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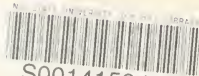


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The Sentimental Hippo.

Frontispiece.

PHOTOGRAPHING
WILD LIFE
ACROSS THE WORLD

BY

CHERRY KEARTON

WITH EIGHTY-FOUR PHOTOGRAPHS



42

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PUBLISHERS' NOTE

IN 1913 Mr. Cherry Kearton issued his book *Wild Life Across the World*. The present volume contains about two-thirds of the material included in that volume, rewritten and carefully edited, together with new records of Mr. Kearton's more recent experiences.

Of the illustrations in the earlier volume eleven are retained, and to them are added seventy-three which have not hitherto appeared in any volume.

Dedicated

TO THE MEMORY OF

MY DEAR FRIEND

THEODORE ROOSEVELT

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The Author with the famous Chimpanzee—"Toto."

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FOREWORD

SINCE 1913 great changes have taken place in the Big Game World. In particular does this apply to Africa, where animal life is disappearing at a rate that would astonish the most casual observer.

Last year I travelled from Cape Colony right up into the Congo, and although I was on the look-out all the way, did not see half a dozen animals throughout a journey of hundreds of miles. Only a few years ago this experience would have been impossible. Then eland, oryx and many other species of game abounded; but wanton destruction has worked such pitiful havoc in the ranks of these interesting creatures that the naturalist may make a journey from Cape Town to Kimberley without seeing a single specimen, and is reduced to the unsatisfactory expedient of gathering all the information he can from ancient carvings (the work of unknown bushmen) on some rocks near Kimberley, or stuffed specimens in Museums.

Fifteen years ago I journeyed from Mombasa to Nairobi, and was so excited that I could not sit still, for on both sides of the railway right up to within fifty

FOREWORD

yards of the train game of every description abounded. Now even in Kenya Colony, its last great stronghold, animal life is rapidly disappearing, and the lover of wild creatures living, loving, and roaming amidst their natural surroundings has only a sense of loneliness and disappointment in place of former joy.

If a halt is not called to the senseless destruction going on in Africa, there will very soon be nothing left even on that vast continent to make it worth while for the naturalist to pay it a visit, and Zoological Gardens all over the world (to say nothing of Museums) will be unable to replace their specimens, and future generations will curse the thoughtless selfishness of the slaughterers of the present age.

This wholesale extermination of big game is due in part to the activities of the settler, and in part, I regret to say, to a certain type of photographic expedition or safari, which, whilst pretending to forward the interests of Natural History, frequently takes as big a toll of animal life as the Big Game hunter proper, who goes out with the sole and frank idea of collecting specimens.

The settler, of course, must make a living, and help to extend the bounds and prosperity of the British Empire; but, alas! there are too many men of this class who consider it no part of their business to preserve the game or to respect the laws made to protect it. On the other hand, one can record with a true sense of thankfulness that there are men like

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Sir Northup MacMillan, F. J. Nettlefold, and Greswold Williams, who utilise the land they cannot farm for the preservation of Big Game, and willingly allow anyone to study and photograph the wild animals on their property, but do not sanction killing under any circumstances.

The wanton destruction of wild animals is as detestable as it is unnecessary, and when the members of a photographic expedition are guilty of maiming their "sitters" by gun-shot it fills the ordinary man with a sense of disgust. To give authority to this accusation let me quote *The Field* newspaper:—

"On a certain morning on the Athi plains, in 1921, two Englishmen came upon two wounded eland. They were lying down not far from each other, and a short distance away Mr. ——— was cutting up a third eland. The Englishmen questioned him about the wounded animals, and in reply he told them that he particularly did not want to kill them before evening, as he wanted to drive them in front of his car so as to be able to take photographs of them. One of the Englishmen accordingly went back and shot the two eland himself."

It is as a naturalist that I view the wanton slaughter of game with such abhorrence. I have travelled across the world to secure photographic records of wild animals at home, and my work has been a labour of love. That men and women of this and future generations

FOREWORD

may share the pleasures I have enjoyed I raise my voice with all its force against the wicked and wanton destruction of Big Game, and if through my books, still pictures, and films the public can gain a wider knowledge of the animal creation, and consequently a deeper sympathy, I shall be satisfied.

CHERRY KEARTON.

CHAPTER I

Borneo

I

The recollection of the trip which I made from Sandakan up the Labuk River will always remain fresh with me. For sheer discomfort the early part of it would have been hard to equal, almost impossible to beat. Travelling in a virgin forest anywhere can never be a wholly pleasant experience, but when that forest lies along the bank of a river, within a few degrees of the Line, a day's journey often becomes a long-drawn-out misery, mud, insects, heat and vegetation apparently acting in concert to take the heart out of the invader, and so force him to turn back.

I started from Sandakan in a steam launch, which the Borneo Government had kindly loaned, having with me Mr. Clarke, of the local copper mines—it is curious that the names of all the companions I had taken on my trips hitherto had begun with the letter "C." Leaving the picturesque little town, with its native

WILD LIFE ACROSS THE WORLD

nipashacks perched high on poles above the water, we headed for the mouth of the Labuk River, which at this point is half a mile in width, being joined there by another stream coming in from the south-east.

Landing after sunset, I set to work at once to collect men for my journey into the interior, a task which proved by no means easy. Two days were passed in wearisome delays, with maddening excuses on the part of the headmen; but at last we managed to get and, more important still, to keep sufficient natives for our purpose.

I cannot say I liked our boats. As a matter of fact, they were simply small dug-outs, trees hollowed out at the cost of infinite labour and patience. I shall never forget the first day I spent in one of these abominable canoes. My whole time was taken up in trying to balance myself and prevent the primitive craft from capsizing, because in addition to the valuable cargo of photographic apparatus I had on board there was the unpleasant fact that the river was full of crocodiles.

Yet really I believe the second day was worse still, on account of the stiffness set up through the strain of having remained for hours in an unnatural position.

Our first camp up-river was on a small sand-spit, by no means an ideal spot. Every traveller in the tropics knows the penalty of camping close to water, on account of the superabundant insect life one finds there.

SWAMPS AND CROCODILES

We made an early start the following morning—in a country such as North Borneo the first few hours of the day are usually worth all the others put together—and paddled up-stream until about ten o'clock, when we decided to land and make a short cut through the jungle, leaving the canoes to meet us some days later.

In this part the Labuk River winds considerably. Its width, generally speaking, is about fifty yards, the banks being fringed with huge nipa palms, which often serve as screens for horrible mangrove swamps, the homes of crocodiles innumerable.

I had not been many minutes in the jungle before I began to regret the canoes, in spite of all their discomforts. The heat was appalling, and soon we were marching only in running knickers and silk singlets. Even then we were half blinded by the perspiration running down into our eyes.

About two hours from the start I noticed a small snake lying dead in the track. My companion, Clarke, explained that it was one of the most dangerous reptiles to be found in the jungle. We discovered that one of our own boys had just killed it with a parang. We were not long in finding out that we had, literally, to fight our way through the jungle. Every few yards one or other of us was held up by those detestable hooked thorns well named the "wait-a-bits." We had to cut our way through these,

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and did some six miles a day. At last we decided to stop for lunch, but the halt was not a long one. The land leeches made us only too anxious to get on out of that stretch of country. There are no greater pests in the Far Eastern tropics than these curious leeches. Water is not necessary for their existence. Very similar in appearance to looper caterpillars, they crawl on to the leaves, to drop on you as you go past, and though small enough at the outset, they are able to relieve you of a considerable amount of blood. You rid yourself of their unwelcome presence by the touch of a lighted cigarette, and not by pulling them off, as such a procedure, although quite natural, is likely to result in a troublesome open sore. That day, long before the end of the afternoon trek, every man in our little party had blood running down his limbs as a consequence of leech-bites.

From a photographer's point of view the trek was a failure. The going was very heavy all the way, a great deal of clearing work was necessary, and so dense was the growth overhead that very little light penetrated. Most of the time we could hear monkeys and birds, and yet, practically speaking, we saw none of them.

It was about four o'clock when we camped down for the night in thick jungle, great trees towering above us. Close by was a small stream some fifty feet in width, with a drop of about twenty feet from

A NIGHT OF TERRORS

the top of the bank to the water. A huge tree which had fallen across it furnished us with a convenient bridge, a matter of no little importance.

We soon found that the discomforts of that day were by no means over. Shortly after sundown rain began to fall, the precursor of a real tropical thunder-storm, one of those which must be experienced in order to be understood. People who have never been through such a storm cannot really gather from a mere description what it is like—the appalling thunder, the even more appalling flashes of lightning, flashes which seem to run almost into a continuous blaze, the sheets of rain driven by a hurricane-like wind.

That night all round us we could hear tree after tree crashing down; when there was a momentary lull every animal in the jungle seemed to be screaming with terror.

One little episode which occurred that night amused me considerably. Just before turning in to bed I happened to notice a large centipede crawling within a few inches of Clarke, who with voice and accordion, quite in the style of Captain Kettle, had been doing his best to cheer us up. I pointed to the insect, expecting to see my companion jump off his bed—he was lying on his back; instead, however, he calmly killed the pest without rising and then, as though nothing had happened, went on grinding out from his accordion

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what the boys, huddled in their leaf shelters, obviously considered to be grand music.

By the following morning the weather had cleared, and once more we made an early start. Beautiful butterflies flitted past us, tempting me greatly to try for a capture; but as we had to trek against time, having only a limited amount of food, delays were out of the question, and so, regretfully, I had to let the insects pass. After tramping some time we came across the fresh spoor of buffalo; then once more the leeches began to worry us; and as if they were not enough, biting ants attacked us from time to time. As the day wore on the heat became considerably worse, and for a good part of the way we were struggling along up to the knees in water. Finally, we decided that as soon as we reached the bank of the river we would camp down, and it was indeed a welcome relief when one of the boys who had been sent on ahead returned to say that we were quite close to it.

Just as we reached the bank I saw on a small tree what I took to be a swarm of flies. Incautiously, I went close to investigate, and got badly stung on the neck, the insects proving to be a species of bee or wasp. However, the river made up for all our trials. The boys dashed right into the deep water quite regardless of the many crocodiles, though Clarke and I contented ourselves with sitting in it up to our necks, Clarke

A FASCINATING CAPTIVE

wearing a topee, whilst I had an umbrella in one hand and a revolver in the other. It was as well to be prepared for emergencies.

That night proved to be a repetition of the previous one, another terrible storm sweeping down on us, as though to prepare us for the miseries of the following day. Soon after we struck camp in the morning I happened to notice one of the carriers searching round a tree, and discovered that he was after a big snake which had hidden itself close by. Personally I was not anxious to make the acquaintance of the reptile, and I promptly trudged on.

The whole of that day was passed in forcing our way through the jungle. There was every imaginable form of vegetation. Overhead, always out of reach, innumerable beautiful orchids ; whilst, as if in contrast, underfoot was the most abominable liquid mud, knee-deep for a great portion of the way. Once more, from a naturalist's point of view, it was a disappointing tramp, for although I could hear birds and animals everywhere, I never got a glimpse of any of them. Towards evening we struck the river again in the neighbourhood of a native village. Our men were very anxious to try and get a buck and borrowed my rifle, but they returned empty-handed save for a wonderful little loris they had caught.

He had wide-open eyes, out of which he stared at me with owl-like gravity. I kept him for several days

WILD LIFE ACROSS THE WORLD

and took a series of animated pictures, though, unfortunately, in the end the films were ruined by the damp. He was by no means an easy subject. He literally flew through the air from tree to tree, hanging on with his little padded feet, which seemed to hold him by some kind of suction.

The women of the villages were very shy. If they saw us anywhere near the river whilst they were getting water there was a regular stampede. In their fright they dashed through anything, quite regardless of thorns.

Having had enough of the jungle, at any rate for the time being, we arranged for the natives to take us on in the morning in their canoes. The trip proved to be an exciting one. Until I saw those boatmen working their craft up the rapids I never realised fully how much skill can be needed in their trade. As the torrent pours over the side they yell and scream as though in terror. For the moment you believe they are beaten, then every ounce of strength is brought into play exactly at the right instant, and almost before you know what has happened the task which had seemed impossible is accomplished. They very seldom fail completely.

Reaching a convenient spit of shingle, and feeling utterly tired out, we decided to camp there. As night fell the inevitable thunder-storm rolled up, though on this occasion it was the very worst I had ever experienced.

THE RIVER IN FLOOD

Close by us was a hill full of loadstone. I was lying on my camp-bed watching the flashes, both ends of the tent being open for the sake of air. Clarke had his head away from the lightning. Suddenly, apparently from about twenty yards away, there was a blinding flash, followed instantly by a deafening crash. Then, without the slightest warning, my side of the tent was blown down by a fierce gust of wind. Immediately I threw up my hands and feet in an attempt to support the canvas, at the same time shouting to Clarke that the whole tent was coming down.

He shouted back : " I think it will hold."

" Yes," I answered, " it will so long as I 'm doing this."

He looked round, saw me lying there with hands and feet in the air and began to roar with laughter ; but a moment later his expression changed, for the boys ran in shouting in Malay that the flood was on us. When he interpreted this for me I took it coolly, remarking that we could easily walk up on to the bank.

His answer was more than disconcerting.

" There is no bank," he said. " We are on an island."

At once orders were given to take to the boats, into which luggage and provisions were bundled anyhow. The storm was still at its height, and the rain coming down in sheets ; on the other hand, the lightning was of service in enabling us to find our way to the bank,

WILD LIFE ACROSS THE WORLD

where we were literally thrown up. Once we reached it luck was certainly on our side. A little way off we saw a light, which we found came from a bamboo-and-nipa house. Of course, we were clad merely in pyjamas, but in a storm such as that it made little difference what one was wearing. The rain would have driven through any garments. It was almost as bad as being in the river itself.

I climbed up the crazy little bamboo ladder and looked into the house. I shall never forget the weird pathos of the sight which met my eyes. In a tiny wicker cradle suspended from the roof was a native baby only a few days old. Hanging over it was a very large dried leaf. On one side of this was painted in white a crude representation of a bird, and on the other a drawing of a man. The mother was walking round and round the cot, a torch in her hand, muttering what I guessed to be an incantation against evil spirits. She took practically no notice as I huddled myself down into a corner of the hut, but continued to tramp round, whilst between the crashes of the thunder I could hear snatches of her weird, monotonous chant.

A few minutes after reaching the hut I looked out, and with the aid of the lightning saw that our late camping ground had disappeared entirely. We had only just escaped in time.

The following morning we reached some experimental copper mines, and another half-day's

NATIVE METHODS OF FISHING

march brought us to a very large village, at which we decided to camp for the night. In this village was the biggest bamboo house I have ever seen in any part of the world. Fully a hundred and twenty people were eating, sleeping, cooking under the one roof. The chief of the place was a man of importance, recognised officially by the Government of British North Borneo. He received us very well, arranging a big dance in our honour, and I in my turn entertained the dancers by taking some flash-light pictures of them.

I was greatly interested in the local method of fishing, which is as ingenious as it is effective. The net used somewhat resembles those of the Roman gladiators. It is weighted all round, and has to be thrown so as to spread out on the water, then of course it sinks immediately, enmeshing all the fish which happen to be beneath it. Like all the people of the Far Eastern tropics, the natives of Borneo depend very largely on fish for their food supply, and display an amazing amount of skill in their methods of fishing, the great traps in the lagoons being especially elaborate.

At the mine I had to part company with my friend Clarke, who was remaining there. I bade him "good-bye" with the greatest regret. A better companion no man could wish to have.

My intention now was to make my way to another river, the Kinamatang. The start was by no means an

WILD LIFE ACROSS THE WORLD

auspicious one. Clarke had let me have what would ordinarily have been sufficient provisions to last me until I reached a Government post ; but before we had gone very far one of my boys managed to fall into the water and lose his load, which contained most of my foodstuffs. The prospect was not a pleasant one—there was a certain three days' journey ahead of me—but I decided to go on, and manage as best I could. Fortunately, it was a case of travelling by canoe ; if it had been a matter of tramping through the jungle, hard physical work, I might have suffered considerably. As it was, we kept going night and day. Every now and then we were lucky enough to spy some fruit on the trees along the bank, and this, if not exactly satisfying, proved to be sufficient. Still, I was by no means anxious to repeat the experiment.

From the canoe I saw traces of wild pigs, whilst of course there were monkeys in abundance, and every now and then the boys would show me a snake coiled up on the branch of a tree. Once, too, I had a glimpse of an Argus pheasant.

At last, during the midday rest on the bank, the boys informed me that we were within half a day's journey of the Government post, and in honour of the occasion I decided to allow myself a treat. One solitary bottle of beer had been saved. I had kept it carefully throughout the journey, intending to have it only when I found myself within reach of fresh

BUTTERFLIES—AND BEER

supplies. Often I had been tempted to open it, but had managed to keep my resolution; now, however, I meant really to enjoy it.

The head boy, a kind of policeman with whom the Government had supplied me, was told to fetch the bottle; then I pulled a log of wood into the shade and sat down. There were scores of magnificent butterflies fluttering round, and for the moment I was more intent on them than on the beer. I must have been, for I certainly did not notice that the boy had drawn the cork and poured the contents of the bottle into a tin can, which he had placed at my feet. Then the tragedy came. Seeing a particularly splendid butterfly, I jumped up, net in hand, kicked over the can, stumbled, and so lost both my refreshment and the insect. Really, I believe it was the keenest disappointment I ever met with on my travels. True, I managed to squeeze a little out of the bottom of the bottle, but it was merely the dregs, and by no means made up for the long drink which was now soaking down through the sand. Still, at nightfall there was a big bamboo chair in the Commissioner's camp and plenty of white man's food, and—other bottles of beer.

II

My next objective was the caves, one of the great breeding-places of the birds which make the famous edible nests, tens of thousands of which are collected there every year and shipped to China. Before starting on this trip, however, I put in a couple of days of much-needed rest at the camp.

When I did leave—my companion on this occasion broke the sequence of “C.’s,” his name being Brackenbury—I tried to make up for lost time, once more travelling night and day. So far I had been fortunate with regard to health, but about noon on the second day my luck failed me—perhaps a medical man would put it differently, and say I was the victim of my own carelessness. At any rate, I narrowly escaped a serious illness. It happened in this way: seeing a number of butterflies drinking at a pool on a spit of sand I told the boys to paddle inshore, as I wanted to take a photograph. I got my picture certainly, a marvellous one; but, incidentally, I got something else as well, a bad “touch of the sun,” otherwise a form of sunstroke due to the fact that, though I had my helmet on, my clothing consisted merely of a sleeping suit, there having been no chance of dressing in the dug-out.

AN ATTACK OF SUNSTROKE

You can get sunstroke in the spine just as easily as in the head, or almost as easily, and pyjamas are not much of a protection. Very soon my head was aching as though it would burst. At five o'clock we landed at a tobacco plantation, which we had already arranged to visit. By this time I was, properly speaking, delirious. Afterwards I learned that I had been all over the estate, that the whole process of drying and curing had been explained to me by Brackenbury; but, as a matter of fact, my sole recollection of it all is that some man seemed to want to keep us out of a certain shed. Fortunately, the manager of the estate, seeing what was the matter, put me to bed, and dosed me so efficiently that the following morning, although still very shaky, I was clear-headed and out of danger.

Lower down the river we stopped at a large rubber plantation, where we were treated in right royal fashion by the manager. It was whilst I was on the verandah of the latter's house that I happened to notice a very large hornbill, which kept on flying backwards and forwards across the river. At last I marked down the place in the forest to which he went, and made a careful note of it. We could not wait then whilst I went to investigate, but I determined to return later on and endeavour to discover what was the meaning of those repeated visits.

Before we left I had an object-lesson in the dangers

WILD LIFE ACROSS THE WORLD

of the rivers of Borneo. A favourite dog belonging to the manager attempted to swim the stream. Before he had gone very far he disappeared for ever. A crocodile had got him. At the same plantation I was shown four rings which had just been taken from the stomach of a crocodile, a brute which had recently managed to kill several native washer-women.

The route to the caves where the birds' nests were collected lay up a small river, which ran into the main stream about a mile below the rubber plantation, so we cut across a little hill to where the boys were waiting for us with the canoes. Hardly had we reached them when the rain began to fall once more—that terrible, drenching downpour of the tropics. Still, we were determined to go on.

