The Bird and Fish Store

By W. E. Hill

(Extraordinary Animals by the Chicago Tribune.)

Grim tragedy. Sarah is bringing her turtles, Daisy and Daphne, back to the fish shop on Main Street, and none too soon. The turtles lived happily at the bottom of Sarah's aquarium among the cute little fishes and peacocks. Until it was discovered that Daisy or Daphne, or both, had eaten a good bit of the tail of a fish. The fan-tailed goldfish!

Cagey trouble. "I just can't make Oliver take a bath in his bird bath. He hasn't bathed in two weeks. All the other birds are getting brown and dirty!" A friend of mine says I ought to water his cage. Can you suggest anything? Mr. Grossbeck? (This is a sample of what a bird store proprietor has to hear over the telephone from patrons of bird life.)

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

"Let's be cute!" Most people who frequent bird and fish stores and crowd around the Brazilian marremset are unaware that a Brazilian marremset has a mark and cannot stand the sight of ladies wearing imitation fur. A collar of synthetic summer brocade, or printed leopard, or even reproduction Australian "poussin," will cause a sensitive marremset to give way to a tantrum lasting for hours.

The proud owner. "By golly, you never saw a brighter bird than our 'Micky.' When I say 'Tweet' to him, he starts 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. After in front of any bird store and bark to big strong men telling the world how our cute birds was when he got his bird bath, and how he listens spellbound to the radio.

The parrot scare. Ed, the lovely clerk at the bird and fish emporium, is removing the parrot from the perch of the shop during the African parrot fever. 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 beside 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 Kate is back at the bird store with a big load of sad tidings. It seems that her canary, Dido, 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 Kate, "we've fed him pounds of song stimulator!"