

VOLUME XXII

NUMBER ONE

THE NATIONAL GEOGRAPHIC MAGAZINE

JANUARY, 1911

11 Feb. 14, 1912

Revised for Title

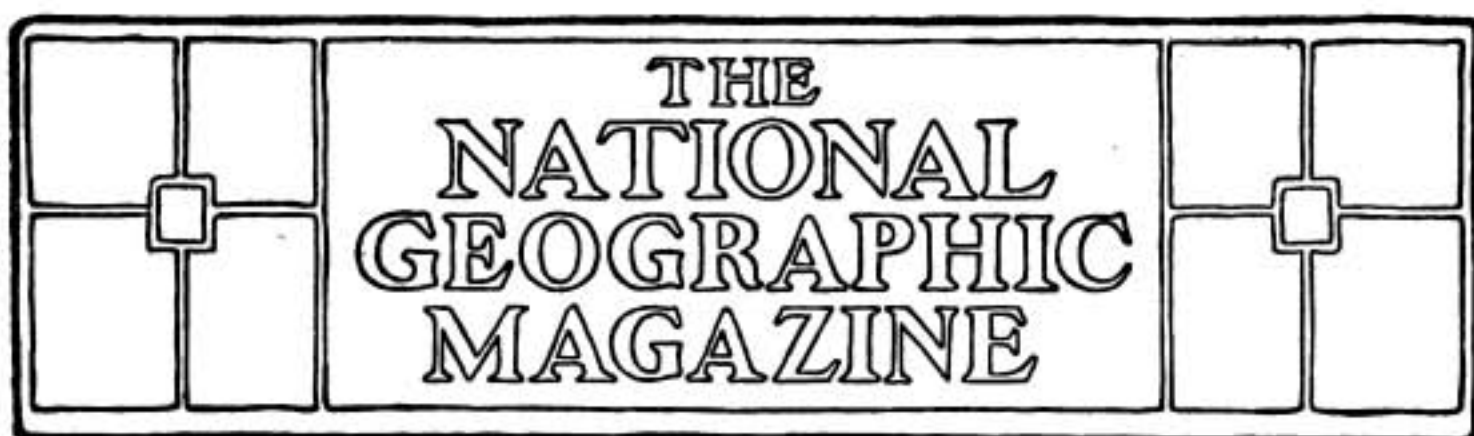
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PUBLISHED BY THE
NATIONAL GEOGRAPHIC SOCIETY
HUBBARD MEMORIAL HALL
WASHINGTON, D.C.

\$2.50 A YEAR

25¢ A COPY

P. Greenleaf

WILD MAN AND WILD BEAST IN AFRICA

BY THEODORE ROOSEVELT

HONORARY MEMBER OF THE NATIONAL GEOGRAPHIC SOCIETY

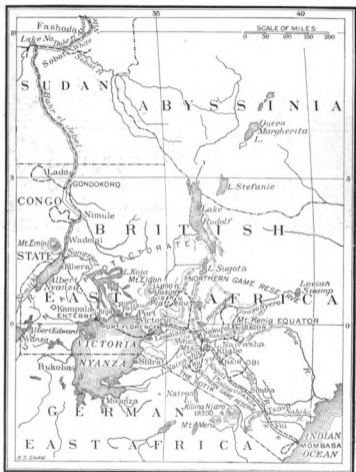
The following article is the address delivered before the National Geographic Society by ex-President Roosevelt, November 18. In presenting Mr. Roosevelt, President Gannett read the following resolution, which had been unanimously adopted by the Board of Managers of the National Geographic Society:

"RESOLVED, That the National Geographic Society through its Board of Managers herewith tenders to Theodore Roosevelt its hearty appreciation of his services to geographic science, both for his own work in that field as illustrated by his books, 'The Winning of the West' and 'African Game Trails,' and by the results of his expedition to tropical Africa, which brought back unparalleled zoological collections, and for his interest in the furtherance of original geographic works during his administration as President of the United States. Among these may be mentioned his success in obtaining an equitable decision relative to the Alaskan boundary; the aid he extended to Peary, which resulted in his discovery of the North Pole; his work for the Panama Canal; his interest in the irrigation of our arid lands and in the right using of our forests; the preservation of birds by the establishment of bird reservations; the measures taken by him to protect our natural wonders by reserving them as national monuments, and his active assistance in other problems in which the student of geographic history is most deeply concerned.

"For all these things the National Geographic Society holds Theodore Roosevelt in the highest honor."

IT is a very real pleasure to be here this evening, and no pressure was necessary to get me to come. I had always wished to have the chance of speaking first under the auspices of this Society when I came back from the other side to give an account of my stewardship. Before speaking about my trip itself, I want to say a word or two as to the circumstances under which I

took it. I have always felt a little bit as if I was entitled to praise from the National Geographic Society only because I was interested in other branches of science, for I never really did anything for geography at all. But I have been so much interested in sciences connected with geography—in sciences which can be studied in company with those actively interested in geographic



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MAP SHOWING MR. ROOSEVELT'S ROUTE AND HUNTING TRIPS IN AFRICA

This map and the following illustrations, published by special permission of Charles Scribner's Sons, are from "African Game Trails: An Account of the African Wanderings of an American Hunter-Naturalist," by Theodore Roosevelt, and from other photographs by members of the expedition.



