

SPORT on the SENEGAMBIAN RIVERS

by Russell Roberts



OUR CAMP BENEATH THE PALMS

Near our camp were great plains, separated from the river itself by a belt of dense bush mixed with long grass, standing in some places to fifteen feet. Palms marked the course of the river. They were of a kind which is of greater girth half way up than at the bottom. These palms grow fruit which look like coconuts, but are really very different. During the unripe stage the natives obtain them for the water contained in three little partitions in the middle. Later on, when full ripe, they present an irresistible fascination for the elephant, who feeds largely on them, swallowing them almost whole, stones and all. They are then of an orange yellow within, the outer layer being of a pulpy consistency with a flavor like pineapple. The natives also are very fond of them, but they are said to make a white man sick, and from what I have seen, this appears to be true.

This camp was in a magnificent belt of palm trees. The plains which border the river are usually well stocked with game, and hundreds of Buffon's Kob can frequently be seen at one time. This is a handsome antelope of a brilliant red color, carrying a longish coat (for Africa), and strong, much-annulated horns, growing lyre-shaped, to a length of twenty inches. These plains are covered during the wet season with high grass, which gradually gets burnt off, leaving the plain bare, black and parched. The kob are out on the open parts mostly till ten o'clock and after three.

When alarmed they run to the grass or to the bush country. I used to stalk them for hours, armed with a telephoto camera, and the annexed herd of mine is a fairly typical example of a small herd. The buck is seen standing on the left, the does being very much more on the alert. The latter have no horns. I got this photograph with a lot of trouble, stalking being out of the question. I merely walked alongside of the herds, edging in very gradually. As the afternoon advanced, they seemed to get more accustomed to me, and would stand and stare for a little longer each time. This photograph was taken at about one hundred and seventy yards, and the larger herd at two hundred yards.

On one occasion I nearly got a photograph of a lion. I was following along the edge of a bit of raised ground, from which I got a good view over the plain, when I came across a single female kob, browsing contentedly beside a small ditch containing water. All at once she became alarmed, and presently made off. I was at a loss to know what had scared her, as it was impossible she could have got my wind. However, on looking over the edge a little higher up, I saw a lioness only one hundred yards off, just below me, stalking along the edge of the high grass.

Unfortunately, she saw me as I was trying to take her photograph, and retired into the long grass, where she so harmonized with the surrounding color that I could see nothing of her at all. All I could make out was what looked like some little black birds jumping about just where the lioness ought to have been. Taking the glasses, however, I at once saw that what I had taken for birds were the black tips to her ears and the black tuft on her tail. So I got a steady shot with the 350 rifle at an imaginary spot a foot below the ears, and scored a hit, judging by the sound, but nothing moved for some time, until I saw a lion creeping away a lit-

Gethsemane by Night.
I wanted to visit Gethsemane, seen from a distance only. So neither we directed our steps, and I wished for silence. For the first time in my life I was about to enter—oh, so eagerly!—that place the name of which mentioned at a distance had so profoundly moved me, and I had not foreseen all these people, the crowd attracted hither as if for a spectacle. We entered the grotto called that of the Agony, now becomes a chapel, with a rock for a dome, which for sixteen

Projectile to Repel Dirigibles.
Tests have been made in Germany with a special projectile which is intended to repel dirigibles and which is designed not only to pierce a gas envelope, but also to set fire to the gas. This projectile, fired from a rifle, is provided with little wings that open in flight, under the influence of a spring, compressed while the projectile is still in the rifle barrel, but expanded as soon as the muzzle is passed. An ordinary bullet leaves such a small hole in an envelope that the gas



THE STALKER OUTFITTED

tle further on; but it was gone before I could shoot. It was growing late, so we had to go at once and see what had happened. This was by no means a pleasant job, as the grass was very high and one could not see a yard ahead. I sent a man up a tree to look, but he could see nothing, so I advanced with two men close to me, throwing in stones and sticks. Getting no response, I thought that the lion I had seen disappearing was the one I had shot at and that it had got away wounded. By this time we had got to the grass itself, and after a trial shower of missiles, in we went, hoping the brute would not bounce out at us from two yards away. One of the coast porters whom I had with me showed himself a very plucky fellow. Though unarmed, he was all for going in front of me. We came quite suddenly on the lioness only about six feet away, luckily stone dead. The bullet had caught her in the neck, and it must have been her lord and master whom we saw slinking away. The lioness was a fine yellow one in good condition. The porters ate the whole of the meat, not only because they believed

IN OTHER PEOPLE'S WINDOWS

Most of us, it would seem, find a certain fascination in gazing into them.

