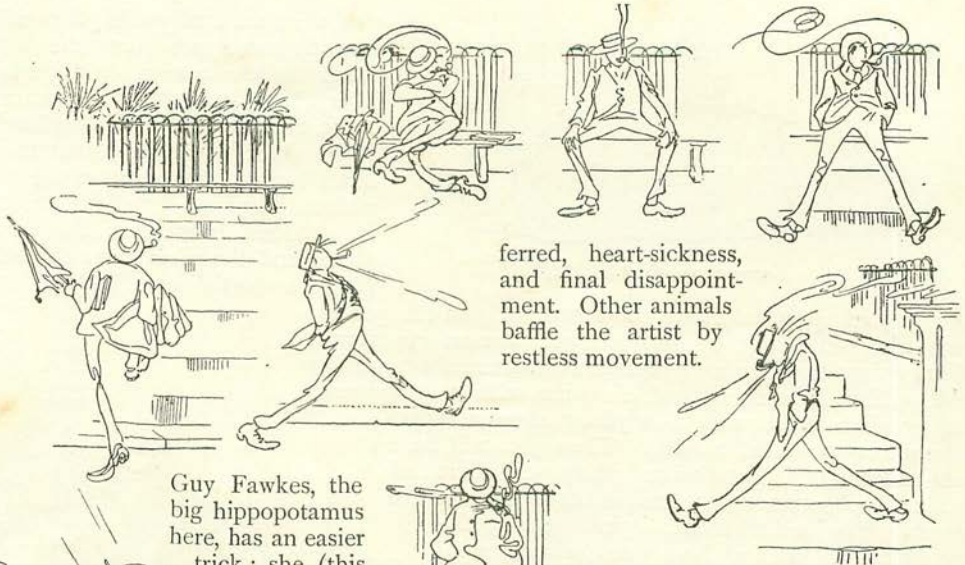


XVI.
 ZIG-ZAG
 PACHYDERMATOUS.

THE elephant, the various sorts of swine, the rhinoceros, and the hippopotamus—these are the pachydermata. Now, the elephant has had a Zig-zag to itself, and the pig shall have none of this Zig-zag; excellent reasons why now I speak only of the hippopotamus and rhinoceros.

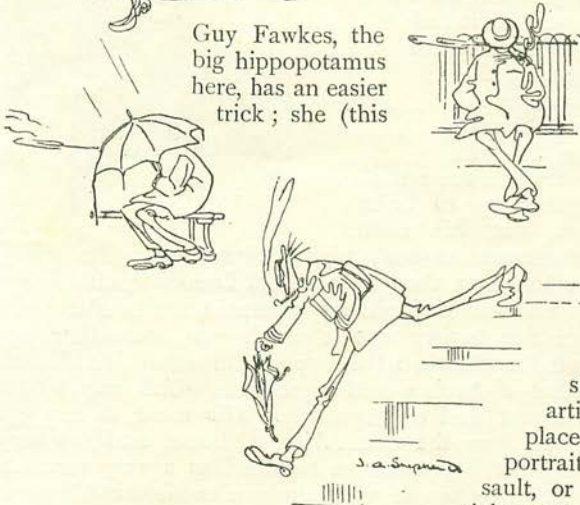
It is not easy to catch the hippopotamus at a moment of extravagant agility. To obtain lively sketches of the hippopotamus for the embellishment of these pages has been a task of long waiting, weary sitting, tiresome standing, much hanging about, hope de-

*ZIGZAGS
 at The
 ZOO
 by
 Arthur Morrison
 A. A. Shepherd*



ferred, heart-sickness, and final disappointment. Other animals baffle the artist by restless movement.

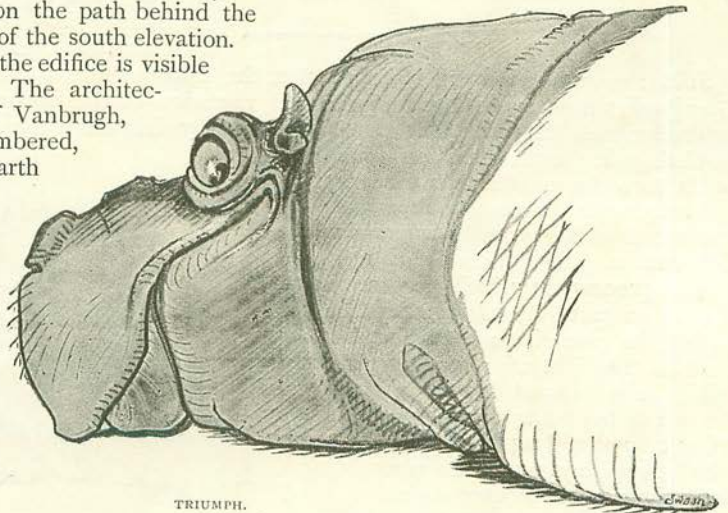
Guy Fawkes, the big hippopotamus here, has an easier trick; she (this



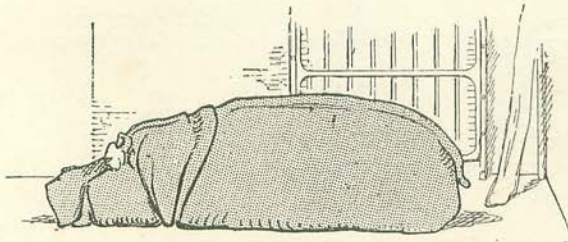
Guy is a she) lies perseveringly still. It was kind enough to suggest a shower of rain, because Guy Fawkes has a way of getting up and strolling into the pond to get out of the wet. We had no influence with the rain, so had to wait for it. The rain came, and the wetting, but Guy Fawkes braved out the shower rather than serve the will of an artist. So that it is not possible in this place to gratify the public with authentic portraits of Guy Fawkes turning a somersault, or dancing a hornpipe, or walking on a tight-rope, or even riding on a bicycle. Still, the views which are possible have the undeniable

