

Lions and Tigers Have Slain Noted Britons Beside Grey

Here Are Set Down Several Tragedies of the Wild Caused by the Hunted Becoming the Hunter.

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THAT the pursuit of big game in Africa, India, Cochin China and Manchuria is by no means so free from danger as those influenced by political animosity, or personal prejudices against Theodore Roosevelt, in connection with his African trip, would have us believe, is shown once more by the death of George Grey, last week, at Nairobi, in British East Africa, from the frightful mauling to which he was subjected by a huge lion, near the Athi River. With several companions Grey was engaged in stalking lions, when one of the quarry started in to stalk him, and pouncing upon him had worried him in its rage, much as a terrier does a rat, before it was laid low by bullets from the other hunters.

George Grey was the favorite brother and next heir to the baronetcy of Sir Edward Grey, the Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs in the present administration, and this tragedy, following upon that which cost the life of Lady Grey, some three or four years ago, is certain to render Sir Edward still more of a recluse, still more indifferent to the world, and may possibly cause him to retire from the Cabinet and from public life altogether. He has never been the same man since his wife was killed in so shocking a fashion while out driving near Faldoen, his place in Northumberland. Society he has forewarned altogether. He puts in an appearance in the House of Commons only when it is absolutely imperative for him to make some important speech or to deliver himself of an utterance of too weighty or too delicate a character to be entrusted to his Parliamentary Under Secretary of State, Thomas McKinnon Wood. He conveys the impression that if he has remained in office since his wife's death it is only from a sense of patriotic duty and in fulfillment of what he knows would have been her wishes; but that otherwise he has lost all interest in politics, and that his former zest in such matters has given way to the most complete indifference. In fact, whenever his work at the Foreign Office will admit of his leaving London, he retires to a quiet little retreat in the New Forest, where he lives as much the existence of a hermit as the late Auberon Herbert.

LIONS RIGHTLY FEARED.

So much has been printed and spoken about the alleged inoffensiveness of a lion, nay, even of its very cowardice, that it will doubtless create surprise in this country to learn that the justly named "king of beasts" is a very dangerous quarry. Possibly a lion gored with food may be disposed to avoid trouble, unless trouble is absolutely forced upon it. But a lion which is hungry, and therefore ill tempered, or which is disturbed from its lair by Nimrod on the stalk, is a very ugly customer indeed; while a lioness which fears for its young constitutes an even still more perilous problem. In fact, the number of white men's graves in British East Africa bearing inscriptions to the effect that their occupants have been killed by lions is very large indeed, and is quite sufficient in itself to dispel the foolish but widespread notion of late years that this grandest of all big game is worthy of contempt rather than of fear, that it would sooner sneak than fight—in one word, that it no longer merited the prestige which it had enjoyed for so many hundreds of years.

Among others who could bear eloquent tribute to the undiminished ferocity of lions and to the reality of the danger incurred in hunting them is the Marquis of Waterford, head of that house of Bessford which has been so much in the American eye during the last week in connection with the marriage of one of its members, Lieutenant Colonel Lord Decies, to Miss Vivien Gould, of New York, on Tuesday. Lord Waterford, while on a big game expedition in British East Africa, accompanied by his wife, a daughter of Lord Lansdowne, was badly mauled by a lion, which he was engaged in stalking, and which suddenly leaped upon him from the underbrush, landing on his shoulder. His attention diverted by his gun bearers, the marquis had the wit to fire his gun with his uninjured arm into the animal's eye, killing it instantly. Nor is Lord Waterford by any means the only member of the British Peerage who still bears on his body the scars of wounds inflicted by the teeth and claws of lions in South and British East Africa.

KILLED BY WILD BEASTS.

Not one, but several, of my old friends have lost their lives through injuries inflicted by wild beasts while in pursuit of big game. Notable among them was the late Sir James Dormer, who was killed by a tiger while general in military command of the great Indian Presidency of Madras. Sir James, who was sixty years old at the time, and handicapped by the loss of an eye, had dispensed with the relative security afforded by a howdah perched on the back of an elephant and had undertaken to stalk a man-eater on foot in the jungle, a risky proceeding at the best, and one which but few of the oldest and most experienced shikaris care to face. Instead of the gallant old general bagging the tiger, it was the latter which got the general, and tore him with teeth and claws in such a savage fashion that death on the following day was a merciful release.

