

ROOSEVELT BAGGING

The GNUS in AFRICA

By GERALD A. RODERICK

NAIROBI, British, East Africa.—I guess everybody in the civilized world knows that ex-President Theodore Roosevelt is getting two American dollars for every word of "copy" he writes for a certain New York publication. Therefore the business of bagging the gnus in this lonely spot on the world's map has a double meaning.

Spell it gnus or news—suit yourself—they are pronounced alike. The only difference is that you get one with a rifle of heavy bore and the other by means of mental ingenuity. Mr. Roosevelt, I have discovered, makes his own news. And he sells his own news. Hence his declaration that "because there are no journalists with this expedition all apparently authentic reports are barren



In the make-up of the semi-savage blacks.

Eighty-four souls comprised the small army which Mr. Roosevelt took with him from Mombasa. Bwana Tumbo dressed his aides up in American made loose shirts and khaki trousers. Of their own choice were queer little skull caps decorated with feathers and tassels.

Wall tents, the same as those used by American army officers, provided the ex-president's sleeping quarters and his patriotism was fully shown by the fact that the American stars and stripes floated from the flag pole before Roosevelt's tent. The colors were dipped at sunrise and sunset in accordance with the United States army custom.

The Roosevelt camp presented a unique scene. Situated in the center was Mr. Roosevelt's adobe, which also housed Kermit. Before it floated the American flag and grouped around it along miniature "streets" were the "pup tents" of the porters, gunbearers, bush beaters, cooks and other servants.

Kermit Roosevelt's personal servant, Juma by name, became as devoted to his young master as though the latter were of regal heritage. He followed him everywhere and was at his side during the rhinoceros incident in which Kermit's life was periled.

Juma's gaudy turban, khaki half-hose and American-made calfskin shoes, which were a present from Kermit, marked him as a man to be envied among his fellows. The ex-president said that whenever he needed Kermit for any matter whatsoever, it was only necessary to scan the horizon for Juma's gay headpiece.

During his hunting, travels and speaking Bwana Tumbo never has lost sight of his writing. He is writing a chapter here and there, whenever he has the time or inclination to devote a few hours to the book of travels which he has half completed.

Mr. R. D. Cuninghame, Mr. Roosevelt's hunter, is typical of the African sportsman and is declared to know more about game in this section of the world than any other game expert.

No more unique sight was ever presented to the casual observer than that which met my eye when I alighted from a Uganda railway coach at Kapiti Plains, where Mr. Roosevelt and his army were grouped. The station is on Sir Alfred Pease's ranch or estate, as it is known here.

"The Plains" consists of hardly more than the signboard which tells its name. Mr. Roosevelt's "army" was drawn up about him, the ex-president was conversing with Hunter Cuninghame and the former executive's gunbearer, Abdallah bin Said was awaiting orders from his chief. Of the army Abdallah is most devoted to his master and the frequent lashings which the heads of the expedition are often compelled to administer to quell impending mutiny are never necessary with this character. He is a unique type of African and because of his good qualities he commands better pay than the rest of his fellows.

The man who aided Mr. Roosevelt in getting his expedition ready cautioned him against asking any of his servants to do duties for which any of the others were hired.

The labor union instinct is second nature with the attitude of the African hunting expedition. Let a gun bearer try to do the work of a porter or bush beater and there is war in camp at once. Neither may the game carriers beat the game into sight. Perhaps this system is for the best after all for the reason that every man specializes and therefore is able to do his own allotted work to a better advantage.

It is said here that Mr. Roosevelt's entire expedition will cost between \$15,000 and \$20,000, which to an American hunter may seem an enormous price. But hunting wild game in Africa is a heavy undertaking and in order to go through with such a task that amount of money is actually necessary. But the party is getting results and that is what they figure is the proper viewpoint.

Having arrived in the Stoik district Kermit and his father had plenty of game upon which to exhibit their prowess. The younger Roosevelt immediately set about establishing a hunting record by bagging the biggest lion which, up to that time, had found its way to the taxidermist of the party. In the Stoik district Mr. Roosevelt shot many buffaloes, their skins being preserved for the Smithsonian institution.



