

HAMLIN'S

MENAGERIE

MAGAZINE.

Smithsonian Institution
355
JUL 23 1919
National Zoological Park

No. 2.—Vol. 5.

JUNE, 1919.

Price One Shilling.

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JOHN D. HAMLYN,

221, St. George's Street, London Docks, E. 1.

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Arrivals of Wild Animals in Great Britain.

Commencing January, 1919.

COMPILED BY JOHN D. HAMLYN.

BOSTOCK--

May, 1919. 1 Leopard, with few small African animals.

HAMLYN—

February. 1 Mandrill.
3 Monkeys.
March. 4 Baboons.
1 Serval.
1 Cinet.
13 Pandas.
1 Cat.
400 Monkeys.
April. 4 Sea Lions.
May. 2 Zebras.
6 Porcupines.
1 Hunting Dog.
2 Dingoes.
1 Thar.
8 Baboons.
2 Meercats.
June. 1 Hyæna.
15 Rhesus.
1 Bonnet.
1 Malabar Squirrel.
1 Hamadrias Baboon.
21 Penguins.

REGENTS PARK—

April. 5 Sea Lions.
June. 6 Penguins.

WORLD'S ZOOLOGICAL—

January. Nil.
February. Nil.
March. Nil.
April. Nil.
May. Nil.
June. Nil.

THESE ARE THE ACTUAL IMPORTATIONS.

JOHN D. HAMLYN.

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Smithsonian Institution
JUL 23 1919
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Hamlyn's Menagerie Magazine.

EDITED BY JOHN D. HAMLYN

No. 2.—Vol. 5.

LONDON, JUNE, 1919.

PRICE ONE SHILLING.

NOTICE.

The subscription for Vol. V., 1919—20, is 10/-, post free. All subscriptions commence with this number. Yearly subscriptions only received. Specimen copies can be sent post free on receipt of twelve penny stamps. Subscribers not receiving their Magazine should communicate at once with the Editor.

All letters to be addressed in future:—

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The Editor will be pleased to receive sporting articles and reminiscences, as well as items of news and reports of sport from all parts of the world. If stamped directed envelope be enclosed, the contributions will be returned if unsuitable.

All Subscribers in Norway, Sweden, Denmark, Spain, Portugal, Switzerland and Holland, who have not received their usual numbers, are requested to communicate at once with the Editor.



THE TRADE.

By **JOHN D. HAMLYN.**

Just a few remarks on the Magazine which has now entered on the fifth year of its existence. Sixty-four members have been enrolled up to the time of going to press. Will all old subscribers send on their subscriptions, so that I can announce that the century has been reached with the July number?

According to information just received from Antwerp the Okapi is not expected to arrive before the end of July.

Outside information states that it died coming down the Congo to port of shipment. I trust, however, this is only rumour.

The arrivals the past month have been very small, only a young Hyaena, 1 Monkeys, 1 Malabar Squirrel, 1 female Hamadrias Baboon, 20 Herons, 20 Cormorants, and 1 White Shoveller. The latter has a few black feathers in the wings; otherwise it is a very fair white specimen. It is the only White Shoveller alive in Great Britain to-day.

From all parts—New York, Calcutta and South Africa—my collectors advise great delay in shipments.

The various Companies state that cargo space is reserved for foodstuffs and special merchandise. It is only on slow cargo steamers that shipments can be made, and then only when opportunity offers. This naturally entails great delay. I trust my clients will make every allowance for non-arrivals which is entirely due to shipping troubles.

The following stocks have been paid for in advance, and should certainly arrive this month:

20 Penguins, 12 Chacmas, 4 Stanley Cranes, 4 Vervets, 100 American Snakes, 24 Canadian Tree Porcupines, 4 Elephants, 2 Tigers, 1 Black Leopard, 200 Monkeys, 20 Pythons, and a quantity of Indian Birds.

My clients may rest assured that every effort is being made to open up trade. I am, however, entirely in the hands of the various Shipping Companies who promise better treatment when times revert to normal conditions.

To those requiring Ants Eggs I wish to state I have received the first consignment to arrive for four years. They are in splendid condition, and commanding a ready sale.

