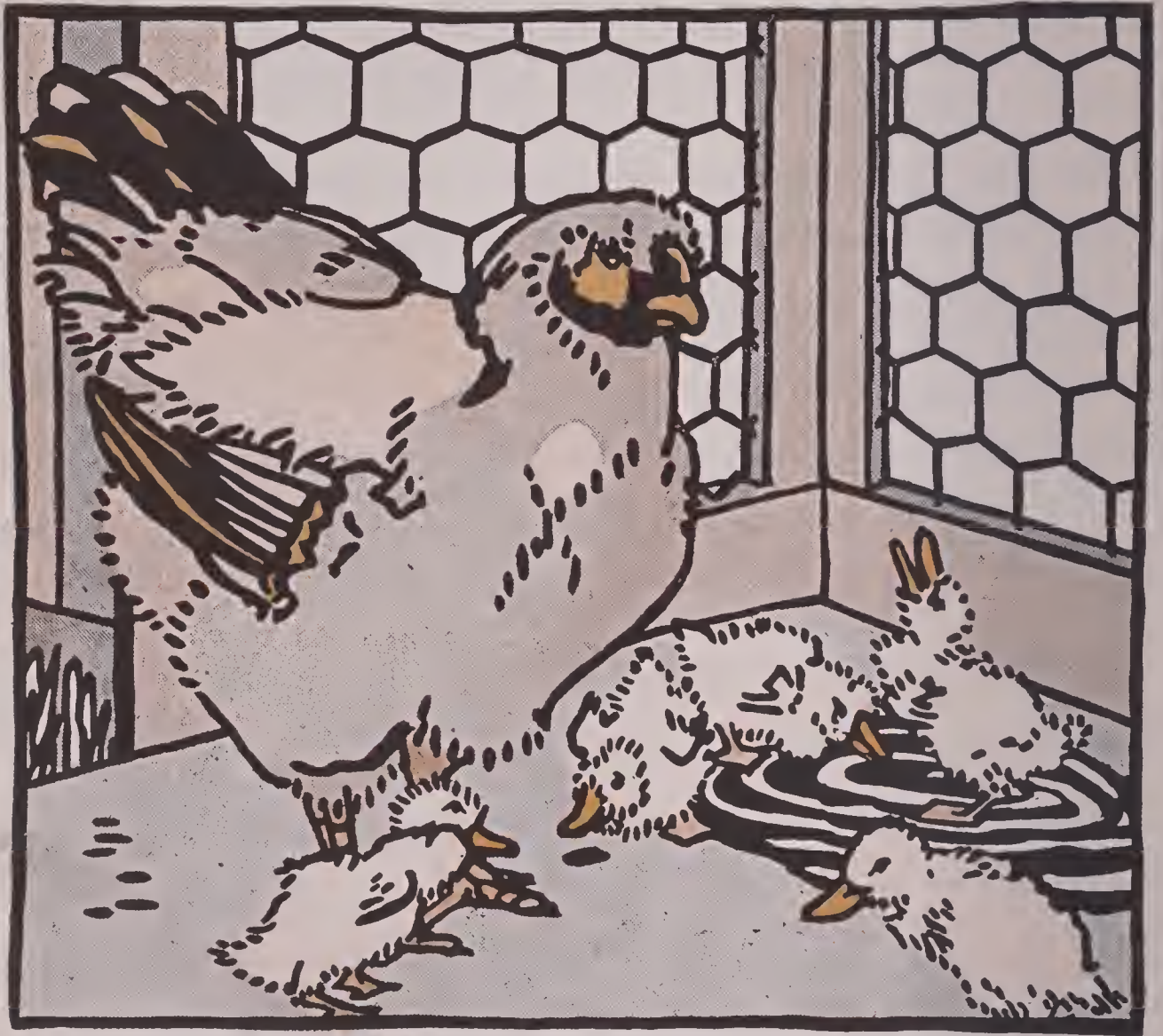
On the whole doves are easy birds to breed and keep. They should be fed on small corn, and an open box or basket given to them to nest in.

Hens and Chickens

We are thought very funny—I do not know why,
For no little bird could be graver than I,
As I go about picking up scraps from the ground
Which you hardly would see, and would never have
found;
And even if shown them, their use you would ques-
tion—
But that is a mistake, for they suit my digestion.

“Cluck, cluck, cluck!” Where could there be a more anxious, careful mother than the good, farmyard hen? How housewifely she is, as she scratches with her foot, making her pretty brood of downy chicks run with great haste to see what she has found. How brave she is, as she gathers her little ones under her wings, facing any danger, even a ferocious dog, for their sakes!

The mother hen will, with the same care, look after a brood of young ducks. A far stranger sight is that of a dog acting as mother



to a brood of chicks; but that has, indeed, been seen.

