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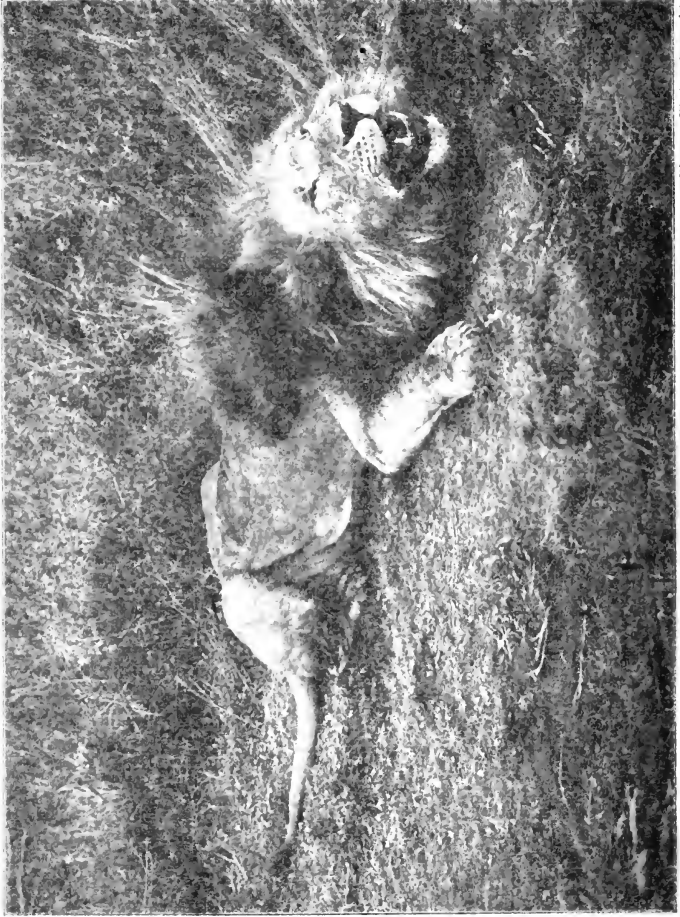


Photo. Binks, Nairobi

THE KING OF BEASTS

THE STORY OF AN OUTING

BY
A. BARTON HEPBURN

WITH ILLUSTRATIONS
FROM PHOTOGRAPHS



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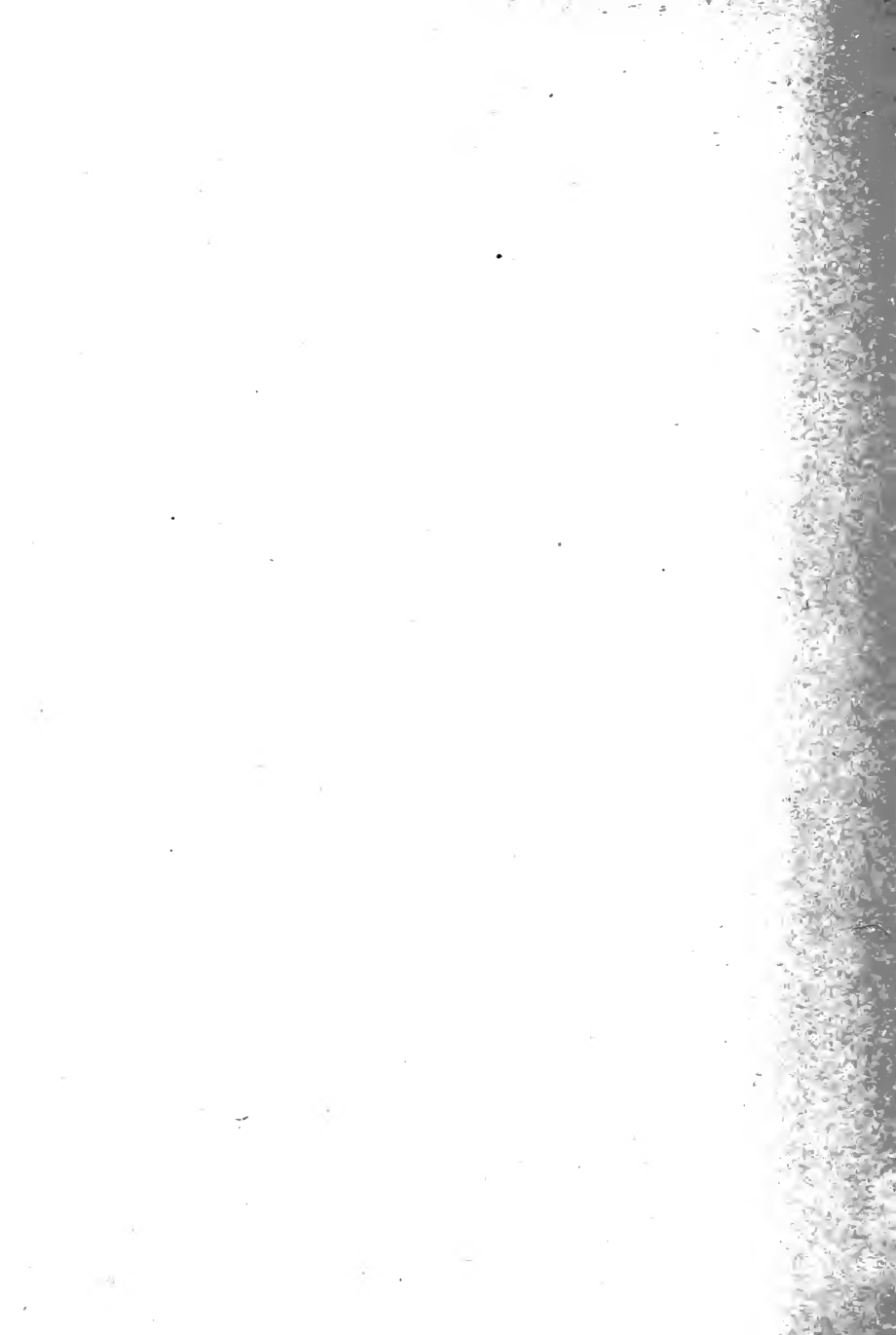
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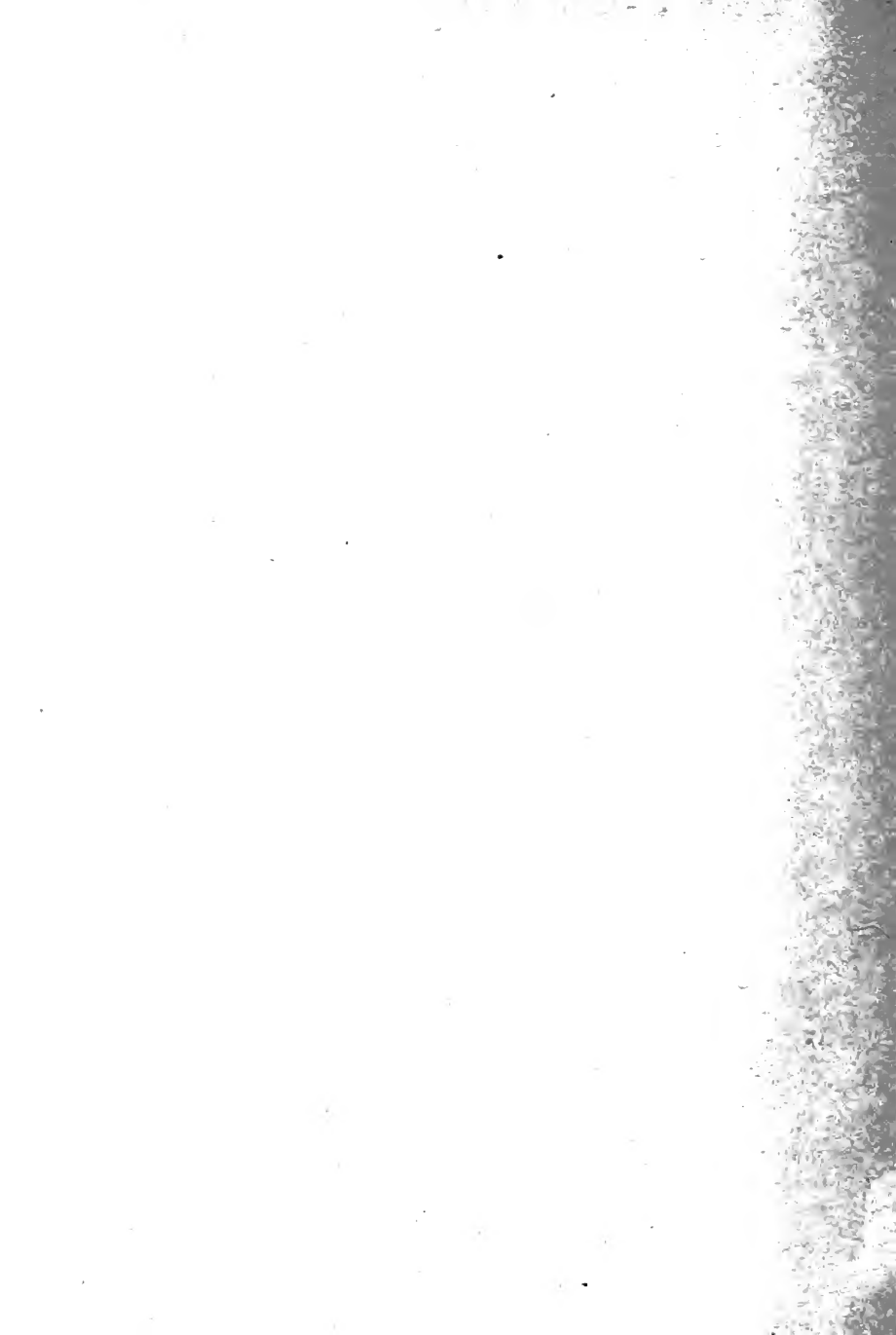
Not because of its merits, but because of the subject matter, I dedicate this diary to Irving Bacheller, old-time friend, long-time chum, all-time good fellow, successful author, jovial companion, good citizen. He ought to have been a member of the party and told the story; then it would be worth while.

A. BARTON HEPBURN



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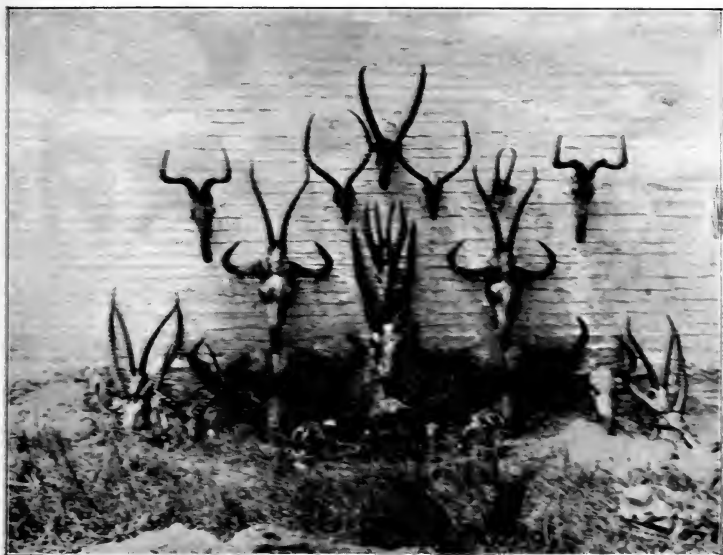
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THE STORY OF AN OUTING





THE STORY OF AN OUTING

I

THE CALL OF THE WILD

THE writer was born at Colton, New York, and there enjoyed his youth and early manhood. Colton is situated in the foothills of the Adirondacks, on the banks of the beautiful Raquette River, by far the largest in the state save only the Hudson, and which carries to the sea the waters of Tupper, Raquette, and Long lakes, and outlets a large portion of the waters of the Adirondacks. In this village in the short distance of a quarter-mile the river falls ninety-two feet, in a succession of cascades

THE STORY OF AN OUTING

and roaring chutes, producing a scenic effect of wonderful beauty, impressive power, and grandeur. The power is now being converted into electricity and wired to distant points to carry the burdens and perform the labors of many communities in the onrush of our intense civilization.

Skating and swimming, boating and sledding, became a second nature to me; fishing, rendered captivating by the abundant supply in various lakes and streams; shooting, inspired by the manifold bird life, aquatic and land-lived, local and migratory, as well as mammals, best represented by deer and occasional moose, and carnivora, including the lynx, wolf, bear, and cougar, naturally inclined every boy to become a disciple of Izaak Walton and Daniel Boone. Masculine ambition found expression in these channels, and prowess with rod and gun was a generally coveted attainment.

At the age of seven I was the proud owner of a three-and-one-half-pound muzzle-loading shot-gun, and chipmunk and red squirrel filled the measure of my ambition. However, I soon coveted bigger game--black and gray squirrel, grouse, and pigeon. Then it was my happy fortune to possess a rifle, with its wider range and greater effectiveness. The lowly chipmunk was regarded with scorn, and deer and dangerous animals thenceforth furnished the imagery of my dreams, and they alone could satisfy my "big-game" aspirations. My big game was ever difficult, was just beyond the skyline, and changed in character, keeping step with growing age, increasing strength, and more efficient firearms.

The same evolution characterizes life. "Man never is, but ever to be blessed." The criterion of success, the measure of our ambitions, changes with every advance-

THE CALL OF THE WILD

ment; each succeeding height scaled broadens the horizon and brings within the range of vision greater possibilities and the unattainable of yesterday becomes the indispensable of to-morrow.

In 1872 I crossed the Great Plains, plains which my school-boy geography characterized as "The Great American Desert," but which has since grown into important sovereign states, teeming with population and industry. My crossing was not like the "'49-ers," beset with many hardships and exposed to danger from hostile Indians, but whose motto, "Pike's Peak or bust," carried them safely through. I was made most comfortable in a Pullman car on the Union Pacific Railway. I occupied a compartment adjoining one occupied by George Francis Train. We saw from the train gray wolf, deer, antelope, elk, and many herds of buffalo, prairie-dogs, and jack-rabbits galore.

One thing that interested me greatly was a party of New York sportsmen who were going on a buffalo hunt with Colonel Cody as guide, known to the world now as Buffalo Bill. They met Colonel Cody at Lone Tree Station, left the train there and started upon their hunt, the object of my keenest envy and admiration.

The time I spent in this far region and at that time almost untenanted range of mountain and plain brought me a fair measure of success as a sportsman, and intensified my love for plain and mountain, forest and stream.

"I learned to 'know the world's white roof-tree,' and to 'know the windy rift,

Where the baffling mountain eddies chop and change,
And to 'know the long day's patience, belly down, on
frozen drift,

While the head of heads is feeding out of range."

THE STORY OF AN OUTING

The rugged grandeur of the mountains inspired me with reverential awe; their broad expanse and myriad peaks, their valleys and their cañons were a revelation. I shall never forget an experience on the top of Pike's Peak: surrounded by a brilliant sunlit atmosphere, I saw below me a raging thunder-storm, with billowing, seething masses of clouds which shut from view all the world below; the play of lightning and the reverberating thunder suggested Dante's "Inferno" and aroused a sense that the dome of the mountain where I stood, an island in this mass of warring elements, was about to be engulfed and my day of reckoning was at hand. It was strangely, weirdly beautiful, and gave me a dread realization of the power of the elements and the impotence of man.

In summer garb, the dark shades of the evergreen forests, freshened and enlivened by the lighter shades of deciduous trees and grasses, the rich and varying color of the advancing season, with the orange of the aspens and reds of the oaks and shrubs, ranging from scarlet to magenta, all tempered and dignified by the granite gray of boulder and cliff—in all these moods the mountains are impressively beautiful; but one never gets the "spirit of the mountains" until they are seen in winter garb, fast in the embrace of ice and snow, with atmosphere crystal clear, with mantle of spotless white:

"Billows that never break,
Great waves that never roar,
Firm strands that never shake—
Motionless sea and shore.

"Whitecaps of summer snow,
Hissing not in the breeze;

THE CALL OF THE WILD

Cloud ships that come and go,
Wraithlike, o'er silent seas.

