

The failure of the peach crop is overdue.

This is the time of the year for turning on the electric fan.

Mona Lisa bids fair to rival Charley Ross in the frequency of discovery.

The farmers welcome hot nights, as well as hot days, and also steamy showers.

"Big hats," says a physician, "result in brain fog." If you don't believe it, ask father.

A man in New Jersey was arrested and fined for raising mosquitoes. The war is on in earnest.

It is said that Kaiser Wilhelm chooses his wife's hats. That man isn't afraid of anything.

One way to cure insomnia is to read the history of the alleged war between Italy and Turkey.

An Italian organ grinder is going back home with a fortune of \$50,000. Sometimes crime is highly profitable.

It is reported that one of the war correspondents in Tripoli is dead. The enul probably was too much for him.

The American girl who has fitted an English nobleman evidently would rather be a wife than a financial asset.

Perhaps the modern styles in women's dress were designed to make bathing suits seem modest by comparison.

A Harvard professor says he has discovered a way to restore life. This will arouse the enmity of the undertakers' association.

The manager of a losing baseball team has as hard a job explaining as the husband returning from a late lodge meeting.

Verily, this is a world of wonders. Occasionally we meet a man who owns a motor car, and has not mortgaged his house.

We are doing our best in the fly-swating campaign, but we would be persuaded to waste one healthy swat on the weather man.

The neighbor who runs his phonograph late into the night generally is the fellow who arises at 6 a. m. to run the lawn mower.

"A New York man has been arrested for stealing 1920 collars." Look again and see whether he isn't really a Pittsburg man.

French army aeroplanes are being used to carry ammunition, but it strikes us that they are dangerous enough, even when not loaded.

A Californian has written to his congressman asking for a copy of the Congressional Record. Evidently he is looking for a cure for insomnia.

A noncapsizable boat has been invented by a genius in Norway, but the fool who rocks the boat will find some other method of bursting into print.

A court has decided that it is not unlawful for a man to play poker in his own house. But if he is wise he will not do it unless his wife is away.

Policeman in Berlin shot three burglars without notifying the moving picture man. A mistake of that kind in Paris would have cost him his job.

A French duelist is about as harmless as a chess master, but a French taxicab bandit is not the sort of person one would care to meet in a dark alley.

A Chicago hotel has abolished the register, and the guests sign cards, which are filed out of sight. Thus is passing away another cherished institution.

Brunette in New York wants a divorce because her husband raves in his sleep about "Blondie." Evidently she does not like the color of his affections.

One Chicago man has moved his home by sailing it on the lake. This is another proof that Chicago people have got past the stage where they use their lake exclusively for boiling purposes.

A scientific experimenter has succeeded in producing artificial malaria. Such achievements may be fun for the scientists, but it makes the general public feel very much like the famous protesting frogs.

Another foolish scientist has been heard from. He says kissing is the most dangerous thing in the world. The most dangerous thing in the world is encouraging a man who thinks he has ability as an after-dinner speaker.

A Washington man in support of the term that the "Star-Spangled Banner" is not singable says, "You ought to have heard the house of representatives trying to sing it." Great snakes! What musical composition in classical or ragtime could survive that test?

Students of a New York college have adopted a resolution not to treat one another. If they succeed in keeping this resolution they will make a great gain in moral courage, also in the amount of their spending money.

A New York judge has sent a woman to jail for beating her husband. He deemed it necessary to justify his action by saying that if it had been the husband who did the beating he would have sent him to jail, and he must treat the wife the same way. So an other woman's right is destroyed.

# The IVORY POACHERS of the LADO ENCLAVE

By W. ROBERT FORAN  
COPYRIGHT BY THE HIGHWAY COMPANY

There's a legion that never was listed, That carries no colors or crest, But, split in a thousand detachments, Is breaking the road for the rest.