Photo by Heller. Copyright by Charles Scribner's Sons

CARRYING HEAD SKIN OF MERU BULL ELEPHANT TO CAMP

It required 20 men to carry each elephant's skull

science—that I have had the keenest possible interest in what has been done by this Society.

My going to Africa as the head of a scientific expedition was first suggested to me by Dr. C. Hart Merriam. I then got into communication with one or two gentlemen connected with the scientific work here in Washington, and they communicated with the Secretary of the Smithsonian, Mr. Walcott, who was then away from Washington. He instantly wired me his cordial approval of the suggestion, and said he hoped that I would make the trip for the Smithsonian Institution, and it was under Mr. Walcott, with Mr. Walcott as my superior officer, that I made my trip in Africa.

The success of the trip from a scientific standpoint depended upon the character of the scientific men we had with us. It would be quite impossible to overstate the value of the services rendered by Dr. Mearns, Mr. Heller, and Mr.

Loring. I doubt whether three men better equipped for their work and more zealous in doing their work ever went on such an expedition, and the labor fell entirely on them. Really, I would be ashamed of myself sometimes, for I felt as if I had all the fun, I would kill the rhinoceros or whatever it was, and then they would go out and do the solid, hard work of preparing it. They would spend a day or two preserving the specimen, while I would go and get something else. At times I felt that it was a most unequal division of labor—that I was having the enjoyment, while the work of bringing practical results was being done by them, and it was being done by them not merely faithfully, but as a labor of love. They did it so well because they would rather have done it than to have done anything else at all; they would rather have had that opportunity than to have had any other opportunity that the world that year gave, and naturally there was a



Photo by J. Alden Loring. Copyright by Charles Scribner's Sons

TOWING BULL HIPPO ASHORE; LAKE NAVAISHA

particular pleasure in working with men who approached their work in such a spirit.

I should also, in fairness, mention another member of the Roosevelt family, my son Kermit, who did some excellent photographic work. Indeed, all the members of the expedition except myself did good photographic work. Among the photographs we brought back there were the best photographs of wild elephants that have ever been taken, and the only photographs of living white rhinoceros that have ever been taken.*

Messrs. Newland and Tarlton, of Nairobi, fitted out the expedition, and did this work excellently, and no better guides and managers for such an expedition could have been found in all Africa than Messrs. Cuninghame and Tarlton, the former of whom was with us throughout the trip, and the latter while we were in East Africa.

* Several of Mr. Kermit Roosevelt's photographs of wild elephant and white rhino were published in the November number of this Magazine, through the courtesy of Charles Scribner's Sons.

I, of course, felt that I was bound to make a success of the trip, because in a certain sense my companions and myself were representing the United States. I think I can say that no other expedition of the kind has ever come back from Africa or Asia with a better collection of specimens than we brought back, the collection being especially good in the large game animals. The series of skins, and in many cases of skeletons, of the square-mouthed rhinoceros, reticulated giraffe, giant eland, bongo, northern sable antelope, white-withered lechwe antelope, and Vaughn's kob, for instance, are unrivaled in any European museum. We brought back, I think, all told, some 14,000 specimens of mammals, birds, reptiles, fishes, etc.

Let me repeat, that I cannot over-emphasize the part my companions played in the expedition. The chief value of the expedition came not from what I shot, but from what the naturalists, under the direction of Mr. Walcott, who were with me, did in preserving and collecting specimens. It is not a very hard thing to go off into the wilder-



Photo by J. Alden Loring. Copyright by Charles Scribner's Sons

BULL HIPPO HAULED ASHORE AND READY FOR SKINNING; LAKE NAVAISHA

ness and kill an elephant, or a white rhino, or a reticulated giraffe, or giant eland; but it is a very hard thing to get good photographs of them, and a still harder thing to cure and transport the skins and skulls of a number of such specimens. I can give you, perhaps, an idea of the amount of work done when I mention that we used on the trip ten tons of salt (all at times carried by native porters) in order to cure the skins; that when we killed elephants, for instance, we would have to use 20 men to carry each elephant's skull.

In going down the White Nile, for instance, the river is so broken by rapids that we could not use a boat from Nimule to Gondokoro, and for the ten days' march between those two places our expedition included 450 men, for all the skins and skeletons had to be transported on porters' backs. There were no camels or other beasts of burden; men live with difficulty there, and beasts of burden not at all, so everything had to be carried on the backs of porters. It was no small task providing for the feed-

ing of the porters throughout the journey.

