

AFRICAN SPORTSMEN EAGERLY AWAIT PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT'S ARRIVAL AND PROMISE HIM LIONS AND ELEPHANTS IN PLACE OF "TEDDY BEARS"



THE PRESIDENT MAY KILL A ZEBRA

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Special Correspondence of The Star.

BULAWAYO.
I HAVE received several letters asking as to the President's big game hunt in Africa. I have heard of it here and there all the way down the east coast of the continent. The officials and sportsmen are talking about it, and all are holding out their hands to welcome the Nimrod of the White House. I got the first intimation of the President's plans, now more than a year ago, while I was traveling in the Sudan. They were being discussed by a German baron and a British colonel belonging to the Indian service as we were crossing the Nubian desert together. The baron and the colonel were on their way up the Blue Nile to shoot lions on the border of Abyssinia and they believed that the President might find excellent sport there. While at Khartum I had a talk with the sirdar or governor general, who was also commander-in-chief of the troops of the Sudan, and learned that he would be glad to have our President sample the big game of the Anglo-Egyptian possessions. When I arrived in British East Africa a few months later I was told that the President would surely come there and I heard the same story in German East Africa, both at Mwanza on Lake Victoria and at Dar es Salaam on Lake Zanzibar. The German officials can assure Mr. Roosevelt a good bag of giraffes, hippopotami and elephants, and the same is true of British Central Africa and northwestern Rhodesia. Indeed the President's coming seems to have been anticipated for some months and the officials and sportsmen are awaiting his advent and to see him change his coat of arms from the "Teddy Bear" to the "Teddy Lion," "Teddy Elephant" or "Teddy Hippopotamus."

and Naples, and that he will there take one of the German East African steamers and go down to Mombasa, beginning his hunting expedition in British East Africa. This can be easily and comfortably done. There are steamers every week and the trip to Mombasa will take less than a month. The fare I should say would be about \$300.

A far better trip, however, will be to go to Egypt and up the Nile into the Sudan. Alexandria can be reached at a cost of \$150 in a little over two weeks, and another four or five days will put the presidential party in Khartum ready to take a steamer up the Blue Nile to the borders of Abyssinia. They may even extend their travels into that country, and if so, the President's friends, King Menelik of Abyssinia, and his officers, hunters and porters to aid in the chase.

For ordinary persons the license to shoot big game in the Sudan costs \$250, but the freedom of the country will probably be awarded to our President, and he will be allowed to shoot without limit such birds and animals as are not on the prohibited list. The laws of the Sudan provide that no one may capture or kill giraffes, zebras, ostriches, wild asses, or rhinoceroses. The holder of a \$250 license can kill two elephants, two kudus, four buffaloes, four hippopotami and about thirty of the various kinds of gazelles and antelopes. In Abyssinia there are no restrictions on shooting, and there are parts of the Sudan where any number of hippopotami may be captured or killed. In addition to big game there are in the upper Sudan large numbers of birds and also wild sheep and small antelopes, so that the hunting is practically unlimited.

In case the President goes there, he will probably charter a special steamer at Khartum and live upon it during the intervals of the chase.

Returning to Khartum the President can go via the Red sea to Mombasa or by steamer to the White Nile for Gondokoro, more than one thousand miles up the river and hence on via Uganda into British East Africa. The trip by way of

the Red sea will take him between two and three weeks, and the Uganda journey will be thrice as long.

Hunting in Uganda.
The latter trip, however, is by far the better, as he will have a chance to shoot big game all the way. At Gondokoro he will be in a country swarming with hippopotami and crocodiles, and a little farther on will strike rhinos, elephants, lions and all sorts of wild beasts. He should write in advance to the authorities of Uganda for licenses and permission to hunt within the limits of that protectorate, and they will undoubtedly send soldiers to meet him on the border, while the Sirdar of the Sudan will give him an escort and all assistance on the upper White Nile. Leaving the ship at Gondokoro he will have to go on mules or on foot to Nimuli, a march of only a few days; and there he will get small boats which will take him to Lake Albert, in the Uganda protectorate. If he wishes, he can be met at Lake Albert by Jiriki-sha from Entebbe; and a couple of weeks will give him time for a leisurely run through the protectorate with chance shots at all sorts of big game.

