

NORTH WALL OF THE OLD FORT AT MOMBASA

## BIG GAME IN EAST AFRICA

CONDITIONS AND INCIDENTS ATTENDING THE PURSUIT OF  
LIONS AND OTHER GREAT BEASTS

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MR. BRONSON, the author of the following graphic paper, based on facts and incidents of his present hunting journey, has for the past year been the guest of Mr. William Northrup McMillan, the young American who is preparing to entertain ex-President Roosevelt at "Juja Farm" near Nairobi, the center of the big-game country of British East Africa. Mr. Bronson entered the African hunting-field as a sportsman of nearly thirty years' experience of all kinds of game in our great West, during which time he was associated with Clarence King, the famous geologist and mountaineer. Mr. Bronson's descriptions of the character of the African game, as well as of recent encounters with it, and of the latest preferences as to weapons, have a value to be derived only from a seasoned sportsman, writing from among daring hunters at present in the most abundant African hunting-field.—THE EDITOR.

ON April 12, 1908, I sailed from New York straightaway for Cape Town, but owing to a tropical tornado and heavy head winds south of the equator, it was May 14 before we raised the cloud-capped summit of Table Mountain. The railways carried me north to Pretoria, and then east to Lourenço Marquez, whence a steamer of the German East African line, by a tedious voyage of ten days, with stops at each of the important ports, brought me to Mombasa, the chief port of British East Africa.

From Mombasa the narrow-gage

Uganda Railway climbs slowly toward the high central plateaus, reaching at Nairobi, the headquarters of British rule in the Protectorate, 327 miles from the sea, an elevation of 5450 feet; and at 484 miles, an extreme elevation of 8340 feet. From that point the descent is rapid to Port Florence, on Lake Victoria Nyanza, where, 584 miles by rail from the coast, the elevation is 3650 feet.

The country on both sides of the railway from Mombasa to the lake is literally alive with wild game, although little is seen of it till the first hundred miles is

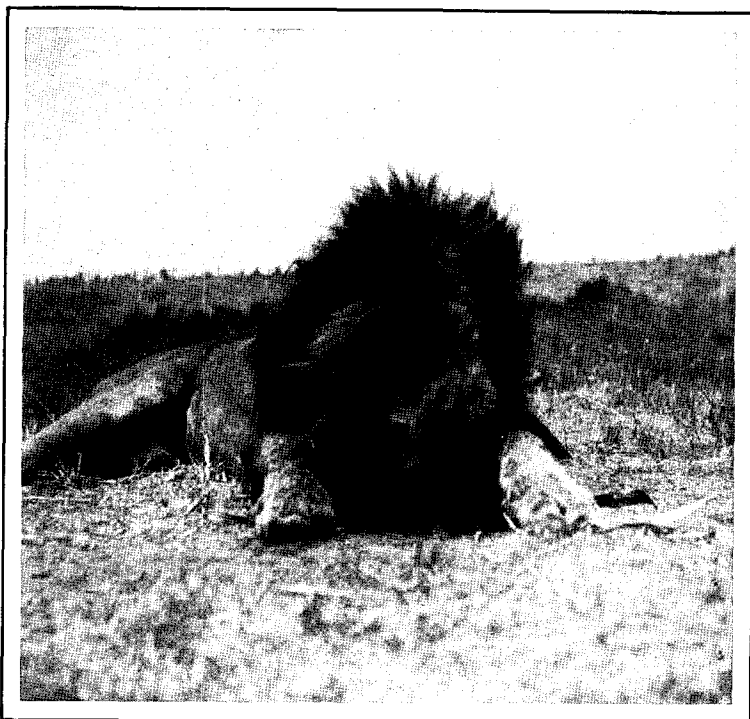
traversed and the low bush veldt has been left behind, or until after the more thickly settled Kikuyu country north of Nairobi has been entered. But between Voi and Nairobi the passengers of a train are seldom out of sight of hundreds, and even thousands, of the tiny dik-dik antelope, as slender, delicate, and diminutive as an Italian greyhound; and frequently they see the towering giraffe and the massive lion. Indeed, only a few days before this writing a large herd of elephants crossed the railway just east of Voi, trekking from the bamboo forests of Mount Kilimanjaro to fresh pastures in the north. On my first journey up from the coast, not more than two hundred yards from the station at Kiu, a large lioness crossed the track just in front of us, walking slowly south, and being not more than thirty yards from the track as we passed. When the train came to a stop at the station, a Boer immigrant took a long-range shot at her from a car roof.