I WAS trailing ex-President Theodore Roosevelt through Uganda on the last stages of his year's hunting trip in Central Africa, being the only newspaper correspondent to remain in the field out of the small army of them who had set out with him from New York in March, 1909, when my travels took me to the shores of the Albert Nyanza, from which the White Nile obtains its source. Here are the headquarters of the small body of men who are braving all manner of dangers to make a fortune by elephant-hunting in "No Man's Land," as the Lado Enclave territory on the Belgian Congo, bordering on the great River Nile, has been termed.

Many of these men were personally known to me during my residence in British East Africa as a government official. I had acquired a wholesome respect for these hardy and intrepid tamers of the uncivilized sections of the great equatorial hinterland of Central Africa, and what I saw and heard of them at the Albert Nyanza and on the banks of the Nile did not lessen my regard for them as men. Perhaps their calling as elephant-poachers may not have been regular in the eyes of the law, but then there was such an element of danger connected with their work that the offenses of which they were guilty paled before all other considerations, and one is forced to concede to them the possession of the acme of pluck. The freebooter or soldier of fortune is ever a picturesque figure and the Congo poachers amply fill this role.

I had marched one hundred and sixty-five miles across the dreary, swelteringly hot Uganda country, and it was with feelings of extreme relief that I saw the shimmering expanse of the waters of the Albert Nyanza from the rugged hill-tops overlooking Butiaba, the small port on the sandy shore of the lake.

I pitched camp on the site of the recent Roosevelt encampment within one hundred feet of the lake.

I had heard from natives that one of the Congo poachers was in camp at Butiaba, but none of them seemed to know his name and I was at a loss to know who he might be. I remembered that there were a number of men whom I knew intimately poaching in this district, and I wondered whether perchance I was to be given an opportunity of renewing my acquaintance with one of them. Perhaps it might be John Boyes, nicknamed "King of the Kikuyu," or "Kasomola" Bell, the mightiest of elephant-hunters; the Honorable Rupert Craven, brother of Earl Craven; young Quentin Grogan, brother of Captain Ewart S. Grogan of Cape-to-Cairo fame; Pickering, a noted elephant-hunter; Bennett, an ex-engineer of the Nile launches; W. Buckley, a partner of Pickering's; or Pearson, to say nothing of many others whom I had met from time to time. I mention them by their correct names, for they made no secret of their calling and I feel sure that I am not committing any indiscretion by so doing.

Each one of these men has a history, and each and every one of them can tell thrilling tales of his experiences not only in the Congo but also in every other part of Africa.

My interested conjectures as to who the man at Butiaba might be were soon set at rest. It is the custom for all white men in Africa to call on any other white man who may camp in their vicinity, and so it was not long before the "poacher" came to my camp to see me. It proved to be Bennett, the ex-engineer of the Uganda Nile fleet, who had abandoned his professional calling for the more thrilling and lucrative work of shooting elephants for their ivory. For many years he had been in charge of the small steam launch plying between Butiaba and Nimule on the Nile, and during these years he had done much shooting on the banks of the river. His haul of ivory added each year to his small income as a launch engineer, so that it was a bad year indeed when he did not double, nay treble, his paltry salary. He had been with Winston Churchill, when the latter made his trip up the Nile on the government flotilla when inspecting East Africa and Uganda in his official capacity as under secretary of state for the colonies.

This is the story of a man, as told to me on my first night in camp at Butiaba, sitting in my tent beating off the attack of greedy mosquitoes while entertaining Bennett with the aid of my limited supply of whisky. The story was so startling that often I had to pluck myself during its recital to satisfy myself that I was not dreaming of the days of Emin Pasha and Stanley as the result of the association of my surroundings.

I noticed that his hands were badly lacerated. In fact, in a fearful state, and all the time we conversed about generalities I was wondering what had been the cause. Presently the conversation turned to the subject of elephant-shooting, and I asked him how he was progressing with his quest for ivory. I had got him interested now and leaned back in my easy camp-chair to listen.