Navigation on that stream was no easy matter. In places the course narrowed down to about six yards, and the current became correspondingly rapid. Often the branches of the trees met overhead, and we found ourselves almost creeping beneath the boughs. It seemed an ideal nesting-place for birds, but, on the other hand, I saw several snakes on the overhanging branches, and these reptiles are the birds' most deadly foes.

Until two o'clock in the afternoon we paddled and punted our way up-stream, then, coming to a fairly broad pool, we landed for lunch. A few minutes later yet another terrific thunder-storm swept down on

THE BIRDS'-NEST CAVES

us. However, we were already so wet that it did not make much difference, and after half an hour of such rest as one can get under adverse conditions we started again. Now monkeys innumerable seemed to have assembled in our honour. The trees were alive with little chattering fellows swinging themselves from branch to branch. I watched them carefully, for I was keenly anxious to see a specimen of the long-nosed monkey, of which I had heard a great deal. No specimen had ever been taken out of the country alive, I was told; more, even in the island itself no one had ever succeeded in keeping a long-nosed monkey in captivity. My guides had great hopes of seeing some on this river, but we were doomed to disappointment—at least for the present.

It was close on sundown when we reached a little hut belonging to the firm which leases the Gomanton caves from the Government. The fact that a rent of some twenty thousand dollars—the dollar is worth 2s. 4d. locally—a year is paid for the right to collect birds' nests will give some idea of the importance of the place. We were wet through when we landed, and there was absolutely no hope of dry clothes of any kind that night; but, after all, we were well content, for we had succeeded in keeping the cameras and films dry. Nothing else seemed greatly to matter. You can hang clothes out in the sun and put them to rights, but it is not much use trying the same process

with a wet film. Moreover, you can replace your stock of clothes, or even, in an emergency, dispense with some of them; but in British North Borneo no new photographic apparatus was obtainable.

From the hut there was a tramp of six miles through the jungle before one reached the famous caves. I was a-foot early, hoping to put in a thoroughly good day with the camera. All the Wah-wah monkeys saluted me with their peculiar chattering cry, from which they get their name. "Wah-wah, wah-wah," they seem to say. When we had covered some three-quarters of the distance I noticed fresh elephant spoor, but as I was unarmed and the jungle was very dense I was by no means keen on coming across the animals themselves. True, it takes an experienced hunter to be tolerably sure of bringing down an elephant at the first shot, but even in the case of a mere amateur the possession of a rifle gives a certain sense of security. I had not the slightest desire to shoot a wild elephant, though I would gladly have photographed one; but, at the same time, I did not want an elephant to experiment on me when I was without any means of defence.

However, we saw nothing of the huge animals, and both the cameras and ourselves arrived safely at the caves. The latter certainly deserve their fame. As a rule, when you have heard a great deal about some natural wonder, and for days past all the local people have been dinning into your ears, "Wait until

THE BIRDS'-NEST CAVES

you see so-and-so," you are more or less disappointed in the end. The descriptions of the marvels ahead have, so to speak, taken the edge off your sensations. But this was not the case with me when I reached the Gomanton caves. Intensely interesting as they are from a naturalist's point of view—and I was there, primarily, as a naturalist—I can quite understand them making a strong appeal to the mere tourist in search of "things to look at." Then, too, of course, there is the element of romance. What child was ever taught that the Chinese ate birds'-nest soup and forgot the fact? What boy does not know that the pirates of the China Seas regarded a junk laden with precious nests as the richest of all prizes? Yes, look at them from what point of view you will, even from the unromantic point of view of the merchant, the Gomanton caves repay one for the trouble of reaching them.

The first entrance, which is, so to speak, on the ground level, is about four times the size of an ordinary railway tunnel. When we reached it, the swiftlets, which make the famous nests, were flying in and out in swarms with lightning-like rapidity. One glance showed me that there was no chance of taking satisfactory photographs then, so I climbed up some hundred and fifty feet to the next entrance, which is much smaller, about as large as the mouths of two railway tunnels placed side by side. The floor slopes

WILD LIFE ACROSS THE WORLD

downwards, and as you grope your way into the darkness you have a curious feeling that, after all, you are going to fall into the lower tunnel. Just outside the entrance are the huts of the native nest gatherers.

At first I tried to get some moving pictures of the birds passing in and out, but the light was bad on account of the heavy thunder-clouds, so I decided to take some flash-light photographs of the interior. Before entering, however, our guides warned us to take off our boots, on account of the slippery nature of the slope, a precaution which we found to be a very wise one. Once we were on the level ground again, however, it was a different matter, the ground underfoot being quite soft. I had been told that I should find a bed of guano ranging from one to four feet in depth, but on examining the stuff I discovered it to consist merely of the excreta of various insects, which must have been accumulating there for countless generations. I do not know how many species had contributed to that amazing "carpet," but with the aid of an electric torch I saw numbers of weird-looking grasshoppers, whilst on one piece of rock alone I noticed some twenty centipedes.

At first the height of the caves seemed to be about sixty feet. Thousands upon thousands of nests were plastered over the roof. I tried to get a flash-light picture of these, after which we groped our way on for about another four hundred yards, the cave getting



Edible Birds' Nests.

A flash-light photograph in one of the great caves of Borneo.

Facing page 36.



COLLECTING THE NESTS

bigger all the time. Then, to my amazement, I saw what seemed to be little specks of light at least a hundred feet above the floor. Each of these lights, I found, represented a native collecting nests.

Naturally I asked how those natives got there, and was told that there were ladders of "rotan," the jungle rope, suspended from the roof. But though I was also informed that these ladders had to be renewed from year to year, no one could explain how, or when, the first ladder was fixed. Needless to say, the work is dangerous. Many a native has been carried out of those caves limp and horrible, with every bone broken. Sometimes it had been a ladder that had given way, sometimes a sudden dizziness had been the cause. The nest collectors themselves say that they could not do their work in the daylight, any more than they can climb the great jungle trees to collect honey in daylight. They dare not risk looking down from such a height. Doubtless an English steeplejack, or an American used to working on the framework of a skyscraper, would laugh at the idea of a mere hundred feet, but the native of Borneo knows his limitations, and avoids the risks by working in the dark.

I made a number of exposures in the cave, then scrambled back to the entrance, only to find that the seemingly inevitable thunder-storm was raging. Really, I had begun to lose count of the big storms now, it was almost easier to remember the occasions

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on which I had had dry clothes. My companion, Brackenbury, decided to return to our base camp; but as I was most anxious to secure some good studies of the birds flying in and out, I arranged for him to send me back some food and blankets. As soon as he had gone I took up my quarters in a little shelter near the mouth of the upper cave. Just by this was a hole, which the boys gave me to understand led down into the great cave below. More or less idly I picked up a large stone and dropped it down the hole. The effect was amazing. There was a rumble like thunder from the cavern, and a moment later the birds and bats came out literally in thousands. I had known, of course, that there must be immense numbers of them, but I had never expected to see so many at one time. It made me wonder what would have been the effect of a gun-shot inside the cave.

After sunset the night animals began to awaken. From the entrance of the cave hundreds of huge bats issued. A little way up the hillside a group of monkeys started to make the weirdest noises I had ever heard. About midnight I was awakened suddenly. One of the boys grabbed his companion, and with fear in his voice pointed at some object just outside on the skyline. Personally I could see nothing, though a series of extraordinary grunts and the absolute terror of my followers proved that a large and objectionable beast was uncomfortably near us. Still, the visitor, whoever

THE HAWKS' BREAKFAST

or whatever he was—I could not, of course, speak the language, and so never had the mystery explained—soon took his departure, greatly to the relief of all of us. I stretched myself out on the bare rock, and despite the hardness of my bed and the possibility of the unwelcome and unknown animal returning, managed to sleep soundly till dawn.

As soon as it was light the birds began to fly out. I was ready for them with the camera, but their foes, the hawks, were also ready, hovering in narrow circles just above the mouth of the cave. They seemed to be generally about fifteen feet from their prey when they made a dash, yet the victim seldom got a third of that distance before it was seized. Whilst I was watching I counted over thirty swiftlets carried off. Having had my rifle sent up with the provisions, I tried if a shot would frighten the hawks, but found that it produced very little effect.

As soon as I had got my pictures I started down to rejoin Brackenbury. I had been up and at work for some time now with nothing to eat, and the vision of breakfast at the camp seemed a very pleasant one; consequently, I was doubly grateful to my companion when at a turn in the path I saw a couple of boys sitting on a log waiting for me. Brackenbury had sent breakfast half-way to meet me. Whilst enjoying the meal my benefactor joined me, and one of the boys endeavoured to explain to us how soft the wood of a

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certain tree was ; so Brackenbury, to test the statement, fired at the trunk of one, which was fully thirty-six inches in diameter. The boy's word was certainly proved, for the bullet from a .303 rifle went clean through.

Afterwards we went on to the little river where we had left our canoes ; but before we could make a start the usual storm was on us, and in the end we were compelled to camp there for the night. By this time I was growing more than a little weary of thunder and lightning. In addition to my own personal point of view, the discomfort of being always wet, there was the ever-present fear of getting my apparatus and films damaged. As a matter of fact, many pictures which cost me an infinite amount of trouble to secure were ruined by the damp on this expedition. Experience has since taught me a way to preserve the results of my efforts with very little loss.

The morning broke bright and clear, and we hastened to get away, though it was not long before black clouds, precursors of yet another storm, began to roll up. It was terribly hard luck, for just as the rain started Brackenbury called out to me from the other canoe that there were some long-nosed monkeys in the trees ahead. We paddled forward quickly, but already it was too late. The monkeys remained—it was the light that had gone. I tried for three-quarters of an hour, but had no success, at least as regards photography. Still, I got a fair view of the animals,

A RETURN TO LUXURY

who did not seem in the least frightened of us. I was surprised to see how large they were. One very big fellow, evidently the chief of the little party—there were eight or nine of them in all—was most inquisitive, and remained after his companions had scampered off. He let me get quite close to him, and had there been enough light I should probably have got some unique pictures. Anyway, it was a sight worth seeing.

It was no small pleasure once more to land at the rubber plantation, where the manager made us, if possible, more welcome than before. After the days of toiling along in the mud and rain, of forcing one's way through the jungle, after the leeches, the biting ants, the wet clothes, the food eaten anyhow, the manager's bungalow seemed a veritable Paradise.

Certainly the evening I spent there ranks amongst the pleasantest of my life. Food off earthenware plates, beer out of real glasses, a long chair to lounge in afterwards, and dry things to wear—these may not sound great luxuries to the home-staying man, who has them every day of his life, and would grumble if he did not have them; but just then, to me, they seemed to represent the very ideal of comfort.

I was told a story by my host of a man who was invited by a settler to have a glass of bottled beer. The stranger was astonished to discover how cool it was and wanted to know the secret. "Quite

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simple," was the reply. "Come and see my cooling machine." The visitor was interested, as he knew there was no ice anywhere near. On arriving at the beer storage room, he was thunder-struck to see about thirty bottles of beer standing on the floor with a huge python coiled in and out and around them !

I had not forgotten the big hornbill which I had noticed on my former visit, and at sunrise I went out to look for his nest. I had marked the place down roughly, and after hiding amongst some branches for half an hour I saw him come along. A moment later he was holding on to the bark of a big tree, about sixty or seventy feet from the ground, feeding his mate, whose bill was visible out of a small hole in the trunk. The original hole had been carefully plastered up with mud until its diameter was so small that the mother-bird could not leave until released by her mate when her young were old enough to fly. Whether this is done to keep out monkeys and snakes I do not know.

Naturally I was most anxious to secure a moving picture of the process of feeding by regurgitation employed by this bird, so as soon as the male had departed in search of more fruit I built a little bower of branches and hid myself and my camera beneath it. The experience I had there was the reverse of enjoyable. In addition to the discomforts arising from the cramped position and the heat, both the animal and the insect worlds were rather too much

PHOTOGRAPHING A HORNBILL

in evidence. Before long an army of ants many thousands strong started a march across my knees. Then the monkeys began to cluster round, peering at me from amongst the leaves, chattering and grunting. After a time, however, the male bird returned, and I got a few feet of film of his proceedings.

Still, as I was there I decided to wait and get more photographs, if possible, a decision which nearly cost me my life. Minutes dragged by and became hours without my getting another chance. At last, at the end of the third hour, being horribly cramped and weary, I made up my mind to be content with what I had already secured. It was then that I experienced one of the narrowest escapes of my career. My chin and knees were touching, and on looking down I saw a big snake gliding under my legs. I kept perfectly still, and from the time it took him to pass under my eyes I could have sworn he was fifty feet long, but as a matter of fact he only measured about five. He was a deadly fellow, and had I touched him he would most certainly have bitten me, and even with the promptest attention my chance of life would have been small. As it was, I was some little distance from help, and by a curious coincidence I had, for the first time since leaving Sandakan, come away from camp without the tube of permanganate which I usually carried in case of snake-bite.

The following day I had to return to Sandakan,

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but before leaving I promised myself that I would come back and have another attempt at the great hornbill. When I did so a week later I found, to my intense disappointment, that the nesting hole had been unbarred and the birds had gone. So I had my long journey for nothing.

From Sandakan I went back to Kudat, where I had left my developing kit in the care of Walter Hastings, a son of Admiral Hastings, and a most excellent fellow in every way. He was of great assistance to me on account of his knowledge of the country and its people, a knowledge acquired during sixteen years' work in the service of the Government. I remember how concerned Hastings used to be over the tins full of insects which I collected in my room for future study or as specimens. One day his boy rushed in to him in a state of terror, and declared that he would not make my bed again, as I had overstepped the limit altogether by having a live snake tied up to my bed-post. Hastings, knowing my aversion to snakes, felt a little doubtful of the story, so, taking the boy with him, he went to investigate. There certainly was a snake coiled round the bed-post, one of the deadly whip-snakes, which he promptly killed; but it did not need my assurance to make him believe that I had had no hand in introducing it into the bungalow.

The boys themselves took a great interest in my insect hunting, and occasionally brought me specimens.

PORCUPINE AND CAT

One day the house-boy proudly presented me with two Atlas moths, though, unfortunately, he had rubbed their wings. Still, I kept them alive until they had laid their eggs, which in due course hatched out. When I left for home the caterpillars were going quite strong, but as there was no chance of taking them with me, I had to give up the idea of getting any cocoons.

One incident that stands out in my mind was that of a porcupine in a Chinaman's house. A bowl of food was put down, and both dogs and cats kept by the Chinaman rushed up and wanted to feed; but the porcupine kept running backwards in a circle to keep them away, until he was satisfied that no further attempt would be made on the food. When he had secured the dish for himself he, however, took pity on a miserable-looking cat and allowed it to feed with him.

Even in Kudat I was still the victim of the thunderstorms. My developing room consisted of the space underneath Hastings' house. Naturally the heat there was appalling, and it was impossible to work without some ventilation. Consequently, I was forced to leave a certain space open, with the result that more than one length of film was fogged by the terrific flashes of lightning.

Developing in Kudat meant so many hours of absolute misery. The temperature of the room was usually about 90° F., whilst the water was never less than 80° F. I used to strip down almost to the

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absolute minimum of clothing, and tie a towel round my chin to prevent the perspiration from dropping on the films. There were other discomforts, too. For instance, on several nights I had heard something scratching round the case on which I kept my trays, but had not really paid any attention to the matter. However, when I came to move the case some days later I discovered two huge scorpions, which had actually been running round my bare feet whilst I was at work!

On the other side of the bay at Kudat were some rubber and tobacco plantations which I was anxious to visit to see the methods of cultivation and curing, as well as to study the natural life there.

The outward trip was uneventful. We crossed the bay in about four hours, then ran up the smaller river for some little distance to a tobacco plantation, where, after being shown round, I lunched with the Dutch gentleman in charge of the place. Amongst other things my host showed me some of the largest crocodile skulls I have ever seen. Apparently he had been having great trouble with these brutes, one of which had recently pulled a bullock belonging to the plantation clean into the river and dragged him out of sight under the water.

I have always done my hunting with a camera instead of with a rifle, never taking life if I could avoid so doing; but the crocodile, like the poisonous snake, is one of those creatures which I hold it is justifiable to kill

BY LAUNCH TO KUDAT

whenever a chance affords. He is one of the foes of the human race, nay, more, he is a foe of every thing, and even the most fanatical opponent of killing could not contend that he fulfils a single useful purpose.

As I had been developing films half the previous night, I did not feel inclined to make a long day of it, so shortly after lunch I decided to return to Kudat. I gave orders to that effect to the crew, which consisted of the engineer and a boy who was supposed to know how to steer; then stretching myself out I fell fast asleep.

It must have been about an hour later when I was awakened by water pouring over the side on to me. A thunder-storm had broken, it was almost dark, and the boat seemed to be nearly on end. We had just reached the mouth of the river. There had been a flood higher up, the stream was coming down fiercely, bringing with it a number of great logs, whilst to make matters worse the wind was driving the sea into the river-mouth against the flood. Had we fouled any of the larger logs we should certainly have been swamped at once. Moreover, the launch was top-heavy, with a wooden kind of hood instead of the ordinary canvas awning, and she was shipping seas all the time.

By luck rather than by good management on the part of the crew we managed to avoid the floating timber and get out of the broken water at the river-mouth, but a few minutes later another difficulty arose. It had become quite dark, and I discovered

that neither the engineer nor the boy knew in which direction to head. They could find their way in the daylight, but darkness rendered them helpless.

I was convinced we were right off our course, and endeavoured to make the boy understand where I believed Kudat to be. Finally, he produced a very ancient compass of the castor-oil pattern, but all the card would do was to swing round and round, whilst he tried wildly to follow it with the wheel. All this time we were shipping water, which I attempted vainly to bale out with my helmet, the only available thing for the purpose. To make matters worse, the engineer lost his nerve and began to yell hideously.

Finding that the water was gaining on us fast, I looked round to see if there was anything I could use as a life-buoy when our craft finally sank, but discovered nothing that would float; so I resigned myself as best I could to what seemed the inevitable, and determined that if the crisis came I would simply sink. I am a strong swimmer, and I was by no means anxious to lose my life in that rather ignominious way, but to have gone on struggling in the water would have been merely to prolong the agony.

Yet by some miracle the crisis never came, though our escape was most certainly not due to the skill of the crew. I could not get the wretched boy to understand that by keeping the launch up to the wind we should ship less water. Both he and his equally

NEARLY SHIPWRECKED

inefficient mate were determined to steer a certain course, which, besides increasing the risks of being swamped, would, I was convinced, take us out of the bay into the open sea. Several times the engine was nearly stopped by the water we had taken aboard, and if it had broken down the end would have come quickly. Altogether we were battling with the waves for about seven hours ; then the sky cleared a little, and we were able to make out the coast-line. I was truly grateful when I stepped ashore that night.

CHAPTER II

East Africa

I

We joined the s.s. *Bardistan*, en route for South Africa, on March 27th, 1909. Down to the time we reached Suez the trip was like any other—rough weather in the Bay of Biscay, fairly decent weather afterwards. Once we were in the Red Sea, however, matters were different, for our steamer called at several of those places where the ordinary traveller does not go.

In Port Sudan we saw some of the celebrated Fuzzy Wuzzies, the only tribe which can boast of having broken a British square. They are a fine race with good features. They are always laughing, but their chief feature is their extraordinary heads of hair. The hair is very long, fuzzy on top, and at the back is twisted into countless numbers of curls, like those of our grandmothers; into it all they rub mutton fat and all sorts of unsavoury things. This style of head-dress suits them splendidly. They are rather superstitious, and run away if they see a camera in your hand. However, by careful stalking I managed to get

FUZZY WUZZIES

a snapshot of one driving one of the winches. It seems almost incredible to think that, a very few years ago, they were a race of bloodthirsty savages, prowling round with spears wherewith to tickle one's ribs. Yet here they were on board, driving steam-winch as skilfully as any white engineer. It is about the only work it is possible to get them to do, not because they are lazy, as they are hard workers; but, for some peculiar reason best known to themselves, they will only work on a ship or go out on the pasture lands.

They have one other peculiar feature, or rather trick. Without the slightest warning or apparent reason, one will suddenly jump up and make a series of tremendous leaps five or six feet straight into the air, and then quietly squat down again.

The other natives round there are of the coolie class, not Arabs, and are much more polite and civil; they never argue, and take what you give quietly, saluting you by touching their foreheads and then their breasts with the right hand.

Fortunately there was nothing to detain the *Bardistan* for many hours at Aden, and we were soon on our way again for Mombasa, our next port of call. This portion of the journey proved to be quite uneventful in every way.

