

FLAMINGOES CONTENTEDLY PLUMING THEIR ROSE-COLORED WINGS IN THE AUSTRIAN EMPEROR'S PRIVATE ZOO AT SCHOENBRUNN.

phants. Nothing, save feeding the lions and tigers, so appeals to the curious of every nationality.

A good-natured pachyderm in Berlin would carry the children upon his back all the day long, piloted by a pair of keepers. His mild temper was extraordinary. He had become a great favorite with the German animal lovers. In Berlin are model cages for the great cats. An intelligent effort has been made at stage setting with excellent results; it cannot but be appreciated by the involuntary exiles from distant lands that are imprisoned there. The lions have thick sand upon their floor. Rocks and yawning caves abound. There is running water for drinking and wallowing. One can almost look for the lizards of Lybia to scurry across the little desert.

A jungle has not been attempted; doubtless it would offend the Teutonic ideas of sanitation.

A temperament without a grain of good nature, from birth to death a continual snarl, is the black leopard's. Five of them at Berlin are the most devilish cage-full imaginable. Stark savagery lies in their yellow eyes, their inky coats might well be mourning for their innumerable jungle-murders. No black leopard can be touched with kindness or cowed by force. Their beauty is of a malevolent, uncanny type, treacherous yet fascinating.

The old Emperor, Franz Joseph of Austria, maintains a handsome Zoo at Schoenbrunn, his palace near Vienna. The grounds are varied and well kept, the houses scrupulously neat. The animals appeared to be in better condition than those under many municipal authorities. They breathed an atmosphere of perfect conditions for health and the dull eye and broken spirit so often seen were agreeably absent there.

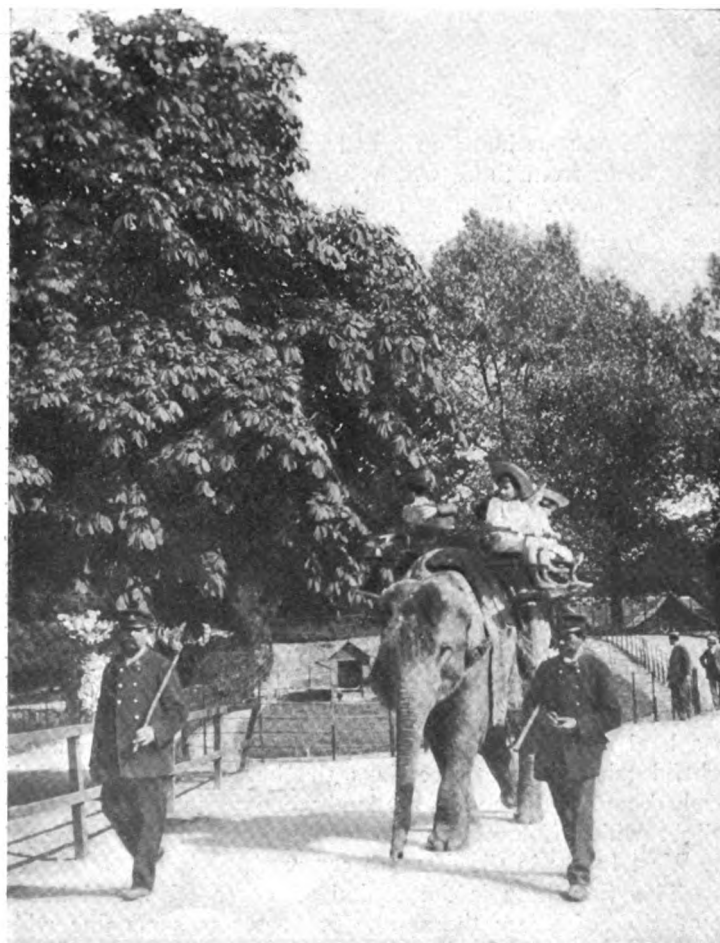
His wolves, foxes and dogs were a valuable assembly, well chosen and covering nearly the world over. The birds, too, showed their Imperial owner's fondness for them in the beauty of their surroundings. The flamingoes, which I had seen a few months before wild near the ruins of ancient Carthage in Tunisia, here plumed their rose-colored wings in apparent contentment. At times their necks twisted into such confusing tangles that one feared fatal dislocations.

There are many more menageries abroad. Europeans are cultivating a taste for animal observation. The Yankee traveling the Continent, can spend many enjoyable hours of diversion in the Zoological Gardens when mind and nerves are surfeited with art galleries and architecture. A day with the wild folk is a tonic for acute Baedeker-mania.

THE BEARS OF BERNE

By KATHARINE H. WRENSHALL

IN Switzerland the bear seems to be the favorite animal. Carved figures of Bruin are to be seen throughout Switzerland. The name of the capital city is derived from an old German word meaning "bear." Today many bears are kept in a deep pit outside of Berne, across the Nydeck Brücke, or bridge spanning the river Aar. The pit is deep and guarded by rails, and the bears, though playful with each other and full of antics to gain sweetmeats from visitors, are very savage.



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