Reading some books is like looking into people's houses in the evening after the lights are turned on and before the shades are pulled down, declares a well-known writer.

To some of us, looking into people's houses is more interesting and even more exciting than the theater. When the darkness makes all things outside lonesome and strange we like to take one small, polite look into a sitting-room where there is a fire and a reading table and a family, or into a dining-room, where another family is eating supper, and where we can see the cups and plates marching in a dusty array around the room on a plate rail. Usually we see only plain folk, doing the most ordinary things, and still we like to look at them and like to read the books that make us feel as though we were looking.

Of course, it is not at all fair to accuse Dickens of sneaking around and peering in at parties and fireside conversations, and nobody is going to believe that Longfellow spied upon his neighbors, or that Whittier was eavesdropping when he wrote Snowbound, or that Burns was watching the cottager's cottage that Saturday night or that Riley saw all he has told us about by looking through his folks' parlor or kitchen windows. But when we read the things these men wrote we feel as though we ourselves had been stealing glimpses into other people's houses.

centuries had been considered the place in which Jesus passed through that awful agony before the arrest. Other places have been disputed and questioned, but concerning Gethsemane there is universal agreement. The little altars, very old and simple, do not disfigure this grotto, which does not seem to have changed in nineteen hundred years. It was in such a spring night as this, as cold as ours promised to be, that the apostles slept here, their eyes weighted down with fatigue and anguish, while Jesus went

escapes through it but slowly. The wings on the improved bullet tear a hole of appreciable size in the fabric. What is more, they retard the bullet sufficiently to cause a friction device to ignite fulminate contained in the bullet. The experiments gave encouraging results.

Anti-Earthquake Exhibition.
At Messina, Sicily, an exhibition of arts, crafts and industries allied to anti-earthquake building construction is to be held next fall. It is to be un-



THE FRUIT OF THE PALM

that it would make them very strong, but also because they liked the flavor. There were a good many hippos near this camp. If one went down to the river during the heat of the day, one might wait for hours, but no sign of any such creature would appear. But towards evening they were to be seen and heard all the time. I think a hippo must be able to stay for hours under water, though he may get breath unseen by putting up the tip only of his nose under cover of something.

The natives rarely succeed in killing them. When they do, it is generally by moonlight, when the hippos come out of the water and roam about on land. The native hunter conceals himself beside one of the well-worn tracks and shoots the poor animal at a range of about two yards. It is lucky that the natives have no better guns, as in the dry season the river is so shallow in parts that when they (the hippos) sink one can see their every movement under water. Marabout storks and vultures were in great numbers, and betook themselves regularly to the river at mid-day.

It is very true that many of us prefer reading something thrilling and fascinating about very fashionable society, or very Bohemian artists, or a very wild west, or something very troublesome about problems, or very sentimental about souls or states of mind. These things are so very different from anything that anybody really knows that they seem to be as eagerly read as easily written. But those of us who read these things can never know the peculiar, satisfied and comfortable enjoyment that the books which are like looking into people's windows give the rest of us.

Muslimans of the World.

Turkish periodicals publish statistics of the Mussulman population of the world, and, although it is difficult to follow absolutely the statistics of a country where records are so imperfectly kept, the approximate results are as follows: The Ottoman Empire contains 24,000,000 persons, of whom 6,000,000 live in Europe and 18,000,000 in Asia. But of these more than one-half profess the faith of Mahomet.

The Russian empire has quite a proportion of the followers of Mahomet, numbering several millions. In India there are some 50,000,000 Mussulmans, while Persia, Afghanistan, Arabia and other independent countries in Asia have about 20,000,000 more. The Dutch colony of Java, with Borneo, the Philippines and other adjacent islands, contain several million besides.

All the northern and central part of Africa rests firm in the faith of the prophet.—Harper's Weekly.

away from them into the garden, "a stone's throw," to pray for strength. Here Jesus came to awaken them three times, and here amid the flash of torches was he taken. This rocky vault stood there and heard and saw those things; but it is mute.—Christian Herald.

Play With Spirit.
Figg—Shakespeare is immortal. I consider "Hamlet" a play for all time. Fogg—"That's so; it will never give up the ghost."

der the auspices of the ministers of public works and of education of the Italian government. A large area of ground has been assigned for the exposition and a local committee formed, with the Hon. S. Cutrufelli as chairman.