It was early on a May morning when we arrived in Mombasa, the eastern door of the Dark Continent, at least so far as the British are concerned. The scene

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as you steam into the inner harbour of Kilindini is delightful. You feel instinctively that you are on the verge of adventure. If you have any imagination at all you recall the wonderful boys' serials you used to read years ago, in the old *Boys' Own Paper*, about slaves and dhows and pirates generally. The white, sandy beach, the palm trees and the natives stalking along in their spotless linen—nay, there are some of the very dhows there still—bring it all back to you. You are going to realise some of your boyhood's dreams. There is the old Portuguese fort. If Vasco da Gama did not actually plan it, at least he landed here, or somewhere near by. Very little has changed outwardly since the days of Prince Henry the Navigator. There are steamers now and a railway climbing up to the lakes, and there are plenty of Indian merchants and a handful of clean and rather weary Englishmen upholding the national prestige, also a few Americans in quest of the sport they cannot get in their own land; but, with the exception of these, old Mombasa is practically as it was in the fifteenth century. Probably five centuries hence it will be much the same. It is Africa, to be sure, but none the less it is part of the East. And the East never changes.

Mombasa is one of the gates to Savage Africa, and still it is not African at all; it is the East, always the East. You need to remember that fact when you land there. By so doing you will save yourself from

DAR-ES-SALAAM

some shocks. You must not judge the interior by the coast.

Of course, the real gate of East Africa is, or ought to have been, Dar-es-Salaam, which is a little to the south. "The Place of Peace"—that is the meaning of the name—and no spot was ever named more appropriately. A wonderful harbour, a perfect harbour, and a sublimely beautiful place; we had it in our hands, and let it slip into those of the Germans. There was absolutely no excuse for us. No excuse has ever been suggested, save that we had got into the habit of giving up things to the Germans.

Mombasa is too well known for me to attempt to describe it. The average tourist does that constantly, and most people have managed to gather an idea of what the town is really like. There is ice at the hotels, and good lager beer and moderately good food which, as is always the case in East Africa, has a curious sameness of flavour. For a long time I could not quite place this taste, but an Englishman from Durban explained it to me, and I understood at once. It was the taste of the coolie cook's hands.

Of course, there was no train on the day we landed. There never is in East Africa, otherwise half the coast hotels would close their doors; but in our case no hotel-keeper profited through the fact. The skipper of our steamer earned our thanks and no doubt unpopularity with the hotel-keeping folk by asking

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us to come aboard again as his guests. It is a strange thing how glad one always is to get back to the steamer on occasions such as this. You may have got shockingly tired of the voyage, you may have spent hours leaning over the rail looking out for land; you may have made the chief officer's life a misery by idiotic questions as to when you will get into port; and yet when you do actually land, you realise that the ship has been your home—if she is a British ship—that her officers are your own kin, and you would sooner sleep in one of her alley-ways than deliver yourself up to one of the hotels on shore.

The train left Mombasa at 11.0 a.m. I had, of course, heard a great deal of the railway and of the nature of the journey itself, but I was not prepared for the marvels I saw.

The Uganda Railway is unique. There is absolutely nothing else like it. The country you see from the train has been described as a Zoo with all the animals loose. Nowhere else is it possible to view lions in safety without those lions being in cages or under some kind of restraint. The journey up to Nairobi, a distance of three hundred and twenty-seven miles, takes twenty-three hours, and at the end of it you are some five thousand feet above sea-level.

During the first part of the time we saw little in the way of game, but when we reached Tsavo, the place immortalised in Lieutenant-Colonel Paterson's

A LION ON THE RAILWAY

book, *The Man-eaters of Tsavo*, we discovered that we were no longer in a country where a man can take a stroll down the road after dinner. This was brought home to us vividly whilst we were at that station. The new-comer, especially if he arrives at a place by train, is apt to assume that the days of adventure are over, and even if he does not really assume it, he is usually afraid of making himself ridiculous by taking any special precautions. I suppose we thought all the man-eaters had been shot or chased away. At any rate, when the train pulled up at Tsavo—it was at eight o'clock in the evening—we got down to stretch our legs, but we had not gone far before the guard was after us.

“Excuse me, gentlemen,” he said, “but the carriage is the most healthy place for you. A lion was seen on the station a few minutes ago, just before this train came in.”

We agreed with him very readily.

Immediately after we left Tsavo I turned in and slept till the following morning, awaking to find we had reached a station called Sultan Hamud, after a potentate from Zanzibar, who visited the place whilst the line was being constructed and was duly impressed with the energy—perhaps he thought it the folly—of the white man. The morning was chilly—already we were well above sea-level—so I remained rolled in my blankets watching the scenery.

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At first, all I saw in the way of game was an occasional small buck, and I began to doubt the accounts I had heard concerning the "Natural Zoo." Then suddenly I spied a troop of ten giraffe, so close to the permanent way that I could have hit them with a catapult, or at any rate with a revolver. They looked round at us, certainly, but they did not run or show the least fear. I have often seen cattle and horses in England far more frightened than was the game along that line. Evidently they had become quite accustomed to the trains.

I was, perhaps, more excited than those giraffe were, but as the hours went by I grew accustomed to it, although I had never expected to see one-tenth the number of game. Literally, it was "Nature's Zoo." All the time the numbers seemed to increase, until you began to wonder how it was possible for so many to find pasturage. Zebra, wildebeeste, kongoni, Thompson gazelle, "Grants," eland, ostrich, a lion and a rhino—we saw all these actually from our railway carriage. During the last forty miles, whilst we were crossing the great Kapiti and Athi Plains, it was impossible for anyone possessed of ordinary eyesight to look out and not see game of some sort or other.

In Nairobi we put up at the "Norfolk," an hotel where you can get practically every modern convenience, no small consideration at the end of a



The Beautiful Lynx.



An African Ostrich at Home.

Facing page 56.



THE CHIEF GAME WARDEN

twenty-three-hour railway journey in the tropics. You may have had the best possible carriage, the best possible feeding arrangements on that journey, yet I guarantee that when you get down at your destination you will be longing for a bath as greatly as you are longing for a big, cool drink, and when you have had these you will make a dive for the dining-room and eat everything they put before you. You may have fever afterwards—a sudden change in altitude often brings it out—but you usually have time for the bath and the long drink and the dinner first. They almost make up for the fever.

At the hotel we met Mr. Percival, the Chief Game Warden—the title seems vaguely reminiscent of someone who looks after an American prison—and his assistant, Major Ross, D.S.O. They were exceedingly kind and greatly interested in my work, but the Major nearly succeeded in spoiling our night's rest by informing us that a pair of lions had been seen less than an hour's walk from the hotel that very day, and he proposed that I should photograph them in the morning, preparatory to their being shot as public nuisances. I wanted lion photographs, wanted them very badly, but it seemed a little sudden. I had not yet entered into the spirit of the place. A lion still appeared to be quite a formidable beast, something which was best in a cage or stuffed.

Still, it had to be done. At five o'clock next morning,

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after rigging ourselves in the orthodox Nairobi hunting costume—I have no love for fancy dresses, especially when there is a chance of having a lioness as your partner—we swallowed some very hot coffee, hired a couple of gharrys, and started off. We were pretty cold and stiff when the gharrys set us down at the end of the track, but a native whom we met revived us by saying that he had seen the lions that very morning. As for my own feelings, I will say nothing, but my companion has since confessed—it was his first lion hunt—that he hoped most fervently that that native was lying, or, alternatively, that the lions had had the sense to make themselves scarce.

However, we soon picked up what was undoubtedly the fresh spoor of a big old lion. Also, we found that we were not the only hunters on the warpath, for a lady armed *cap-à-pie* accompanied by a Buffalo Bill sort of gentleman joined us, a fact which cheered my companion, who whispered that if the lion had any sense of humour he would certainly prefer the new-comer.

However, though we spent hours searching for the animals, spooring them with infinite care, it all ended in the entirely prosaic remark: “It’s about time we went and had some lunch.”

II

The day following the unsuccessful lion-hunt was a busy one, for it was devoted to the most important task of the whole trip, the fitting-out of the safari or caravan. Of course, most of my arrangements had been made beforehand, and I had the benefit of the very best local advice, but there are numberless things to which one must attend personally.

In British East Africa a caravan is known as a "safari," but the word is also used as a verb, and "to safari" is to go on trek with a caravan. An expression with such a wide application is quite handy.

Some details of my own safari on this trip may be interesting.

In addition to myself there was my companion, William Coates, whose job it was to undertake the management of the caravan, to deal with all the commissariat arrangements, to "boss up" the carriers, cooks, or general utility boys, and to shoot what game was necessary for the pot, although the expedition was in no sense a shooting trip and not a single animal was to be killed needlessly. Also, he was, if necessary, to remain at hand whilst I was taking pictures of dangerous animals, because it is obviously impossible to focus a camera and handle a rifle at one and the same time.

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The rest of the party consisted of fourteen porters, an Askari or native soldier, a cook-boy, a Masai armed with a murderous-looking spear, the blade of which was forty-five inches in length, and, finally, a Somali boy named Mahomed, a fine servant and a most amazing liar.

It is one thing to think you are ready to start with a safari and quite another matter actually to get away. There is delay after delay until you are almost crazy. A load is not made up properly, then there is one load too many, then the cook finds, or thinks he finds, that some essential article has not been packed. Finally, by the time you have all your gear in order and the sun is getting low in the sky you discover that half the carriers have gone off to bid tearful farewells to problematical relations.

On this occasion we got away just in time, camping far enough from Nairobi to render it impossible for the boys to dodge back and spend the night there.

We turned in early, and it was not long before I was asleep, but it was also not long before I was awake again. The lions were to blame. I suppose they had come to welcome us as new arrivals on the game veldt. If that was so, they might have saved themselves the trouble of growling round the camp. I felt not the slightest gratitude to them, as it was impossible to get a flash-light picture. They kept on answering each other from different sides, as if to tell



A View of Typical African Bush.

Taken from an aeroplane.

Facing page 60.

THE ROARING OF LIONS

us that they were watching every move we made. My companion soon grew weary of it all, rolled over and went to sleep as calmly as if he were back in London, but I could not follow his example. Those lions were too near and too noisy to be pleasant. All the time I felt I wanted to wake up Coates and make him listen too. Towards dawn the lions took their departure, probably feeling that they had used up quite a lot of growls without any tangible or, rather, any edible result; but some hyenas took their place, cursing the whole of living creation; and then a troop of zebra thundered by, uttering their peculiar shrill, barking noise. Altogether it was not an enjoyable time.

After that night, when the lions had been growling round, I wrote in my diary :—

The next morning, while having breakfast, a native from a local village came in and asked if we would shoot the aforementioned lions for him, as that night they had killed a cow and a donkey of his. He was evidently in earnest, for when he saw us hesitate he offered us a bribe of two cows.

We were very willing, but our inexperience caused us to hesitate, and we decided to wait until more expert help was at hand, so sent a note back to Nairobi asking a friend who was an old campaigner to come to our assistance.

He came, not to shoot the lions but to warn us off them, for it appeared that we had nearly committed

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the unpardonable crime of shooting the military officers' pets.

According to him—I give the yarn for what it is worth—when all other things failed the officers would take their rifles and practise shooting on those lions.

I afterwards heard that the officers had learnt something of our intentions, and had gone in frantic haste to lodge a protest against their pet game being actually shot. But they met with very little sympathy, the Warden telling them the following tale :—

A certain man once had a small shoot, the only thing on it to be shot at being one jack snipe. When in want of a little sport he would take his gun and walk round the shoot until he put the jack snipe up ; then both barrels were let off, with the never-failing result that the bird was missed, after which the sportsman would go home feeling that he had justified himself as the owner of a gun. One day, however, he chanced to have a friend down and asked him to join in the shoot. Of course, the old snipe was put up as usual, but the guest had not been warned, and being a better shot than his host he killed it forthwith, to the intense chagrin of the other, who exclaimed : “ Now you 've spoilt all my sport ! ”

At the same time these warrior sportsmen were warned that they must really kill these lions, or graciously allow someone else to do so, because they were becoming not only a nuisance, but a danger



A Typical East African Scene.

Facing page 62.

BEAUTIFUL COUNTRY

as well. In fact, a few days after we were there they killed a native.

There was another good yarn current in Nairobi. It seemed that when a well-known legislator was expected some complacent officials "prepared" a pair of lions for him—this has been done for other "statesmen-hunters" as well—giving them plentiful rations of meat until they were half tame and thoroughly lethargic from over-eating.

Everything seemed to be shaping well, when suddenly a tragedy occurred, upsetting all the carefully-laid plans for the entertainment. A settler, a man who took the common-sense view that a lion is a bad form of vermin, came along, saw these lions, and not knowing who they were for, shot them out of hand.

But I must get on with my story.

Having struck camp, we started for the Ingong, where we hoped to stay a few days, as game was abundant and the cover in places very good.

Having pitched our camp in a beautiful park-like piece of country, the ground gradually sloping down to a meandering brook, we looked round for "sitters."

Several negatives were exposed, but not a single one was good enough to satisfy me. However, the time was not wasted, as considerable experience of the light and general conditions was gained.

Whilst wandering around we were greatly fascinated

by watching a hen secretary-bird doing a kind of dance near her nest. She would take a series of long hops, at the same time slowly fanning her wings and occasionally turn right round. She kept this up for some time, till at last with one tremendous jump in the air, she landed right on to her nest and proceeded to settle down.

I have read Rider Haggard's *King Solomon's Mines*, and considered it a capital yarn, but always thought that some of the more impossible incidents should be taken with a grain of salt, especially that wherein Captain Good petrifies the Kykanas by taking out his false teeth.

Now I myself happen to have some false teeth, and one particular evening I went across to the fire to obtain a mug of warm water for the very necessary and laudable purpose of cleansing them. It was merely chance, of course, that instead of retiring to the privacy of my tent I put my hand up to my mouth and extracted the teeth in sight of the natives. The effect on the porters who observed this was instantaneous and astonishing. In spite of the darkness one bolted into the bush, another who was squatting lost his balance and rolled over backwards, doing a complete somersault, two more lay flat on the ground, whilst the rest stepped back several paces shouting and chattering thirteen to the dozen. However, after a few minutes we managed to reassure

REFITTING AT NAIROBI

them, and when they had conquered their timidity I had to repeat the performance for their benefit several times ; but always, even to the end of the trip, it would call forth frequent exclamations of " Allah ! " whenever I did it.

We spent some seven or eight days in this neighbourhood, gaining considerable experience of safari life and the difficulties to be faced and overcome, and then returned to Nairobi to refit for a longer journey.

Arriving at Nairobi, we stayed a couple of days with Mr. Percival, then, acting on his advice, we prepared to start at once for Naivasha. I must say here that both to His Excellency the then Acting-Governor, Mr. Jackson, and to Mr. Percival we were greatly indebted for much kindness and useful advice, which went a long way to making our trip an unqualified success.

After climbing up to a height of nearly eight thousand feet the line takes a sudden drop into what is really a part of the great Rift Valley, which extends practically from the Zambesi to Palestine.

Naivasha is about sixty miles west of Nairobi, at the western foot of the Kikuyu escarpment. For a great part of the time the railway wanders through dense forests full of gigantic trees, cedars, olives and so on, assets of tremendous value both for commercial purposes and as sources of fuel. The latter is most important. Coal being unknown, wood is the only fuel,

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the locomotives and steamers on the Victoria Nyanza all being fired with it.

Naivasha is a small place containing about a dozen European houses and a boma, or fort. It is situated on a beautiful lake of the same name. Roughly speaking, this lake is seventeen miles long by twelve miles wide, and is one of the most interesting things we saw up there. It is entirely surrounded by mountains and has no visible outlet, yet there are two rivers, viz. the Marandat and Gil Gil, which daily pour in more water than is evaporated from the surface; yet it never floods, in fact it sank whilst we were there.

What is the explanation? That problem has yet to be solved. Local settlers, anxious for the importance of their lake, assert that it is the original of the lake in Rider Haggard's *Allan Quatermain*, where Curtis, Good and Co. got drawn into the subterranean passage, but no such passage has been discovered. To my mind another close resemblance to the novel is that at Gil Gil, at one extremity of the lake, there are some marvellous natural steam jets which spurt out of the land without any apparent cause.

One thing is certain, that the country round here has recently been subject to considerable volcanic influences, for in several places round the lake, as well as at Gil Gil, smoke or steam issues forth. At one place, on a mountain named Longonot, right at the



A Horned Chameleon.

First discovered by Sir Frederick Jackson.

Facing page 66.

A DANGEROUS CAVE

opposite end to Gil Gil, there is a cave known locally as the "Devil's Breath." At certain known times, namely from four to seven in the morning and during the same hours in the evening, a poisonous gas, which has since proved to be hydrochloric acid gas, in sufficient strength and volume to kill a cow in twenty seconds, a goat in about fifteen seconds, and a dog almost instantaneously, comes from this cave. The cause of this is beyond me, and I leave it to others more capable than myself to furnish an explanation. For the comfort of future visitors to this cave, I may inform them that the gentleman on whose land it is situated has had a railing put round, as well as a notice warning people—those who can read—of its dangers. I saw a marvellous collection of skeletons of animals lying near it.

Another peculiar feature of the lake is that there are absolutely no fish in it, yet it is the home of innumerable aquatic birds—sea-gulls, cormorants, ducks, Egyptian geese, pelicans, storks, also kingfishers, sea-eagles, sacred ibis, golden-crested crane and many others—besides otters and hippopotami.

Rumour had it also that a few huge water python made it their home, though I never saw but one; on the other hand, I did find to my cost one day, when I had to wade ashore, that it was teeming with leeches.

Again, there is a belt of water-lilies and reeds averaging about five hundred yards wide nearly all the

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way round its edge, which makes navigation difficult, and provides food for the hippos.

The water is good and drinkable, but after a few days it usually produces terrible indigestion, perhaps from the presence of some alkaline matter in it. However, if this is so, it is a flavourless chemical. The banks have a dense fringe of the tall, graceful papyrus grass.

To return to my narrative. At 5.0 p.m. we arrived at Naivasha, and as it was too late to go on, we pitched our camp alongside the station. It turned out a nasty night—cold, with a drizzling rain and gusty wind, which threatened to blow our tent over several times, making it hard to believe that we were in the tropics, almost on the Equator itself.

The next morning broke fine and bright, and then the lake indeed looked beautiful, with its green fringe and the water sparkling under the brilliant tropical sun.

We had an early breakfast, afterwards moving off until we found a really comfortable spot to camp, for I intended staying a few days in each place, in order to get opportunities of studying the bird life. The camp here had a precipice of some hundred feet high close behind it, in front a stretch of green grass about a hundred yards wide, then a belt of thorny acacia trees, more grass, and in front of that again the belt of papyrus grass bordering the lake.

THE NATIVES' CONCERT

Unfortunately, our cook, quite unintentionally, built his fire—which was on a slightly raised piece of ground—immediately over a kingfisher's nest, a fact we did not discover until too late to prevent the bird deserting.

The precipice behind us was full of caves, the homes of a large number of Kikuyus, and at night these gentlemen would light huge fires, and indulge in a variety of smoking concert, which was very interesting and picturesque for the first hour, after which it quickly grew monotonous, as the native songs are all on about two notes. I was told, too, that they are of a wholly untranslatable nature. The precipice itself looked beautiful and weird, with the jumping lights from the fires showing up the more prominent parts and deepening the shadows behind.

Later in the night I discovered that other things could also help to wake the sleeping echoes, as there were numbers of rock rabbits about, queer little beasts, which gave vent at frequent intervals to shrill, plaintive cries. However, taking it all round, we were very comfortable, and the worst of noises have an end sooner or later—more often later, it seemed.

The next day we spent in merely wandering round, seeing what there was to see and noting objects for future studies.

The following day I went off a little way and built a blind, or “hide-up,” close by the entrance to another kingfisher's nest in rather a steep part of the precipice.

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For some hours the birds would not come near, and even for the next day or two they were very timid and suspicious; but in course of time they regained their confidence, and I was able to obtain several still pictures as well as a good length of kinematograph film. I also discovered that small frogs formed the main source of the kingfisher's food supply, and I saw the birds bring in several to the nest.

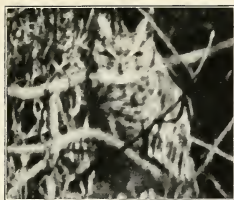
The butterflies here were very numerous and beautiful, and I collected a few specimens with a home-made net, but unfortunately they were all spoilt later on.