A farmer once noticed that a sitting hen he had was in the habit of leaving her eggs for a long while at a time. Being afraid that the

eggs would get cold and not hatch at all, he moved them to a warm spot near the furnace of a greenhouse. There they were discovered by an intelligent fox terrier, Princess, who immediately began to sit upon them while the mother was away. She was most careful, and did not break any, giving up her post reluctantly when the pleasure-loving hen returned to her duties. At last the little fluffy chickens were hatched, and Princess showed much joy. She was even more devoted to them than their own mother, and when she was taken away from them she would groan and growl in misery until allowed to go back.

But as a rule, the hen will not neglect her eggs or the young. When she first finds them stirring in the shell, she croons a tender song never heard at any other time.

A hen, finding a large rat approaching her chicks, fought it courageously and at last managed to kill it. Even then she went on at-

tacking the dead body, and ended by flinging it against the wall, using all her remaining strength for it.

Little chicks are very fond of company. All day long they seem to need food, and at night they should be given a good supper. For the first day or two after they are hatched, they need hard-boiled eggs mixed with their food, and then boiled rice. No grain larger than hemp seed should be given them, unless ground or crushed. Baby chicks should always have a patch of grass.

A little girl had a pet chick given to her which soon became so tame that it would run from one to another at table, eating a crumb of bread here and a bit of potato there. In time Dot, for that was the chicken's name, became a nuisance, as she was caught taking little nibbles at the butter and even putting her feet in the gravy and then of course she was no longer allowed about the table.



A curious friendship grew up between Dot and a pet kitten and they were always together. Dot would rather be with this playmate than with the other chickens in the poultry yard. In fact, she would never stay with them if she could help it.

Soon she began to tease for a nest, and a nice little home was made for her in the yard. In time she was the proud mother of ten chickens. One night she was heard clucking at the window and pecking at the pane in a very disturbed manner.

When the mistress went out to see what was the matter, she discovered that the door to the little house had blown shut, and Dot and her family were unable to get in. When the door was opened, clever Dot stalked in with much satisfaction, followed by her fluffy little brood.

The Playful Kid

There is, perhaps, no more playful creature than a kid, and nothing can be more delightful than to watch his gambols. And yet he is not a pet that every one would wish to keep. If he would always remain a kid, then, perhaps, all would be well; but he quickly becomes a goat, and of all creatures the goat is the most mischievous. Goats will destroy young trees, shrubs and bushes. It has been said that some of the countries bordering on the Mediterranean Sea, where herds of goats used to roam in the wild state, are bare of forests because of the damage done by these animals.

But an innocent little kid should not be blamed for the misdeeds done by his great-grandparents, especially when they lived in a wild state, and had to support themselves as well as they were able.

The goat came in the first place from the



East, and is by nature a dweller in mountain regions. The tame goat, whose kid is often a beloved pet, is smaller and has much less powerful horns.

The Angora goat has long, white, silky hair, which makes the most valuable and comfortable clothing. The Cashmere goat also has

long hair, white, grayish and brown, and this is woven into beautiful shawls.

All goats are wonderful climbers and run very swiftly, but in captivity these gifts are not needed. Goats are mostly intelligent. One tame goat, for instance, learned to ring the doorbell of his master's house when he was hungry and wanted his dinner. There is another story also of two mountain goats who met face to face on a narrow, rocky ledge, overhanging a precipice, where there was no room to pass. The intelligent animals did the only thing that could be done. One lay down on the ledge and the other stepped gently over the body of his fellow, without harming him and then both were able to go their way in safety.

There are usually from one to four kids to a family, though rarely as many as four. The baby kid is able to stand on his slender legs soon after he is born. On the second day the kids may be seen playing with each other,

and will give great pleasure by their joyous ways and affectionate nature. In three days they may be allowed to run out on the grass. Kids should never be tied up all day, but now and then they may be tethered, or led by a cord so that they may become used to restraint.

Sometimes a kid is taken away from his mother and brought up by hand. He is then generally fed with cow's milk, as pet lambs may be, which he takes from an ordinary infant feeding bottle. He may be taught to drink out of a bucket, by dipping a finger in milk, then putting it into the mouth of the kid and bending his head down until his lips touch the milk. Then he will soon begin to help himself. When three weeks old he will be able to nibble grass and soon he may eat mashes and different kinds of meal.

If a kid is at liberty he will, if he can, make his way straight to a garden and, once there, do much mischief.



These creatures have strange appetites and seem to prefer poor food which they get by stealth, to the nicest possible fare that comes in the proper way. One goat refused the best of corn and a few minutes afterwards was seen to eat a dirty, old straw hat. They like horse-chestnuts very much. Waste paper, bacon rinds, tree bark, almost anything that a goat can steal, he will eat.