The work was throughout most interesting; but it represents much genuine toil and many difficulties overcome, and we could not have done it at all if it had not been for the hearty way in which the representatives of the Smithsonian and their friends backed us up, financially and otherwise. A hunting trip by itself is simple enough, but a trip of the kind we took is one that entails much forethought, a great deal of expense, and a literally incredible quantity of labor. So much by way of introduction.

I wish that I had a map of Africa here. You are all familiar with the shape of the continent, the northern part being a broad expanse practically filled with one vast desert stretching from the Atlantic across the whole continent to the Red Sea. This desert is broken at only one point, where the Nile runs from the south northward, making a little strip from a quarter of a mile to a couple of miles broad, on which there is cultivation, and where there can be an abun-



Photo by Kermit Roosevelt. Copyright by Charles Scribner's Sons

SKINNING THE HIPPO

dant life. South of the desert region lies Africa proper—the Africa of zoologists, the recently unknown Africa, the Africa that has become open to white explorers, merchants, missionaries, and scientists only within the last half century. Our expedition landed on the east coast of Africa a little south of the equator, went right across the belt of fever-haunted lowland, the fever-haunted coast region, on to the high, broad, healthful uplands of equatorial East Africa, crossed it, went to the great central lakes of Africa, the great Nyanza lakes—Victoria Nyanza and Albert Nyanza—and then went down the Nile, traveling from south almost due north, and came out at Khartum, in the Sudan.

There were no real hardships connected with the trip. There is, of course, a mild amount of danger in chasing the wild beasts, and there is a good deal

more danger from disease; but we were fortunate enough not to lose a single white man on the expedition. We had casualties to two of our native attendants from wild beasts. One man was mauled by a leopard and one man was tossed by a rhino. A very few died from dysentery and fever, because it is almost impossible to make them take care of themselves. For instance, we could always get the white men to boil their water before drinking, but we could not make our porters do this. They looked upon it as a superstition upon our part—as one of the queer vagaries of the white people, the strangers from over the seas, which had no foundation in reason. Personally, I grew to be really very much attached to our attendants. They were like great big children. They live a perfectly grasshopper life, with no capacity to think of the future. For



Photo by Kermit Roosevelt. Copyright by Charles Scribner's Sons

PREPARING THE SKIN FOR SHIPMENT

instance, when I was off by myself, with a small safari of from 30 to 40 porters, if there was a rain threatening and we had a long march, I would have to threaten personal violence, and sometimes resort to it, in order to make the porters put up shelters for themselves before the rain came. I had to watch over them just exactly as if they were so many children. I was glad to do it, and our personal followers took the utmost care of us in return and usually showed a desire to look after our welfare that was really touching.

We did not stay on the coast belt for more than a very short time. Dr. Mearns made a short scientific trip there, and my son made another trip after a species of sable antelope which proved to be new. But it is a very unhealthy country, and we did not want to keep the expedition, as such, there any longer than we could

help. The highland region, where we spent half of our time while in Africa, is a region of country that in its external features resembles not the Africa of the geographic books, but part of our own West. Most of the higher land of British East Africa, in the regions where we were, reminded me rather of the eastern portions of Wyoming and Colorado, and of parts of New Mexico and Arizona, than of what we are accustomed to think of as the tropics. Of course, there was an infinite difference in detail, but the general effect was the same. It was a region of light rainfall, and that rainfall came in the shape of a violent rainy season, so that there were periods when the rivers would run as boiling torrents, and then long periods when the rivers would be totally dry or consist merely of strings of shallow pools. Over most of the plains there were scattered thorn



Photo by Heller. Copyright by Charles Scribner's Sons
KERMIT'S BUFFALO HEADS ARE BROUGHT IN



Photo by Kermit Roosevelt. Copyright by Charles Scribner's Sons
TURNING THE CARCASS OF THE MERU BULL ELEPHANT



Photo by Kermit Roosevelt. Copyright by Charles Scribner's Sons

OUR TWO MASAI GUIDES IN FROM THE SOTIK TO NAVAISHA

trees and huge euphobias. Elsewhere they were mere seas of withered grass. Out of these barren plains rise great mountains, right under the equator, with snow-peaks.

I was camped under Mount Kenia,

directly on the equator, a little over a year ago, when I received news that the Pole had been discovered by an American. My judgment about the first American who asserted that he had discovered the Pole I am happy to say coin-



Photo by Kermit Roosevelt. Copyright by Charles Scribner's Sons

TWO N'JIEMPSI CATTLE HERDS: THE SMALL BOYS ALL CARRY SPEARS: NEAR BARINGO

cided with that of the National Geographic Society. I was camped on the foothills of Mount Kenia when a special message was sent up by relays of runners to tell me that the Pole had been discov-

ered. But they named the wrong man; and, as I had heard something of his alleged mountaineering exploits in Alaska, I declined to send back a message of congratulation. But about a week afterwards I got another message, telling me that Peary had discovered the Pole, and I said, "That is genuine. I will bank on Peary." So I sent out my message of congratulation; and I told the people who were with me then to watch and they would find that the National Geographic Society would look into that business and declare for Peary. I was rarely more pleased than when I found that that was just what the Society had done. For that reason alone I should certainly have come here to make my first report upon the expedition.