He will see chimpanzees and colobus monkeys and baboons of all sorts. On the way are great herds of zebras, wild buffaloes and nearly every known type of African antelope. There are also lions, leopards, and the horned and five-horned giraffes. Sir Henry Johnston claims that there are okapi in western Uganda, and I know that lions and leopards are everywhere to be found. There are no restrictions as to hunting lions, and it will be strange if the President, who, as it is understood, is to go with him, do not kill several of the Uganda species.

As to the elephants, they are found all over the country, and a certain number of them may be shot by each sportsman, when properly licensed. The laws, however, prevent the killing of cow elephants and baby elephants, and as a general rule, none of the females of the big game can



THERE ARE THOUSANDS OF GIRAFFES IN BRITISH EAST AFRICA



A PROSPECTIVE "TEDDY LION"

be hunted, killed or captured when accompanied by their young.

The party will meet with many rhinoceroses and will have to be careful to keep to the windward of them. The Uganda rhinoceros is stupid and almost blind, but it can smell like a bloodhound, and it will charge against the wind. I met one man in South Africa who had shot a white rhinoceros. This was in Rhodesia, and I am not sure whether any such are to be found in Uganda. I am told the rhinoceros there is timid and that he will not charge unless he is shot at. The animals go alone and are seldom seen in parties or droves. They are huge beasts with two great horns on their noses. There is a big horn just over the nose rising almost at right angles with the mouth, with a small horn behind it. The longest rhinoceros horn on record measures almost four feet, and some are frequently secured which are from thirty-six to forty-two inches.

About Lake Victoria.
During the trip across Uganda the President will probably visit Mount Elgon, an extinct volcano, about which there is excellent hunting, and will then go to Jinja, where the water of Victoria Nyanza flows out, forming the Nile. At that point the fishing is good and there is good sport shooting the birds, among which is the whale-headed stork. Crossing from there to Kampala, the capital of Uganda, the President will go on to Entebbe and thence sail over the lake to Port Florence, where the Uganda railway ends and whence he can go down into British East Africa.

I have heard from another source that there is some talk of the kaiser visiting

German East Africa at the same time in order to go hunting with the President. The two men have about the same tastes. They are both fairly good shots and the stories of how they have chased the lions or the Rhos have chased them would be read with avidity all over the country. As for myself, I doubt the possibility of the German emperor leaving Europe; but it will be remembered that he has already gone as far as the Mediterranean, and there is no telling what either he or our President will do.

In British East Africa.
Coming back to Port Florence, the President had best go down the Uganda railway to Nairobi, the capital of British East Africa, and make that his headquarters during his hunting in that territory. British East Africa has more big game than any other part of the continent; and so much hunting is done that it is no trouble to outfit or to know where to hunt. There are mercantile firms which make a business of supplying hunting parties, and there are men who will take charge of everything at so much per month or at so much per hunt. The expenses are considerable. I should think it would cost the President \$40 or \$50 per day for every member of his party; and without he has special privileges given him each member will have to pay, in addition, a license of \$250 for the privilege of shooting the big game. Such licenses are now bringing from \$50,000 to \$100,000 a year to the government; and they are looked upon as a live source of revenue. They are paid by the nobility of England and all others who shoot; but it may be that there will be an exception in the case of President Roosevelt.

As to good company, there will be no

trouble about that in British East Africa. There are no end of famous people who hunt there every season, and some of the nobility of England have large estates with game preserves. Lord Delamere, one of these, is a famous shot, and so is Lord Hindlip, who owns tens of thousands of acres in the Rift valley. I have already written of our Pike county millionaire, Mr. William McMillan, formerly of Missouri. He has an estate of 20,000 acres right in the best game region, and his wife now and then goes out and shoots a lion in the back yard. There is a chance to pop over a hippopotamus or a rhinoceros in the garden patch before breakfast, and there are herds of antelopes and zebras on the plantations. Mr. McMillan has an automobile, with which the President might run down the zebras, or, in case of an unsuccessful trouble with a lion, retreat in a masterful way.

Seriously speaking, the big game of British East Africa is numerous and varied beyond description. The Uganda railway, which runs for about 600 miles from the Indian ocean to Lake Victoria right through the country, is lined with antelopes, zebras, gnus and wild ostriches, and one frequently sees giraffes, lions and rhinoceroses from the car windows. There is far more game visible in a ride over that road than the number of cattle and hogs in a journey through the best stock-raising portions of the United States.

