

LIEUTENANT PAUL GRAETZ ==MAN OF GRIT

By W. ROBERT FORAN

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TWO years ago, or a little more, all Europe was electrified by the news that Africa had been traversed by Lieut. Paul Graetz of the German army in an automobile. His thrilling adventures on this daring and plucky expedition are of too recent occurrence to have been entirely forgotten.

To have crossed Africa in an automobile is no mean feat, when one remembers that there are no roads and no repair or gasoline supply stores en route. The Cape-to-Cairo railway—that great dream of a truly great empire builder, Cecil Rhodes—is fast nearing completion; and in a year, or perhaps a little more, travelers may journey in luxurious comfort by train and steamer from Cape Town to Alexandria. They who do this will be able then to realize to the fullest possible extent what the pioneers of travel in the African hinterland had to contend with.

One would think that to bring to a successful termination such a gigantic feat as that which Lieutenant Graetz set himself in his famous African automobile expedition would be sufficient to satisfy even the most gluttonous appetite for adventure. Yet it is typical of Lieutenant Graetz that he should not rest content with this one truly great achievement.

His project, undertaken on behalf of the African World, was to cross the great and practically unknown regions of Central Africa from the Indian to the Atlantic ocean, by way of the Zambesi river, Lake Bangweolo, and the Congo river. However, not by automobile this time, but by motor boat. This offered something unique in the way of African travel. It meant hardships and disappointments innumerable, but what of that?

He mapped out a route that would take him from Quillimane, the port on the coast of Portuguese East Africa, to the mysterious Lake Bangweolo, by way of the River Quauqa, Lacerdonia, River Shire, Port Herald, Chiquana, Fort Johnston, Lake Nyassa, Karonga, and then across the watershed to Fife. The motor-boat was specially prepared for this part of the journey, being fitted with wheels for use on land.

From Fife he decided to travel by way of the Chambesi river, Kabinga, and thus arrive at the shores of the small inland sea, Lake Bangweolo, upon which no white man had ever sailed. After spending some time exploring this unknown water and collecting specimens of aquatic and land life, Graetz planned to push on to the Atlantic by way of the Luapula, Lake Meru, Paula, Kasengo, Lukongzola, Klambi, Stanleyville, Coquilhatville, Yumbi and Leopoldville, and thus to the mouth of the Congo.

Take up a map of Africa and trace out this route for yourself, and you may realize in part what this stupendous journey of six thousand miles (allowing for the necessarily tortuous route to be followed) meant to Lieutenant Graetz and his companion, the French cinematograph operator, Monsieur Octave Fiere.

Lieutenant Graetz had heard of the magic Lake Bangweolo from the Awemba tribe. It had a sinister reputation among the native tribes resident both near and far from its shores. The Awemba people told him that Bangweolo was studded with islands, on which were to be found colossal elephants and gigantic giraffes, while on its waters swam huge sea-serpents and other strange creatures. From the surface of the lake hot springs rose and fell like fountains in the air; and pestilential winds, sweeping across the reedy marshes, carried death to all living beings.

No health resort this; rather Dante's Inferno! No natives venturing upon its waters in their frail, fantastically shaped canoes had ever returned. It was regarded by some tribes as a sort of Hades, where departed souls suffered continually the most dreadful torments; while others again thought that it was the approach to Paradise, where the spirits of their dead relatives enjoyed perfect life under the protection of their gods.

It was known to be surrounded by thick and impenetrable rushes, making its exploration a matter of great difficulty. The great prize which Graetz hoped to secure in addition to being the first explorer of this wonderful lake set deep in the heart of the wilds of Africa, was specimens of a species of gigantic buffalo, which were commonly believed by the natives to make their home on the shores of the lake. They were known to be unusually fierce and dangerous, but this did not deter Graetz and his plucky companion from their adventurous quest after them.

Lieutenant Graetz left Berlin on February 25, 1911, accompanied by Fiere and his motor-launch, the Sarotti. Elaborate arrangements were made at Quillimane for their plunge into the wilderness.