The extraordinary abundance of game both north and south of this section of the railway is due to the fact that all the vast territory extending from the Tsavo River to Escarpment, a distance of 230 miles, and from the south line of the track to the German border, is a game reserve, preserved as jealously as is the Yellowstone Park, while immediately southwest of it, in German territory, is another reserve of the same size. Unfenced, and shut in by no impassable streams or mountains, the game is free to wander out of and into these reserves at will; but, like the shrewd stags of a Scotch deer-forest, so well does the game seem to know the very boundaries that mark the sanctuary, that they seldom leave it except in periods of local drought or when they become crowded. Timid antelope, wary giraffe, and even lion and rhinoceros, often idle within a stone's throw of the track, shooting from trains being forbidden.

From the Tsavo River to Kapiti Plains, a distance of one hundred and fifty miles, there is no white settlement north of the track, and westward from Kapiti settlers are few and scattering, virtually all being within a narrow belt of forty miles. Naturally, therefore, the heavy out-movement of the game is northward, while yet other thousands pour down into the central open region of Ukamba and Kenia province from north of the Guaso Nyiro River.

The region lying between the Athi and the Tana rivers is the center of this sportsman's paradise, although equally good and varied shooting is to be found southwest of the railway in Kisumu Province. Close upon fifty different varieties of big game are here to be had, each in its favorite type of country: elephant, during the dry and hotter season, in the dense bamboo thickets of the high mountain slopes, and during the rains in the bush veldt and the long grass country; hippopotamuses in the streams, or from dusk to dawn feeding along the banks; rhinoceroses at almost any place on plain or in the hills, in bush or in the open; buck and antelope preferably in the most open level plains; duiker and dik-dik in the long grass, out of which they pop from under one's feet, to be visible only for the instant of each leap; for they are artful little dodgers that most sportsmen would be more likely to get with buckshot than with bullet; reedbuck among the scrub of steep, rocky hill-slopes; leopards everywhere, but seldom seen, and rarely killed except by traps. Elephant are to be found within a week's march of almost any camp in the Protectorate, as also are most of the now rarer prizes—sable antelope, roan antelope, oryx, eland, and kudu.

By many sportsmen the African buffalo is considered a far more dangerous antagonist than the lion. Loving the shade and concealment of papyrus swamps, dense forests, and fifteen-feet-high elephant-grass, buffaloes are seldom seen until one is within a few yards, and often a few feet, of them. Herds of buffalo seldom charge a man deliberately; but when startled by the scent of the sportsman or by a shot, they stampede, and often come thundering straight upon the hunter, who is lucky indeed if rapid and close shooting turns them. The real danger with buffalo is with a wounded beast or in an encounter with a lone bull. The latter will often charge from no more provocation than the sight of a man. Recently an officer of the King's African Rifles was spooking an elephant near Mount Kenia when he sighted a lone buffalo to his right. Keen for his elephant, he made a wide detour to the left of the line of spoor, to avoid the chance of having to defend himself against the buffalo. When well past the point where he had seen the buffalo, he returned



A BLACK-MANE LION KILLED BY CAPTAIN DUIRS (SEE PAGE 143)

to the spoor; but before he had followed it thirty yards, and before he could turn or spring aside, the buffalo, which had been stalking to intercept him, caught him on its horns and tossed him up into the flat top of a mimosa-tree, where, luckily, he lodged comparatively unhurt. And there up the tree the doughty old buffalo held him till nightfall!

A wounded buffalo is vastly more dangerous when he runs away than when he charges, for in nine cases out of ten, after a dash that may be for a few hundred yards or a mile, he will revengefully circle back to an interception of his own trail, stand hidden in grass or thicket until his pursuer comes plodding along the trail, and then charge upon him. Despite the fierce temper of a lone bull, his savage cunning, and his great charging bulk, I believe him much less dangerous than the lion; for he has far less speed, lacks the lion's poisoned claws, and is a much bigger target. This opinion is substantiated by the indisputable fact that at least ten men are killed or mauled by lion to one killed by buffalo.

