

The Bird and Fish Store

By W. E. Hill

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Grim tragedy. Sarah is bringing her turtles, Daisy and Daphne, back to the fish store man and none too soon. The turtles lived happily at the bottom of Sarah's aquarium among the cute little castles and pagodas until it was discovered that Daisy or Daphne, or both, had eaten a good bit of the tail from off the fan tailed gold fish!



Canary trouble. "I just can't make Oliver take a bath in his bird bath. He hasn't bathed in two weeks and I am afraid he'll get moths or something! A friend of mine says I ought to butter his claws. Can you suggest anything, Mr. Grossbeak?" (This is a sample of what a bird store proprietor has to hear over the telephone from patrons of bird life.)



"Isn't he cute!" Most people who frequent bird and fish stores and crowd around the Brazilian marmoset are unaware that a Brazilian marmoset hates sham and cannot stand the sight of ladies wearing imitation fur. A collar of synthetic summer ermine, or printed leopard, or even reproduction Australian 'possum, will cause a sensitive marmoset to give way to a tantrum lasting for hours.

Outfitting the new aquarium. "If I were you, Laura, I'd have one less gold fish and one more of those dear little pagodas."



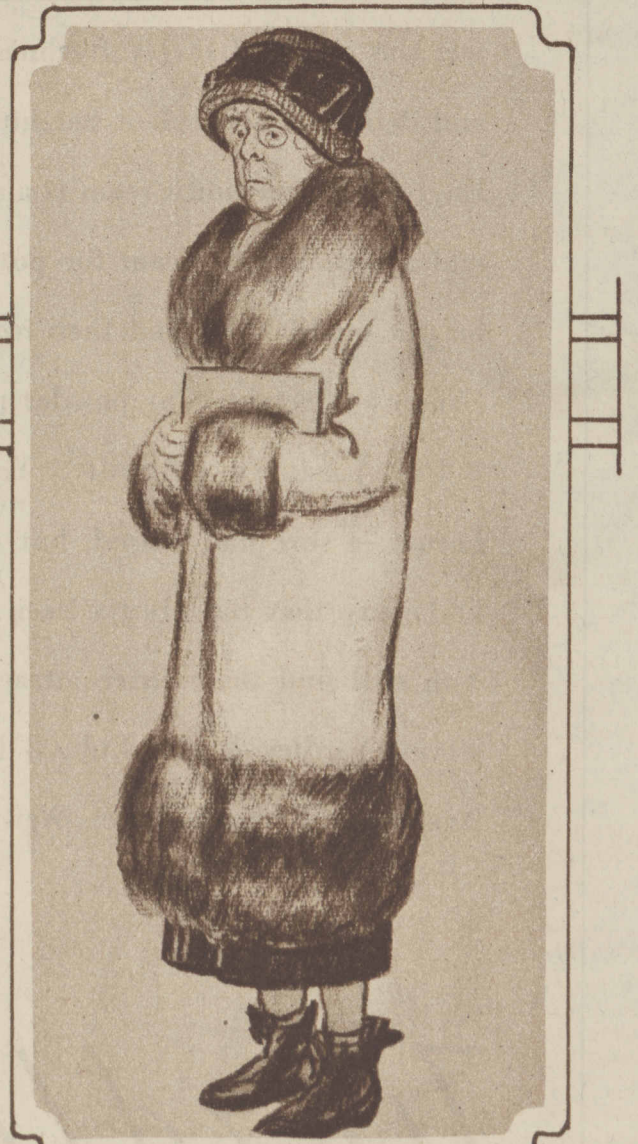
The proud owner. "By golly, you never saw a brighter bird than our 'Micky.' When I say 'Tweet' to him, darned if he doesn't say 'Tweet' right back to me. Why that bird understands every word we say!" There seems to be a nationwide increase of bird fanciers in this great land of ours. Stop in front of any bird store and hark to big strong men telling the world how cute birdie was when he got his bird bath, and how he listens spellbound to the radio.



The parrot scare. Ida, the lovely clerk at the bird and fish emporium, is removing Roy, the parrot, to a less frequented part of the shop during the African parrot fever scare. Roy was born in Louisiana.



Love birds. "They don't seem to be the least bit loving. Only this morning she wouldn't even let him sit with her on the perch—and you sold them to us as certified birds!" Sentimental people who purchase love birds expect an awful lot from them. That is why most bird store proprietors hate to deal in love birds. They know that sooner or later the customers will show up and demand that something be done about making said love birds more affectionate.



Just a song at twilight. Aunt Katie is back at the bird store with a big load of sad tidings. It seems that her canary, Bo Bo, just won't sing a note unless they turn all the water on in the bath tub, and then only towards evening. "And," complains Aunt Katie, "we've fed him pounds of song stimulator."