FIRST PHOTOS of ROOSEVELT IN AFRICA

How the Mighty Hunter Visited the Inland Mission And Failed to Avoid the Camera

ROOSEVELT. HIS SON KERMIT— THE MISSIONARIES AND WIVES AND CHILDREN—

FROM Nairobi and Mombasa, in British East Africa, the cable has brought brief news of the "bully time" that Theodore Roosevelt is having in pursuit of big game. New York has chronicled the receipt of baby antelope forwarded alive from the camp of the mighty hunter, and the Smithsonian Institution at Washington has received numerous cases of pelts and bones, relics of the African beasts that fell to the rifles of Colonel Roosevelt and his son Kermit.

But in the news and the trophies there has been a singular absence of photographs of the former president's progress through the dark continent. There is a reason. Kermit Roosevelt is the official photographer of the expedition. There are no newspapermen attached to the party. The pictures taken are the property of the hunters and are not for publication—not yet.

The dearth of pictorial accompaniment to the news of slain lions and charging elephants makes more interesting the receipt in San Francisco of four Roosevelt snapshots taken in Africa. The pictures do not show him in the act of confronting a lion, nor drawing a bead upon the least vulnerable spot of a rhinoceros, but set him forth in a role less strenuous and equally characteristic—feted guest of the common people and a friend of children.

The snapshots were taken at Kijabe by Frederick McKendrick, a missionary at the Inland African mission. Roosevelt was en route to the Sotik district, from Nairobi, after having broken all shooting records on the Kapiti plains. McKendrick is the nephew of a well known Californian lumberman and he sent the pictures to his relative in this city.

The day before reaching Kijabe Roosevelt and Major Mearns rode on the cowcatcher of the train and had an unusual opportunity to view the country. Its possibilities impressed the observant American and he told the East African settlers what a great future they had before them.

At Kijabe 14 American missionaries and their families welcomed the hunter. They did more; they prepared an al fresco spread under the leafless trees of a grove that might find its counterpart in any of the vales of Mill valley. A board floor was laid, canvas was stretched overhead on ropes and poles, and at each end the stars and stripes were flung. Here at a long table the missionaries, their wives and babies, a number of white settlers and four of the Roosevelt party held their feast. A snapshot was taken of the banquet; another of the group that had finished feasting, with one of McKendrick's children on each side of the former president; another of Roosevelt and Director Hurlbut of the Inland mission listening to the native children singing, and, later, a fourth photo was taken of the hunter alone, in front of his tent, from the peak of which flapped an American flag.

Colonel Roosevelt saw something in British East Africa besides big game, and he gave thought to more matters than the bagging of specimens for the Smithsonian Institution. He saw a country of marvelous fertility and great expanse — something different from the accepted idea of jungles and deserts. A few white settlers are striving for a foothold and laying the foundation of a future commonwealth. A few missionaries are working earnestly and with common sense to bring the black natives into the fold of Christianity and to make them useful in the development of the country's resources.

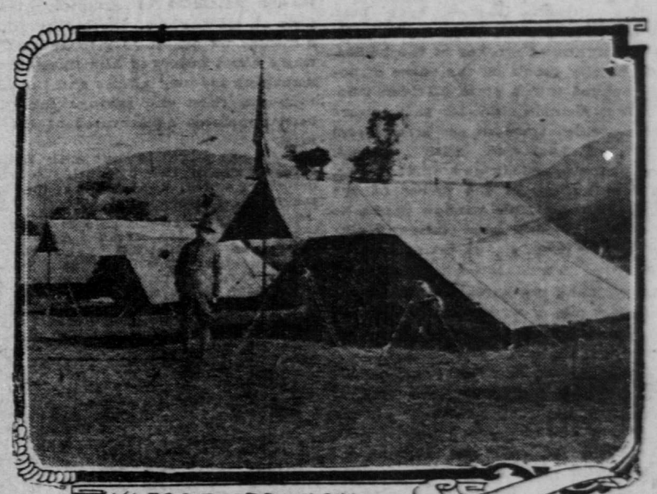
The former American president saw something that reminded him of his own west and his own life on the frontier. Doubtless it gripped the heart strings of him and at the same moment it opened his larger vision to the triumphs ahead of the settlers. At any rate this is what he told the whites in East Africa:

"I am immensely interested in the country and its possibilities as an abode for white men. Very large tracts are fit for a fine population and healthy and prosperous settlements, and it would be a calamity to neglect them. I am convinced that this country has a great agricultural and industrial future, and it is the most attractive playground in the world. It most certainly presents excellent openings for capitalists and ample inducements should be offered them to come here. The home maker and actual settler and not the speculator should be encouraged in making this a white man's country. It is natural that I should have a peculiar good feeling for settlers. They remind me of the men in our west with whom I worked and with whose aspirations I so deeply sympathize."