The general's glass eye was of considerable service in the Nile campaign of 1885, in which he took a distinguished part as chief of staff. For when he found Arab chieftains wavering in their loyalty and showing signs of leading toward the Mahdi he would, in the course of the palaver, coolly pick his glass eye out of its socket with his forefinger and thumb, flick it into the air once or twice in a nonchalant fashion and then calmly replace it, without interrupting the conversation. This al-

ways brought the Arab chieftains to terms. For they were convinced that a man who could thus pick out his eyes and juggle with them must necessarily be possessed of supernatural powers, and under the special protection of Allah. The general disconcerted not only natives with his eye, but even old friends like myself. Thus I recall once, when travelling by the night train from Alexandria up to Cairo with a party of men, one of them waking me up to look at the odd spectacle presented by the general, who was sleeping soundly, snoring quite noisily, one of his eyes closed in slumber, while the glass eye, wide open, and staring straight at us, reflected in the most uncanny fashion the bright rays of the Egyptian moon.

CHANCE FOR AN IMPOSTOR!

Lord Edward St. Maur was killed by a bear while shooting in the Himalayas, and it was owing to this that the historic Dukedom of Somerset was bequeathed almost the whole of its vast estates and great riches. For Lord Edward's father, the twelfth duke, popularly known as "the Sheridan Duke," owing to his having married Georgiana Sheridan, granddaughter of Richard Brinsley Sheridan, hated his brothers, Archibald and Algernon, who succeeded to the dukedom in turn, and bequeathed every vestige of property at his disposal to his daughters, Lady Jane Graham, Lady Ulrica Thynne, and especially to Lady Helen Ramsden. Lord Edward, who spent several years in this country as an attaché of the British Legation at Washington during the Civil War, passed, first of all, twelve months in the field on the Union side, as the guest of the commanding general, for the purpose of observing the military operations, and then obtained a passage through the lines and was for a year and a half with the Confederate generals, one of whom, General Dick Taylor, received him with a good deal of suspicion at first, despite his credentials from Jefferson Davis, owing to his spelling his name as "St. Maur," instead of Seymour, a change made by his father, the twelfth Duke of Somerset, but which led the general to regard him as an impostor.

Some years ago an individual appeared who pretended to be Lord Edward St. Maur, and who told a story to the effect that instead of having succumbed to the injuries inflicted by the bear he had recovered and had been held in captivity for many years by some of the mountain frontier tribes of India. He went to the length of securing an injunction to restrain the tenants of the entailed estates of the present Duke of Somerset from paying the rents to the latter, but died before the matter could be definitely tried out in court. Had he lived, his claim might have developed into another Tichborne case, and undoubtedly a good deal of testimony bearing upon his pretensions would have been sought in this country from both the Confederate and the Union commanders.

Colonel Sir Edward Bradford, who, after commanding the police out in India, was for several years Commissioner in Chief of the London police, and who was in charge of King George's tour of India when the latter was Prince of Wales, has an empty sleeve to his uniform. One day while out shooting tigers on foot, like Sir James Dormer, he fired at a tiger, which,

only wounded, charged upon him and bore him to the ground. Never losing his presence of mind for a moment, the intrepid hunter, with the view of preventing the infuriated animal from attacking his head, thrust within its jaws his left arm. The tiger simply gnawed it off, but his life was saved by his companions, who arrived in time to shoot

the beast before it was able to inflict any more serious injury. Finally there is the extraordinary case of Walter Ingram, younger brother of Sir William Ingram, the proprietor of "The Illustrated London News." He was trampled to death in East Africa by an infuriated elephant, which he had only wounded instead of killed. His corpse

was buried near the scene of his death, in what seemed to be a sort of stony valley. But when, some months afterward, a properly equipped expedition was dispatched by Sir William from the coast to bring home his brother's body not a vestige of it could be found, save a single bone and a few buttons of his garments, scattered among the stones near the place where the body had been interred. The fact was that the valley was nothing more nor less than the bed of a river, dry during the hot season but a raging torrent during the rainy months.