“Ocean of crag and peak,
When ends thy mystery?
When shall thy breakers speak,
Startling eternity?”

With the passing years the fascinating wild life which I saw in the Far West at that period begat a longing to see the fauna of another great continent in a similar state of nature.

The Red Gods had for years been calling me to a “trusty, nimble tracker that I know” on the great plateaus of Africa, where the herds of bovidæ, cervidæ, and various carnivora are little disturbed by the native negroes and the very few white men who have made a lodgment at comparatively few points of vantage.

No other continent offers as great a number of game animals, or such differentiation in species, or such splendid individual specimens as Africa; the range in mammals is from dik-dik to elephant; in carnivora, from lion to jackal. Here the panorama of wild life possesses greatest variety and greatest fascination, and offers most to the student of nature, as well as the sportsman. Every sportsman must be a student of nature in a degree in order to succeed, and when he is so in the higher, better sense he possesses qualities of sterling manhood.

Every wholesome, well-equipped man possesses an innate desire to match his strength against the forces of nature.

“Do you fear the force of the wind,
The slash of the rain?
Go face them and fight them,
Be savage again;

THE STORY OF AN OUTING

Go hungry and cold like the wolf,
Go wade like the crane,
The palms of your hands will thicken,
The skin of your forehead tan,
You'll be ragged and swarthy and weary,
But you'll walk like a man."

—HAMLIN GARLAND.

A manly man or manly boy seeks sport seasoned with the spice of danger, whether of wave or swirling rapids, towering mount or treacherous drift, terrific antler or crushing fang—the desire is irresistible to try one's strength, or rather one's skill and power of endurance, against the various defenses of dangerous animals, oppose one's knowledge of their habits against their cunning, practise the "long day's patience," long continued, until the supreme moment, when eye and gun and game in straight alignment render possible the transfer of spotted hide or antlered front to the walls of your city home.

And the White Gods, too, are calling and opening the eyes of mankind to the wonders and beauties of the great open world. From pole to tropic, from equator to pole, landscape, flora, and fauna are pinioned by the lens and reproduced with absolute accuracy in all respects save color, and we are on the verge of mastering color. These pictures are spread upon the pages of current publications or thrown upon screens for the education and entertainment of all. The camera invades the haunts of his royal highness, "the king of beasts," the great "tuskers," and from mastodon to marmot the doings of wild life are reproduced. Comfortably seated in a theater in New York one may see the

THE CALL OF THE WILD

lassoing of a lion in Africa, the lassoing of lion or cougar in the Rockies. You may also see the lassoing and hoisting on board vessel of two polar bears and six musk-oxen, within the arctic circle, at the inception of their journey to the Bronx Zoo, where they now form part of our zoological exhibit.

All hail photography in its wonderful service to mankind! Build shrines to the White Gods of the Lens and the Brush, whose devotees are making us acquainted with all parts of this little world of ours and its denizens, both brute and human. They are also reaching out into infinite space, and daily increasing our knowledge of the universe, of which we form so small a part.

All hail every wholesome influence that lures from the fetid artificiality of modern life to the pure air, the bright sunshine, the detonating thunder, the storm with its fury of swish and drift, to glorious contact with the forces of nature, be they of gentler or sterner mood, where we may recreate and exclaim with the greatest of poets:

“And this our life exempt from public haunt,
Finds tongues in trees, books in running brooks,
Sermons in stones, and good in everything.”

The outdoor life sweetens all existence; it cultivates the pure and wholesome in one's life and aspirations; it lures from man-made attractions, that pander to sensation, to God-made attractions, that sustain the source of being; in advancing years it enables one to exclaim:

“Though I look old, yet am I strong and lusty;
For in my youth I never did apply

THE STORY OF AN OUTING

Hot and rebellious liquors in my blood,
Nor did not with unbashful forehead
Woo the means of weakness and debility.”

Acquire a love for the open, sacrifice to the Red Gods,
build shrines to the White Gods, foster the habit of
vacations that recreate and give strength, rather than
those that enervate and impair the strength you have.

II

THE START

HAVING sacrificed to the Red Gods and the White Gods, and the augury proving favorable, we sailed on the *Mauretania*, January 22, 1913, armed with guns, cameras, and great expectations. Samuel C. Pirie, the merchant prince and prince of good fellows, delightful companion, prime sportsman; Lyman N. Hine, H. Lloyd Folsom, and John T. Terry, Jr., classmates in Yale, just in the twilight zone that separates school from harder lessons found in the curriculum of real life, abounding in health, strength, and enthusiasm—three splendid specimens of young American manhood—these made up our party of five.

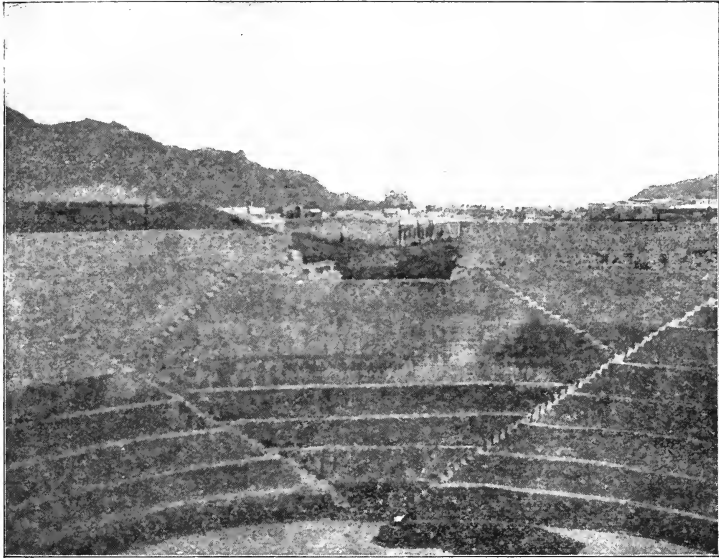
We reached London January 28th, put our impedimenta on the German steamer *Prinzessin* at Southampton, February 1st, and caught up with the steamer February 13th, at Naples, having had nine days for Paris, Monte Carlo, and Rome. A sixteen days' sail on this sixty-four-hundred-ton vessel, that responded to the roll of the billows in a way that an Atlantic liner would scorn to do, brought us to Mombasa. Port Said, Suez, and Aden were the only intermediate stops after leaving Naples. The first two are interesting as marking the termini of that great commercial enterprise, the Suez

THE STORY OF AN OUTING

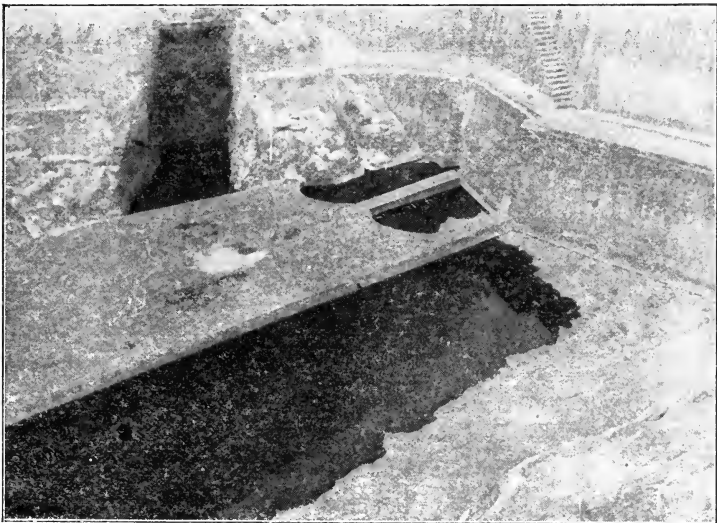
Canal, conceived by and built under the supervision of De Lesseps, the eminent French engineer. This canal, eighty-seven miles in length, connects the Red Sea with the Mediterranean and, thus separating two continents, makes the circumnavigation of Africa possible. It brought the remoter parts of the world closer in touch and has proved a boon alike to trade and travel. Aden, with fifty-five thousand inhabitants, including the port and town, occupies a volcanic peninsula between the Gulf of Aden and the Indian Ocean. This peninsula, together with a coast strip on the mainland (eighty thousand square miles, I believe), belongs to Great Britain, and from the port and harbor of Aden, as a strategic center, she manages the recalcitrant Somalis of British Somaliland. Her long and arduous campaign against the Mad Mullah and his ilk was costly, as war ever is, and largely barren of good results, as war usually is. Aden is a coaling and watering place for vessels in their long sail to and from Europe and Asiatic and African points. The coal is of course brought there, and the water is distilled from the sea—retail price, seventy-eight cents per one hundred gallons.

The five days' sail from Port Said to Aden is bordered by desert lands on both shores. Aden possesses one curiosity in the form of water-tanks hewn in the rock and supplemented with masonry. They begin in a notch in the hills and extend in a series down to the level, each lower one supposed to catch the overflow from those above. The storage capacity of these tanks is very great; but who built them and why they were built are questions no one can answer.

Aden and its surroundings are absolutely barren of



LOWER WATER-TANK AT ADEN



ONE OF THE UPPER WATER-TANKS

THE STORY OF AN OUTING

vegetable product. It has and can have no population except as an incident to the traffic that calls as it passes by. Seemingly this storage of water must have been planned to serve passing commerce. How were these tanks to be filled? It never rains—that is, hardly ever. It rained the day I was there, but only enough to make surface mud. Since the discovery of these tanks, by excavation, they have been kept as a curiosity, and there has not, in this great number of years, been sufficient rainfall to fill or perceptibly affect any of them. Their construction cost long years of labor and much capital. By whom were they built, and when, and why? The population of Aden is Somali and Arabic, and possesses all the unwholesome attributes of the East. The beggars had one plaint, whether child or octogenarian, “No fadder, no mudder, no sister, no brudder, nothing eat,” and then (with one index finger stuck into the mouth, and rubbing their bare belly with the flat of the other hand) “back sheesh.”

South of British Somaliland for many hundreds of miles along the coast extends Italian Somaliland. This includes Cape Guardafui (Guard the Faith), the easternmost point of Africa, where vessels sharply round the cape and pass between it and outlying islands, a channel about sixteen miles wide. There is not a lighthouse on the cape, nor on any of the islands, nor anywhere along the Italian coast. The reason is the tendency of the Somalis to murder all lighthouse keepers, and the inability or indisposition of Italy to afford military protection. Italy's experience with Menelik when she invaded Somaliland was disastrous, and the memory of it is said to have induced a lack of aggression on the part of

THE START

the Italian army during the recent Turko-Tunisian campaign. The condition in which Menelik paroled five hundred Italian prisoners is something to be remembered in more ways than one.

At all events, the eastern coast of Africa, for a very long distance, including Cape Guardafui, is navigated



HOTEL AT BOMBASA AND BAOBAB-TREE

This tree is very numerous along the coast, and it is a great hollow shell, supporting itself in upright position like a tub, with occasional small roots around the periphery, which supply nourishment. The foliage is slight; the flowers are beautiful.

without the protection of lights and buoys so essential to the preservation of life and property. Wrecks along this coast are not infrequent.

Mombasa is an island with sixty thousand population, only a few hundred of which are white. The narrow arm of the sea which makes it an island only admits vessels of the lighter draught in front of Mombasa, and hence Kilindini, meaning "deep water," at the other end of the island, three miles distant, has become the prin-

THE STORY OF AN OUTING

cipal port of entry. These places are connected by a tramway with very light rails or bars of iron. The cars have one double seat, back to back, capacity four persons, and are propelled by two "niggers," who run very well, easily beating a horse-car for speed. They call it a *gary*, and the word seems to comprehend the track, cars, and motive power. The hotels here, as well as at Nairobi, belong to the Uganda Railway; they are livable, but are not managed by a "Boldt" or supervised by an "Oscar." They give you many courses; eggs cooked in the shell are a safe order, and pastry should be classified with lion, elephant, and buffalo as dangerous. The sportsman learns with a shock that all meat in tropical countries is inclined to be tough; it goes from fresh to tainted without any intermediate period of tenderness. The ice in British East Africa is way upon Mt. Kenia, and not available for use. The most refreshing drinks are weak tea made from boiled water, which has been allowed to cool, and lime juice and similar boiled water; they are also the safest drinks.

III

THE PANORAMA

WE left Mombasa at noon, and until dark ran through a very rich country, abounding in luxuriant tropical vegetation, with comparatively little cultivation in evidence. The frequent stops disclosed a numerous native population, to whom the passing train was a passing event. At stations the fruit-stands offered watermelon, cocoanuts, pineapple, papaw, mangoes, bananas, all growing in sight of the train, all the tropical fruits with which we were familiar, and many entirely new to us and with which we did not experiment.

The Uganda Railway runs triweekly trains from Mombasa to Victoria Nyanza (triweekly has been thus jocosely defined, "They run a train through one week and try to get back the next"). Nairobi is about half-way, three hundred and twenty-five miles, and enjoys fifty-four hundred feet of altitude. In their sleepers they furnish bare bunks, and you are expected to provide towel, soap, and bedding, and be your own porter. It is a narrow-gage road, and has all the rigidity that goes with steel ties. It was not necessary to call us at day-break—we had already quit our "downy couch" and were all agog for a first view of the wild life. We were in the game reservation, and for seven hours the fauna

THE STORY OF AN OUTING



RAILWAY STATION AND FRUIT-STAND

of eastern Central Africa was unfolded to our admiring gaze in a wonderful, natural panorama; the car-window gave us visage, and Dame Nature, with wonderful profusion, threw her fauna upon the screen. Congoni, or hartebeests, were the most numerous and are the swiftest buck in Africa, with inconsequential antlers, long and dolorous-looking heads, high on the withers and sloping aft, awkward, ungainly, loose-jointed, but, withal, keen-eyed and alert, topping ant-hills or other eminences as self-appointed sentinels of the wild life.¹

I have frequently seen a single congoni with a bunch

¹ All are familiar with elephant, lion, rhinoceros, zebra, and hippopotamus, but very few are familiar with the appearance of the Cape buffalo, eland, oryx, topi, kudu, waterbuck, bushbuck, impala, congoni, Grant's gazelle, Thomson's gazelle, wildebeest, etc. For the

THE PANORAMA

of impala or a band of zebras. His lynx-eyed guardianship has brought to naught many a promising stalk and been the innocent cause of highly improper remarks. Your license permits you to shoot twenty, which speaks well for their reproductive qualities and shows the general esteem in which they are held. In color they are reddish



NATIVE SOLDIER, SHOWING BARE FEET, BLUE PUTTEES, TRUNKS, SASH, SHIRT, AND FEZ

or light brown, with the usual white behind, which characterizes the antelope and gazelle family.

benefit of future sportsmen I have therefore sprinkled through this volume cuts of the principal bovidæ and cervidæ obtainable in the country round about Mt. Kenia, Tana Valley, and Kapiti Plains—by no means all, but most of them. When better photos than those taken by myself were available, I have used them; some of the best are by Binks, a first-class photographer at Nairobi.

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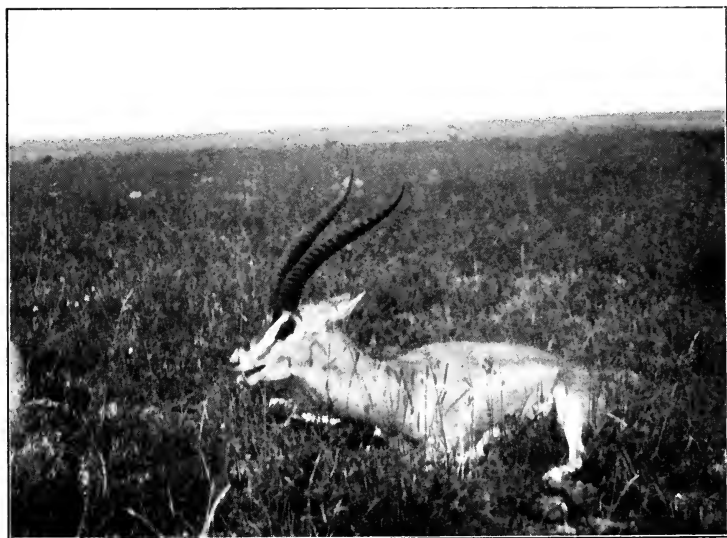
A SINGLE CONGONI

Thomson's gazelle (commonly called Tommies) is very small, weighing, I should guess, forty to fifty pounds. He has the usual deer color, accentuated by a bright black band about four inches wide extending from hip to shoulder just above the belly. They are very numerous, beautiful, and possessed of the poetic grace which has ever been associated with the gazelle; their antlers are small but graceful.

