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AFRICAN GAME TRAILS*

AN ACCOUNT OF THE AFRICAN WANDERINGS OF AN AMERICAN
HUNTER-NATURALIST

BY THEODORE ROOSEVELT

ILLUSTRATIONS FROM PHOTOGRAPHS BY KERMIT ROOSEVELT, W. N. McMILLAN, AND OTHER
MEMBERS OF THE EXPEDITION

IV.—JUJA FARM; HIPPO AND LEOPARD.



At Juja Farm we were welcomed with the most generous hospitality by my fellow-countryman and his wife, Mr. and Mrs. W. N. McMillan. Selous had been staying with them, and one afternoon I had already ridden over from Sir Alfred's ranch to take tea with them at their other house, on the beautiful Mua hills.

Juja Farm lies on the edge of the Athi Plains, and the house stands near the junction of the Nairobi and Rewero Rivers. The house, like almost all East African houses, was of one story, a broad, vine-shaded veranda running around it. There were numerous out-buildings of every kind; there were flocks and herds, cornfields, a vegetable garden, and, immediately in front of the house, a very pretty flower garden, carefully tended by unsmiling Kikuyu savages. All day long these odd creatures worked at the grass and among the flower beds; according to the custom of their tribe their ears were slit so as to enable them to stretch the lobes to an almost unbelievable extent, and in these apertures they wore fantastically carved native ornaments. One of them had been attracted by the shining sur-

face of an empty tobacco can, and he wore this in one ear to match the curiously carved wooden drum he carried in the other. Another, whose arms and legs were massive with copper and iron bracelets, had been given a blanket because he had no other garment; he got along quite well with the blanket excepting when he had to use the lawn mower, and then he would usually wrap the blanket around his neck and handle the lawn mower with the evident feeling that he had done all that the most exacting conventionalism could require.

The house boys and gun-bearers, and most of the boys who took care of the horses, were Somalis, whereas the cattle keepers who tended the herds of cattle were Masai, and the men and women who worked in the fields were Kikuyus. The three races had nothing to do with one another, and the few Indians had nothing to do with any of them. The Kikuyus lived in their beehive huts scattered in small groups; the Somalis all dwelt in their own little village on one side of the farm; and half a mile off the Masai dwelt in their village. Both the Somalis and Masai were fine, daring fellows; the Somalis were Mohammedans and horsemen; the Masai were cattle herders, who did their work as they did their fighting, on foot, and were wild heathen of the most martial

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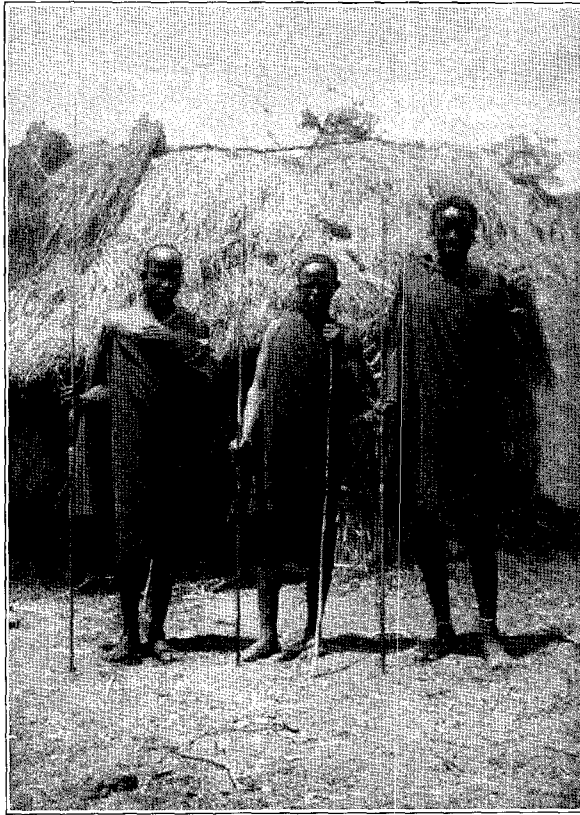
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type. They looked carefully after the cattle, and were delighted to join in the chase of dangerous game, but regular work they thoroughly despised. Sometimes when we had gathered a mass of Kikuyus or of our own porters together to do some job, two or three Masai would stroll up to look on

Mr. Bulpett, were not merely mighty hunters who had bagged every important variety of large and dangerous game, but were also explorers of note, whose travels had materially helped in widening the area of our knowledge of what was once the dark continent.

Many birds sang in the garden, bulbuls,



Masai warriors near McMillan's ranch on the Mua hills.

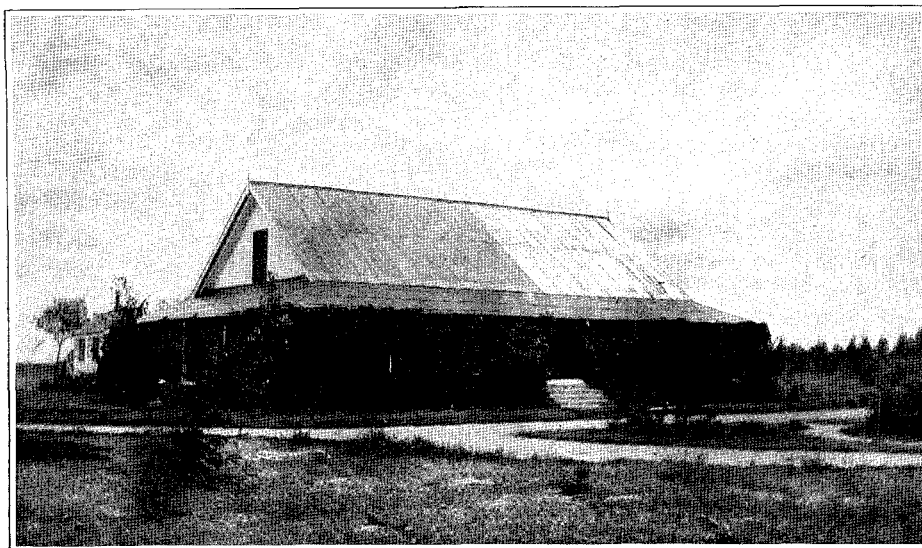
From a photograph by Kermit Roosevelt.

with curiosity, sword in belt and great spear in hand; their features were well cut, their hair curiously plaited, and they had the erect carriage and fearless bearing that naturally go with a soldierly race.

Within the house, with its bedrooms and dining-room, its library and drawing-room, and the cool-shaded veranda, everything was so comfortable that it was hard to realize that we were far in the interior of Africa and almost under the equator. Our hostess was herself a good rider and good shot, and had killed her lion; and both our host and a friend who was staying with him,

thrushes, and warblers; and from the narrow fringe of dense woodland along the edges of the rivers other birds called loudly, some with harsh, some with musical voices. Here for the first time we saw the honey-guide, the bird that is said to insist upon leading any man it sees to honey, so that he may rob the hive and give it a share—though we were not ourselves fortunate enough to witness anything noteworthy in its actions.

Game came right around the house. Hartebeests, wildebeests, and zebras grazed in sight on the open plain. The hippo-



The house at Juja Farm.

