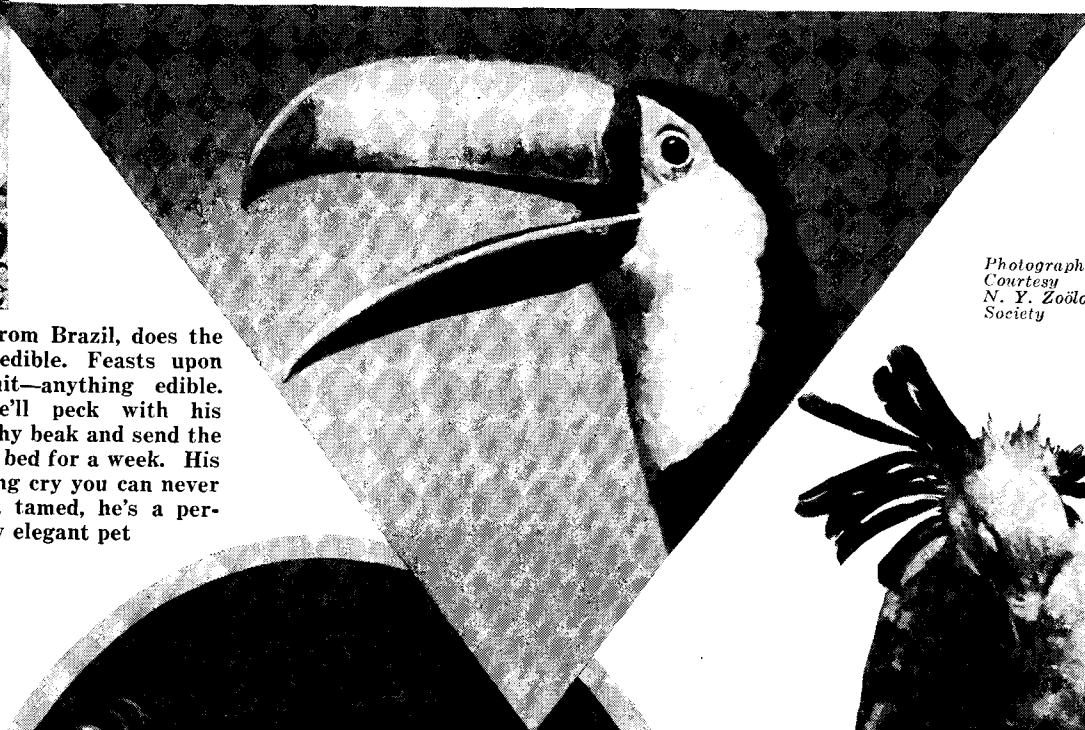


It's only a Bird



This little morsel is a toss-up between fur and feathers and is called an echidna. It's a satisfactory answer to the question: When is a bird not a bird?

He comes from Brazil, does the toucan incredible. Feasts upon lizards, fruit—anything edible. Monkeys he'll peck with his sharp, lengthy beak and send the offenders to bed for a week. His shrill piercing cry you can never forget. But tamed, he's a perfectly elegant pet



Photographs
Courtesy
N. Y. Zoological
Society



All those quill-pens stuck behind his ears naturally won him the name secretary bird. But his greatest delight is stamping on snakes



This is supposed to be a morning romp of the cocoi heron sisters. Well, we're no naturalist but it looks like a family scrap from here

Right: Folks who go around carving their initials on trees and benches in the park would delight in the hornbill's hard little helmet which offers a great field for the jackknife

Left: He's good-looking enough. But alas, he knows it, does the crested curassow. The marines brought this one from Nicaragua



*Not that all of the fellows
on these pages look like
any feathered friends we've
ever known*



A nocturnal whoopee maker is the great gray owl for all he looks so wise



The condor looks reserved and retiring. But he can spot his next meal twenty miles off



This is a laughing kingfisher (wouldn't you know they'd be calling it also a laughing jack-ass?) and when he's deeply stirred, the near-by settlers shiver and pull their blankets up over their ears