Hunting in Rhodesia.
One of the fine hunting grounds still left on the African continent is Barotseland, now known as Northwestern Rhodesia. The President might reach this by going westward through German East Africa, Lake Tanganyika, and thence making his

way down that lake on the small steamers now plying to the southern end. From there he could march overland to the Broken Hill mines, or it may be that the Cape to Cairo railroad will be extended much further north by the time he reaches there.

If he should not care to go further into German East Africa, he can take ship at Dar es Salaam, and go down into the Mozambique Channel, landing at Beira, in Portuguese East Africa. From there two or three days on a good railroad will bring him here to Bulawayo and thence to the Victoria Falls of the Zambesi. These falls are equal to if not greater in beauty than Niagara, and the President should by all means see them. From Victoria the train will take him northward across the Kafue river into Barotseland, when he will be in a game country which affords excellent sport.

I have met the governor of that territory since I came here. He is a celebrated hunter and has killed many lions and rhinoceroses. He tells me that Barotseland has antelope of all kinds, and also many giraffes, zebras, buffaloes, hippopotami, kudus, lions, cheetahs and leopards. There are numerous wild birds, and in the Zambesi and the Kafue there is fairly good fishing.

In northwestern Rhodesia the President may have a chance to hunt native fashion. The negroes there are experts, and they kill all sorts of game, from wild hogs to rhinoceroses. They hunt at the close of the summer, first setting fire to the high grass and burning over the whole country. As the grass sprouts up in the swampy places the game goes there to feed, and the natives lay in wait and shoot it with their bows and arrows or kill it with spears. They also stretch great nets across the paths or drives, into which they chase the game, and when the animals become entangled they rush in and spear them. These nets are made of vines and fiber and are sometimes two miles in length. It will interest the President to see how they shoot lions and leopards by means of traps. The most common lion trap is a noose baited with meat and so arranged that when the lion grabs the meat he is caught by the noose, and in jerking away pulls the trigger of a gun which hangs down from above. The lion is so fixed that when it goes off the beast receives the ball just back of the neck and is killed. In trapping leopards the gun is set at an angle of forty-five degrees, so that the animal is shot through the brain.

FRANK G. CARPENTER.

"A CAMPAIGN PLATFORMS DESIGNED FOR BOARDING HOUSES? SPECIAL CORRESPONDENTS"

JAY THE HOTEL CLERK

By IRWIN S. COBB.

"I WUZ talkin' to Schmaltz today," said the House Detective of the St. Reckless. "He ain't goin' to vote for Bryan this time."

"That's all right," said the Hotel Clerk, "he can vote for Bryan at any time. But what's the matter with Kern of Kokomo, already endeared to the hearts of his countrymen under the name of Who-the's Kern? Kern ought to command the suffrage of every true American that wants to see Indiana turning out something beside historical novelists and Senator Beveridge. He ought to have the undivided and enthusiastic support of every man who believes that the lower end of the human face divine was intended by nature for a hay mow. In short and in fine, Larry—although it's not so short, but is something like fine-cut chewing tobacco, hence the phrase—Kern has a countenance which should win him the vote of the agriculturalist, the naturalist, the explorer, the poet, the worker in textile fabrics, the producer of red timothy and the lover of the mossy southern bank where the honeysuckle grows and the love vine twines in the moisty drip. I repeat, therefore, what's the matter with Kern? He's all right, right?"

"But what's ailing your friend Schmaltz—he's got whiskers of his own, or had 'em the last time I saw him?"

"Schmaltz says he can't stand for the platform," said the House Detective. "He says he don't like it."

"Schmaltz is a liar," said the Hotel Clerk. "He don't know whether he likes it or not, and neither does anybody else except those members of the committee on resolutions that didn't succeed in getting their favorite planks snuck across. A campaign platform, Larry, is something that the party spends from one to two years thinking up, from two to three days writing out and from three to four minutes forgetting. It is designed for the purpose of helping out the allied hotel and boarding house interests in the town where the convention's being held and also to give the special correspondents on the job a chance to say that a great party which has always been able to run as good as second now trembles on the very verge of disruption and will

continue so to tremble until about this time tomorrow afternoon, when the word is expected from Fairview farm, located between Lincoln, Neb., and Washington, D. C., but somewhat closer to Lincoln, that the anti-injunction clause is going to be adopted by unanimous vote or else is not going to be adopted, also by unanimous vote, depending on how the present owner of said Fairview farm premises feels about that after eating his usual hearty dinner.