McKendrick writes that the missionaries were delighted with the visit of the former president and his son. Later Roosevelt returned to Kijabe and laid the cornerstone of a new mission school. That in itself is a feat never performed by any other American president and will last as long in the memory of the Inland mission of British East Africa as does the marvelous marksmanship of Roosevelt and the startling recklessness of his son in the memory of African hunters.

COLONEL ROOSEVELT AND SUPT. HURLBURT LISTENING TO NATIVE CHILDREN SINGING—

EL FRESCO LUNCHEON AT THE INLAND MISSION



KIJABE—BRITISH EAST AFRICA— MR ROOSEVELT IN CAMP—

Some Pointers on Furnaces

PROPER placing of the registers in the rooms as regards the exterior openings, such as windows and doors, after taking into consideration the direction of the prevailing winds in winter and also with some consideration of the length of pipe required in the cellar to reach the riser, is a prime consideration. Badly placed and too small registers account for more than 50 per cent of furnace troubles.

Second, the furnace must be properly placed in the cellar and the pipes leading to the risers must not only be proportioned to the size of the rooms to be supplied, but also to the length of run in the cellar and the amount of rise which can be given them; the longer the run and lower the rise the larger the pipe.

A third item is that the opening which is to supply fresh air, whether taken from the basement or, what is preferable, from the outside, must be of at least three-quarters the capacity of all the pipes leading from the furnace, the other 25 per cent being a rough allowance for the expansion of air brought in cold and raised to 90 or 100 degrees. The cold air duct, preferably a galvanized iron pipe of heavy weight, should be carried above ground, so as to avoid any chance of evaporating any seepage water, but not alongside the furnace, where it may become warm and set up a "back draft."

You will readily appreciate that furnace heating is an art, not a science, and even the most successful occasionally make mistakes.

The Autobiography of a Cotton Stocking

By Lola Davis

YOU want my history? Well, you shall have it, though I am only a "has been," and there are many who will vouch for its truthfulness.

I first experienced conscious existence under the warm sunny skies of Georgia, where I seemed to be imprisoned by soft, green bands that I could almost burst asunder. I felt, though, that the time for my liberation had not arrived. I could not adjust my thoughts sufficiently to decide just where or what I was. I only knew that I lived, that warm, gentle breezes fanned me and rocked my cradle. I waited, convinced that some mighty power controlled my destiny, and that in good time I should develop into a different condition of existence. Then one glorious morning in August my prison bars were riven by the sun's warm rays, under the benign influence of which my whole nature expanded. I seemed to enlarge so rapidly that while rejoicing in my freedom, I deemed it safer to cling a little more securely to my parent stem.

Suddenly a voice was heard exclaiming in a loud tone and alarmingly near to me:

"Look here, Billy, did you ever see a finer blossom of cotton?"

"Cotton! So I am a bunch of cotton," I soliloquized, swelling, puffing and expanding until I felt that I must take wings and fly away. However, no such happiness was in store for me, for I had only enjoyed my new existence a short time, when suddenly a black shape cast its ominous shadow over me for a moment, and before I could cry out the hand of a negro cotton picker closed over me, snatched me ruthlessly from my flower cradle, and regardless of my beauty dumped me unceremoniously into a huge basket, where my identity was entirely lost among the myriads of cotton bunches around me.

Gaspingly I cried, "What is to become of us?" My neighbor, bedrabbled and crushed by the heavy, black hands of the cotton picker, answered faintly:

"I don't know. Some horrible fate perhaps, but keep up your courage, we shall not be kept long in suspense."

The next few days were of unspeakable torment. Such wild, whirling, rushing, plunging baths, hot, cold and medicated, until I thought that the end had come. Life could stand no more. Nevertheless worse tortures followed. The roaring machinery pulled and twisted all that was left of my unfortunate body until I was drawn out into exceedingly fine threads. I was no longer pure and white as when I first saw the sunlight, for I had been ignominiously dipped into dye. "Fast black," I heard a voice exclaim in exultant tones. Then, before I was accustomed to this new environment, I was again caught in the maze of machinery. With resignation I awaited my fate and in a short time I realized that another strange formulative process had overtaken me, and that I was possessed of a dainty shape which I could not describe, and I longed for some means by which I could inspect my new form.

With ineffable peace I found myself lying in a long narrow home. Not alone, for several others, exactly like me in form and color, lay around me, above and below.