PATIENCE AND DEFEAT.

merit of accuracy and architectural actuality. In the first place, standing on the path behind the paddock, we enjoy a view of the south elevation. Here the whole length of the edifice is visible in its simple grandeur. The architecture is of the manner of Vanbrugh, oh whom, it will be remembered, the poet exhorted the earth to lie heavy, in retaliation for the heaviness of his buildings. Nothing of Vanbrugh's ever lay heavier per cubic foot on the groaning earth than Guy Fawkes lies here. I defy even a ghost to rise from the earth under Guy Fawkes. Let her but lie on it and she would extinguish a volcano,



TRIUMPH.



VIEW FROM SOUTH.

picturesque) you get from inside the house. If you can get into the ostrich paddock (you can't) you will have an opportunity of surveying the venerable pile from somewhere about west by south. This is a sort of end elevation, with a conspicuous display of the west wing, if anything about a hippopotamus can be called a wing. Then you will have seen and admired Guy Fawkes pretty well all round.

The hippopotamus in general is admired for several causes. His (or her) mouth is indisputably the biggest extant, and has long been acknowledged to exceed even that of the Philanthropic Reformer, while his hide is almost as thick. His legs, although

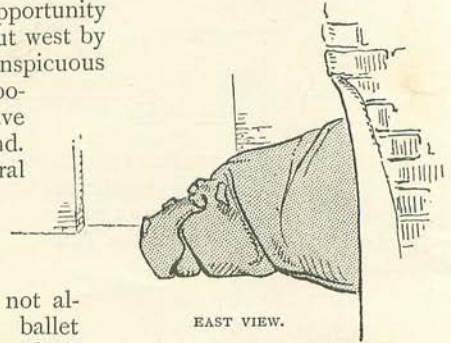
serviceable, are not altogether up to ballet form, but his chest

measurement anybody might be proud of. Perhaps we love him most, though, as an old Londoner, although he has not been a familiar wanderer in the London streets since the tertiary epoch, which was some time ago. Again, in old time the hippopotamus was installed the symbol of impiety and ingratitude, which may account for a vast deal of popularity. His name, of course, is derived from the Greek *hippo* a horse, and *potamos* a river; but he cannot be regarded as a very successful horse. Few people who admire a handsome Cleveland, with good knee-action, would, as a habit, harness him with a hippopotamus to a landau. The hippopotamus has no points; no more points, and no sharper ones, than a German sausage.

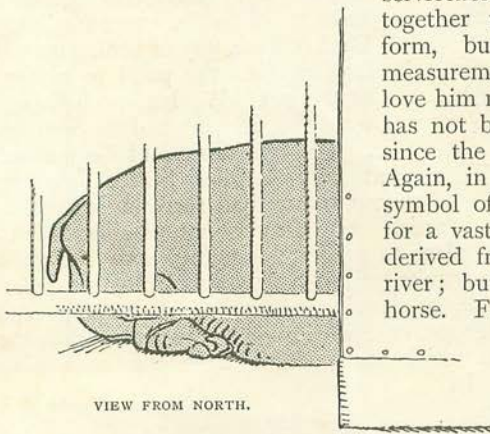
Still, it cannot be too widely known that the hippopotamus does move sometimes. Even Guy Fawkes does, and some insignificant proportion of the visitors (about $\frac{1}{4}$ in 10,000, I believe) witness the feat. But even then she rarely does more than change her elevations—

just brings her north elevation round south, for a change of air. It is a grave and solemn rite, this turning about, and it proceeds with properly impressive deliberation. She rises by a mysterious process, in which legs seem to take no part; she anchors her face against the ground, as regarding her head in the light of a great weight (which it is) dumped down to prevent the rest of her being blown away by an unexpected zephyr. Then, with her weighty muzzle as pivot and centre, she executes a semi-circular manœuvre suggestive of

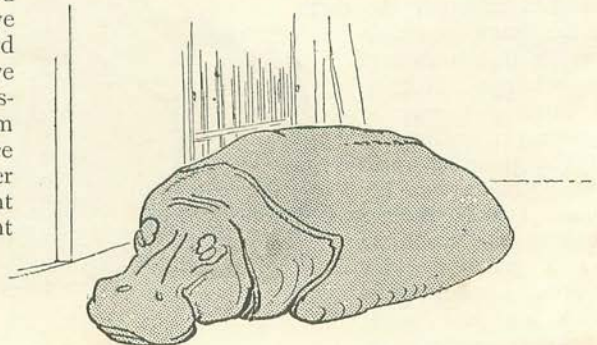
and drive an earthquake discomfited away to some part where the earth's crust was less immovably suppressed. It is a humiliating thing in most cases to be sat upon, but when Guy Fawkes is the sitter, little room is left in the sittee for humility or any of the other virtues. The east view of the structure is obtained from near the gazelle sheds, and the view from the north (only a partial one, but still pic-



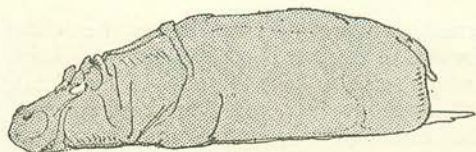
EAST VIEW.



VIEW FROM NORTH.