The Grant's gazelles were much in evidence. They have color like that of the Virginia deer when in the red coat, and are only a shade smaller. The bucks have some black marks, and the does have black bands like the Tommies. The color contrasts are remarkable, their reddish backs, black-band sides, white bellies, and



THOMSON'S GAZELLE



GRANT'S GAZELLE

THE STORY OF AN OUTING

white buttocks rendering them conspicuous and most attractive; their antlers are a little coarse, but striking.

The impala were numerous; they are colored very much like the Virginia deer in the red coat; a band sug-



AN IMPALA

gests a herd of deer at once. The males have beautiful and gracefully curved corrugated horns, large in proportion to their size; in size they are a shade smaller than the Adirondack deer.

The wildebeest, also called brindle-gnu or horned horse, were plentiful. They have a grizzled gray color,

THE PANORAMA

suggesting squirrel gray, though more inclined to brown. They go in bands, but the old bulls are usually found alone. They attract attention by their tail-switching and cavorting, half fearful, half defiant, as they withdraw from the approaching train. From the irresponsible "they say" we gathered that these animals are the horned horse mentioned in the Bible—the unicorn. The unicorn, however, is, I believe, a well-authenticated myth, while these animals are very real indeed.



THE WILDEBEEST

We saw giraffe, one on the crest of a ridge, gazing at the train, towered, steepled up into the sky, a splendid pose for a photo, but before camera could be produced the onrushing train had kaleidoscoped an entirely different view. From the opposite window we saw three in



ZEBRA



TOTO (BABY RHINO) AND MAJOR KIRKWOOD

THE PANORAMA

curious pose, about three hundred yards distant. Their curiosity satisfied, or fear aroused, they shambled off at a most ungainly gait, from the fact that nature has slipped their gambrel joints down almost to their ankles. Perfectly harmless creatures, their only sin comes of a long neck instead of a bad disposition, for their necks knock down the low-hung telegraph wires, and this has given them a bad reputation.

Zebras, with their striking black and white, were everywhere. Many bands of ostriches there were, in number ranging from three to eleven, and when too near the train, with perfect composure and with not the slightest show of confusion and between mouthfuls, for their feeding was scarcely interrupted, they rapidly receded in the distance.

The restless, ever-active secretary-bird, seemingly about one-third the size of the ostrich, was several times seen, usually in pairs, and I did not see more than three at any one time.

The pachydermatous rhinoceros, stolid and stupid, was also a contributor. We saw four cheetahs, or hunting-leopards.

This panoramic menagerie of nature, disclosing in large degree the fauna of British East Africa, fed the hungry eyes of the sportsman and tourist alike; a great exhibition of wild life in the wilds of a great continent, for, however densely populated with negroes (and it is very dense in places), they are little removed from or advanced beyond the other animal life.

I have not essayed to mention every different species which we saw. The one grandly impressive fact was the great number of animals, literally thousands upon thousands.

IV

THE COUNTRY

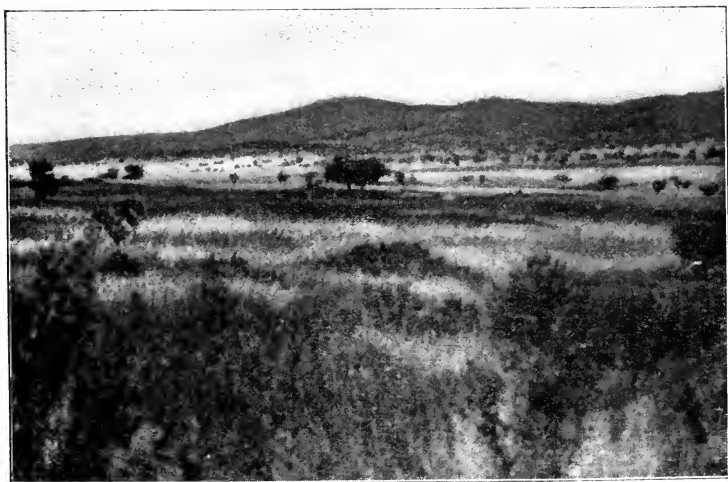
ALL British East Africa is volcanic. Mt. Kenia centuries ago emptied the bowels of the earth over the same, down even to within thirty miles of the coast. Igneous rock shows on the surface over much of its area, and where soil has accumulated digging down a few feet will reveal the once molten rock, in size running from a kernel of rice to two or three tons.

At the time of this great overflow, or, better expressed, when so much of the earth's interior was blown into the air, to fall in showers all over what is now British East Africa, Mt. Kenia blew out its whole mountain-side; nevertheless, it still towers over seventeen thousand feet in height and is a portentous and beautiful landmark to nearly all British East Africa.

Kilimanjaro, nineteen thousand eight hundred feet in the air, just beyond the German border, presents a massive dome, ever covered with snow, and, kindled into brilliancy by the rays of the rising or setting sun, it gave us many imposing and glorious views, gorgeous in their color effects. Along the coast the dense tropical vegetation constitutes a jungle, but comparatively few miles inland this disappears and open country ensues. The slopes of Kenia and other mountains abound in



OPEN COUNTRY



OPEN COUNTRY TAKEN FROM THE SAME POINT, LOOKING IN OPPOSITE
DIRECTIONS, AND COVERING A RANGE OF SEVEN
OR EIGHT MILES

THE STORY OF AN OUTING

dense forests, especially the bamboo belt. Trees mark the watercourses, and acacia predominates, as does the cottonwood along the streams on our Western plains.

Thorn scrub obtains in localities, but generally the trees, where they exist, are the size and shape of our fruit-trees, and about as close together. Standing on an eminence and viewing a wide sweep of country, it is difficult to believe that all before you is not the well-kept product of superior husbandry. The spear-grass, which is everywhere, grows in height from your middle thigh to shoulder, depending upon richness of soil and degree of moisture, and waving in the wind looks like cultivated fields of grass or grain.

This country has two rainy seasons; the small rains come in October and November, and the big rains in March, April, and May, and they are torrential at times. The vegetable growth is so luxuriant and so dense at the bottom, especially the grasses, that it protects the earth largely from the evaporation which the intense heat of the sun might otherwise produce.

The richest country is generally occupied by natives, and the government scrupulously protects them in their ownership and control. Of course, game will avoid populous places and is found largely upon the untillable plains, where grazing is of the best and protection may be had. Game in Africa, as did game upon our Western plains, seeks protection by rushing into the open, where their eyes can see danger and their fleet limbs keep them out of range. They do not need scientific instruments to determine the range of modern guns—they simply know. The average shot in British East Africa is two hundred yards or over, and on Kapiti Plains, about thirty



SHOWING THE OPEN CHARACTER OF WOODED HILLS



TYPICAL NEGRO HUTS MADE OF UPRIGHT STICKS PLASTERED WITH
MUD AND THATCHED WITH REEDS

THE STORY OF AN OUTING

miles from Nairobi, where week-enders keep the game well exercised, the average shot is over three hundred yards. The country is diversified with plain and undulation, rising to the dignity of mountains, everywhere covered with luxuriant vegetation, well kempt, well groomed in appearance, with new and strange flora, with flowering shrubs and trees and all things beautiful, the farthest remove possible from the jungle that my imagination had always pictured. Of course, there is thick cover along streams and swamps where lion, elephant, and buffalo can seek safety if they like. The streams and swamps furnish such cover, but the lion likes the open, and the leopard, they say, will lie in the grass and let you pass within a few feet of him as long as he feels that he is undiscovered.

Decaying vegetation of the centuries has made millions of acres of rich alluvial soil; in places the soil is very deep. These rich plains and luxuriant vegetation are bound some day to furnish sustenance to a better race, as the crowded centers of more civilized nations send here their overflow to wage the never-ending battle of the survival of the fittest.



BUSH BUCK

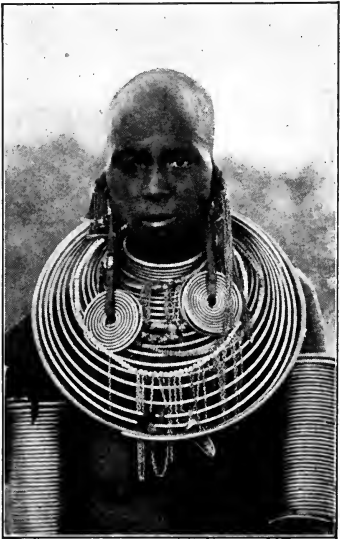
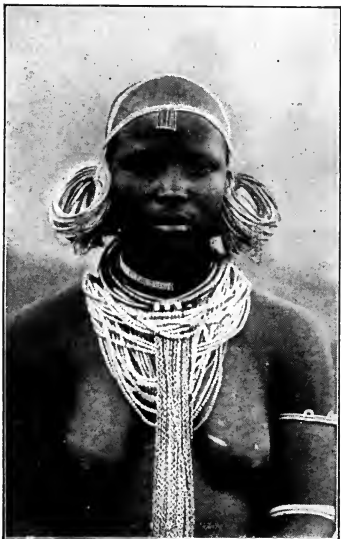
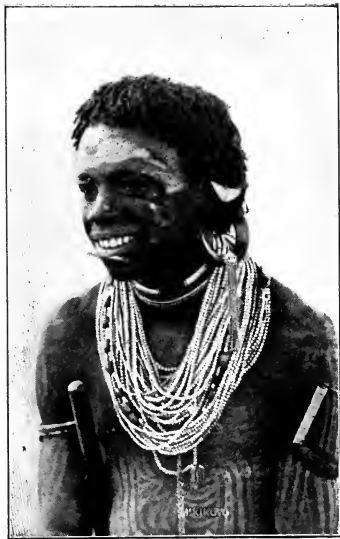


WATER BUCK

V

INDUSTRIES AND NATIVES

NAIROBI is the town *par excellence* of British East Africa; population, white and Indian, twenty-five hundred; colored, as many thousand; located on a plain at the edge of the game country; busy and growing; big with possibility of agricultural development, with many willing to exploit the same, but restrained and embarrassed for the want of labor. White men cannot work in the fields under an equatorial sun, and the negroes will not, to any great extent. The land is owned in too large tracts, and small plots are offered at maximum retail prices. Coffee land four miles from Nairobi was held at sixty-five dollars per acre in a wild state. To build a house and other necessary structures, clear the land and raise a "catch crop," which is necessary to put the ground in condition to receive the coffee shrubs, and await the growth of the coffee shrub, three or four years, until a crop may be expected, would add greatly to the cost of the acreage. This leaves little to be hoped for in the line of appreciation in value, and militates against the influx of small investors, which are indispensable to the development of a new country. Several Americans are among the landed proprietors, notably W. R. McMillan and Paul J. Rainey, the sports-



FOUR OF THE "FOUR HUNDRED"

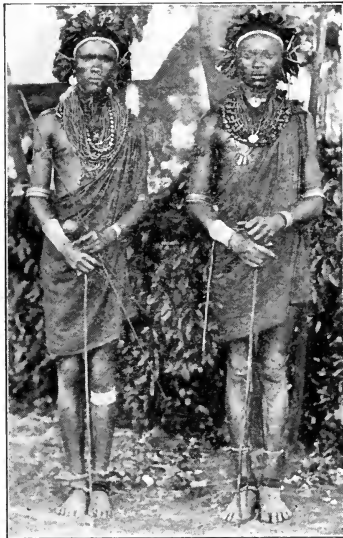
THE STORY OF AN OUTING

man, who has purchased a large estate not far from Nairobi.

Wattle is a tree that grows to merchantable size in three years, and the bark of which is vastly superior to oak or hemlock for tanning purposes. Wattle farms are common. There are many coffee estates, but sisal farms seem to be the more popular and the more numerous. Heniquen, or sisal, is the plant which has added so greatly to the wealth of Yucatan, and produces the fiber from which most of our cordage is made. The same volcanic soil and surface exist here as obtain around Merida in Yucatan. All these industries depend upon negro labor and compete strongly with recruiting *safaris* for sportsmen. Until recently both sexes lived in proximate nudity. Now a blanket thrown over the right shoulder and hanging against the left hip, leaving the left shoulder and right hip bare, is a common dress for men. A similar robe of skin is the common dress for women. In towns meretricious robes or gowns of calico are worn by women, and the men are taking to trunks—breeches coming half-way from hip to knee. One of our porters had somehow become possessed of the remnants of a heavy overcoat, and he wore it every day, notwithstanding the intense heat and his heavy load. They evidently like clothes.

The vanity of the human race is not a product of civilization—it is congenital. Dame Fashion is quite as imperious and her devotees quite as subservient in darkest Africa as where the Aryan race holds sway.

Clothing in tropical Africa would seem to be an afterthought, coming into moderate use in recent times;



MORE OF THE "FOUR HUNDRED"

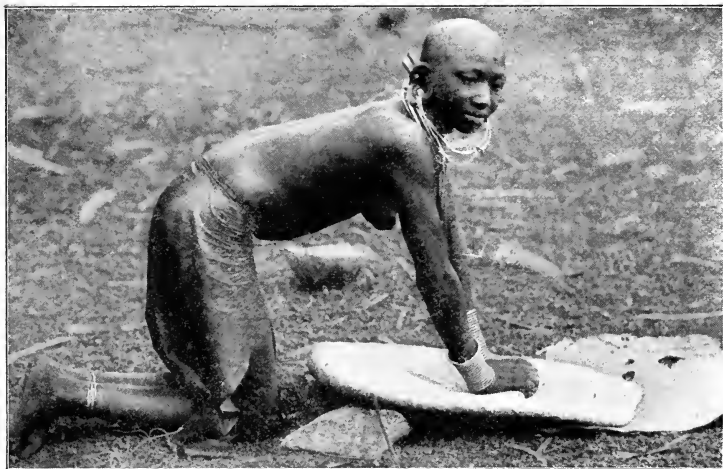
THE STORY OF AN OUTING

in their proximate nudity, decoration and fashion took the form of tattooing and physical disfigurement.

I present several photographs showing the extent to which the rim and lobe of the ear are stretched and become a receptacle for ornaments by the tribes with whom I came in contact. They load themselves down with coils of wire, usually steel or copper. Anything in the form of metal commands their admiration.

Maize, millet, beans, and a coarse legume are the principal native food, and enough for their sustenance is easily raised and with little labor. Why should the negro work? The hut tax of three rupees per annum is got with little effort, and easy indolence marks their general life. To develop wants on their part, shoes and clothes, for instance, tobacco and the white man's food, seem the only way to improve the labor supply. The Germans in German East Africa have grappled the problem in true German fashion. They compel every negro to work for white men at least two months per year; each negro is furnished a ticket, upon which is punched the number of days employed by each employer. Then the commissioner of labor comes around, and every man who is short of the required two months is forced into a gang of workmen and compelled to work for the government three times the number of days he is deficient. He may work for whom he pleases and for as many different employers as he chooses, but he must contribute at least two months' labor to the white man's burden. As an incentive he is exempt from taxation in case he performs the required labor.

All this interests the sportsman, since the safari of the future must be recruited with growing difficulty and at



MILLING INDUSTRY IN AFRICA



MATERNITY

THE STORY OF AN OUTING

increased expense. The safari appeals to the roaming propensity of the negro and his gregarious nature and love for gorging himself upon the game that falls to the sportsman's gun.

The *safari* is prominent among the industries and is one of the principal means of obtaining revenue from other countries. A brief description of ours may be of interest. It consisted of one hundred and twenty men, recruited from the following tribes, if tribes is the proper word with which to characterize the various natives, who, under respective local government of their own, occupy this country: Swahili, Wakamba, Kavirondo, Unumwazi, Wa'Kikuyu, Wa'Emba, Baganda, Wa'Mera, Nandi, Masai.