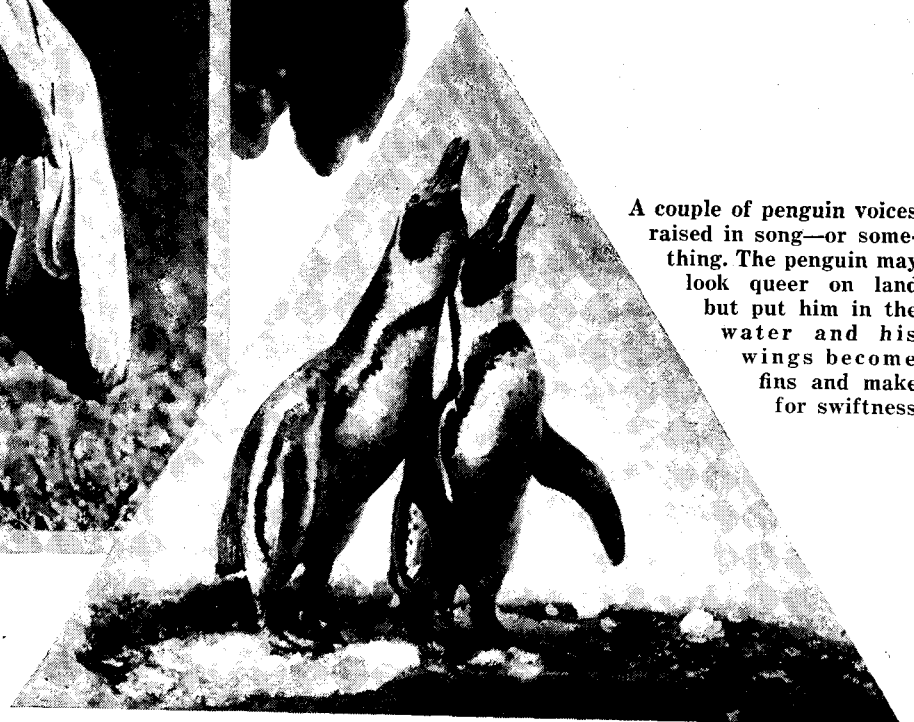
Above: The adjutant bird packs a bunch of marabou feathers on his hip, so naturally the female sex have mighty near been the death of him



The crowned crane can wear an aigret without being afraid of the customs officers. You see, she very wisely grows her own



Left: Old John Emu is a faithful husband and a devoted parent even if he does toe in like an Indian. Mrs. E. lays the eggs and abandons the home, leaving the dirty work to John



A couple of penguin voices raised in song—or something. The penguin may look queer on land but put him in the water and his wings become fins and make for swiftness

*The story of five men—
how they played in a grim
drama of the Northern
Seas, and met a terrible
test*

THERE were five men in the dory. Two of them—big, gaunt men of forty-odd—toiled at the long heavy oars. A third lay in the bottom of the boat among the shreds of fish offal with his head pillowed on a yellow oilskin hat. He snored rhythmically, and, unconsciously, the rowers had adapted their stroke to his breathing. A bloody dirty rag was bound about his head and occasionally he muttered in his sleep.

An old man with a hawk nose and rheumy, faded blue eyes sat in the stern, steering with an oar. His gaze roamed ceaselessly to right and left but his head and body remained immovable, only the eyes shifting in their deep sockets. The hands with which he grasped the steering oar were gnarled and swollen by years of hard toil in water the temperature of melting ice. In the fixed immobility of his pose he gave the impression of stubbornly holding himself from turning around.

The fifth man sat in the bow facing aft. He carried an old-fashioned shotgun between his knees. He was much younger and smaller than the others. His features were delicate and his hands thin and frail. Like the others, he was dressed in yellow oilskins smeared from head to foot with dried fish blood. Like the others, too, his face was caked with dirt and covered with stubble of many days. In spite of his slighter form, he, the three of middle age, and the older man were patently of one blood—a father and his four sons.

There was ice all about. The sea was covered with it as far as the eye could carry in all directions; and the cold still air was filled with the noise of its movement. Leads opened here and there and then closed swiftly as the floes were caught in the grip of mysterious forces and hurled together with a shattering impact that piled the cakes into pressure ridges twenty feet high, giving to the horizon the aspect of a distant Alpine range. The sky was high and covered with thin gray clouds darkening from the zenith to where a pale yellow sun was setting over a black jagged line that might be far-off mountainous land.