At last all was ready for the start

and the two explorers set forth on their adventurous journey. Mile by mile they made their way up the Quauqa, Shire, and so to Lake Nyassa. We will pass lightly over this section of the great journey, for it was similar to many another African trip by boat on river and lake. But once they had reached Karonga their real difficulties commenced. The motor-launch had to be pushed on its wheels across the watershed by the so-called Stevenson road—which is no road at all in the generally accepted meaning of the word—to Fife and thence to the Chambesi river, so that Lake Bangweolo might eventually be reached. Where obstructions impeded progress—and there were countless numbers of such places—they had to be overcome. Trees had to be felled, streams bridged, hills climbed, and bush cleared from the self-made path.

After days and days of toil in terrific tropical heat, the voyagers reached the banks of the Chambesi river and again took to the water courses. This part of the trip was full of dangers, unexpected and entirely impossible to guard against.

All went well with them until they had nearly reached the shores of the mysterious Lake Bangweolo. Then disaster, dire and dreadful, overtook them. Within sight of their goal they were overcome by a cruel, relentless fate.

At dawn on September third, the blood-red morning sun triumphantly rose over the summit of the dark chain of the Muchemwa mountains, bathing all nature in its glorious beauty. It bade them rise and continue their journey down the Chambesi to the lake, their long-hoped-for destination.

At six-thirty the two white men embarked, and a few minutes later the African servants were rowing lustily up the Chambesi toward Bangweolo, for whenever possible they saved their gasoline and rowed. Moreover, there were many shallow channels to be negotiated and these were the more easily navigated without use of the motor.

For a time nothing unusual happened. There was no sign of life beyond occasional birds along the river banks. At last a convenient place to land and partake of breakfast was found, and the two men ran the launch into the bank. The cook and servants busily stirred themselves to prepare the delayed meal. But suddenly they stood petrified with astonishment. Not more than fifty paces from them, close to the river bank, stood three mighty buffalo, watching them with wondering eyes! They had appeared so silently through the undergrowth and reeds that no one had had warning of their approach. These were no ordinary buffalo. They were gigantic and suggestive of prehistoric types.

Silence, deep and impressive, like that silence which foreshadows death, reigned for a brief moment. Then Lieutenant Graetz awoke to the danger that threatened them. With the almost automatic precision of the adventurer in savage lands, he unslung his rifle. The Frenchman, Fiere, followed his example. Graetz fired the moment his cheek rested along the butt of his Mauser rifle and the sights came on. Bang! the shot rang out, awakening the bird life and echoing through the trees beyond them and then faintly back again. The leading buffalo stumbled and fell on his knees, rose again, shook his ponderous head in mingled anger and pain, and then, dashing up the river bank, galloped from sight into the bushes. The other two followed their wounded brother's example.

Meanwhile Fiere stood ready to fire in case of necessity, but there was no further need now. Intermittently through the undergrowth the two men caught glimpses of the buffaloes' shaggy forms as they followed the course of the stream toward the lake. But presently they saw but two of them. What had become of the third, they asked themselves. They were not out of danger yet, apparently. Perhaps the third animal still kept company with his fellows but was hidden by the bushes; more likely still, he had left them—the surest possible sign that he was severely wounded. Good! They would get him yet. "Ros caffer Graetz!" would read well in museum records and zoological books, thought Graetz to himself.

The decision to follow and kill the wounded giant was quickly reached. Breakfast was forgotten. Leaving the cook and two of the native followers to clear away the untasted meal and pack the motor-launch ready for a renewed start, Graetz and Fiere hastened off on the trail of the buffalo. It was not hard to follow. Large smears of blood were to be seen everywhere, on bushes, on rocks, on the bare soil, and against trees. It showed plainly. The spoor led up the bank of the Chambesi and headed undoubtedly for the shelter of Lake Bangweolo.

Hour after hour went by and still the two hunters kept steadily tracking the beast. The sun climbed high into the heavens until it was directly overhead, scorching everything and everyone with its fiery rays. But the white men and their followers

thought little of that. They were possessed by an all-powerful lust for the blood of this new mammoth of the African jungles. Besides, until they had killed, they could not rest and eat; their sporting instincts would not permit this until all hope of success was lost. The true sportsman never deserts a wounded quarry until he has killed it.