From a photograph by J. Alden Loring.

potami that lived close by in the river came out at night into the garden. A couple of years before a rhino had come down into the same garden in broad daylight, and quite wantonly attacked one of the Kikuyu laborers, tossing him and breaking his thigh. It had then passed by the house out to the plain, where it saw an ox cart, which it immediately attacked and broke, cannoning off after its charge and passing up through the span of oxen, breaking all the yokes but fortunately not killing an animal. Then it met one of the men of the house on horseback, immediately assailed him, and was killed for its pains.

My host was about to go on safari for a couple of months with Selous, and to manage their safari they had one of the most noted professional hunters of East Africa, Mr. H. Judd; and Judd was kind enough to take me out hunting almost every day that we were at Juja. We would breakfast at dawn and leave the farm about the time that it grew light enough to see: ordinarily our course was eastward, toward the Athi, a few miles distant. These morning rides were very beautiful. In our front was the mountain mass of Donyo Sabuk, and the sun rose behind it, flooding the heavens with gold and crimson. The morning air blew fresh in our faces, and the unshod feet of our horses made no sound as they trod

the dew-drenched grass. On every side game stood to watch us, herds of hartebeests and zebras, and now and then a herd of wildebeests or a few straggling old wildebeest bulls. Sometimes the zebras and kongoni were very shy, and took fright when we were yet a long way off; at other times they would stand motionless and permit us to come within fair gunshot, and after we had passed we could still see them regarding us without their having moved. The wildebeests were warier; usually when we were still a quarter of a mile or so distant, the herd, which had been standing with heads up, their short, shaggy necks and heavy withers giving the animals an unmistakable look, would take fright, and, with heavy curvets, and occasional running in semicircles, would make off, heads held down and long tails lashing the air.

In the open woods which marked the border between the barren plains and the forested valley of the Athi, Kermit and I shot water-buck and impalla. The water-buck is a stately antelope with long, coarse gray hair and fine carriage of the head and neck; the male alone carries horns. We found them usually in parties of ten or a dozen, both of bulls and cows; but sometimes a party of cows would go alone, or three or four bulls might be found together. In spite of its name, we did not find it much given

to going in the water, although it would cross the river fearlessly whenever it desired; it was, however, always found not very far from water. It liked the woods and did not go many miles from the streams, yet we frequently saw it on the open plains a mile or two from trees, feeding in the vicinity of the zebra and the hartebeest. This was, however, usually quite early in the morning or quite late in the afternoon. In the heat of the day it clearly preferred to be in the forest, along the stream's edge, or in the bush-clad ravines.

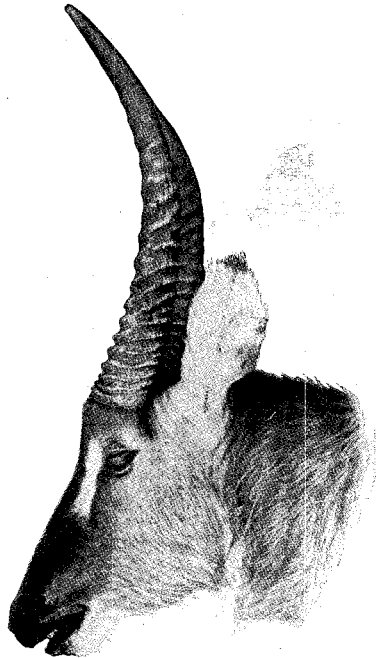
The impalla are found in exactly the same kind of country as the water-buck, and often associate with them. To my mind they are among the most beautiful of all antelope. They are about the size of a white-tailed deer, their beautiful annulated horns making a single spiral, and their coat is like satin with its contrasting shades of red and white. They have the most graceful movements of any animal I know, and it is extraordinary to see a herd start off when frightened, making bounds clear over large-sized bushes. Usually a single old buck will be found with a large company of does and fawns; the other bucks go singly or in small parties. It was in the middle of May, and we saw fawns of all ages. When in the open, where, like the water-buck, it often went in the morning and evening, the impalla was very shy, but I did not find it particularly so among the woods. In connection with shooting two of the impalla, there are little incidents which are perhaps worthy of mention.

In one case I had just killed a water-buck cow, hitting it at a considerable distance and by a lucky fluke, after a good deal of bad shooting. We started the porters in with the water-buck, and then rode west through an open country, dotted here and there with trees and with occasional

ant-hills. In a few minutes we saw an impalla buck, and I crept up behind an ant-hill and obtained a shot at about two hundred and fifty yards. The buck dropped, and as I was putting in another cartridge I

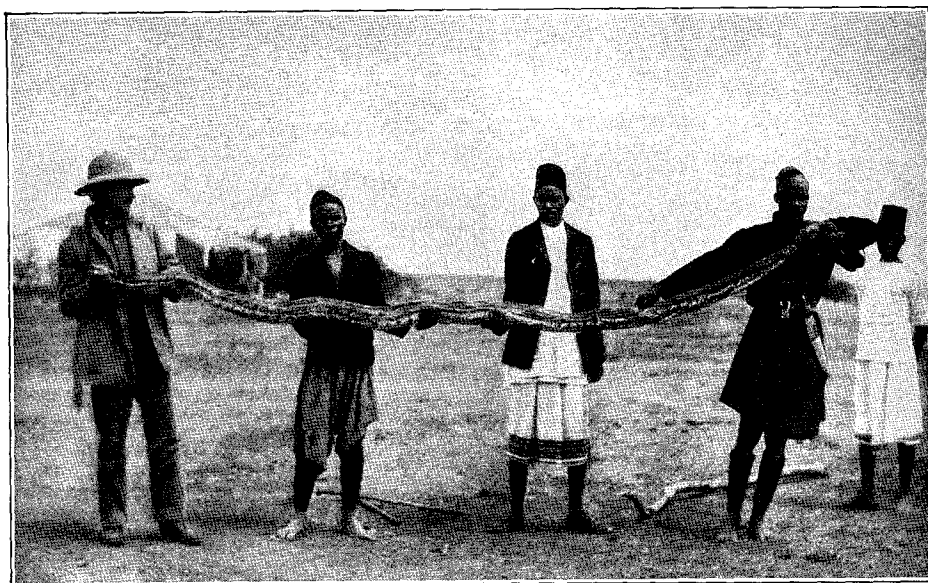
said to Judd that I didn't like to see an animal drop like that, so instantaneously, as there was always the possibility that it might only be creased, and that if an animal so hurt got up, it always went off exactly as if unhurt. When we raised our eyes again to look for the impalla it had vanished. I was sure that we would never see it again, and Judd felt much the same way, but we walked in the direction toward which its head had been pointed, and Judd ascended an ant-hill to scan the surrounding country with his glasses. He did so, and after a minute remarked that he could not see the wounded impalla; when a sudden movement caused him to look down, and there

it was, lying at his very feet, on the side of the ant-hill, unable to rise. I had been using a sharp-pointed bullet in the Springfield, and this makes a big hole. The bullet had gone too far back, penetrating the hips. I should not have wondered at all if the animal had failed to get up, but I did not understand why, if recovered enough from the shock to be able to get up at all, it had not continued to travel, instead of falling after going one hundred yards. Indeed, I am inclined to think that a deer or prong-buck, hit in the same fashion, would have gone off and would have given a long chase before being overtaken. Judging from what others have said, I have no doubt that African game is very tough and succumbs less easily to wounds than is the case with animals of the northern temperate zone; but in my own limited experience, I three times saw African antelopes succumb to wounds quicker than the average northern animal would



Head of a water-buck bull shot by
Kermit Roosevelt.