RODENTIA.

A RAT FARM AMONGST THE HILLS OF MASSACHUSETTS.

Here in the U.S.A. the word "Rats" has a rather slangy association, a sort of political degeneracy reserved for active use against a too wordy or unpopular campaigner, who seeks to over-present his candidate or over-express his "planks" or his policies. It was, however, this expression which most readily gave utterance to our surprise one recent Saturday afternoon when, after motoring for some hours amidst the pleasant hill slopes of Massachusetts, just then showing the earliest transition of the coming spring-time, we halted and entered the main building of the famous Rat Farm at Granby.

The expression was spontaneous, but the diagnosis was a trifle faulty, as a closer examination of the several thousand cages revealed the fact that not the rat, but the humbler rodent, the mouse, was in the majority. On that particular Saturday there were only about 4,000 "in stock." However, just prior to the signing of the Armistice and during the epidemic of the "flu," the average number more nearly approached 16,000 inmates.

The industry, while reaching its highest output during war times, was not directly a war product. The original owner and founder of the farm (recently dead) began some years ago as a fancier, her hobby running into cavies, white rats and mice. The intelligent care, the environment, and general welfare bestowed upon her stock developed such healthy and high grade specimens, that the demand soon far exceeded the supply. This persistent demand did not seem justified by a call for "merely pets," but suggested a market of wider purpose and necessity. The conclusion arrived at became confirmed and resulted in the erection of the present farm, a special building of two stories, vermin proof, elevated from the ground, combined concrete and wood, large, well-ventilated rooms, with a complete heating system to meet the exigencies of the climate. In short, a scientific plant, admirably adapted for its unique purpose. The enterprise was a success financially and rodentically. The output found its way broadcast, not alone over the American continent, but into foreign areas, into zoos, into the "menageries" of the children, and the laboratories of the universities and scientists. The inmates of "Rodentia," as we had the honour to christen the farm, consisted, as already stated, of Mice, Rats and Cavies; the mice being the white or coloured varieties—of the latter there were literally all colours of the rainbow, whole-coloured, and mixed; the rats, white and

piebald; of the cavies, all varieties, rather too much, we thought, intermixed, our preference even for laboratory purposes, running to "solid" colours. Few specimens of the common, wild varieties of rats or mice, house or field, were raised, and then only by request of some special patron.

Sanitation on the farm was not simply an unwritten law, but a constant and ever-insisted-upon axiom, hence the general health of the inmates was excellent. Great care was taken in the introduction of any new specimens, these being rigidly quarantined until their health condition was fully proven. The hutches used were made of hard wood, solid on all sides, save the lid, or top, which was movable and formed a fine mesh zinc web. The bedding was a composite of sanitized cat hay and pine wood shavings or bark. Duplicates were provided for all hutches, which when not in use, were steamed in antiseptic bath, then exposed to the elements outside for ten or more days. This latter custom explained the great number of brick mould-like structures which had attracted our attention as we entered the farm yard. As it happened, that particular Saturday afternoon, that the thermometer registered 88°, we were fully convinced that any alien refugees in the hutches that might perchance have escaped the steaming, were certainly having such a "hot time" that they would be forced to unconditional surrender and final destruction.

The diet supplied the inmates was based, with some green food variations, upon rolled oats and buckwheat. Watering the stock received special attention and was accomplished by means of a capillary bottle of original design. One of these was placed upon a small, sloping wooden frame on the top of each hutch, an all-glass nozzle penetrated the wire lid, from this nozzle hung a pendant water drop, which reformed as the "little beasties" licked it off—and by which they drank to satisfaction. And yet the water never overflowed. The keepin' gclean and refilling these fountains was by no means the least of what was admitted by the lady attendants as "persistent attention" demanded by the care-free tenants.