The Swahili occupy the coast and are the most advanced and most important of all from a civilized standpoint. Their superiority is due to the large admixture of Arabian and Indian blood. This blood shows itself in the bearded faces of the men, as well as in the foresight and forethought and business capacity which they evidence.

The moderate advance over their four-footed neighbors which the natives enjoy was manifested in many ways. Some of our gun-bearers would just as quickly undertake to stalk game down-wind as up-wind; it never occurred to them to determine that all-important question before beginning a stalk. They have no judgment of distance, in fact there is nothing in the regular course of their lives to educate them in that respect.

An eland is the largest of African cervidæ, and furnishes very choice meat; a good bull will weigh one thousand or twelve hundred pounds. When the throat



CELEBRATING THE KILLING OF MY LION



LESSER KUDU

THE STORY OF AN OUTING

of one is cut the blood flow is enormous. I was shocked to see the porters empty their canteens of water and fill them with blood, and, this done, apply their mouths to the orifice, or catch the blood in their hands, and thus gorge themselves. We took great pains in cutting out the sirloin and carefully wrapping it, in the interest of cleanliness, for our own table use. When it reached camp, four miles distant, only one sirloin remained. Investigation showed that the porters had eaten the other raw on the way to camp. While skinning, they would cut off hunks of meat, still almost pulsating with life, and bolt them in true *feræ naturæ* style.


Sufficient unto the day is the responsibility thereof with them. "The Lord [or Allah, rather] will provide" is their faith and they live up to it. He has not, however, provided them with a sense of honor as to contract, property, or truthfulness. They are very skilful at deceiving.

I was greatly amused by one incident. The day I killed two lions they went wild in celebrating the event. They bore me around the camp several times on their shoulders with much shouting and singing, the Kavirondos going through some accustomed ceremony. Then they bore Cuninghame around in similar manner, and finally seated themselves in front of my tent in serial rows, awaiting backsheesh, which I understand accompanies the killing of a lion in all *safaris*, since lions have become scarce and difficult. Their enthusiasm, much of it, was born, doubtless, of expected backsheesh. They were lined up and the *neopara* (head man) went down the line with a bag of rupees, dropping one in each hand. One fellow put out his hand, as did the others,

INDUSTRIES AND NATIVES

and at the same time put his other arm around the man standing next to him, and thus received two rupees, one in each hand. They were no sooner received than he broke from the line, proclaimed the fact, and with a rupee in each hand danced in front of my tent in great glee. His adeptness made him the hero of the occasion and the envy of his fellows.

Most of the agricultural work is done by women, and the price of a wife is fifteen sheep or goats, and the number of wives one may have is limited only by the number one is able to pay for. The women have nothing to say about the selection of their husbands, the father or eldest male relative in each case settles that, however much they may have to say later. They load themselves with copper and steel wire, beads and bangles, and seemingly the supreme test of beauty is the extent to which the lobe of the ear and the rim of the ear may be punctured and expanded. For instance, one negro was extremely proud, wearing a small earthen cheese-jar in his expanded ear-lobe.



VI

THE TREK

NAIROBI is the hub of British East Africa; here we organized our *safari*, and here our party divided, Hine, Folsom, and Terry going south toward German East Africa, with Outram for guide; Pirie and myself going to the Tana Valley. For guides we had the world-renowned sportsman and naturalist, R. J. Cuninghame, assisted by Major J. A. C. Kirkwood. Cuninghame is *sui generis* among sportsmen—a Cambridge man, a naturalist and acknowledged authority, an expert in all the arts of woodcraft and plainscraft, a genius in the preservation of trophies, a persistent, indefatigable worker, deeply interested in all he does and keenly solicitous to give you the best of opportunities, possessing a wonderfully pleasing personality, and yet modest and unassuming withal. Major Kirkwood is a cultivated English gentleman who inherited a large fortune, which he exchanged for a good time; until recently a member of Parliament, an officer of cavalry in the Boer War, most agreeable and entertaining, tall, strong, resolute, hard as nails, an eye like a hawk, a keen and skilful sportsman. No one was ever better chaperoned in an African hunt than Pirie and myself.

We left New York January 22d, and reached Nairobi



TOPI



ORYX

THE STORY OF AN OUTING

March 2d, eleven days plus the month of February; owing to the bad connections on the eastern end of the journey, five weeks is about the minimum time in which this journey can be made. Because of the splendid European and Atlantic connections the journey from Nairobi to New York may be made in a month.

On March 5th, 3 P.M., Woodrow Wilson in the chair, we started our *safari*—four horses, four hunters and sportsmen, eight gun-bearers, skimmers, cooks, and porters, one hundred and twenty in all. We camped at Nine Mile Tree on the banks of the Nairobi. Next day at noon we reached Ju Ja, the nineteen-thousand-acre estate of W. R. McMillan, where we spent two nights and a day as his guests. We found him, as all others do, a most kindly, agreeable, and entertaining host. He has another near-by estate of seven thousand acres, Donye Sabok, which, with Ju Ja, contains nearly all kinds of game that abound in British East Africa, a princely preserve, which no one is better able to appreciate or enjoy than its most agreeable owner. By invitation we shot wildebeests next morning. While stalking a desirable bull and skirting close to the bank of the river in order to get within possible range, for these animals are all that their name implies—wild beasts—we stumbled upon a python. He seemed big enough then, but now I wish he had been larger. He was only nine feet long, and evidently not full grown.

We observed an interesting sight on this morning's hunt. Wild dogs are quite plentiful, and hunt in packs, as did their more savage forebears. The morning was foggy, and hunting was impossible until the sun had melted the mists away. A band of zebras galloped past,

THE TREK

pursued by a pack of wild dogs. The dogs had cut one zebra out of the herd and, running well forward on both sides of him, prevented his mixing with the others. They kept him constantly worried by threatening heels and flank, with occasional rushes, as if to grab his throat, and when he lunged at his tormentors on one side, the



WILDEBEEST SHOT AT JU JA

line always receded while the opposite line closed in. These wavering lines, with glistening fang and hungry bark, alternately closing in with threatening rush, he vainly sought to escape. If he charged one side, it would recede, while the opposite line closed in; it simply changed his course and separated him more widely from the protection of the herd. Although the

THE STORY OF AN OUTING

mists shrouded the final scene, unremitting, unrelenting this death dole continued, until, weakened and wearied, some unguarded point was exposed to ready fangs, then, every point assailed, the struggling zebra would be borne to earth, buried in a mass of wriggling, hungry dogs, and they would be well on with their repast ere the excruciating pain of lingering life had passed.

Thus was the tragedy of wild life illustrated, thus do God's creatures feed one upon the other—

“Life evermore is fed by death,
In earth and sea and sky,
And that the rose may breathe its breath
Something must die.”

Next day we trekked to Blue Post, and the two following days to Fort Hall. Here thirty-six of our porters deserted, without cause, without notice, simply disappeared. They came from a tribe in that vicinity, and doubtless preferred to go home. Cuninghame was equal to the occasion. He recruited six men and left thirty loads in custody of one of the Indian stores. Next day, March 11th, we made Tinga Tinga, where our hunt began and where we hoped for buffalo.

It took three days to bring up our left-back supplies. We had no success with the buffaloes here, but got impala, water-bucks, and congoni. We feasted our *safari* upon congoni and zebras here. Congoni, or hartebeest, is good food for any one, and zebras are always very fat, and the negroes adore fat. From Nairobi to this point—six days' trek—there had been no shooting save at McMillan's. It was through a densely populated district along a main road, and one could not shoot a rifle without danger of taking life. Our custom was to

THE TREK

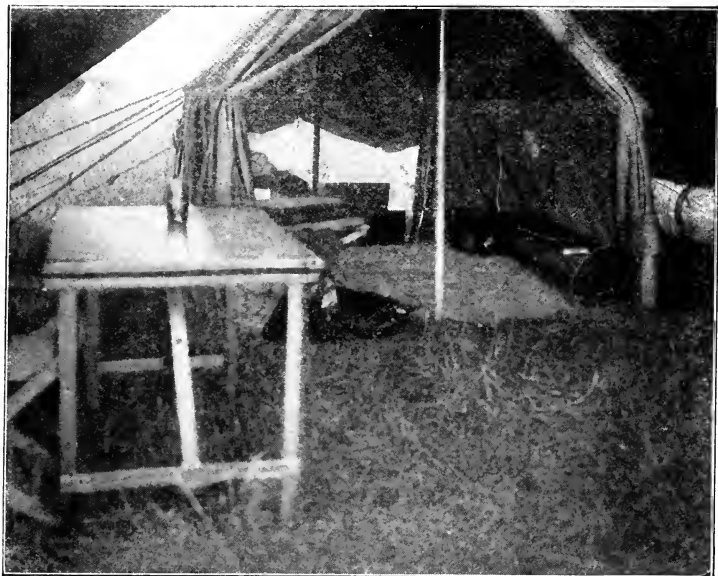
arise at 5 A.M. and commence the day's march at 6 A.M., in order to avoid traveling in the hot sun, usually finishing the trek at 12.30 to 1 P.M.

We had ample opportunity to become acquainted with the geography of the heavens as they appear in the evening and early morning. The heavens south of the equator are perhaps just as beautiful, but very different from what Northern eyes are accustomed to, and this made their study a continuing source of interest. Orion, with dagger in belt, stood guard almost over our heads as we retired at night, but most of our well-known constellations were invisible. The Southern Cross is the feature of the Southern Hemisphere, and, though very beautiful, was somewhat disappointing. Its shape hardly justifies its name of cross. It consists of four bright stars; diamond-shaped, or kite-shaped would better characterize them. The star at the apex of the kite corresponds in its functions to our North Star and marks the direction south. Our North Star is always pointed by two stars in the Big Dipper; the star in the apex of the Southern Cross is always in direct line with and pointed by two bright stars, not a part of any constellation. The cross, as well as these two stars, perform a diurnal revolution around this apex star, and whatever its position the alignment of these three stars is maintained.

It was quite in the habit of showering about five o'clock in the afternoon, after which the air was very clear and the heavens very bright and beautiful. I never saw stars, however, so multitudinous, so clear, so near, and so beautiful as they appeared to me viewed from the Selkirk Mountains, near the borders of Alaska.

THE STORY OF AN OUTING

The completeness of our outfit in all its appointments surpassed all my previous experiences. We reveled in luxury; we each had a wall-tent eight by ten feet, with bathroom extension in the rear, all covered by a fly twenty-one by eighteen feet; which in the interest of coolness and ventilation only came within one foot of the ground and preserved a one-foot space between itself and the roof of the wall-tent. By means of hangers, one ridge-pole served for both. One ridge-pole and three standards all jointed so as to pack conveniently constituted all the woodwork. Each had a collapsible canvas bed, with wood and iron slats that shut up into a package three and one-half feet long by eight or ten inches thick, all wrapped in canvas; a canvas carpet for covering the ground of the inner tent; a wash-stand that consisted of two letters X of light wooden slats and two letters X of light iron bands that shut up into a roll three inches in diameter. A canvas wash-basin, with soap-pocket, holds these slats in place and easily takes a gallon of water. Opening them out until the frame is about one foot from the ground, another canvas tub holds them in place and takes eight or ten inches of water. For one sitting *à la mandarin* this affords an excellent bath; netting along the inner side of the wall-tent affords ample storage for all loose articles. The fly affords additional protection from the sun and tor-rential rains which sometimes obtain, and, projecting in front of the wall, affords a porch for dining or visiting; a mosquito netting suspended from the ridge of the tent envelops, at night, one side of the tent, including your bed, and protects, not only from mosquitoes, which are few, but from ticks, centipedes, and



INTERIOR VIEW OF TENT



TENTS SHOWING THE USUAL AFRICAN LAWN

THE STORY OF AN OUTING

other crawling and flying insectivora, which are numerous.

This is a brief enumeration of our conveniences. A hot bath follows the day's work and puts one in proper trim for dinner and the hard, sound sleep to follow.

Ali, my valet or tent-boy, also served Colonel Roosevelt in that capacity throughout his African trip. One night I said to him:

"Ali, I am especially tired to-night, and I want you to prepare me a Roosevelt drink; I want just such a drink as Bwana Roosevelt was in the habit of taking."

He brought me a siphon of carbonated water and a bottle of lime-juice, and said:

"Bwana Roosevelt drink same as you do."

"Did he not drink whiskey at all?"

"No, not drink whiskey."

The intense heat renders the notion of stimulants distasteful, but I noticed that the acclimated Africans took their "Sundowners" of Scotch with great regularity, frequently preceded and followed by like potions. Sundowner is an Australian term for hobo, tramp, one who turns up after work is no longer possible that day and asks to be fed. Here they apply the term to the sweet solace that follows the day's hard doings.

VII

A CHANGE OF BASE

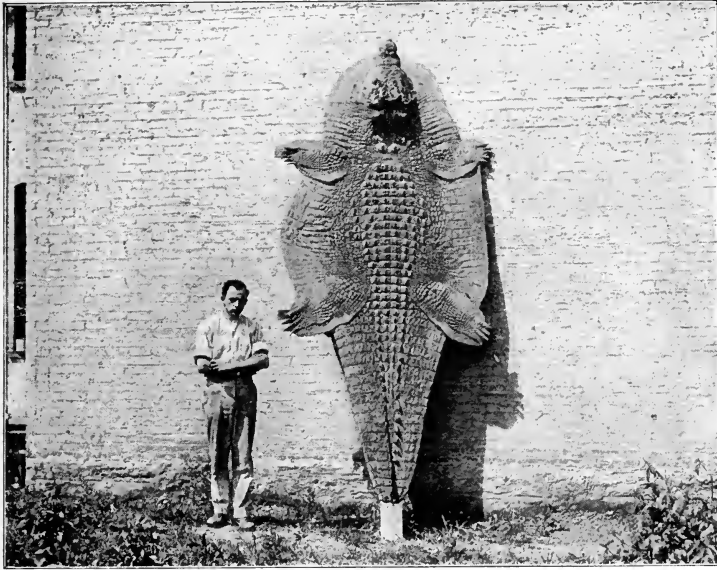
THE buffalo is inclined to roam about and changes his base quickly when disturbed. Having failed to get buffalo the first morning at Tinga Tinga, there was little prospect of success later. We had brought our supplies up from Fort Hall and decided to cache thirty loads here under charge of two porters and an *escara*. That done, we started with the rest upon a two days' trek to other buffalo territory.

Hyenas are very numerous. They are held in supreme contempt by everybody. They are scavengers, are mangy, dirty, and covered with sores. They come into your camp and into your tent and will steal anything, even your boots. Their howl embraces several notes, is plaintive and rather musical. I heard several all about us and very near to the camp, and the *escara* had hard work to protect the provisions we left behind, and was much relieved when they were sent for, having used all his ammunition. An *escara*, by the way, is an armed guard, a negro, and he may shoot in defense of the property left in his charge. Negroes are not allowed to have guns or use them, with the exception of *escaras* and a very few chiefs who are granted licenses by the government.

THE STORY OF AN OUTING

A bit of fortuitous luck fell to my lot on the first day's trek. Major Kirkwood, riding ahead, discovered a crocodile asleep on a shelf of the bank of the river. There are no sloping banks to the rivers. They are either rocky or, if in alluvial soil, perpendicular, and range from four feet upward in height, according to the state of the water. Rains on Mt. Kenia would give full banks, and two or three days without rain would reduce the water-flow to comparatively small dimensions. A bit of the bank had caved in and formed a shelf perhaps twenty feet in length. The crocodile was asleep on this shelf on the opposite side of the river in about one foot of water, enjoying a sun-bath. Responding to the Major's signal, we galloped up, leaving the gun-bearers in the rear. I used a saddle scabbard, same as we do in the Rockies, and had my .35 automatic Remington always at hand. To capture the crock I realized that I must paralyze him. I was about six rods distant, and from my shoulder to his level was a drop of eight or ten feet; he was facing me and I shot to break his spine just back of his neck-joint, and succeeded. I then shot the remaining four cartridges into practically the same place. His head, at an angle of fifteen degrees, was slowly turning one way or another in evident pain. I went down the river opposite him, and distant about fifteen yards, and shot him in the eye, at the proper angle to have the pellet penetrate the brain. A crocodile's brain is simply an enlargement of the spinal cord, and is not more than three or four inches long and not much larger than your two fingers. I then shot him twice through the vitals and awaited results. He could use none of his legs to force himself into the water, but

A CHANGE OF BASE



THE CROCK MEASURED SEVENTY-TWO INCHES IN GIRTH BACK OF THE
FORE-LEGS

the final death convulsions were sufficient to joggle him into the stream, and I feared he was lost. All streams here have a strong current and are roily. He floated down a little way and swung, belly up, into an eddy on my side of the river. Great luck!