From a photograph by Edmund Heller.



The python.

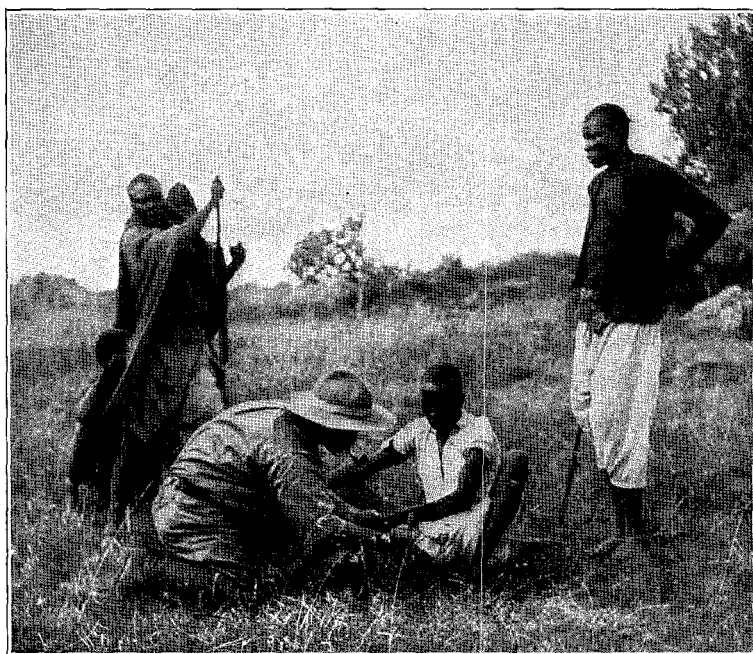
From a photograph by W. N. McMillan.

have succumbed to the wound. One was this impalla. Another was the cow eland I first shot; her hind leg was broken high up, and the wound, though crippling, was not such as would have prevented a moose or wapiti from hobbling away on three legs; yet in spite of hard struggles the eland was wholly unable to regain her feet. The impalla thus shot, by the way, although in fine condition and the coat of glossy beauty, was infested by ticks; around the horns the horrid little insects were clustered in thick masses for a space of a diameter of some inches. It was to me marvellous that they had not set up inflammation or caused great sores, for they were so thick that at a distance of a few feet they gave the appearance of there being some big gland or bare place at the root of each horn.

The other impalla buck also showed an unexpected softness, succumbing to a wound which I do not believe would have given me either a white-tailed or a black-tailed deer. I had been vainly endeavoring to get a water-buck bull, and as the day was growing hot I was riding homeward, scanning the edge of the plain where it merged into the trees that extended out from the steep bank that hemmed in one side of the river bottom. From time to time we would see an impalla or a water-buck making its

way from the plain back to the river bottom, to spend the day in the shade. One of these I stalked, and after a good deal of long-range shooting broke a hind leg high up. It got out of sight and we rode along the edge of the steep descent which led down into the river bottom proper. In the bottom there were large, open, grassy places, while the trees made a thick fringe along the river course. We had given up the impalla and turned out toward the plain, when one of my gun-bearers whistled to us and said he had seen the wounded animal cross the bottom and go into the fringe of trees bounding a deep pool in which we knew there were both hippos and crocodiles. We were off our horses at once, and, leaving them at the top, scrambled down the descent and crossed the bottom to the spot indicated. The impalla had lain down as soon as it reached cover, and as we entered the fringe of wood I caught a glimpse of it getting up and making off. Yet fifty yards farther it stopped again, standing right on the brink of the pool, so close that when I shot it, it fell over into the water.

When, after arranging for this impalla to be carried back to the farm, we returned to where our horses had been left, the boys told us with much excitement that there was a large snake near by; and sure enough



Judd permanganating the beater who was mauled by the leopard.

From a photograph by W. N. McMillan.

a few yards off, coiled up in the long grass under a small tree, was a python. I could not see it distinctly, and using a solid bullet I just missed the backbone, the bullet going through the body about its middle. Immediately the snake lashed at me with open jaws, and then, uncoiling, came gliding rapidly in our direction. I do not think it was charging; I think it was merely trying to escape. But Judd, who was utterly unmoved by lion, leopard, or rhino, evidently held this snake in respect, and yelled to me to get out of the way. Accordingly, I jumped back a few feet, and the snake came over the ground where I had stood; its evil genius then made it halt for a moment and raise its head to a height of perhaps three feet, and I killed it by a shot through the neck. The porters were much wrought up about the snake, and did not at all like my touching it and taking it up, first by the tail and then by the head. It was only twelve feet long, weighing about forty pounds. We tied it to a long stick and sent it in by two porters.

Another day we beat for lions, but without success. We rode to a spot a few miles off, where we were joined by three Boer

farmers. They were big, upstanding men, looking just as Boer farmers ought to look who had been through a war and had ever since led the adventurous life of frontier farmers in wild regions. They were accompanied by a pack of big, rough-looking dogs, but were on foot, walking with long and easy strides. The dogs looked a rough-and-ready lot, but on this particular morning showed themselves of little use; at any rate they put up nothing.

But Kermit had a bit of deserved good luck. While the main body of us went down the river-bed, he and McMillan, with a few natives, beat up a side ravine, down the middle of which ran the usual dry water-course fringed with patches of brush. In one of these they put up a leopard, and saw it slinking forward ahead of them through the bushes. Then they lost sight of it, and came to the conclusion that it was in a large thicket. So Kermit went on one side of it and McMillan on the other, and the beaters approached to try and get the leopard out. Of course none of the beaters had guns; their function was merely to make a disturbance and rouse the game, and they were cautioned on no account to get into danger.



Kermit Roosevelt and the leopard.

From a photograph by W. N. McMillan.