I spent several months in this East African region, going north, where the table-land sank lower and lower until we got to the dry, hot desert country of the Guaso Nyero, an equatorial river. Then we went across Victoria Nyanza into the low-lying very fertile and very unhealthy central African region, Uganda. In East Africa the natives were pure savages, ranging from the mere hunter-tribe type, the so-called

'Ndorobo of the mountain forests, to pastoral and agricultural tribes who live out in the plains or on the forest border. There were wide differences among these tribes, some of them very significant.

The purely negro tribes, the tribes of pronounced negro type, throughout East Africa, were for the most part agriculturalists. Whenever we came upon a region where the people lived in beehive huts and tilled the ground, we were certain to find a nearly pure negro type; but there has been all through that country for ages an infiltration of northern races. I cannot speak of these races with ethnic exactness, because no one can; and the linguistic and racial types often fail to correspond. But you will understand what I mean when I say that they are of dark Arab type, being either black or a very dark brown or yellow, but of the northern type of features. These races have come down from the north and have mixed with the negro type—with the negro aboriginals. But the mixed race has kept some curious points of unlikeness to the surrounding natives. Whenever you meet a pastoral tribe you will find men many of whom show traces of this northern

origin—many of whom have clear-cut, aquiline features; and those men you never find living in beehive huts. They live in queer square huts placed in a ring, making what we would call in the West a big corral—a big ring fence in which their cattle are kept. The pastoral tribes which we met north of the Guaso Nyero had camels, and north of these are tribes which own horses. But the Nandi, Masai, and other tribes south of them have



Photo by J. Alden Loring. Copyright by Charles Scribner's Sons

MASAI WITH A STRETCHING STONE IN HIS EAR

neither camels nor horses; they own large herds of cattle, with donkeys, goats, and hairy sheep. They do not till the soil; they live exclusively on meat, blood, and milk. I hate to shock the vegetarians, but I am bound to say that those people, who never eat anything but meat, blood, and milk, are as hearty and strong a set of people as I have ever seen in my life. Many of the Masai and Nandi are particularly fine looking.



Photo by Kermit Roosevelt. Copyright by Charles Scribner's Sons
PORTERS CARRYING PELVIS OF FIRST ELEPHANT



Photo by Kermit Roosevelt. Copyright by Charles Scribner's Sons
SULUMANI, MY TENT BOY, AND CUNINGHAME'S RECORD

I shall always keep in my mind the memory of one evening when I had killed a lioness. The porters with me were, as they always are, very much excited over the killing of a lion, for the lions are often man-eaters, and kill many of the natives, so that the natives like to reciprocate and see the lions killed. I had killed this lioness quite late in the evening, and the men asked permission to carry it in whole to camp. I did not think they could do it, but I let them try. They started carrying the lioness in relays. It was a very heavy load. After a while they found that it was heavier than they had thought. We were about ten miles from camp, and we had gone only about a mile when

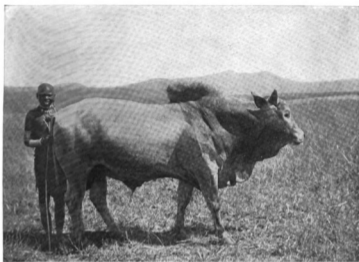


Photo by Cuninghame. Copyright by Charles Scribner's Sons

THE HUMPBACKED CATTLE IN THE MASAI COUNTRY

darkness set in. There was an element of interest in going through that part of Africa at night, because then all the wild beasts were abroad. On the occasion in question we were accompanied on one side by a lion for one-half an hour. I do not think he could quite make us out. He could smell the dead lioness and he also smelt us; but I do not think he knew quite what had happened; and so he walked alongside us for a couple of miles, moaning or yawning as he went. Of course we had to keep a lookout for him. I had another white man with me, and either he would go ahead and I behind, or vice versa, so as to keep the porters closed up; because, in a case like that, if a lion does attack a party of travelers, he is most likely to seize the one behind. We still had the lion on one side of us when suddenly on the other side there was a succession of snorts like a steam-engine blowing off steam. It was a rhinoceros, I think two rhinoceroses, up on that side.