During my tempestuous career I had occasionally heard of marvelous things utterly unknown to me, such as "a life partner," "a marriage," "a mate," and I had somehow got the impression that these all indicated imprisonment. Fancy, then, my dismay at finding myself bound, hard and fast, to another. I realized that I, too, had a mate.

This new phase of life bewildered me. We lay undisturbed, only occasionally getting a glimpse of sunlight when our home was rudely jerked from its foundation and strange voices gave us slight clews as to what was transpiring around us. The ominous words that seemed always to portend our disturbance were:

"I'd like a pair of black cotton hose, No. 8." Could this refer to my mate and me? Had we at last discovered our identity? Always, when we heard these words, we were sure to be dragged out from our seclusion, inspected, mauled around, and always, for some unaccountable reason, thrown aside, until one day a pair of soft, white hands held us longer than usual.

"I'll take those. Send them to No. —— Fourth avenue, Sunset district."

Alas! what fate awaits us now? At least, we were going together, but our peace was of short duration. Could it be possible that the soft hands which had held us so kindly a few hours before could now so cruelly tear us apart? I was stretched out of all semblance to symmetry and I longed to know the fate of my companion.

"Look at my new stockings. Aren't they fine?"

"Great! where did you get them?" At the ——"

"How much did they cost?"

"Fifty cents only; very cheap."

Alas! how are the mighty fallen! After all our trials and tribulations, to be worth only 50 cents. My consciousness became suddenly alert, for I realized that beside me was my mate. That we were each surrounding a dainty ankle. This much we discovered from a glance into a full length mirror in my lady's boudoir.

Our former trials sank into insignificance beside what was henceforth to be our lot. We went on picnics, boating parties, dancing, shopping and on hundreds of excursions until, by some strange mishap, I found myself afflicted with a tiny hole in my toe. My shame and chagrin were unspeakable when I was contemptuously tossed into a "darning basket" to wait until I should be "darned." I fancied this must be some frightful operation, for I recalled with terror the voice of my mistress, who occasionally, under great excitement, protested that "she would be darned!" I never seemed quite myself again. I discovered soon enough what a disfiguring process darning is under inexperienced fingers. I longed for quiet, even oblivion.

"I shall spend my vacation at the coast," said my mistress one fair July day, "I'll pack my trunk and be off to the seashore."

No peace for the unfortunate stocking of a happy girl! I was forced to accompany her to the seashore and to participate in many gayeties, getting an occasional rest when some other unfortunate stocking would take my place.

"Are you going in this morning?"

"Yes we are all going in if the tide is right." When I discovered that "going in" meant a plunge and frolic in the waves, my consternation was indescribable; was it my fate to be dragged into the sport, an unwilling victim.

Amidst laughter and jokes that harmonized little with my unhappy state of mind I was whisked down to the water. Such water! Cold does not express it. Even the little foot I covered, performed marvelous gyrations, trying to keep from freezing. As my lady would jump the waves and dive through them in her efforts to have "a good time," I clung to that little foot in desperation.

"Surely this agony can not last much longer," I thought, when oh, horrors! I felt something that had held me tightly and given me courage—something to which I had clung in stark despair—suddenly let go. With each wave I felt myself slowly and surely slipping from my moorings and into the mighty ocean. Only one thing could save me, that my lady should hie herself to shore. But alas! a worse fate befell me. I was cast off, left to perish in the drifting sand which gradually covered me until nothing was left of me to enjoy the light of day but that unfortunate, ungainly darned toe.

As the moon rose high over the sand dunes and beach strewn with ropes of kelp and seaweeds and the waves rolled placidly out upon the sands, almost reaching my burial place, two figures approached hand in hand. Should I be rescued, or engrossed in their happiness would they see only the moonbeams reflected in each other's eyes? No.

The young Adonis who approached spied all that was left of me unburied. Stooping, he deftly dragged me out—perhaps to peace, perhaps to new indignities.

"Why, that is my stocking! I lost it in the surf this morning," said my lady's familiar voice, which I recognized with mingled hope and misgiving. "No, it is mine to keep as a precious souvenir of our summer at the seashore. It shall not be yours again unless you give me your hand. Say, what shall it be—a fair exchange?"

"No," she answered, "put the stocking in your pocket, and here's my hand. I've loved you, been true to you, been jealous of you when you flirted with the other girls. Now you are mine and the stocking is yours." A peculiar, smacking, cracking sound seemed to seal the compact.

My days of anguish are over. I await annihilation under the most favorable surroundings. Quietly laid away in a dainty box, I have for my constant companion a sachet bag of rare perfume. I am a favored guest in the home of my lady. On each anniversary of the day of my rescue from the sands of the beach, I am always tenderly shaken out and given a sun bath, caressed and then laid away once more in peace and quiet which I so often longed for.

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