

MAY 1910

The
BARRED GATEWAY*By*

JOHN L. MATHEWS

Author of

"REMAKING THE MISSISSIPPI"

JIMMY BALL was a drummer who used to visit our town regularly once a month. He stood in front of the post-office one day and read for the third or fourth time a brief letter from his employer which he had just received.

"If that ain't just like the blame old tightwad," he said, and read it again:

Dear Sir: I note in your last expense account an item of \$3.18 for ten telegrams. Please report in detail net returns to us on this item.

That was, indeed, just like Jimmy's "Old Man." He had a way of singling out little, unimportant items from a big expense bill and demanding to know precisely how they redounded to the benefit of his business.

This habit of the "Old Man's" was tiresome to Jimmy Ball; but it was a pretty good thing for the "Old Man," since it assured in the end that the money he paid out accomplished its real purpose. It is a good habit for all of us to acquire, and it would not be a bad idea to apply it once in a while to our national expenditures. We trust the government employees at Washington to handle with care the many appropriations which are made by Congress for their disposal; and we look at the annual report of each department, when it comes along, with an easy feeling that the bulk of the money has been well and

wisely spent. Such an attitude, however, would never suit Jimmy Ball's Old Man.

He would pick up, for example, the annual report of the Chief of Engineers of the War Department, and, running through its pages, where total expenditures of nearly \$500,000,000 are accounted for, would find some small and unimportant item like this:

"Bridgeport, Connecticut; improving harbor, total to date, \$623,400."

The Old Man would look at that thoughtfully for a few minutes, purse his lips, and then reach for his bristly stub pen, and write:

MAJOR HARRY TAYLOR, U. S. Engineer, Bridgeport, Connecticut.

Dear Sir: I see your department has us, the people, charged with \$623,400 for harbor work at Bridgeport. Please make a detailed statement showing exactly how that expenditure improves business or is otherwise justified by returns.

What would Major Taylor reply? Try it yourself and see. The chances are he would report that for this sum we have deepened the two-foot Pequonnock River to fifteen feet, dredged an eighteen-foot anchorage, and so made a channel by which ships can come from Long Island Sound to Bridgeport waterfront.

That answer would satisfy you, or me, because we do not know enough about harbor business to judge what we ought to receive.

HIS SULKINESS, THE RHINO

By A. RADCLYFFE DUGMORE, F. R. G. S. *

Author of "Camera Adventures in the African Wilds," etc.

With Photographic Illustrations by The Author

VIEWED from any angle, the average, everyday rhinoceros looms up in brute creation as the symbol of a grouch. Moreover, he not only looks it, but he seems to feel it, too. It is ingrained and perennial. Morning, noon, and night, he works his temper overtime. He is ill humor incarnate.

Some persons affect to laugh when first they see our friend. In fact, so did I. It was out in the open of the Olgerei country, in British East Africa, down below Nairobi; and what I first beheld was a kind of mammoth pig, a sort of monstrous survival from the hazily remote primeval past. Indeed, I grinned; for here stood His Sulkiness, a fat-barreled, dirty gray creature, poised stodgily on short, ridiculous legs, and poring on the world about him with a surly rancor.

There was no mistaking that expression. The beast's small, wicked eyes winked in a head that was at once formidable and grotesque. One remarked particularly the look of those ugly little orbs. Behind their sour, fretful dullness burned another light, an evil, menacing glow, which, however comical our friend might seem at a distance, one saw at closer range with anything but placidity.

In my opinion, the head is the most extraordinary thing about the rhino. It is grotesque because of a size out of proportion to the remainder of the body. Then there are the erect, stubby ears; the prehensile upper lip, curiously long and pointed; and the strangely placed horns, which vary anywhere from a few inches to three and a half feet in length. At first sight, they seem grotesque like the rest of him, and superfluous, unless, perhaps, their use be to help him root around like a porker in an orchard. And they are curious, too, in being built entirely of hair tightly compressed by its growth.

On near acquaintance, however, one discerns their grim utility. At the charge, our

friend stubs his head downward close to earth, whereupon the horn projects straight forward like a sword. In this position, the accomplished rhino is able to skewer a man, for example, as readily as one drives a needle through a ball of worsted. And, as his head goes down, his tail sticks out. This is about two feet long, piglike, and bare save for a wiry tassel at the tip, and in all cases is flown as a battle signal when going into action. Since the rhino averages two tons and more, his charge lacks little of impressiveness. His grotesqueness is not then his most noticeable quality.