While a rhinoceros's short suit is brains, his long suit is courage, and he is a particularly exasperating creature to deal with, because he has not sense enough to know that you can harm him, and he has enough bad temper to want to harm you, so that there is often no way of keeping rid of him except by killing him. Of course we did not want to kill anything we could help—anything we did not use—and we still more strongly objected to being killed ourselves. It was almost pitch dark and there was no moon, although there was star-light. We would hear this rhinoceros snort, and then we would run forward and kneel down or lay down on the ground and try to catch the loom of the rhinoceros against the sky-line, so that we would have a chance to shoot him if he came on. I sometimes had to adjure the porters—I use a mild word when I say "adjure"—in order that they might not break and scatter, when one or more would probably have been



Photo by Kermit Roosevelt. Copyright by Charles Scribner's Sons

FLAMINGOES ON LAKE HANNINGTON, CALLED BY THE NATIVES Z'WA ONDAGE:
"THE LAKE OF THE BIRDS"



Settler's small boy with pet "Tommy" gazelle.

Photo by Kermit Roosevelt. Copyright
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killed. Finally we left both the lion and the rhino and came to a Masai corral, which was about three miles from our camp. The men carrying the lioness were very tired and I thought it best to stop and skin her. So we called to the people inside of the corral to let us come inside and skin the lioness. At night the cattle are put in the middle of those corrals—those big fenced inclosures with square huts around the edge. The Masai replied that we could not come in, because the smell of the lioness would make the cattle stampede. I think they were a little suspicious of us. My companion offered to give them his rifle to hold as a proof of our good intentions; but they said no; that they didn't want that. They handed us torches; we started a fire. They finally became convinced that we were peaceable, and then they came out to witness the skinning. The porters crouched near the blazing fire, and our gun-bearers started to skin the lioness. Tarlton, the Australian who was with me, and I stood behind, holding the bridles of our horses. Masai warriors and girls came out and, forming a circle around the porters, chaffed and jested with them. There was one man,

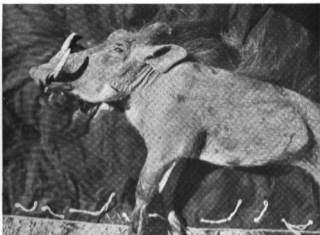


Photo by Kermit Roosevelt. Copyright by Charles Scribner's Sons

A WART HOG

evidently the wit of the Masai camp, who described how the Swaheli would go out with the white man to hunt lions; how the Swaheli would find the lion, and then the lion would seize him and bite him, whereupon he would cry and call for his mother. Loud laughter greeted this sally, and the gun-bearers retorted with jest about the lions at the expense of the Masai; how the lions would kill the Masai, but how they could not kill the white man, for the white man killed the lions. As the Masai stood there, the fire lighting up their faces, they reminded me strongly of the pictures of the soldiers of Thothmes and Rameses by the Egyptian sculptors. They had the clear-cut features and the hard, resolute countenances that you see indicated in the sculptures on the temples that commemorate the victories of the mighty Egyptian kings over Hittite and Nubian. Those men looked as if they were blood kin to the Egyptian soldiers who 4,000 years ago made the great Egyptian Empire that extended from the upper Nile to the Euphrates.

Another thing about these natives of East Africa: their clothing was very scanty. In one tribe, the Kavirondo, the men and women literally wore nothing. The curious thing was that those people had extremely good manners. They were very courteous and perfectly at ease—at least the chiefs and the gentle folk—but they did not have any clothes—not a stitch.

When we struck Uganda we found an entirely different and a very curious little semi-civilization. Right in the midst of this huge sea of black savagery there had sprung up this island of progress, representing the beginning of a very primitive civilization.

It is very difficult for us to realize how modern our knowledge of mid-Africa is. I can perhaps bring it to your mind by telling you that in 1858 the first successful efforts were begun toward the exploration of mid-Africa and the finding out of the source of the Nile, Speke, Grant, and Baker being the men who made the actual discoveries. That is about half a century ago. Just before



Photo by Kermit Roosevelt. Copyright by Charles Scribner's Sons

STRIPED HYENA CAUGHT BY HELLER

The expedition took hundreds of traps with them with which they obtained thousands of small mammals for the National Museum.

they went on their expeditions a map of mid-Africa was published under the auspices of the Royal Geographic Society in England, and on that map the sources of the Nile were more imperfectly shown than they were shown on the map of the Ptolemies in the year 150. In other words, during 17 centuries the geographic knowledge of Africa had gone slightly backwards. The men of the first half of the nineteenth century—the scientists in England, in France, in Germany, and in Italy of the first half of the nineteenth

century—knew less about the geography of middle Africa than the scientists who lived in Antioch and Alexandria and Rome in the first half of the second century. As a whole, during 1,700 years knowledge had gone a little backward as regards that part of Africa.

