

ROOSEVELT'S BIG HUNT IN AFRICA ARE ENGLAND'S PEERS DOOMED?

How the Former President Stopped Just in Time the Charge of a Huge Wounded Rhinoceros.

Graphic Pen Picture of the Giraffe as a Striking Feature of the Great African Landscape.

How the Very Existence of the House of Lords Is Jeopardized by the Fight on the British Budget.

What the Budget Is and Taxes That Caused the Trouble—Extraordinary Debate That Has Amazed a Nation.

FOUND HARMON BOOM.

Ex-Governor Glenn Declares Ohlsen Will Run For President.

"Judson Harmon, governor of Ohio, will be the next presidential nominee of the Democratic party, in my judgment," said ex-Governor R. B. Glenn of North Carolina at the Richmond hotel, in Richmond, Va., the other day. "I think he is the best man for the place, and I know from experience, for I came in contact with him as attorney general of the United States when I was federal district attorney in my state. He is an exceptionally able man, and his election as governor on the Democratic ticket in a state which had one of its own sons as the Republican presidential candidate was a remarkable political feat. Everywhere I have been in my tour of the country I found Harmon was the leading candidate."

"I am of the opinion that the south should demand that the next vice-presidential candidate of the Democratic party be a southern man. We do the voting and we ought to be represented on the ticket. I take no stock in the old argument that the placing of a southern man on the ticket would lose it votes in the northern states."

"The war is over, and the people of the north, I believe, will support a southern man as readily as any other. I have been in thirty-seven states of the Union in the past few months, and I have found no sentiment worth noticing against the southern men in national politics. We are accepting the north, and the time has come when it will accept us."

"I am still in politics and expect to take a hand in the next campaign, as I did in the last. Though I have been engaged in other activities, when the time comes I shall renew my work for the party."

TRIBUTE TO GILDER.

Magazine's Appreciation of Poet Who Was Its Editor.

The Century for January in a tribute to the late Richard Watson Gilder, for twenty-eight years its editor in chief, will say:

The keynote of his character was loyalty. This trait pervaded every relation of his life like a sustaining and inspiring atmosphere. To his family and his friends, to his editorial and other business associates, to his social and civic obligations and, not least of all, to his art, which remains his most individual record, he was loyalty itself. Nor was this a weak or blind impulse of goodness; rather it was a discriminating faculty of giving generously what was due to each, based on his delicate sense of proportion and appropriateness. The call of duty was to him imperative, and no man since James Russell Lowell, at whose death he seemed to receive a consecration of civic ardor, has more faithfully held up the highest ideals of American citizenship.

In this work and, in fact, in all the multitude of his philanthropic activities his influence and example have now become a heritage to his country. Another note which runs through his life, his editorial writing and his poetry—a note that deepened with the advance of years—is that of personal responsibility. He felt that institutions were, in the last analysis, merely men and that ours could be preserved only by the virtue and altruism of the individual citizen. The scorn he felt for those who were willfully recreant to their public duties was like that of a soldier for a deserter. His humility and self-effacement gave sincerity to his appeals to the best in every one. He had the kindest sense of noblesse oblige, and in all his spiritual and beautiful verse there is nothing more expressive of the chivalry of his life than these lines, the aspiration of which he embodied in his career:

When to sleep I must
Where my fathers sleep;
When fulfilled the trust,
And the mourners weep;
When, though free from rust,
Sword hath lost its worth—
Let me bring to earth
No dishonored dust.

HUNTING TRIP IN AIRSHIP.

Latham Carried His Gun There and Bag of Game on His Return.

Hubert Latham performed a sensational feat in his monoplane the other day. He was invited by the Marquis de Polignac, president of the committee on aviation, to join in a hunt at Berru, near Rheims, France. Latham went thither from his aviation garage at Mourmelon, a distance of about nineteen miles, in his Antoinette monoplane in just half an hour. He took a double barreled shotgun and a supply of ammunition with him in the aeroplane.

He landed at the Marquis de Polignac's shooting box, breakfasted with the party, took part in the hunt and flew back to Mourmelon four hours later, carrying on the monoplane not only the shotgun, but also the bag of game, mostly pheasants, which he had killed.

Great interest in the feat was shown by the hunting party. The members of it were watching for Latham, and the monoplane was made out while it was still far away. It appeared very small when first seen, but rapidly grew larger and soon was above the heads of the huntsmen. Latham made two circles before he chose a landing place and then came down easily and landed without the slightest trouble. It was almost sunset when he started on his return journey.

IN the December Scribner's ex-President Theodore Roosevelt in his article on "African Game Trails" tells how it feels to have a big rhinoceros charging on one with nothing between one and certain death but a rifle. Describing how he killed the rhinoceros with two shots, he says: "The huge beast was standing in entirely open country, although there were a few scattered trees of no great size at some little distance from him. We left our horses in a dip of the ground and began the approach. I cannot say that we stalked him, for the approach was too easy. The wind blew from him to us, and a rhino's sight is dull. Thirty yards from where he stood was a bush four or five feet high, and, though it was so thin that we could distinctly see him through the leaves, it shielded us from the vision of his small, piglike eyes as we advanced toward it, stooping and in single file, I leading. The big beast stood like an uncouth statue, his hide black in the sunlight. He seemed what he was—a monster surviving over from the world's past, from the days when the beasts of the primeval riot in their strength, before man grew

Plowing up the ground with horn and feet, the great bull rhino, still head toward us, dropped just thirteen paces from where we stood."