He said he had just returned from the Congo, where he had been shooting elephants for some months at the back of Mahagi, and that he had been very successful up to a certain point, but then had lost all his hard-gotten ivory and all his effects, owing to an attack from the natives. His subsequent narrative was an enthralling one, and I wish that it were possible for me to reproduce it exactly as he told it to me on that still African night.

"I got on very well with the natives and had got some very fine tusks," he continued. "One day I was out after some elephants, which had been located by the natives for me, and came across four huge tuskers. I fired at the biggest, but only succeeded in mortally wounding it. He charged through the tall elephant grass toward me, with his huge ears outspread and his trunk raised high above his head. He screamed fearfully with rage and pain and the sight was indeed a terrifying one. I fired at point-blank range and again hit him mortally. The elephant continued his charge and one of my native servants failed to get out of his way. The elephant pushed the native to one side with his trunk in passing and the boy fell to the ground without a sound. The elephant fell down dead a short distance away.

"The three remaining elephants were wild with rage and rushed hither and thither, tearing down the trees in all directions as if they had been made of paper, screaming shrilly all the time. It was an anxious moment for me, for I was within fifty feet of them at the time of my first shot. At last they made off across country toward the lake, and I followed them up and succeeded in bagging all three of them in three shots at close range.

"I returned to look for my native servant, thinking that he would be watching over my first tusker. To my astonishment I found the boy lying dead where he had fallen when the elephant bowled him over. I examined him carefully and found that no bones had been fractured, nor was there a mark on his body. He must have died from shock at the terrifying experience.

"On or about December 10th I moved off farther inland after a big herd and camped, leaving my main camp two days behind me. Within a radius of twenty miles of me there were four other white poachers, namely, Pearson, Dickinson, Boyes and Knowles. The natives appeared perfectly friendly to me. On my first night in camp they visited me, dancing and singing round my camp-fire. I suspected no treachery from them; on the contrary they appeared willing to keep me informed of the movements of the elephants and of the Belgian military patrol, which was operating in the district, endeavoring to capture us poachers.

"Next day the same thing happened and I was asked to attend to the leg of one of the tribesmen who had been injured badly in a native brawl. I bathed the wound and was winding a bandage round the wounded leg when I suddenly felt my wrists seized. A rope was quickly cast round my neck, other ropes were fastened round my legs and arms, and I was jerked roughly off the camp-stool on which I was sitting. Then the natives seized my guns, and all my camp equipment was deliberately destroyed before my eyes. A native seized my helmet and insolently paraded before me with it on his own head. I was then beaten savagely across the back of the hands and on the body with sticks. My hands burst open, hurting fearfully, and the sun beat down upon my head with terrific force.

"I was made to march, with my captors jeering at me and subjecting me to awful indignities, for four whole days through the broiling sun until their powerful chief's village was reached. Here the chief came forward and shook me by my wounded and manacled hands, bidding his followers release me. He was a fine-looking old savage, with a very intelligent face, standing over six feet high.



"On the orders of the chief I was offered milk to drink and given a native hut to live in as a prisoner under a strong guard. My food during this time consisted of raw meat and very little of that. After some days of torture, wondering what they intended to do with me, I was halted before the chief and given a public trial. I could understand what they were saying, and it appeared that all, except the chief, were in favor of my death. Fortunately for me, the chief's wishes prevailed and I was released and allowed to return to Mahagi, on my giving a guaranty that I would never again hunt in this district. I was threatened with instant death and torture if I was caught again by them.

"Then began six days' journey through the blazing African sun with all my clothes in rags, no helmet and no hat, no water, and no food except what I could find my way, which was very little, seeing that I had no rifle. All my camp equipment, stores and rifles had been taken away from me and I had lost all my ivory, the result of many months' arduous work in the Congo.