But how about his disposition? Some say, you understand—I among them—that our friend is an ugly customer. Our school holds that the gentleman always is looking for trouble, that he hunts it without provocation, and that he will charge at sight, at sound, or at a smell. I believe so, because I have seen him do it. However, the rhino's disposition varies with the locality and even with individuals of a given region. In this respect, he is like all other animals, like man as well. I have seen the rhino run at sight of an enemy; I have seen him stand his ground impassively, charging only when he was provoked. And, also, I have seen him rush forward voluntarily, ready to give battle to all within his reach.

On the other hand, hear what Selous, the great African hunter, has to say: "I have never known an instance of one not immediately running off on getting my wind."

Gordon-Cumming makes practically the same statement, yet I, with my small experience of five months in Africa, can tell stories of not one charge, but many charges. And, mind you, I fully appreciate the difference between *charging* and *investigating*. I have witnessed both.

Now, my only object in going after the rhino was to take his photograph. Shooting was our last resort, our recourse solely for self-defense. Naturally, with only pictures in view, it is clear why we got so close to the

* Mr. Dugmore, who is a specialist in wild-animal photography, has recently returned from an expedition to Africa in search of big game. His story of photographing the lion was published in the March number.

dangerous brutes, why we let them get so close to us. For the man who is out to slaughter only, there is no object in approaching nearer than a hundred yards. At that range, even a rhino should not be considered dangerous; and, armed with a rifle and sufficient nerve, at half the distance the odds are still greatly in favor of the man. But when one walks up to the rhino, or allows the rhino to extend the intimacy himself, the conditions seem to be reversed. One, in particular, arrived within fourteen paces of me before I snapped the shutter. And I very promptly decided to change my position.

For our friend is a very nimble fellow when once he makes up his mind. In spite of his apparent clumsiness, his bulk, and his bundling gait, he has the speed of the average horse and an agility really astonishing. Per-

haps the reason hunters are safer than photographers is that the rhino's eyes are wanting in acuteness; he can see distinctly for only limited distances, say a hundred yards at the best. But whatever he lacks in sight, he more than makes up in the keenness of his hearing and his sense of smell.

All this we—James L. Clark, formerly of the American Museum of Natural History, and I—learned by experience. When but a mile or so from camp, one day, we made out two of the big brutes snoozing in the shadow of a thorn bush. One was a full-sized cow; the other was a calf almost fully grown. Each of the two was provided with the usual retinue of tick birds, spry fellows that not only rid their hosts of insect pests, but, at the same time, stand a pretty vigilant watch. With a due regard for the wind, however, we man-