At last, after six hours of fruitless search, nature demanded a temporary halt. It was after midday. Graetz decided to have the motor-launch brought up to them and a man was sent back to get it. In the meantime the two white men rested. In three hours the launch reached them and the cook immediately began to prepare a satisfying lunch for the tired and famished hunters. Breakfast and lunch would have to be merged into one meal. This is not an infrequent occurrence in African travel, and the two men were accustomed to it.

While the meal was under preparation, Graetz sent three of the "boys" to search further for the wounded buffalo, for he was positive that it must be somewhere in their vicinity. He offered his followers a liberal "bakahish" and with this incentive to a speedy location of the buffalo, they hastened off into the bush. Breakfast and lunch was just about to be served when the "boys" came running back to announce that they had found the wounded buffalo lying in the long grass near the river. So much good luck had been hoped for, but hardly expected.

Graetz and Fiere rose excitedly to their feet and got their rifles. They were only just in time, for at that moment the high grass parted right in front of the former, and the animal dashed out, making straight for the German! He fired, and at the same time Fiere fired also, so that the two rifle reports sounded as one. Graetz sprang to one side to escape the furious charge of the maddened animal. As he did so, his foot caught in the long grass and he fell on his knees. It proved his salvation. If he had remained upright he would have been impaled upon the sharp and cruel points of the buffalo's wide-sweeping horns.

Snorting with extreme fury, the huge beast nosed under the lieutenant, who was now lying prostrate on the ground, trying to toss him. At last Graetz sprang to his feet and clung with all his strength to the horns of the beast, in the vain hope that, severely wounded as the buffalo was, he might give way before his own strength, or that Fiere might get a chance for a second shot. For a few brief minutes, which seemed hours to Graetz, man and beast pitted their strength against each other's. The huge denizen of the forests was rapidly tiring from loss of blood, but Graetz was no match for the strength of the enormous beast. It all happened in a few minutes; the buffalo tried to shake the man off, and, as he flung his shaggy head from side to side, the point of his left horn pierced its way deep into Graetz's right cheek. He cried out with pain and then felt himself suddenly hurled upward into the air and consciousness left him.

In the meantime, Fiere had come gallantly to his companion's rescue, unmindful of his own danger. He fired, but succeeded only in making the buffalo more infuriated. The savage beast turned rapidly upon him and tossed him repeatedly into the air, tearing his body dreadfully.

Then, as if worn out with its terrific efforts to avenge the attack on itself, the buffalo toppled over dead beside the bodies of its foes.

In a recent letter Graetz himself best describes what happened next. His account is a graphic, yet simply worded, narrative of heroic resourcefulness. In my travels in Africa I have met two men—Col. Eric Smith of the Horse Guards, and Mr. Benjamin Eastwood, the chief accountant of the Uganda railway—who have actually amputated their own arms when dire necessity demanded it, but I can conceive of nothing more courageous than Lieutenant Graetz's own self-accomplished surgery. Far from medical aid, with his companion in misfortune pored to the point of death, suffering indescribable agony, Graetz acted expeditiously and saved his own life by his ready courage.

In the days when anesthetics were an unknown quantity, men and women had perforce to bear all manner of operations with remarkable fortitude. But we were a harder race then. Civilization has weakened our bodies and we are unable to endure pain as did our forefathers. Yet to be able to amputate an arm or sew up terrible wounds for oneself is a thing that was rarely done in the past ages. In Africa, it is a not an uncommon thing. It seems only fitting that, in a country where the natives themselves bear pain with stoical indifference, the white man, who exists safely only by his own proof of being a superior being, should show the same wonderful bravery.

"I awoke," writes Graetz, when suddenly recovered to put pen to pa-

per, "covered with blood. I was lying on the river bank, with the motor boat at my feet, supported by two howling native servants.

"Where is Fiere?" I asked.

"The others are bringing him; he will die soon, too," they replied.

"And the buffalo?"

"Dead," was the laconic reply.

"A thick flood of blood was continually flowing from my mouth and the right side of my face. The natives lifted me into the boat, and with every moment the blood flowed faster.

"Quick," I managed to gasp, "the medicine chest!"