Its Problems.
"The fruit of political work is always doubtful."
"How do you mean?"
"It may be a lemon or it may be a plum."

PROMINENT PEOPLE

ADMITS HE'S A "LITTLE GREEN"

Mr. and Mrs. Marshall are not enthusiastic over their new honors and surroundings at Washington. They are trying hard to settle, so that they can be as happy and comfortable as they were at Columbia City before they went to Indianapolis to take possession of the executive mansion.

"I hope to like it here after I get onto the ropes," said Mr. Marshall the other day. "I am a little green, and I know that everybody in Washington knows it, but I really think I'll like it after I get the hang of things."

"My life has been made a little burdensome by job hunters who think that I am a real pie counter man. Nine-tenths of my letters are applications for positions."

"But it is all right, and in time I will be on the earth again. Back in Indiana I was sentenced. Here I will be. As St. Paul says, 'Not that I speak in respect of want; for I have learned in whatsoever state I am, therewith to be content.'"

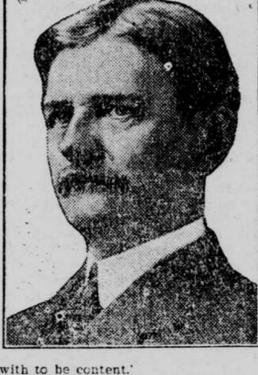
"Speaking of patronage, my patronage extends to a driver of the motor car from the Capitol to the Senate Office building (if they ever get it going), and a messenger, a stenographer and a page. I have filled all of those important places. If I tried to influence the senators in their distribution of offices I would soon lose their respect and friendly feeling for me. I have seen enough already to know that I am not to become a very active dispenser of party pie."

"I have enjoyed my first days in Washington. I am not quite at home presiding over the senate, but with the thoughtful and considerate help of the senators I get on. I am learning the rules, which is more of a task even than committing the shorter catechism, which I had to do frequently when a boy. I rather think, however, that I will enjoy it after a while."

"Living in a hotel is new to me. I have been fortunate in having a home. My father was a country physician and we always had a home. It was our home, even if it was not much of a house."

"I told Mrs. Marshall the other day that all that I had got out of politics, aside from the genuine pleasure of being one of the people, is the promise of the distinguished honor of being buried on an undertaking establishment if I should happen to die while at a Washington hotel."

"Maybe, after the extra session is over and we settle for the first regular session of congress, we will be in a house. I am not rich, but I never lived in a rented house until I was governor of Indiana."



KING'S SECRETARY SOON TO RETIRE

"There," said a journalist, indicating Lord Knollys, calm, suave and imperturbable, at the time when the coronation of the late King Edward had been postponed owing to his illness and rumors of probable abdication and other things were flying about, "stands the secret history. What a wealth of good paragraphs there would be if we could only get him to talk!"

It was a tribute to the man behind the throne who, after forty-five years of royal service as private secretary and friend to three monarchs—Queen Victoria, King Edward and King George—is about to retire, says London Tit-Bits. What an absorbing story of the inner side of court life Lord Knollys could unfold! King Edward trusted him implicitly, regarding him as an intimate friend and companion, as well as secretary and adviser, invariably relying on his judgment and having no secrets from "Francie," as he was wont to call his lordship.

It is extremely unlikely, however, that the world will ever be taken into Lord Knollys' confidence regarding his long association with the royal family, for he is a man who talks little and writes less. "No man ever knew so much and said so little," was a remark of the late archbishop of Canterbury about him. He has been described as the most silent, yet the most tactful, man in Europe.

NEW ASSISTANT SECRETARY OF NAVY

For the second time New York state furnishes a Roosevelt as assistant secretary of the navy. The illustrious Theodore served in that capacity under McKinley, and now his cousin, Franklin D. Roosevelt, with a sturdy Democrat, has been appointed to the same post.

Franklin D. Roosevelt is a fighter, too, but in a manner different from that of our ex-president. The spring-bok and the deceitful dink-dik need not fear him, and it is unlikely that he will ever lead a charge up San Juan hill or any other hill. The biggest game that Franklin D. Roosevelt has ever attacked was the Tammany tiger and the striped cat got by far the worst of the encounter. Roosevelt in 1910 was elected state senator from Dutchess, Columbia and Putnam counties and at once led a bolt against the party leaders at Albany, who were committed to the candidacy of William Sheehan for United States senator. At the head of a little band of 21 men he kept up a long and hot fight until in the end James Aloysius O'Gorman was sent to Washington as junior senator from the Empire State, and that selection has proved a wise one.