But the leopard did not wait to be driven. Without any warning, out he came and charged straight at Kermit, who stopped him when he was but six yards off with a bullet in the forepart of the body; the leopard turned, and as he galloped back Kermit hit him again, crippling him in the hips. The wounds were fatal, and they would have knocked the fight out of any animal less plucky and savage than the leopard; but not even in Africa is there a beast of more unflinching courage than this spotted cat. The beaters were much excited by the sight of the charge and the way in which it was stopped, and they pressed jubilantly forward, too heedlessly; one of them, who was on McMillan's side of the thicket, went too near it, and out came the wounded leopard at him. It was badly crippled or it would have got the beater at once; as it was, it was slowly overtaking him as he ran through the tall grass, when McMillan, standing on an ant heap, shot it again. Yet, in spite of having this third bullet in it, it ran down the beater and seized him, worrying him with teeth and claws; but it was weak because of its wounds, and the powerful savage wrenched himself free, while

McMillan fired into the beast again; and back it went through the long grass into the thicket. There was a pause, and the wounded beater was removed to a place of safety, while a messenger was sent on to us to bring up the Boer dogs. But while they were waiting, the leopard, on its own initiative, brought matters to a crisis, for out it came again straight at Kermit, and this time it dropped dead to Kermit's bullet. No animal could have shown a more fearless and resolute temper. It was an old female, but small, its weight being a little short of seventy pounds. The smallest female cougar I ever killed was heavier than this, and one very big male cougar which I killed in Colorado was three times the weight. Yet I have never heard of any cougar which displayed anything like the spirit and ferocity of this little leopard, or which in any way approached it as a dangerous foe. It was sent back to camp in company with the wounded beater, after the wounds of the latter had been dressed, they were not serious, and he was speedily as well as ever.

The rivers that bounded Juja Farm, not only the Athi, but the Nairobi and Rewero,

contained hippopotami and crocodiles in the deep pools. I was particularly anxious to get one of the former, and early one morning Judd and I rode off across the plains, through the herds of grazing game seen dimly in the dawn, to the Athi. We reached the river, and, leaving our horses, went down into the wooded bottom, soon after sunrise. Judd had with him a Masai, a keen-eyed hunter, and I my two gun-bearers. We advanced with the utmost caution toward the brink of a great pool; on our way we saw a bushbuck, but of course did not dare to shoot at it, for hippopotami are wary, except in very unfrequented regions, and any noise will disturb them. As we crept noiselessly up to the steep bank which edged the pool, the sight was typically African. On the still water floated a crocodile, nothing but his eyes and nostrils visible. The bank was covered with a dense growth of trees, festooned with vines; among the branches sat herons; a little cormorant dived into the water; and a very small and brilliantly colored kingfisher, with a red beak

and large turquoise crest, perched unheeding within a few feet of us. Here and there a dense growth of the tall and singularly graceful papyrus rose out of the water, the feathery heads which crowned the long draped green stems waving gently to and fro.

We scanned the waters carefully, and could see no sign of hippos, and, still proceeding with the utmost caution, we moved a hundred yards farther down to another lookout. Here the Masai detected a hippo head a long way off on the other side of the pool; and we again drew back and started cautiously forward to reach the point opposite which he had seen the head.

But we were not destined to get that hippo. Just as we had about reached the point at which we had intended to turn in toward the pool, there was a succession of snorts in our front and the sound of

the trampling of heavy feet and of a big body being shoved through a dense mass of tropical bush. My companions called to me in loud whispers that it was a rhinoceros coming at us, and to "Shoot, shoot." In another moment the rhinoceros appeared, standing twitching its tail and tossing and twisting its head from side to side. It did

not seem to have very good horns, and I would much rather not have killed it; but there hardly seemed any alternative, for it certainly showed every symptom of being bent on mischief. My first shot, at under forty yards, produced no effect whatever, except to hasten its approach. I was using the Winchester, with full-jacketed bullets; my second bullet went in between the neck and shoulder, bringing it to a halt. I fired into the shoulder again, and as it turned toward the bush I fired into its flank both the bullets still remaining in my magazine.

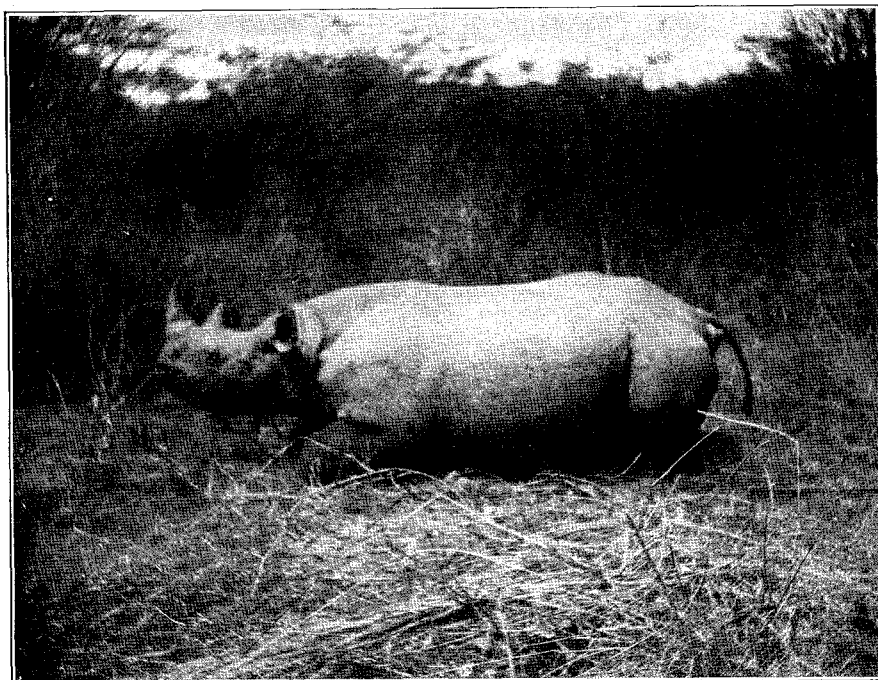
For a moment or two after it disappeared we heard the branches crash, and then there was silence. In such cover a wounded

rhino requires cautious handling, and as quietly as possible we walked through the open forest along the edge of the dense thicket into which the animal had returned. The thicket was a tangle of thorn bushes, reeds, and small, low-branching trees; it was impossible to see ten feet through it, and a man could only penetrate it with the utmost slowness and difficulty, whereas the movements of the rhino were very little impeded. At the far end of the thicket we examined the grass to see if the rhino had passed out, and sure enough there was the spoor, with so much blood along both sides that it was evident the animal was badly hit. It led across this space and into another thicket of the same character as the first; and again we stole cautiously along the edge some ten yards out. I had taken the heavy Holland double-barrel, and with the safety



Native boy carrying in a leopard
shot by Kermit Roosevelt
near Juja ranch.

From a photograph by Kermit Roosevelt.



The second rhino.

From a photograph by J. Alden Loring.

catch pressed forward under my thumb, I trod gingerly through the grass, peering into the thicket and expectant of developments. In a minute there was a furious snorting and crashing directly opposite us in the thicket, and I brought up my rifle; but the rhino did not quite place us, and broke out of the cover in front, some thirty yards away; and I put both barrels into and behind the shoulder. The terrific striking force of the heavy gun told at once, and the rhino wheeled, and struggled back into the thicket, and we heard it fall. With the utmost caution, bending and creeping under the branches, we made our way in, and saw the beast lying with its head toward us. We thought it was dead, but would take no chances; and I put in another, but as it proved needless, heavy bullet.