Often goats may be seen drawing small wagons. There is no cruelty in this, if the wagon be very light, and suited to the goat, and if the goat has been trained. A stick or strap should never be used during the training. Great pains must be taken to persuade the goat to comply with his master's wishes. A reward should be given such as a piece of bread, when he does as he is told. One lesson a day is all that is needed and this should not take more than half an hour.

The Green Tree Frog

At first it seems an oddity
That frogs like us should climb a tree;
And yet is it any stranger
Than that the seals should come ashore,
Or fishes fly ten yards or more?

Since he is exceedingly pretty and easily kept, and quite cheap, the green tree frog may take a high place on the list of pets. He may be bought for a few cents and, if housed in a fern case, he will be useful in keeping down insect pests.

The green tree frog is less than two inches long, and has a very smooth skin, bright leaf-green above and like polished, whitish wax below. When resting on wood, or the bark of a tree, he often becomes drab or brown, to match his surroundings. Another strange creature, the chameleon, also has the power to change his tints in this manner.

The green hue comes from the mixture of yellow and blue coloring matter in the skin. Sometimes tree frogs are found with no yellow at all, and therefore these are of a sky-blue color.

In the wild state the tree frog may be found all over America, Central and Southern Europe, and eastward, across Asia as far as Japan. During the summer time he lives in trees, closely clinging to the leaves, which he matches so well that he can hardly be seen. He can hop and swim and at the tip of each toe he has a little sucker that enables him to climb with ease. By means of these suckers he can cling to a glass window.

Although the top of his body is so smooth, the under part is rough because of a number of pores, by which he is able to draw in the rain and the dew from the leaves. Insects of all kinds form his natural food. In the winter he will sleep under stones, moss or bark until spring, when he makes his way to the water.



The eggs hatch into tadpoles, as in the case of the common frog, and these become frogs.

Though he is so small, Mr. Frog can make a great noise. His loud croak has almost a musical note. He is able to perform in this way because of a sac in his throat, which swells and becomes as large as his whole body.

The larger the vivarium in which the tree frog is kept the happier he will be. The best place for him is a greenhouse where there is a water tank. But the windows must be kept covered with perforated zinc, or he will make his way out. He should be provided with hiding places, in corkbark or small hollow logs. Here he will sleep in winter, coming out in warm, bright weather to take cockroaches, mealworms, and any other dainties that his owner may provide.

One pet tree frog managed to escape from his vivarium and made his way for nearly half a mile across a wooded field, until he found a convenient pond. This, however, was not nearly so pleasant as he had fancied and soon he began to feel lonely. When evening came he began a loud croaking. This went on for weeks and crowds of people collected, wondering what the strange creature could be. At last a boy caught him in a net bag on a stick, popped him into

a bottle and carried him home to his rightful owner.

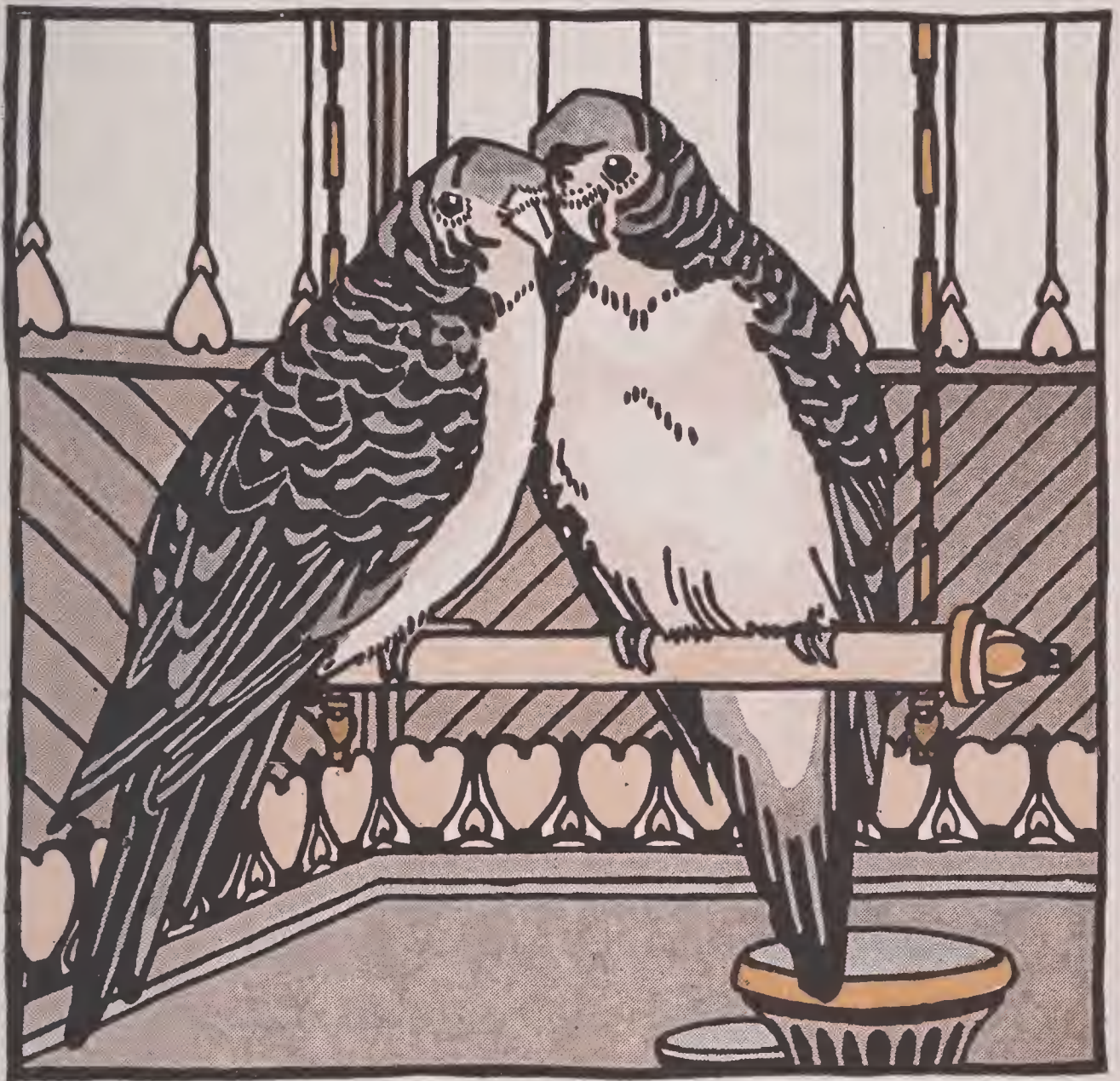
Master Tree Frog seemed glad to be put back into his own little fern house and that evening he made such a joyous noise that the neighbors called in to see what was the matter. This particular tree frog must have been very proud of his voice, for if he heard people talking he would instantly start a load croaking on his own account.