A card index was attached to each hutch, which constituted a complete record of pedigrees, in some instances away back several generations, all domestic matters, such as matings, births, deaths, sales, and the final disposition and destination (mundane) of each passing occupant. Occasionally "freaks" would appear amongst the litters, mice with a leg missing, "kinks" in their tails, or a red-head or a blonde amongst a group where ancestry gave only "nigrants"; a strange intrusion, but as Burns has said "the best laid schemes o' mice and men gang aft agley." In acknowledging this common frailty of both, it is kindlier to pursue no further the irregularities,

nor to ask the reason why, but simply accept the fact that "crosses and colours" reveal their presence in life-histories of human and brute alike, manifestly at times contradictory to the causes assigned by assumed authorities thereon.

As already stated, the general health of the inmates of the farm was excellent. In the sick ward, however, several specimens were isolated, which upon investigation, were found victims of autogenous tumours, which were ultimately confirmed by cultures and sections to be malignant in type, cancerous variants. Finding these specimens "on a farm" added an increased interest to our visit. It being so persistently urged by certain "Scientists" to-day that germs are "simple resultants of holding unmoral thoughts." With this pronouncement ringing in our ears, and the undoubted demonstrations of "the white man's burden" in evidence, we confess, that afternoon, to be a bit staggered, lest we, through mere conventional unbelief, had denied to the lower creation, and especially to the inmates who were so interestingly entertaining us, a mentality which they might possess and which, by concentrated emphasis, they could imbue with a weird potency whereby they could transform health into disease and life into death. Reluctant indeed to do injustice to the mentality of either the "Scientist" or of our hosts, we finally relieved our own anxiety by conceding to our second thoughts that for us the theory in acceptance was still afar off.

On leaving the farm, it was perhaps not ill-timed to recall, in just recognition, in a measure, at least, the services rendered by these domesticated rodents in their sacrifice to the researches of the investigator, or as valuable aids in the clinical wards, and further, the part, as allies, under control, they may continue to contribute. Associated with the present activities of Zoological Societies, Board of Agriculture, Local Government Boards in America, Great Britain, and other countries in a campaign against rats and mice as destructive agents, as carriers and transmitters of pestilence, we have, however, to admit a sinister countercharge against the rodents at large. So universal is their general relationship of malevolence to human welfare, that the claimed atonement of the "beneficent martyrs in the cause of research" fails to be at all significant, and the compelling conclusion is that their destruction should be followed up in all countries as persistently and as systematically as are other recognized endemic and epidemic scourges of human welfare and safety.

DR. FREDERICK W. D'EVELYN.

San Francisco, California.

May, 1919.

THINGS WE DIDN'T KNOW ABOUT THE GREAT WAR.

I.—WHEN THE BIRDS AND THE BEASTS WERE SET TO DOING THEIR BIT.

Attractive?

Indeed it was attractive; so very, very attractive, in fact that when Visitor Number One had ascended the trail which winds the hills only so far as where the deer were coming to nibble such tit-bits as she might have along for them, she deserted the rather well-marked path for another, leading to the next-nearest telephone, and thence sped the good word on, telling dubious Numbers II. and III. and IV. what each simply must do!

As result, these doubted came, and, on their ways, bade others still; and each, before she'd left, had emptied well-filled purse, and resolved to come again, with husband, brother, sweetheart, after tea; really now that these, too, might enjoy the prospect of the birds and the beasts doing their bits, thus, in the world-war; and then, almost as if but incidentally, doing their own shares in the helping of the fatherless war-orphans of France!

All of which meant that through all the years there were still to come, when the little orphaned folk of war-times would need to be helped on in their growth to manhood and to womanhood, the birds and the beasts and the big out-of-doors will be impanelled again and again, and yet once again, to do their several bits toward the helping the fatherless children of France! This, though the site of the doing be the American Mid-West—3,000 miles and more from a French shore.

Cincinnati, since the early '40's of the century past, has been a notable French centre, and when the brave French came to their war-time flight, loyal kin-folk in the Mid-West rallied to their aid. One benefit on another was given for the orphaned of war-time; none, however, probably more attractive, or yielding more worth-while example to other communities able to imitate at present or in future, than the big fete for the fatherless held out in wood and stream.