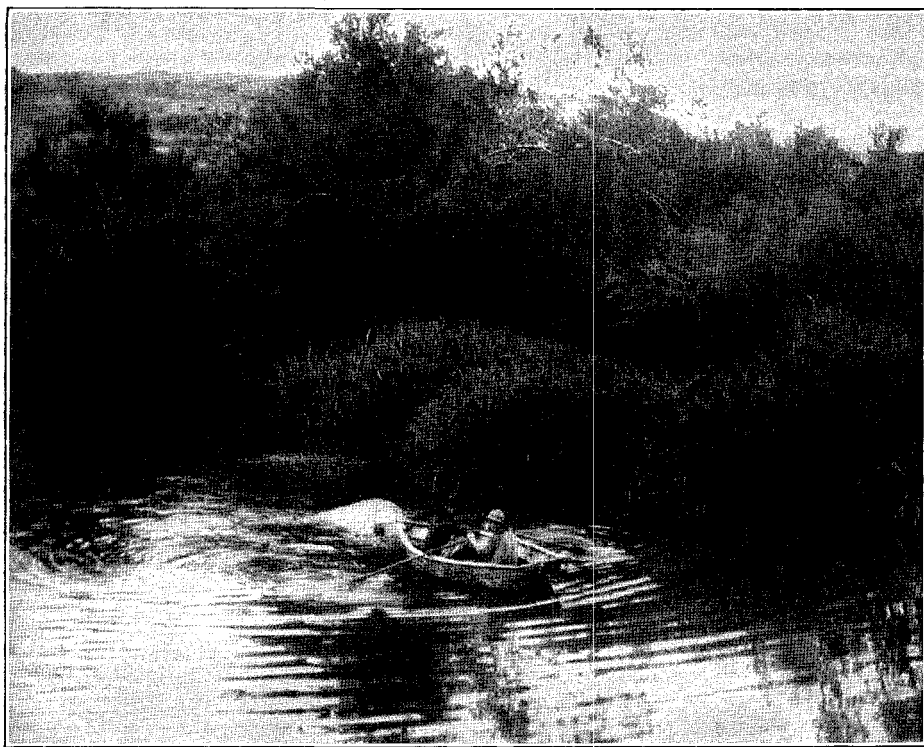
It was an old female, considerably smaller than the bull I had already shot, with the front horn measuring fourteen inches as against his nineteen inches; as always with rhinos, it was covered with ticks, which clustered thickly in the folds and creases of the skin, around and in the ears, and in all the tender places. McMillan sent out an ox

wagon and brought it in to the house, where we weighed it. It was a little over two thousand two hundred pounds. It had evidently been in the neighborhood in which we found it for a considerable time, for a few hundred yards away we found its stamping ground, a circular spot where the earth had been all trampled up and kicked about, according to the custom of rhinoceroses; they return day after day to such places to deposit their dung, which is then kicked about with the hind feet. As with all our other specimens, the skin was taken off and sent back to the National Museum. The stomach was filled with leaves and twigs, this kind of rhinoceros browsing on the tips of the branches by means of its hooked, prehensile upper lip.

Now I did not want to kill this rhinoceros, and I am not certain that it really intended to charge us. It may very well be that if we had stood firm it would, after much threatening and snorting, have turned and made off; veteran hunters like Selous could, I doubt not, have afforded to wait and see what happened. But I let it get within forty yards, and it still showed every symp-

tom of meaning mischief, and at a shorter range I could not have been sure of stopping it in time. Often under such circumstances the rhino does not mean to charge at all, and is acting in a spirit of truculent and dull curiosity; but often, when its motions and actions are indistinguishable from those of an animal which does not mean mischief, it turns out that a given rhino does

will take too many chances when face to face with a creature whose actions are threatening and whose intentions it is absolutely impossible to divine. In fact, I do not see how the rhinoceros can be permanently preserved, save in very out-of-the-way places or in regular game reserves. There is enough interest and excitement in the pursuit to attract every eager young



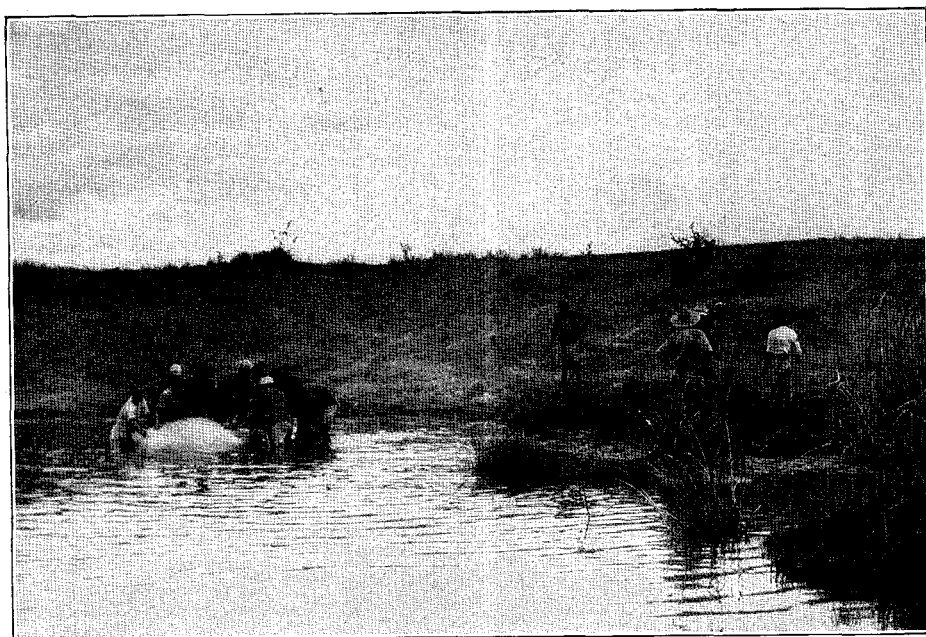
Towing the hippo shot by Mr. Roosevelt.

From a photograph by W. N. McMillan.

mean mischief. A year before I arrived in East Africa a surveyor was charged by a rhinoceros entirely without provocation; he was caught and killed. Chanler's companion on his long expedition, the Austrian Von Höhnelt, was very severely wounded by a rhino and nearly died; the animal charged through the line of march of the safari, and then deliberately turned, hunted down Von Höhnelt, and tossed him. Again and again there have been such experiences, and again and again hunters who did not wish to kill rhinos have been forced to do so in order to prevent mischief. Under such circumstances it is not to be expected that men

hunter, and, indeed, very many eager old hunters; and the beast's stupidity, curiosity, and truculence make up a combination of qualities which inevitably tend to insure its destruction.

As we brought home the whole body of this rhinoceros, and as I had put into it eight bullets, five from the Winchester and three from the Holland, I was able to make a tolerably fair comparison between the two. With the full-jacketed bullets of the Winchester I had mortally wounded the animal; it would have died in a short time, and it was groggy when it came out of the brush in its final charge; but they inflicted no



Landing the hippo.
From a photograph by W. N. McMillan



Rolling out the hippo.
From a photograph by W. N. McMillan.