"At last, after days of infinite torture, I reached the camp of a Belgian official near Mahagi, who clothed and fed me, promising me that the natives would be punished. This was indeed kind of him, for it must be remembered that I was a poacher in the Belgian territory and liable to ten years' imprisonment if captured by the Belgians in the act of poaching ivory. I have come to Butiaba to try to get together another outfit and return to the Mahagi district to replace my losses. I am determined to make up my lost time and feel confident that I can do so."

"I wish that I could tell the tale with the unaffected simplicity and nothing-out-of-the-ordinary manner in which Bennett told it to me.

The next day I left by launch for Koba, the first government post on the Nile. Here I found a small village of white elephant-poachers, but all of them were away after ivory in the Congo at the time of my visit. They live on the British side of the Nile and make periodical excursions into the Congo after ivory. The British government allows Congo ivory to pass through its territory on payment of twenty-five per cent custom duty, and in a way this encourages the poachers, for they are allowed to shoot only two, or at most three, elephants each year in East Africa or Uganda, on payment of a \$250 license. In the Congo no license is necessary and they may shoot as many tuskers as they can, without a license, if they can evade being captured by the Belgians or the natives.

Each man takes untold risks when he follows this calling. Not only does he chance ten years' imprisonment in a chain-gang in the interior of the Congo, if caught by the Belgians, but he also takes his life in his hands every time he shoots an elephant, for he crawls into a herd through the fifty or twenty-foot grass, selects the biggest bull and then shoots it at a range of from ten to fifteen yards. No one who has not tried elephant shooting can realize the terrifying aspect of a herd of elephants when you are close to them. They move so silently, and yet each one is capable of crushing the life out of any man who dares disturb their peace.

At Koba I found the houses, made of grass and mud, of John Boyes, the Honorable Rupert Craven, and of Pickering and Buckley. "Kasomola" Bell had given up poaching for the time being, as he had made more than sufficient out of it to satisfy all his desires. Bell is a young Englishman, who has a big estate in England and an annual rental of some \$15,000. He came out to Central Africa seeking adventure in 1902, when only eighteen years of age, and at once turned his attention to elephant-hunting.

I am told that in the last eight years Bell has spent \$100,000 in seeking ivory and has made \$200,000, so that he has cleared one hundred per cent.

John Boyes, alias "King of the Kikuyu," was unfortunately, poaching in the Congo. I should have liked to renew my acquaintance with him, for he is a remarkable character. Boyes was at one time an able-bodied seaman on a merchant vessel and was wrecked, or deserted, I know not which, at Zanzibar, many years previous to my first meeting with him in 1904. He had spent all his time cattle-trading and ivory-hunting in the wilds, and for many years made the territory of the Akikuyu tribe his headquarters. He had become blood-brother to their king, Kinnanjui, and then had made himself virtually their king.

The reason a girl won't let a young man kiss her is because she wants him to.

And would ye partake of harvest's joys, the corn must be sown in spring.—Carlyle.

One always thinks there is a lot of money to be made in any kind of business that he isn't in.

Your working power depends upon your health. Oldfield Tea helps toward keeping it.

A girl expects a man to think her hair naturally curly even when she knows that he knows it isn't.

To keep artificial teeth and bridge-work antiseptically clean and free from odors and disease germs, Paxline Antiseptic is unequalled. At drug-gists, 25c a box or sent postpaid on receipt of price by The Paxton Toilet Co., Boston, Mass.

If a woman can find the style of hat she wants, she can always adjust her head to fit it.

Well Defended.

He whose study is among the shadows and lights of nature has an unsuspected coat of mail defending him among all the turmoil.—Mrs. Oliphant.

FAR BETTER THAN QUININE. Elitz Babek cures malaria where quinine fails, and it can be taken with impunity by old and young.

"I have suffered from malarious fever for several months, getting no relief from quinine and being completely broken down in health. Elitz Babek effected a permanent cure."—William F. Marr.

Elitz Babek, 50 cents, all druggists, or Kloczowski & Co., Washington, D. C.