Out in the hills which encircle the commercial heart of Cincinnati, the city, like so many another, is possessed of a great public Zoo. The committee in charge—"The Comitee" for the Fatherless Children of France, it is called—pre-empted this, so to speak, for the day, and arranging it's booths, French fashion, where the wild things might come almost in reach of them, and deploying it's daintily-costumed helpers where

the birds and the strange beasts of field and stream might sing madrigals, or low becomingly in on the calls of the vendor, they produced an ensemble which those viewing will not soon forget.

The story is one of pictures, rather more than for words here; however, a bit of description may not come amiss.

You, who entered through the turnstiles clicking merrily for the occasion, found yourself on a clean-swept but-rustic byway leading up the hills. Broad, grassy fields rolled away from you here, and in these some Llamas disported. Friend Llama, somehow, is an inquisitive chap, and the vendors took advantage of this. Just near his paddock they stationed society girls, in the daintiest white Oriental garments—the sort the lucky traveller will meet with in French Algiers. The Llamas had never seen anything quite like these, and hovered round that end of the meadow; meanwhile, they helped draw the crowds, and these invested in attractive guide-maps and programs—little gems at only 25c!

On a ways, too, a French soldier—a zouave, rather, to be exact—wearing glittering bayonet at his gun-end and his scarlet uniform fairly radiating the sun-shine, managed to induce the fallow deer to taw round and watch him at safe distance; and folk who saw the deer also saw the programs which he offered and, of course, they bought, in turn.

A touch of Nature, don't you know, makes all the world akin and here these wild things of field and stream gave just that added touch.

Yonder a brooklet came down on the rocks, splashing from gold-fish bowl to bowl. A wee girlie took her place near to sell pin-wheels for the fair, and when Jackie Roosa came to see the pretty fishes, doting auntie emptied purse for the fluttering pin-wheels also there.

With stone's throw, where the trees grew almost tallest, the big elephant wagged his tiny tail and enjoyed the sun. Meanwhile, from the howdah on her back, criers called nert performance of the circus, and, as if to beg each passer-by to follow, a proud peacock strolled his way, heedless of the passers, to the door. From its cage beyond, the lion roared his welcome and, at three, the usual feeding time, his bay was echoed by other felines by the score.

Naturally, you were going to "take in" the circus—genuine, old-style, one-ring, country circus—sort you enjoyed out in the country in your childhood, but first you would see the other sights; then, that anon.

Just the vendors, women in every phase of costumery, the broad French possessions offered,

would warrant your coming to study; no two gowns alike; often no two with identical embroidery or other ornamental piece. Over where the maribou stork stalked on his one leg next the lake, as if to say: "Come, follow on and be rid of your last shekels!"

Two demoiselles fair had little trays with cigarettes for men; for milady, bottles of eau de cologne. On a bit, where the monkeys leaped and danced and chattered in their cages, wee French girlies sold bisque dollies to the other children from their arm-baskets there.

No, of course you made no systematic tour, once you had come thus far. You, and no one other! You had caught the holidaying, out-of-door spirit; you were at the fair! And you stopped when you would; when you would, you continued.

The elephant, the camels, the Shetland ponies, or now was that a mule painted thuswise, were passing once more in circus processional, and, like everyone else, you stopped at the roadside to watch and wait.

Turning from this, a parrot called at you; turning, you found a tempting refreshment booth near. Coffee, strong and like the French like, milk, half cream this, other delectables, could be had at this "life-saving station" as they called it here.

Of course, you stopped to indulge and while you did (clever, indeed, the planning, for never is mind in better giving mood than when the body is new refreshed) pictures of some of these fatherless French children greeted, pleading that you adopt. Only \$36.50 a year, and this, then, to be paid monthly, would adopt a French orphan for a twelve month; you could pick your child here and this then, for one year at the time.

Going on, "Algerines," in daintiest garments led past runways with strange creatures of the wild and amid pools where as rare water-birds disported, to the French market per se. Things of beauty, things of service, things to tempt the inner man, one and all were there. There were white-garbed booths with the tall French phlox and with the roses dear to the Frenchman. There were stalls of the estragon; you could flavour vinegar with this, or chip the leaves into salad instead. There were cans of pate-de-fois gras and there were jars of French mustard; or, if you wished, there were great bunches of beets.