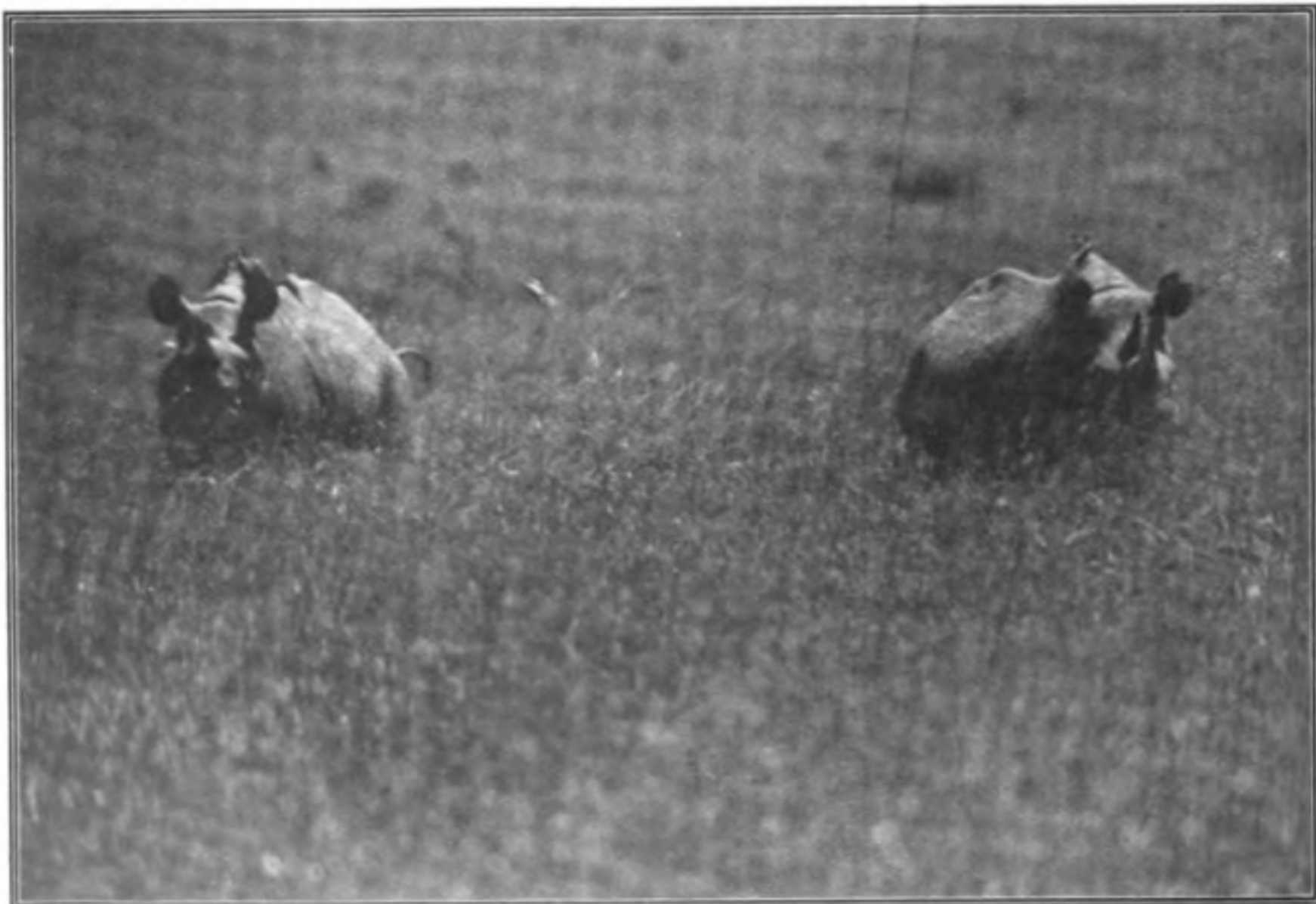
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A RHINOCEROS IN THE ACT OF CHARGING. THE BIG BEAST LOOKED LIKE AN APPROACHING EXPRESS TRAIN, AS THE PICTURE WAS MADE WHEN HE WAS ONLY FIFTEEN YARDS AWAY.



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THIS LARGE RHINO, DISTURBED WHILE ASLEEP, CHARGED THREE OF OUR PARTY IN TURN. HE RECEIVED A CHARGE OF BUCK SHOT, A SOFT BALL FROM A SHOT GUN, SIX REVOLVER SHOTS, AND AN EIGHTEEN-INCH SPEAR THRUST—YET HE GOT AWAY.



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A COW AND CALF RHINO DEBATING WHETHER OR NOT TO COME FOR US. A MOMENT LATER THEY CHARGED, AND CLARK WAS FORCED TO SHOOT ONE WHEN THEY GOT WITHIN TWELVE YARDS OF US.

aged to stalk unseen the cow and calf until we were within forty yards of them. Then the birds discovered us, and, with their jarring cries of alarm, gave warning that a foe approached.

We saw the two move in suspicion. As they could not smell us, their next effort was to locate us by sight. While they were doing this, I snapped the shutter, and at the sound they broke into instant action. They stuck out their heads and came for us without doubt or hesitation; and such was their impulsive haste that they were within twelve yards of us before I had the shutter reset and ready.

It was not a time for palaver. Clark, not daring to let them get any nearer, let fly with

our recent experience, we decided for a go, especially since one of them had a very fair horn. We also decided we must use extreme care in our stalk, because, though the wind was in our favor, we should have to cross a bare, open stretch of ground, utterly lacking in cover.