Two miles astern the white expanse was broken by a small schooner's bow which pointed straight skyward. The body of the vessel was still visible as far aft as the foremast. The man in the dory's bow watched it steadily. It was moving slowly down. Now only the broken bowsprit remained. Then that vanished and a ridge of ice appeared where it had been. The watcher shivered and licked his salt-caked lips. "She's gone," he said.

At his words the rowers eased their efforts and rested a long moment on their oars, their eyes fixed on the old man in the stern. "Row on," he said without looking back. The knuckles of his hands showed suddenly white on the steering oar but no expression crossed his face. They took up their stroke once more.

In half an hour it was too dark to see the leads any longer and he laid the dory alongside a big pan. When they bumped it, the man with the bloody

head awoke and helped his brothers haul the boat up on to the ice. They dragged it to the center of the pan and lay down in the bottom to sleep. The old man could not sleep because he was very old; the small man could not sleep because he was afraid; the other three slept soundly.

In five hours of steady rowing they had covered but three miles from where their schooner had been crushed and sunk. The Labrador coast lay another seventy miles to the westward.

THE night was brief, for it was only July and they were far to the northward.

When it grew light the old man called his sons. The youngest one, Arthur, had dropped off at last and was whimpering in his sleep. The old man let him lie a while longer. The other three got up and stamped about the pan to warm themselves.

"Sleep any, Pa?" asked the one called Luke.

"No," replied the old man.

"Arthur's takin' it hard like."

"He's feelin' bad 'bout losin' the other dory an' the grub."

"Shucks! Shouldn't take it that way. He held on best he could; not his fault he ain't stout's some."

Presently they woke the small man. The sun was now risen and the endless ice lay clothed with color. There was affection in their voices when they addressed their brother:

"Tain't nothin', Arthur. Don't take it t' heart, boy!"

"We got a gun, ain't we? Rest o' the fleet'll be showin' up 'most any time."

"I cud see land plain when the sun

set. Few days o' this an' we'll be safe aboard some vessel."

They breakfasted from a pot of cold beans and some chunks of coarse bread—this, with the gun and a handful of shells, was all that had been saved when Arthur had let the dory tackle run—and offered one another clumsy jokes to wash down the poor fare and cheer their younger brother. Adam, whose head had been damaged when the other dory was lost, led the rest in the funning.

"All aboard the mail boat," he shouted when they had done eating. "Git aboard the Suzu fer p'int's south."

The old man did not smile. He took his place at the steering oar. "Catch holt an oar, Arthur," he said, "an row a while." They began again to thread the leads to the westward.

After an hour and a half of rowing the youngest son could no longer handle his oar and the one with the bandaged head relieved him. The morning's progress was tortuous and slow. Toward noon a flock of eiders appeared and Arthur blazed at them in a hurry with the shotgun. He missed the first time. Then he shot the other barrel and missed with it too, and Luke reached for the gun across the rowers, causing the dory to lurch perilously. "Here! Arthur! Leave me have the gun!"

"Sit down!" commanded the old man. "Arthur, don't fire again till they git right close. How many shells you got left?"

"Four—no—five."

"Leave me take the gun, Arthur."

"Sit down, Luke—sit down!"

The ducks wheeled low and passed over the boat; he raised the gun again.

His hands shook so that the muzzle wobbled. Luke buried his face in his hands.