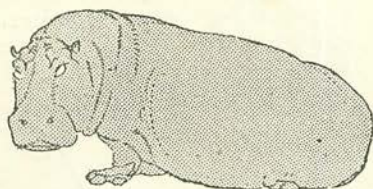


WEST BY SOUTH.

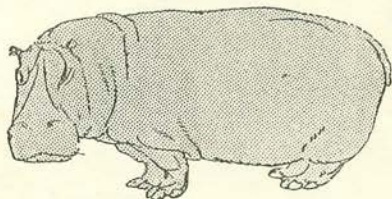


an attempt to kill time—rather, one might say, procrastinates herself round—until the north

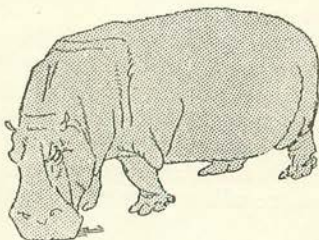
elevation faces south, when immediately she becomes a sausage again, turned about. All this is done with such perfect modesty that you immediately forget



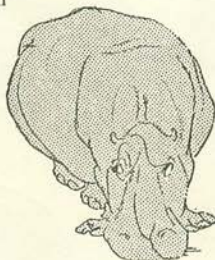
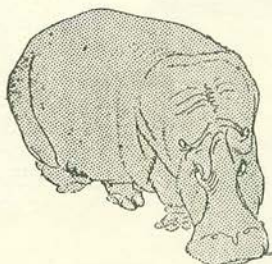
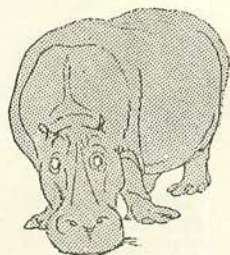
whether you saw her legs or not—indeed, whether she had any. As a matter of fact, I may here inform a doubt-



ful public that Guy Fawkes *has* feet; her legs—if she has them—she, with propriety, veils in certain lashings of fat.

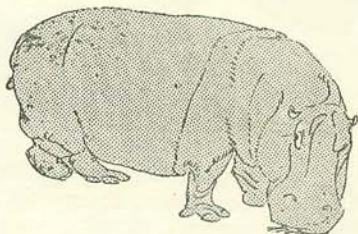


Guy Fawkes was so called in defiance of her sex because she was born (here in the menagerie) on November 5th, 1872. Next door to Guy Fawkes lives Jupiter, who is only a small hippopotamus, some way from

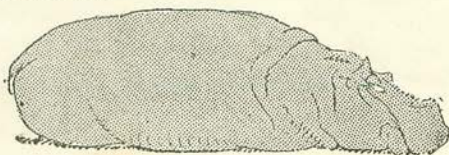
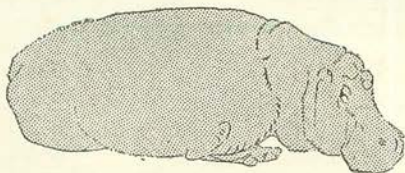


being fully grown. Jupiter, however, has ambitions.

He admires and envies, beyond all things, the placid repose of Guy Fawkes. He does his best to imitate her. But as yet he is little more than a beginner—a mere amateur in inertia. He is so inordinately proud of lying perfectly still for twenty minutes or so that he must look round for admiration, and spoil the effect at once. His mental attitude toward Guy Fawkes



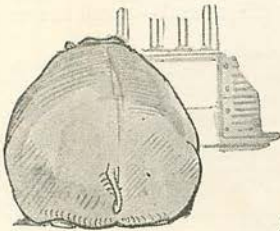
is that of the boy to Sidi Lakdar in Daudet's *La Figue et le Paresseux*—but Jupiter is far, very far, from being the equal of the boy in the noble craft of the *paresseux*. The fact is that Jupiter, in his ambition to become a creditable hippopotamus, an immobile vastness, a venerable pile, tries a little too much at once. Guy Fawkes, he considers, can smash anything earthly by lying on it, and herein he is right.



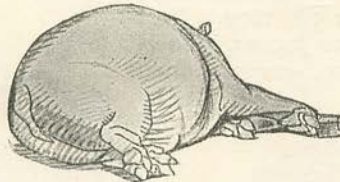
CHANGE OF ELEVATION.

J. A. Smeaton

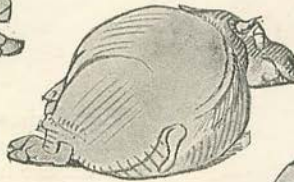
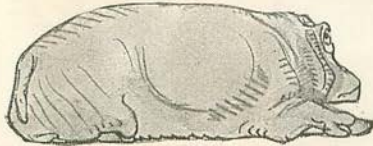
Aspiring to the crushing power of Guy Fawkes, he is continually troubled by one or two hard iron knobby projections from the ground, which serve to keep the door of his den in place. Try as he will, these pieces of iron won't be suppressed; on the contrary, they discompose his surrounding atmosphere of fat—must reach, in fact, to within a very few feet of his ribs—and



this is uncomfortable. Still he pegs away, combining his attempt at the placidity of Guy Fawkes with that upon the obstinacy of the iron knobs. So that on the whole he does not succeed, comes as near perpetual motion as a hippopotamus may (about three moves an hour), and frequently betrays his possession of legs. He is never mistaken for a sausage, but presents the general appearance of a succession of cartloads