ROOSEVELT IN HUNTING COSTUME

falsehoods or are obtained by means of bribing ignorant servants and it stands to reason that for the sake of a bribe one of evil intentions is not above inventing falsehoods for the purpose of obtaining the bribes.

Be that as it may, early in the month of August Mr. Roosevelt will impart some of his news to a select gathering of East Africans at a banquet. You can't keep reporters from a banquet, consequently at the time of writing there is no reason to suppose that the world will not get the former American executive's remarks in full.

Mr. Roosevelt will tell his hunting experiences, his views on world politics and lots of other things which will astonish his staid British hosts and will set them to thinking.

The world at large is getting little Roosevelt "stuff," as the editors call it. The reason for it is said to be the hunter's desire to pursue the life of a nimrod undisturbed by eager newspaper men. They are on his trail every day, but they keep out of sight.

Entering the port of Mombasa, Theodore Roosevelt and his big stick made an instantaneous hit. He was strenuous. Britishers are slow of movement and thought; they are deliberate. Not so with the American hero. He thought quickly, spoke quickly and said things which made the inhabitants stand up and shout.

He talked about the great country which the British had built and almost civilized in Africa. He made other points which tickled his hosts and he was sold with them from the minute he put foot on the gangplank of the steamer which brought him from Naples, Italy. He told his East African friends that he wanted to be treated like a regulation American citizen, not like a former president of the United States. This, the British seemed to think, was a first class invitation to treat him like a king, which they did.

With his entourage riding in the passenger compartments of a primitive Uganda railway coach, Mr. Roosevelt gave a real strenuous exhibition by daring Acting Governor Jackson to ride with him on the cowcatcher. He said there was more breeze on the front of the train anyway. Mr. Jackson and Mr. Roosevelt then stopped the outfit and took positions of vantage ahead of the fireman and engineer.

This tickled the Britishers. Nobody had ever thought of riding on the front of an engine before in East Africa. They had always done the most commonplace thing by seating themselves on the "cushions." So, because he was different from their kind, they liked the American from the start.

The ride that day lasted 50 miles, when the engine, being a union engine, refused to work over eight hours and gave out. The next day the ride was repeated and to-day half the British East African highbrows ride on the front of the engine when they want to make an impression.

Once on Sir George MacMillan's ranch the real sport of the expedition commenced.

MacMillan's ranch is a notorious hangout for man-eating lions. They roar around the ranch at night and tear up things generally. Colorado mountain lions were easily beneath the hunting prowess of Mr. Roosevelt and he proved that African lions are also-rans alongside of the American brand by depleting the kingdom of Leo by six in two days, thereby setting a new record for hunters in this section of Africa.

A big, hungry hippopotamus chased Mr. Roosevelt one day. Formulating his plans as he sped along through the jungle, the ex-president led the enraged animal to the open and set two steel bullets crashing between his eyes when the hippo was only 100 feet away. Kermit had a similar experience with a rhinoceros and, displaying the family traits of his father, stood his ground and succeeded in dispatching Mr. Rhinoceros



ALL ABOARD FOR THE HUNTING GROUNDS

at 40 yards. The beast was charging him in dangerous fashion.

Not long ago Mr. Roosevelt captured two baby antelopes and sent them to his daughter, Mrs. Nicholas Longworth, who by this time doubtless has received them. More than 1,500 specimens had been captured by the Roosevelt party up to the time of this writing.

ing and before the expedition weighs anchor for other shores probably 1,000 more will have reached the taxidermists.

Lions, wildebeests, antelopes, giraffes, hippopotami, rhinoceri, tigers, monkeys and dozens of other varieties are among the trophies of the chase.

To Kermit Roosevelt the expedition has been a source of wonderment and pleasure. Everything was new to him. He had read about the mysteriousness of darkest Africa but had never been given an opportunity to even peer into the confines of a real lion hunting camp.

At the present writing both Kermit and his father are in the best of health, both wearing a swarthy tan which is darker than the jungle stained khaki suits in which most of the hunting is done.