At the outset, the stalk seemed rather hopeless. For we innocently believed that the two would see us and instantly take to their heels. We were crawling along as quietly as possible, when we suddenly discovered a third rhino almost directly down wind, and only a little more than a hundred yards away. A few steps farther, and the wind would have given him our scent—a hint the gentleman would possibly hail by



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AS ONE OF TWO BIG BRUTES WE WERE STALKING STOOD OUTLINED AGAINST THE SKYLINE, I SNAPPED THE CAMERA ON HIM. ON HIS BACK MAY BE SEEN A NUMBER OF HIS FRIENDS, THE TICK BIRDS.

the rifle at the cow, and struck her a glancing blow on the shoulder. Though not a mortal wound, it proved effective in turning her; and, with the calf tagging at her heels, she bundled away in the distance. As it was our first really intimate view of a wild rhino, the experience was hardly reassuring. However, the day was young yet, and, as events were to prove, we had made a mere beginning.

A mile farther on, two other rhinos came into view. They were feeding on a hillside several hundred yards away, a pair of hulking, full-grown brutes, splendid specimens of their kind. Though still a little shaky after

charging upon us full tilt. This would have placed us between two fires, between him and the other two, in case they did not run; and, hardly relishing the idea, we turned and crawled the other way. Once out of range of his nose, however, we turned, and with the telephoto lens I took a number of pictures at long range.

In the midst of this, we were delighted to see the old boy get ready for his noonday nap. First of all, he began turning in his tracks just as a dog will do, sniffing at the ground about him. Then, when he had made sure it was to his liking, he finally laid himself

down. Nothing could have been more satisfactory, and, exercising every caution, we moved forward until we were within twenty yards of the huge, unconscious slumberer. Our hearts were beating as if to break when we stood up and gazed at him, for we fully expected a sudden and dangerous charge. Clark, who stood beside me, held the big rifle ready for instant use, while I trained the camera on our friend. For some seconds—they seemed like hours then—we stood absolutely quiet, making no sound, though we trembled with excitement. The rhino, however, still slept on, breathing as peacefully, though not quite so beautifully, as a

if the beast were ready to step on me. When I thought he was about to stick his horn through camera and all, I released the shutter's catch and there I had him! His is the picture displayed on page 625.

The click of the shutter was the signal for Clark to do his part. At the moment, as the portrait shows, our friend was aimed head on toward us. But Clark fired—rather gladly, too—and at the shock of the bullet the rhino turned aside. He was so close, however, that, though he sheered off abruptly, he passed not more than a dozen feet away.

In my mind, there is absolutely no question



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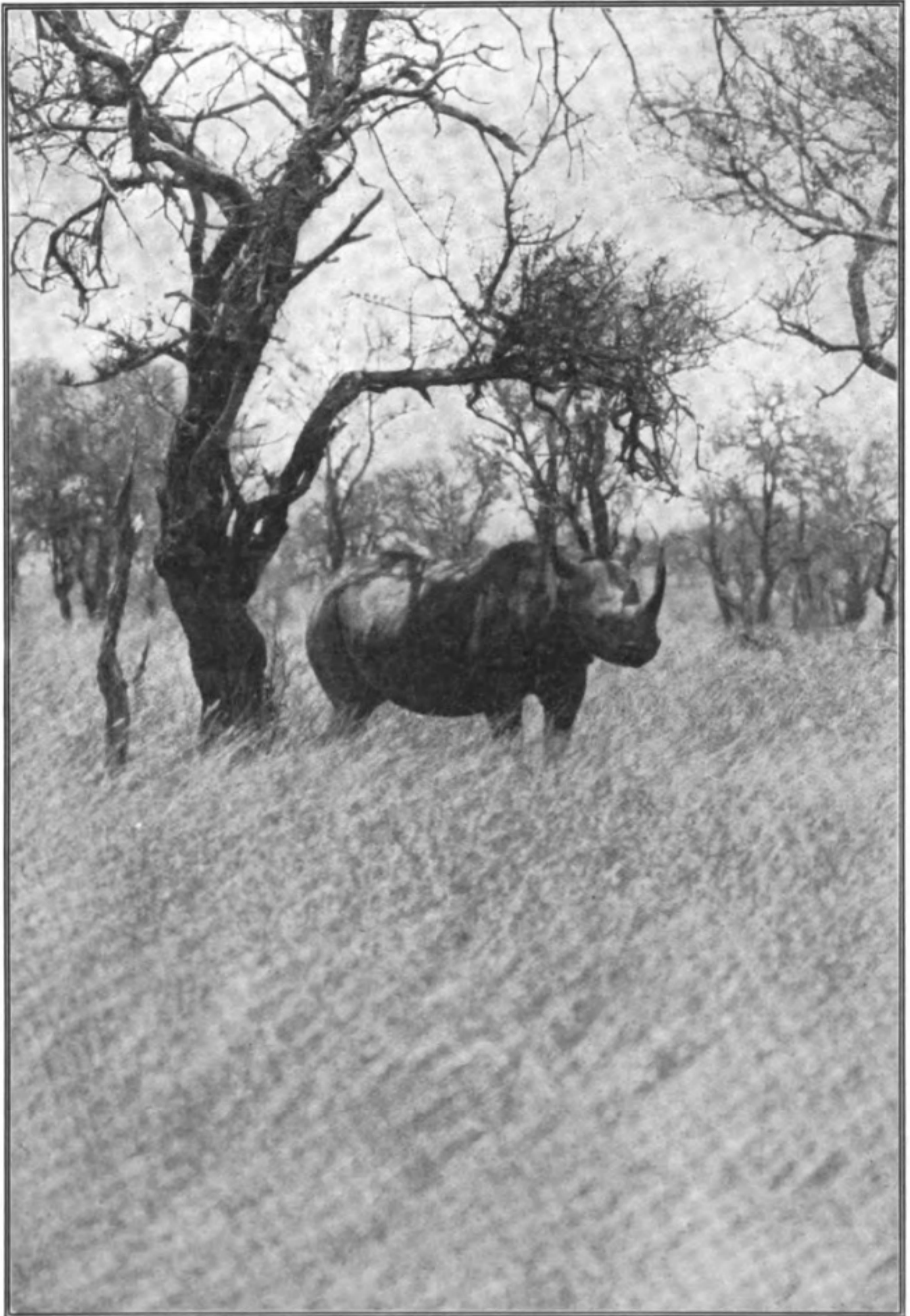
TELEPHOTOGRAPH OF A PAIR OF RHINOS, TAKEN A MOMENT BEFORE THEY CAME FOR US.