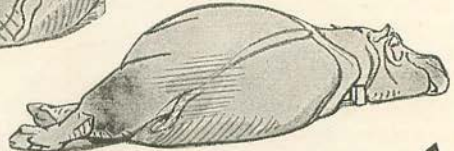
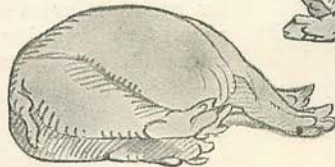


of mud of varying shapes and designs. Jupiter, however, from his very perseverance, will get on, and some day, when full grown, he will take sausage rank and suppress earthquakes as well as Guy Fawkes. Then he will have north, south, east and west ele-



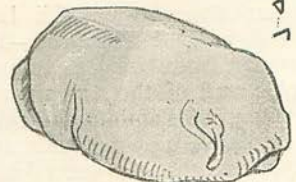
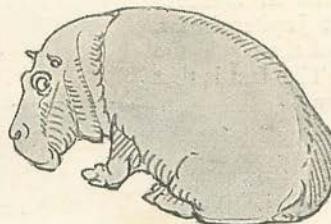
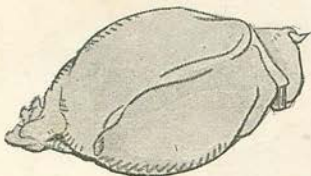
ventions, and, leaving behind the ignominy of resemblance to a cartload of mud, became a Venerable Pile, and shroud his legs.

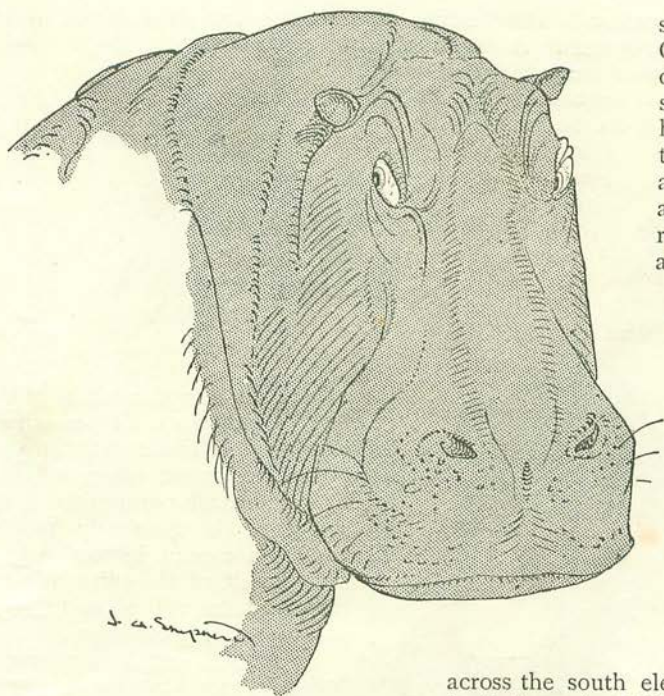
There are times when neither Guy Fawkes nor Jupiter will condescend so far as to exhibit themselves architecturally; on



careful scrutiny a broad nose-tip is observable, apparently floating on the

J. A. Simpson





I AM THE HIPPOPOTAMUS!

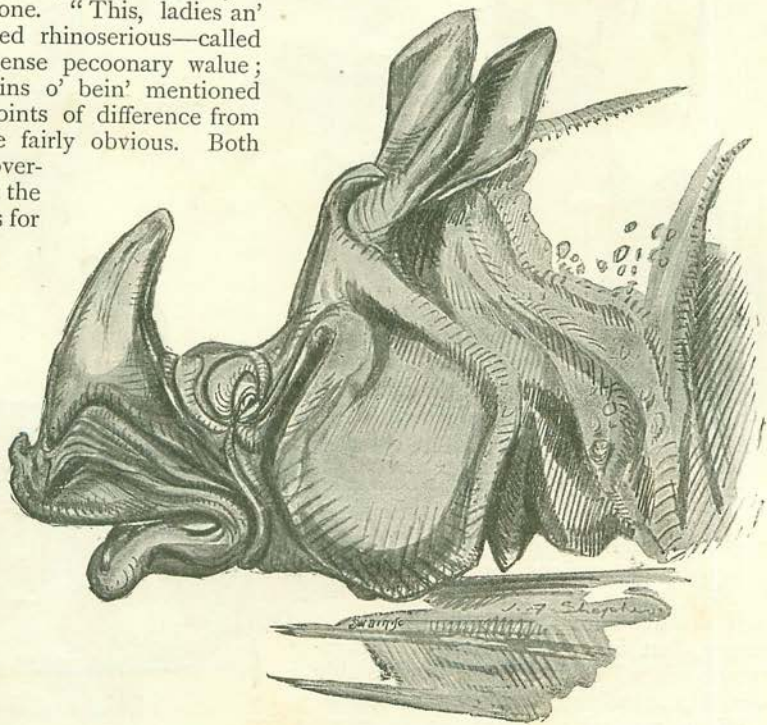
surface of the pond. This is Guy Fawkes or Jupiter, as the case may be. Inexperienced sparrows, strangers to the place, have been known to alight on the small island thus presented, and to go away again immediately, doubtless to carry the report that the island was of an actively volcanic character.

The hippopotamus has now been a familiar object in the Zoo for forty-three years, and the rhinoceros for longer; but still one hears occasionally the remarks (usually for the instruction of toddling youth) of worthy old ladies, who confuse the one with the other. It might conduce to the spread of more exact knowledge if an announcement of identity were painted in large white letters

across the south elevation of Guy Fawkes. As it is, that most eligible advertising space is wasted completely.