In the same article Mr. Roosevelt gives the following interesting picture of the ungainly giraffe as seen in the African wilds:

"Of all the beasts in an African landscape none is more striking than the giraffe. Usually it is found in small parties or in herds of fifteen or twenty or more individuals. Although it will drink regularly if occasion offers, it is able to get along without water for months at a time and frequents by choice the dry plains or else the stretches of open forest where the trees are scattered and ordinarily somewhat stunted. Like the rhinoceros—the ordinary or prehensile lipped rhinoceros—the giraffe is a browsing and not a grazing animal. The leaves, buds and twigs of the mimosa or thorn trees form its customary food. Its extraordinary height enables it to bring into play to the best possible advantage its noteworthy powers of vision, and no animal is harder to approach unseen. Again and again I have made it out. It is a striking looking animal and handsome in its way, but its length of

By JAMES A. EDGERTON.

IS the British house of lords about to be abolished or radically shorn of its power? That is the larger question looming up behind the fight over the budget in England. The warning of Lord Rosebery that the very existence of the upper chamber is in jeopardy was not an idle threat. It was given all the more force by the fact that Rosebery himself is opposed to the budget. He would like to see it defeated, but questions either the right or the policy of the lords to bring about that defeat. He regards the stake as too great. In destroying the budget they destroy themselves. He was ably seconded by Lord Balfour of Burleigh, who in plain English told the peers that if they won in their fight against the budget their victory would be but temporary, while if they lost the defeat would be permanent. They would not only fail in killing the budget, but would end their own power.

In adopting Lord Lansdowne's motion to reject the budget pending an appeal to the nation it is contended that the peers are guilty of a twofold usurpation of power—one against the commons and the other against the king. Since 1888 the exclusive control of financial matters has been in the house of commons. For the lords now to assume the right to reject a financial measure is the first act of usurpation. Lord Lansdowne's motion requires a dissolution of parliament. The right to dissolve parliament, however, belongs to the crown. This is the second act of usurpation.

The Day of Settlement.

The rejection of the budget is not the first offense of the lords. Several

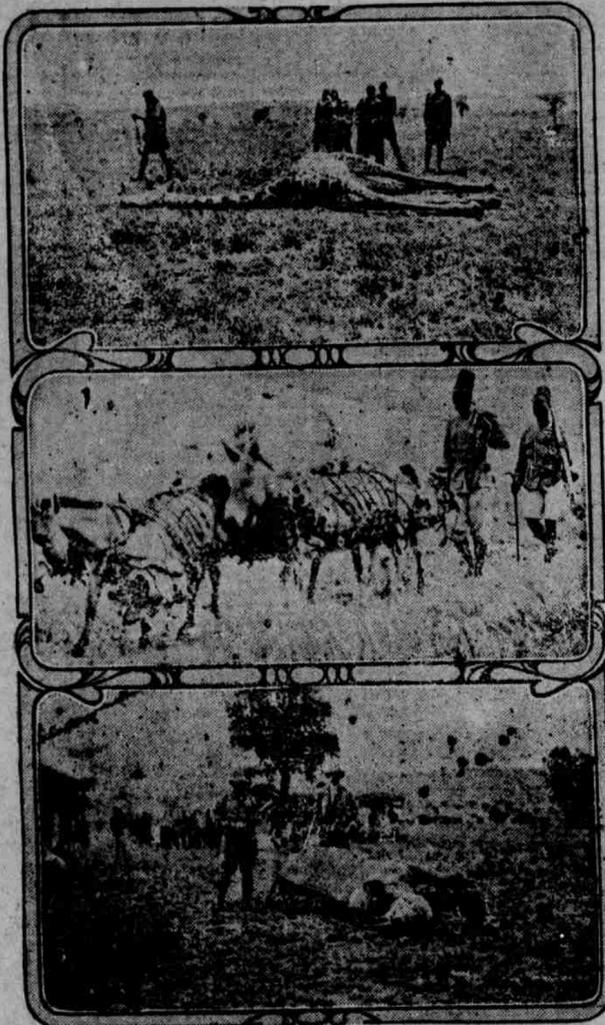
visions in kind; also a considerable tax on liquor. It is the land tax and liquor tax that have caused the trouble.

Lords and Liquor Interests.

In Great Britain the land is largely owned by the lords, and it now transpires that these scions of nobility are financially interested in the liquor concerns. Between the two they get it both ways. They are being hit in the pocketbook, and that is the reason they are usurping a power that no British house of lords has dared assume in more than 200 years. Dare they assume it? This momentous question is now to be answered by the electors of England, Scotland and Ireland.