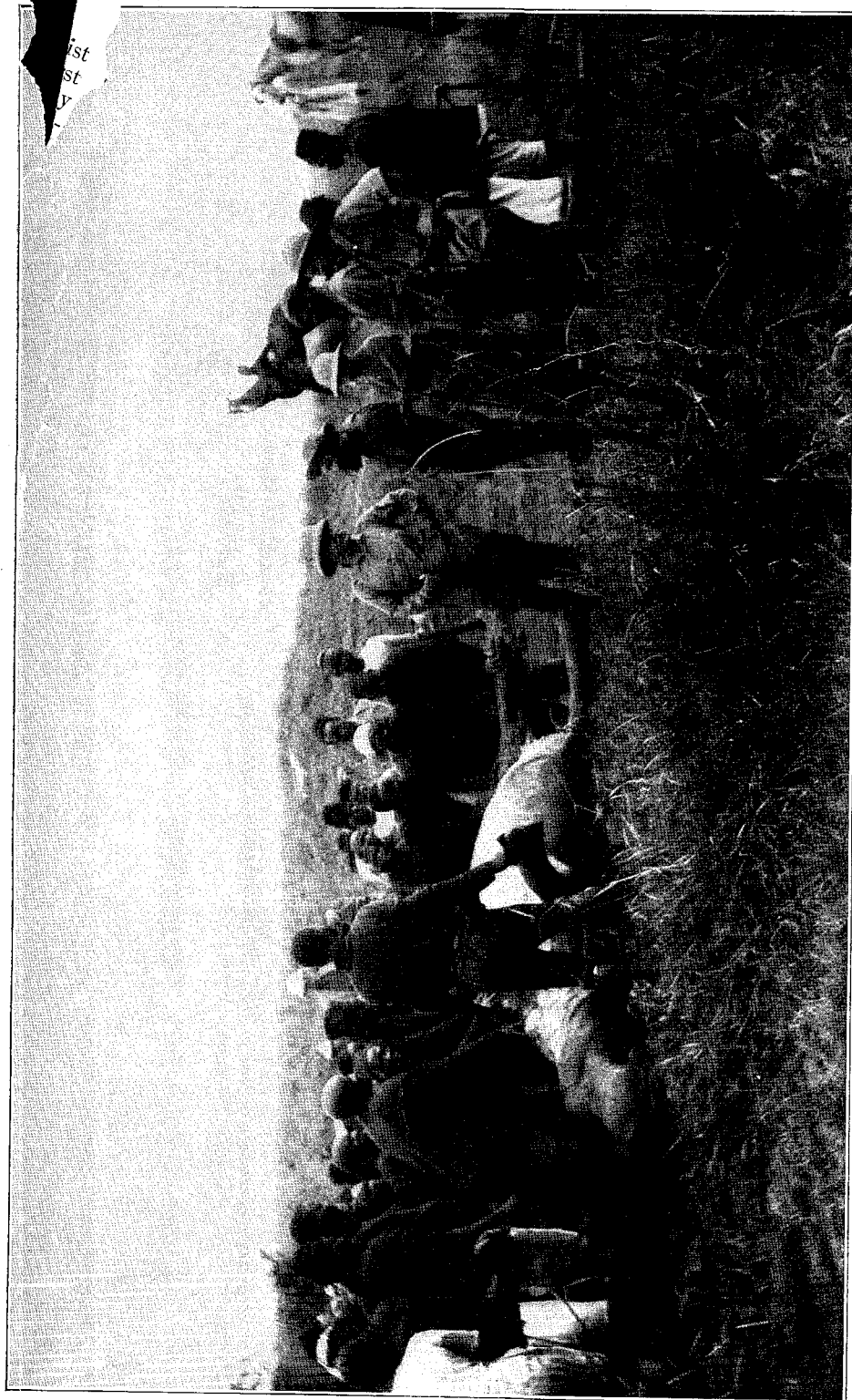
such smashing blow as the heavy bullets of the Holland. Moreover, when they struck the heavy bones they tended to break into fragments, while the big Holland bullets ploughed through. The Winchester and the Springfield were the weapons one of which I always carried in my own hand, and for any ordinary game I much preferred them to any other rifles. The Winchester did admirably with lions, giraffes, elands, and smaller game, and, as will be seen, with hippos. For heavy game like rhinoceroses and buffaloes, I found that for me personally the heavy Holland was unquestionably the proper weapon. But in writing this I wish most distinctly to assert my full knowledge of the fact that the choice of a rifle is almost as much a matter of personal idiosyncrasy as the choice of a friend. The above must be taken as merely the expression of my personal preferences. It will doubtless arouse as much objection among the ultra champions of one type of gun as among the ultra-champions of another. The truth is that any good modern rifle is good enough. The determining factor is the man behind the gun.

In the afternoon of the day on which we killed the rhino Judd took me out again to try for hippos, this time in the Rewero, which ran close by the house. We rode upstream a couple of miles; I missed a wart-hog on the way. Then we sent back our horses and walked down the river bank as quietly as possible, Judd scanning the pools, and the eddies in the running stream, from every point of vantage. Once we aroused a crocodile, which plunged into the water. The stream was full of fish, some of considerable size; and in the meadow land on our side we saw a gang of big, black wild-geese feeding. But we got within half a mile of McMillan's house without seeing a hippo, and the light was rapidly fading. Judd announced that we would go home, but took one last look around the next bend, and instantly sank to his knees, beckoning to me. I crept forward on all-fours, and he pointed out to me an object in the stream, fifty yards off, under the overhanging branch of a tree, which jutted out from the steep bank opposite. In that light I should not myself have recognized it as a hippo head; but it was one, looking toward us, with the ears up and the nostrils, eyes, and forehead above water. I aimed

for the centre; the sound told that the bullet had struck somewhere on the head, and the animal disappeared without a splash. Judd was sure I had killed, but I was by no means so confident myself, and there was no way of telling until next morning, for the hippo always sinks when shot and does not rise to the surface for several hours. Accordingly, back we walked to the house.

At sunrise next morning Cuninghame, Judd, and I, with a crowd of porters, were down at the spot. There was a very leaky boat in which Cuninghame, Judd, and I embarked, intending to drift and paddle downstream while the porters walked along the bank. We did not have far to go, for as we rounded the first point we heard the porters break into guttural exclamations of delight, and there ahead of us, by a little island of papyrus, was the dead hippo. With the help of the boat it was towed to a convenient landing-place, and then the porters dragged it ashore. It was a cow, of good size for one dwelling in a small river, where they never approach the dimensions of those making their homes in a great lake like the Victoria Nyanza. This one weighed nearly two thousand eight hundred pounds, and I could well believe that a big lake bull would weigh between three and four tons.

In wild regions hippos rest on sandy bars, and even come ashore to feed, by day; but wherever there are inhabitants they land to feed only at night. Those in the Rewero continually entered McMillan's garden. Where they are numerous they sometimes attack small boats and kill the people in them; and where they are so plentiful they do great damage to the plantations of the natives, so much so that they then have to be taken off the list of preserved game and their destruction encouraged. Their enormous jaws sweep in quantities of plants, or lush grass, or corn or vegetables, at a mouthful, while their appetite is as gigantic as their body. In spite of their short legs, they go at a good gait on shore, but the water is their real home, and they always seek it when alarmed. They dive and float wonderfully, rising to the surface or sinking to the bottom at will, and they gallop at speed along the bottoms of lakes or rivers, with their bodies wholly submerged; but as is natural enough, in view of their big bodies and short legs, they are not fast swimmers for any length of time. They make curious and unmistak-



The dead hippo.