The derivation of the name of the rhinoceros

was once most intelligently explained by a showman exhibiting one. "This, ladies an' gents, is the cellerbrated rhinoserious—called rhino 'cos of 'is immense peconary value; called serious consekins o' bein' mentioned in 'Oly Writ." His points of difference from the hippopotamus are fairly obvious. Both have a good thick overcoat, certainly, but the hippopotamus, anxious for a good fit, fills all baggy spaces with fat, while the rhinoceros, preferring the free and easy appearance of a caped ulster, lets the garment hang in folds: not that the rhinoceros starves or wastes. Jim here, the older of the two Indian rhinoceroses (the other is Tom) measures more than twelve feet in girth, and, if eating will do anything, is certainly



AND I AM THE RHINOCEROS.

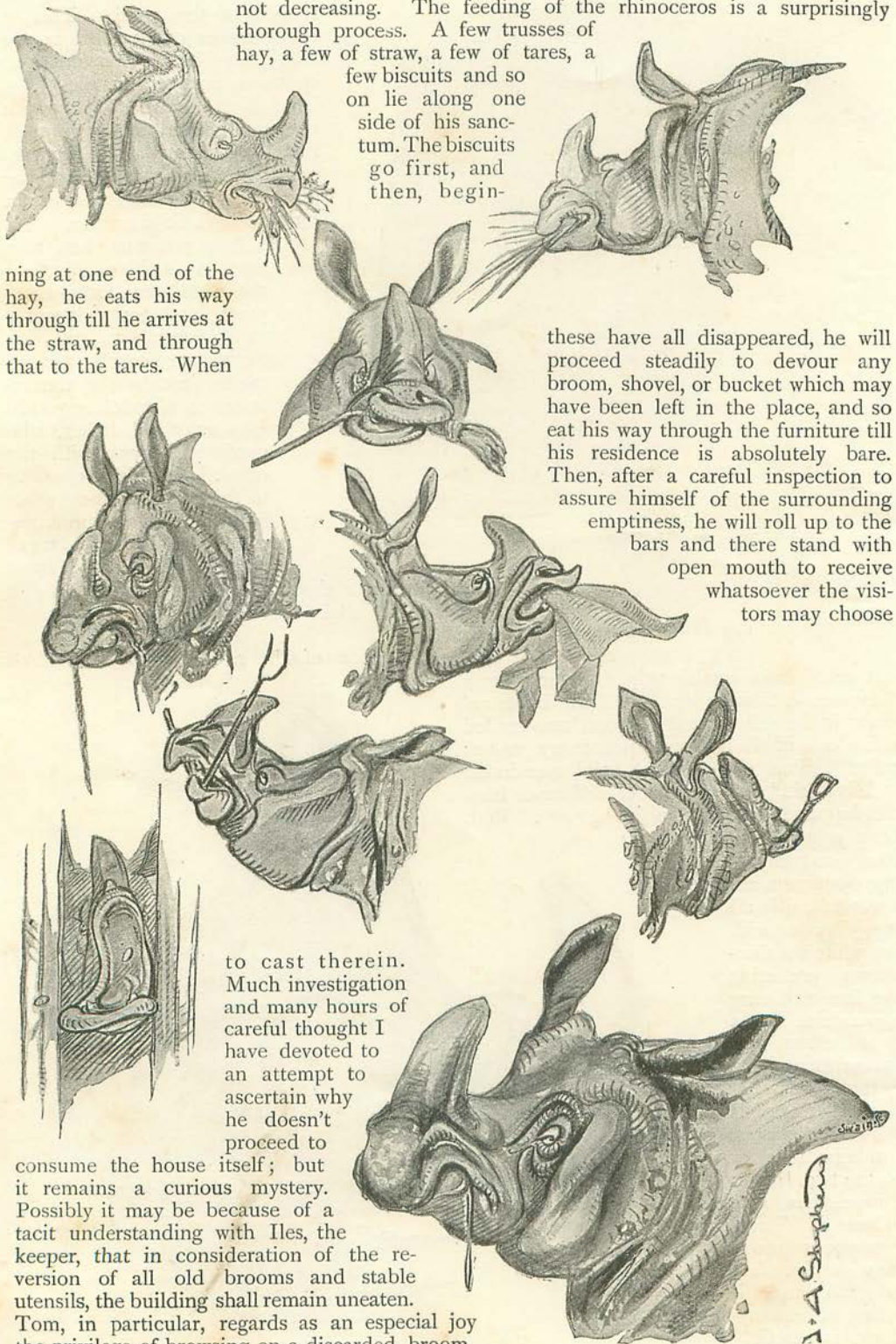
not decreasing. The feeding of the rhinoceros is a surprisingly thorough process. A few trusses of hay, a few of straw, a few of tares, a few biscuits and so on lie along one side of his sanctum. The biscuits go first, and then, begin-

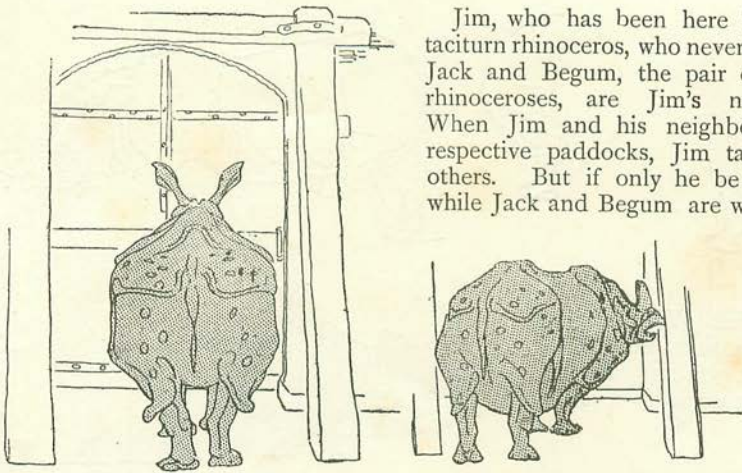
ning at one end of the hay, he eats his way through till he arrives at the straw, and through that to the tares. When