To quote again from my diary :—

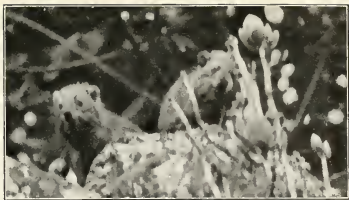
Friday, May 21st.—To-day we hired a small punt and went out on the lake to have a try at the aquatic birds, but found it useless as we could not get sufficiently near them. As I am very keen on the matter, I went to the boat-builder who had a workshop on the lake-side, got him to make a kind of very big baby's chair, long in the legs and having the feet connected with boards to prevent them from sinking into the mud. This contrivance I intend to use to sit on whilst in hiding near the nests.

Meanwhile I set some of the boys on the task of making a kind of reed hut in sections, which could be joined up at a few minutes' notice.

The chair and reed hut being completed, we put



A Long-eared Owl.



Rock Rabbits.



Tree Frogs on the shores of Lake Naivasha.

Facing page 70.

PHOTOGRAPHING WATER-BIRDS

them in a rather bigger punt, and with much labour arrived at a position which I had previously selected. Here we put the chair overboard, and the water not being more than three or four feet deep, it stood well out of it. Round this we fixed the four walls of the reed hut, leaving one corner open so that I can get in and out, and finally put another section of the reed work over the chair to form a roof as a protection from the sun, and also to conceal me from flying birds.

The plan worked beautifully, as at a few yards' distance the hut harmonized with the other patches of reeds and from it I obtained several most interesting studies.

Next morning I went into my reed "blind," whilst my companion pushed off some little way and proceeded to wait for me, as we both thought it necessary at that time to have a guard. However, later on we discovered that this was not essential, birds being the only living things about, the hippos not patronising this particular portion of the lake. Of course, I always had a revolver in case of the unexpected happening, or to call help in emergency, a porter being left in the punt with orders to listen for a shot.

As a result of a failure in the meat supply I had to come down to the expedient of sending our boy Mahomed with a couple of porters back to Naivasha to buy fresh meat—six pounds for a rupee (1s. 4d.)—

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and one or two other little luxuries, and at the same time to collect our mail.

I gave Mahomed two rupees to pay for the meat and any mail dues there might be, the other goods going to an account we had opened in Naivasha. He started early in the morning, and should have been back in decent time in the evening. However, it was close on 10.0 p.m. when he turned up, and then he was empty-handed.

Naturally I was angry. He had caused me a good deal of anxiety by being so late, and had aggravated it by the evident failure of his errand.

I inquired where he had been, the cause of delay and of the absence of stores, and the whereabouts of my rupees. He immediately began to cry, a trick he could do at a moment's notice, and informed me that he had not been to Naivasha at all, but only half-way, where he had met some friends who had invited him to play cards for money.

All natives are gamblers, and Somalis are princes in that line. Mahomed confessed that he had stopped to gamble, and, what was worse, with my rupees, the result being that they were lost. If I wanted my money back I must cut it out of his pay when we returned to Nairobi.

I saw if we were to have any confidence in the boy the matter must be dealt with at once, and that fairly severely; but the moment I threatened punishment

THE MESSENGER'S RETURN

he began laying out rupees on the ground, taking them from some mysterious portion of his garments, at the same time confessing that he had *not* lost my rupees, but had actually used them as capital wherewith to win another six, but did not like to tell me for fear I should whip him for not having been to Naivasha.

On being questioned about this remarkable statement, he owned up that he thought that I should not have the heart to thrash him for having had the misfortune to lose my money, but would do so for disobedience, as I was new to the country ! And this from one who was usually an excellent and faithful servant, though, as I said before, a most colossal liar.

Early one morning Aarup, a native of Denmark, and also what is generally called "a regular character," came for us in his sailing boat to take me for a cruise round the lake. With him were also a Mr. and Mrs. Goby, who afterwards proved most kind and hospitable friends.

We had a glorious day, with just enough breeze to keep the boat going about six knots. To get into the shade during the noonday heat, where we were going to have lunch, we put in at one of the smaller islands, situated at the eastern end of the lake. It was here that I discovered the plentiful supply of leeches whilst wading ashore for lunch.

After the meal we pushed off again, and ran over to a small island about fifty yards long and twenty

WILD LIFE ACROSS THE WORLD

wide, covered with tall, graceful reeds and dead trees. I was greatly interested in noticing that some of these trees stood right out in the lake. I suppose this little island must have been bigger some time ago and was now disappearing, the trees perhaps being killed by the foreign matter in the water.

These dead trees formed the nesting-place of innumerable cormorants, in addition to some sacred ibis, whilst on the shore and among the reeds hundreds of nests were scattered about so thickly that it was almost impossible to avoid trampling on them, a fact which caused us to give the spot the name of "Bird Island."

Amongst the others were several nests of the Egyptian goose, nearly all with eggs in them, and we helped ourselves to a couple of dozen or so, selecting nests which had about four eggs only in them, taking two and leaving two. From the fact that some nests had from twelve to eighteen eggs or young ones in them, we argued that the birds indulged in large clutches, and that therefore the eggs in those containing only four or five would be fresh.

When we went aboard again we found the wind was rapidly failing us, and before we had got half-way it fell to a dead calm, so that it became a question of rowing the rest of the distance.

It was a glorious evening, and the Aberdare Mountains stood out clear and sharp, one point looking



Cormorants nesting in a Dead Tree in Lake Naivasha.

Facing page 74.

TREE SNAKES

exactly like a huge elephant, a fact which our host pointed out to us with great pride.

May 24.—I had rather a shock this evening, for on moving a small log of wood nearer to the fire to form a seat I discovered three snakes on which I had nearly put my hands. Aarup said they were harmless, but our boys seemed very frightened of them, saying that they were “very bad,” so I did not give them the benefit of the doubt, but killed them. They were about fifteen inches long with a white and green stripe running along the back. I afterwards saw several of the same kind—once nine in a day—and as they were always on or in dead wood I suppose they must be some form of tree snake.

This evening our neighbours up the hill-side held another of their smoking concerts, the row being, if anything, worse than before. There were about a hundred of them, one of whom would sing a kind of solo on about two notes, then all the rest would join in the chorus, which consisted of a weird minor interval, another short solo, another chorus, and so on until about 3.0 a.m., and yet they were out and about at sunrise, showing no signs of sleepiness or fatigue.

May 25.—Having already had a successful day with my camera amongst the kingfishers, I decided that whilst we were so near the shore of the lake I would avail myself of the opportunity of making

WILD LIFE ACROSS THE WORLD

more studies of other aquatic birds, and went once more down to my "blind."

It is wonderful what interesting things one can see when lying hidden in such a spot. There was one bird which interested me greatly. I afterwards discovered it is called a "lily trotter." It has long, wide, spreading toes, and is able to run along the tops of the lily leaves as easily as if it were on solid earth. Then I watched some small birds similar in appearance and nesting habits to our reed-warblers in England. Two pairs of these had built their nests so close to each other that the materials interlaced. I tried hard to distinguish one female from the other, with a view to finding out if either of them ever made a mistake and sat down in the wrong nest upon returning home, but had to give the task up in despair.

Towards noon the heat became stifling and the sun almost unbearable, so I set my boys to work roofing in the front end of the boat, making a sort of hut out of long reeds. It was a complete success, for in it one was shaded from the sun and yet the reeds were sufficiently loose to admit the air. Another advantage was that one could also drift right up to the shyer birds without their taking alarm.

I do not know if I was specially hungry that night, but the meat from the buck shot the previous day was delicious. We had an excellent cook, certainly, but

THE EVENING CAMP-FIRE

in any case the flavour was splendid. I know of nothing nicer than a piece of *Grantia Thommi* well cooked.

After dinner came the best part of the day. A good fire was kept burning brightly immediately in front of our tent, so that as soon as dinner was finished we could take our camp chairs out under the canvas extension to the tent and sit in front of the blaze, get on a pair of soft slippers, light a pipe, and then either spin yarns one to another or hold a "shami" with some of our boys.

This is the part of safari life which appeals to me most strongly. It is beyond description. There is something weird and fascinating in sitting watching the fire jump, seeing the glare momentarily light up some black, grinning face with shining white teeth and eyes, accentuating the darkness beyond.

And then, suddenly, the howl of a hyena or the distant roar of a lion comes in and breaks the spell.

May 26.—We got up early this morning and went out on the lake in a big rowing-boat we hired. We took two of our boys who professed themselves able to row, but we very soon found out that they had as much idea of rowing as they had of flying, not even knowing the bow from the stern. We pulled off to a small clump of papyrus which stood like a solitary sentinel about a mile from the shore, and wasted some time in looking for the nest of a pelican which we had noticed on two or three occasions leaving this

WILD LIFE ACROSS THE WORLD

particular clump, but failed to discover it. The nesting-places of this species remained a mystery, for we could never find one, and the best information as to their whereabouts that we could obtain was some hazy native idea that they were only to be found on the tops of the highest and most inaccessible hills.

When we gave up the search and cast off from this clump with the intention of proceeding to Bird Island, a pull of about four miles, we found a small gale blowing; as a result there was a nasty choppy-like sea which, if the boat had been smaller, would very soon have swamped us.

Personally I was very glad to get back to shore. During the afternoon, whilst engaged in catching butterflies, which were both numerous and beautiful here, we saw some rock rabbits. I at once sent a boy back to camp for the camera, and secured some studies, the day thus proving more profitable than at first seemed likely to be the case.

May 27.—The day being calm, we again went out on the lake in the same boat as yesterday, but on this occasion took Ero, our Masai boy, instead of the two useless savages.

This time we reached Bird Island quite easily, and, going ashore, soon constructed two "hide-ups," one at each end of the islet. From these I succeeded in getting some pictures of cormorants and sacred ibis.

PURCHASES FROM THE MASAI

III

The next few days we spent in moving round the lake and occasionally in going out on it. We had a small punt which we carried with us for that purpose. As I had had rather uncertain luck in my work whilst we were on the move, I decided to look for a place where we could make a permanent camp for a week or so.

We finally settled on a place on the Mandarat River. Game seemed very plentiful round there, there was a bigger variety of bird life, and we were also close to the haunts of the hippos.

The first night in the new camp we were favoured by the company of Mr. Grigg, the Secretary of the Boma Trading Company, who, having a few days off, had come to spend them with us. Also, he was wanting to buy native curios, and, as luck would have it, I had struck up a kind of friendship with the chief of the local Masai kraal, and through him had already been able to buy a few spears and other curios for myself. On Grigg telling me what he wanted I dropped a hint to Ero, with the result that next morning, almost before the sun was up, a crowd of fifty or sixty fully armed Masai, together with a few of their women and children, had assembled round our tent.

WILD LIFE ACROSS THE WORLD

At first business was slow, the prices demanded being far too high; but after a great deal of bargaining the natives realised that we would not pay more than what I had already done, and Grigg was able to buy very nearly everything he wanted at reasonable rates, the Masai readily accepting rupees instead of goods.

It was a lively scene, and I took the opportunity of getting a few pictures of it.

The Masai warriors in full war dress are fine, although ferocious-looking, specimens of humanity. In the first place they are a well-made and well-set-up race, with rather Semitic features and very supple, strong limbs. They all carry huge spears, the blades of which often run forty-two to forty-five inches in length, varying in width from one and a half to two inches. Next to the blade is a short piece of wood, which serves as a handle, and at the other end an iron spike about two feet in length, the wooden grip being sunk into a socket in the spear and spike, making the spear in all over six feet in length. The spears vary a little in different localities. One I bought had a blade only about twenty inches long, but about eight inches wide and leaf-shaped, but even then it measured nearly six feet complete, the wooden part being longer. The Masai warriors carry spears at all times, whether in peace or war, though in time of peace they often put a beautifully-made ball



Masai Washing.

The head-dress of the man on the left is a lion's mane, proving that he has killed a lion.

THE MASAI COSTUME

composed of black ostrich feathers, on the points, thus serving the double purpose of an emblem of peace and a protection to the sharp-pointed piece of metal.

When in war dress they carry a shield on the left arm. This is made of buffalo hide and is elliptical in shape, having strange heraldic devices painted on it.

I believe the natives can tell a man's tribe and age from this pattern, but I am not sure on this point, our knowledge of the Swaheli tongue not standing the strain put on it when I tried to find out the precise meaning of the pictures. Round his waist the Masai warrior has a "sime," or sword, carried in a leather sheath. The sword itself is in one piece, the blade spatulate in shape, the grip being made of hide wrapped on raw and then allowed to dry, with the result that the shrinking hide obtains such a grip that it is impossible to get it off.

On the other side he hangs a club made out of one piece of wood. The head-dress consists of ostrich feathers, arranged rather like a fire-screen, through which he looks, the whole being fastened under the chin, giving a most bloodthirsty appearance to the face it frames. Sometimes a lion's mane serves as a head-dress, looking uncommonly like a guardsman's busby.

A cape-like garment is hung over the shoulders, and when this is made from the skin of the beautiful black and white colobus monkey the effect is very

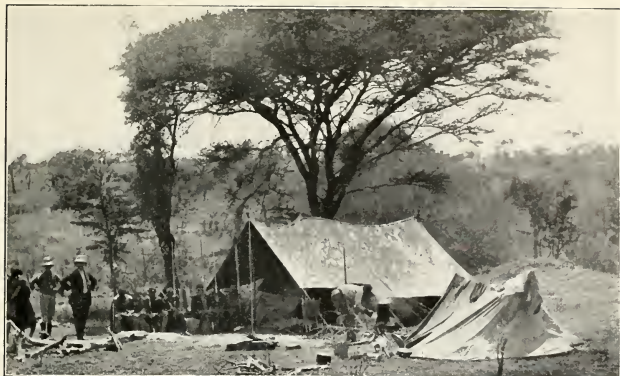
WILD LIFE ACROSS THE WORLD

fine, a slit being cut in the middle of the skin and the head pushed through.

Round the neck is fastened a long piece of Americana or white calico, with coloured striping running down it, which floats out behind like a cloud when the owner is running. Round the ankles are bands of the black hair from the colobus monkey, and round the calves, just under the knees, the white hair from the same animal.

The only thing that spoils the whole effect is the red mud and grease with which the Masai sees fit to smear himself all over.

The disposition of this tribe must have altered tremendously of late years, for one has only to read the accounts of the early travellers and explorers, notably Thompson's *Through Masai Land*, to discover what a bloodthirsty race the Masai were, how their hand was against everybody's and everybody's against them, how they were the terror of the vast countryside and as merciless as they were warlike. Yet to-day they are the most peaceful of natives, minding their cattle and sheep, doing various forms of Government work as game-rangers, runners, guides, spearmen for hunters ; but whatever their occupation, they insist on sticking to their spears. They are also head and shoulders above their neighbours in intelligence, and I always found them, for savages, most courteous and polite. They would



The Author's Camp in the Masai Country.



Masai Warriors with Feather and Lion Mane Head-dress.

Facing page 82.



THE PEACEABLE MASAI

never enter our tent uninvited, as some other natives are apt to do; they always addressed you quietly and politely; they were always ready for a "shami," or palaver, at which only one man would speak at a time, and, above all, if acting as your guides or spearmen, were prepared to fight anything or anybody on your behalf.

The Uganda Railway guide-book justly makes the boast that this transformation was wrought without the aid of a Gatling gun, but I heard one interesting tale put forth as an explanation of the change, and give it here for what it is worth. Some twenty years ago a certain great chief on his death-bed developed the gift of prophecy. Amongst other things he said that the English were the friends of the Masai, and that so long as they lived in peace so would they prosper, but should they fight and kill any English then their cattle would die and they would speedily cease to be a race.

Matters went on well enough for a few years, and the Masai prospered; but then, in an evil moment, some of them got embroiled with a few English, the result being that the latter were massacred. Almost immediately rinderpest broke out and nearly exterminated the Masai cattle; on the top of that small-pox attacked the people and killed them in thousands, so that from being a nation they are now little more than a big tribe, and are gradually dying out.

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This, together with other prophecies coming true, made them take thought, with the result that to-day one can go anywhere one likes in their country without fear of molestation.

May 31.—We went out in the boat again to explore this part of the lake and came across hippo. There were only three of them, and apparently they were very shy, for as soon as they saw us they went off some considerable distance. They watched us closely until we started in pursuit, then they cleared off again, we after them once more; and so it went on for an hour or two, until, in order to let them get used to us, we remained stationary for some time.

In the end, though we waited almost till nightfall, the hippo would not come near us, and we had to return to camp unsuccessful.

During the night we were awakened by hearing a couple of hippo grunting quite close to our tent, and the next morning we were up early to see if we could locate them; but although we found their spoor quite fresh, they had evidently gone back to the river.

June 1.—To-day we explored the river as far as we could and saw several hippo. In one case a cow was carrying her calf on her back. We also found one of the places where they left the river to feed, so set a flash-light camera to see if we could get a photograph of them out of the water.

The Marandat River is one of the many very



A Young Great Shrike.

On a formidable thorn with spikes two inches long.

Facing page 84.

AGILE HIPPOPOTAMI

beautiful little places we have come across. It flows between steep and precipitous banks, which are densely clothed with graceful trees. Birds of every description flit up and down; occasionally one catches glimpses of water-buck standing in some cool, shady pool; and then, where in one of the many sharp turns a big, deep, silent pool is formed, a little family of hippo may be seen. One day from the top of the cliff I spent an hour or two watching these huge animals playing—or perhaps fighting—so absolutely unaware were they of my presence. The point that struck me most about them was their agility, for they look so big and cumbersome and are yet so very active. The play was of the roughest description, for sometimes two would grapple, and great gashes would appear on their skins, blood being drawn.

Hippo actually live in families, each family occupying a separate pool; should an intruder from another family appear a real fight takes place. I do not know if these ever end fatally, but fearful wounds are given, as can be seen from old scars on the hides of those that are shot.

The record of the next few days is uneventful, then my diary goes on :—

Monday, June 21st.—I left camp early and went into hiding about 9.0 a.m., hoping to see some water-buck, but though I waited until just on dark I had

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no success. Then the Masai took me to a place where fifteen hippo had their domicile. It was a very weird thing to see the Masai call the hippo. He took a pair of sandals he was wearing, and placed them to his mouth, sole towards sole, forming a kind of speaking trumpet, and began to call gently, in an endearing voice to the kebakes (native name) to come nearer. To my amazement they responded, coming quite close, one having her calf riding on her back, its forelegs gripping her neck. If the light had been better I should have got an excellent picture, but unfortunately it was too late.

Tuesday, June 22nd.—I arranged with Mr. Aarup, who is an expert in hippo and their ways, to go out with me to-morrow and have a whole day at them. To-day I went again to a "hide-up" for water-buck, but, although I was close to a well-used run of theirs and the wind was right, I never saw a single animal.

Wednesday, June 23rd.—It was late in the evening when Aarup and I returned after a comparatively unsuccessful day so far as hippo were concerned, though in the end a slice of luck did come our way. Whilst quietly rowing about in the dinghy looking for the hippo we got exceptionally close to a tremendous flock of pelican, and I was able to obtain some pictures of them, pictures of which I feel proud, as the pelican is an extremely shy bird.

NIGHT IN THE BUSH

Several blank days from a photographic point of view followed, then the diary continues :—

Monday, June 28th.—In the evening we walked into Naivasha, and whilst returning we put up a buck, which went off in such a hurry and fright that he ran full tilt into a fence which happened to be just there and broke his neck. It is a weird sensation walking through the bush at night with a fair moon. It was glorious. The stillness could almost be felt, but every now and then you would see some misty form go sneaking off, sometimes accompanied by the awful howl which distinguishes the hyena. Then again, though nothing could be seen, you would hear a tremendous crash as something dived into a neighbouring bush and then the silence settled down once more. The Masai with his mighty spear was with me, so I felt fairly comfortable. Otherwise I was totally unarmed.

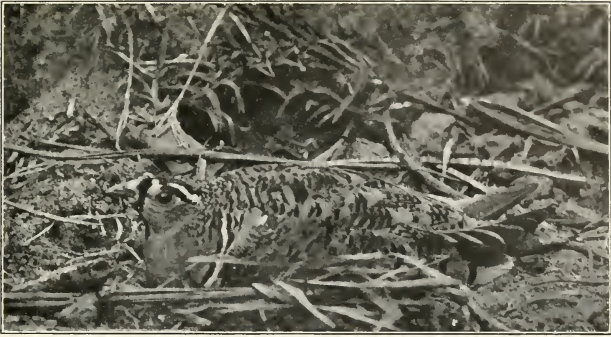
Tuesday, June 29th.—We went over to the Government farm again, and saw a fine flight of egrets, but I could not get a picture of them. However, I did, after some careful and tedious stalking, secure some photographs of the rhino birds catching and eating ticks off the cattle, and also of some delightfully pretty little birds with very long, wavy tails—they are known locally as “wax-bills”—and also of a bee which builds a nest of mud in the corners of the houses. It was most interesting to watch these

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insects. Each one works on its own account and on its own house, fetching mud, and moulding it with its legs and mandibles in a way that is little short of marvellous.