There are more than 600 peers in the three realms, but ordinarily only a few attend the sessions of parliament. Most of them are never seen within the precincts of the house of lords. They are not only absentee landlords, but absentee legislators. The budget fight, however, brought practically all of them to London. They swarmed out of their castles as the rats swarmed out of Hamelin town at the call of the Pied Piper. Hundreds of strange faces appeared in the upper chamber that never were seen there before and perhaps never will be again. It was the holders of special privilege rushing to the defense when an attack on privilege was threatened.

The ensuing debate is one that will be long remembered in England, though not for its brilliancy. It amazed the nation. To call it a schoolboy affair would be to insult the schools. One minister termed it babyish. Outside of a few men like Rosebery and Balfour, Lord Salisbury and the Earl of Crewe displayed lack of grasp, breadth and



From Scribner's Magazine. Copyright, 1909, by Charles Scribner's Sons.

YOUNG BULL GIRAFFE AND BIG RHINOCEROS SHOT BY MR. ROOSEVELT—GROUP OF SKIN LADEN MULES ON THEIR WAY TO THE RAILROAD.

so cunning of brain and hand as to master them. So little did he dream of our presence that when we were a hundred yards off he actually lay down.

"Walking lightly and with every sense keyed up, we at last reached the bush, and I pushed forward the safety of the double barreled Holland rifle which I was now to use for the first time on big game. As I stepped to one side of the bush so as to get a clear aim, with Slatter following, the rhino saw me and jumped to his feet with the agility of a polo pony. As he rose I put in the right barrel, the bullet going through both lungs. At the same moment he wheeled, the blood spouting from his nostrils, and galloped full on us. Before he could get quite all the way round in his headlong rush to reach us I struck him with my left hand barrel, the bullet entering between the neck and shoulder and piercing his heart. At the same instant Captain Slatter fired, his bullet entering the neck vertebrae.

leg and neck and stooping over to appear awkward even at rest. When alarmed it may go off at a long swinging pace or walk, but if really frightened it strikes into a peculiar gallop or canter. The tail is cocked and twisted, and the huge hind legs are thrown forward well to the outside of the fore legs. The movements seem deliberate, and the giraffe does not appear to be going at a fast pace, but if it has any start a horse must gallop hard to overtake it, or, rather, it will run a mile off when it was pointed out to me, and, looking at it through my glasses, would see that it was gazing steadily at us.

take it. When it starts on this gait the neck may be dropped forward at a sharp angle with the straight line of the deep chest, and the big head is thrust in advance. Giraffes are defenseless things, and, though they may kick at a man who incautiously comes within reach, they are in no way dangerous.



NOTABLE PARTICIPANTS IN ENGLISH BUDGET FIGHT—HOUSE OF LORDS, SCENE OF THE DEBATE.

other reform measures proposed by the present government and passed by the commons have met their death in the upper chamber, just as Gladstone's home rule bill was killed a few years ago. All these things have been allowed to accumulate against the day of wrath. They have not been forgotten. They were kept in abeyance only to be presented as different counts in the indictment when the people of England came to pass judgment on their house of peers. Has the day of settlement finally come?

The British budget is the omnibus financial measure of each year, containing the taxation and revenue provisions. The present one, over which all this fight has been raised, is denounced as socialistic, but the definition is not accurate. The budget is more in line with Henry George's single tax, which is quite another thing from socialism. The single tax, or a modified form of it known as the land tax, has already been adopted in portions of the British empire, notably in New Zealand and Australia. This measure would put it in force in England, Scotland and Ireland. The tax is laid with special emphasis on the "unearned increment"—that is, the value which is put into the land by the community and not by the owner. For example, a man owns a farm near which or on which springs up a city. Because of the city the land increases immensely in value, although the individual owner has contributed nothing to that increase. It is made wholly by the community. This is the unearned increment, and on such social value accruing in future the budget

statesmanlike qualities. It was selfish, personal, sordid. It was the whine of a spoiled boy. When not petulant it was deadly dull. It was an attempt at argument by men unfamiliar with intellectual habits. Yet the spectacle had its educational value. It showed to the British people their so called nobility in its true light. It stripped off the glamour of name and tradition. At the disillusionment the people at first gasped and then laughed.

The Feet of Clay.

That debate doomed the house of lords—if not next year, then in the near future. It revealed these peers of the realm as selfish and allied to the worst elements in the kingdom. It showed them to be not only common clay, but as beneath the average in intelligence and morality. Today English-

men are gathering by the thousand and cheering for the budget and David Lloyd-George, its author, the Welsh schoolteacher who rose to be chancellor of the exchequer. They are singing as the French sang the "Marseillaise" more than a century ago, and the burden of their song is that the land is for the people. Lloyd-George and Winston Churchill are ridiculing the dukes with a sarcasm that is spreading a grin over the three nations. It reminds one of the days when Thomas Paine wrote his "Rights of Man" in defense of the principles of the French revolution, in which he scored the aristocracy in words that ring yet. Paine has been dead a century, but the truths he voiced are the most living things in England.