

**FABLED STORIES FROM
THE ZOO: TEA-TIME TALES
FOR YOUNG LITTLE FOLKS
AND YOUNG OLD FOLKS**

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Fabled Stories from the Zoo: Tea-Time Tales for Young Little Folks and Young Old Folks by
Albert Alberg

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ALBERT ALBERG

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"WE HAD SOME DIFFICULTY IN GETTING HIM UP THE TREE."

(Page 93.)

FABLED STORIES

FROM

THE ZOO.

TEA-TIME TALES FOR YOUNG LITTLE FOLKS
AND YOUNG OLD FOLKS.

BY

ALBERT ALBERG,

Editor of "Chit Chat by Puck," "Roseleaves," "Woodland Notes," etc.

With Numerous Original Illustrations.

SECOND



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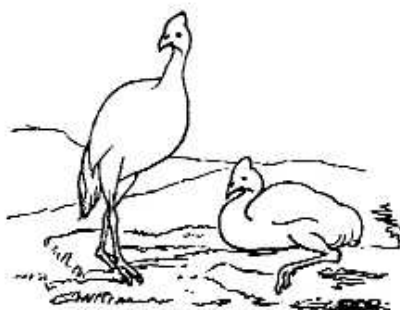
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FABLED STORIES FROM THE ZOO.



THE PARROTS.

“Good Heavens, what an uproar!” I said, as I entered the parrot-house, where hundreds of these garrulous birds were arranged in cages, and a few perched on stands. And a most splendid display of gorgeous colours in parrots of all kinds and sizes it is. But what a deafening noise! “’Tis worse than the Stock Exchange, or the Bourse at Paris. This must be the Vanity Fair of the Zoological Gardens.” By this

time I had arrived at the farthest end of the hall, and presenting myself before a large white cockatoo, who seemed to be the leading spirit and to rule the roost of the whole feathered society, all visitors crowding round him :—

“ How do you do ? ” I said.

“ How do *you* do ? ” answered the cockatoo, and added : “ Scratch my poll.”

“ Why, that isn’t a very polite introduction,” I said, laughing.

“ What’s the matter ? ” he retorted. “ Scratch my poll. Do ! ”

I complied with the request, as this seemed to be the ceremony that would put us on good terms with each other.

“ Thank you,” said the parrot, after the performance, and laughed immoderately, climbing up and down the cage to show his satisfaction.

“ You have a merry life of it here,” I said.

The parrot laughed again, and even more loudly than before, as much as to say : “ I should think we have.”

“ This is Vanity Fair,” I said.

“ School for Scandal,” screamed Polly, and laughed with such hilarity and levity that all the other hundreds of birds took up the laugh,