The negroes would not go near the water, but Cunningham fearlessly waded in and fastened the big *safari* rope to his jaw. We cut away the papyrus that thickly fringed the river, and forty men hauled him out upon the bank. He was ten feet nine inches long, and two feet or more of his tail had been bitten off by a hippopotamus. His hide also showed two punctures from hippo tusks. Hippos are granivorous and would not attempt a

THE STORY OF AN OUTING

crocodile diet, and the most ambitious crocodile would hardly attempt to swallow a hippo, but they find themselves thrown together in these narrow pools, and the natural aggressiveness of both breeds antagonism. A hippo in his element, the water, is an antagonist to be reckoned with. The crock measured seventy-two inches in girth back of the fore-legs. After skinning we opened him and found a water-buck in his stomach. A water-buck is about twice the size and weight of the Adirondack deer. He of course crushed the bones more or less as he swallowed. The contents of his stomach gives some idea of the reptile's weight.

These crocodiles lay in the pools and at the fords and seize the foot of any crossing animal, drag it down beneath the water, and when drowned the process of crunching, swallowing, and deglutition ensues. Oh! the tragedy of wild life!

The next day's trek brought us to buffalo grounds. We saw a rhino on the way, looked him over, rode round him, and turned him down as not eligible. We reached our camping-ground about 1 P.M. At 4 P.M. a good rhino appeared about three hundred yards from camp. The spear-grass here, and generally, was luxuriant and as tall as the rhino. I thought I made sufficient allowance, but shot too high and only wounded him, and not very seriously, so the guides said.

Soon after four o'clock I started for buffaloes, and one-half mile from camp saw some working toward me. They were in the thorn scrub and evidently proposed coming out into the open to feed. In approaching they would have to cross a donga, which is the same as an arroyo in the Rockies, a usually dry watercourse, which

A CHANGE OF BASE

a hard rain will convert into a seething torrent. These dongas are difficult to cross; their sides are most precipitous. Two buffaloes entered the donga, a good-sized bull in the lead, and traveled some distance out of sight, then started to come out directly in front of me



BUFFALO SKULLS

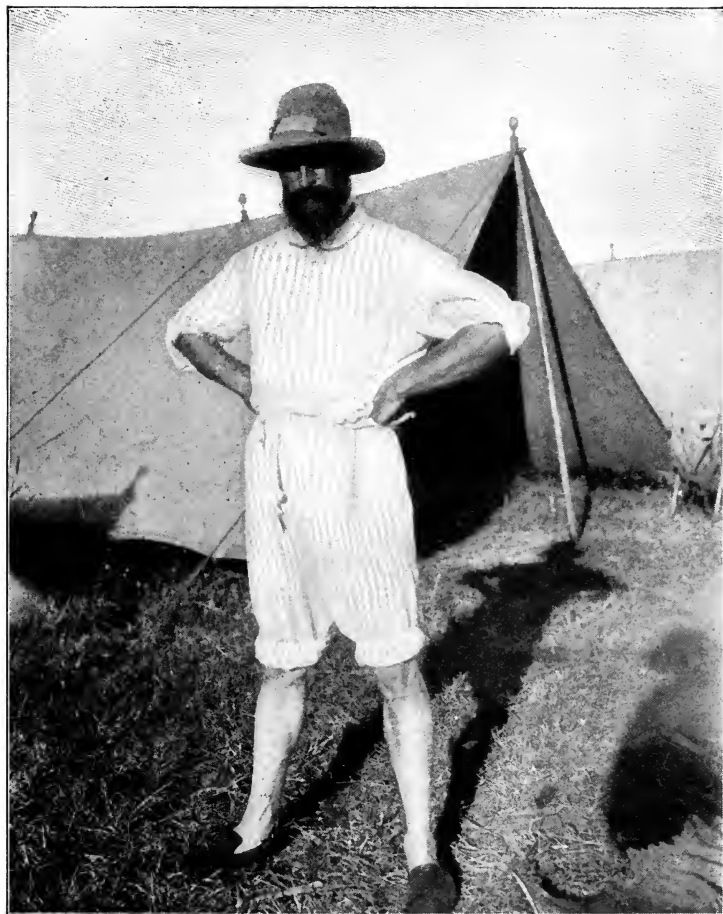
THE STORY OF AN OUTING

and one hundred yards distant. The opening in the leaves and grass made by continuous game travel was filled with the bulk of this bull; it showed distinctly black; evidently something had aroused suspicion, for he ceased to advance, and stood looking directly toward me. Comfortably resting my elbows on my knees, I aimed at the center of the black with my .450-.500 and fired. They ran some way in the donga and came out; I fired the other barrel just as they disappeared in the thorns. The blood spoor made an easy trail. At about two hundred yards he had turned and faced us, as we could easily see from tracks and blood; a hundred yards farther on he did the same. Major Kirkwood said to me, "Now, Mr. Hepburn, I can't assume the responsibility of taking you into a thorn scrub after a wounded buffalo, accompanied by one that is uninjured. It is more dangerous than you know; he is mortally wounded; the gun-bearers and I will round him up all right; you stay here."

I relieved the Major of all responsibility and went on, but they exercised the greatest scrutiny of every thorn bush and every side trail, to guard against a side or rear charge from the unwounded bull. I could hardly restrain my impatience at the slow progress made, although I knew their precautions to be amply justified. Buffaloes are said to be treacherous, which means you can't depend upon what they will do. They will screen themselves in scrub or grass, watch your advance, and charge you from side or rear when least expected. Uninjured buffaloes accompanying a wounded one are prone to do this.

We soon came upon him, however, at bay and looking

A CHANGE OF BASE



CUNINGHAME IN MIDDAY COSTUME CARING FOR TROPHIES

for trouble; peering between two thorns it was easy to administer finishing shots. Kirkwood announced his horn-spread as forty-two inches. He was very old, very large, and very fat. Cuninghame said he was a cast

THE STORY OF AN OUTING

bull, which means that age had impaired his virility and the younger and more aggressive had driven him from the herd. Word went to camp, and the whole *safari* was out to help tote him in; the event was celebrated with great ado, all the more because the meat is highly prized by all. Buffalo-tail soup is the best ever, and buffalo tongue simply delicious. The fact that we had just made camp and all needed meat served, doubtless, to kindle enthusiasm.

The next day I left the buffalo field undisturbed, went



IMPALA SHOT BY PIRIE

out in the evening and shot two impala, with very good antlers.

The following morning I went for my second buffalo, the license permitting only two. We saw buffaloes a mile away and feeding from us. It took a long time to come up with them, walking in dongas, crawling over the high places and crouching in the tall grass. The last

A CHANGE OF BASE

two hundred yards of the stalk was a zigzag, down-grade crawl. A direct approach would have doubtless exposed us to view, and no stalk is made directly toward game. By zigzagging we made the long grass cover us from possible view.

Imagine traveling on hands and knees, with gun in



BUFFALO

one hand, and sometimes literally crawling, for two hundred yards, all under the scrutiny of an unsympathetic equatorial sun, at a temperature in the nineties or hundreds, with perspiration not oozing, but trickling, from every pore, and you may form a fair idea of the condition of one's muscles and nerves at the end of the stalk.

I climbed out of the last donga within seventy-five yards of the best bull. The grass was up to my shoulders and was waving above his back, yet he stood broadside,

THE STORY OF AN OUTING

and I could distinctly make out his outlines; it was a fair mark and an easy shot but for the tremulous condition of my muscles. I took the .450 and missed him, standing, with the first barrel, and then missed him, running, with the second. The two recoils from the .450 straightened me out. I quickly changed to the Remington automatic and caught him, running, in the vitals, at one hundred and fifty yards, with the first shot, and broke his back with the second. The spread of his horns was the same as my first, forty-two inches, but they were smoother and altogether a better head.

Next day I shot a rhinoceros—broke his neck with the .35 Remington. His head was only fair, but peculiar in that it had two equally developed horns, eleven inches in height, instead of having one very short one and the leading horn sixteen to eighteen inches, which is about the best obtainable in the Tana Valley.

I was surprised to learn that a rhinoceros's horn is not attached to his skull; it skins off with the hide. It seems also strange that the skin on a crocodile head cannot be taken off, any more than you could skin paint off a board. You can scrape or sandpaper it off, but cannot skin it. Rhino tongue does not compare with buffalo, but is very good food indeed.

Next day I shot an eland, through shoulder into vitals, with my Remington; the license permits only one, and a splendid specimen it was—horns twenty-six and twenty-seven inches; he weighed fully one thousand pounds. The eland is the largest of all antelope, is excellent food, and is beautiful in a grand way. His fawn-gray coat and buff-white belly are very attractive. I never saw beast so round and fat; so round that when he fell dead



THE ELAND I SHOT



ELAND, ONE YEAR OLD, IN CAPTIVITY

THE STORY OF AN OUTING

his upper legs did not come within a foot of the ground; the collapse of death usually brings all feet to the ground; the rotundity of this eland prevented that and held the left fore-leg and the left hind-leg projecting at least one foot from the ground.

This practically completed my license limit of big game available in that locality, except carnivora; only a few of the smaller animals, easily acquired, remained.

VIII

ANOTHER CHANGE—LIONS

OUR head-man reported that the porters were disabled from sore feet and would require sandals before another trek was possible. We clothe the *safari*, either actually or by a money allowance, which is the usual way. We were hunting in the early part of the rainy season. The grass, from knee to shoulder high, was fast being broken down under the rains. The grasses in Africa have edges to their blades, especially the spear-grass, and not only cut feet, but shoes as well. Most of our trekking had been over the veldt, where paths were absent or not well defined. In short, I was asked to furnish three zebra skins that the porters might be shod. I had no desire to shoot a zebra, beautiful, graceful, and picturesque. I would have much preferred to have traded the hard-worked nag that I bestrode for one of those plump beauties. They are regarded almost as vermin, and your license permits you to shoot twenty. They were numerous, and usually not difficult to approach within two hundred and fifty or three hundred yards, but this day, in executing my commission, I rode hard and long, and did not sight one until 12.30 P.M., when the hot glow of the sun had raised a shimmering heat from the wet earth, producing a pulsating, up-



ZEBRA



WART HOG

ANOTHER CHANGE—LIONS

moving atmosphere similar to that you see over a hot stove.

All this renders long-range shooting difficult. The *safari* was put in traveling condition, but after a long, hard day, and an unusual mental and temperamental expenditure. Many things look very easy until you try them, and the kind of game you do not want is usually most in evidence. Midday shooting in the tropics is rendered very difficult on account of heat and radiation from the wet earth.

My friend's complement of buffaloes not having been obtained, and the buffaloes being wise to our presence, another move was deemed necessary, so we crossed two tributaries in one day's trek and camped on the banks of the same river—Ripingaza. There was much rain at this camp. One morning, after an all-night rain, lasting until six o'clock, I started out rather late, with only one water-buck and one impala to shoot. I was resolved to be very exacting and take none but the best. This proved to be the red-letter day in all my shooting experience.

We had gone about three miles, it was nine o'clock, and the sun had broken through the mists, insuring the typical equatorial day. Major Kirkwood, about fifty yards in front of me, rode upon an ant-hill to get a better view. I saw him drop over on his horse's neck and swing him round off the ant-hill in haste, and knew something important was in sight. As we came together he announced that he had caught a glimpse of a lion's ear not a hundred yards away in the long grass. We immediately galloped the grass in order to stir him up and get a shot, and at the same time we set the gun-bearers spooring.

THE STORY OF AN OUTING

We were at the top of a ridge marking one side of a valley, and it was about two miles across to the top of the high ground marking the other side. The inevitable donga, always difficult to negotiate in a hurry, traversed the valley. After a little we saw three lions—two lions and a lioness—several hundred yards distant, making across the valley. We started in hot pursuit, but when we reached the donga all but one had disappeared over the sky-line. The temptation was great, and I could not help shooting three times with my Remington with point-blank sights, as there was no time for readjustments. It was all useless; I replenished my magazine, and, pulling our horses' heads so high that they could not see the ground, we spurred them over the brink into the donga, gave them their heads, and under the excitement they made the opposite banks beautifully. Then commenced a long mile up-grade. What we wished to do was to ride round the lions and bring them to bay, and we must husband our horses' strength in order to have a spurt in them when it came to the final dash. A lion confronted will not turn back nor turn to one side, and will charge presently. It is an issue joined and you are sure of him.

A lion's legs are very short; he travels close to the ground and trots—he seems simply to glide. When they went over the sky-line they probably thought the danger past and halted, or slowed down at least. We reached the height, and after going about three hundred yards saw one of the lions. We tried to round him up, but we could not gain upon him; our horses were all in, so Kirkwood took my horse by the bridle; I slid off to shoot. A mad gallop in tall grass, where neither horse nor

ANOTHER CHANGE—LIONS

rider could see his footing, where hidden hole might invite serious disaster, was a serious mental strain added to the other excitement.

I fully realized that the chance offered to make my



THE LION FELL AND NEVER MOVED

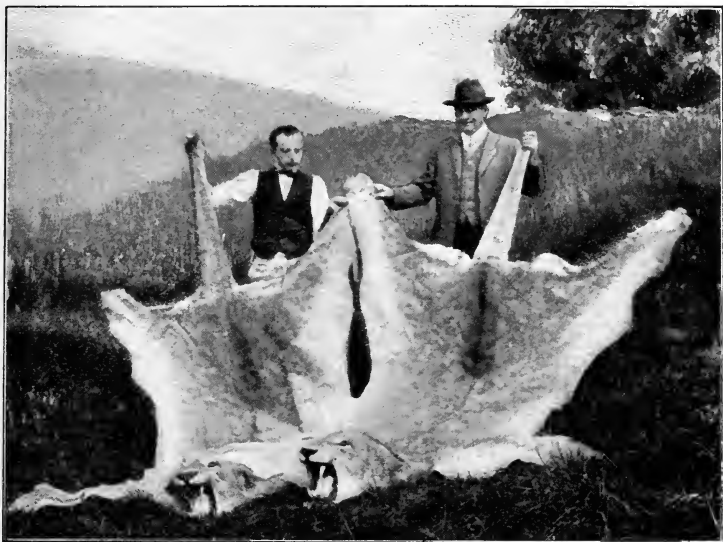
trip a great success was squarely up to me, and that the next two minutes would determine. Eye, nerve, and muscle responded with a calm confidence that made me proud. I could not see nearly so well off the horse,

THE STORY OF AN OUTING

but still that tawny streak gliding though the grass was distinctly visible. I covered it with my gun and, swinging well to the fore end of it, fired. He went down in a heap and was up in an instant and faced me with a roar, head erect, mane bristling, and tail vibrant. When he roared another lion to the right turned at bay and roared also, and they kept up a continual growling. My prayers were answered. The lions were escaping in parallel lines about forty yards apart, and fortunately I had come up about midway between them. I never heard a lion outside a zoo before, and their conversation is surely impressive—snarling, growling, threatening, I hardly know how to describe it; it was incessant while it lasted. I never took my eyes from the first lion nor my gun from my face, it being automatic. Towering up in all his majesty, his neck afforded a splendid mark, and I broke it with the second shot; the first had gone through his vitals and broken the opposite shoulder and would have been fatal, of course, after a little time. I turned to the other, sixty to seventy yards distant, towering well above the grass directly facing me; with distended mane, swishing his tail and fiercely growling, he made himself as warlike as possible. I had three cartridges in my magazine; I decided to give him a fatal shot in the breast with the first one, and if he charged depend upon the other two to break some of his on-coming bones. Only a single shot was needed; it entered the breast a trifle high, traversed the lumbar regions, and lodged in the backbone, back of the pelvis, almost to the tail. He fell and never moved. A lion's roar has a deep, hollow, hark-from-the-tomb tone and quality that is very penetrating and carries a wonderful distance across country.

