

COST OF BIG GAME SHOOTING

Effective Work in African Wilds Requires a Small Arsenal.

ALSO NERVE AND TRUE AIM

Some of the Conditions Roosevelt Will Encounter in the Jungle—Thrilling Experience with an Elephant.

Captain Fritz Duquesne, a professional hunter, whose years have been spent in the search for ivory over the wilds and jungles of East Africa, relates in Harper's Magazine some experiences in the wilds, with special reference to President Roosevelt's hunt. The captain says, in part:

The experience President Roosevelt has gained hunting game on the North American continent will be of little use to him on his expedition into the wilds of East Africa. Hunting in America is a sport, something to be played at; hunting in Africa is a trade, almost a profession. In America one merely takes a rifle and goes out to shoot. In Africa, to hunt in a mode, one takes a battery of arms, usually three and sometimes four, high power rifles of different caliber, ranging from six and five-tenths millimeter to a .500 cordite express. The cartridges for these rifles are charged with various bullets, solid nickel, steel, soft nose long, soft nose short and split.

Specially Designed Bullets.

Each of these bullets was designed by experts for a special use, and on the way they are used depends the success of one's shot. Often the use of the unsuitable bullet ends on the hunter's death. On small game the light caliber arm, six five-tenths millimeter, is used, and on large and dangerous game the nine millimeter Mauser and .600 caliber cordite express give the best results. The last named rifle strikes the enormous blow of 8,700 pounds, and has a recoil of close on 100 weight. The man whose hunting experience has been confined to bird shooting with shotguns, or small game, with, say, a thirty-two caliber rifle, may understand the meaning of these figures, let me state that the ordinary thirty-two caliber rifle had a recoil of perhaps ten to twelve pounds. The double-barrel shotgun, which to the ordinary hunter seems to have all the "kicking" capacity any weapon needs, has a recoil of from twenty-five to thirty pounds.

The .600 caliber cordite express is the most deadly hand arm made.

Notwithstanding the terrific force of this .600 express bullet it must be placed in the correct part of an elephant's or a rhinoceros' anatomy to bring him down. The hunter must put the shot into the animal's head or heart, or he must face a charge that will probably end in his destruction.

Rifles of various caliber are carried for economy. It is cheaper to use a small six five-tenths millimeter rifle on small game, a nine millimeter on medium game, and a six hundred express on big game, than to carry one weapon for all-round work, which would have to be big enough at least for the largest game. Nothing smaller than a four hundred and fifty express would do for that, and it would be distinctly uneconomical, not to say foolish, to shoot a small antelope, the size of a goat, with a six hundred express. It would be like using a pile driver to kill a mosquito. Again, cartridges become very costly by the time they reach the interior of Africa. A cartridge for a six hundred express rifle, for instance, costing 6 pence, 12 cents in London, reaches an enormous price by the time it gets into the hunting grounds of Africa. I have seen them bring 5 shillings.

Elephant Hunting.

Most game drops at the first shot from the rifle of an experienced hunter. "The game that makes the story is the game that's missed," as the Swahili (East coast natives) say, and there is nothing truer than that saying, as far as my experiences go, for a bad shot nearly ended my trek a little while ago in the lake country. I was trekking between Lake Albert Edward N'Tanza and Lake Kivu, the greatest stretch of hunting ground in the world, with a caravan of a hundred men. We had marched steadily through the early part of the day and, now that the merciless white-hot sun was directly overhead, I called a halt. Each member of the caravan threw himself down in the shade, excepting my shikaree Nick, a "boy" from the other side of the continent, a native of Senegal. He never rested, and as he got a percentage of the ivory we secured, he never let the soles of his feet grow soft for want of exercise. About an hour passed before Nick came swinging into camp with his white teeth gleaming like new swords. I knew by his smile that there was something afoot. He walked straight to my elephant guns and beckoned me. I knew he had struck a fresh spot (trail). Seizing my arms, I signaled my gun bearer and struck out, Nick leading.