Friday, July 2nd.—Last night we had rather an unpleasant scene in camp. Our boy and the Masai quarrelled over a game of cards. They had been gambling, a thing it is impossible to prevent them doing. They referred the dispute to me, and I had to sit in judgment. The matter is too complex to describe here, but the talk and excitement were terrific, and it was only with the utmost difficulty and by using a certain number of threats that I could get at the root of the trouble. The Masai was perfectly cool, talking quietly, politely, and to the point; Mahomed, our boy, on the contrary, was wildly excited, in fact nearly hysterical, jabbered at a fearful rate, and wandered from the point at issue. When, finally, I gave my decision, which was a little against him, he promptly accused me of favouritism and a desire to see him lose his money.

When he recovered from his temper I promised to hear "the case" again in the morning, and hold another "shami," as they call it. However, when the morning arrived I was delighted and relieved to find that, in the interval, Mahomed had become duly penitent for his rudeness, and that he and the Masai had settled the difference between themselves. One



A Sand Grouse at Home in the Wilds.



A White-Breasted Nighthawk.



OUR NAMES IN SWAHELI

point in the arrangement pleased us especially, viz. that they would not gamble with each other any more. They are really very great friends, perhaps a little jealous of each other as to their respective standings with us, and it is only when this terrible gambling fever gets hold of them that they fall out. In holding "shami" the other day with Ero, the Masai, I got out of him what our respective names amongst themselves were. To our faces, and politely, I am always called Bwana Kubwa, *i.e.* "Large Man," whilst Coates is Bwana Kidoko, *i.e.* "Small Man," but behind my back I appear to have many names. To some I am Bwana Taha Kula, *i.e.* "He who shouts when he is hungry;" to others Bwana Taha Mato, *i.e.* "He who always wants a fire," from the habit I have got of always wanting a fire lit in any hole I see, in the hope of smoking something out. Others, again, call me Bwana Cheka, *i.e.* "He who laughs, or makes laughter," and again to others I am Bwana Raka Puher, *i.e.* "He who takes pictures."

Then, again, I discovered how strong a hold tribal customs have on the natives. Neither Mahomed nor Ero will eat meat other than beef or mutton. Some of the men will not eat water-buck, others refuse to touch zebra, and as kuro (water-buck) has been practically the only meat procurable round here, the punda milia (zebra) eating men have been complaining a little; but I have told them to wait a while,

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and their turn will come when we shall be getting zebra and nothing else.

Saturday, July 3rd.—Three Nandi men turned up about 5.0 p.m. They asked permission to sleep in the camp and also begged for a little meat. I said "yes," if they would first of all go out and cut and bring in enough wood for two days. To this they agreed, our porters also being greatly pleased at what struck them as a good stroke of diplomacy. Consequently I have gone up mightily in their estimation, as one who knows their ways and customs. It is really most surprising the difference these trifles make. While you are yet "green," and ignorant of their language, they are apt to be disobedient, slow, apparently dense, and generally ready to take advantage of you. But when after a time you begin to pick up their tongue and to know their ways they improve rapidly, and you discover that they are really a fairly decent crowd.

Thursday, July 8th.—This proved to be one of the most thrilling days of the whole trip. We had taken things easily during the morning, but after lunch started out in the dinghy in quest of photographs of hippo. So far as pictures were concerned we were successful, and in securing them we saw some sights such as few white men have ever witnessed. The little boat was fully loaded. In the bow was Mahomed with the shot-gun, my white companion was amidships rowing, whilst I was in the stern with my camera.

AN ACROBATIC HIPPO

We had no trouble in finding the hippo—there was a family of twelve—but I left them alone for a while in order to photograph some weaver-birds' nests, thereby fulfilling two purposes—getting a picture for which I was anxious, and allowing the hippo to become used to our presence. It was a dull and really bitterly cold day, so that waiting was a little tedious, but at last I decided that it would be safe to approach the hippo.

There was a very small floating island about four feet wide and thirty-five feet long, round which the animals had gathered. One old bull was making most desperate love to a cow, diving under the island, swimming round her, and apparently caressing after his own fashion. Once he jumped out of the water right over the floating island, never touching it, but going in with a tremendous splash on the other side. I suppose no white man has ever seen such a sight before. It seems almost incredible—a huge hippo leaping clean into the air so that the whole of his vast body, legs and feet were visible at once. We have had great difficulty in convincing people of this fact, and perhaps should have failed had we not had three other witnesses, namely, the boy who was in the boat with us, the Masai and a porter. The two latter were waiting on shore for us and saw the affair distinctly.

As we drew near the animals they grew excited, especially the old bull, who evidently did not like

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being interrupted in his love-making. He began to be very nasty, making short rushes at us and then diving, fortunately, to come up a little farther off. His behaviour soon induced some of the others to follow his example, and I must confess I felt uneasy, remembering the many tales I had heard of canoes being upset in this way.

Finally, we got by the side of another small floating island about twenty-five or thirty yards from them, and my companion refused to go nearer, greatly to my disgust, as I wanted to get within ten yards if possible. However, in the end, despite the difficulties, I secured my pictures without anyone being injured and we returned to Nairobi.

Tuesday, July 13th.—After having refitted in Nairobi we moved out to a new camping place in the bed of a dry river, which has, however, plenty of permanent pools. Nothing very exciting occurred during the day, although we were now in the centre of the lion and rhino country, but we found night to be quite a different matter. We are obliged to have two men on guard all night, watching alternately. They are armed with a Martini-Henri rifle, their duty being to keep the fires going and to call us in case of any special danger. However, although we heard two lions roar, a hyena howl, and a rhino snorting around, daylight found us still with whole skins.

Wednesday, July 14th.—We went out on the

A NATIVE VILLAGE

invitation of one of our Masai—we now have two fully-armed gentlemen of this fraternity—to see his kraal, which happens to be close by. I was greatly taken with the children, but not with the myriads of flies which swarm round every native village. The native method of greeting is interesting. The men and women greet you by merely saying, “Jambo,” or in Masai, “Soba, Soba,” which sounds like “sober,” and extending the hand as if to shake hands in our method. You do the same, simply making the open hands touch, no grasp being necessary. If any one of them takes a special fancy to you or wishes to give you a mark of favour he spits on his hand before extending it. I was treated so by the local chief, and I cannot say that I liked the ceremony. However, as a result two of his wives come into our camp every morning with more fresh milk than we can possibly drink. It is all sent as a present, though personally I do not altogether like its flavour.

The children greet you in what I think is a very beautiful manner. Instead of extending the hand they walk right up to you and then bend the head, whilst you place your open hand on it, something after the method of our blessing.

On our way back to camp we saw two huge rhino, but I decided to leave them alone. At the camp we found another local chief awaiting us, a Wakamba, with new milk and fair words. He asked me to shoot

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him a zebra for meat, as his people were suffering from famine, and I allowed my companion to do so, with the result that he went away satisfied, only to return the next day with a demand for more meat. He proved afterwards to be a most horrible old nuisance.

During the night, apart from the lions, we had a little excitement. I was fast asleep, when one of the guards came in and woke me up, asking me to come out with a rifle and help him to watch for a few minutes, as two rhinos were closely examining our camp and showing a strong inclination to charge. They were not more than twelve yards away in a donga at the back of my tent, but to give confidence to the guard I turned round and told him to take my rifle and do his own shooting. Fortunately, there was no necessity for this, as our moving about and the sound of our voices told the rhino that men were present—they are fearfully short-sighted, and depend on sound and scent—and they promptly bolted with many snorts and puffs.

CHOOSING A COMPANION

IV

For two months Coates was my companion on the game veldt, then business reasons compelled him to return to London, and I found myself looking for someone to replace him. It is not always an easy matter to meet with a man whom you can trust. I do not mean trust financially, but trust in the wider sense—trust not to growl at the inevitable hardships of life in the open, trust not to imagine he is dying if he gets a touch of fever, trust not to be nervous when the lions begin to prowl round the camp; in short, someone who will play the game.

You never really know what there is in a man until you have got him well out of touch of civilisation. He may be the most charming companion possible on board ship or in the hotel, but when there are only he and yourself matters are apt to be different. He may try to be masterful and attempt to “boss things;” he may be slack and cause you maddening delays; he may object to trekking in the early mornings when the dew is on the long grass; or he may be one of those who race round, firing wildly at everything he sees, and scaring all the game in the vicinity. Then there is the man who quarrels with the boys, and the man who spoils them by undue familiarity, the man

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who wants too much to eat, and the man who drinks too much. As a rule, you do not discover these characteristics until it is too late to make a change.

This time, however, I was very fortunate. I fell in with Mr. James L. Clark, of the New York Natural History Museum, who had already been out on one trip in search of specimens, and was anxious to go out again, if he could find a companion. It did not take us long to come to an arrangement. Moreover, he was able to suggest a starting-place. Quite recently, it appeared, he had been at Sultan Hamud, where he had run into a bunch of fourteen lions.

Fourteen lions! If there was one thing I desired more than another it was to get moving pictures of lions in their natural state, and the attractions of fourteen of the animals prowling about together were irresistible, at least to a naturalist-photographer. I jumped at the idea at once, and as there seemed no time to be lost, we got a coach put on to a goods train and started that very evening from Nairobi. It was midnight when we reached the point on the railway nearest to where my companion had had his adventure. The train pulled up for us; we bundled out with our gear and our carriers, and pitched camp not very far from the line.

There was not much sleep for us that night. As soon as it was light enough to see we were out in search of those lions, praying all the time that they

ON THE TRACK OF LIONS

might still be in the neighbourhood, that they had killed sufficient game to render them unwilling to move on to fresh hunting-ground. We had not gone far, however, before Clark espied a couple of eland, which seemed to be on guard. They were standing under a tree, and it was not easy to stalk them. Still, I managed to get near enough to expose a few feet of film before they lumbered off. I was keen on them now, so followed their spoor, and finally secured another thirty or forty feet of film, with which I was well satisfied. Then we headed once more for the lion ground.

The adventure was not a thing to be undertaken lightly. A single lion ought always to be approached with cautious respect, though he will probably try and get out of the way if possible; whilst a pack of lions—it is the only phrase one can use for fourteen of them—deserves even more than respect. On this occasion I carried my rifle, though I was not anxious to have to use it. A boy had the camera. Clark, of course, had his rifle, and two Masai spearmen acted as guard.

Our route led us along the bank of a dry spruit about four feet deep and twenty yards in width, with bushes on either side of it. On our right was an open plain. The only tree I could see, affording a chance of escape if we had to run for our lives, was a solitary one some forty yards

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from the water-course. It was not a pleasant place from a hunter's point of view, in face of the possibility of being charged by rhino, and I said as much to Clark, who answered that he had spent over a fortnight there, and had never seen a trace of rhino.

The words were hardly out of my companion's mouth when the boy in front, who had the camera on his back, said something in the Swahili language and then bolted at top speed. Looking round, I saw that the two Masai were making tracks for that solitary tree and that Clark was following their example. Later, the American explained that he had thought I had understood the boy's words. As a matter of fact, I supposed the lions were coming. That was quite enough for me. I had no wish to meet them single-handed.

The other members of the party had got a few yards' start. But I happen to be an old cross-country runner, and I soon overtook them. Long before I reached the tree, however, I had discovered the cause of the alarm. There were no lions, certainly, though none the less there was very good reason for our flight. Two rhino were charging down on us, one of them puffing vigorously, the other making a curious squealing noise.

At the foot of the tree we rallied, the Masai standing with their spears poised, whilst I dropped on



Rhino Debating a Charge.

Facing page 98.



ATTACKED BY RHINO

one knee and covered the animal on the left with my rifle. Clark was a few feet away on my right.

Not wanting to shoot if I could avoid doing so, as I had no big game licence, I waited for Clark, who had one, to fire and turn the creatures; but when the latter were within nine or ten yards, coming at top speed in a cloud of dust, he shouted to me to shoot. I pulled the trigger, and the next moment was conscious of a great horn right over me. My bullet took the animal in the shoulder, coming out by the spine, a certain proof that I must have been well below him. He swerved and fell so close to me that his nose almost touched my knee.

My thoughts went now to the second rhino, which, somehow, seemed to have disappeared in a cloud of dust. I ran round the tree and collided with him with such force that his hefty shoulder sent me flying. As I scrambled to my feet I saw that he was going as hard as he could in one direction, whilst Clark had apparently made up his mind to go in another. I shouted to the American that it was all over, and he stopped. When the dust had cleared off—there was a regular cloud round that tree—I discovered the rhino I had shot lying some thirty yards away, although I had never seen him go off.

As for the spearmen, I have no recollection of noticing them during those few moments of wild

WILD LIFE ACROSS THE WORLD

excitement when the rhino were charging. I suppose I was really too greatly interested in my own share of the game to think of anything else. But those Masai must have stood their ground well, for I found their spears all bent and twisted. The animal I had hit was dying when we went up to him, my bullet having done its work thoroughly. Certainly that one shot had saved my life and had probably saved Clark's as well; for I expect that it also had the effect of turning the second rhino in his course, otherwise I do not understand why he went round to the back of the tree and then bolted. He must have been scared by the report. Clark's rifle had jammed.

Incidentally, the affair gave me an opportunity of seeing the work of the scavengers of the African veldt, the jackals, marabou storks, and vultures. My rhino weighed fully three tons, yet by five o'clock the following day there was nothing left of him save the bones.

That evening, when I came to think over the adventure, it struck me that it would be interesting to compare notes with my companions. It had all happened so quickly, and every one of us had been so fully occupied with his own peril, that I presumed we had all seen it in different lights. Clark fell in with the idea, and in turn the five of us who had taken part related our narratives. No two of these agreed, even in what anyone else would have considered to be the essentials.



A Jackal standing by a Lion's "Kill."

Facing page 100.

THE SPOOR OF SEVEN LIONS

The rhinos had come as an unwelcome interlude in our lion hunt, causing us to waste a good deal of valuable daylight. Still, as soon as possible we went on again towards the place where Clark had seen the troop. We found no trace of them, however, and had begun to think that they must have left the neighbourhood, when we fell in with some Masai, who told us that they knew where there was a bunch of seven of the beasts. This put new heart into us. We returned to our camp and were out again early in the morning, feeling that this time we were going to succeed. On our way we had two more encounters with rhino, though they were mild compared with the one of the previous day, and none of the party received any injury. Before long, to my great joy, we found ourselves actually on the fresh spoor of the seven lions, and I fully believe that at that moment they could not have been a quarter of a mile in front of us. Yet, though we tried our hardest, we never even had a glimpse of them. It would have been less disappointing if we had never seen their tracks at all.

Passing along into the Reserve, we came on a Masai herdsman in charge of some two or three hundred head of cattle. He was leaning on his spear, and he hardly deigned to notice us as we came up. In answer to our questions about the lions—we knew that they must have passed near him—he merely pointed over his shoulder, whilst continuing to lean on his spear, and

answered, " Yes, I saw seven of them go that way just now," reminding me of an English farm labourer casually telling the huntsmen that the fox had gone through the field in which he was working. He was neither interested nor alarmed.

Once more, thanks to this information, we got on the track of the lions ; but though we followed them for a good many weary miles, all our efforts proved to be in vain. They were unusually wary, and, of course, their numbers were in their favour, seven noses being better than one.

Rhino were very plentiful round Sultan Hamud. We found yet another that afternoon. He was resting under a tree, and I got a most interesting film of him debating in his own mind whether he should charge us or no. In the end he decided to move off, and it was extraordinary to see how quickly he carried out his purpose, although there had not been the slightest sound to disturb him. He had been standing there dully, as though asleep ; in a flash he was gone.

Of course, we approached him so that he could not get our wind, and I can imagine him trying to make out what we were as we crept down towards him. With his short sight we can have appeared only as indistinct black objects. Unfortunately, that piece of film was ruined at Nairobi. I had developed it and was greatly pleased with the result ; then, leaving it to wash, I went in to the hotel to lunch, thinking it

A RUINED FILM

would be quite safe. But during my absence an individual, who possessed more curiosity than common sense, went into the room, took up the film with dirty, greasy fingers and left marks all over it. On occasions such as that one is apt to feel that the English language is quite inadequate.

I left Nairobi again on August 5th, 1909, having Clark still with me, our safari consisting of about twenty men. The weather was far from good—cold, raining and misty; consequently our railway journey was not altogether a pleasant one. We reached Nakrur about eight o'clock in the evening, dined very well at a little hotel, then returned to the train to sleep.

Fortunately, the morning broke clear and sunny, so that when we went on again after the stop for breakfast at Elbergan we were able to ride on top of the coach (there are no tunnels on the Uganda Railway), obtaining an excellent view of the country, which changed greatly when we drew near to Molo, the dense forests coming to an end and being replaced by open, rolling veldt. As we were now fully eight thousand feet above sea-level, the night, which we spent at Mr. Stanton's place, was cool—some might even have described it as cold.

There were plenty of lions about, we were told, so we made an early start the following day. However, we saw nothing of the animals, and did not

WILD LIFE ACROSS THE WORLD

manage to get within photographic range of any of the other game. In the afternoon I had better luck, securing pictures of the red colobus monkey as well as of an iguana.

Being anxious to get a film of Jackson's "Dancing Bird," I went under my green calico "hide-up," and spent many weary hours there, but the wretched creatures seemed ready to dance anywhere except in front of my lens. I then tried in another place, where I had better luck. Still, the result was not very satisfactory. It was not until August 13th that I secured a really good moving picture. On that occasion the bird came and danced right in front of me, enabling me to get over a hundred feet of capital film. After that Clark took a turn in the hiding-place, but had no luck of any kind. Then I tried again, and once more the bird was obliging enough to come and dance for me.

In the afternoon I decided to leave, so we packed up and trekked to the station, where we boarded the train. We stopped at Nakuru for dinner, spent the night on the train, and were at Naivasha by 6.30 the following morning. During the next few days we covered a good deal of ground, though nothing of great interest occurred. It was a case of hard tramping, of keeping always on the alert, of being continually prepared for the unexpected in the way of opportunities for taking pictures.



An Angry Colobus Monkey.

Facing page 104.



THEODORE ROOSEVELT

August 23rd.—From the “Divide” there was a steady slope downwards to the town of Nyeri. The scenery was splendid the whole way, for after we had come to the end of the bamboos we had regular forest country again, immense trees and a wonderful variety of flowers. In Nyeri we saw the tent of Colonel Roosevelt, the ex-President of the United States of America, who was on a shooting trip. As soon as we had got our tent fixed up, Colonel Roosevelt came over to call on us, and invited us to go later to his camp. He had just shot an elephant, and was elated over the fact. We also heard that Mr. Jackson, the Acting-Governor, was expected in on the following morning.

August 24th.—The night had been a very nasty one, rain having fallen steadily; consequently the morning broke dull and miserable. After doing some necessary business at the store, we returned Colonel Roosevelt’s call. At noon the Acting-Governor and his wife arrived, having been on a tour round Kenya. A big war-dance had been arranged in honour of Colonel Roosevelt by the courtesy of Mr. Jackson, and the natives who were to take part in it, a thousand or so in number, soon began to troop into the town, all in their war-paint. As soon as they were fairly started I turned the cinematograph camera on them, securing about four hundred and fifty feet of film.

Some members of the official party started throwing coins to the little girls with a view to helping me to

WILD LIFE ACROSS THE WORLD

get them in front of the lens, but the plan did not prove a success. There was a veritable stampede towards us, all the children yelling for money simultaneously, and we found ourselves practically mobbed by them. Several of the dancers went on until they were absolutely hysterical from the excitement, whilst many more were on the verge of that condition.

V

We stayed a few days with Colonel Roosevelt, taking moving pictures, and many were the delightful chats I had with him. We then trekked to Fort Hill, and after a day's rest there we went out again into some really good game veldt. The diary for the next week runs :—

September 6th.—With four picked men we went to look for rhinos, and shortly found a couple about a mile from camp on a small hill. We stalked up-wind and got the camera ready in a gully. We managed to creep within seventy-five yards, but they became suspicious and bolted, though only for a short distance. We then hurried on to within fifty yards. I started the handle of the machine ; on hearing that they closed together and advanced slightly, then stood facing us.