ANOTHER CHANGE—LIONS

Assured that both were dead, we mounted and began scouring the surrounding grass for the lioness; the two killed were both lions. I thought I had found her once. My horse reared, bolted, cavorted, and I thought he would throw a fit, and throw me, too. I could not force



NINE FEET SIX AND NINE FEET NINE INCHES, RESPECTIVELY

him back there; I could head him toward the place, but he went backward; so we dismounted, and Kirkwood and I walked it up. Doubtless she had crouched there recently and the scent must have been very strong. We coursed about and then formed our ten porters and four gun-bearers into a line in order to cover the whole ground. Kirkwood and I placed ourselves so as to divide the line into three equal parts. We had advanced only a little when I observed that the line had resolved itself

THE STORY OF AN OUTING

into two V's, with the apex pointing to Kirkwood and myself; evidently the negroes were not anxious to find a lion. We carefully covered the ground, but her majesty had made good her escape. Instead of turning at bay with the others, she turned away, which was good judgment from her standpoint, however disappointing to me. The lions measured respectively from tip of nose to tip of tail, nine feet six inches and nine feet nine inches.

The lion belongs to the cat family and stalks game much the same as our domestic cat; the swish of the tail is the same. When confronting danger a lion does not lash his sides, but he does swish his tail vigorously, elevated at a slight angle until about to charge, when his tail, straight behind, becomes rigid, save the brush, which is all a-tremor.

The lion has a clavicle, or collar-bone, the same as a man, and is, I believe, the only beast that possesses this human characteristic. He is able to handle his fore-legs with the same mobility and flexibility that a man has in his arms. A horse or moose in fighting strikes with his fore-legs, but the only motion possible to them is a rotary motion parallel with the line of their body, hence any blow delivered must be forward and downward. A lion can deliver a "side swipe" as well as a man, and for all I know may be a past-master in the "upper-cut" blow so effective in pugilism.

The possession of this clavicle and consequent command of his fore-legs adds greatly to his efficiency as a fighting force.

Well, I had two lions and had got them in the most approved manner. I did not shoot them at a kill from

ANOTHER CHANGE—LIONS

a *boma* nor shoot them at a kill from a tree. I got them in the great wide open, after the most exciting horseback ride I ever experienced. It was great luck, availed of with good judgment and good execution, and I was satisfied. Satisfied? Every fiber in my system tingled with delight, every sportsmanlike impulse, every mental process, reveled in serene happiness.

IX

ANOTHER TREK—HIPPO—ANTS

THE buffaloes here, though plentiful, proved too canny, and it was deemed best to return to our last camp, which had had a four days' rest. Having reached my limit, save for congoni and zebras and carnivora, I hunted with my second gun-bearer, the talent in our expedition devoting themselves to rounding up and locating buffalo. I hoped for lion, and saw two, way out of possible range, with my horse and *sais* way in the rear. The rains had been very heavy, and my fagged horse could hardly have overtaken them had he been immediately available. A good, fresh horse would have made me thrice happy, as I found them in the midst of an open country. I only saw them as they covered a space of fifty yards, the long grass soon hiding them from view.

This was not a hippo country, but in default of anything else I began hunting the river, knowing there were a few about. A hippo has the best of ears, a keen nose, and fairly good eyes. I ranged up-country about ten miles, hoping for lion, leopard, or cheetah, and then struck the river to hunt up-wind back to camp. I finally heard the heavy breathing of a sleeping hippo as he came to the surface of the pool at regular intervals

ANOTHER TREK—HIPPO—ANTS

for air. I crawled among the reeds, twelve feet high, on the bank, as close to the stream as prudence would allow, located the sound, and parted the reeds sufficiently to afford a fair view of the water. The breathing continued at intervals, sometimes one long breath and sometimes two or three shorter ones, but neither with naked eye nor with field-glass could I detect sufficient hippo to afford any kind of a mark; so I waited, waited four hours, from one until five o'clock, lying in the reeds, my gun-bearer, stolid as the sign of a cigar-store, sitting a few feet distant. In the wind-waven reeds and the music of the rushing waters the panorama of my past sporting life passed in review before me. I recalled an experience camping on Mt. Carbon in Colorado at timber-line, above insect and small animal and bird life, above the noise, the very considerable noise, that small living creatures contribute to daily life, to which custom dulls our ears, and which, therefore, we fail to notice. It is so still above timber-line that silence is said to be audible. My camp was half a mile from the Ute Indian Reservation, and the Utes were to be moved October 1st to another reservation in Utah. Rumors were rife that they would refuse to move peacefully and would go on the war-path; United States soldiers were placed at strategic points, as a precaution, and a good deal of uneasiness prevailed among the settlers; this was in 1881.

Alone in camp in all this stillness I sat comfortably bolstered up against the woodpile, reading. My eyes glancing up from my book, I beheld thirteen Indians seated in a circle around the cooking-fire with knees drawn up, arms on knees, and looking at the ground.

THE STORY OF AN OUTING

How in the world they got there without my hearing them and whence they came were a mystery. What did they want? Evidently their intentions were not hostile or I would have discovered it from some overt act of theirs. I looked about, and my gun was some distance away. What should I do? What should I say? I am not a good conversationalist at best, and I never had such labor in starting a conversation. I "ahemmed" several times without attracting attention. I said "Good morning" with equally barren results. I finally advanced a step or two, paused, and gazed at them; whereupon the chief of the band arose, advanced, and held out his hand and said, "How do, son-bitch?" I recognized the salutation, and shook his hand, whereupon he returned and resumed his former seat in pristine stolidity. Evidently they were hungry. We had quantities of game hanging about, and I pointed to the same and asked if they were hungry. They understood the gesture and straightway kindled afresh the fire. Each cutting such a hunk of venison or elk as his appetite craved, proceeded to cook it on a stick over the fire; they barely heated it through, and then ate and resumed their circular seats around the fire. The pipe of peace had been in my mind for some time. I took a plug of navy smoking-tobacco about a foot in length, and cut off thirteen strips and gave one to each. They received the same with alacrity, filled and lighted their pipes, and resumed their seats. Well, it was interesting, but I heartily wished the reception over, and, carelessly seating myself in proximity to my gun, resolved to sit it out. Their pipes finished, at a guttural command from their chief they arose, swung into line, and advanced to me;

ANOTHER TREK—HIPPO—ANTS

the chief held out his hand and said, "Good-by, son-bitch," whereupon they disappeared down the trail, and I have not seen them since. The English vocabulary of that Indian was limited, but he had evidently made a study of the white man.

At five o'clock the hippo gave evidence of activity, the breathing moved up-stream. I crawled out of the reeds and walked up the bank just in time to see the hippo in very swift water about half-way up his sides,



READY FOR THE AFTERNOON QUEST

just about to enter the grass on the opposite side of the river, in quest of his feeding-grounds. He gave me a quartering ear shot, which I took; he stuck his nose up

THE STORY OF AN OUTING

in the air in pain and thus gave me a good shot at the base of the brain, whereupon he collapsed, stern toward me.

The current slowly rolled the body round and downstream, giving a water shot at the head. The body came along downstream into the deep water of the pool, where the current was less swift; we could see it for about six rods. A hippo always sinks when killed, and he also sinks when he is disturbed and not killed. In the sunshine he will bloat and float in two hours in that country; in the shade or in the night it would require three hours or more. He would therefore not come up until long after dark. It had been raining hard on Kenia all day and the water was up three or four feet next morning. A bloated hippo with his short legs is much like a puff-ball, and he doubtless passed our camp while we were held fast in sleep. They had to send out porters with lanterns to light us back to camp; in the last mile and a half we crossed two very bad dongas.

Ants

Leisure gave me opportunity to study the ant-hills with which this country is dotted. They are rotund or conical in shape, eight or ten feet high and fifteen to twenty feet in diameter on the average. They are built with surface dirt, carried by these little white ants, about one-fourth of an inch long. In the center of the hill is located the queen ant, which is a Brobdingnagian among Lilliputians. She is from three to five inches long and one or two inches broad. Her sole function seems to be to produce her kind, and the process of fertilization and production is continuous.

X

REMINISCENCES—TICKS—BIRDS

IN the fall of 1911 I made an appointment with a grizzly bear at Bear Lake, British Columbia. The Pacific salmon, both Chinook and sockeye, enter the Fraser River at Vancouver some time in June of each year and commence their long, foodless ascent to the place where they were spawned. It is a strange law of nature that sends this fish back to the place of its birth, to, in turn, drop its spawn, and denies it food after entering fresh water—denies by taking away the desire for food. They go up the Fraser, branching off at the different tributaries according to their nativity.

It is seven hundred and fifty miles from Vancouver up the Fraser and up the Bear River to Bear Lake, and these salmon, the Chinook at the outlet and the sockeye thirty miles farther up on the inlet, reach their spawning-beds from the 1st to the 15th of September. The journey is long, the current swift, and they become weak and thin; the Chinook change to a dark magenta in color, and the sockeye to scarlet, and are very beautiful in the water. The female drops her spawn, the male fertilizes, and both protect for about two weeks, and then, answering the law of their being, turn a ghostly whitish color, die and drift upon the sand-bars, where carnivorous birds and beasts hold revel.

Am W

THE STORY OF AN OUTING

The bears do not wait for this, but wade in and deftly throw the fish upon the bank with their paws and then cache them; one bear will have many caches; they feed and fatten upon these fish until hibernation, for about this time the first frost kills all the berries. Bears go into hibernation, not so much according to the depth of the snow or the particular time of year, but when they have accumulated fat enough to carry them through the winter, and they seem to know when their maximum condition is reached.

I made elaborate plans to be a party to the bear-salmon meeting only to find that "the best-laid schemes gang aft a-gley." The onrushing railroad construction through Yellowhead Pass had inspired the British Columbia government to send in a party of surveyors to survey a territory possessing valuable coal-deposits. They came to the lake by pack-train, bringing axes, whip-saws, jack-planes, shaves, etc., and began felling trees and whip-sawing lumber with which to build bateaux to carry a party of surveyors, implements, provisions, etc., down the river for a three-months' labor. The noise of their labors, the fishing and shooting of their camp foragers, sent all bears out of the country at once. I still had hopes of the sockeye country above the lake, but lo! another danger appeared—a party of pre-emptors, three men with their wives, one having three girls, aged four, eight, and twelve years respectively, six dogs, quantities of traps, fourteen horses, one thousand pounds of flour, sugar and bacon to correspond, hay-ing tools, etc. They immediately asked to be shown "where them hay-medders is." They had come there to pre-empt land. They expected to cut hay to winter

REMINISCENCES—TICKS—BIRDS

their horses, build log barns and huts for beasts and people, live upon fish from the streams, moose, caribou, and deer meat plus the provisions they had brought, and during the winter notice the best land to pre-empt under the British Columbia Homestead law in the spring.

The grass growing upon the meadows was utterly unfitted to support animal life; they looked it all over, and their dogs raced it all over, and my second hope of bear vanished into thin air. I said to the elder man:

“Pardon my curiosity, but it seems strange to me that you should come to this place the first of October, a mile above sea-level, expecting to build homes and winter your people and horses here.”

He named a man, a lifelong friend, who had told him the land there was the choicest, abundant forage growing wild, and that it was easy to live upon the game abounding in forest and stream.

“Why bring these women?”

“They wanted to come.”

“Why bring these girls to be immured in small cabins seven months, with the snow seven feet deep; boys might get out and disport themselves and relieve the inmates of the cabins—but girls?”

“Wall, mister, perhaps you think you could follow them girls on snow-shoes; I’d like to see you try.”

“Radishes and lettuce are the only vegetables you can grow here, and timothy the only crop raisable.”

“Yes, yes. I am greatly disappointed. I came on a false scent, and nothing to do but clear out of here. The man who sent me here knows good farm land, and he said he’d been here; he lied, evidently.”

“Were you not well located before?”

THE STORY OF AN OUTING

“You seem very curious, and you seem to think I’ve done wrong. Now I’ll tell you all about it. Twenty years ago this man here and myself pre-empted one hundred and sixty acres each in southern Oregon. I cleared up, built buildings, and raised my family. The neighbors got pretty thick. I had a chance to sell out, and sold out; had all my stock and loose property and thirty-eight hundred dollars in the bank. My friend here leased his place for three years, and we started for Bear Lake. If I had had money enough to have bought a section, six hundred and forty acres, when I pre-empted in Oregon, I’d have been a rich man now. I expected to pre-empt one hundred and sixty acres here, buy some more and live here ten or fifteen years and make the growth in price, and then I’d have money enough to last me out and take good care of my family. Now what’s the matter with that reasoning? Didn’t I try to do it all right?”

“Yes. The misfortune is that you did not inquire more about this country. They could have told you in Vancouver. How long have you been coming?”

“Five months and two weeks.”

“You practically crossed the state of Oregon and the state of Washington, and have come seven hundred and fifty miles in British Columbia to this place, camping along the route; you expected to find good land cheap, because of its remoteness.”

“Yes.”

This man typified the wanderlust, the landlust that inspire the pioneer settlers. They cannot endure neighbors; they hunger for the solitude of forest or plain; they have a kinship with wild life, and eke out

REMINISCENCES—TICKS—BIRDS

their existence, sufficient unto themselves as to fellowship and social relations. The zest inspired by dog and trap and gun blinded their eyes to such scrutiny of the land and place as was easily open to them.

He finally turned upon me and said:

“Now, I’d like to ask you a few questions. What’s your name and where do you live?”

I told him.

“What are you out here for—spending your money on a pack-train and guides? Want to kill a grizzly so you can go back and brag about it?”

“Yes, that’s about right. I wanted to get out into the open, away from men and business and rest and brace up so I can go back home and stand the racket and earn my salary.”

“What is your salary?”

When I told him he said:

“God A’mighty, what do you do?”

Told I was a banker, he asked: “How big is your bank?”

The \$15,000,000 capital and profits and \$140,000,000 deposits found no registering intelligence in his mind.

“How big is New York?”

I told him the last census showed 4,778,000 people.

He puzzled and said, “That is forty-seven times as big as Vancouver. How long and how wide is it?”

“About fifteen miles north and south and about the same east and west.”

“No, I don’t mean prairie, just where the houses is, good houses, not shacks.”

I gave him conservative information as to houses, told him I lunched on the twenty-fifth floor of a thirty-

THE STORY OF AN OUTING

five-story building, and my lunch-club was at least one hundred yards above the street. I do not know that he ever heard of *Gulliver's Travels*, but if he had, he certainly must have regarded me as the up-to-date Baron Munchausen.

The country owes much to this spirit of adventure, wanderlust, a desire to be next to nature and her storehouse, from which one may help himself unhindered and have the helping seasoned with the excitement of quest or hunt. I once offered two Monmouth fishermen, fishing for the market, four times what they said their labor yielded per day upon the average, to take me out fishing the next day. The reply was:

"No, to-morrow may be the day of all the year that yields our biggest catch, and should we go with you we would lose it."

The speculative hope, the element of luck, sweetens the day dreams, buoys up the expectation, parts the mists, gives a view, however blurred, of the airy castles of a better condition, and gives spice to many vocations, and to none more than the frontiersmen, the pioneers of advancing settlement.

The Daily Inquest

One of the Carituck duck clubs has inscribed over the fireplace in the gun-room this poetical sentiment:

"What they hit is history,
What they missed is mystery."