While easily stalked, the rhinoceros is a dangerous customer, as most men will

agree who have hunted him, especially Benjamin Eastwood, Chief Accountant of the Uganda Railway, who was nearly trampled to death by one, with the actual loss of an arm above the elbow. If the rhinoceros gets one's scent, he almost invariably charges, often, probably, from sheer curiosity; but that does not make him any the easier to dispose of. Moreover, he runs and turns at a speed inconceivable in a beast of his vast bulk. Against his massive, sloping head the heaviest bullet is a mere flea-bite, leaving no possibility of a stopping shot except with a hard-nose ball sent fairly into the heart through the chest. An alternative is to stand absolutely motionless, when, with his bad eyesight, there is a possibility he may mistake you for a tree, and veer past. Indeed, the best ruse in the crisis of any charge is to stand fast and still; for even the unwounded lion sometimes swerves in his charge and retires before a man who has the nerve to wait his coming.

Where the rhinoceros is sighted before he takes warning, and one can get the wind of him, it is perfectly easy to stalk within five or ten yards, and land a shot

where alone one can be sure of a kill—four inches back of the eye into the brainpan, into the spine between neck and shoulder, or midway of the body, and in line with the center of the foreleg, into the heart. But not one of these shots is possible except with a hard-nose bullet, for a soft-nose will not penetrate the thick hide to any vital part.

Doubtless the most exhausting and nerve-racking work of the African sportsman is the pursuit of elephant. They are not often found except by following their own narrow paths between walls of bamboo thicket, jungle tangle, or elephant-grass, so entirely impenetrable to the hunter that escape from the path is impossible, and if one meets an approaching, frightened herd in such a path, the chance of escape is virtually zero. Rarely does one see elephant until within a few yards of them. Often the sportsman will find himself squarely in the middle of a feeding herd, will hear them breaking limbs or tearing up roots within five or ten feet of him, on all sides, and yet be unable to see one elephant. Like any other youngsters, the baby elephants will be playing about the outer edge of the herd; at the first alarm, the mothers rush about trumpeting for their young, and it is in such a moment that the elephant-hunter's greatest danger lies. Imprisoned in bush through which elephants easily crash, the sportsman is in collision with the beast before there is time to stop him with a shot in the chest, the only vital spot in a charging African elephant, or even time for the elephant, from surprise or fear, to swerve. Otherwise safely armored against even a .450 cordite-driven ball by the massive bone structure of the head, the elephant's comparatively tiny brain is to be reached only by a side shot in the orifice of the ear, while the sure shot for the heart is midway of the body, and in line with the inner side of the foreleg. Indeed, I have known several elephants to retire leisurely, if not comfortably, with two or three balls in the temple which had failed to reach the brain, but whether to ultimate recovery or death was never learned.

The vitality of the elephant is enormous, as, in fact, is that of all African game, down to the tiniest buck. But occasionally a white man comes along with a vitality as astonishing as that of his quarry. Of

this an officer of the King's African Rifles, now slowly convalescing in the Entebbo hospital, is a living proof. Out for a few weeks' sport with elephant before going on leave, he gave one a mortal chest shot at such close range that the elephant was upon him before he could deliver a second shot. The wounded brute passed one of its great tusks first transversely through the man's stomach and then through his thigh, picked him up with his trunk and tossed him far to one side into the bush, and then lurched away to die. And, miracle of miracles, though it was nine days before his men got him to Entebbo and surgical aid, he is making a safe recovery.

Still, the sport is comparatively safe for the experienced and prudent elephant-hunter. An Englishman who has been for the last five or six years shooting elephant for the ivory, as a business, and who has to his credit the probably unparalleled bag to one gun of over five hundred head, says he has never yet been charged. Only a fortnight ago he came into Entebbo from a four-months' *safari* (hunting trip) in the Kongo Country with the tusks of one hundred and eighty big fellows. Deducting the period of the journey in and out, this remarkable kill must have been made within about six weeks of actual shooting. On one day he bagged eighteen head, which was not bad business with ivory at two dollars and a half a pound, and an average pair of tusks weighing probably about one hundred and twenty pounds. Asked by a friend of mine how he had contrived so long to come off unscathed, he replied: "I never shoot until I get my big tusker right. If I find myself in the midst of a big herd, I manage to slip out and bide my time; patience will always get you a big tusker right, and then you have it your own way." Indeed, "patience" is the watchword of every notably successful big-game hunter, who must wait to "get there right."