"They brought it to me. There was only one thing to do and that quickly. Sew, sew, sew! Terrible necessity taught me how to ply the surgical needle. With a native holding my shaving-mirror before me and another supporting me by the shoulders, I thrust the needle through the flesh. A jagged, irregular hole as large as my hand gaped in my right cheek; my under lip hung loosely quivering. Under the horrified gaze of the natives I jabbed the bent needle again and again into my flesh and cobbled the tattered ends together.

"The pain was excruciating. Heaven alone helped me to keep my senses. To this day I do not know how I managed to do it. The lower jaw was broken in two places—near the ear and near the lip—and from this crushed mass a long splinter of bone with three teeth attached hung loosely by the nerves and flesh of the gums. The whole outer flesh of the lower jaw was scraped loose. Teeth, roots and bones lay white and shimmering through the hole in my cheek. My tongue, pierced by the point of the buffalo's horn, was half torn from its foundations. I spat continuously splinters of bone and teeth.

"At last the operation was finished to the best of my ability, and I bandaged by face as best I knew how. A strong stimulant gave me new life and helped me to face the other surgical operation for Fiere.

"In the meantime the tent had been erected and a bed prepared for my poor companion, from whom James, the cook, had already cut the clothes with a pair of scissors. He had recovered consciousness, and softly his pale lips formed the words, 'tres maux' (very bad). He had been pierced and tossed three times. The left breast muscle hung loose; heart and lungs were untouched. In the left side, between heart and hip, was a great tear. This wound I immediately sewed together. James washed, bandaged and put Fiere to bed. He breathed regularly, and seemed to sleep.

"Night fell dark and dismal—a night full of pain, during which my mouth seemed full of red-hot stones. Toward morning a short, troubled sleep gave me temporary relief from my awful agony. With the gray light of dawn I awoke to fresh tortures. Everything was deadly still. I summoned the servants by clapping my hands and they opened the tent door. Then I arose and crossed over to Fiere's bed. The first light of day fell on a pale, shrunken face. It was death."

So, on the very threshold of success, one was taken and the other left a shattered wreck. Far from aid and alone with his native servants, Lieutenant Graetz faced the situation as only a man of his caliber could. One of the natives was dispatched at once to Kasama, in northeastern Rhodesia, to summon help. This was the nearest point inhabited by white men.

Dr. G. F. Randall, the district surgeon, and Mr. Cookson, the magistrate of Kasama, marched day and night for two days to his relief. Hastily further operations were performed under the most difficult circumstances. And then, on an improvised stretcher, Graetz was carried to Kasama. One can imagine the painful journey, a journey rendered all the more pitiful because of the loss of his trusted assistant. The relief party buried poor Fiere at Charenama, but later his body will be brought to Kasama and re-interred there by the white fathers of the Catholic mission.

To most men this disastrous setback would prove an insurmountable hindrance to the completion of the program; but with Lieutenant Graetz it was different. He has started again and will continue his journey until it is completed or until death claims him. He intends to reach the mouth of the Congo by the end of the year. A man of superlative grit, who flinches from no dangers and who knows not what the words fear and defeat mean!

He is entitled to a place in history beside Livingstone, Stanley, Gordon and the others, yet probably he will be forgotten except by those who fully appreciate all he has achieved for science. When we read at the end of the year that he has traversed the dark continent from east to west, we shall know that he has done what he said he would do, despite the difficulties in his path. Shall we all recognize what this means? Some may—those who, perchance, have done similar deeds, or those who know the African continent and all its lurking dangers. Do not forget that lonely, mangled form lying beneath the earth in far away Kasama. You, who have never heard of such a place—and by far the greater majority have not—may draw out your map of Africa and search it minutely for the name, and yet not find it. But there in the wilds of northeastern Rhodesia lies the body of that other man who was striving with might and main to finish the work he had set out to do—to cross Africa by motor-launch.

WHO'S WHO AND WHY

ASSUMES BIG RESPONSIBILITIES



J. P. Morgan, Jr., has succeeded his father in the management of the immense Morgan interests. He is the only son and now controls a fortune estimated at between \$300,000,000 and \$500,000,000. The title, J. P. Morgan & Co., will be retained.

