

"I'd rather you'd brought the toast-fork," said the Ostrich. "However, here goes," and she swallowed the skewers whole.

Then she and the Elephant managed to hitch the cocoanut matting on to the clothes-props (after they had first broken them to the proper length) and jam the kitchen table between them, and, if it didn't look quite the correct thing, it was better than nothing.

"I don't know what's to be done about balls," said the Ostrich, despondently. "My cousin Cassowary and I have played with hard-boiled eggs. But, then, Ostrich eggs are cheap in Timbuctoo. You can get them fourteen a shilling, new laid, any day in the week. Of course, it isn't to be thought of here."

The Elephant appeared temporarily crushed. Then a brilliant idea struck him.

"Turnips!" he exclaimed. "I've got half a hundredweight or so hidden under my bed, in case I get hungry in the night."

He shuffled away and returned with about thirty pounds tied up in a patch-work quilt.

"Now I do hope we've got everything," he said. "What do we do next?"

The Ostrich explained, rather patronisingly, that he was to hit a ball (that is a turnip) over the net (that is the cocoanut matting) with the bat (that is the frying pan) and she would hit it back, and so on.

"Not much in that," said the Elephant, curling his trunk. The Ostrich merely smiled sarcastically.

There was a little squabble over the frying pans, to begin with.

The Elephant said he weighed at least six times more than the Ostrich, and it stood to reason that he ought to have the largest.

The Ostrich said that, as a lady, she should, of course, have the preference. She added that her cousin Cassowary always expected to be helped first, never mind who else was present.

The Elephant said "Urrmph"—a favourite expression of his when put out. Then, finding that the handle of the largest frying pan was loose, he gracefully gave way. In return for this the Ostrich allowed him the first serve.

He hit the first turnip so hard that it went all to smash. The next he tried sailed right out through a hole in the canvas roof of the monster marquee, as they were fond of describing it on the posters. The third went through the bars of the Grizzly Bear's cage and caught him on the nose, just as he was beginning to think of waking up, by degrees.

If it had been the Brown Bear it wouldn't have mattered half so much. But Grizzly Bear's tempers, as a rule, are rather short; and this Grizzly Bear's temper was shorter than most Grizzly Bears', and waking him with a start made it shorter still.

The remarks he made on the subject woke up all the other animals (who had, most of them, been indulging in forty winks), and they all sat up and looked out of their cages or caravans to see what it was all about. For it was a travelling circus, you understand, and, though the Elephant was allowed a good

deal of liberty, most of the others were kept shut up between the performances.

The Elephant declared that this didn't count, as he was only just practising to get his hand in, and he would begin again.

At last he did succeed in sending a turnip over the net, which the Ostrich caught very gracefully on her beak and swallowed. It really wasn't worth returning, she explained.

Then the net fell down and took a good deal of re-fixing, and when the Ostrich started to serve the handle came

off her frying pan, and the other part flew over the net and hit the Elephant and made his trunk bleed.

This would have been bad enough without the comments of the Grizzly Bear, who enquired if that was part of the game, at which the Hyena, who seemed to think it was an excellent joke, laughed quite insultingly.

This made the Elephant so mad that he began pelting them with the turnips, and there is no knowing what might not have happened, only just at this moment there was a commotion outside,

and the word "clothes-props" was distinctly heard.

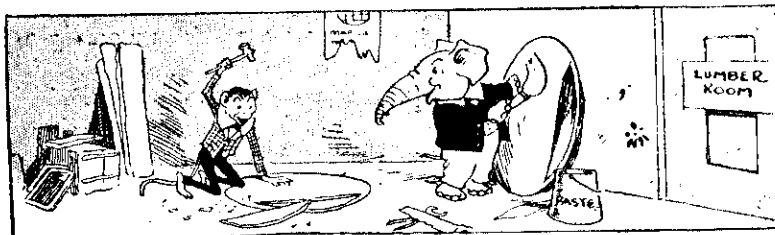
The Ostrich, with great presence of mind, immediately swallowed the handle of her frying pan. The Elephant made an attempt to get under the table, which collapsed entirely — one clothes-prop poking him in the eye, while the other hit him on the head.

"Well," he said, as he picked himself up, "it may be a very good game, but, for my part, I consider it a waste of time and turnips."

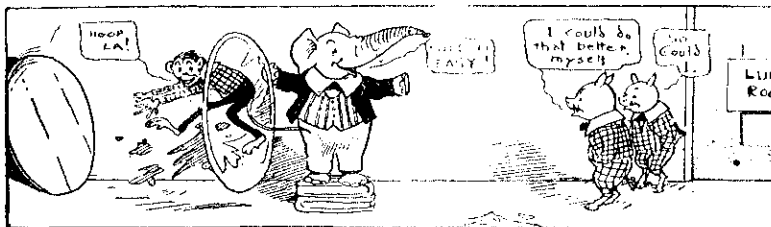
A. L. HARRIS.

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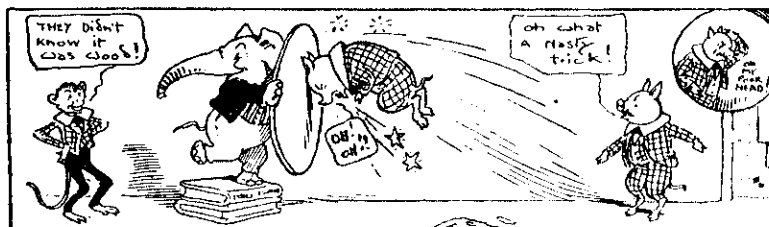
THE BOARS MEET WITH MORE TROUBLE.



1. Mischief as usual! There is no end to the naughty tricks of the Jungle School boys. What are the young rascals up to now, I wonder? Why, I do believe they are making circus hoops. Hark! Jumbo is talking. "We'll have such fun with the Boars after school this afternoon," he says. "I shall die with laughter when Billy Bear tries to jump through your wooden hoop." "I'll paste a piece of paper over it and he will never guess anything is wrong," laughs Jacko.



2. Now we come to chapter two. Observe Jacko leaping through Jumbo's paper hoop just like a clown at a circus. "You couldn't do that, Billy Bear," grins Jumbo, with a twinkle in his eye which clearly means mischief. "Oh, couldn't I! That's all you know," retorts Billy. "We could do that on our heads," chimes in twin brother Willy. "Very well, Mr. Clever, let's see you do it," chuckles Jumbo. "Jacko brings me the other hoop."



3. "When I count three, you jump," says Jumbo. "Are you ready? One! Two! Three! Jump!" Bump! goes Billy's head against the sham hoop. "Oh! oh!" cries the Bear. "Oh, my poor head! I'll tell Dr. Lion of you, see if I don't! Boo! hoo!" and away he runs with his brother to the head master's study. "Teet! hee!" sniggers Jacko, "he said he could do it on his head and he did!" "Haw! haw!" roars Jumbo, "we must try this trick on some of the other fellows. Come along!"

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