That poignant and significant sentence is a cogent comment upon and characterization of the reminiscences of every shooting-club and camp-fire, and *safaris* are no exception, but the most fruitful subject of conversation

REMINISCENCES—TICKS—BIRDS

with us was ticks. They have many kinds and they are all very affectionate. One kind has three interesting stages. At birth it is almost too small to be seen with the naked eye, but it can be felt blindfold. It burns like our sand-flies; it fills itself with blood, and in about four months grows to medium size on that one meal—twice the size of a sand-fly—and has four legs. It again fills itself with blood, and in four or five months attains full size and has eight or ten legs. It has two mouths, one on each side of its head or throat. It again fills itself with blood. The female lays its eggs through the thorax on the top of grass stalks, the male fertilizes, and, their mission being completed, they die and leave their nits to continue the circuit. They take the life out of your horses; it is a good *sais* who can care for one horse so as to keep him in condition, keep him fairly free from these pests. Mosquitoes were few, but sufficient to give both Pirie and Cuninghame malignant malaria. Two of our horses died from tsetse-fly before we left, and the other two seemed doomed.

Centipedes, six or seven inches long, a dark olive green and very poisonous, were plentiful. Scorpions were also numerous and have a tendency to crawl into boot or slipper. I saw puff-adder, but no hooded cobra, although they abound in the territory where we hunted. One of our horses had a bad leg from scorpion bite, but very little is to be feared from poisonous reptiles; it may be fairly cut out of one's reckoning.

Birds

Crane of various kinds were numerous and beautiful; the maribou crane was especially neighborly; scavenger

THE STORY OF AN OUTING

birds were numerous; the guinea-fowl, a native of Africa, is quite plentiful, and affords good wing-shooting and delicious food. You might hunt a long time without finding any, however, owing to the long grass. You frequently stumble upon them, especially when making a difficult stalk for big game.



TYPICAL INDIAN STORE AND DWELLING WHICH DOT THE COUNTRY
AND AFFORD THE NATIVES PLACES TO TRADE AND BARTER

The Francolin pheasant, wrongly so called—they belong to the grouse family—are numerous and excellent food. Their song or call is in sound and musical harmony about midway between an asthmatic pump and filing a saw, quite on a par with that of the guinea-fowl. They are easy to shoot on the wing, and also make them-

REMINISCENCES—TICKS—BIRDS

selves conspicuous on some dead tree or other object, and advertise the fact.

Sand-grouse are plentiful, but get up without warning and are apt to give you a very wide shot. Quail are numerous, darker in color, but otherwise like our bobwhites. There seemed to be many harsh-noted birds, and, although some had agreeable voices, the melody that we associate with song-bird life seemed sadly deficient. This was not owing to the season; birds mate and animals breed all times of the year.

We did little bird-shooting, except when breaking or moving camp, since shooting-up the country drives the big game away.

XI

ROUNDING-UP

March
of
with
me

MY partner, Pirie, gave during this trip an exhibition of that grit and perseverance which carries men to success. The intense sunlight affected his eyes beyond the average, but, in addition, he was far from well. For many days he had a temperature well above 100 degrees, which was alarming to Cuninghame and myself, but seemed to give him no anxiety. He hunted every day, rain or shine, in wet grass and hot sun, in a condition which would and should have sent most men to their bunks.

He had hard work with his buffalo, but by virtue of persistent determination he succeeded in getting the two allowed by law. On March 30th he shot the commanding bull in a herd of twenty-five, a very fine animal indeed. We had our limit of cervidæ available in that locality, and on April 1st commenced a six-days' trek to Nairobi.

We had succeeded in obtaining a full complement of porters, so our whole *safari* moved along smoothly and in order. How uninteresting and tiresome was our return, devoid of the novelty and anticipation which inspired our outward journey!

ROUNDING-UP



OUR "SAFARI" CELEBRATING PIRIE'S FIRST BUFFALO

Elephants

Pirie, notwithstanding his great desire to hunt elephant, abandoned his purpose to do so on account of his physical condition.

The great question confronting me at this time was elephants. Should I brave the continuous wet and cold of a bamboo forest in the wet season on the side of Mt. Kenia—wet clothes, wet blankets for days at a time? The more rain, the better for elephant-hunting. The sun never penetrates a bamboo forest, and once wet through it drips and drips. Should I encounter these hardships and add a tusker to my string of trophies, or should reason hold sway and a physique, no longer young, be accorded the consideration to which it might fairly lay claim. Ambition said yes, but discretion ahemmed somewhat.

At the first circus I attended I stood before the elephant

THE STORY OF AN OUTING

with reverential awe; massive, contemplative, dignified he seemed, and with kindly condescension he reached out with his trunk, and I thought he wanted to shake hands. Instead, he relieved my hand of the unconsumed portion of a cake. He subsequently received peanuts with great familiarity. Having ignored my comparative insignificance and raised me to his own social level by breaking bread with me, he won a place in my affection and always seemed to me an animal to be cultivated, not shot. Useful to man in so many ways, I have never thought of him as a game animal, and was therefore not so keen for elephant-shooting. Hence we made haste for Nairobi, where we arrived early on April 7th.

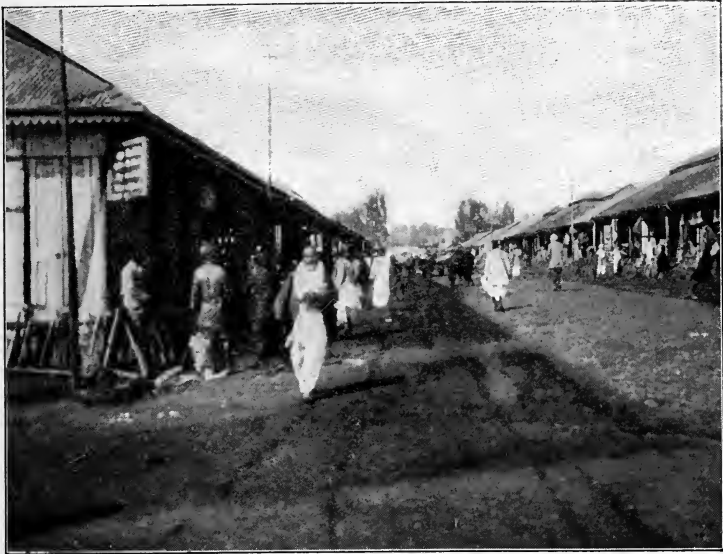


RAPID TRANSIT IN BRITISH EAST AFRICA

Next day, with greatly reduced *safari*, we went by rail to Kapiti Plains, about thirty miles from Nairobi, returning on the 12th, when we closed our *safari* and left on the 14th for New York.

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We were thirty-eight days in the field, seventeen of which were consumed in trekking and twenty-one in hunting. We went to Kapiti for Thomson's gazelles and Grant's gazelles, wildebeest, and zebra. We had no dif-



INDIAN BAZAAR, NAIROBI

ficulty in getting these, although the week's-end hunters from Nairobi keep them very wild, and I did my shooting at from three hundred to five hundred yards. Successful marksmanship at such distances has an especial charm. The grass everywhere was so tall as to largely cover the game. Shooting, standing, at arm's-length was the only method possible. The open plains afforded no object upon which to rest a gun, and to rest your elbows upon your knees would be to drop so low as to lose sight of the game.

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One morning, in a comparatively narrow strip a mile perhaps in width, between the river and the hills, I shot five different animals, and in so doing I thoroughly stirred up all the game present, and finally they became so alarmed that they all stampeded, and going up-river they passed by within a half-mile of me. It is an understatement to say that at least one thousand zebras and one thousand hartebeests, together with much lesser number of wildebeests, Grants, Tommies, impala, etc., went by in the procession.

A mile above me the procession divided, part continu-



STREET IN NAIROBI

ing on and part crossing the river. It was a wonderful and beautiful sight, and one long to be remembered.

The difficulty in African shooting is not to kill a specimen, but to select good examples, and getting the cervidæ that Africa affords is simply a question of going where they are. To get all the different kinds of buck

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—the number exceeds one hundred and fifty—would necessitate covering the continent, and would take years for its accomplishment, as traveling is difficult. A few of the greater prizes are difficult, some very much so, but most of them are comparatively easy.

There is no danger of Africa's being "shot out." The enormous game reservations afford ample protection and ample breeding-grounds. Year by year the number a sportsman may kill is being reduced. Lions were this year transferred from "vermin" to the protected list, and the number a sportsman may kill limited to four. Game easily learn the danger of man and firearms, and a good "bag" is a matter of growing difficulty.

Danger

Much discussion obtains as to which is the most dangerous animal to hunt. Left to Africans to decide, elephant would be so voted, I think. In elephant-hunting, in addition to the direct charge of an infuriated animal, there is danger of being trampled to death in a stampede. Should one get in among a herd of cows, which may not under any circumstances be shot, there is danger in case of a breakaway or stampede of being run down and killed without especial intent on the part of the animal inflicting the injury. *

The same statement applies to buffalo, and in addition the buffalo possesses a viciousness that does not obtain with the elephant. Neither the buffalo nor the elephant has any use for man, and primarily would escape from him, whereas the lion will hunt man upon occasion, as a means of livelihood, and might the sooner charge an object that would serve his purpose as food. Elephants

THE STORY OF AN OUTING

and buffaloes may be and frequently are encountered in numbers, whereas lions are found singly or in twos or threes; it is seldom that large bands are encountered, and then usually when they are changing from one hunting-ground to another. A charging elephant is ponderously irresistible, and his vitality preserves his destructive force long after he has received fatal vital shots. A buffalo is a very large animal, much larger than the American bison, seems to have an element of vindictiveness, and also possesses great vitality. He will live for hours shot through one lung, and may recover, and shot through both will live long enough to wreak vengeance upon a sportsman. In order to cripple elephant, buffalo, lion, or rhino you must break bones, at least a leg or shoulder. A disturbed rhino makes a rush in the direction in which he happens to be headed, and takes everything in his way. His desire seems to be to escape. He resents intrusion, is stupid, comparatively, in locating his danger, and strikes out wildly. He does not pursue one, as a rule, and is comparatively easy to avoid, and yet he is capable of anything and everything, and you never can tell what he will do.

An incident that occurred while I was in British East Africa illustrates the eccentricities of the rhino. Two sportsmen were in their tent resting after a hunt when suddenly, without premonition, a rhino charged the tent, of course knocking it down and injuring one of the sportsmen severely; the other managed to get out, get his gun, and shoot him. The rhino had no object whatever in charging that tent; the probabilities are he was passing near by, came within range so as to get the human scent, which to him meant danger, and imme-

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diately charged, following the scent, with the result above described. In nine cases out of ten he would have taken the opposite direction to escape danger. As stated above, they are not vicious and have no use for man, but are uncomfortable neighbors because they do such unaccountable things.

I have no personal knowledge of elephant-hunting. Elephant, buffalo, or rhino in brush or reeds or thick cover of any kind are difficult to avoid when they charge, and are difficult to shoot fatally because of the interference with one's aim; vital spots may be screened or protected. It is in such circumstances that guns of large caliber and cartridges of crushing force are needed. A lion in cover is also doubly dangerous.

In this connection I am permitted to copy from a letter from H. Lloyd Folsom to his father, describing some of the experiences the other branch of our party had with lions:

In Camp, March 19, 1913.

MY DEAR FATHER,—Well, we have killed five lions on our very first permanent camp! Lyman went out and killed a zebra for bait, and the boys built a small thorn-bush protection called a *boma*, and Jack went in for the first night. Zebra wasn't especially "high" yet. Then Lyman went in and the lions were growling and snarling at him all around, but didn't come in close. The next night I went in the thing and was immediately impressed with the fact that if a lion tried to get at me the thorns wouldn't do much good and there would be a grand mix-up. Then came the most nerve-racking experience of my life. Suddenly I heard a long sniff right by me—lion investigating the *boma*! Then a terrific snarl—you have to hear it to appreciate it; it sends a chill clear through you. She didn't like me, and she didn't intend to let me interfere with her meal on that "crawling" zebra. Looked out through



LYMAN N. HINE



H. LLOYD FOLSOM

“DRESSED TO KILL.”



JOHN T. TERRY, JR.

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an opening and saw her settling down between the legs of the bait. Then she would raise her head and look over her shoulder at me and snarl way down in her throat. At this point in the game the Express went off and did its job right behind her shoulder. Of all the racket you ever heard! A lion's roar simply rolls along the ground at you and hits you in the face. Almost immediately her mate, a big lion with a red mane, came along to see what it was all about, and I had just enough light to make out his shoulder—he got a .470 *plunk!* Thought he was going to tear the whole scenery to pieces, but a .470 isn't exactly the thing to encourage that business. Then in about half an hour I made out a lioness standing some distance away, and nailed her. She came right for me like a flash, but again the .470 was too much for her. I think she meant business through and through, and I don't mind saying that when a *big* black-tipped lion came up and fairly snarled in my face (and got *his* burned for his pains) that my nerves were about gone. That was four lions *dead*. Then a big lioness came and proceeded to crawl up and keep the zebra between me and her, hauled his tail to her and started to eat her way into him—how the bones crunched and how she purred and growled! She knew I was there, and thought herself safe enough. Tried the Remington then, but couldn't get the bullets through the bait at her. Finally I plugged a .470 solid in her direction, and you can bet your life *that* went through, but didn't hit her, but disturbed her equilibrium. She raised a terrible row and wasn't in the least afraid. Nevertheless, she knew enough not to expose herself any more than necessary, and as daylight began to come she slunk off.

Now comes the real story. Jack wounded her the next night, and when we came up to him in the morning he told us about it and we saw we were in for it. We all got together with all the guns available. I had my .405, with a shotgun loaded with ball and buckshot for the close work. She made for the thickest place in all Africa and got in the middle of it and waited—very much alive. "A lion can hide behind his own head," and when he once charges he covers one hundred

THE STORY OF AN OUTING

yards in eight seconds. If you have an Express you can set off both barrels, but if you have to pump a Winchester you will be lucky to get in one shot. I am speaking of shooting in the open now. This lioness was absolutely hidden, and before we knew it we were on top of her. Again that awful snarl, but we couldn't see her. We all jumped back ready for her, but we hadn't been quite close enough to suit her. I think the only reason she didn't have one of us down in a flash was that Jack's bullet had torn a lot of the ligaments



ONE NIGHT IN A "BOMA." H. LLOYD FOLSOM

along her back, and then, also, she had some pups in her, which was unfortunate, but couldn't be helped. She had started to come, but thought better of it. Why, I don't know, unless it was the combination of her wound and the pups. Then we went out into the open and had a council of war, in which we all decided that our skins were worth more than hers, so we made out where she was in the bushes and

ROUNDING-UP

started volley-firing. It got her, and that was Jack's first lion. If I ever have to go through such a thing again—as I don't intend to—I think it will cure me of all desire to shoot lions. Tarlton has given it up long ago as a bad job, and he is a crack shot. The *boma* part of it is comparatively safe, but suppose one gets away from you, what may happen if you are fool enough to go in after him. The odds are three to one in his favor—even if you do hit him. The range in such condition becomes almost even with the muzzle of the gun, instead of one hundred yards. Volley-firing is the safest plan if you succeed in locating the lion. Of course, when you get him in fairly open country he's your meat if you shoot at all well—especially when you have other guns backing you up.

Folsom is a remarkably good shot. It is easy to imagine what might have happened to him in his *boma* if he had shot badly and wounded his lions instead of killing them. A wounded lion is the personification of rage and destructive energy.

Popular opinion would vote the lion most dangerous—expert opinion would perhaps place elephant and buffalo ahead of lion, especially as you are likely to encounter these animals in numbers. All would agree, I think, that the rhino is least dangerous of these four animals. They are all dangerous, and each sportsman is likely to be guided by his own experience in awarding the palm of danger.

Colonel Roosevelt, in *Scribner's Magazine* for October, 1913, says:

As I have elsewhere said, experienced hunters often differ widely in their estimates as to how the different kinds of dangerous game rank as foes. There are many men who regard elephants as the most dangerous of all; and again there are many others who regard the lion and the buffalo

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as beyond comparison more formidable. My own view is that there is a very wide range of individual variation among the individuals of each species, and, moreover, that the conditions of country and surroundings vary so that one must be very cautious about generalizing. Judging partly from my own limited experience and partly from a very careful sifting of the statements of many good observers with far wider experience, I believe that, taking the average of a large number of cases under varied conditions, the lion is the most dangerous; that a buffalo that does charge, especially a bull, when it has actually begun its charge, is more dangerous than a lion and much more dangerous than an elephant; that a single elephant is less dangerous to attack than a single buffalo, and that the charge of an elephant is more easily stopped or evaded than that of a buffalo; but that elephants are very much more apt themselves to attack than are buffaloes, and that therefore there is more danger in the first approach of an elephant herd than is the case with buffaloes.