When those first explorers reached Uganda they found a semi-civilized region where both men and women were well clothed; where they manufactured their own cloth; where they had good ironsmiths, good workers in iron; where they tilled the ground; where they used musical instruments; where they had, curiously enough, joined to a very cruel despotism of the regular African type a system of representative government. It is not possible to tell exactly how that little semi-civilization arose. Probably what happened was, that there came a tribe of northern invaders—men of

Hamitic or bastard Semitic blood—who conquered these negro tribes of middle Africa. The invaders were a comparatively light-skinned, pastoral people, with herds of long-horned cattle. Some of the invaders remained almost separate. Others mixed with the negroes, producing a type that is predominantly negro, with a slight strain of the northern invader. It was this mixed type that went upward, and not the relatively pure type of northern invader; and now the pastoral people occupy a distinctly subordi-



Photo by Akreley. Copyright by Charles Scribner's Sons

AN UNUSUAL TRAP: A HYENA CAUGHT IN THE BELLY OF A DEAD ELEPHANT

"The hyena, which was swollen with elephant meat, had gotten inside the huge body, and had then bitten a hole through the abdominal wall of tough muscle and thrust his head through. The wedge-shaped head had slipped through the hole all right, but the muscle had then contracted, and the hyena was fairly caught, with its body inside the elephant's belly, and its head thrust out through the hole. We took several photos of the beast in its queer trap."—From "African Game Trails," by Theodore Roosevelt. Charles Scribner's Sons.

nate position to the negroid agricultural people, who form the bulk of the kingdom, and they are very distinctly less advanced in civilization.

The English have been wise in the way they have cared for these people. They have developed them along their own lines, instead of trying to turn them into something entirely different. On the whole the effect of white influence on the native tribes shows to better effect in Uganda than in any other part of Africa south of the Sudan that I saw.

Many of the chiefs are distinctly semi-civilized, and some of them write English well. Two or three have kept up quite a correspondence with me since I

left. One of them sent me a gift of four hippopotamus tusks and a leopard's skin, together with a letter of condolence on account of the death of King Edward! This particular chief had done everything he could for me while I was at Lake Albert Nyanza. I had little to give him, as I had exhausted about all my presents. However, I still had a watch with the hands and the figures of the face picked out with radium, so that one could tell the time at night. I gave him this watch, and he and all his companions spent the entire night looking at it. Since then he has been one of the most grateful people I have ever known, and has written me twice. I try to think of



Photos by Kermit Roosevelt. Copyright by Charles Scribner's Sons

MR. ROOSEVELT WITH HIS BIG BULL RHINO

MR. ROOSEVELT AND KERMIT ROOSEVELT WITH GIANT ELAND HORNS

Mr. Roosevelt and his son secured three specimens of this huge antelope for the National Museum; they are the first specimens ever brought out of Africa

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HARVARD UNIVERSITY

something in this country sufficiently interesting to him to write him, but it is a hard matter to do so.

Of course, to a hunter or a naturalist, one of the absorbingly interesting features of the part of Africa that I visited is the enormous and wonderfully variegated fauna. It is literally as if the fauna of the Pleistocene had come to life again. A couple of hundred thousand years ago, or thereabouts—I do not pretend to be accurate in geological time—there was in Europe and here in North America a similar wonderfully varied fauna of great and beautiful and terrible wild beasts. But now we have to go to Africa or to a few places in India to find anything like it. And in Africa where I went the absorbingly interesting thing is that right on top of this Pleistocene has been imposed the twentieth century civilization. A railroad runs from the coast up to Lake Victoria Nyanza, through a country where man is just as primitive as our cave-dwelling ancestors were a hundred thousand years ago, and where men are fighting practically the same beasts as those ancestors of ours fought.

I really doubt if there is a railroad trip in the world as well worth taking as that railroad trip up to the little British East African capital of Nairobi. The British government has made a great game preserve of part of that country. On the trip from the coast, Governor Jackson, who had very courteously come down to meet me at Mombasa, and the great English hunter Selous and I passed our time



Photo by Kermit Roosevelt. Copyright by Charles Scribner's Sons

THE BUFFALO PATH THROUGH THE PAPYRUS

on the cowcatcher of the engine, and it was much like going through the garden of Eden with Adam and Eve absent. At one spot we would see suddenly six or eight giraffe going off at their peculiar rocking canter. Then we would see a herd of brightly colored hartebeestes, which would pay no attention to the train at all. Then we would come around a curve and the engineer would have to pull his whistle frantically to get the zebras off the track. The last of the herd would kick and buck and gallop off 50 yards and turn around and again look at the train. Then we would see a rhinoceros off to one side; and so on indefinitely.

Nairobi itself is a town of perhaps



Photo by Kermit Roosevelt. Copyright by Charles Scribner's Sons

MR. ROOSEVELT AND BUFFALO COW IN PAPYRUS GRASS, SHOWING THE DANGER AND DIFFICULTY OF BUFFALO HUNTING, WHEN YOUR GAME MAY BE ONLY 5 YARDS AWAY

5,000 or 6,000 people. To my mind it is a very attractive little town. It is very much scattered out, and the wild beasts come right up to the edge of the town. A friend, Mr. McMillan, lent us the use of his house in town while we were staying there, and a leopard came up to the piazza one night after one of the dogs. On another occasion one of the local officials, a district commissioner, going out to dinner on his bicycle in a dress suit,

and naturally unarmed, almost ran over a lion. Fortunately the lion was much frightened and went away. On two evenings in succession I dined at houses. The dinner was much as it would be in Washington, London, or anywhere else, the ladies in pretty soft dresses and the men in the usual evening garb of civilization. The houses were about a quarter of a mile apart, and a few days previous a young lady, in the early evening, while