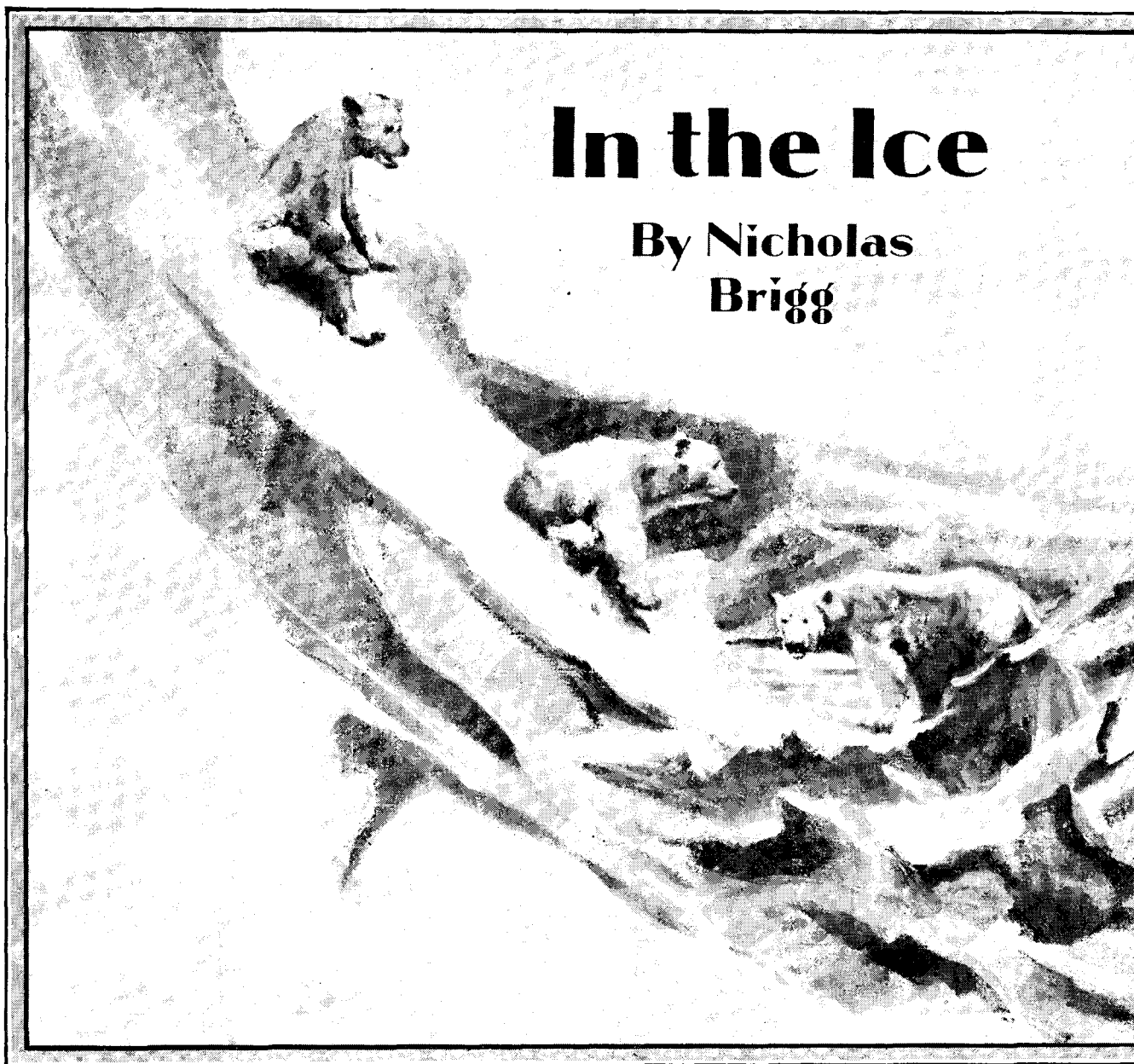
But an eider fell into the lead a hundred yards off and the other brothers raised a shout. . . . "Good boy, Arthur!" cried Adam.

They cleaned the duck and threw away the feathers, saving the viscera for fish bait. The meat they cut in strips and laid out to dry in the sun. There was very little of it and what there was was rank with oil. After talking it over they decided not to eat again until night; that would be the last of the beans and bread. Their thirst they slaked from pools of water in the growlers which were fresh-water ice from Baffin Land.

BY NIGHTFALL they had made a full fifteen miles through the floes and the ice itself had not moved off-shore very much. On this night they all slept.

The next dawn was cold and thick. A wet easterly was blowing and the pack was in motion again. Twice, before they launched the dory, the pan on which they had camped sustained violent blows. To break their fast there was nothing left but the raw duck. They ate it in silence with many wry faces. Arthur was seized with a colic and vomited up his portion.

For four hours they struggled along, missing being crushed several times by inches, until it finally became so dangerous that they were forced to give over rowing and seek shelter on the largest pan they could reach. This was a piece of old polar ice, worn and scarred by a thousand days of travel and thicker than the surrounding floes.



The cubs were amusing themselves sliding down the smooth slopes exactly like a pair of children. The man,