HESITATING RHINO

A short halt, and once more they advanced, making us expect a charge at any moment. They continued these short advances until they were within twenty-five yards of us, when they suddenly changed their minds and turned and bolted like a flash. We had really wonderful luck, having secured a remarkable picture without anyone being injured.

September 11th.—During last night the Askari awoke us, as there was a bunch of hyenas making a great noise near Clark's trap just across the river. But nothing was in it in the morning. We broke camp and followed the Thika River towards the hills, where we were to try for lions. About noon we camped in a likely spot near the river. On the way we saw a great deal of game—a good rhino, a herd of eland, and a giraffe. We approached within a hundred and fifty yards of the latter, but, owing to the trees, did not get a picture.

After lunch we went in search of fresh meat, securing a pig and an impala. A little farther on Clark encountered two rhino, but they had bolted before a picture could be taken. At sundown he set his big trap not far from camp.

September 12th.—This was an unfortunate day for me, as I got a touch of the sun and had to remain in camp. Clark went out and saw a giraffe but no rhino. He then made back to the hills, which he climbed. From there he saw rhino below him, and when just

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near the top three buffalo charged him and his Masai. In his haste to escape he fell into a crevice, whereupon the buffalo returned. From the crest of the hill he saw numbers of reed-buck, and in the next valley a herd of buffalo feeding. As he turned to come back two rhino faced him, but did not charge. At the base of the hill there was so much game that he decided there must be water near, a supposition which proved to be correct. It was most annoying for me to have missed seeing such a variety of animal life in one day.

September 13th.—As we had heard no lions about, we decided to move camp to the water Clark had found. I left him to shift camp, whilst I got some studies of birds near by; then followed the safari. Clark had dug a hole for water in an inconspicuous place some two hundred yards from the main pool. There were plenty of good signs of game of all kinds, including buffalo.

September 14th.—Hyenas were about us all night. After breakfast we decided to make a trip along the hills to "Camp Simba" to see if any lions were there; but, as we found no water at the place, we decided not to worry further about it.

On our way back to camp we found fresh blood, and following it up, discovered a newly-killed young kongoni in a gully.

September 15th.—Upon returning from a long tramp we saw some giraffe, but when the camera



The Aard-Vark.

An African underground dweller.



A Hyena on the Prowl.

Facing page 108



THE TANA RIVER

had been got ready the animals had disappeared, and we could not find them again until they suddenly bolted from some cover a few hundred yards in front of us. We then looked for rhino, but could find none. Later in the day I built a "blind" under a tree, hoping to get some bird pictures. I went in to watch, whilst Clark and the men waited some distance off. Plenty of birds came around, but none alighted. Clark took a turn later, but had been in the "hide-up" only a short time when I saw a rhino across the valley heading towards us. We took the camera and started out to meet him. At first he came straight for us, and when he was within fifty yards I exposed several feet of film, but a moment later he got suspicious and bolted. We found a new water-hole, the main one, not far from our camp, where animals evidently came to drink at night. It was much used, so we put up the flash-light camera. In the evening a lion roared a few hundred yards from our fire, but we had no luck in photography.

VI

The Tana River is one of the places I shall always remember. By merely closing my eyes and calling up the old memories I can see again every detail of the scenery. It is quite unnecessary for me to look at

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my photographs—interesting things happened there, the sort of things one does not forget.

The day on which we struck the Thika River was intensely hot, oppressive, stifling; before long heavy clouds began to roll up, sure signs of a coming thunder-storm.

We stopped for lunch on the banks of a spruit, and as soon as our boys had finished their meal they started a war-dance, one of those extraordinary exhibitions which, beginning quietly enough, often, without any sort of premeditation, end up in a veritable outburst of hysteria. On this occasion a couple of boys had spears, whilst ten more used sticks in default of actual weapons. Whether the spearmen felt that they were doing the real thing I do not know, but they finished by going apparently mad and having to be held down by their companions. I shall never forget the look of disgust on the face of my Masai guard as he watched the proceedings. I do not know to this day whether or no it was faked in order to "pull his leg." At times the contempt of one savage for another is quite a delightful thing.

The thunder-storm proved to be an unusually severe one, and the whole party was drenched to the skin in a very few minutes. We were still wet through and distinctly weary when we reached the banks of a small stream, where we decided to camp for the night. It was then about five o'clock, consequently



An East African Waterfall.

Facing page 110.

A QUARREL IN CAMP

there was plenty of time for pitching the tents and collecting a stock of firewood. My first thought was to have a hot bath, and the moment the water was ready I tumbled into it. I was still enjoying the luxury, with Clark standing by enviously awaiting his turn, when a tremendous commotion suddenly arose just outside the tent. Not having the least idea what was happening, we both picked up something in the nature of a weapon and dashed out. The first thing I became aware of was a tremendous blow across my right arm, a blow almost severe enough to have broken it.

All our boys seemed to be yelling, whilst half a dozen of them were rolling on the ground, each apparently fighting the other. It was quite impossible to discover what was the matter, but by using our hands and feet freely we finally succeeded in chasing off all but one of them. He remained where he was, lying very still. I knelt down and felt him all over, but could detect no signs of life. Then I asked Clark for his opinion, and after a short examination he too decided that the man was dead. The other boys thereupon were told to take the body to one side, whilst the man who had struck him was tied up and put in the charge of the Askari, with a view to his being delivered over to the authorities as soon as possible. Needless to say, I was greatly annoyed about the matter, because, quite apart from the poor fellow's

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death, there was the possibility of our being detained to give evidence before the Court.

We finished our baths, and were on the point of beginning our evening meal, when a boy rushed into the tent and gave us the welcome intelligence that the "dead man" was moving. We hurried to investigate matters for ourselves, and found that the victim was rapidly regaining consciousness. This welcome change in affairs made dinner a more enjoyable meal than we had expected. There was now no longer any necessity to worry the authorities over the affair; but, at the same time, we could not possibly pass over the gross breach of discipline. When you are travelling with a train of some forty or fifty natives you are bound to keep a very tight hand over them, otherwise disaster becomes almost inevitable.

As soon as the injured man was well enough to give evidence—he had received no really serious damage except a crack on the head—we proceeded to investigate the affair. It turned out to be quite simple. The victim, a man whom we had only engaged two or three days before, had tried to warm himself at one of the fires. His assailant, a carrier who had been with us some time, had objected, and had enforced his objection by laying the other out with a club. The general mêlée which we had interrupted had been a kind of natural after-effect, everyone hitting out at everyone else.

STARVING SAVAGES

Undoubtedly, it was necessary that the guilty man should be punished, and I said at first that I would leave the matter to the Askari, who at once announced that he would give him "twenty-four," that is, twenty-four lashes with a hippo-hide sjambok. But I put my foot down on this idea promptly, and substituted an equally effective, though less repulsive, punishment of my own devising. It was not a pleasant incident, though I was thankful it had ended without any serious harm being done.

The following day we tramped on to the junction of the Thika and Tana Rivers. On the way we passed considerable numbers of the Wakamba tribe, who were evidently in a starving condition. They were trying to shoot game with their poisoned arrows, and it was only too plain that they had not met with any success. The mere sight of our caravan seemed to terrify them, and they cleared off into the scrub. However, we managed to outflank and corner them on the bank of the river. I shall never forget the impression which this flight, combined with their generally miserable condition, made on me. After a few minutes, however, our Masai managed to make them understand that, so far from wanting to injure them, we would do all we could to get them some food. Of course, like all African savages, they gave no outward sign of gratitude, but I suppose that at heart they were thankful for what we were able to do for them.

Whilst we were at this place I noticed several giant ants on the ground near my feet. I pointed them out to Clark, at the same time warning him not to touch them, as they are capable of biting unpleasantly hard. Still, he thought he would like to try the experiment. A minute later he was sorry he had not taken my advice, for he received a most painful bite on the thumb.

We pitched our camp on the bank of the Tana River, intending to use the spot as a base for operations, and the following morning saw us out in search of rhino, of which there were supposed to be plenty in the neighbourhood.

Two days later we went down the Tana River in quest of hippo. I had been told that there were numbers of these creatures about, but I also knew of the difficulty of approaching them. Few animals are more shy or more constantly on the alert than the hippopotamus. It is only when you do not want him that he seems to lose his natural diffidence.

If I were asked to compile a list of ugly animals I should give the wart-hog first place and the hippopotamus second. Even under the most favourable conditions he is a hideous, pinkish-blue coloured monstrosity; but when he opens his great jaws so that they form a right angle, and exposes his vast red cavern of a mouth, he becomes a veritable nightmare. Moreover, he is apt to become a terrible nuisance. Quite apart from his

THE VALUE OF A HIPPO

habit of upsetting boats and drowning the passengers, he does an infinite amount of harm amongst the native crops. In a single night he can eat or trample down enough grain to keep a family for half a year. It is not surprising that the natives should hate him. The killing of the local hippo is always the occasion for great rejoicing in the village. Not only is there an immense amount of meat—enough to upset the digestive organs of everybody—but there is also the feeling that a robber has met his deserts.

The cutting up of a hippo is a thing which can never be forgotten by those who have seen it. The process of skinning is, of course, no light one, the hide being over two inches thick in places. Under this a layer of fat of an average thickness of two and a half inches, and below that a mountain of meat.

The skin is valuable for making sjamboks and walking-sticks, though the opening-up of Africa has brought these down in price. As recently as twelve years ago hunters south of the Zambezi used to make a clear profit of thirty to forty pounds out of a bull hippo, but that would be impossible to-day. Too many sjamboks are secured on Portuguese territory for the price to be kept up. The fat is very useful. In a country where no other sort of game carries fat it comes as a godsend to the hunter. He would welcome almost any kind of fat, but the hippo fat happens to be extraordinarily good, one of the most valued things

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produced by Africa. It is excellent for frying purposes, and it makes the best pastry in the world. Hippo-fat shortbread would be impossible to beat. The natives, too, though they know nothing of pastry, love that fat. According to them it is the finest thing possible for greasing the body. I will take their word for that, as I am never likely to try to swim the English Channel. The correct way, amongst certain tribes, is to cut out a cubic inch of fat, stick a red feather in it, and skewer it into your hair. Then, as you walk about in the sun the grease trickles slowly down you. I do not object to the practice whilst the native is not in my service, but when he puts a lump of fat on his head and then proceeds to carry my bundle of new blankets on top of the fat I am apt to get annoyed and say things.

As a rule, the only part of the hippo which a white man eats is the foot. Personally, I think that hippo foot ranks with ortolans, caviare, and one or two other things which make you glad that you have to eat. You boil it steadily for twelve hours—it looks like a lump of sinew at the outset—then let it set into a jelly. It is impossible to describe the delicacy of its flavour. You must have tried it in order to understand. There is the same difference between it and any other jelly as there is between Colonial mutton and English, between Canadian cheese and Cheddar.

Certainly hippo were plentiful enough in the Tana



A Monster Crocodile.

Facing page 116.

THE GIFT OF PATIENCE

River. I could see numbers of them basking in the sun, and at first I was inclined to think that there would be no difficulty in getting animated pictures of them. But I quickly discovered my mistake. Long before I was within range all I could see was a pair of nostrils here and there, and occasionally the flat part of the head an inch or two above the surface. They were all under water, and had no intention of showing themselves again until I had taken my departure. I found a hiding-place behind some bushes and waited patiently for hours. From time to time a crocodile would show his hideous snout, and on one occasion a number of these loathsome creatures slid out of the reeds not far from me and plunged into the stream, doing it too quickly for me to get any pictures, but the hippo gave me no chance. It was not pleasant waiting on the banks. Ants seemed always to be crawling over my boots and leggings, flies or midges were continually getting into my eyes. Every moment I grew more stiff and thirsty, and disgusted with those wretched, lethargic hippo. At last I gave it up in sheer disgust, and I have little doubt that within five minutes of my departure all those animals were swimming about openly or feeding amongst the reeds.

My friends say I have the gift of patience. I suppose they are right. At any rate, I do not like to acknowledge defeat, and in this case I really did stick to my task. Day after day I went down to that river

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bank and watched hippos' snouts. Not once during the first part of the time did I get an opportunity of taking a photograph, much less of making a record with the kinematograph camera. My hiding-place was some fifty yards from the water's edge, and I am certain that there were usually forty hippo within a hundred yards of me. Yet the moment I drew near in the morning there would be a mighty grunting, and every one of the animals would sink out of sight. There did not appear to be any wind—at least, I thought there was none—but after wasting several days at this futile game I made some very careful tests with dust, and discovered that there really was a faint breeze blowing in their direction. They must have scented me all the time.

Late one afternoon, after I had decided to give up work for the rest of the day, I was strolling back to camp along the river bank, when I spied a leopard creeping along the opposite bank in front of me, keeping close to the water's edge under some overhanging branches. He did not seem to be aware of my presence—at any rate, he took no notice of me—but sprang on to a bough and climbed down right over the stream.

At once I got my machine to work on him. When he was well out on the bough he began to make a most peculiar noise, at the same time striking downwards with his paw. Then I discovered the reason for his

A STARVING LEOPARD

action. In the water was a dead hippo, or, rather, the putrid remains of one. All round it were crocodiles, and the leopard was trying to drive them off whilst he got his share.

It was a wonderful chance for me. I secured some fifty feet of film of it without the least difficulty. Then Clark came up, and I pointed out the leopard to him. I shall never forget the look of astonishment on his face. At first he could only stare. As he said later, he had spent nine months up there in quest of wild animals, and during that time had never seen a leopard come out into the open. The animal went on with his fishing—I suppose he was starving, and hunger had made him careless of danger—and, acting on Clark's advice, I continued to turn the handle until I had used up all the film I had in the machine. Even then we remained watching him for some time longer.

Needless to say, I was excited about my pictures, and as soon as I got into camp I started to develop them. To my horror, however, the test pieces simply fogged off in patches, with little bits of the leopard visible here and there. I had had the chance of a lifetime, of ten lifetimes, perhaps, yet the whole film was valueless. It was terribly hard luck.

I think I spent nine days in all in my hiding-place on the river bank without exposing an inch of film on the hippo; then there was a change in the wind, and I went down to find all the animals in view, and I had

WILD LIFE ACROSS THE WORLD

no great difficulty in securing all the pictures I wanted. My "sitters" appeared to take not the slightest notice of me. Really, I believe I need not have troubled to get into my hiding-place, for after I had finished, and I walked out into the open at the water's edge, they did not even vouchsafe me a glance. It was a curious contrast to their previous shyness, a proof that they must rely chiefly on their sense of smell to warn them of danger.

On the whole I was well repaid for my hours of waiting, for the long, dreary delays, for having suffered the heat and the ants and the midges. In one film I secured a school of hippo, a crocodile, and a water tortoise, almost a unique record. I believe these moving pictures of mine were the first ever taken of hippo in their native waters. At any rate, I had never seen or heard of any others. I was also fortunate enough to secure a moving picture of a crocodile and a heron together, and whilst exposing my film a cormorant came to join them—a truly strange combination.

Yet even that was not the end of my luck during that wonderful day. Whilst on my way back to camp I got ten or fifteen feet of a colobus monkey in a tree, and very nearly succeeded in getting some of a hyena. Every now and then that kind of luck comes one's way, and makes up for many disappointments.

In order to reach my camp again I had to ford



Hippo in the Tana River.

Note the Turtles and the Crocodile on the left, and, in the upper picture, the Tick Birds on the animal facing the camera.

Facing page 130.

THE HIPPOPOTAMUS POOL

the Thika River. As a rule, so as to avoid getting my clothes wet, I used to make one of the carriers—a big, powerful man—take me on his shoulders. It was all he had to do during the day, but probably because of that fact he tried to imitate Jeshurun of old. He waxed fat and kicked. I had been warned by the other boys that he was always grumbling, and that he meant, if possible, to get out of his job, easy though it was.

When I was in the middle of the stream, my legs round his neck, my precious hippo negatives on my back, the savage pretended to slip, throwing me into the water, and at the same time gripping my legs so as to pull me under. It seemed to me a full two minutes before I could get one leg loose. When I did so, however, I made him realise that I was wearing heavy shooting boots. As soon as that fact came home to him he let go and I scrambled ashore. When I landed I was not actually in an *Uncle Tom's Cabin* frame of mind. I got the Askari to reprimand that carrier, and I knew that that same Askari had most sane and wholesome ideas on the subject of discipline, and was in a position to enforce them.

We left the Tana River as soon as I had secured my hippo pictures and headed for Nairobi, following the course of the Thika River. On the way I was fortunate enough to get some photographs of a marabou stork, taking them from a most ingenious hiding-place which my boys had fixed up for me. As

we drew near the hills I began to keep a very sharp look-out for spoor, as I was most anxious to take some pictures of lions and giraffe and buffalo ; but, before I had an opportunity of doing so, I had to pay the penalty for squatting in the sun waiting for the hippo to appear. A very nasty attack of "the sun," *i.e.* diarrhœa and high fever, laid me out, rendering work impossible, a fact which was the more annoying because in one single day we passed over a dozen rhino.

Still, the hippo photographs remained.

I have quoted, I think, enough of my diary to give a fair idea of the usual round on the game-veldt of East Africa. Really, as a rule, one week is much the same as another, when you come to average up the things that have occurred in it ; but there are several incidents which I am going to treat separately, without regard to chronological order, because they stand out clear and sharp in my memory.

The first is an adventure with a rhino in the Game Reserve.

Mr. Jackson, the Acting-Governor, having given me permission to go into the Game Reserve for the purpose of taking photographs of living animals, I picked on Kiu as a suitable place for a base camp, and trekked thither with my gear. My plan was to find some water-holes and try if I could get flash-light pictures of game and lions drinking.

AT A WATER-HOLE

We started from the camp at Kiu early one morning, entered the Reserve, and made for some water-holes which were supposed to be about five or six miles distant. On the way I kept a very sharp look-out for lion spoor, but saw none that was anything like fresh, though it was evident that rhino were very plentiful in the neighbourhood.

I fixed up my flash-light apparatus so as to cover the approach to the water, but there was no result at all that night. Evidently, as often happens, the game had abandoned the place temporarily, without any apparent reason. One constantly comes across the same thing on the veldt. A certain tract of country will be alive with antelope for weeks at a stretch, and then, though the grass still seems to be just as good, nothing will come there to feed. One hears all kinds of explanations suggested, yet none of them really carries conviction. As an old Boer wagon-conductor remarked one day, "The buck are like the niggers—the white man can never learn what silly idea they've got into their heads."

Hearing that there was another water-hole about seven miles farther on, I decided to go and ascertain what its photographic possibilities might be before I definitely abandoned the first place. We trekked along easily. I was leading, walking, perhaps ten or fifteen yards in advance of the rest of the party, which consisted of a one-eyed boy who was carrying my

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camera, two spearmen, and a couple of ordinary carriers. I was keeping my eyes open for fresh spoor, but not paying much attention to the scenery in general. Casually I noticed what looked like a sort of small mound in front of me ; but certainly I should not have remembered having seen it at all had it not suddenly become animated. Then, to my horror, I realised what it was—a rhino ! Moreover, with lightning-like rapidity that rhino had started to charge straight down on me.

I gave one warning shout of “Rhino !” and made off at my top speed for some trees on my left. I know that I am a pretty good runner ; however, my chance of escape would have been very small but for the pluck of one of my Masai spearmen. Without a moment’s hesitation this savage dashed in between us, confusing the rhino by mixing his scent with mine. For a second the animal hesitated, giving me time to save myself, then he was off after the Masai, who just managed to get up a tree as the huge creature reached the foot. I never saw anyone else climb so quickly ; it was really a hairbreadth escape.

The second spearman was every whit as brave as his mate. Seeing the latter’s predicament, he dashed up and drove his weapon into the rhino’s lung, drove it right home, a feat requiring no small measure of skill and strength. In the meantime I had recovered my breath, and my first thought was naturally for my

A FIGHT WITH A RHINO

camera. There was the possibility of a magnificent moving picture, or there would have been but for the fact that the one-eyed camera-bearer was up a tree, with the camera strapped to his back, and he absolutely refused to descend until the rhino had either been killed or taken its departure. Perhaps he was not altogether to blame. The finest film in the world would have left him cold and uninterested, and he knew far better than I did the danger of coming within reach of the beast's terrible horn.