A short time ago Mr. Roosevelt visited the American mission near here and he expressed pleasure at the work which the organization is doing for the African savage. The morning of the day he visited the mission he spent in hunting Culubra, monkeys and succeeded in shooting several, which were added to the list of specimens.

Officials here have expressed the belief that Mr. Roosevelt's bagging of game is justifiable in view of the fact that his specimens are being secured for the purpose of stocking up the Smithsonian institution at Washington.

Perhaps the biggest test of Rooseveltian strenuousness came when the party crossed the desert west of this city. In this instance they were compelled to go for more than a week without procuring water. All the liquid refreshment they had was carried with them in great water skins, suitable for this purpose.

Bwana Tumbo, which is an African expression of reverence, was the nickname which Mr. Roosevelt's native servants soon attached to him, and when I met the ex-president at Kapiti Plains station, where he was obliged to stop during his travels, he seemed pleased to be reminded of the fact that he had struck a responsive chord



KERMIT AND SERVANT

Love.

Love?—I will tell thee what it is to love—
It is to build with human thoughts a shrine,
Where Hope sits brooding like a beautiful dove—
Where time seems young, and like a thing divine. . . .
Yes, this is love—the steadfast and the true,
The immortal glory which hath never set;
The best, the brightest boon the heart e'er knew—
Of all life's sweets, the very sweetest yet!
—Charles Swain.

Plato Dobbs' Tricky Ways

By Benjamin Franklin Napheys

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Plato Dobbs lay with his head just visible beneath the patchwork quilt, and one arm stretched across the top of the covers. His fist was clenched, and whenever he emitted an unusually loud snore he wrathfully smote the bed clothing. Plato was evidently having unpleasant experiences in the land of dreams.

His wife, clad in a dressing gown, sat on the edge of the bed, watching him. She made no move to arouse Plato from his uneasy slumbers, however; and when a light tap sounded at the bedroom door she opened it silently.

"Don't make a sound, sister Angelina," cautioned Mrs. Dobbs, as a thin, hatchet-faced woman, with a bowl of water in her hand, entered the room. "He's asleep at last, but he's mighty restless. I don't want him waked up until you've tried the experiment on him. Seem's if I couldn't wait another minute to find out whether your suspicions were true, or only made up out of your own head."

"Made up, indeed," sniffed Angelina; "that's the thanks I get from my own sister. You needn't be afraid, I'll show him up," and she gestured toward the sleeping Plato. "I showed up his two brothers, Anxious and Venomous, over to Peaville, before I'd been visiting their wives two weeks. Just as soon as I helped those poor, deluded women to pack up and go home to their own folks I came right over here to help you out. There never was a man yet to be trusted in anything, and now that I've discovered a way to unmask 'em it's going to be my lifework. Did you have Plato do as I said to-day, so's he'd be good and tired to-night?"

"Yes, he's been on the go ever since sunup; and to-night I got him a travel book out of the library, and he's been reading it aloud. There was one fear-

more that had frightened him seemed to have departed. With curiosity and awe on her face, Mrs. Dobbs took up the bowl and gently raised it until Plato's fingers dipped into the water.

"Wet his hand more," admonished her sister at her side.

Mrs. Dobbs was about to comply when Plato struck out suddenly, sending a shower into the face of Miss Angelina.

"Wow!" muttered the sleeper, "there she is again. There's old bow-legs—ugh."

"There, what did I tell you?" exclaimed Miss Angelina. "He's talking about women a'ready. Wait till I get the salt water out of my eyes, and I'll find out what he's been up to. 'Wet his hand more, sister.'"

Once more Plato's hand was submerged, and this time he made no protesting movement. Miss Angelina fixed her eyes on his face and sternly demanded:

"Plato W. Dobbs, where'd you first meet this female?"

"Um—um—down by the river," sleepily muttered the man in the bed.

"I knew it," declared Miss Angelina. "I told you, sister, that he went down there for something else besides fishing. I followed him often enough, but I never could catch him at anything. Where'd you hide, you bald-headed old deceiver?"