Hippopotamuses are rarely to be seen in daylight hereabouts, although they are plentiful in the larger streams, and positively swarm in lakes less than 5000 feet above sea-level. The easiest way to find them is to cruise at dawn in a boat or canoe a few yards out from the landing-places of their favorite grazing-grounds, where a fair breast or shoulder shot to the heart may be had as they enter the

water, or by lying in wait on land for them to come ashore of a moonlight night. At dawn or at night they often rise out of the water near one, and in such a position the only sure shot is through a yawning nostril into the brain. They are trophies well worth while, their great teeth being of finer ivory than the tusks of the elephant. They are beasts to have a care of, as they sometimes charge and sink a canoe with a crunch of the jaws, or by rising under the canoe and spilling the passengers into waters infested with crocodiles.

At the African home of my American host, William Northrup McMillan, twenty-two miles from Nairobi, and in the heart of the great Athi Plains, all East African game is abundant, except rhinoceros and elephant, sable, roan antelope, and oryx; but the last are to be had by a journey of from two to five days. Hundreds of game animals are nearly always in sight from the veranda of the house. I have lighted a cigarette in my room at daylight, gone forth and killed a big wildebeeste bull before the cigarette was consumed. In fact, the 20,000 acres of Juja Farm so swarm with game after the rains that before the dry season is half over the grass is eaten as short as on an overcrowded cattle-range, and all from the overflow of the great game reserves north and south of us. Notwithstanding their great numbers, it takes marksmanship to get game on the Athi Plains, for they are bare of cover and it is unusual to get a shot at anything except lion or hippopotamus short of from three to six hundred yards.

Heavy-bore rifles—the 4, 8, and 12 bores, and even the .577—are now virtually obsolete among African sportsmen, their chief merit lying in the fact that they sometimes kicked one out of the way of a charging beast. Few sportsmen now use anything heavier than the English double-barreled .450 cordite, while I and many others find the .405 Winchester satisfactory for all-round African work, although the 30-30 is heavy enough for anything except a few of the biggest fellows. Not a few men, like the professional elephant-hunter mentioned above, prefer to trust to the higher velocity and flat trajectory of the pencil-like .275 Mannlicher even for elephant. Such is the extraordinary vitality of all African game that the more

lead you throw into them the faster and farther they run unless you reach brain, heart, or spine. I myself have, in a two-mile pursuit of a wounded hartebeeste bull weighing two hundred and seventy-two pounds, put nine big .35 Mauser bullets through him before bringing him down, and recently two English officers of a steamer on Lake Victoria Nyanza put twenty-two .303's into a hippopotamus before getting him. Even the smaller antelope, slender and delicate though they appear, must be hit in brain, heart, or spine, no matter what the caliber of the gun, or the hunter loses them.

Like most other things, sport is essentially relative, but all true sportsmen will agree that the greater the hazard of limb and life, the more fascinating is the pursuit of game. Judged by that standard, the big-game shooting of Africa towers above that of North and South America. Not only will the African rhinoceros, elephant, buffalo, and lion carry comfortably quite as much lead as the grizzly bear, and the first two much more, but they are far quicker to charge and faster of pace. One can outfoot the grizzly, if one fails to kill him, by running transversely up the slope of a steep hill; but even on a good Basuto or Somali pony, with less than forty yards' start, one is not safe against the charge of a lion, and not once in a hundred lion encounters does the sportsman have a horse beneath him or at hand.

The habitat of the lion is wherever the game he feeds on is most abundant—hereabouts on the low bush veldt near the coast and on the high veldt of the interior. As a rule he seeks no trouble with man, and usually he will do all that comports with his kingly dignity to avoid it. At a man's approach often he will retire from feasting on a fresh kill. Seldom do lions become man-eaters, deliberate predatory raiders of villages or camps for human food, until so old that they find difficulty in taking even zebra, their easiest prey, and through stress of hunger or by some happy chance have learned that man is easier and, perhaps, tenderer. But once he gets that knowledge and the taste, woe to the belated night traveler through his bailiwick; and woe to villagers or night campers unprotected by a thorn zareba too high for him to leap; for so silently does he steal upon his victim, so crushing is his



grip upon the neck, so mighty his strength in tossing his kill across his shoulders and slipping easily away with it, that very often naught of his raid is known until those sleeping near awake to find an empty bed and blood along a spoor.

