



GAME BAG AND GUN



Colonel Roosevelt in Africa.

THE annual meeting of the Boone and Crockett Club was held on the evening of Tuesday, Jan. 24, in the Council Chamber of the University Club, in New York. President Wadsworth presided. After the reading of various reports came the election of officers, which resulted in a choice of the officers of the preceding year, except that Winthrop Chanler resigned as Vice-President for New York, his place being taken by Theodore Roosevelt. New members of the Executive Committee elected were E. Hubert Litchfield and Dr. Lewis Rutherford Morris. The report of the Game Preservation Committee was read by J. Walter Wood, who, as a supplementary report, read the announcement about the new antelope

from there, largely through the efforts of Dr. Mearns, Mr. Heller and J. Alden Loring, nearly 9,000 specimens of birds and small mammals, 2,000 specimens of reptiles and fishes, and nearly 1,000 large mammals; in other words, between 11,000 and 12,000 specimens, among which there were many new genera and species. Most people who make expeditions to Africa go there to hunt the big game, and it is the trophies of big game which they bring back with them to the world centers. Few expeditions have been sent out with the idea of collecting the small mammalian life of the region, and so that life has remained largely unknown.

A large number of new rodents, insectivores and small carnivores were found, and good series of many forms were secured. A little mouse, similar in appearance to our white-footed

other species named, absolutely contradict, according to Colonel Roosevelt's observations, the conclusions drawn by Mr. Thayer. The speaker announced his belief that not a few animals and birds are protectively colored, but declined to accept conclusions offered with regard to many African species, as well as with regard to certain American animals, such as the prong-horned antelope. Some questions asked by members threatened to open a general discussion of this subject, for which, of course, there was no time.

Colonel Roosevelt spoke of the arms used on his trip and said that for most of his hunting he used American rifles, taken with him from this side, although friends in England had presented him with a double-barrel rifle of English make. With the army Springfield gun of



BIRDS ON PELICAN ISLAND, INDIAN RIVER, FLORIDA.

herds, printed last week in *FOREST AND STREAM*.

At the close of the meeting, members and guests to the number of about fifty-five sat down to dinner. Mr. Wood offered a resolution expressing the thanks of the club to Major L. M. Brett, First Cavalry, Acting Superintendent of the Yellowstone Park, for the care and interest that he had devoted to the work of capturing the antelope for the new herds. The resolution was unanimously adopted.

At the end of the dinner, the president having rapped for order, said, "It is hardly necessary for me to introduce to you the founder of the club." When the applause had died down, Col. Roosevelt began a long and interesting account of his African trip. The latter part of the address was illustrated by lantern slides of some remarkable pictures taken by Kermit Roosevelt.

After a jocular allusion to the fact that many good people supposed that he delighted only in blood and slaughter, the speaker explained that he had gone to Africa not primarily as a big-game hunter, but as the leader of a scientific expedition which, he believed, had resulted in the greatest single contribution to our knowledge of the life of East Africa that had ever been made. There had been brought back

mouse, was common, and shrews were found abundant under the equator, not alone high up on the mountains, but also down in the lowlands. A diurnal bat, blue and yellow in color, which has the extraordinary habit of hanging on a twig in an acacia tree, dropping down when it sees an insect—swooping after it, in fact, as one of our small flycatchers would swoop—and then returning to its twig or one nearby and hanging itself up again, until some other prey appears.

There were queer big-eared foxes, once thought to be peculiar to South Africa, whose teeth show affinities with long extinct flesh eaters, that wandered about at night and could be taken only by shining their eyes with a light. A great number of interesting observations on the life histories of many small mammals were made by the naturalists connected with the expedition. Only a beginning has as yet been made toward working up these collections, but there is much material available.

Colonel Roosevelt had much to say about the theory of protective coloration, so fully gone into in a recent volume by Abbott H. Thayer. He disagreed wholly with Mr. Thayer's conclusions so far as many of the African large mammals are concerned. The hartebeeste, wildebeeste, zebra, Thompson's gazelle and

small caliber, using full-jacketed, sharp-pointed bullets, he had killed much big game up to the size of the rhino.