It was only then that Sir William, and other of the dead man's intimate friends recalled the curse which Walter had believed to rest upon his head in connection with his purchase a couple of years previously of a particularly fine mummy that had been found in the course of excavations carried on in his presence at Thebes. He had carried the mummy back to England and had sent it to the British Museum for the purpose of having it unrolled and examined. When this was done papyri were found showing that the mummy was one of the high priests of ancient Thebes and contain-

ing a blood-curdling curse upon whomsoever should disturb the remains, the malediction appealing to the powers above to deny burial to the remains of the sacrilegious ghoul who should interfere with the eternal sleep of the prelate, entreating that not one bone should remain with another, but that they should be swept to the sea, so as to render the reconstitution of the body impossible. Thus had the curse of the Egyptian high priest been accomplished, and the bones of poor Walter Ingram must lie strewn along the bed of that river to this day, if they have not been, as is firmly believed by many, carried out to sea by the mighty rush of the waters.

Walter Ingram, before leaving England on that big game expedition which was to cost him his life, made a present of the mummy in question to the late Lady Meux, who, like himself, scoffed at superstition and at the dead high priest's curse. After his death she gave it a place of honor at Theobald's Park, however, and treated it with the utmost respect, and has now bequeathed it, along with a number of other Egyptian curios and papyri, to the British Museum. EX-ATTACHE.



ABRAHAM LINCOLN.
Born February 12, 1809.

Stories That Lincoln Loved to Laugh At

HUMOR AS A TONIC

So Deeply Did Sympathy Stir Him That Only a Joke at Times Could Bear Him Up.

ALL great men do not love to laugh. But Abraham Lincoln was different. He loved to hear stories that would make him laugh, and he loved to tell them and laugh at them, which shows that he was not a professional humorist. He used stories as a tonic. On one occasion a member of Congress, who took life seriously, came to the White House to see the President on business of national importance. It was when the clouds hung heaviest over the Union cause, and the member was not feeling hilarious. Neither was Mr. Lincoln, for that matter, but he began to tell a funny story. The member resented it, and told the President he was there on serious business and not to listen to funny stories. Mr. Lincoln looked hurt, and his sad face grew sadder.

"Sit down," said, waving his caller to a chair, "sit down, and let me explain. I have the very highest respect for you and a regard not much less than your own, I guess, for the nation at large; but if I didn't get a chance to laugh sometimes I'd die in my tracks. I can be as serious as you are, but not all the time. Which reminds me"—and he finished his story with the approval of the serious member, who felt better for it. "Abe" had the story telling bug in his system and it was a benignant bug.

Some of the stories Mr. Lincoln laughed at were not altogether fit for publication in a family journal. One of this sort had been told to him and he had laughed. A very proper friend of his spoke to him about it, and he promptly condemned the story. "Then why did you laugh at it?" inquired the friend.

"I didn't," smiled Mr. Lincoln, gravely. "I laughed because I was so glad I hadn't told it."

Although Abraham Lincoln was born in Kentucky, he was never a man who took liquor as a beverage. This is a pretty sure sign that he was really and truly great, because only the greatest men are able to rise above the influence of their early environment—in Kentucky. Once he was asked to take a drink by a politician who was meeting him for the first time, and he declined on the ground that he never drank.

"How does that happen?" inquired the politician, in surprise. "Weren't you born in Kentucky?"

LATE GETTING A DRINK.

"Yes," replied Mr. Lincoln, with the well known twinkle in his sad, gray eyes, "but you see, my friend, I never acquired the habit because those other Kentuckians always got to the jug before I did. You know I left Kentucky when I was quite young."

This little anecdote shows what Mr. Lincoln missed by moving north of the Mason and Dixon line.

Nearly all the papers and letters bearing the signature of Mr. Lincoln show that he signed his name "A. Lincoln." A facetious college professor called his attention to this and added: "You are not a Lincoln, Mr. President; you are The Lincoln."

Mr. Lincoln chuckled deep down with modest enjoyment.

"That may be," he admitted, "but don't you think it would be rather cheeky for me to sign it that way?"

This is one sign that Mr. Lincoln was as modest as he was great.

Every great man has some personal weakness or other. If he didn't have he wouldn't be human. Mr. Lincoln was very human, and he was a bit sensitive on the usual pronunciation of his name.

To a visitor who had the custom, not unusual, of frequently mentioning the name of the person to whom he was talking, he said: "Don't pronounce it as though I was a sausage. Call it Lin-kun."

Mr. Lincoln's language in ordinary conversation was characterized by the same simplicity which adorned his speeches.

"You never swear, Mr. President, do you?" asked a prominent Boston man, who had talked with him on several occasions.

"Oh, I don't have to," he laughed not loud but deep. "You know I have Stanton in my Cabinet."