Chances are some young woman soon induced you to really market, French fashion; that is, to invest in an entire basket of wares. Carrots and beans and lettuce and cabbage intermingled with the beets then. A young Alsatian girl, with the great black bow of ribbon on her head that char-

acterises these, was especially irresistible, and even mere men left, truck-basket laden, the willing victims of her wiles.

Where the flower-table came to end, a great evergreen was converted to an orange-tree for the time. Only the golden "oranges" were really tissue paper here, each, then, with some toy for youngsters inside.

Purse depleted well-nigh by the buying, you were come now to an Algerine bazaar. Under the trees there was stretched a rich Oriental carpet; flanking this, the dancing platform, there was print-shop, booth of wooden ware, shop with coffee, embroidery and rug-vendor, and the like. Dancers danced and slybals played, and all the merry life of French Levant was on; but every so often the society girls in charge would pass through the crowds, soliciting contributions in their tambours.

And these things, too, are but the high points of the story.

They do not tell of milady of the East, with the peacock feather diadem, who led the willing suitors to a country store as in the French towns near.

They do not tell of the real Armenian weaver, Madam Dardina, who set up her loom and sold her wares and served also to draw the crowds to another coffee bazaar beneath the trees.

Nor do they tell of how the soldier-boys from Ft. Thomas near—soon to fight in France these—were besieged by the pretty American girls and made the heroes of; while, nilly-nilly, they, too, spent for the fatherless children of France!

It's a story for the camera, a picture-story, absolutely, this fairing. It should lead away to where the seals disport and a French Punch and Judy show held the youngsters. It should lead on to where the band in the open played "The Marseillaise," while the bears in the pits below, growled approvals.

Then on to a toyland for wee-er folk, to where a French cow stood for raffle, and on farther still to wher a famous French chef made the puffs the French are so fond of.

But, all in all, it's a story to be known only when really seen; or, next best, though lacking the colour, the life, the real charm, to be revealed best by pictures.

The accompanying photographs must serve, thus, as mere vignettes of the whole, a simple suggestion of the lure that a fete fay attain and the crowds it will bring, where helped with connivance of wild things of field and stream for the fatherless children of France!

FELIX J. KOCH.

THE VOICE OF THE CROCODILE.

From "The North Queensland Register."

The very amusing discussion as to whether a crocodile has a voice is taken up by a Queensland author who writes charmingly of natural history affairs in the Garden State of Australia—Queensland. He says:—

More than once since there was started an inquiry into the vocal capacities of the crocodile which inhabits the estuaries of North Queensland rivers, return to the subject has been inevitable as fresh facts came to light. Two such are worthy to be placed on record.

A party of surveyors shifted camp and in selecting the new site took counsel of a selector who by reason of years of residence was able to offer the best of advice. Some of the party had had open ears for all the flowing stories of the number and ferocity of the crocodiles of the locality, and they insisted that the camp should be set up in an innocent place. The guide favoured a spot not far from the bank of a lagoon, which looked lovely in daylight. When night came several of the party were terrified by loud and angry noises, described as roarings and bellowings and when next morning the guide appeared on the scene he was roundly abused for putting them right amongst the crocodiles, where sleep was impossible and a fan might be snapped up at any moment. He frankly asserted that there were crocodiles in the lagoon, as with most of the lagoons and all the rivers; but that they were all dumb and very nervous and therefore need not be feared. He suggested that the coming night would reveal the fact that the crocodiles they hear and feared would be found to perch on trees. The surveyors listened and watched and satisfied themselves that they had been frightened by birds—the great-billed heron—as many others had been. It is understood that during their stay near the lagoon the crocodiles were silent and quite well behaved.