The son is by no means a novice at directing financial enterprises, nor is he so young as to cause any anxiety as to possible rashness. Mr. Morgan, Jr., is forty-six years old. He is a large man physically and mentally. He weighs 200 pounds and is an athlete. And, what is probably most essential, he has had his father's careful training.

Already the future head of the greatest financial interests controlled by an American firm is director in many corporations. When H. H. Rogers died in 1909 the younger Morgan was elected his successor in the United States Steel corporation.

The same year he became a member of the directorate of the National City bank of New York, filling the vacancy caused by the death of E. H. Harriman. This bank, controlled by Standard Oil interests, is one of the largest in the country.

Young Morgan was born in 1867. He graduated from Harvard in 1889 and married in 1890. As soon as his school days were over he began his apprenticeship under his father's direction in the New York office.

He had no bad habits or frivolities, and was always very methodical. Among the clerks he was always popular because of his democratic ways.

DR. DUMBA, AUSTRIA'S NEW ENVOY

Dr. Constantin Theodore Dumba, the new ambassador of Austria and Hungary, arrived in Washington a few days ago.

The new ambassador was born in Austria, June 17, 1856, and has been in diplomatic service since 1879. His last diplomatic post was a minister in Stockholm, Sweden, where he became acquainted with many Americans at the last Olympic games. He has not been in America before.

Dr. Dumba inherited the rich estate of his uncle, Dr. Nicholas Dumba, who was a prominent figure in America's industrial and political life, and also was known as a great patron of art. It is expected that Dr. Dumba will play as important a part in Washington's social life as his predecessor, Baron Hengelmuller. The new ambassador is married, but his wife will not follow him until next month. It is considered probable he will find the present quarters of the embassy inadequate, and look for a more suitable home before her arrival.

It had been reported that Dr. Dumba twice refused the appointment to Washington. He now says that he refused only temporarily, because his own affairs demanded his attention in Europe for a while, and because he thought best to await the change of administration in Washington.

Dr. Dumba was asked if Austria-Hungary again would exercise her veto right in case the election of a new Pope should it become necessary in the near future.

"I do not think so," was the answer of the ambassador. "First of all, his holiness is still alive, and I hope his life will be spared for a long time."



GUATEMALA'S ENVOY TO WASHINGTON



Senor Dr. Don Luis Toledo Herrarte, secretary of state of Guatemala, arrived in Washington the other day, having been sent as an envoy by President Cabrera of the republic of Guatemala to return the courtesy of Secretary Knox's visit to Guatemala last year. Guatemala is thus the first country to pay a return visit to our secretary of state.

At the station awaiting Dr. Herrarte were John Barrett, director of the Pan-American Union; Chandler Hale, third assistant secretary of state; Senor Don Joaquin Mendez, minister of Guatemala to the United States, and Mr. R. S. Hitt, the American minister to Guatemala.

Dr. Herrarte was in charge of the Guatemalan legation in Washington during the years 1907, 1908 and 1909, and in 1910 was minister to Chile and Argentina, delivering the closing address at the fourth Pan-American conference in Buenos Ayres.

While in Washington Dr. Herrarte made many friends in both the diplomatic and social circles of the city, and during his stay here will be the guest at many dinners given in his honor. He is the most distinguished physician in Guatemala.

COLONEL GREEN IS STILL SINGLE

Despite the fact that he has received more than 5,000 proposals, Col. E. H. R. Green, son of Hetty Green, still was single when he passed through St. Louis the other day on his way from New York to Texas.

Two and a half years ago the Colonel told the world through the newspapers of his desire for a modest, old-fashioned, stay-at-home, friskie wife, who would not worry about how much alimony she would get when the big row came.

All the girls spoke at once. Or at least thousands of letters poured in upon the colonel from thousands of women who knew they were just what he wanted.

The colonel took a look at the pile of letters and became pessimistic because he felt that all the girls who proposed could not possibly be his ideal.

The colonel still is getting proposals by every mail and has despaired of living down the words he spoke in the fall of 1910.

"I know better than to take any of them seriously," he said between trains. "The women are of all ages and stations in life, but I'm a shopworn piece of goods."

"Whenever I enter a restaurant I see people nudging each other and whispering that there is the millionaire who is looking for a wife and can't find one. I suppose I never will live down those unlucky words."