If there are any elephants about at mid-day, the hunter is pretty sure to make a good bag, for at that time they rest out of the direct rays of the sun, doing the hot hours away, and are easily approached.

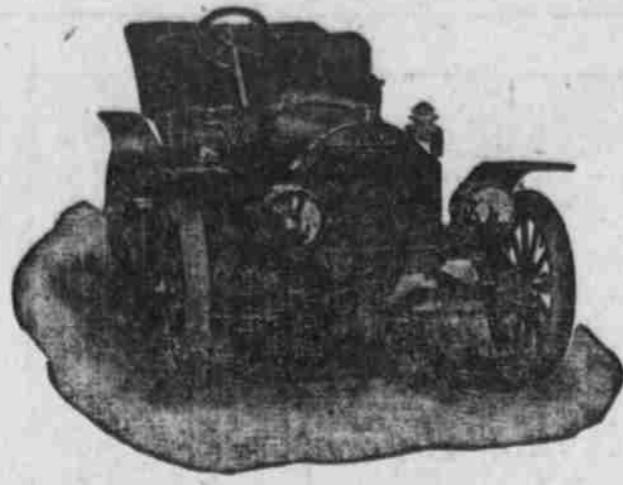
Sighting the Game.

After half an hour's walk through grass that was at least twenty feet high, we came across a herd of about twenty elephants, among which there were some fine bull tuskers. As I expected, they were all resting out of the sun. They were difficult to get at on account of the thickness of the undergrowth. It meant a long, patient crawl to a good shooting position, for to shoot at anything but close quarters in such country meant that the bullet would be deflected by the bush. I put a solid nickel ball in the right barrel of my six-hundred caliber express rifle for a head shot, and a soft nose split in the left barrel for a body shot. With the shikaree at my side and the gun bearer at my back, we crept silently, inch by inch, feet by foot, through the huge tufts of grass till a good view of the game presented itself.

I took off my coat and hat, hung them on a low limb and crawled a few yards farther on. As I could not get a vital shot at any of the elephants in this lying position, I gave a sharp whistle. In an instant they were upon their feet, thrusting their trunks up in the air to get a scent of their enemies and holding out their enormous ears to catch the slightest sound. At last an old bull worked into the right position. I aimed at his weakest point, between the eye and ear, and gave him the solid shot. My aim was bad; a piece of his tusk flew into the air. With a roar he charged down on me like an avalanche.

A Close Call.
I leveled by express for a second shot and the nativax stood ready. Down he came, between the eye and ear, and gave him the solid shot. My aim was bad; a piece of his tusk flew into the air. With a roar he charged down on me like an avalanche.

Bullet-Proof Garment.
Carl Krell, an engineer of Munich, has invented a bullet proof garment which promises to bring him a small fortune. It is in the form of a woman's corset, weighs about six pounds, and is made of thin steel rings or links about an inch and three-quarters wide. At a trial of the garment sixteen revolver shots, fired at a distance of eleven yards, failed to make any impression upon it.



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FITZGERALD WAS A WONDER

Physical Prowess of a Translated Giant, "The Hairy Man of New South Wales."

News of the death at Bathurst, New South Wales of Fitzgerald, the "Hairy Man," acknowledged to be the greatest all-around athlete of Australia, has just been received in New York. A writer of the World gets this off:

"There is no getting away from the fact that Fitzgerald, the 'Hairy Man,' was the peer of all athletic performers since Pinn McCool's time," said Martin Sheridan. It was Martin who originated the idea of bringing the Australian whirlwind to this country. "As compared with him most of us so-called world-beaters are cripples. He had us all standing still. I heard my father tell about him when I was back home after the Olympic racket last summer, and I decided to look up his record. It had never reached this country because of its size. Not a boat large enough to hold it could be found. "He excelled in everything he put his hand or foot to. He died in Australia, but Ireland can rightfully claim him as its own because he was born in Clonmel, County Tipperary, seventy-two years ago. He traced his ancestry back to Brian Boru, the original heavyweight battleax welder of the world. Like the great Boru, Fitz was a modest fellow and not given to boasting. He used to wield a thirty-six pound ax, whereas Brian's best was a thirty. By trade Fitz was a mountain pusher, being in great demand by railroads who wanted an uneven bit of ground cleared off without going to the trouble of hiring a mob of laborers. Fitz would lean against a hill and push it into another country. It was nothing for him to go into a valley and reach out and pull the two sides together.