The question as to which species of large game is the most dangerous—one over which there has been much discussion and which will probably never be settled—was referred to. From his own limited experience, Colonel Roosevelt is disposed to regard the lion as the most dangerous animal, the buffalo next, the elephant third, and the rhino fourth. He recognized, however, that many men of great experience placed the animals in a different order and spoke a word of warning against the common tendency to generalize from limited experience.

It is always difficult to infer the motive which influences an animal when it runs in a given direction. A beast may often run directly toward the hunter, who imagines it to be charging him, yet it may be unconscious of his presence. He told of being charged by a wounded hippo, but this took place in a narrow bay, the hippo being on the landward side, while the boat was toward the open and deep water, and the speaker could not make up his mind whether the animal was charging the boat, or only trying to escape to the lake.

A recently returned African traveler told of

shooting at a lion which started off immediately across him, apparently not knowing the direction from which the wound was received. The hunter ran forward to intercept the lion, and when he came within plain view of it, the animal turned and rushed toward him and was killed only thirty or forty steps away.

Before turning to his pictures, Colonel Roosevelt paid a warm tribute to Buffalo Jones—who was present—and to the cowboys who had been with him, for their feat of roping and tying an eland, a rhino, a lioness and some other African wild beasts.

The pictures taken by Kermit Roosevelt could only have been made by a young and very daring man; many of them were taken at such close range as to argue great enthusiasm on the part of the photographer and great activity in getting away from the close neighborhood of dangerous animals. The pictures of elephants and rhinos, both black and white, were taken at ranges of twenty-five yards and twenty feet, respectively. No such pictures of elephants, and of course, no such pictures of white rhinos have ever been made. The Dugmore photograph of the charging rhino is, it was said, the only one of a black rhino taken at a shorter range than those made by Kermit Roosevelt of the same species.

The greater number of the pictures had to do with wild animals in their natural surroundings. An exceedingly interesting picture is that of the iguana robbing the nest of a crocodile. The crocodile was on the bank twelve feet below the nest, while the iguana—about four feet long—was visiting the nest, taking out an egg which it carried into the bushes and ate, and then returning for another egg.

Perhaps the most interesting thing told by the speaker was his account of the killing of a lion by a group of Nandi warriors armed with spears. These warriors sent word to the American chieftain that if he would promise not to shoot the lion, they would show him how their people killed it with their spears. Accordingly on a certain day the group of fifty or sixty men armed with spears and ox-hide shields came to the camp, and the white people set out on horseback, to beat up the country and find a lion. They started one, and chasing him on horseback brought him to bay and sat on their horses about him as he lay on the ground under a bush; presently the Nandi warriors appeared trotting along in the distance, their spear heads shining in the sun. The spear has soft metal head four feet long, a hand's breadth in width; this is fastened to a short piece of wood and the butt again is of iron. As they got near to the lion, two men stopped in front of him and the others scattered out, each at a few yards distant from his neighbor, until they had surrounded the beast. Now he began to get angry, rose to his feet, roared furiously and looked from side to side for some way of escape. The men began to close in, making the ring smaller, and the gaps in it less wide. At length, the lion charged fiercely on a man who, holding his shield before him and bracing himself so that all his muscles stood out, held the spear above his shoulder, and as the lion reached it, gave it a slight push forward. The head of the spear entered the animal's chest near its shoulder, flashed through and came out through the flank

on the other side. The beast caught the man with his paws by both arms and sunk his teeth into the top of his shoulder. By that time, two or three other spears from the approaching warriors had pierced the animal and in a few seconds it was dead. It had seized one of the spear heads in its mouth and bent it into horseshoe form. The whole attack hardly lasted ten seconds, but they were moving seconds. The Masai warriors, we are told, consider that two of them are good for a lion.

Colonel Roosevelt was followed by Colonel C. J. Jones, commonly known as Buffalo Jones, who talked interestingly about the moving pictures which he showed. He had taken to Africa two or three cowpunchers and ten thoroughly trained cow horses, and there performed the great feat of roping wild animals as already described. The pictures showed what might well enough have been a lot of cowpunchers riding in the high country of Wyoming or Utah—so greatly do the East African plains resemble that country in general character. Horses, saddles, ropes and men, all reminded one of the cattle country, except that the men wore the helmet, so necessary under the equator. The pictures showed the capture of a number of different animals, including eland, giraffe, wart-hog, cheetah, rhino and a lioness. They were of great interest, but the pictures of the wart-hog and of the rhino were much more effective than the others.