Photo by Kermit Roosevelt. Copyright by Charles Scribner's Sons
 DANCE OF BOYS OF THE NYIKA TRIBE IN HONOR OF THE CHIEF'S SON, WHO HAD
 JUST DIED: NOTE THE RATTLES ON BOYS' ANKLES



Photo by Kermit Roosevelt. Copyright by Charles Scribner's Sons
 GROUP OF NATIVES IN BELGIAN CONGO, NEAR RHINO CAMP, CUTTING UP AND TAKING
 AWAY THE MEAT OF AN ELEPHANT THEY KILLED WITH SPEARS



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FUTURE WARRIOR TAKING A SIESTA



AN ORYX SHOT BY MR. ROOSEVELT

The elephant is the most intelligent of game. The rhinoceroses were not as interesting as the elephants, because they were not as intelligent. After we had completed our collection of rhinoceroses it became quite a problem how to avoid them and get the other things we wanted. It is amusing to realize how soon we got to accepting our difficulties with rhinos as a matter of course. Here in civilization, if you asked a man to kindly go down and scare off a rhinoceros for you, the man would look at you with a certain surprise; in Africa it was a matter-of-course incident. When near a rhino there is always a chance that he will charge, whether through stupidity, or fright, or anger. The trouble is that one never knows whether he will or will not charge home. It often happens that after he has come to a distance of about 25 yards he will wheel and run off; but, not being a mind-reader, a man cannot tell whether a particular rhino does or does not intend to charge home. Cuninghame, who was handling the safari for us, would now and then send me off to scare away rhinos who were too near the line of march, and I would perform the task with gingerly caution. Once Cuninghame and I were hunting buffalo on the Guaso Nairo. We were on the trail of a herd, when suddenly Cuninghame stopped, and, turning around with his air of patient dejection, said: "Oh, Mr. Roosevelt, look at that rhino." I answered, "Yes, look at him." He continued, "I do not want to lose this spoor. Would you mind going down and frightening him off? But do not make much noise, because we do not want to frighten the buffalo." So I strolled down, trying to make up my mind how much noise I could make that would frighten the rhino and not the buffalo. I struck just about the happy medium; and, after meditating a little, with his ears and tail up, the



THE SAFARI DRUMMER

He would go on ahead to camp and then walk back, drumming to let the men know camp was near: Uganda. Photo by Kermit Roosevelt. Copyright by Charles Scribner's Sons.

rhino trotted away in zigzags until it was safe for us to pass. About half a mile on we sighted the buffalo and started to stalk them. We were just finishing the stalk when there arose a yelling like that of lost souls behind us, and away went the buffalo. Back we went, to find that one of the porters, when we halted to drive off the rhino, had lost his knife; and he and two others took advantage of our stalking the buffalo to run back to see if they could find the knife. By that time the rhino had returned. Evidently he thought that his dignity had been offended, and he went for the porters and tossed one of them. So we had to give up the buffalo for the time being and go back and give first aid to the injured porter.

The animal that I found most interest-



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ANKOLI LARGE-HORNED CATTLE: UGANDA

ing to hunt was the lion. I must tell one anecdote at the expense of two of my scientific companions. Dr. Mearns and Messrs. Heller and Loring all regarded the sporting part of the expedition as a pardonable but illegitimate incident of the trip, and the only anxiety that I ever knew any of them to display in connection with dangerous game was that we should not spoil the skull of a good specimen. One day when I was absent from camp Mearns and Loring were notified by a couple of Masai that two lions had killed a zebra a few miles off, and that if they would come out they could get them. They tossed up on the way as to which should have the lion and which the lioness, and Dr. Mearns drew the lioness. When they got there the lion had gone, so it was the Doctor's turn to shoot. He had been cautioning Loring on no account to shoot the animal

in the head and spoil the specimen. But now the lioness put her head out of the bush directly toward the Doctor. He couldn't violate his principles and take the head shot; so Loring fired, hit the lioness, and it came for him. The Doctor's sporting blood was now up. He felt that it was not fair to interfere in an obviously equal match between Loring and the lioness; and, besides, if he shot at it he might hit the skull. Accordingly Loring was left to himself. He had a small automatic rifle; he put five bullets into the lioness and killed her; but she came right to his feet and stumbled past him 10 or 15 feet before she died. I think that Loring felt that he would have been willing that the Doctor should for a moment waive his scientific and sporting feelings and shoot the lioness!