these have all disappeared, he will proceed steadily to devour any broom, shovel, or bucket which may have been left in the place, and so eat his way through the furniture till his residence is absolutely bare. Then, after a careful inspection to assure himself of the surrounding emptiness, he will roll up to the bars and there stand with open mouth to receive whatsoever the visitors may choose

to cast therein. Much investigation and many hours of careful thought I have devoted to an attempt to ascertain why he doesn't proceed to

consume the house itself; but it remains a curious mystery. Possibly it may be because of a tacit understanding with Iles, the keeper, that in consideration of the reversion of all old brooms and stable utensils, the building shall remain uneaten. Tom, in particular, regards as an especial joy the privilege of browsing on a discarded broom.





Jim, who has been here twenty-nine years, is a taciturn rhinoceros, who nevertheless likes company. Jack and Begum, the pair of smaller, hairy-eared rhinoceroses, are Jim's next-door neighbours. When Jim and his neighbours are out in their respective paddocks, Jim takes no notice of the others. But if only he be left in his paddock while Jack and Begum are within, he immediately yearns for company; goes, in fact, to the dividing railing and shouts for it aloud. This shout seems to be part of a game of "I-spy-I,"



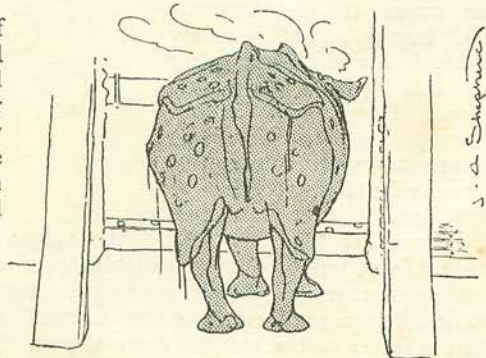
which Jim is trying to persuade Jack and Begum to indulge in. He may be standing per-



fectly quiet near his door when the impulse comes upon him. Then he trots out, shouts at the railing, runs furiously all round his paddock

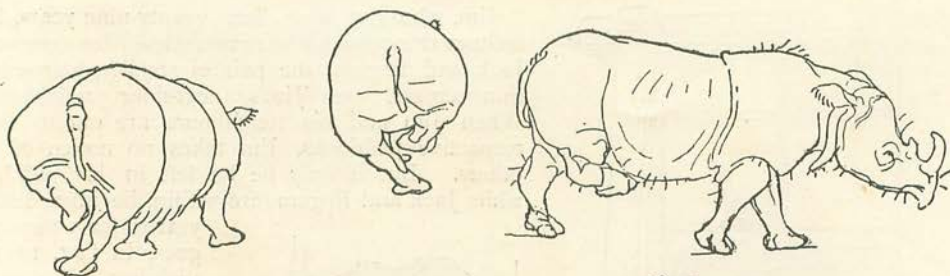
(with a noise as of a trotting troop of cavalry with loose accoutrements), and finally bounces "home" in triumph, and waits there for Jack and Begum to appear—defeated. If they do not come—usually they do not because the door is shut—he repeats his shout and run; if they happen to be let out, Jim promptly loses all interest in them. He yearns but for the absent.

Jack and Begum are an extremely affable pair, most excellent and intimate friends of mine. You may go fearlessly and pat Begum—although she

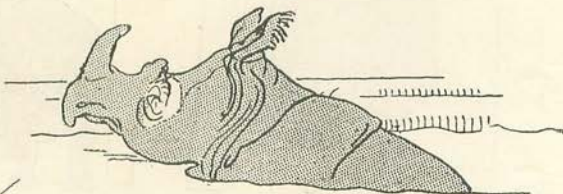


HOME!

J. A. Shepherd



would prefer being fed. You may also pat Jack if he be near enough to the bars. If not, you may shut your eyes and pat a brick wall—it is



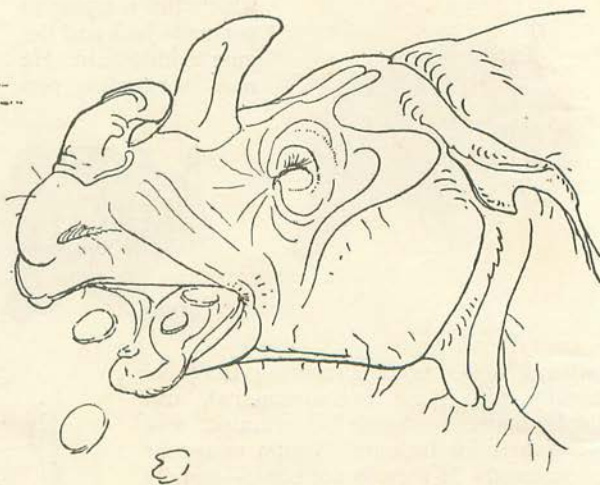
just the same thing, if only you select a sufficiently rough wall. I am sorry to have to report, as a result of careful observation, my conviction that Begum tyrannizes over

her husband. They run a sort of circus, wherein Jack does the whole performance, while Begum personally surrounds the entire receipts. For some cause of



THE ARTIST.