From a photograph by W. N. McMillan.

able trails along the banks of any stream in which they dwell; their short legs are wide apart, and so when they tread out a path they leave a ridge of high soil down the centre. Where they have lived a long time, the rutted paths are worn deep into the soil, but always carry this distinguishing middle ridge.

The full-jacketed Winchester bullet had gone straight into the brain; the jacket had lodged in the cranium, but the lead went on, entering the neck and breaking the atlas vertebra.

At Juja Farm many animals were kept in cages. They included a fairly friendly leopard, and five lions, two of which were anything but friendly. There were three cheetahs, nearly full-grown; these were continually taken out on leashes, Mrs. McMillan strolling about with them and leading them to the summer-house. They were good-tempered, but they did not lead well. Cheetahs are interesting beasts; they are aberrant cats, standing very high on their legs, and with non-retractile claws like a dog. They are nearly the size of a leopard, but are not ordinarily anything like as ferocious, and prey on the smaller antelope, occasionally taking something as big as a half-grown kongoni. For a short run, up to say a quarter of a mile, they are the swiftest animals on earth, and with a good start easily overtake the fastest antelope; but their bolt is soon shot, and on the open plain they can readily be galloped down with a horse. When they sit on their haunches their attitude is that neither of a dog nor of a cat so much as of a big monkey. On the whole, they are much more easily domesticated than most other cats, but, as with all highly developed wild creatures, they show great individual variability of character and disposition. They have a very curious note,

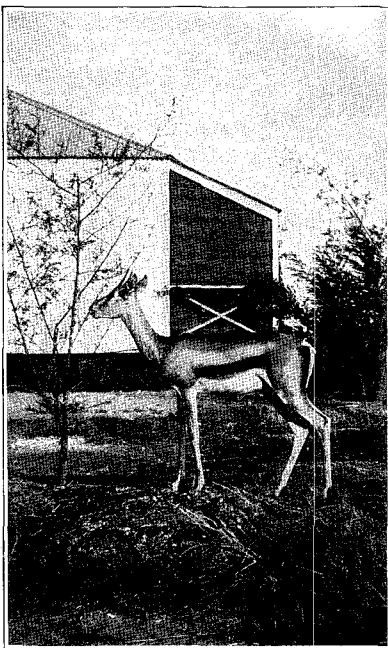
a bird-like chirp, in uttering which they twirl the upper lip as if whistling. When I first heard it I was sure that it was uttered by some bird, and looked about quite a time before finding that it was the call of a cheetah.

Then there was a tame wart-hog, very friendly, indeed, which usually wandered loose, and was as comical as pigs generally are, with its sudden starts and grunts. Finally,

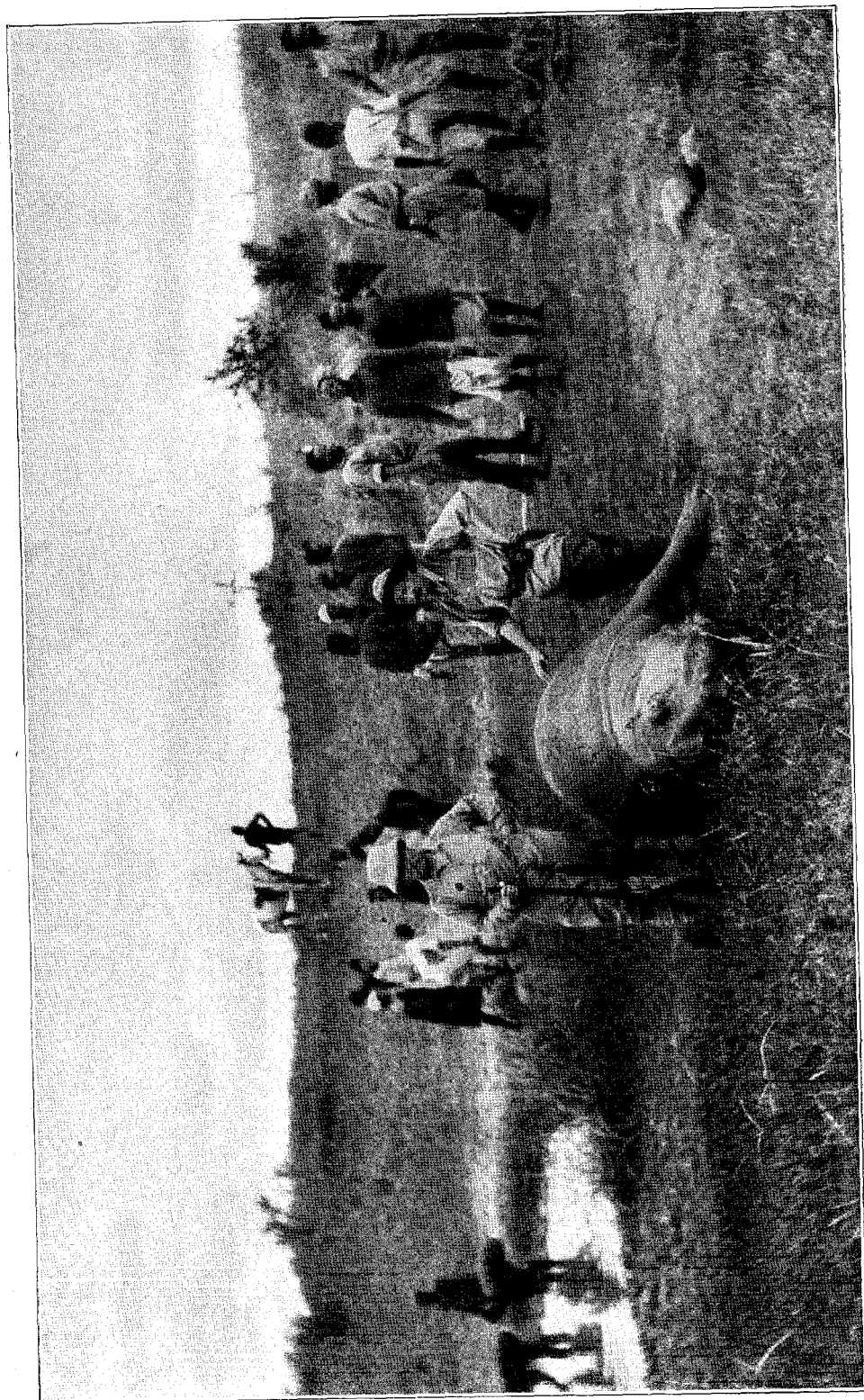
there was a young Tommy buck and a Grant's gazelle doe, both of which were on good terms with every one and needed astonishingly little looking after to prevent their straying. When I was returning to the house on the morning I killed the rhinoceros, I met the string of porters and the ox wagon just after they had left the gate on their way to the carcass. The Grant doe had been attracted by the departure, and was following immediately behind the last porter; a wild-looking Masai warrior, to whom, as I learned, the especial care of the gazelle had been intrusted for that day, was running as hard as he could after

her from the gate; when he overtook her he ran in between her and the rearmost porter, and headed her for the farm gate, uttering what sounded like wild war-cries and brandishing his spear. They formed a really absurd couple, the little doe slowly and decorously walking back to the farm, quite unmoved by the clamor and threats, while her guardian, the very image of what a savage warrior should look like when on the war-path, walked close behind, waving his spear and uttering deep-toned shouts, with what seemed a ludicrous disproportion of effort to the result needed.