Recently I put the question, "Did you ever hear a crocodile make a noise?" to a selector who has lived for the past 30 years close to a river in which they are extraordinarily plentiful. He replied, "Once I shot a big brute at close range, the bullet entering below the front paw. The crocodile said 'Humph' and splashed into the river. Again I was going up the river in a small boat, which the blacks were shoving along, standing to the oars, a crocodile came alongside and bit one of the oars so that part of the blade was splintered. The boy using the oar as a spear hurled it at the crocodile with all his force. The crocodile said, 'Yak-ai' (Oh my!) and disap-

peared. No other crocodile that I have seen—and I can boast of seeing hundreds and under all circumstances—ever made a sound. I am certain that they cannot roar or bark, though capable of exclamation on feeling sudden pain." The roars and bellowing of crocodiles seem to be reserved specially for the edification of nervous travellers anxious after colour.



THE SALE OF GOLDFINCHES IN LONDON.

KING'S BENCH DIVISION.

HARRIS v. LUCAS.

Before Mr. Justice Darling, Mr. Justice Avory, and Mr. Justice Salter.

(Continued from May Number.)

Mr. Buchanan, for the respondent, said that the Acts were passed for the express purpose of protecting live wild birds. He submitted that it was entirely a question of fact for the magistrate whether the birds could be said to be "recently taken." If they were the case of *Flower v. Watts* (supra) made it an offence to have such birds in one's possession in London.

Mr. Justice Darling remarked that there were more puzzles in this Act than anyone had ever seen.

Mr. Buchanan said that the magistrates' decision was right, even if his reasons were wrong.

JUDGMENT.

Mr. Justice Darling, in giving judgment, said that the words "recently taken" in their ordinary sense would mean taken within a short time previously. To construe the statute under discussion according to the proper use of the English language was impossible, but the present Court—differently constituted—had already, in *Flower v. Watts* (supra), construed the statute in a way which made it possible to uphold the decision of the magistrate. The judgments of Lord Alverstone, Mr. Justice Channell, and Mr. Justice Coleridge were binding. The Act gave no definition as to how many days or weeks must elapse before it could be said that birds were not recently taken, and gave no definition of "tame" birds. The magistrate was entitled to take into account the time which the birds took to get into a fit condition to stand the journey from Ireland. The words "recently taken" were, in his

opinion, used in the Act of Parliament in a sense in which no one would think of using them anywhere else.

Mr. Justice Avory and Mr. Justice Salter gave judgments to the same effect, the latter expressing the view that any wild bird "recently taken" meant any bird so recently taken that it had not time to become tame.

The appeal was dismissed, with costs.
Solicitors—Mr. Harry F. Strouts; Mr. Sydney G. Polhill.



SUMMER FETE AT THE ZOOLOGICAL GARDENS, DUBLIN.

OPENED BY THE LORD LIEUTENANT.

GREAT ARRAY OF ATTRACTIONS.

The Dublin Zoological Gardens were looking their best yesterday afternoon—and that is saying much—when the summer fete in aid of the funds of the Royal Zoological Society of Ireland was formally opened by the Lord Lieutenant in presence of a large and fashionable assembly. Overnight there had been a series of heavy thunder showers, with the result that the flowers and foliage in the gardens were resplendent in all their summer glory and the lawns were all speckled with newly-opened daisies. In one of the spacious lion cages fronting on to the gardens a lordly beast stalked to and fro, with a dignity that seemed to have a quaint suggestion of a knowledge on his part of some function of an exceptional character being afoot. It is customary to regard the lion as the king of the forest, but, as a matter of fact, this particular lion, like many others in the Zoo, had never seen a tropical forest, and is Irish to the backbone. In conversation yesterday, the President of the Royal Zoological Society spoke warmly and affectionately of our Dublin lions. "I don't know what we would have done but for the lions during the war," said Sir Frederic KMoore; "they practically kept the Gardens going. We realised about £500 during the past four years from the sale of lions—and that, without depleting our stock, which is at present quite up to the pre-war level." Thus have our Dublin lions defended their home during the war as effectively as did their forest forefathers. Unhappily, however, for the peace of mind of the Council, the lions were an exception to the general rule, and all the other animals, birds, and reptiles, had to be maintained without any corresponding contribution.