child, and utterly oblivious of the presence of his enemy, man. Then, when we could endure the suspense no longer, I called aloud to him: "Come on there!"

Never was an order more promptly and explicitly obeyed. At the sound of my voice, he was up like a flash. One look showed him where we stood; he emitted a petulant snort, raised his waving tail, and—*came!* To stand and focus the lens upon him was not so easy as it sounds. If you have ever by chance stood directly in front of an oncoming express, you can imagine a part of the feeling. On the big brute came; bigger and bigger he grew on the camera's ground-glass screen. I dared not remove my eyes from it for fear of losing the focus; and so I stood until it seemed as

that the brute intended trouble. At the sound of my voice, he had plunged straight toward us, his horn brandished for the charge, and he had kept on coming up to the moment when the bullet turned him. After he had gone, Clark and I sat down to cool off, to give ourselves a chance to breathe, to calm our throbbing hearts. Afterward, though we still quaked inwardly, we took a look around us and continued our original stalk.

Alarmed by our shot, the two other brutes were slowly making off. Now, however, everything appeared in our favor. The wind was right; we could move across the open rapidly and without noise; and before long we got near enough to the pair to work the telephoto.



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THIS RHINO—A FINE FEMALE—WATCHED ME AT ABOUT FORTY YARDS' DISTANCE FOR SOME MINUTES, WHILE I TOOK SEVERAL PHOTOGRAPHS, EVEN ALLOWING ME TIME TO CHANGE THE LENS SO THAT I MIGHT OBTAIN DIFFERENT KINDS OF PICTURES. WHEN I TRIED TO APPROACH HER, SHE BOLTED.

One of the big brutes stood outlined against the skyline, so I snapped the camera on him. At the click of the shutter, both looked steadily in our direction, when, to our astonishment, not to say discomfort, they promptly headed in our direction. At first, it was at a slow trot, as though only to investigate. Once or twice they stopped, peered toward us intently, and then came on again. Presently, however, the two seemed to realize what we were, whereupon, in fine accord, they charged.

At a distance of twenty-five yards, Clark let go with the rifle. The bullet caught the foremost in the shoulder, yet without the slightest effect. Together the pair came on. In the meanwhile, I'd found no time to remove the telephoto lens, with the result that, though I got several pictures, they were rather unsatisfactory. Now, besides, the time had passed for photography. Drastic measures were required if we wished to turn the beasts. So Clark, without wasting further ammunition in trying to scare them off, aimed deliberately at the foremost, and with a shot bowled it over like a rabbit. Instantly the other turned and made off, whereupon Clark and I drew our breath again, and once more sat down to recuperate. Each of us felt sorry we'd had to kill the wretched animal, but, after reviewing the circumstances, we agreed that it was a case of its life or ours.