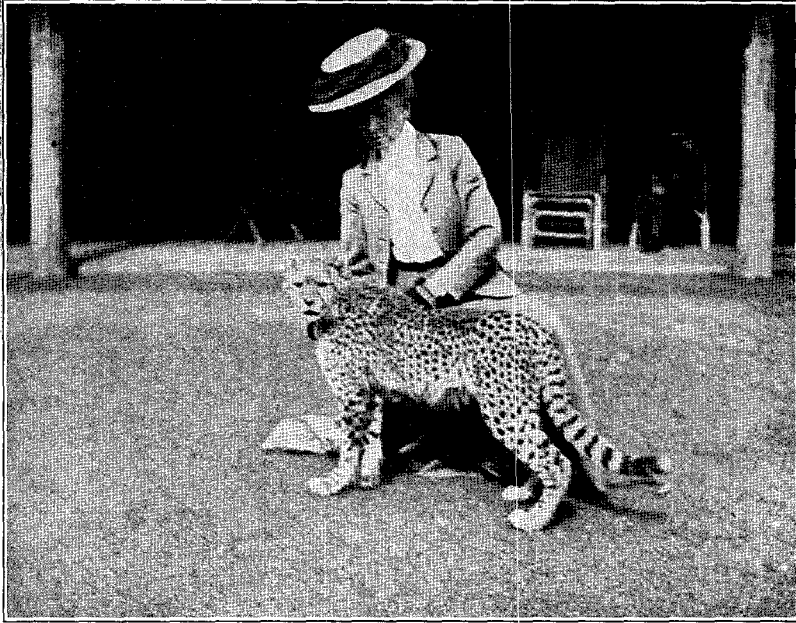
Antelopes speedily become very tame and recognize clearly their friends. Leslie Tarlton's brother was keeping a couple of young kongoni and a partly grown Grant on his farm just outside Nairobi. (The game comes



The tame Grant's gazelle at Juja.
From a photograph J. Aiden Loring.



Mr. Roosevelt and Ewana Engozi (Judd).
From a photograph by W. N. McMillan.



Mrs. McMillan and cheetah.

From a photograph by W. N. McMillan.

right to the outskirts of Nairobi; one morning Kermit walked out from the McMillans' town-house, where we were staying, in company with Percival, the game ranger, and got photographs of zebras, kongoni, and Kavirondo cranes; and a leopard sometimes came up through the garden on to the veranda of the house itself.) Tarlton's young antelopes went freely into the country round about, but never fled with the wild herds; and they were not only great friends with Tarlton's dogs, but recognized them as protectors. Hyenas and other beasts frequently came round the farm after nightfall, and at their approach the antelopes fled at speed to where the dogs were, and then could not be persuaded to leave them.

We spent a delightful week at Juja Farm, and then moved to Kamiti Ranch, the neighboring farm, owned by Mr. Hugh H.

Heatley, who had asked me to visit him for a buffalo hunt. While in the highlands of British East Africa it is utterly impossible for a stranger to realize that he is under the equator; the climate is delightful and healthy. It is a white man's country, a country which should be filled with white settlers; and no place could be more attractive for visitors. There is no more danger to health incident to an ordinary trip to East Africa than there is to an ordinary trip to the Riviera. Of course, if one goes on a hunting trip there is always a certain amount of risk, including the risk of fever, just as there would be if a man camped out in some of the Italian marshes. But the ordinary visitor need have no more fear of his health than if he were travelling in Italy, and it is hard to imagine a trip better worth making than the trip from Mombassa to Nairobi and on to the Victoria Nyanza.

REST HARROW

A COMEDY OF RESOLUTION

BY MAURICE HEWLETT

ILLUSTRATION BY FRANK CRAIG

"Rest Harrow grows in any soil. . . . The seeds may be sown as soon as ripe in warm, sheltered spots out of doors. . . . It is a British plant."—*Weathers*.

BOOK I

OF THE NATURE OF A PROLOGUE, DEALING WITH A BRUISED PHILOSOPHER
IN RETIREMENT.

I



AN observant traveller, homing to England by the Ostend-Dover packet in the April of some five years ago, relished the vagaries of a curious couple who arrived by a later train, and proved to be both of his acquaintance. He had happened to be early aboard, and saw them come on. They were a lady of some personal attraction, comfortably furred, who, descending from a first-class carriage, was met by a man from a third-class, bare-headed, free in the neck, loosely clad in gray flannel trousers, which flapped about his thin legs in the sea-breeze, a white sweater with a rolling collar, and a pair of sandals upon brown and sinewy feet, uncovered by socks: these two. The man's garniture was extraordinary, but himself, no less so. He had a lean and deeply bronzed face, hatchet-shaped like a Hindoo's. You looked instinctively for rings in his ears. His hair, densely black, was longish and perfectly straight. His eyes were far-sighted and unblinking. He smiled always, but furtively, as if the world at large amused him, but must never know it. He seemed to observe everything, except the fact that everybody observed himself.

To have once seen such a man must have provided for his recollection; and yet our traveller, who was young and debonair, though not so young as he seemed, first recognized the lady. "Mrs. Germain, by George!" he said to himself. "Now, where's she been all this time?" The frown which began to settle about his observing

eyes, speedily dissolved in wonder as they encountered the strange creature in the lady's company. He stared, he gaped, then slapped his thigh. "Jack Senhouse! That's the man. God of battles, what a start! Now, what on earth is Jack Senhouse doing playing courier to Mrs. Germain?"

That was precisely the employment. His man had handed the lady out of her compartment, entered it when she left it, and was possessing himself of her littered vestiges, while these speculations were afloat. Dressing-case, tea-basket, umbrellas, rugs, and what not, he filled his arms with them, handed them over to expectant porters, then smilingly showed their proprietress the carriage ridded. He led the way to the steamer, deposited his burdens and saw to the bestowal of others, fetched a chair, wrapped her in rugs, found her book, indicated her whereabouts to a mariner in case of need. All this leisurely done, in the way of a man who has privilege and duty for his warrants. Inquiring then, with an engaging lift of the eyebrows, whether she was perfectly comfortable, and receiving with a pleasant nod her answering nod of thanks, he left her and returned to the train. Tracked through the crowd, and easily by his height, bare head, and leisurely motions, he was next seen shouldering a canvas bag on his way back to the boat. Jack's belongings, his bag of tricks! Jack all over, the same inexhaustible Jack! It was delightful to our traveller to find Jack Senhouse thus verifying himself at every turn. He was for the steerage, it appears—and of course he was!—where depressed foreigners share with bicycles, motor-cars, and newly