"I NEVER knew but one man that read a platform all the way through. I think maybe he thought it was something else at the time; or it may have run in the family. He was a full brother to the party that wrote the Lord's Prayer on the back of a two-cent postage stamp and it was his own uncle that spent two years proving the average number of seeds in a Hubbard squash is 2,573. Well, anyway, he read this platform through and it gave him some very, very strong convictions. But unfortunately he didn't get to vote. Election day, about 9 o'clock in the morning, he picked up a most absorbing scientific article on the "Life and Customs of Potato Bugs," and before he could put it down it was dark and the polls had closed. So then he wound up the cat and put the clock out, and spent the night in the anthracite bin after carefully dressing a coal scuttle in an outing flannel nightshirt and putting it to sleep in his own bed. But toward morning he was more or less restless. Did I mention to you that he was inclined to verge on absentmindedness? Well, he was.

"I'll tell you how it is with a platform, Larry. For weeks and months every sage in the party has been spending his time—if I were a humorist, Larry, I'd spell it thyme and couple it with sage and have the stuffings of a good joke—he's been, as I say, putting in long hours thinking up great issues that will strike straight to the heart of the masses. Only if he's a republican sage, he don't. A republican sage gets his issues nice and hot a dozen in a mess, all put up in a box ready to take home, the same as fried oysters, which thought naturally brings in Oyster Day. But be that as it may, a democratic sage has to think up his own issues. He worries himself almost into a state of vocal prostration. His voice

weakens on him until he can hardly speak at a shout. His appetite falls; he can't even muster up energy to go to a lynch in his own neighborhood. So he take up this doctrine or shall he put it on a diet of prepared food and lay it by? Here's one that don't look like it could last through the teething period, and the second summer has been so fatal to so many of our brightest and most promising democratic doctrines! There's Bryan; he's had the worst luck of any parent in the party. I can't think of any of his that's been able to live from one election to another, except one, and that one was a stechnid and its adopted father never seemed to think so much of it, anyhow. I refer, Larry, to the tariff.

"AFTER awhile the sage from Jackson's Purchase or Jackson's Hole or Jacksoncounty, as the case may be, goes to the convention carrying his little three-weeks-old issue in a portable incubator and feeding it on oxygen and the white of an egg; and when he gets there, what does he find? He finds upward of 8,000 other sages that have moved in from the Sage Brush with similar issues, only radically different. Every prominent leader that hasn't been mentioned for Vice President by himself or a close friend is on the ground holding the nursing bottle to the pale, blue lips of a small, young, new, pallid, soft, eternal, imperishable, everlasting-as-the-Rocks-of-Gibraltar issue, called Roxie for short. They have a terrible time; there's the devil and all to pay. For forty-eight hours the committee on resolutions goes sleepless, hungry, and at times almost thirsty. And then, as the saying is, order comes out of chaos, the name part of Order being capably played by Mr. Charles F. Murphy, a leading sage of this place—in fact, I may say, the most leading sage of this place—who hands the New York delegation a green transfer showing them where they get off, and then Sage Guffey of Pennsylvania starts for home sobbing out his sorrow on the sympathetic shoulder of Sage Patrick McCarren of Brooklyn, who also happens to be coming this way by rail, and shortly thereafter the news is flashed to the waiting world that, on motion of Sage Ollie James of Kentucky, the party in convention assembled has just ratified by acclamation, amid unparalleled enthusiasm, one of those platforms that you can climb aboard anywhere, ride as far as you please, enjoy a pleasant nap and drop off at a point that looks almost exactly like the place where you got on."