Senator Roosevelt is thirty-one years old and is a fifth cousin of Theodore Roosevelt. There is a dual relationship, because the senator married a daughter of Elliott Roosevelt, a brother of the former president.

WALTER H. PAGE, ENVOY TO LONDON

Walter H. Page of Garden City, L. I., editor of the World's Work and member of Doubleday, Page & Co., publishers, has accepted President Wilson's offer to be ambassador to Great Britain.

The selection of Mr. Page establishes that President Wilson has not abandoned his announced policy of choosing men for his important diplomatic posts without regard to their wealth. Indeed it can be stated that Mr. Page is another of the list of comparatively poor men to whom President Wilson has offered ambassadorships.

Although he has been a successful publisher, as well as a literary man of attainment, Mr. Page's means are moderate. Mr. Page demurred at accepting the appointment on the grounds that he did not have the fortune to maintain the American embassy in the style which has been customary in the past. The president in turn gave Mr. Page to understand that he did not think it necessary for ambassadors to live lavishly, regardless of what the custom has been in the past.

Mr. Page is a North Carolinian, and a brother of Rep. R. N. Page.



YES, HE WANTED A SHAMPOO

Under the Circumstances Most Men Would Have Felt That They Did Really Need the Attention.

Barber—Poor Jim has been sent to a lunatic asylum.
Victim (in chair)—Who's Jim?
"Jim is my twin brother, sir. Jim has long been broodin' over the hard times, an' I suppose he finally got crazy."
"Is that so?"
"Yes, he and me has worked side by side for years, and we were so alike we couldn't tell each other apart. We both brooded a great deal, too. No money in this business now."
"What's the reason?"
"Prices too low. Unless a customer takes a shampoo it doesn't pay to shave or haircut. Poor Jim, I caught him trying to cut a customer's throat because he refused a shampoo, so I had to have the poor fellow locked up. Makes me sad. Sometimes I feel sorry I didn't let him slash all he wanted to. It might have saved his reason. Shampoo, sir?"
"Yes!"

FACE ALMOST COVERED WITH PIMPLES AND BLACKHEADS

Atchison, Kan.—"For a number of years I suffered very greatly from skin eruption. My face was very red and irritated, being almost covered with pimples and blackheads. The pimples were scattered over my face. They were a fine rash with the exception of a few large pimples on my forehead and chin. My face burned and looked red as if exposed to either heat or cold. It was not only unsightly but very uncomfortable. I tried several remedies but couldn't get any relief. I was recommended to use Cuticura Soap and Cuticura Ointment.

"I applied the Cuticura Ointment in the evening, leaving it for about five minutes, then washing it off with Cuticura Soap and hot water. I washed with the Cuticura Soap and hot water also several times during the day. After about four months of this application, my face was cleared of the pimples. I still use the Cuticura Soap." (Signed) Miss Elsie Nielson, Dec. 29, 1911.

Cuticura Soap and Ointment sold throughout the world. Sample of each free, with 32-p. Skin Book. Address post-card "Cuticura, Dept. L, Boston." Adv.

THE SPOONERS.

She was bidding a hurried farewell to a young man of her acquaintance. "Oh, I shall kiss my ma!" she cried. Her escort was on the point of offering himself as substitute, but pulled up in time when he realized that she probably meant to have said "I shall miss my car."

Carried Passengers High in Air.

Pierre Gougenheim, a young French aviator, recently carried four passengers half a mile into the air, with the wind blowing thirty-five miles an hour. He used a mammoth biplane with a spread of wings of fifty-six feet.

No End to This.

"Pa, what is meant by 'ad infinitum'?"
"That's the same thing, my son, as every valet having a valet."

Eloquial Language.

"I see where the firm of Hook & Took are about going up."
"Yes, they are fast going under."

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"Doctor's Daughter Took It."

St. Cloud, Minn.—"I was so run down by overwork and worry that I could not stand it to have my children talk aloud or walk heavy on the floor. One of my friends said, 'Try Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, for I know a doctor's daughter here in town who takes it and she would not take it if it were not good.'"

"I sent for the Compound at once and kept on taking it until I was all right."—Mrs. BERTHA M. QUICKSTADT, 727 5th Avenue, S., St. Cloud, Minn.

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