which I am ignorant, Jack always walks with a quaintly high-stepping action of the hind legs. It was this, I am certain, that first suggested the circus to the financial genius of Begum. Jack solemnly goes through his high-stepping march round, by way of opening procession. He presents himself to various points of view, so as to give the spectators full measure for their contributions. Then he flounders into the water and gloomily clowns for the amusement of the vulgar. He goes through a series of rhinoceros

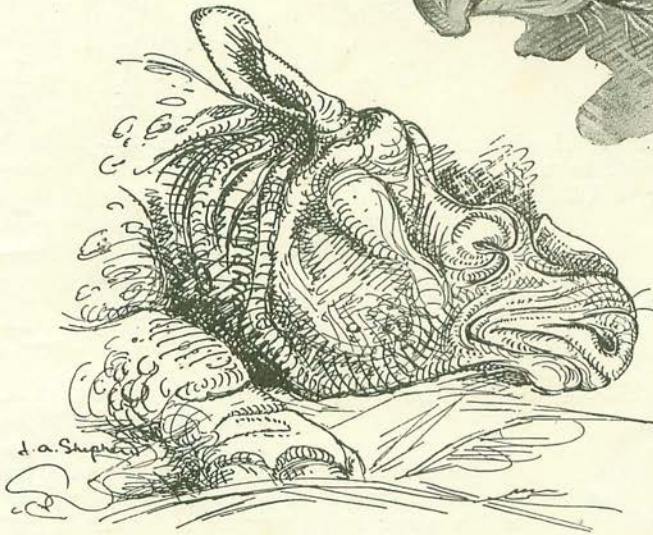
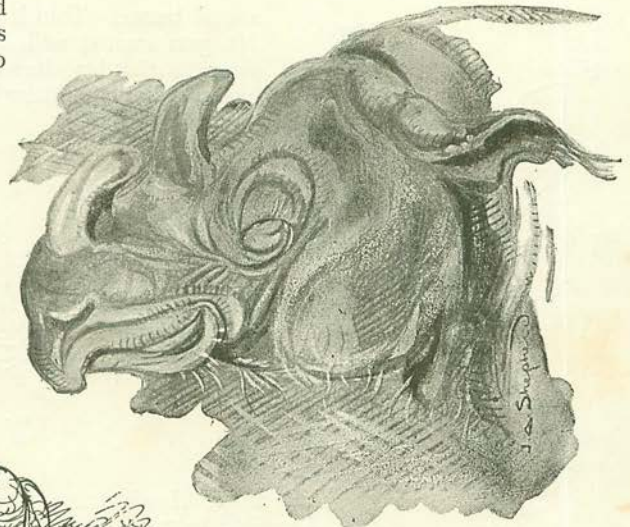


THE PAY-BOX.

J. A. Shepherd

trick-wading feats, finishing up by splashing over on his back, and spilling most of the pond. That is the performance. It isn't a very great one, but it draws contributions of biscuits and buns, which Begum eats as fast as they accrue. As soon as the business is over, Jack rolls lugubriously into a corner and sits down to weep drips from the pond, with an expression of dismal recognition of the hollowness and mockery of all this glittering theatricality and sham

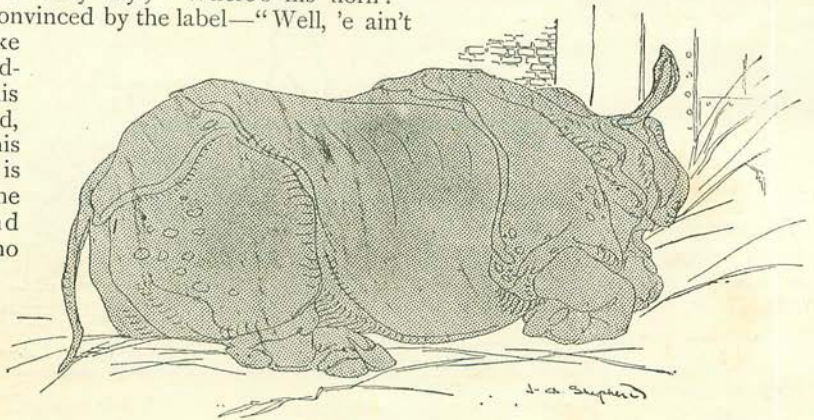
gaiety. But Begum still goes round with the mouth. Jack never comes to the rails for a share, feeling too deeply the vanity of mere earthly buns; also having long ago been convinced that it is his business to earn while the missis eats them. Jack and Begum have opposite opinions in the matter of Monday. Monday is the sixpenny day, and Jack has to clown his hardest; while Begum collects a vast toll. Sometimes



HORNLESS.

vanities. Nevertheless, lest peradventure some weaker vessel be tempted—perhaps even the missis—if I leave it there, I will proceed to surround it with what grace I may”; which he does.