Ruling Spirit Still Strong.

Mrs. J. L. Story, who has just published a volume of reminiscences, tells of a lady relative who had all her life been arid of damp sheets. When she was dying Mrs. Story entered the room, to find the fireplace barricaded with a large assortment of bed linen. She was having her winding sheet warmed.

"I never have lain in damp bed-clothes while I was alive," said the old lady in a feeble whisper, "and I'm not going to do it when I'm dead."

Singing and the Lungs.

It is well known that singing, like whistling, is a fine exercise for the lungs, and some doctors advise those who fear consumption to go in for singing for this reason.

At the same time they, of course, do not advance the claim that singing alone will save anyone from or cure consumption. Acquire the habit of taking the big deep breath, which is a primary requisite of any kind of singing, bad or good, and the physical joy derived from it will never allow you to relapse into lazy breathing.

Bridegroom Won in "Shower."

Brides-to-be have all kinds of showers, linen showers and cut glass showers; even silk stocking showers, but it remained for Miss Dorothy Everett of New York to inaugurate the fashion of including a prospective bridegroom in a hosiery shower.

She gave one at her home a few days ago for a young couple who are to be married in November. The invitations read: "Silk stocking and silk hose shower." His friends were evidently in the majority, for he received fifty pairs, while his fiancée had to be contented with forty to add to her trousseau.

Where He Drew the Line.

An English earl, lately deceased, who had no family, was notorious for his hatred of children, and on one occasion he engaged as lodge keeper an army pensioner named McKicken. Some few months later McKicken's wife presented him with a son and heir. On learning of the occurrence his lordship rode down to the lodge in a terrible rage.

"I hear," said he to Mr. McKicken, "that your wife has a son."

"Yes, my lord," said the man proudly.

"Well, now, look here, McKicken; when I put you here, it was to open and shut a gate, but by the Lord Harry, not to propagate."

Willing to Oblige.

A story comes from a town where firms advertise to sell fish direct to small purchasers. The glowing advertisements asked for the sending of half a dollar with a list of the varieties of fish preferred. One letter read:

"I want two salmon, a dozen whiting, a dozen fresh herring, some flounders, and if you have them you can add a lobster."

The next day the lady received a letter, which ran:

"Dear Madam: Please send another dime and we will forward the fisherman."—Dallas News.

Hardly the Sunday School Brand.

The young hopeful had secreted some bright buttons in his pocket, which came from the motor car show. When Sunday school was well under way, he took one out and pinned it on his coat, feeling it an ornament. Unfortunately, when the minister came round to speak to the dear children, his near sighted eyes were caught by the color.

"Well, Richard, I see you are wearing some motto, my lad. What does it say?"

"You read it, sir," replied Richard, hanging his head.

"But I cannot see. I haven't my glasses, son. Read it so we can all hear you."

Richard blushed. "It says, sir, 'Ain't it — to the poor?'"—Metropolitan Magazine.

## Whenever You Use Your Back



Use Doan's Kidney Pills. This good remedy cures bad kidneys.

### A TYPICAL CASE—

W. M. Robertson, Warren, Indiana, says: "After ten years' I couldn't get my feet swollen. I had limbo and my kidneys failed. The rheumatic pains were terrible. Doan's Kidney Pills were a life saver for me. They cured every one of my troubles after other medicines failed. I have been well since." Get Doan's at any Drug Store, 50c a Box.

## Doan's Kidney Pills

Love may find a way—but it isn't always able to pay the freight.

Helpmates and soulmates are not always synonymous.

Important! It is that the blood be kept pure. Garfield Tea is big enough for the job.

The man who falls out of an airship probably feels as badly hurt as the one who is thrown out of the political band wagon.

The comfortable and comforting people are those who look upon the bright side of life, gathering its roses and sunshine, and making the most that happens seem the best.—Dorothy Dix.

And Prized Above All.