The rhino himself had already turned on the Masai who had stabbed him, but the moment he did so the first spearman was down his tree like a flash, and in less time than it takes to relate he too had driven his weapon through the thick hide. The animal now seemed to lose his head. The two enemies confused him. He did not know quite which one to tackle, and so gave them the chance to finish him off. The first spear, the one which had penetrated the lung, had dropped out; now it was picked up and once more thrust into him, inflicting a wound which laid him low immediately.

It had been a splendid fight, merely a question of seconds from start to finish, a great exhibition of courage and skill. I would have given a great deal to have secured a photographic record of it; but the moving picture camera of those days was very different from my spring camera of to-day. It was distinctly

an awkward and unwieldy affair, and by the time you had it on its legs and ready for action an interesting incident was often finished.

I must plead guilty to being amongst those who do not like snakes. More than once I have had narrow escapes from them, and my adventure with a puff-adder whilst out with Clark did not tend to alter my feelings towards reptiles generally.

My boys had succeeded in catching a little monkey, which very soon grew tame. On the first day of his captivity he consented to take food out of my hand, and by the time we started back from the Thika River he had become a recognised member of the party and a universal pet. He was with me when I had an unpleasantly narrow escape from death.

It came about in this way. We had camped down for the midday rest, and as I was suffering from the effects of a touch of the sun, I found a big shady tree and lay down under it amongst grass some six or eight inches long. The monkey followed me, as usual, and I raised myself on my elbow in order to play with him. As seems to be the case with all monkeys, my hair was a great attraction for him, and he did his utmost to pull and ruffle it, varying the procedure by sudden tugs at my ears.

I had not been under the tree long when Clark strolled up, but being occupied with my pet, I did not really pay any attention to him. He stood for

A PUFF-ADDER

a moment watching us as I supposed, then there was a loud report, followed by a cloud of dust, which seemed to drive right into my face. The monkey and I sprang into the air together, and it would be hard to say which was the more surprised. As the dust cleared away I saw that Clark was pointing at something thick and brown which was squirming and twisting on the ground a bare couple of feet from where I had been sitting. Then I understood the reason for that revolver shot, and I do not mind confessing that I went cold all over. It was a puff-adder, one of the most venomous of all Africa's many detestable reptiles. Clark, standing above me, had just caught sight of it watching me.

The monkey saw that squirming horror at the same moment that I did. An instant later he was out of my arms and up a tree, alternately swearing and screaming with fright. Even a man's hatred of a snake is a mere nothing to that which a monkey feels. I do not understand the monkey tongue, but I am perfectly certain that what that monkey was saying would never pass the proof-reader, were I able to set it down.

I have been told that puff-adders are responsible for more deaths amongst human beings than any other species of African snakes. I can quite believe it. They have a wholly abominable trick of finding their way into huts and hiding amongst the blankets.

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Several times I came across cases of this. In one instance a youngster, raw to the country, who was using another man's bed discovered a puff-adder asleep there. The shock was a severe one—it must have been, for instead of killing the creature with a sjambok, he picked up a shot-gun. Certainly he finished the snake, but incidentally he blew a hole through all the blankets and the mattress, besides setting the sheets on fire. The owner of the bed was quite rude when he returned a few days later.

A story which one hears constantly—and there seems no reason to doubt its truth—is that when the puff-adder is lying straight out, with his tail towards you, he is able to throw himself backwards at you and strike you whilst he is in mid-air; whereas if his head is towards you he is far less dangerous.

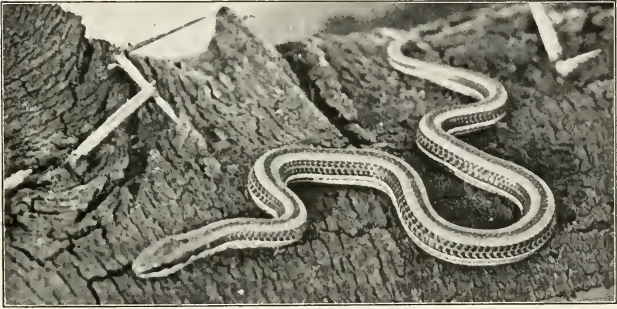
As a rule a full-grown puff-adder is some three feet long and two and a half to three inches in diameter—a hideous, bloated abomination.

The story of my quest of lions at Harold Hill's place is one which I am not likely to forget.

I had returned to Nairobi after a long trip, and was in the Boma Trading Company's Stores refitting, when I was fortunate enough to run across an old acquaintance, Mr. Harold Hill, a man who knew the country well, and knew, too, the ways of the wild animals there. We began naturally enough to talk



A Puff-Adder.



A Three-Striped Shaapsteker.

Facing page 128.



THE LIONS' LAIR

about the game, and incidentally I happened to mention what bad luck I had had so far with lions, and how anxious I was to secure some really good moving pictures of them. Hill seemed to think that I exaggerated the difficulties, or that Fortune had been very much against me. There were plenty of lions, far too many of them, in fact, round his place, he declared; quite recently he had seen three of them prowling about a small kopje in the neighbourhood of his own house.

Would I go out then and have a try? Needless to say, I accepted gladly. The chance was far too good to be missed, and I knew that Hill was a man who would not take me on a wild-goose chase. Consequently, a few days later I turned up at my friend's homestead accompanied by Clark.

We had taken the train as far as Kapati Station and had tramped across the veldt from there, a distance of about twelve miles.

The kopje beloved of the lions proved to be about a mile and a half round and to rise some three hundred feet above the plain. As a rule the lions' "lair" may be regarded as a fiction of the novelist, the lion being essentially a wanderer; but in this case that particular kopje certainly was a lair for lions. There were generally some of them there; in fact, it seemed that if one was shot two more came to take their dead comrade's place. So far as cover was concerned the

spot was quite good, at least from a lion's point of view. He was able to hide during the day amongst the rocks or in the low bush—nothing is more surprising to the new-comer than to discover how easily a lion can conceal himself, how flat he can go—and when he had killed anything it was a comparatively simple matter to drag or carry it just up within the fringe of bush.

We started out to stalk those lions carefully, scientifically, working round the kopje, taking especial care whenever we rounded one of the spurs, behind which we often found an open patch of grass some twenty yards across.

At first we drew a series of blanks, then suddenly Hill signalled to me, and I really thought that we were coming on our quarry. Consequently, I went forward as cautiously as possible. It is no easy task to move noiselessly when you have a camera weighing between sixty and seventy pounds slung over your shoulder, especially if your route leads you over big boulders and you have the tropical sun blazing down on you. In this case my caution was unnecessary, for all that Hill wanted to show me was where an American doctor and his friend had seen a lion, lioness and three cubs lying beside their "kill" of the night before. The spot was some twenty yards from us, and the slope down to it must have been fully forty-five degrees. Hill himself had brought the Americans

WASTED FILMS

there, and he told the story so well that I felt myself turning green with envy. The male lion had been asleep, gorged ; the mother, who had been rolling on her back with the cubs playing over her, was watching the vultures and marabou storks circling overhead.

I could see it all, the wonderful opportunity, the sort of thing that comes to a man once, generally only once, in a lifetime. If only I had had the luck of those Americans !

Still, there was one thing which qualified my envy. I could feel sorry for them, after all, for my host's next remark showed me that they must inevitably have failed to get any films of the slightest value. He himself had not seen the pictures, Hill went on to explain, because they had decided not to develop them until they reached the United States. By that time, of course, as anyone who has used films in the tropics knows, the pictures would be inevitably ruined. Unexposed film will keep good quite a long time ; exposed film must be developed at the earliest possible moment. Once the light has been on it all sorts of chemical actions and reactions take place. I myself make a rule of developing the moment I get a chance. It is better to use the roughest and most inconvenient of dark rooms than to wait. Only those who have secured pictures at the expense of great trouble and risk can enter into the feelings of the photographer when he begins the work of developing.

WILD LIFE ACROSS THE WORLD

The killing of game for food is always justifiable ; but shooting merely for the joy of destruction, or for the purpose of writing a book and so securing self-advertisement, can never be defended. Without boasting unduly, I may say that the naturalist-photographer usually takes infinitely greater risks, and certainly displays infinitely greater skill and patience, than does the pseudo-sportsman. It is much easier, much less dangerous, to shoot a lion after your boys have led you up to him and your white hunter—who is by your side ready for emergencies—has given you explicit instructions, than it is to creep close to that lion and take a moving picture of him.

For a whole week we circled that hill two or three times a day, peering into every possible hiding-place, getting hot and tired and thirsty, without the least result. The lions were obviously not there. On the eighth morning my host suggested that we should leave the kopje alone and try our luck in a patch of bush some three miles from the homestead. I assented gladly—I was a little weary of that hill—and he at once set to work to collect a crowd of beaters to drive out anything which might happen to be hiding in the scrub. Clark agreed to accompany the natives, who were equipped with a weird variety of noise-producing implements, including old tin cans, whilst Hill took charge of me.

The place selected for the camera was behind a

THE ABSENT LION

large ant-hill. There was a little thorn scrub some twenty yards away, and my host reckoned that if there were any lions in the bush they could break away across this open space and make for the small kopje close to the house.

Stationed with me was a Masai spearman, a fine youngster of about twenty-one years of age, who had already killed a lion single-handed. Near by Hill himself was waiting on horseback, his idea being that when the lions appeared—they were sure to be distinctly annoyed and quite ready to cause trouble—he should get them to chase him past me. It sounded all right ; and yet, somehow, I could not help reflecting on what might happen if instead of going after Hill they turned aside to see what I was doing. Still, I disguised my feelings, put the best face on it I could, and waited. In the end, however, though several buck came out, there was no sign of a lion.

The next day we went back to the kopje, and resumed our weary search amongst the rocks and dongas. We had not gone very far when I received a most unpleasant shock. Seeing a large bird's nest, I reached up to it, intending to feel if there were any young in it. My hand was just level with the entrance to the nest when out slid a venomous snake. It was a lesson to me, and I have never since tried similar experiments. I am very careful now about looking first.

WILD LIFE ACROSS THE WORLD

As the hours went by it seemed as though we were once more going to draw a blank. There had been no sign of lions, and the light was beginning to get poor. Then the unexpected happened. I was about half-way up the kopje side and was looking out over the plains. Clark and Hill's nephew were on the level ground about a hundred yards below us, amongst some fairly dense thorn scrub on the edge of the plain. Hill was beside me also scanning the bush and plain.

Suddenly my boy gave a tug at my jacket and, as is the way of the natives when they see game, pointed at a spot immediately below us. I followed the direction of the pointing finger. There, peering through a thorn bush at our two comrades, was a large lioness with two almost full-grown cubs by her side. The animals were, at the very outside, twenty yards away from the others, who had no suspicion of their presence. At once I drew Hill's attention to the lions, which had neither seen nor winded us, and at first we could not decide what to do. One thing was certain—we ought to warn our friends of their danger. Hill hailed them. "Lions! Shout!" he cried, thinking that they might scare the beasts and cause them to run up within range of my camera. Unfortunately, Clark misunderstood him (mistaking "Shout" for "Shoot"), drew his revolver, and fired several shots into the ground. It was a most dangerous thing to have done, a direct invitation to the lioness

STALKED BY LIONS

to charge, and he was lucky to escape with his life. I raised my voice then, yelling, "Simba! Killalee!" (Lion! Shout!). This time the other two grasped the meaning, and sprinted at top speed to an ant-hill some ten yards away.

The lions were thoroughly disturbed. At first they did not seem to know quite what to do, but finally headed up the hill, slightly towards us, making for some cover about forty or fifty yards from where we were standing. Meanwhile I was turning the handle of my machine at top speed. I will admit I was excited, and not without cause, for those were the first animated photographs ever taken of lions in their wild free state. I was more than jubilant as we went back to the house, my only fear being that perhaps the light had not been sufficiently good.

Having, as I thought then, accomplished my object, I decided to return next day to Nairobi. That evening was a very pleasant one. The Hills got started off telling of their adventures, which alone would suffice to fill a long book. Amongst other stories Harold Hill's brother related a yarn about a most uncomfortable experience he had had in that very neighbourhood. He arrived at the railway station one day to find that the boy was not waiting there for him with his rifle. As he had not much time to spare, he set out for home unarmed. At first everything went smoothly, but when he was still three miles from the house he

suddenly became aware that he was being stalked by a lion. The brute was closing in on him from the right. Almost immediately afterwards he caught sight of another on his left; and then, glancing over his shoulder, he saw yet a third one behind him. The first two came within twenty yards, and continued slinking along parallel to the path, whilst every now and then the other would take a short run forward, pretending to charge. It was an experience which might have shattered the nerve of any man; fortunately, Hill did not lose his head. The natural instinct was to make a sprint forward, and had he done so the brutes would have been on him before he had gone half a dozen yards. Somehow—it must have needed a tremendous effort of will—he managed to continue walking steadily forward, taking no apparent notice of the attempts to stampede him. Actually it was not until he was within a hundred and eighty yards of the house that they decided to leave him alone. He added that just as he reached safety his knees literally gave way under him. I can readily believe it. The strain must have been appalling. I doubt if he will ever again try tramping across that stretch of veldt without a rifle.

On our way to Kapiti Station we came across various kinds of game, which I tried, unsuccessfully, to stalk. This occupied a good part of the day, with the result that we had to camp down in the open.

A SLEEPING SENTRY

Recently I had been suffering greatly from insomnia, a very common complaint in the game veldt—I suppose the strain of being constantly on the alert overtires the brain—and about two o'clock in the morning I threw my blankets aside and went to the camp-fire, intending to sit there and smoke until I grew sleepy. The fire had burnt low, the guard who was supposed to tend it being stretched out by the tent fast asleep. I was just going to rouse him when I happened to look round. The shock I received was a nasty one. There but a bare twelve yards away, his eyes blazing like two glowing coals, was a lion.

A single bound took me back into the tent. A moment later I had seized Clark's rifle and had roused its owner with a kick. But when I looked out again, cautiously this time, those eyes were no longer visible. I suppose my hurried movements had shown the lion that he had just missed his chance of seizing that sleeping guard. Had he been a minute or so earlier the boy would have paid for his fault with his life.

In Nairobi my first thought was naturally to develop those precious films which had cost so much time and trouble to secure. As soon as the pictures began to appear I heaved a sigh of relief. The light had been all right. Of course, I was delighted, and went on with the whole length; but, alas! when the film was dry, and I was able to examine it properly, there was not a trace, except in one corner, of the lions

WILD LIFE ACROSS THE WORLD

on it. It was little short of a tragedy for me. Then I examined my camera, and to my intense disgust found that in climbing the rocks I had managed to move the sights of the machine, and had been photographing right over the top of the animals. So in the end I had nothing to show for my trip!

The story of the "jumping hares" is one about which I was often chaffed, really without due cause.

At the time when I was camped near the Naivasha Lake a party of us, including Mr. Percival, Dr. Loring, a member of ex-President Roosevelt's expedition, and my old comrade Clark, spent an evening together at the hotel.

As usual, the conversation soon turned upon the subject of big game, in which we all took a great interest. From this we drifted naturally enough on to that of my photographic work, and the flash-light branch in particular. The others were all anxious to see some photographs actually taken at night, and someone suggested that we should go out forthwith in quest of jumping hares. The latter sound like the sort of beasts one would expect to see after dinner, but I should explain that they really do exist.

One of the party, Mr. Goby, the permanent way inspector, knew all about those jumping hares and their modes of life; moreover, he assured me that he had an acetylene lamp which would almost mesmerise

JUMPING HARES

them, bringing them to a standstill, so that it would be quite a simple matter to photograph them by flash-light. I agreed readily enough. It did not take long to make our preparations. I fastened the flash-lamp on to Clark's head, the battery being strapped round his chest. The camera, of course, I carried myself, whilst Goby walked beside me with the famous acetylene lamp.

We had not gone more than two or three hundred yards before I saw the eyes of a jackal gleaming in the darkness, and a moment later I thought I discerned the eyes of a jumping hare. Instantly I told Clark to press the button of the flash-lamp.

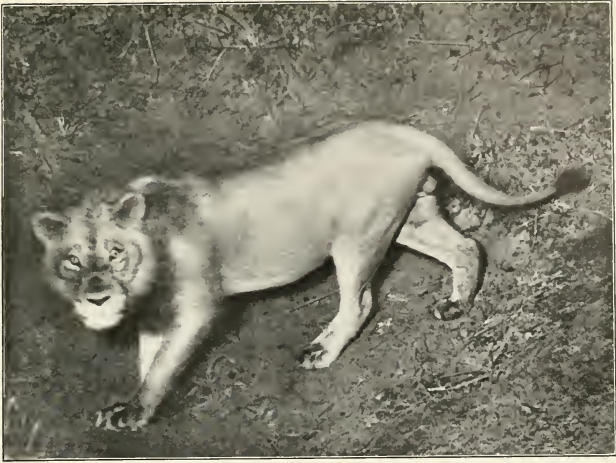
There was the usual blinding glare ; then, as soon as I could see at all, I made out what I took to be one of Goby's "mesmerised hares." Someone shouted, "Run, Kearton, and catch him!" I dashed forward and seized—a tin can ! I had actually photographed the end of that wretched derelict tin in mistake for a hare ! And they knew it !

It was a long time before they ceased to chaff me about the incident, and to suggest it was I who had been mesmerised.

Still, as a matter of fact I really did get some photographs of jumping hares that same night, a proof that the insinuations were unfounded.

I ultimately succeeded in obtaining a flash-light photograph of a maneless lion, after waiting for six

nights in a "hide-up" built in a tree close to a water-hole. The brute, however, sprang at my camera after I fired the flash-lamp, and carried off a leather legging which, thinking it was going to rain, I had placed over it. The legging was afterwards found by one of my boys some forty yards away with a large piece bitten out of it.



A Flash-light Picture of a Maneless Lion.

CHAPTER III

East Africa

I

In 1911 I took part in a second expedition to East Africa, for the purpose of proving man's power over the wildest animals with no weapon save a rope. The expedition was a large one, and, of course, the baggage was in proportion. I believe that really the hardest part about a trip which turns out a success is the making of the preliminary arrangements. The expedition which fails usually does so because the preliminaries have been neglected. Too much stuff, too little stuff, or the wrong stuff, any of these causes, but especially the first and last, will serve to land you in difficulties, and, if the trip is really a long one, taking you far from supplies, in disaster.

On this occasion our party consisted of seven Europeans, some hundred natives, five horses, and seven dogs of various sizes and breeds or combinations of breeds—indeed a mighty company.

I shall never forget the seemingly awful confusion on the platform of Nairobi Station that morning. We arrived there at 11.30 a.m. to catch the 1.0 p.m.

train, and we were none too early. The place seemed alive with savages—our savages. And they were not behaving with dignity. Everyone seemed to be afraid he was going to be left behind. If he did not attempt to fight his way into an already overfull carriage he climbed on top of it, and had to be hauled down by a perspiring official.

The baggage was in stacks, great piles of it, which made one feel guilty of some awful crime, it seemed so utterly out of proportion. Case after case of provisions; ugly bundles, which when untied would form parts of tents, folding tables and chairs; weirdly-tied packages of cooking gear; small, heavy boxes of ammunition; bags of food for the carriers and bags of food for the dogs—all had to be sorted out, counted, checked, and packed in the vans. We began, as I said, at 11.30 a.m. and our train finally got away at 4.0 p.m.: at least, we were ready at that time. Then a final count was made, with the result that six native stowaways were discovered and ejected ungently, their discomfiture apparently amusing their fellow-countrymen immensely.

I heaved a sigh of relief as the guard blew his whistle and we really started. There is a steep gradient up to Limoru, which is in the Kikuyu country. From there onwards one climbs upwards more steadily through thick forest all the time to the Kikuyu escarpment, the top of which is nearly eight

A DISTANT VIEW

thousand feet above sea-level. From this point the view is magnificent. Two thousand feet below is the Great Rift Valley, through which we were to operate, and which extends southwards through the heart of the continent to the very home of African adventure, the Zambezi itself. The great stretch of plain is broken only by the two volcanic mountains, Longonot, which is close to the line, and Suswa, away in the distance. So clear is the air that one can see for nearly a hundred miles. Objects a quarter that distance off appeared quite close, but when we came to trek across the veldt to them the twenty-five miles turned out to be long ones.

From the top of the escarpment the line descends again to Kijabe (meaning "wind"), which was the end of our railway journey.