In this manner, not long ago, on the Guaso Nyiro, died young McClellan. After a good day's sport, he retired, alone, to his bed, surrounded by the tents of his escort and the sleeping forms of his porters. Twenty feet in front of the tent blazed a great camp-fire, while back and forth through the center of the camp paced a shikari sentry, rifle on shoulder. But a hungry monster was near. While unseen until too late, the facts proved that the lion must have thoroughly prospected the camp, for along the outskirts lay easy picking in the forms of sleeping natives. But, perhaps surfeited with black meat, he penetrated the camp to the white man's tent, and entered so cunningly that his presence was unsuspected until, bounding off with McClellan's limp body across his shoulder, and perhaps partly blinded by the firelight, he cannoned into and bowled over the shikari. When next day the headman of the party brought to the scene Deputy Commissioner Collyer from his near-by station of Rhumruti, McClellan's body was found near camp, unmarked save for the mangled and broken neck. Doubtless the shikari's random shots had frightened the lion away, and the cries and drum-beatings kept up all night by the frightened natives had served to prevent his return.

Only a few weeks later, Deputy Commissioner Collyer was shooting in the same neighborhood, when a lion entered his camp, slipped his paw beneath a tent, and caught a Kikuyu by the ear, tearing away the lobe and a part of his cheek. The yells of the victim stirred the camp to an amount of shooting and shrieking that caused Leo to retire; but he had gained a victim, all the same, for a few days later the Kikuyu died of shock.

While ranked, along with his third cousin, the leopard, as vermin that all-comers are free to shoot without a license, nevertheless, in his prime the lion is a foe-man worthy of the best man that love of sport brings against him. Come face to face with him at from three to ten paces, at the turning of a bush, pass in the tall grass

within a few feet of a hidden lioness and her tawny pups, pursue or wound him when he is temperately retiring, usually at slow and dignified pace, and it is more than an even chance that you confront a case of kill or be killed. When a lion charges, it is usually a battle to the death, with odds against the man, even though he has succeeded in inflicting a mortal wound; for the lion, with his customary tactics, has planted claws in the man's shoulder and set his white fangs in his throat. While few sportsmen are killed outright by lions in these days of high-power rifles, when once a lion has mauled one with his carrion-tearing teeth or claws, nothing can prevent death from blood-poisoning but immediate and most thorough disinfection of the wounds, or, if this is lacking, an early amputation, where a surgeon can be reached. A sportsman should always carry permanganate.

As the lion is chiefly a night-prowler, it is hunter's luck to get a chance at him. During six months in British East Africa, I have spent quite thirty days looking for lions in country where they have been thick about our camp every night, often seeking entry to our "bema," twice making kills within a few yards of where we slept, and yet without my getting sight of a single one.

I have followed the fresh spoor of lion through long grass and mimosa thickets where one could not see more than the length of a gun-barrel; have trailed them into their very caves, and stood expectant while my shikaris tried to stone them out or taunt them to action with buzzing Somali expletives; have risen before dawn, forded crocodile-infested rivers in the dark, stumbled through bush and hidden boulders, to some den marked down the day before, and there lain concealed until an hour or more after dawn in the hope of sighting one on the return from the night's foray: but all my efforts were without avail.

At first it was nerve-racking work, but soon repeated failures left me skeptical of any chance for an encounter. Indeed, I was beginning to harbor fears that, like *Tartarin* of *Tarascon*, my lion-slaying must ever remain a hyper-heroic figment of my dreams, until I learned that District Commissioner Humphry, at Machakes Fort, twenty-five miles from Juja Farm, a keen sportsman, who has shot

about everything else, was in the country eight years before he saw his first lion, and that another equally keen sportsman, Chief Secretary Tomkins of Uganda, here twelve years, has never yet seen a lion except from a railway train.

And why should not a guest at Juja continue to hope for an encounter with a lion when, in the short space of eighteen months, no fewer than twenty men, sportsmen or settlers, have been killed or badly mauled by lions within a radius of thirty miles, and twelve lions have been killed within three miles of the farm in the same time?