I received a letter from Lyman N. Hine, briefly reviewing the experiences of himself, Terry, and Folsom. It is a very interesting presentation, and serves to round out the doings of our party as a whole. It follows:

After seeing you and Mr. Pirie disappear from view on your fiery steeds, Jack, Lloyd, Outram, and I completed our preparations for the trip, and that evening with our entire *safari* entrained for Kijabe. The Uganda Railway furnished us with a hearty meal of red dust, which we washed down with Nairobi beer, the combination forming what might be called a stomachic brick. Our feast was cut short by the train bumping into Kijabe about 1 A.M., and the railway rest-house there was a very welcome sight, affording us a comfortable night's, or rather morning's, sleep.

On awakening at daybreak we had the first real view of our safari, consisting of about forty natives, four mules, and two carts, each drawn by sixteen oxen. These ox-carts were used



LYMAN N. HINE, IN THE GAME, WITH A GOOD PAIR
TO DRAW TO



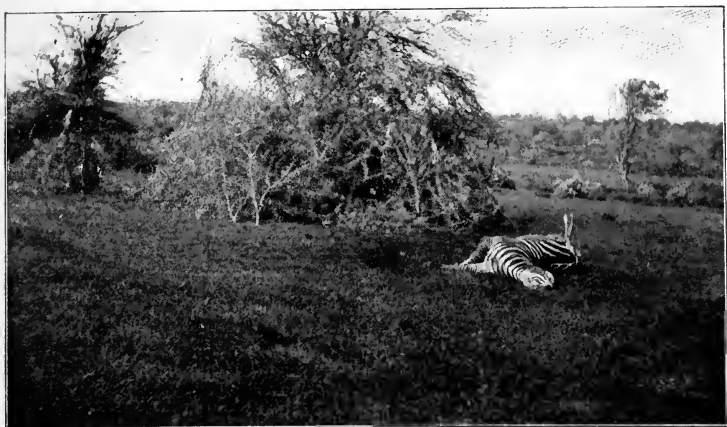
JOHN T. TERRY, JR., AND HIS FIRST LION

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as our base of supplies, and we only saw them about four times during the whole trip. I might say here that only four of the thirty-two oxen came back alive, owing to the tsetse-fly's fondness for fresh beef. Unfortunately I ran into the owner of the oxen on my return to Nairobi, and in a few minutes' conversation discovered that his sense of humor had been badly sprained by the loss. We rode mules instead of horses, as part of the country into which we were going was sure death for the latter. It did not take me long to discover that my animal was to be the bane of my existence, and I became converted to the belief in the transmigration of souls, and to the theory that the devil himself once lived on earth and after death reappeared in the form of that mule. He was not content with bucking until my saddle slipped off, and I with it, but when I was firmly planted on earth he would stand over me, with one ear cocked forward, the other backward, a sinister sneer in his satanic eye, and carefully contemplate whether this time he would use his hoofs or his teeth on me before I could roll out of the way. Jack, Lloyd, and Outram fared better in the mule proposition, but my beast furnished a lot of amusement, largely at my expense, and exercised our ingenuity in inventing means to check his non-parlor tricks. We found a twitch operated from the saddle to be the best remedy, but I fear the mule could not quite look at it from our point of view. He never became quite reconciled to said twitch.

In general, our route was southwest from Kijabe, across the southern Guasinyero to the border of German East Africa, then along the border in a southeasterly direction to a point about south of Nairobi, then north across Lake Magadi (a caustic soda lake) through the game reserve to Nairobi. The nature of the country was quite different from that which I judge you found. The altitude varied from about seven thousand feet above the sea-level to nine hundred feet above. We found comparatively few open plains, and the country consisted for the most part of jungle, thick bush country, long grass, and occasionally dried-up, rolling plains. This nature of the country accounts for the method of lion-

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“BOMA” AND ZEBRA-KILL FROM WHICH EIGHT LIONS WERE KILLED

shooting which we employed there—namely, *boma* shooting, at which Outram excels.

A short description of a *boma* might interest you, as I judge you had none of this kind of shooting. A *boma* consists of a circlet of thick branches cut from surrounding trees, the center of which is large enough to hold a white man and his gun-bearer. It is usually between five and six feet high. Its purpose is to serve as a means of concealment, but I doubt if it would be much of a protection should the lions try to get in. About fifteen feet from this *boma* a bait, usually a dead zebra, is placed. This bait, before being put by the *boma*, has been dragged perhaps five or six miles in order to lay a scent to attract lions. Fresh bait does not seem to attract lions or other animals, but our experience showed that the “higher” the bait became the greater attraction it had for animals. Hardly a night in a *boma* failed to produce something of interest. It might be a pack of wild dogs yelping by at full tilt, chasing game, the indescribable whirl of a leopard, the midnight supper of hyenas and jackals, or the visit of lions. An opening is made in the *boma*, through which to shoot in the direction of the zebra. I say “in the

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direction of the zebra," because it is often so dark that you cannot see the lion, but have to take a chance at hitting him by firing where you think he is. If you only wound him you have next morning the ticklish proposition of following a wounded lion. The inmate of the *boma* has a chance to see the lion feeding at, you might say, a disagreeably close range. *Boma*-shooting is, of course, an all-night job, the hunter going in before sunset and staying there until dawn. As an illustration of a night in a *boma*, it may interest you to hear of a night that Jack and I spent in one.

Immediately after we entered our thorny "couch" things became disagreeable. The rain came down in torrents, completely drenching us and lasting the whole night. It was so dark we could neither see the bait nor the sights of our rifles, so we decided if a lion came we would take a chance and fire in its general direction. We could hear lions grunting as soon as it became dark, and we waited, expecting to hear their grunts sound nearer and nearer. We were disappointed in this, and had almost given up hope of their coming when about ten o'clock, when everything was still, we suddenly heard a roar and snarl, and a lioness jumped on the zebra, clawing and crunching the body and making such a racket that we both pretty nearly had nervous prostration. You have no idea what a fiendish noise they make, feeding. Intensify a billion times the gurglish demonstrations of a billion newly rich people eating soup, and you will have a small idea of some of the sounds. The crunching noise defies an attempt at description. Presently the lioness left the bait, came for the *boma*, and started clawing at it within two feet of us. We both crouched, with our rifles ready for action, should she try to get in. We couldn't shoot, because we couldn't see anything to shoot at, and at that close range a random shot would only have made matters worse.

We had to stick in this position for two hours. The lioness occasionally came out to crunch at the body, and then would come back and turn her attention to us. Finally we thought the lioness had gone away, as for a long time we heard no sound from her. So Jack and I decided to lie down and rest. We

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were in this position for about half an hour when we decided we would take a look through the opening to see what was doing. We had both got our faces at the opening and were peering out when, quick as a flash, came a roar from the lioness, only six inches from our faces. It seems she had been on a tour of inspection and happened to be scrutinizing the opening at the very moment we decided to satisfy our curiosity by peeping out. Jack, who had his gun-barrel in the opening, pulled the trigger, and after the roar of the gun all was quiet. We had to wait until daylight before we could find out the result of that shot.

On coming out of the *boma* at dawn we found blood spoor, showing that the bullet had hit its mark, but no sign of the beast. We tracked her where she had gone into the thick bush, and then Outram and Lloyd came up and we decided to go in after her. We went single file through the thick stuff, with our guns ready, as we did not know whether she was ten feet or three-quarters of a mile away, and had to be ready for anything. We were just next to a very thick bush when Outram, who was behind me, yelled, "Look out, here she comes!" And not ten feet away we heard the terrible roar a lion gives preliminary to the spring, and just had time to jump back and turn, ready to fire. She was so close to us that had she made a spring she would have inevitably got one of us. Luckily for us, however, she did not spring, the reason being that Jack's shot during the night had ripped the muscles in her back so that she was half paralyzed. She had evidently been waiting for us to get within springing distance of her before letting us know of her whereabouts. Not a sound did she make until that terrific roar. We got out of the thick bush as quickly as possible, into a small open space, from where we could peer into the bush where the lioness was. A shot as she lay there finished her.

I suppose the variety to be got in the country we hunted was about the same as what you found. It is possible to get zebras, kongoni, Grants, impala, Tommies, wildebeests, robertsi, giraffes, topi, elands, waterbucks, bushbucks, klip-springers, mountain-reed-bucks, rhinoceroses, roan antelopes,

THE STORY OF AN OUTING

greater and lesser kudu, lions, Colobus monkeys, and other animals too numerous to mention.

These young men had flattering success in securing wonderful trophies of the various kinds of game available in the territory comprised within their hunt.

We were all supplied with photographic apparatus, and succeeded fairly well with our pictures. Hine carried a tripod and kinoscope from New York, a cumbersome and troublesome bit of baggage, but his enthusiasm was well repaid, as he secured some first-class moving pictures.

Guns

Distinguished Africanders of much experience, like Carl E. Akeley, Cuninghame, and others, think that a .450 rifle or one of larger capacity is indispensable to one's safety, and such opinions may be accepted as conclusive. It requires no argument to prove that the larger the bore and the stronger the charge of powder, the more destructive will be the weapon, but a well-placed smaller bullet will prove effective when a badly placed larger one would not.

The gun should be adapted to the man and should be no heavier in weight than he can handle with ease and reasonable celerity, and the cartridge, while it must be effective, should not involve a charge so heavy as to invite flinching from the recoil or otherwise interfere with accuracy of aim.

Mr. Selous says:

The best weapon for elephants and buffaloes, which are usually met with in dense jungle or bamboo forest, where it

ROUNDING-UP

may be impossible to obtain a picked shot, is the heaviest cordite rifle a man can use with ease and comfort. For a man of medium weight and build a .450 or .470 bore is quite heavy enough.¹

For soft-skinned animals Mr. Selous favors small-bore rifles and favorably mentions calibers ranging from .256 to .303. Ex-President Roosevelt used with excellent results the American army Springfield rifle, .280 caliber, with short-pointed bullet.

R. J. Cuninghame says:

During the Roosevelt expedition I had ample opportunity to observe the effect of the pointed bullet. The rifle used by ex-President Roosevelt was not a Ross, but an American army Springfield, firing a very sharp, solid bullet. The trajectory is extremely flat and the smashing power on such game as antelope was quite remarkable.²

Rowland Ward, in his *Sportsman's Handbook*, presents the views of Selous and Cuninghame approvingly.

Personally, for dangerous game I want an automatic rifle, so that the whole magazine will be at my fingers' end without the trouble or delay of working a bolt or lever action. Where allowed by law to shoot but a single animal, and very likely be compelled to hunt for days or even weeks for that opportunity, I also want an automatic. Many times they insure success when a lever or bolt action might result in failure. I am quite aware that there are experts who can shoot bolt and lever action guns with phenomenal rapidity and accuracy. I have in mind the busy man who goes afield once a year for his vacation and whose maximum grade would be a "fairly good shot"—not an expert.

¹ Rowland Ward's *Sportsman's Handbook*.

² *Ibid.*

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I have used for years with great satisfaction the .35 Automatic Remington and the .405 Winchester. These guns are equal to any game on the North American continent, and with moderate exceptions any game anywhere.

Continual hunting in Africa will bring experiences where the shocking power of more powerful cartridges than these guns use is necessary to stop or turn game and preserve one's life. A man always has two guns; I had three—the .35 Remington in my saddle scabbard, a .450-.500, and a Mannlicher-Schoenauer .256 Magnum pattern—with my two gun-bearers. The .450-.500 is a good, powerful gun and well known. The .256 has a sharp-pointed bullet, both solid and soft-nose, three thousand feet initial velocity, very flat trajectory, and was most satisfactory. The destructive power of these soft-nose bullets on all soft-skinned animals was wonderful.

XII

EXPENSE

“God gives no value unto man
Unmatched by meed of labor,
And cost of worth has ever been
The closest neighbor.”

AN African big-game hunt costs money, it costs time, it costs hard work, and it costs inconvenience and annoyance from insectivora and excessive heat, and involves exposure to possible local and climatic disease.

The experience, the pleasure, and general satisfaction of the trip surpass all cost and all risk. If what you get by way of outfitting and what you pay for were a little closer neighbors, it would be more satisfactory. They tell you to beware the charge of the elephant, the buffalo, the lion, and the rhino, but there is another charge that many think falls within the danger zone, and from which there is no escape—the charge of the outfitters. They look after their *safaris* and give them good service, and if their charges seem to follow the rule formerly in vogue with our railroads in fixing freight charges, of charging “what the traffic will bear,” *per contra*, they do their business systematically and well, look after their *safaris* painstakingly and most efficiently, and that is a service for which one can afford to pay.

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The cost of reaching British East Africa depends largely upon the line of travel selected. If you take the North Atlantic route and go by rail across Europe to Marseilles or Naples, if you take a *cabine de luxe* instead of less expensive quarters, if you are entertained by and entertain your friends *en route*, the expense will be larger in proportion. Two hundred dollars will, however, buy a ticket, with a good room, from Marseilles or Naples to Mombasa, and fifteen dollars will take you by rail on to Nairobi. The cheaper route would be by steamer from New York to Naples.

The expense of my hunt from my arrival in Nairobi until my departure for home was slightly under two thousand dollars, lessened, undoubtedly, because of the fact that I had a partner. License, not including elephant, accounted for two hundred and fifty dollars, loss on horses (my share) about two hundred and fifty dollars. If you are young and strong and time is no object, you can do your hunting and trekking on foot. If your time is valuable and you wish to avail yourself of every chance to get game (I could not have got my lion unmounted), then horses are desirable and an economic investment. They come high, considering the quality, and you must buy and transport by porters grain for their sustenance. We lost two from tsetse-flies, and the remaining two seemed fly-struck, which is always fatal.

If you have a large *safari* some one who can speak the native language is indispensable to handle it; an experienced man will save money and trouble, especially in view of the labor complications now obtaining. My share of the amount paid our two guides was five hundred

EXPENSE

and twenty-five dollars, for two months, and in my case it was an excellent investment. We might have got along very well indeed with one, but we wanted results more than economy. With a small *safari* this item could be greatly reduced and perhaps omitted altogether, but not wisely, I think. No one without experience knows how to hunt in that country, and it is cheaper to pay a guide than pay for your own blunders. Tested from any American standpoint, the labor seemed very cheap; the food supply was expensive, as you would naturally expect in a new and remote country. *Posho*, upon which the negroes subsist, together with the game you supply them, is coarsely ground corn. The principal expense with reference to that lies in the number of porters necessary to carry the same. If two sportsmen occupy the same tent it saves the cost of one tent, one tent-boy, and two porters.

In many ways the expense may be toned down, but hunting in Africa is a luxury and should be so treated; the experience you have and the trophies you get make it worth many ordinary vacations; economize on the ordinary vacations and save up for this one. Whether young or old, rich or poor, unacclimated in that strange country, under a tropical sun, it is better to pay for guides, and horses even, rather than risk taking it out of your constitution.

A very large item of expense comes from the cost of curing, caring for, treating, and shipping your trophies. It runs up into surprisingly large figures, but all this can easily be saved by missing instead of hitting.

There is no rest, nothing static in nature or in life;

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sound, light, color, heat—in short, life is motion; only the dead are at rest.

A vacation consists in going away somewhere and getting another kind of tire; a tire which enables you to return and appreciate the comforts of your home, the society of your friends, the nobility of your calling, and resume your functions as a useful factor in the economy of life with energy and confidence.

The North Star in the northern hemisphere, the Southern Cross in the southern hemisphere, serve to point direction and guide the traveler's course; in all hemispheres there is a lodestone that compels the wanderer's course and sets his pace, and that lodestone is the hearthstone.



THE LODESTONE



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makes sense since so
many sportsmen cut
their hunting teeth
in it