"My father had seen him perform hundreds of times. The old man tells me that he used the driving wheel of a locomotive as a discus when he entered that event. In jumping events he didn't dare let himself out for fear of jumping outside the fair grounds. His greatest performance as a pole vaulter was when he didn't come down for three days. They were just about to

send a flock of balloons to find him when he landed outside the city line. He said he wouldn't have come down then if it hadn't been pay day. He did the 100 yards so fast that none of the stop watches could catch the time.

"One day they tried to hand it to him and he fooled them. It was in the one-mile run. He was to be handicapped half a mile, have his legs tied together and be blindfolded. He came in backward and beat his field by seven lengths. Then he got mad at the job they put up and quit Ireland forever.

He broke all records in Australia and entered the whistler Marathon with the Seven Sutherland Sisters, which he won by a hair."

No Apologies.
Uncle Jerry Peebles, who had taken a seat in the smoking car, had filled his pipe and was about to hunt in his coat pocket for a match, when a large man of much equatorial diameter sat down in the vacant seat by his side, complacently crushing him against the side of the car and almost obliterating him.

Uncle Jerry said nothing and proceeded in his search for a match. It was hard work to get his hand down between himself and the fat man, but he found the pocket at last and took out three or four matches, all of which went out as he struck them, one after the other, except the last.

"Your welcome," said the portly man, glancing down at him over his shoulder. "Was that your pocket I had my hand in?"

"Well," said Uncle Jerry, as he lighted his pipe, "all I've (puff) got to say (puff, puff) is that you buy durned poor matches."—Chicago Tribune.

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SPECIFICATIONS

MOTOR—Double opposed 18-20 H. P., horizontal 4-cylinder type; 4 1/4-inch bore, 4-inch stroke, all valves are mechanically operated, cylinders water-jacketed and cast in one piece.

TRANSMISSION—Friction.

DRIVE—Chain on each rear wheel connection with countershaft.

DIFFERENTIAL—Heavy pattern surplus gears mounted on countershaft.

IGNITION—Jump spark, with regular type spark coil with dry or storage batteries.

CARBURETOR—Float feed.

RADIATOR—Disc pattern vertical tubes of great cooling surface.

STEERING—Large hand wheel operating worm and sector, and steering knuckles on front axle.

CONTROL—Throttle and spark advance on top of steering wheel.

BRAKES—Internal expanding on each rear wheel, operated by foot lever. Emergency by reversing across friction disc.

BEARINGS—Four roller bearings on countershaft. Also roller bearings in wheels.

BODY AND SEAT—Coring style body and King of Belgium Seat.

SPRING—Concord 72 inches long.

AXLES—Solid drop forged 1 1/4 inches square.

WHEELS—Second growth hickory, 38-inch front and 38-inch rear, with 1 1/4 spokes.

TIRES—Best 1 1/4-inch flat base rubber, puncture proof. Pneumatic tires furnished at extra cost.

WHEEL BASE—Seventy-four inches.

TREAD—Four feet eight inches or five feet.

SPEED—One to thirty miles an hour.

WEIGHT—On thousand pounds, with gasoline.

GASOLINE SUPPLY—Eight gallons.

EQUIPMENT—One pair "Ideal" oil burning lamps, brass horn and all necessary tools, wrenches, etc., and repair kit.

TRIMMING—Best grade buffed leather and curled hair filling.

TOP—Special rain-proof material side curtains and storm front.

FINISH—Red body, carmine gear. Special colors extra.

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