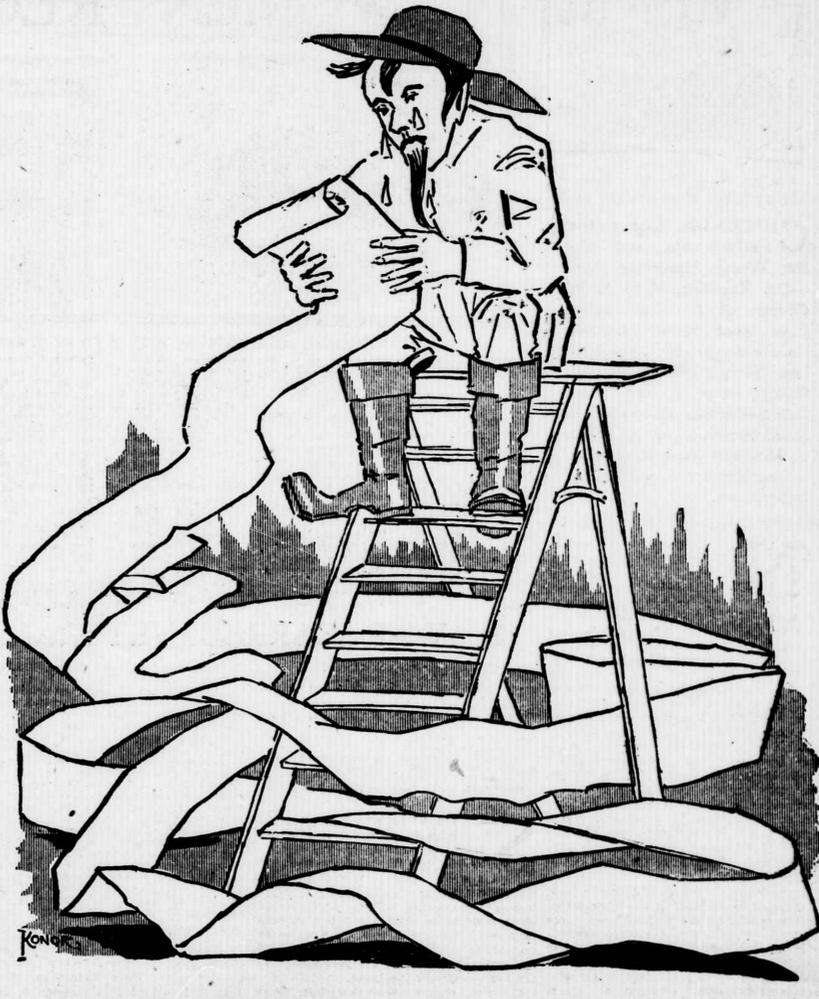
"Who is this here Mister Ollie James that cut so much ice out to Denver?" asked the House Detective.

"He's a grand new device that is now used putting all motions in a national democratic convention," said the Hotel Clerk. "As a puttit he stands without a peer. You use a Jimmy to break a safe, Larry, but a James to break a silence, which is a joke that came to me like a flash, right out of my own head, and a mighty clever conceit at that, when you come to think it over. Ollie James is all right. He comes from that section of Kentucky that has produced the largest live stock. Hippopotamously speaking, he's the noblest Roman of them all.

"HES what you'd call statesmanship in bulk. He measures six feet from tip to tip or from dome to dome, or whichever way is proper to space off a sage that weighs 300 pounds net with his shoes off, and never has a dry thread on him during June, July, August and the first part of September, if the hot weather should happen to hang on. In action his voice could be distinctly heard from here to Staten Island and half way back, and he has a power of orat, seal cadence that would make Old Faithful geyser, out yonder in Yellowstone Park, look like she was tongue-tied. He can put the sixteen-pound motion 175 feet 6 inches at one put and not half try, and when it comes to moving the previous question he's got Matt McGrath and all these other professional hammer throwers hiding in the bleachers. Bryan thinks the world and all of him, and if he's elected he's going to appoint him to fill the chairs of Secretary of State, Secretary of Commerce and Labor, and first, second and third assistant postmaster generals. The other jobs will go to Oklahoma.

"I'll tell you what's the matter with your friend Schmaltz, Larry. He's one of these independent republicans. You never hear of an independent republican. If he was independent he wouldn't be a republican. But independent democrats are scattered around everywhere. Automobiles run over them at night; the weekly periodicals print letters from them in the humor column; the chambermaids sweep them out of republican national headquarters of a morning. Do you happen to know what an independent democrat is, Larry? Well, then, I'll tell you. He's a democrat who's been trying to vote the ticket ever since Hancock ran, and the closest he's been able to get to it was attending a Palmer and Buckner ratification meeting. If it's not the platform, it's the candidate, and if it's not the candidate it's his wife's folks by marriage.

"Well, I always vote her straight," said the House Detective, stoutly. "It ain't the man with me, it's the principle."



"I Never Knew But One Man That Read a Platform All the Way Through—"

"Spoken like a true patriot," said the man on to New York and the regular Hotel Clerk. "No more do I. If we organization relieved me of all responsibility in the matter. The only time I wouldn't vote at all. I remember the hear of my congressman being in Congress is when I hear of him being put out. But on the other hand, we never had a larger acreage of the Richmond Pearson Hobson."