Little Love Birds

If you have not yet seen us, at some time you will,
Perched close up together with bill against bill;
And, on hearing our quaint little noises, like kisses,
You will say, "There are few prettier pictures than
this is."

What living creature could have a nicer name than "love bird"? It brings at once a vision of gentle, feathered beings, in dresses of beautiful green, sitting side by side and tenderly kissing each other. The proper name is parakeet, but it is pleasanter to call them just love birds.

The member of this family that makes the best pet is the budgerigar, or grass parakeet, a delightful little creature no bigger than a sparrow. He may often be seen in the streets, poor mite, earning pennies for his mistress by "telling fortunes." He cannot be very happy in that state of life, since his quills are gener-



ally plucked out to prevent his flying away.

In a large aviary, however, he will be contented and there dreams of freedom never seem to enter his mind.

Next to the canary and the collared dove, the grass parrakeet is the bird most often found in aviaries, and there, if well looked after, he and his wife will bring up one family after another.

A cocoanut shell should be provided for the nest, but some birds seem to prefer a hollow log of wood. If the nest is not to her liking, the mother will lay her eggs on the floor of the cage. The eggs are white, from three to nine in number, and take sixteen to twenty days to hatch.

Millet and canary seed are the proper feed for the grass parrakeet, but oats and soaked bread should be added when there are babies to be fed. Seeding grass, roots and all may be given, and chickweed and groundsel.

The young grass parrakeets have odd looking grayish bodies which become green when the feathers are fully grown. One would imagine that they would be eager to leave their hard

nest, for often the eggs are laid on nothing softer than a few chips of wood. However, they remain there five weeks at least.

Where several grass parrakeets are kept, there may be among them an unmated female and she is generally spiteful and will destroy the eggs of her happier companions. The unmated male birds are more amiable, and will often help in feeding young birds. The father generally guards the entrance to the nest most jealously.

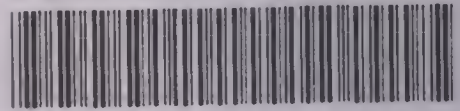
In spite of their name, all little love birds are not exactly angels, or they have a trick of fighting and biting the feet of their enemies.

A gentleman once thought that he would try to raise families of these birds in an open park. He set free some dozen couples, but, after a few broods had been fledged, all the birds, young and old, went away and were never seen again.

Another and larger parrakeet, the Madagascar, is also called the love bird. His full name

is the "gray-headed love bird from Madagascar." This bird too, has gained its title from the habit of mates sitting side by side, when in cages, and pecking at each other's beaks as if kissing. These birds have a shrill cry which sounds like "karaoka," and because of that they are also called by that name by the natives of their own country. The male bird has head, neck and breast of a pearly gray color, and the rest of his plumage is green. The female bird is entirely green.

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