The Lucas tragedy was characteristic. Lucas and Goldfinch were partners in a farm on the western slopes of Denya Sabouk, ten miles from Juja. One day the pair, traversing tall grass near the Athi River, jumped a lion, which retired at their approach. Being on ponies, they raced after him, Goldfinch in the lead. But Leo's retreat was only a stroke of strategy. He side-stepped into concealing grass, and leaped upon Goldfinch and his horse as they passed, sinking his right fore-claws in the pony's right flank, his left fore-claws in Goldfinch's left thigh, with his rear claws tearing at the pony's hind-quarters. The mix-up was such that Goldfinch could not bring his gun to bear on the lion, while Lucas did not dare to shoot from the saddle. Jumping from his pony, Lucas ran forward to his partner's aid, but their watchful enemy was not so easily to be taken in flank. Before Lucas got to a position where he could safely fire, the lion leaped upon him and began to rend him. No sooner was he down, however, than Goldfinch, badly torn though he was, slipped from his horse, ran in, and gave the lion a shot through the heart that laid him dead. While scarcely a minute had elapsed, Lucas was so badly mauled that, what with the delay in getting him into the Nairobi hospital and the severity of the wounds, the surgeons found that only an amputation could save his life. This he stubbornly refused, vowing that he would rather die than live as a maimed man; and die he did a few days later. The evening the surgeons told him he could not last the night out, he summoned to his bedside two of his closest friends, who kept vigil with him, bolstered on pillows, he toasting them a long life, they

toasting him a Happy Hunting Ground in the next world, until, just as the first flush of the brief tropical dawn appeared, the two watchers suddenly realized that they were looking into the face of a dead friend.

Nothing connected with East African lion-shooting is more heroic than the conduct of the Somali shikaris. They have a strong strain of Arab blood, are light of complexion, wavy-haired, often with little of the negroid cast of feature, tall, and slender, scrupulously clean of dress and habits, Mohammedans all, at home nomads with their flocks and herds, abroad keen traders wandering in small bands from one tribe to another between the twentieth degree of north latitude and the fifteenth degree south. No sahib who treats them half decently is likely to find cause to complain of their fidelity. When peril threatens they are as ready to die for him as most others are ready to desert. No one can know the Somali and not be inspired with admiration for the religion which makes him absolutely temperate, and free of the fear of death.

A few days ago, with Djama Aout and Hassan Yusef, Somali shikaris, I followed the absolutely fresh spoor of a lion to the mouth of a cave into which the spoor entered—a cave high enough of roof to admit the entry of two or three men. Into it both Somalis started, and when I protested against such folly, they replied: "Inshallah [God willing], we come back." And into the cave they went as far as they could get, one carrying my second rifle, the other nothing but his skinning-knife. They tossed stones into the dark recesses beyond, and in every way invited a charge, which, luckily for them, was not made.

The experience last February on the Theika, eighteen miles north of Juja, of Geoffrey Charles Buxton typified the wonderfully fine fiber of the Somali, and incidentally his own. One morning he left camp at dawn with his Somali shikari, he himself carrying a double-barreled .577 cordite rifle, his shikari a Mauser. When out from the camp no more than half an hour, he sighted a big black-mane, about a hundred yards away, leisurely retiring. The bush was so thick and the grass so high that he could not get a fair opening for a shot. Buxton raced in pursuit until he came within fifty yards, when, being

winded, he halted for a shot. At the same instant Leo evidently decided that he had drawn sufficiently on the reserves of his patience; he turned, with tail angrily lashing, his head up, and his eyes blazing with royal wrath. With a steady aim Buxton sent a heavy .577 ball crashing into his quarry, a shot that entered just inside the front of the shoulder, ranged through the lion, and dropped him quivering in the grass. Had Buxton left him, the lion would have been dead in ten or fifteen minutes; but notwithstanding he knew that he delivered a mortal wound, Buxton was keen not to lose his trophy, so fired again, with the effect of rousing the dying monarch, which rose and charged.

At this crisis, while hurriedly throwing a spare shell into his empty gun, Buxton observed that the stock, which shortly before had been broken off in an encounter with elephant, and had been mended with string wrappings, had become so loose as to be unserviceable, a dilemma to try the nerve of the steadiest man. Lacking time to seize his spare gun from the Somali, he held the barrel to his side and fired as the lion rose at him, and naturally missed. As they came together, Buxton rammed his rifle down the lion's throat, till the woodwork beneath the barrel close up to the trigger-guard became scarred by the lion's teeth. Then ensued a struggle, between a dying lion and a man who knew himself to be as good as dead if for an instant mind or nerve failed him. When the lion received the thrust of the rifle-barrel in his throat, he sank two of his claws into the inner right forearm that held the rifle, four and six inches above the hand, and held this hold until both went down. Thus dragging at the arm that held the gun in his throat, the lion really caused a deeper thrust. Meantime the beast went digging with his loose forepaw at the hand that held the rifle and tearing Buxton's legs with his hind claws. From the start of the struggle Buxton's Somali shikari had been trying to shoot the lion with the Mauser. The gun had been set at "safe," and this, through excitement, the Somali failed to note. In the very nick of time the Somali dropped the gun, and literally sprang upon the lion's back, so biting its ears and pounding it about the eyes with his bare hands that it whirled to reach him, and all three went to earth together,