According to a table printed in the interesting programme of the fete, it costs considerably more per day to feed a bison or an antelope, a chimpanzee or an eagle, than it does to feed a lion. Such has been the pressure of the times and the financial and physical impossibility of repairing the war-time wastage of stock, that the success of the fete, which has now been so auspiciously inaugurated, is essential to the restoration of the Dublin Zoo to the glory of the pre-war days.

THE OPENING CEREMONY.

At the opening ceremony, which took place at 2 p.m., the Lord Lieutenant, who was attended by members of his Staff, was received at the entrance to the Gardens by Sir Frederick Moore, President of the Royal Zoological Society of Ireland; Dr. Scott, Hon. Secretary; Mr. Miller, Hon. Treasurer; and the following members of the Council:—

The Lord Chancellor of Ireland, Mr. H. Stephens, Colonel Sir Frederick Shaw, Lieut.-Col Edgeworth Johnstone, Chief Commissioner, D.M.P.; Sir Arthur Ball, the Right Hon. T. L. O'Shaughnessy, Recorder of Dublin; Dr. Leeper, Mr. J. Inglis, Dr. MacDowel Cosgrave, Mr. Charles Green, and Mr. Knox Peebles.

The Viceroy and the reception party went to the Haughton House, where a military band played the National Anthem, and brief speeches were delivered from the balcony.

The Viceregal party made a round of visits of the stalls before leaving the Gardens.



GENERAL NOTES.

By JOHN D. HAMLYN.

THAT Mr. David Ezra writes from Calcutta on May 16th:—

"I always look forward to getting your most interesting Magazine."

THAT Mr. L. E. Taylor writing in "Country Life" says:—

A WILD HERD OF FALLOW DEER IN ENGLAND.

Many people, well informed of the fauna of Great Britain, will be surprised to hear that there is at least one wild herd, perhaps more, of fallow deer in England. For many years a herd of wild fallow deer has held its own on the forests between Horsham and

Tunbridge Wells. Their spoor may be traced in the mud by the sides of streams or in the boggy tracks of forest drives. Sometimes the deer may be heard whining and stamping, but they are not often seen. During the two years before the war I spent a lot of time "tracking" these deer. But out of a score or more of days spent thus I only got right up to them two or three times. However, on two occasions I came to close quarters with them on the road. One evening a stag and two hinds crossed the road just in front of me as I was bicycling; and on another occasion, when motor-cycling in the small hours of the morning—it was still dark—I nearly rode two down. These deer often cross the railway lines, although the lines in this high country are nearly all in deep cuttings. This herd belongs to no man, and is thought to have descended from some deer that probably escaped from a park many years ago. They are, however, larger than the fallow deer of our parks. A few of these deer are killed every year, and the venison enjoyed by the villagers.

THAT a correspondent in Cologne sends me the following interesting information respecting the Hagenbeck's Circus there:—

"They have a very good show, and are doing great business. The following animals are working in the Circus: 5 Tigers, 7 Lions, 5 Elephants, 4 Bears, 5 Polar Bears, 1 Camel, with Russian Hounds and Ponies. Their losses during the war were:—45 Lions, 18 Tigers, 15 Elephants, 40 Polar Bears, with other stock. The Circus is leaving shortly for another Rhine town."

THAT during the month of May 169 additions were made to the Zoological Gardens, Regents Park. These included an African hunting dog from South Africa; a Mikado pheasant; a Secretary bird from South Africa; and a South African Amphisbaena, new to the collection.

The number of visitors during the month was 161,736, an increased of 72,952 on that for May, 1918. The total number of visitors for the year was 457,662, an increase of 216,738 on that for May, 1918.

THAT the museum containing the collection of big game and other trophies of the late Mr. F. C. Selous, the famous hunter, at Worpleston, Surrey, will be closed to the public after to-morrow. The collection is to be transferred to the Natural History Museum, South Kensington.

THAT the following animals, the property of a well-known Amateur, are being exhibited at the

Kursaal, Southend-on-Sea, at the charge of threepence for admission:—1 Lioness with 2 cubs, 2 Llamas, 1 Sloth Bear, 1 Russian Bear, 1 Wolf, 1 Rhea (this bird is described at an Ostrich!) 1 Eagle, 1 Vulture, 2 Rhesus Monkeys, 1 White Deer, 1 Goat, and 3 Bantams—a truly wonderful collection for threepence.