At the conclusion of these pictures, a vote of thanks to Colonel Jones was passed by the club.

Book Exchange.

AMONG the readers of *FOREST AND STREAM* there are many who are interested in old out-of-print and rare books on sport, travel, exploration and kindred subjects, and frequent letters are received at the office ordering such books.

In the very nature of the case, however, these cannot be supplied on order, and it often takes months of search to secure copies, by which time the person who ordered them may have forgotten all about the matter. Within a few weeks we have received from readers and from dealers a dozen orders for a supposed book called "A Boy in Indian Camps," which orders were called forth by an article printed not long ago in *FOREST AND STREAM*, describing a book published in 1850 and long out of print. Such books as Dodge's "Plains of the Great West," "Hunting Grounds of the West," Elliott's "Carolina Sports," Palliser's little book on Western hunting and others are often sought for.

These volumes and others like them contain a world of vivid interesting description of life in the open, as it was from forty to sixty years ago, and furnish most delightful reading. On the other hand, because they are scarce, they are costly by comparison with the ordinary outdoor book, which has just been published and stands in numbers on the shelves of the book seller.

No doubt there are many of our readers who possess these old books, and others who would be glad to possess them, and we are, therefore, making a special place in our advertising columns, which may be called a book exchange, where those who wish to purchase, sell or exchange second hand books may ask for what they need, or offer what they have.

'Cross Country in Florida.

ON the first day of the open season, Nov. 1, Will and I left the city about sunrise on a few days' cross-country quail hunt. We did not expect to do much hunting the first day, so left with but one dog, old Pete, a brown and white pointer; for that night we were to stop with a friend who lived about twenty miles from town, who had a couple of young dogs belonging to Will, besides several of his own. As Charley was to join us on the trip there was to be no scarcity of dogs after reaching his place.

About eight miles from the city we left the country road and struck out through the woods to the southwest, as we wished to do a little hunting before striking the ford at Thomas' Swamp. It was after leaving the country road that we noticed the effects of the West India hurricane that had swept over the State a few days previously. Down timber gave us more or less trouble, and it was about noon when we reached the ford. This used to be an ugly piece of fording, as I discovered some years ago while crossing during a stage of high water, but of late years the sand has washed over the roadway and filled the holes, so we got across without taking in any water.

Leaving the swamp behind, we drove up onto an oak ridge, on the crest of which, under the overhanging branches of several large oak trees, stood an old log church. Two years before, when Will and I passed over this ridge on our way to the St. Mary's River we found a covey of birds near the old church, so we decided to feed the horses, eat lunch and try to locate a covey.

Old Pete was along on our former trip, and evidently remembered about finding the birds, for while we were busy with the horses he disappeared. The east slope of the ridge was covered with a dense growth of black-jack, and as there had been but little cool weather, they were still in leaf, making it impossible to see further than a short distance in any direction. Taking our guns we separated and beat back and forth across the ridge, and it was not long before Will signalled that he had found the dog. When I reached him Pete was holding his point, but his actions told us as plain as words that the birds were scattering. At a word from Will the old dog crouched with belly to ground and started to circle the birds so they would bunch again, but we had been too long in finding him, and before he had more than half completed his round-up a portion of the covey flushed, followed by the balance. The birds flew in every direction, some coming back over our heads. I made a clean miss with my right, but managed to score with the left. Will got in but one shot, but failed to score. We were unable to mark down a single bird, but by working back and forth across the ridge Pete picked up four singles, Will bringing down two, while I made a kill and a miss.

Going back to the wagon, we ate lunch and enjoyed a smoke while the horses were cleaning up their feed. Figuring that we were within five or six miles of our friend's house, we decided to leave the road and hunt the ridges for a few miles. It was good looking bird country we passed over, but the day had turned off warm, and as Pete is beginning to feel the effects of old age and hard hunting, we took it