the Somali beneath the lion, and, under both, the Mauser. At last released, Buxton painfully rose, pulled the Mauser free, and with it blew the lion's brains out, all so quickly that he saved his faithful follower from fatal wounds. Dr. Hall, the resident physician of Juja Farm, got to Buxton just in time; for, despite the fact that with iron nerve he had at once cauterized his thirteen wounds with pure crystals of permanganate, and had thus saved himself from the carrion poison of the claws, some of the crystals bit into an artery, and only a tight tourniquet saved him from bleeding to death. Dr. Hall came five hours later, tied up the artery, dressed his wounds, and brought him to Juja Farm, where he lay through several weeks of slow convalescence. While his right arm was still heavily bandaged I met Captain Buxton out on another lion hunt.

One of the finest lion trophies I have seen in East Africa is a ten and a half foot black-mane skin without a visible mark of the wound that killed it. This was taken by A. B. Duirs, late of the Imperial Light Horse, one of the first nine men to gain entry into Mafeking at the time of its relief. In the summer of 1908, while out alone, stalking an impala buck not far from his home, which is six miles from Juja, when almost near enough for a sure shot, some lucky instinct prompted him to glance to his right. There he saw, not thirty yards away, another hunter stalking the same buck. His rival was a big black-mane, which instantly began the snarling and tail-lashing that preludes a charge. Realizing that it was a case of strike first and true, he fell on one knee, took careful aim, and dropped his majesty stone dead, the ball entering the nostrils and piercing the brain.

Oddly, the safest lion-shooting of all—barring unsportsmanlike shooting at night from within a thorn zereba over a donkey bait, or from a treetop commanding a water-hole—is where the sportsman is afoot on a naked plain. A pony man runs the lion to bay, while his chief approaches at another angle, afoot. Under such circumstances, the lion invariably charges, but always at the pony man, and not infrequently catches and downs man and horse when carelessness has brought them nearer than a hundred yards.



Often one sees the fresh kill of a lion. Recently I was driving in a gharry from the farm to Ruero Falls over a stretch of short-grassed, level plain, presently entering a region of long grass, into which I had not driven more than a hundred yards before I sighted a dead zebra. Walking to it, I found a carcass still warm, the eyes not yet glazed, blood still freshly flowing from two deep claw-digs on the right shoulder, the flesh of the neck immediately behind the ears torn away, and the spine crushed at the base of the skull. Probably the zebra had not been dead three minutes; and I might have seen the attack if I had been looking that way; it was also probable that old Leo was at that moment watching me from grass or thicket. Without disturbing the kill, I drove the remaining three miles to the falls, stopped there an hour, and then drove back to within a mile of the zebra, where I left gharry and driver and proceeded to stalk the kill. Resentful of previous failures, I worked carefully forward till I had the carcass in view at about fifteen yards, only to discover that the cunning brute had not returned. Then for an hour I crawled through grass and bush in a wide circle, in the end scoring another failure.

My host, Mr. McMillan, has been more lucky, with a dozen or more lions to his credit, or, what is more probable, is a better hunter, for he seems to be able to get lion when he likes. On *safari* last spring on the Guaso Nyiro he spored a lion into an abandoned Masai kraal, overgrown with tall grass. Slipping softly around the eight-foot inclosure, trying to locate his quarry, suddenly a line of waving grass caught his eye, and then, just as he stood alert for a chance to aim, the lion rose in a mighty leap at the fence crest; but he was a bit too slow, for a snap shot caught him aft, ranged through him, and came out of his head, adding one more to a remarkable collection of trophies.

Despite its raw appearance, Nairobi possesses good accommodation for visitors; for in season the place is crowded with *safari*, or caravan, parties, for here alone are such parties organized. Twenty such parties went out in October and November, and forty or fifty more are expected during December and January. Several

Americans have had their fling at the big game hereabouts, but probably half the sportsmen are connected with the titled families of Europe and Great Britain. Not a few ladies come to Nairobi, and some of them shoot.