The most interesting thing I saw in Africa was a feat that was infinitely greater than anything we performed with our rifles, although not greater than a feat that was recently performed in the same region by three American plainsmen, Buffalo Jones, Loveless, and Mearns, who roped a lion, a giraffe, and a rhino, and have got moving photographs of them. It was one of the really most notable feats I have ever known to be performed in hunting.

We saw the Nandi spearmen kill a lion with their spears, and I shall close my lecture by telling you about it. These people are a northern branch of the Masai. They are a splendid race physically—tall, sinewy fellows. The warriors carry ox-hide shields and very heavy spears, seven or eight feet long, the long-bladed head of soft iron kept with a razor edge and the iron of the rear half of the spear ending in a spike, the only wood that is bare being just about enough to give a grip for the hand. The brightly burnished head is about four feet in length. These Nandi came over on purpose to show me how they killed a lion with their spears.



FIXING THE BABY ON ITS MOTHER'S BACK



ON THE WOMAN'S BACK THERE IS A CHILD
WITH HIS HEAD AND SHOULDERS
COVERED BY HALF A GOURD



CHILD SLEEPING ON A BED IN GURU'S VILLAGE: IN THE GIANT LAND COUNTRY

Photos by Kermit Roosevelt. Copyright by Charles Scribner's Sons

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WOUNDED WILDEBEEST SHOT BY MR. ROOSEVELT

Several of us went out with them on horseback to round up a lion for them. We traveled three or four hours—half a dozen horsemen and 30 or 40 stalwart naked savages with ox-hide shields and spears. Then we roused a big lion with a fine mane, and, after running a mile or two, rounded him up under a bush, and the spearmen came trotting up. It was as fine a sight as I ever saw. The first spearman that came up halted about 60 yards from the lion. (We were watching him with our rifles to see that he did not attack the first spearman.) Then this man knelt down with his ox-hide shield in front of him, looking over the shield at the lion; and, as man after man came up, they formed a ring around the lion, all kneeling. The lion stood under the bush. As they closed in on him he began to grow more and more angry, roaring, and looking first to one side and then to

the other and lashing his tail furiously. It was a fine sight to see these men make the ring, with their spears and their eager, intent faces, and the great, murderous, man-eating beast in the middle, ever growing more and more angry. As soon as the ring was completed they all got up and started to close in. The lion charged straight for the weakest part of the ring. The man in front braced himself; we could see his muscles all stand out as if he were a bronze statue. There were five or six men who took part in the fight. From each side the two or three nearest men sprang in to see if they could not get the lion as he came straight on toward the man in his immediate front. When he was about not more than six feet from him the man lobbed the spear; that is, he did not take his arm back and throw it, but simply cast it loose with a little motion of the

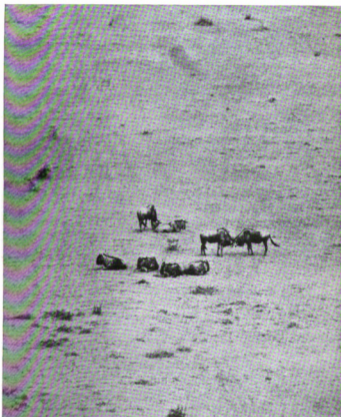


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WILDEBEEST AT HOME

wrist and trusted to the weight of the spear to go in.

As the lion came forward the spear struck him on the left shoulder, and came out diagonally through him in front of his right hip. The lion reared like a rearing horse and bore the shield

down, burying his teeth and claws in the man. At the same moment another man leaped in on one side and threw his spear; the spear-head glimmered like white fire in the sunlight, and, entering transversely, came out through the lion on the hither side. The lion turned on



Photo by Cuninghame. Copyright by Charles Scribner's Sons
THE FIRST BULL ELEPHANT



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ARAB SHEIKS THAT CAME IN FROM THE DESERTS: KHARTUM

that man, but could not bite him, only clawing him a little. Another spear struck the lion, and he went down; he took one spear in his mouth and bit it, twisting it so that it looked like a horseshoe; the next moment the men were on him and it was all over. I do not suppose the thing lasted ten seconds, but it was as remarkable a spectacle for those ten seconds as any human being could wish to see. I had one funny after-experience in connection with it. The two men were pretty well mauled, and when we were putting disinfectant into the wounds it hurt them a little, and I thought it would cheer them up to tell them, through the interpreter, that I would give each of them a heifer. It cheered up those two all right, but all the other men were very angry! They thought that these men had got their

share of honors already, and that it was a most unjustifiable thing for me to give them heifers in addition.

I have never passed a more interesting eleven months than I passed in Africa. From the standpoint of the man interested in geography, in geology, in natural history, in ethnology, I do not know how any one could put in his time to a greater advantage than in a trip of that nature. I am more than glad that I was able to take it in a manner worth taking, because the Smithsonian Institution sent me out as the head of a scientific expedition. I think I can say that we did our work in such a manner as not to cast discredit upon the American nation, and I am extremely pleased that I should have had the chance to make my first speech on the subject under the auspices of this Society this evening.