"Up a tree," responded the victim, with astonishing promptness. "Up a tree—tree—tree—um."

"Good lands!" exclaimed Mrs. Dobbs, "there's no woman around these parts that can climb a tree, let alone staying there when she got up. Ask him how she kept from falling off the limb."

"Bow-legged," immediately responded the sleeper. "Old bow-legs—bow-legs—ugh."

"Keep his hand well wet, sister," cautioned Miss Angelina. "I'm going to find out who she is now, only I darsent ask him right out, just yet. What does she look like, Plato W.?"

"Ugly, slab-sided—hawk-nosed old gorilla—gorilla—wow!"

"And you've been running after a person like that?"

"N-a-w, she chased me—every day—up a tree."

"There, I knew it!" exclaimed Mrs. Dobbs. "You see, sister, no matter what we've found out, it isn't his fault."

"Be still, and keep his hand wet. Plato W., what is her name?"

Plato stirred, grunted, and hid his face in the pillow.

"Wet his hand, sister. Come, you brute, you've got to tell. What's her name? Speak up."

"Angelina Barlow," and then Plato drowsily took away his hand and buried himself beneath the patchwork coverlet.

The bowl of water dropped unheeded from Mrs. Dobbs' fingers, and Miss Angelina sunk limply to the floor.

"You'd better go to bed and get some rest, Angelina," said Mrs. Dobbs at length. "You'll be getting up early to-morrow."

"Do you believe what he said?" weakly demanded Miss Angelina.

"N-no, course not; only you told me that the salt water made 'em all tell the truth, and you know, Angelina, that you're awfully bow—"

"Sister!"

"Well, any way, you'd better pack your things, and the hired man'll drive you over to Peaville the first thing in the morning."

Beneath the bed clothes Plato Dobbs was chuckling and winking in the darkness.

A Week Behind.

It is perhaps Bruno's tact and diplomacy that have made his weekly entertainments at the Lyceum on East Broadway so popular, says the New York Press. As an example, last Friday evening the subject of the lecture was "Shall Woman and Man Be Educated Equally, and Why?" There followed discussions.

One boy, whether it was that he slept or what, arose, mounted the platform and began carefully to discuss the subject of the week before and to answer the arguments he evidently thought the speaker of that evening had advanced in proof of his theory. The audience commenced to titter, then to laugh aloud, whereupon Mr. Bruno sprang up and explained:

"The sign outside has not been changed," he said. "The painter did not change it, therefore this young man naturally supposed the subject announced outside to be the subject under discussion this evening. It is not his fault. It is not our fault. It is the fault of the painter."

Where All Are Agreed.

I will do human nature the justice to say that we are all prone to make other people do their duty.—Sydney Smith.



"I'll Excite Him," Ejaculated Miss Angelina, Grimly.

ful story in it—about a female gorilla capturing a man and keeping him a prisoner for two weeks on the limb of a tree. Plato read that twice, it was so exciting."

"I'll excite him," ejaculated Miss Angelina, grimly. "You always was the softest one of the Barlow family, or you'd have seen through Plato Dobbs' tricky ways long ago. But I s'pose if I hadn't bought my book of ancient secrets you'd have put up with him all your days, and been none the wiser."

During Miss Angelina's remarks she had grown somewhat excited, and, heedless of the sleeping Plato, she raised her voice a little. He gave no sign of rousing, however; indeed, his slumber seemed more quiet, and he lay breathing regularly, with his arm dangling over the edge of the bed.

Mrs. Dobbs gazed with awe at the bowl on the table.

"Are you sure," she demanded, "that you've mixed it according to directions?"

"Certainly; I know the recipe by heart: 'If you would know another's secrets, place a great pinch of salt in a bowl of clear water; then when a deep sleep has fallen upon him place his hand in the salted water and ask him what you will; he cannot deceive you.' I believe some ancient woman named Alberta Agnes discovered the secret. Come on, hold the bowl so his hands just touch the water, and I'll do the questioning. He'll find that he can't hide anything from Angelina Barlow."

There was no gulle on the placid face of Plato Dobbs as he lay on his back with his eyes closed. The night