

# THREE MINUTES I'LL NEVER FORGET



**Stewart Edward White Spent Them in Perilous Proximity to a Charging Rhinoceros, a Hungry Lion and a Wild Buffalo While Hunting in the Jungles of East Africa.**



**S**TEWART EDWARD WHITE, well known as a novelist and exponent of the outdoor life, has just returned from a year in Equatorial Africa, where he shot all kinds of game—55 kinds, to be exact—and had thrilling adventures galore.

Mrs. White already had accompanied her husband into the wilds of the Sierra Mountains, where no other white woman had been, and she felt qualified to share his hardships and dangers in the wilds of Africa. They spent nine months in Uganda, Zambesi and British East Africa where Col. Roosevelt hunted two years ago.

In addition to his hunting, Mr. White gathered material for a book on the country which will interpret the life in British East Africa and the neighboring countries. As in "The Cabin," in which he depicted life in the Sierras, Mr. White will treat his subject from a literary rather than a hunting or discoverer's standpoint.

For several years previous Mr. White has spent his summers exploring the great north woods and other regions equally hazardous, utilizing his experiences in "The Blazed Trail" and other outdoor romances. On several occasions Col. Roosevelt has accompanied him on bear hunts in the Sierras.

Some attended several of my camp followers, who arrived with letters and supplies for us. We camped without further mishap. Next day we did not walk any further without encountering some more along the remainder of my trip.

## Second Minute.

### My Encounter with a Lion.

**M**y adventure with a lion in British East Africa was thrilling enough to satisfy me for the rest of my lifetime. The lion is the commonest beast in the region. He puts up the best fight and you have to kill him or get killed yourself. A wounded rhinoceros or buffalo will run away, while those cut off, but a wounded lion will charge you and it is his life or yours. I shot seven such a lion during my trip, one of them being the fourth largest ever killed in Africa.

With an English companion I was traveling through the thick underbrush in British East Africa one morning when we encountered a young lion. He was less than fifteen feet away from us and we got him fast by the neck. My companion, who had an ill-fated English bulldog, killed him with his first shot and his second barrel failed to go off.

The lion instantly got ready to spring. I knew that unless I killed him with one shot it would be all over with my companion. An African lion has less than fifteen feet away and only one shot between you and certain death in a killing struggle over for the most experienced hunter.

Fortunately my aim was good. I held the moment he sprang and the bullet pierced his heart, for he fell dead at my very feet.

Our meeting with the lion—from the time we saw his eyes until he was lying dead at our feet—occupied less than three seconds, but it seemed like several minutes to me and to my English companion who has since never returned to go off. I can hear it several times several years. If I had had confidence in himself, I would not so bad to make a lion face in fact, but when one is depending upon another's gunmanship the experience is something but delightful.

## Third Minute.

### My Fight with a Wild Buffalo.

**N**EXT AT Mount Kenya, in British East Africa, our caravan had been stopped one day by a herd of wild buffaloes and in endeavoring to scatter the herd I was charged by a horn bull buffalo. I was separated from my companions at the time, and when the big fellow started at me I had only one bullet in my rifle to try him on.

To be charged by a buffalo is about as pleasant as to be charged by a lion. To suffer pain is impossible. The most skillful hunter would not be able to get out of his way. With a loaded rifle and his several charges, but with only one bullet in your rifle it turns a killing shot or being trampled to death.

When the big bull started at me he was less than ten yards away, and in the moment that charged before I fired everything that I had ever seen and experienced killed I through my mind.

Fortunately, I did not lose my nerve. My aim was good and the bullet entered the boar's neck just behind his right eye and he fell dead in his tracks. It was one of the closest shots I ever had in all my hunting experience.

RELATED BY STEWART EDWARD WHITE.

## First Minute.

### My Adventure with a Charging Rhinoceros.

**O**NE night in German East Africa I was caught alone and without a lantern. It was a foolishly promising and my reckless nature had led me to my fate.

The caution always is for two men to go out together and lights are essential, for in this particular vicinity all eyes of wild beasts abound—especially the rhinoceros.

In the darkness a rhinoceros is no more dangerous than a wild bull. One time out of ten a bullet in the shoulder will send him scampering off in the opposite direction. A good hunter can usually always lay him low. He is more of a nuisance than a danger. Our caravan was charged by them no less than six times in two hours one afternoon, with no more serious results than short delay. Our blacks, who were unarmed, would scamper to the neighboring trees and take refuge in their branches, while the white members of our party would drive the beasts off with a few well aimed shots.

We rarely went out of our way to kill them except to provide meat for our blacks.

On this night when within a mile of the camp on my return to it I became lost in the thick jungle. I attempted to retrace my steps when I was startled by a noise that sounded like the exhaust of a steam engine. I knew it was the snort of a rhinoceros. It was directly in front of me and less than twenty yards away. The beast evidently was on my mind.

I turned about and ran the other way as fast as the thick underbrush would permit me. At this point I attempted to retrace my steps, especially if I charged me. A German hunter had lately been killed and then trampled to death by one of the beasts when his gun had misfired five, and my only thought was to get out of his reach.

I had proceed forward only a few rods when I heard another terrible snort—this time directly in front of me. And in my lifetime I

never experienced a further snort from the rhinoceros.

I took another look and peered through the underbrush, only to hear a third snort—a different one. This was answered by a chorus of snorts which seemed to come from all directions. I was surrounded by a half dozen red snappers and in other darkness.

For a moment the cold shivers ran down my spine. Even if any of my camp followers came to my rescue, the horses in their stampede might trample me to death. Every moment they were getting closer. And so they approached their carts by some leader and more numerous.

But I was destined to escape them. In my effort to get beyond their reach I examined some tall hills. These tall hills in Africa are flat and over ten feet high and come about. No matter over shined up a pole more rapidly than I climbed that tall hill. In about three seconds I was at the top—safe from a hundred rhinos if they had been there.

As soon as I regained my breath I began shouting words of earth in the direction where the snort came from, and in less than one minute the lot was stampeded off in another direction.

I find my rifle several times and the reports

## THE ART OF LOOKING LIKE A LAUGH.



**D**id you ever try to make people laugh by looking like a laugh? Every actor knows there is no surer way to make an audience laugh than by looking like a laugh himself. Of course he has

got to look like a jovial, hearty laugh or the psychological effect on the audience is quite the reverse, but granted he has the real laugh look it never fails to get three photographs of Miss

Eva Davenport in "The Kiss Waltz" showing her looking like a laugh. The difficulties in photographing a laugh are apparent. However, these photographs have captured it most successfully.

Miss Davenport's laugh is particularly infectious. She sings a laughing note that invariably makes her audience laugh quite as heartily as herself.