This may have been a reflection upon the virile and vitriolic Secretary of War, but it was no less a delicate compliment. One morning Mr. Lincoln met a well preserved tramp near the White House grounds. The tramp didn't know the President and struck him for the loan of a dime to save him from immediate starvation.

"You look like an able-bodied man," said the President; "why don't you join the army?"

A HYFCRITICAL TRAMP.

"They won't let me," whined the tramp. "I'd be glad enough to die for my country, but if they would give me the chance."

"Well, maybe I can be of service," said Mr. Lincoln, kindly. Taking an envelope and pencil from his pocket he wrote a note and addressed it to the officer in charge of the recruiting station near by, in 15th street. "Take that," he said, passing it over, "and give it to the officer at No. 714 15th street. If he can't do anything for you, come back here to me. I'm just walking around."

The tramp took it and shuffled away, but he never came back; neither did he go to the recruiting office. The note was to this effect:

"Colonel Fielding: The bearer is anxious to go to the front and die for his country. Can't you give him a chance?"

A. L.

This story proves that, while some of the people may be fooled some of the time, and some of the people may be

Continued on fifth page.

OUR ENTERTAINERS.



THE MUSIC HALL QUARTET—CLOSE HARMONY.

A Small Cluster of Risibility Ticklers

THE POTATO CURE.

A veteran Philadelphia soldier, apropos of Lincoln's birthday, said at the Union League:

"Lincoln used to joke me about my superstitions. I carried, you know, a rabbit's foot for luck.

"Look at this," he said one day, and he took from his pocket a potato.

"What's that for?" I asked.

"For rheumatism," he replied. "I haven't had a twinge of rheumatism since I began carrying it."

"Wonderful!" said I.

"Yes, said Lincoln, with his whimsical smile, and still more wonderful is the fact that it's retroactive, too; for I never had a twinge before I began carrying it, either."

A TERRIBLE BOY.

Judge E. H. Gary, at the steel men's recent dinner in Chicago, said:

"There has sprung up among us a class of demagogues who seem to think that a rich man is necessarily a bad man—that a millionaire is as non-moral as the Altoona schoolboy.

"Tommy," his teacher said to this boy, 'do you know the difference between right and wrong?'"

"Naw," Tommy replied.

"Well," said his teacher, 'suppose you took your little brother's cake from him, what would you be doing?'"

"Eatin' it," said he."

A SLY DIG.

"Miss Eleanor Robson, or, rather Mrs. August Belmont," said a dramatic critic of New York, "has a very pretty wit.

"Miss Robson once attended a first night at a Broadway theatre. The leading woman in the new play was a poor actress—rather a ranter. At the end of the second act, however, Miss Robson's party went back to offer its congratulations.

"The leading woman was found in her dressing room in a profuse perspiration. As she wiped her face Miss Robson couldn't resist saying:

"How well your skin acts!"

TOO GRASPING.

"The late Eli Perkins," said a magazine editor, "had an apt way of driving home his points with little stories.

"Perkins once offered me a sketch at a bargain price. I accepted the sketch eagerly, and I asked for more at the same figure.

"But Perkins, laughing sourly, shook his head.

"He said I reminded him of a tramp to whom a genial old lady gave a nickel, saying:

"Here, my good man, take this nickel and drink my health in a glass of beer."

"Thank you, ma'am," said the tramp. "But you look so infirm, hadn't I better drink two beers?"

NINE OR TEN DEPOSITS.

"It is expensive to learn to fly," said Clifford Harmon, at Mineola. "Your aeroplane costs more than \$5,000. You must pay a fee of \$50 for tuition, and you must deposit, too, about \$50 more for damages.

"The damage you do to the machine you learn on must be paid for, and your deposit may easily be eaten up.

"I was talking one day at Nice to an English flyer.

"I learned to fly in a week," I said. "How long did it take you to learn?"

"Oh, nine or ten—"

"What?" I interrupted. "Not nine or ten weeks?"

"No, aeroplanes," said he."

FOR THE WATER.

Colonel Edward de Veaux Morrell, of Philadelphia, criticised at the Bar Harbor horse show the too extravagant liveries and too bright fittings of a coach.

"It is show, pure show," said Colonel Morrell, "and in show there is always something ridiculous. For example:

"The German Emperor, to get up in the sumptuous uniform of an admiral, said to the Crown Prince one afternoon:

"I'd like you to come out with me."

"The Crown Prince, remarking with surprise his father's superb naval dress, asked: "But where are you going, sir?"

"To the Aquarium," was the reply.