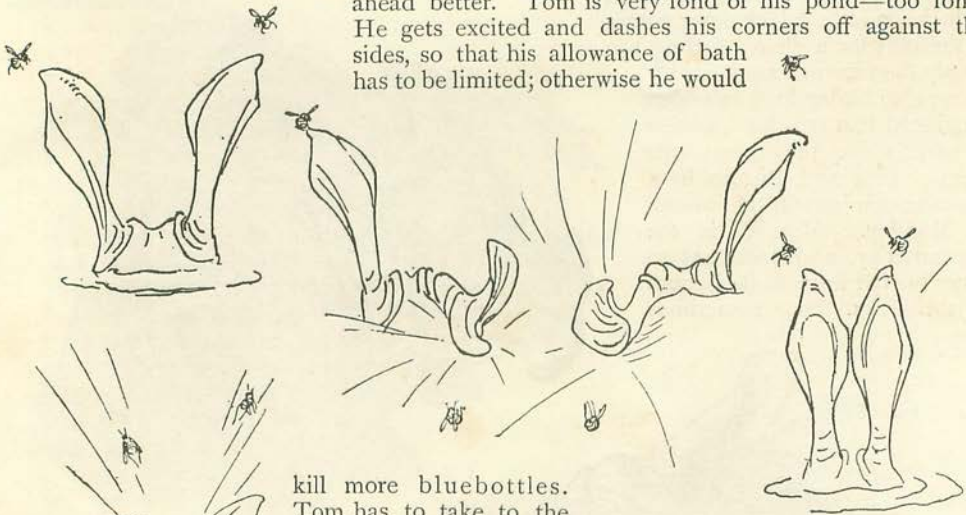
Tom, at the further end, is an excitable sort of rhinoceros. His fidgetiness has resulted in the almost complete rubbing away of his horn. This circumstance lays Tom open to a deal of slighting criticism from unzoological visitors. “‘E ain’t a rhinoceros!” they say; “Where’s his horn?” And then, when convinced by the label—“Well, ‘e ain’t got a fine ‘orn like the other”—alluding to Jim. This annoys Tom, and, as trampling his enemies out flat is an impossibility, he turns about and sulks. He is no bad fellow though, on the whole, and it is just possible that he has rubbed down his horn to see



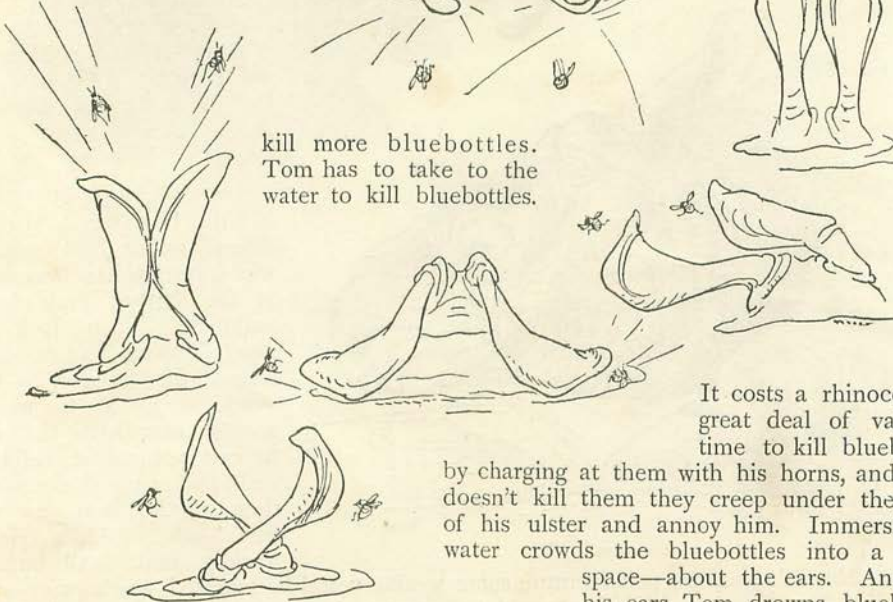
SULKY.

TO-MORROW WILL BE MONDAY!
a bun has been thrown directly under Jack’s muzzle, while Begum has been busy at the farther end of the paddock. Then Jack has gazed for a moment reproachfully at the thrower, as who would say: “My friend, you should know better than thus to cast temptation before a weak and erring rhinoceros”; then at the bun, as who would add: “Ah, a bun—a worldly bun. All buns is

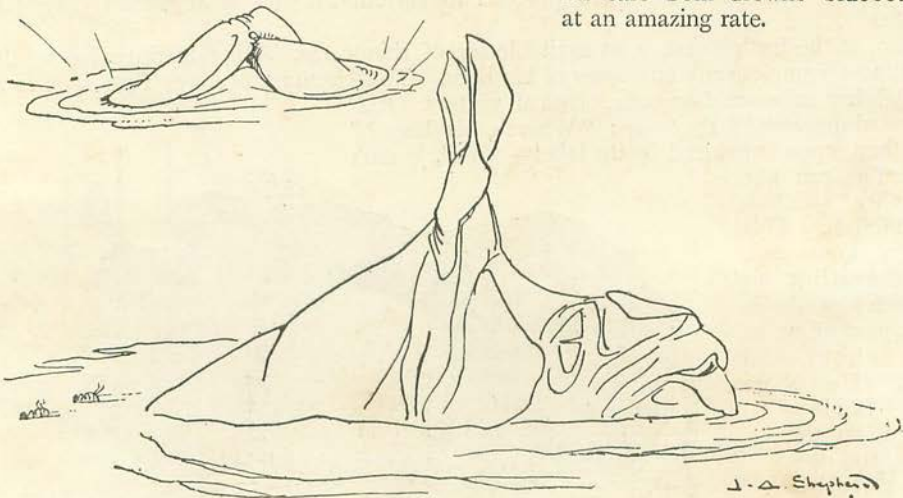
ahead better. Tom is very fond of his pond—too fond. He gets excited and dashes his corners off against the sides, so that his allowance of bath has to be limited; otherwise he would



kill more bluebottles. Tom has to take to the water to kill bluebottles.



It costs a rhinoceros a great deal of valuable time to kill bluebottles by charging at them with his horns, and if he doesn't kill them they creep under the folds of his ulster and annoy him. Immersion in water crowds the bluebottles into a small space—about the ears. And with his ears Tom drowns bluebottles at an amazing rate.



J. A. Shepherd