A *safari* for one man will consist of a white *safari* leader, usually a good shot and familiar with the country and the run and habits of its game, a headman, gun-bearer, cook, mess-boy, and tent-boy (all Somalis), and from twenty to twenty-five *shenzi* (savage) porters, each carrying on his head a sixty-pound load; tents, beds, provisions, etc., all furnished, including food, at from \$350 to \$500 a month. Horses, mules, liquors, etc., are of course extra. Horses are scarce and dear, thanks to the tsetse-fly. A Somali pony which would be worth not more than \$30 in Texas will readily fetch \$200, while Abyssinian mules, tough, wiry, and good roadsters, but little bigger than a donkey, sell at \$150 each. The big-game license, which allows one to kill from two to ten head of about everything afoot or awing, costs \$250.

Every one is asking how long the big game here can last. I should say certainly not more than four or five years in anything like its present abundance and easy reach. About 1,200,000 acres have already been taken up by white settlers, stock-raisers, and farmers, who find it difficult and in some places impossible to maintain fences. Buffalo, and zebra especially, go through barb-wire like thread. As a result, settlers have been actively urging changes in the game laws to permit the shooting at will of trespassing game, and recently the Governor, Colonel Sir James Hayes Sadler, said at a public dinner that public game preservation must not be permitted to impede the development of the country by white settlers, and added that changes in the game laws in this particular were under consideration. If the settler is given a free hand, a year or two will see easy shooting ended within seventy-five miles of the railway, except on big estates like Juja Farm and Kamiti, the owners of which are likely to preserve them indefinitely as shooting-boxes. At the worst, I do not believe that any one now living will see African big game exterminated.

# DIVORCE

BY JAMES CARDINAL GIBBONS

THE divorce problem is still intensely alive in the United States. Casting one's eye back over the last two thousand years, there seems to have been, first, a plague of divorce in later pagan Roman days; secondly, a stamping-out of it by Christianity; and now, thirdly, a vehement outbreak recurring. To our shame and cost, it is most virulent and wide-spread in the United States, where, despite some measures already taken to check the evil, it seems still on the increase.

I SAID that there seems to have been a plague of divorce in later pagan Roman days. This one may infer from such facts of history as that a man as representative as Cicero repudiated his wife Terentia in order that he might obtain a coveted dowry with another; and he discarded the latter because she did not lament the death of his daughter by the former. Sempronius Sophus was divorced from his wife because she went once to the public games without his knowledge. Juvenal refers to a woman who had eight husbands in five years. St. Jerome declares that there dwelt in Rome a wife who had married her twenty-third husband, she being his twenty-first wife. "There is not a woman left," says Seneca, "who is ashamed of being divorced."

BUT now, turning from pagan to medieval Christian Europe, to the much misrepresented, ill-understood, so-called "Dark Ages," which were really, intensely, the Ages of Faith, one would search far and wide for examples of divorce, sanctioned by either church or state, or, indeed, even connived at by Christian men and women of those days.

And herein, it seems to me, lies the secret of the solution of the problem now

staring us in the face: namely, that unless we Americans to-day have a good deal, at least, of the faith, and fear of God, and religion that held in check and directed those lately converted, half-wild Goths and Franks and Saxons and Lombards of the Ages of Faith, I do not see what else can cure the cancer of divorce that is yearly growing in our body politic.

But you say: "Are not we a Christian country?" Partly. But I recall that about two years ago a serious weekly magazine published statistics of population of various religious bodies. And totaling all who had any practical, working religion, there were only thirty-two millions, whereas the entire population of the United States is eighty millions or more. In other words, if that report of the "Literary Digest" was accurate, only four in every ten people in our country have any practical religion. Uniform legislative restriction, severity on the part of judges, social ostracism, each might, and, I believe, would, help a little, but unless people restrain themselves because of the all-seeing eye of God, or, better still, by reason of their hope for reward from Him, we shall never obtain a generally successful cure for the divorce evil.

COMING now to our own times, I think that any one who studies honestly our United States Census Bulletin 96, on Marriage and Divorce from 1887-1906, will be led to the same conclusion, that divorce can be cured only by religion. For, in that time, one marriage in every twelve was broken by divorce. And if we eliminate Catholics, who are not allowed to be divorced and to marry again, and who make one sixth of our population, the ratio of divorces to marriages is one to ten; that is, every tenth marriage ends in divorce.