THAT an interesting story of a jackdaw and rabbit comes from Mountnessing. The couple belong to Mr. Mason, of Thoby Priory Cottage, and the day is so tractable that it always responds to the call of its master. For some time past it has lived in the same hutch as the rabbit, and has become almost the inseparable companion of its furred friend. Whenever it feels inclined it flies up in the trees, but always returns to the rabbit hutch. Recently Mrs. Bunny increased the rabbit population, and previously by some means informed her bird companion, who threw all his energies into assisting to prepare the nest. He flew round the neighbourhood and collected anything which would help to make the expected new-comers more comfortable. Occasionally the contributions were more ornamental than useful, but these were quietly put on one side by the rabbit. Eventually the family arrived but the attentions of the jackdaw did not cease; on the contrary he continued to make himself useful by arranging the nest and keeping the little rabbits covered up. Having completed his share of domestic duties the daw flies off to have another look round on the after world, but always comes home again.

THAT Mr. E. E. Pettitt, writing in "Land and Water," states:—

"There are six seals reckoned as British these being the Grey Seal, Common Seal, Harp Seal, Bearded Seal, Hooded Seal, and Ringed Seal. The last four are of only casual occurrence, but the first two are residents and breed on the rocky coasts of the north and west.

"The Grey Seal is a very much larger animal than the Common Seal, being roughly about twice its size, and a well-grown specimen will reach a length of 8 feet. With its great girth and consequent weight it is a distinctly formidable beast, and a savage one at that. In seeking them in their native haunts one needs to divest oneself of the idea of docility which one gets from tame and captive Seals, and not be in too much of a hurry to come to close quarters with a Grey Seal on his own ground.

"The Grey Seal breeds on the Scillies. It is also to be found on various rocky islands off the Irish coasts, and thence to the Hebrides and Shetlands."

THAT Mr. George Jennison, of Belle Vue Zoo-

logical Gardens, Manchester, writes under date June 4th:—

"Probably in a very short time we shall be J. Jennison and Co., Ltd. I am Chairman and Secretary, also one of the two Managing Directors."

I presume this Company has been formed for family reasons. Its continued success is assured under such able management.

THAT a correspondent writing on Life on the Bauchi Tin Fields in "West Africa" states:—

All alone, 60 miles from a railway, 10 miles from the nearest European. It does not sound inviting. Yet this is the experience of many who are holding together the threads of Empire which during the last four years have at one time and another appeared to be perilously frail.

In this particular spot luck is with us, and the sportsman or naturalist can find plenty to occupy his leisure time.

In the way of antelope there are the red-fronted gazelle, the oribi and the duiker close at hand, whilst within reach one may get roan, harte-beest, bush-buck, kob reed buck, wart-hog, and leopard. Farther afield, but not more than three days, may be found the Congo buffalo, locally called the bush-cow, which will accord sport exciting enough for anyone. All the buffalo tribe have a bad name, but this particular specimen is acknowledged to be the most dangerous and most cunning of the lot.

All these, with others not in this district, may be shot on a £2 licence, surely the cheapest licence in the world! It must not be thought, however, that the game is so plentiful that one only has to let off a rifle to get it. There is plenty of work, but it is work that takes one's mind off work and worries, at the same time keeping one fit.

Big game excepted, many pleasant hours can be spent and the larder can be kept full by tramps after game birds round here. Every morning at five I am awakened by a bush fowl (a francolin) squawking outside my temporary palace. Some day I may have a fit of temper and finish him off, but I hope that that day is distant. There are numbers of them in the bush, and a lordly bird he is on the table. Except the grouse, I know no better.

Guinea fowl there are in abundance; I know of at least six flocks (each about 60), out of which I can get a couple when I want them. Rock-fowl, green pigeon, and the red-eyed pigeon are all to be found, whilst on a lagoon, curiously formed in a crater well above the rivers, one may see sparrow-winged geese, duck of several descriptions, waders, marabouts, and storks.

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