We had thus far encountered in a single morning no less than five separate rhinos. One and all had come for us with definite aim to make trouble. In each case, moreover, the attack had been unprovoked.

Generally speaking, I feel disposed to discredit the stories of unprovoked assault by creatures of the wild. Experience has taught me that such tales are usually gross exaggerations, resulting either from the author's desire to plume himself, or from the effort to excuse himself for having killed the brute. But in this case, the thing had happened. We were charged, and charged desperately, and without any cause whatever.

In these instances each rhino had apparently seen us. But let me give you another experience.

On one occasion, we passed one of the brutes while he was feeding several hundred yards away. For some reason, the creature left his ground a few minutes after we had passed, and bundled across our trail. Instantly he became excited. We could hear him snort, we could see him lash himself into

a raging, towering fury. Dropping his head, he charged defiantly, deliberately, ranging up the wind until he had overrun the scent. Finding nothing on which to vent his senseless spleen, he turned and charged back again, only to wheel around and repeat the maneuver. Indeed, he did it several times in succession, so no doubt was left to us that, had we come within range of his wicked little eyes, he would have promptly wreaked this anger on our innocent party.

Now, what's the explanation? It seems to me that the only conclusion possible is that our friend *is* a persistent and ugly grouch, a fellow who, at the slightest provocation, is bent on running amuck.

All this happened, however, in the Olgerei country. Our experiences elsewhere were the opposite—or at least in the case of any rhino we ourselves had not provoked.

In fact, the rhino elsewhere might have been a totally different animal from the ones we had first encountered. So great was their timidity, indeed, that we were seldom able to get near enough to photograph. One view of the enemy, and off they went.

In the region south of the Tana River, I came across a herd of five. Clark was not with me at the time, and, as I was armed with only a small bore .275, I had some trepidation in tackling them. While I was debating, the animals became suspicious. They had probably heard me, and they began to move about. Convinced that trouble was brewing, my camera-bearer and I made for the nearest tree, so that, if necessary, we might climb out of the way of danger. Meanwhile, the animals themselves began to debate the question.

It was very comical. After sniffing the air in every direction, the five drew together, and began rubbing noses as if in consultation. After this preliminary, one of the largest was apparently told off to investigate. At all events, this individual, which chanced to be a female, approached down wind to a point about forty yards from where I stood with the camera. A few stops more would have given her our wind, so I hastily snapped the shutter.

At the sound, she stopped instantly, watched for a moment, and again walked on. A few yards farther, she stopped once more, when I took several pictures in succession. As she still remained, I thought it worth while to try to get a little closer; but this was too much for her patience. Turning tail, she

trotted back to the other four, when the entire herd departed, somewhat to my relief.

After this, we saw many other rhinos, yet with but a single exception they gave a wide berth to Clark and me. Our porters, however, while on the march, were twice

have rushed headlong through the line only in the effort to get away.

Nevertheless, the rhino is, as I say, an illuminating emblem of the grouch. Between him, the elephant, the buffalo, and the big cat lies the distinction of being the most danger-



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THIS RHINO—ONE OF FIVE—WAS SENT TO INVESTIGATE US. NOT WISHING HER TO GET MY SCENT, I TOOK THE PHOTOGRAPH BEFORE SHE GOT DOWN WIND, AND THE SOUND OF THE SHUTTER STOPPED HER.

charged by the brutes, though each took to its heels when our *askaris* fired.

But usually, stories of caravans attacked by rhinos should be taken with a grain of salt. It happens sometimes, of course, but, so far as I have seen, the attacks of the beasts are confined to charging one or two individuals. On the rare occasions when they go at a body of men, it is probably because they have lost their heads at the sight or sound or smell, and

ous animal in Africa. Which of the four is destined to bear the palm, I prefer to leave to the decision of others. I have given here only my own impressions, and these, as you must understand, are of the black rhinoceros alone. To-day, he is rapidly disappearing. He will probably be among the first of the African animals to become extinct. Only the most extraordinary measures can save him and his grouch.