Other things may be seized by might or purchased with money, but knowledge is to be gained only by effort.—Landor.

Standard of Sanity.

Shakespeare was asked if Hamlet was sane. "As sane as the Fourth of July," he replied.

Two Indispensable Supports.

Of all the dispositions and habits that lead to political prosperity, religion and morality are indispensable supports.—George Washington.

Explanation.

Little—How dare you ask Mrs. Bolton to a one-course luncheon?

Hattie—She won't know it. She's a Fletcherite, and by the time she has finished she'll have to move on to some five o'clock tea.—Harper's Bazar.

And So True, Too.

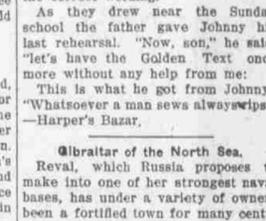
Father was walking to Sunday-school with little Johnny, and endeavoring to improve the time by teaching Johnny his Golden Text, the words of which were: " whatsoever a man soweth, that shall he also reap." Johnny repeated it after his father several times, and seemed to have mastered the correct wording.

As they drew near the Sunday school the father gave Johnny his last rehearsal. "Now, son," he said, "let's have the Golden Text once more without any help from me: 'Whatsoever a man sows always reaps.'"—Harper's Bazar.

Quilrater of the North Sea.

Reval, which Russia proposes to make into one of her strongest naval bases, has under a variety of owners been a fortified town for many centuries. The Danes were the first to occupy and strengthen it to the thirteenth century. Then came the Hanseatic League, which made it one of its leading ports, and then in 1561 it became Swedish territory. Bombardments by the Danes and Russians failed to reduce it, and it was still an important fortress when it surrendered to Peter the Great in 1710, and since then it has been greatly strengthened by Russia. Perched on a hill within a large circling harbor, Reval still retains memories of its checkered history. A year or two ago I found about half a dozen droshkies on the stand in the quiet market place. Between them the drivers chattered in German, Swedish, Russian, French—and one of them could bargain only in the language of Lithuania.

A WELCOME ARRIVAL.



Mr. Collier Down—Intelligence has just reached me.

Mrs. Collier Down—Thank heavens, it has come at last.

## Found Comfort in Books

Great Writers Have Borne Testimony to the Enjoyment of the Printed Volumes.

The opportunity offered for cultivating acquaintance with good books is not the least reason for spending four years in a college atmosphere. In the year 1700 when William and Mary were on the throne of England, James Pierpont selected 11 trustees, nine of whom were graduates of Harvard, who, it is recorded, met at Branford, Conn. Each of these 11 brought a number of books, and laying them on the table, said, "I give these books for the foundation of a college in this colony."

This was the early foundation of Yale. The influence of such foundations upon the ideals of American students has been considerable. Many

a man has discovered in college what Thackeray meant when he wrote to his mother in 1852, "I used, you know, to hanker after parliament, police magistrates, and so forth; but no occupation I can devise is so profitable as that which I have at my hand in that old inkstand." Robert Louis Stevenson—and who can forget him in thinking of books?—said 20 years after his schooldays, "I have really enjoyed this book as I—almost as I used to enjoy books when I was going twenty to twenty-three; and these are

the years for reading. Books," he continued, "were the proper remedy; books of vivid human import, forcing upon the minds of young men the lessons, pleasures, business importance and immediacy of that life in which they stand; books of smiling or heroic temper, to excite or to console."—C. S. Cooper in Century.

Some European countries have about gotten to the point where the people depend wholly upon the ruins and the public offices.—Dallas News.

If there ever is a time when you are justified in fusing,

It is when the summer weather sets your appetite to fusing;

But there isn't any need to risk your soul and shock the neighbors— Tempt your appetite with Toasties and go singing to your labor.

Written by W. J. MUGROVE, Tempe, Ariz.

One of the 80 Jingles for which the Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich., paid \$1000.00 in May.