At sunrise we were up. Fires were lighted—one of the beauties of the veldt is that you may light a fire anywhere if you can procure fuel—coffee made, and the work of off-loading the baggage begun. Perhaps this was even worse than the loading of the day before had been, because now it was a matter of apportioning the packages. In addition to the carriers we had four bullock-wagons, not the great eighteen-foot-long transport wagon of the south, with a "full soan" of sixteen or eighteen big oxen, but a slightly smaller and more suitable kind, with fourteen cattle. On the wagons were big water-drums, for

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we had some long stretches of waterless plain ahead of us.

It was a great sight to see our safari set out. In addition to the carriers, the horses, the dogs, and the wagons, there were two cooks, a personal boy for each white man, five camera boys, and my Masai spearman. Each carrier's load is nominally sixty pounds. This figure is rarely exceeded, and when the package is unusually bulky or awkward due allowance is made for the fact. On a really long journey, when the safari marches every day for months, sixty pounds is, of course, too much, but for an expedition such as ours it is quite a reasonable weight. As a rule the load is carried on the porter's head, but occasionally it is hung on the shoulders by a strap passing round the bearer's forehead.

The immense variety of loads adds greatly to the picturesque appearance of a caravan. One man will have a "chop box," a case containing tinned meats and other "white man's food"; the next may have some folding chairs and tables, awkward, ungainly; the man behind him may perspire under a portion of the tent canvas. As a rule a man keeps the same load all through the trip, though naturally, as the bags of food stuffs and boxes of tinned meats become emptied, there is a certain amount of redistribution.

The safari always treks in single file, often to the accompaniment of a monotonous sort of native chant.

THE SAFARI

The cooks and personal boys travel light, their work beginning at the outspan when the carriers are resting. Really their job is no easy one. There is plenty of work for these cooks and personal boys when the white men are doing things comfortably, and, after all, why should one not study comfort? It is not as if East Africa were in the pioneer stage. There is always the railway a little way off, even though there are various lions and rhino between you and the line.

As a rule the tents are pitched in a circle, the white men's tents being grouped together. Next to them will be the cook's quarters, where all the meals are prepared. Personal boys sleep under their employer's verandah. The carriers' tents complete the ring. Every here and there are huge fires, which the watchmen tend, for one is always on the alert for the possible lion. Horses and dogs are tied up in the middle of the encampment.

This was the arrangement on the first night of that trip. I think most of the party slept well on that occasion, for it had been a very heavy day for all.

We had some luck the first day out. Of course, it was yet too early to expect to find lion and rhino, though both of them generally come unexpectedly, but we did find wart-hog. I was very glad, because it gave me at once an opportunity of seeing whether my American companions, Mr. Jones and his two

WILD LIFE ACROSS THE WORLD

assistants, Messrs. Loveless and Means, really could do what I wanted.

I had, of course, heard and read stories of the feats of American cowboys, how they could lasso anything, but one does not hastily take such yarns at their face value, and I had, I admit, had certain misgivings regarding this trip. Consequently, I was greatly delighted when I found that my men were really first class hands at their own particular work, quick, fearless and excellent horsemen.

Ulyate, the professional hunter, reined up suddenly and pointed to three black objects about four hundred yards away. They were wart-hogs, he said.

Away went the Americans to drive them up to us, whilst I sent my assistant to hurry on the carriers with the cameras. The latter turned up in time, and I had them fixed in a convenient place.

Meanwhile the carriers squatted down, waiting with the dull apathy of the African savage. Certainly a few did watch the proceedings ; but to most of them it was simply an example of the foolishness of the white man, and unless the affair resulted in their getting meat for that evening's meal, it did not concern them in the least degree.

The horsemen had now got the wart-hogs on the run, and were doing their work cleverly. After a while they very wisely let the two smaller beasts go and concentrated all their efforts on the big boar. He

LASSOING A WART-HOG

went well, snout down, tail in air, his great tusks showing viciously. He did not like the game in the least; he did not understand it, and he was going to escape to cover if he could, but if he were cornered he was ready to fight to the last.

One of the Americans, who was mounted on a black horse, drew ahead of his fellows, and I saw him begin to loosen the lasso on his saddle. Then he was swinging it round and round his head ready to let go. As the boar passed my camera the noose seemed to dart out and catch him round one of his hind legs, and a moment later he was rolling over in a cloud of dust.

As a matter of fact the horseman had miscalculated things, having driven his quarry straight on to the lens instead of three-quarters on to me. But he was new to it, and he had done his best. I obtained some excellent pictures of the animal on the ground and also of him when, having recovered from his fright, he tried to charge at the horse's legs. When he was let go he gathered himself together, glanced once at the carriers, who had now clustered round, then walked away slowly and disdainfully. The natives, seeing so much meat going off, were far from pleased. But my object in taking this trip was to photograph game, not to slaughter it, and their disgust did not worry me greatly.

We camped for the night at Sewell's Farm, close to a "pan" of water. A high wind was blowing, and

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at times the dust was far from being pleasant. As there was the possibility of finding water-holes ahead dry or full of liquid mud, we filled up the tanks on the wagons, as well as every other vessel capable of holding water. In Ulyate, the hunter, I had a man who knew his business, and, acting on his advice, I took no chances. You can do without a good many things on the veldt—without tents, without folding chairs and tables, without whisky, even without food at a pinch—but you must have water.

On the march the three cowboys rode ahead, whilst I was close at hand with my camera ready for instant use. We might hit on something interesting at any moment.

It was hot and dusty, terribly hot, but there was no question of delay. We had the oxen to consider. About noon we made a short outspan, barely worth while really, for the oxen had no time to feed, and even had there been time there was little for them to eat. Trees were conspicuous by their absence, the brush being little more than low thorn scrub, and it was only under the wagons themselves that one could find any shade.

Soon after we had inspanned and started off again someone noticed lion spoor, and there was a thrill of excitement amongst the new hands, who had not yet realised that from the Zambezi to Khartoum you can find lion spoor everywhere, indeed you expect



A Group of Eland.

Facing page 148.

A TROOP OF ELAND

to find it. Of course, there was a chance of coming on the beast who had made it or on one of his relatives. Much sweeping of the country was done without the slightest result, except the tiring of men and horses.

There was plenty of game about. After a while we sighted a troop of eland, the largest and in a way the most beautiful of all antelope, and we arranged to have them rounded up for me to photograph.

I placed my cameras in the most sheltered spot I could find, then sent out the three cowboys, who were to try and lasso one of the animals in front of the lens. Once more they acquitted themselves well. They cut out their eland, then one of them, Loveless, got his lasso well over it, bringing it to the ground. At once he dismounted, apparently with the idea of making the animal's legs fast, but no sooner was he out of the saddle than his great black horse started to misbehave himself.

It was quite an exciting situation. The lasso was fastened to the saddle, the eland was helpless on the ground, and round and round, with the huge antelope as the centre of the circle, that abominable black steed went bucking round. I suppose he did not like the smell or the look of the captured animal.

Jones and Means both tried unsuccessfully to lasso the horse, which was caught in the end by its owner himself. It was an amusing incident and, what was

WILD LIFE ACROSS THE WORLD

far more important, it made a good film. When you are taking a long and dangerous journey for one object only you judge everything from the point of view of your success or failure in attaining that object.

You cannot, of course, expect to get pictures every day, and after the adventure with the eland I took a blank trek philosophically. It was the luck of the game. We saw plenty of spoor—lion, rhino and odd animals—but we had to push on to the next water-hole and so could spend no time on turning off the track. A leopard and a rhino served to break the monotony so far as the cowboys were concerned, but the rest of us knew that there would be plenty of rhino and leopards—too many, perhaps—ahead.

We camped for the night at a small river, from which I decided to send Ulyate back for another wagon-load of stores, as I wanted to be on the safe side before trekking into the Sotik country. And we were now practically in the Rift Valley, where, as I knew well, both rhino and lions were plentiful, so it was no waste of time to fix up a regular camp and use it as a base until Ulyate returned.

I arranged to have the hunting carried out on a regular plan, using almost all the members of the expedition for the purpose of driving the game up to my cameras. Practically speaking, we had a long line, sweeping round in a semicircle, with mounted men at each end and carriers between. There were



A Young Serval Cat.

Facing page 150.

A LATE START

dogs, too, and water-bearers. Roughly speaking, the line must have stretched some four and a half miles. If game were found word could be passed along or, failing that, a signal given by firing a couple of shots in rapid succession.

Naturally enough, the first day started badly. As so often happens when one is dealing with new-comers, there was that fatal delay in starting, that inability to realise that the first two hours in Africa are worth more than the whole of the next seven put together. Everyone, white men and carriers alike, wants to talk on those occasions, and everyone will go on talking until the man in charge lets off some very plain speech on his own account.

No rhino were seen, but after a while Jones sighted a herd of hartebeeste and signalled to me. The ground was not very good, being broken veldt with a certain amount of low scrub; still, it was worth trying to get a picture.

I gave the word, and the cowboys started the herd on the run. The bulk came down in a cloud of dust right towards the cameras—it was very cleverly managed—then tried to swerve away as they saw my assistant and myself. But a lasso was shot out, and a moment later one was down right in front of me. Almost before he knew what had happened I had secured a film of him, and he had been allowed to race off and rejoin his fellows.

WILD LIFE ACROSS THE WORLD

As we came back to camp a serval cat was unwary enough to show himself. He, too, was caught and photographed.

Our third drive was productive of some real excitement. We found neither lions nor rhino, but a cheetah was marked down. He took cover in some long grass, and was still there when I arrived on the scene. A little way off was a small spruit. At once I got the cameras ready, whilst the cowboys set out with the idea of driving him down to me. But that cheetah had plans of his own, and without the slightest warning jumped up and headed for the spruit, where he hid in some undergrowth.

It was an ugly place, but Jones settled the matter in cool, characteristic fashion. He rode to the bank of the spruit, almost asking the animal to come at him, and when it accepted the invitation he lassoed it neatly, afterwards dragging it out in front of my camera, greatly to the amazement of the carriers.

That night Ulyate returned with the wagon-load of additional stores, so we decided to break camp first thing the following morning, and start out for the Sotik country, where I hoped to meet with better success than had been the case hitherto.

We trekked on and on that day across that sweltering plain. As usual, the white men rode ahead of the safari, so as to cover a considerable extent of the country, but all the time luck seemed against us. I



A Cheetah.

Facing page 152.



IN PURSUIT OF GIRAFFE

for one was growing very weary of the march, and was feeling the sun severely, when Ulyate suddenly pointed to a clump of trees a little ahead.

“ There are giraffe there,” he said.

I looked carefully, and there, surely enough, I could see things moving amongst the tree-tops.

A moment later the animals broke away, stretching out their legs in a gallop. At once the cowboys were after them, but, as we knew, they had little chance. Their horses had been suffering from the heat, for which the giraffe cared nothing. Still, Jones and his two assistants held on; they would never give up so long as their mounts would carry them. I myself, on the other hand, decided to span at that clump of trees. It was hopeless trying to trek on through that heat, and in the unlikely event of the giraffe being turned it would be a good place for working the cameras. We got these ready, threw ourselves down and gasped, thanking our stars that it was not we who were pelting across that baked stretch of veldt. The carriers, too, were glad enough of the rest, and so were the oxen when they came up a little later. Really, of course, it is clean against all the rules of transport work to trek in the heat of the day, but the circumstances were exceptional. Sometimes the strictest of rules has to be broken, and shortness of water is a sufficient excuse for anything.

After a long while the cowboys came back one by

WILD LIFE ACROSS THE WORLD

one, hot, thirsty, disappointed. They had found out how a giraffe can run when he is on open veldt.

We rested until well on in the afternoon, then inspanned again. Hitherto the road had kept along the level plain: now, however, it began to climb steadily up the main escarpment. Ahead of us was what seemed to be kopje country. With every foot we rose the view behind us grew more and more impressive in the vastness of its desolation. It was indeed Africa, the land of infinite distances.

I do not know how much ground we had covered on that trek, but I do know that I was feeling the sun badly, and was wishing it was time to camp for the night, when Ulyate suddenly rode up to tell us that Jones had found a giraffe. He and his companions were away to one side of the track; they had the animal amongst some scrub, and were trying to keep it for me.

Instantly I had forgotten the heat, and regretted the sun was not higher in the heavens, so that there would be more of daylight left for me. It was only a matter of a few minutes to ride back along the line, take the cameras from the carriers, and head for our quarry. We soon saw him. He was standing quite still, apparently dazed at the commotion, and yet ready to bolt when he saw a chance to do so in safety. The cowboys were waiting for me.

The instant I had my camera on the tripod I



A Giraffe quite Happy after being Lassoed.



THE CAPTIVE RELEASED

signalled to Jones, who gave a shout. At once the giraffe seemed to make up his mind that it was time to move. But he had made it up too late. One of the cowboys was after him, swinging his lasso.

It was no easy task to catch the animal. To begin with, there was the fact that a giraffe is about the most fragile thing on the veldt. A heavy fall means either a broken neck or a broken limb, and my object was to avoid any injury to my quarry. Then, too, there was his immense height: he was so utterly different from anything else that his pursuer had ever tried to lasso. Yet, so skilful was that American from the plains of the West, that he did the thing at the very first throw. The noose seemed to fall gently and exactly in the right place, and in an incredibly short space of time the huge beast was at a standstill, gazing at his captor with open-eyed astonishment.

I wasted no time over getting to work. There was just enough light to run off my film. Then there remained another question—the giraffe had to be freed again. Once more I had occasion to admire the skill of those Americans. A rope round the hind legs, a steady pull, and the animal was down on the ground. The first lasso was taken off, then the second was slipped. The giraffe scrambled to his feet, shook himself, stood perfectly still, and watched us until we were out of sight over a rise. I wonder what he thought of it all?

II

With the lassoing of the giraffe our luck seemed to have come to an end, at least for the time being. There was a long, waterless stretch of undulating country, covered for the most part with low scrub, in which we saw practically no game. The cowboys were always on the alert, and it is safe to say that no reasonable chance was lost: yet when we outspanned at nights the same unused roll of film was still in the camera.

It was most disappointing. Almost anywhere else we should have been practically sure of sport, but now, by some unlucky chance, we seemed to have struck the worst possible road. Of course, wagons hamper you enormously on a trip such as the one we were making; they compel you to keep within certain narrow limits, and I should advise everyone to do without them as far as possible. For heavy transport work the bullock-wagon is absolutely unequalled, and in the old days the early hunters, like Mr. F. C. Selous, working many hundreds of miles away from their base, could not depend on carriers only; but to-day, when the hunter is merely a sportsman and not a pioneer, the carrier is usually quite sufficient for his requirements.

A REPORT OF RHINO

We had been out rather over a fortnight when the rains, already late in appearing, began to set in. Most of us were more or less downcast at the lack of success, and I think that wet day seemed to take pretty well the last of our spirits out of us, especially as Ulyate declared we might now expect more wet weather, far more than would probably be pleasant.

To our relief the morning broke fine and clear, whilst, as is always the case after the first rain, the veldt seemed to have taken on a new freshness. The dust of months had been washed off leaves and grass, old spoor had been obliterated, everything seemed ready to burst into new life.

The cowboys rode on ahead scouting round, whilst the rest of us kept with the safari, halting every now and then when the wagons fell too far behind. Despite the rain of the night before, the heat was again intense, and the slow rate at which we were compelled to travel did not tend to make matters more pleasant.

It was during one of those short halts that Means, the cowboy, came galloping back along the track. We had now got so used to ill-luck, that really I believe none of us expected him to have any news; consequently, we were more than elated when he informed us that there was a rhino in a valley a short distance off, and that Jones and the other cowboy were holding him up for me.

It did not take us very long to get into the saddle

WILD LIFE ACROSS THE WORLD

again, to overtake the wagon, which we had allowed to trek on ahead, to hustle the camera porters into new life, and start for the scene of action. After half an hour's riding we came on Loveless, who informed us that Jones was down in the valley keeping watch on the animal, which did not yet know of his presence.

We at once took the cameras from the carriers, and began to creep cautiously up-wind towards a clump of bush in which Jones was hidden.

Fortunately, the light was excellent—it was just about noon—and other conditions generally were in our favour. The cowboys got their ropes ready and started to work round slowly, whilst I went forward on foot quite close to the sleeping rhino, focused my camera on him and gave the signal for the others to close in.

Instantly Jones gave vent to a war-whoop which would have done credit to a Red Indian and, followed by his assistants, dashed up. A moment later the rhino was on his feet trying to get the scent, his great nose in the air, his little purblind eyes peering round. He just gave me time to get some film, then he was away at full speed down the valley, the cowboys in close pursuit. He galloped considerably over a couple of miles before he decided to halt and face his enemies. The place he chose was a good one from his point of view—a dip in the ground where the rains of the night before had formed a small pool. He went right into it and turned round to face us,

THE RHINO AT BAY

then, finding we were not coming on immediately, indulged in the luxury of a good roll, probably to refresh himself after his run.

The question now was how to get him out of the water and within reach of the lassos. There was one simple and very dangerous way of doing it—to induce him to charge. Without the slightest hesitation Jones tried this plan, riding right up to the water's edge. The rhino let him come on until he thought he was sure of getting him, then charged with lightning-like suddenness. It took the horseman all his time to keep ahead, but a few seconds later a lasso was over the great brute's neck, checking him momentarily, though immediately afterwards the rope snapped like a piece of thread.

Obviously there was no sense in trying to catch him that way when he was in full career. The only chance seemed to be to tire him out first and then endeavour to get several lassos on him at the same time. For over half an hour the three cowboys kept up the game, taking it in turns to be chased, the rhino always returning to the pool after each unsuccessful dash. At last another rope was thrown, and this time he was caught round one of his hind legs. The lasso held, but the man and the horse at the other end had to follow the animal when he decided to leave his pool and take up his stand in what was happily a most convenient place for me—the middle of an open space.

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His first act then was to knock down an ant-hill which seemed to annoy him, and after venting his wrath on that he was ready to face us once more.

I sent my assistant to a small thorn tree on the south side, taking up my own position opposite. Hardly had I done so when the rhino caught sight of my assistant's camera and charged. His carrier-boy gave a fearsome yell and was up the tree long before the white man, but, luckily for the latter, the rhino paused to smash up the apparatus, otherwise I should have got a moving picture of my assistant being tossed, a picture which in all probability he himself would never have lived to see on the screen.

Means saved the situation by dashing in just as the great brute had finished with the tripod and inducing him to chase the horse. In an instant my unfortunate assistant seemed to be forgotten, and the animal was in pursuit of Means

The beginning of that fight was typical of the whole. If the men and horses were good, the rhino was splendid. He was game right through, and despite their wonderful skill, the cowboys had their work cut out. They lassoed him time after time, throwing their nooses over him with uncanny accuracy; yet he would either tow man and horse away across the veldt or the rope would break. I do not know how many broken lines were dangling from him when at the end of some four and a half hours he began to





Lassoing a Rhinoceros.

Between pages 160 and 161.



Lassoing a Rhinoceros.

Between pages 160 and 161.



HORSE VERSUS RHINO

show signs of exhaustion. Several times one or other of the Americans managed to seize the end of a broken rope and tie it on to another, but it seldom held for long.

It was exhausting work for all concerned, but especially for the horses. They had, of course, by far the worst of it. Their riders had the excitement to keep them going, still I think the horses enjoyed it. My assistant, who was on his first visit to Africa, I placed within a couple of yards of a tree, up which he could shin, which he luckily did when things became dangerous. I was on foot, and had the rhino concentrated his attention upon me, he would inevitably have succeeded in ridding himself of an enemy. Yet during the whole of that long afternoon's excitement I do not recall having thought of this. I was out then to get photographs; I had gone to an immense amount of trouble to secure pictures of that rhino being lassoed, and I was not going to be done out of my reward if I could help it.

The sun was getting perilously near the horizon, when Jones decided to try and make the animal fast to a tree. Loveless got him on the run again, leading him straight down on to my camera, though fortunately he pulled up in time. Obviously he was getting played out by now. One of the broken ropes was caught, another was thrown catching his hind leg, then gradually and with infinite exertion he was tied to a

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thorn tree, round the trunk of which the lasso was passed. Just before he was finally tied up he drove Loveless up a tree, but that was his last effort. He stood there a gallant, sullen captive, the real hero of the act, whilst I used the last of my film on him.

When we visited the place next morning he had gone. I met a man who saw the same rhino with a bit of rope on his head, and directly he got the smell of a white man he was off like lightning.

After the lassoing of the rhino there came another blank. We wanted a lion now. One day I sighted two against a hot spring over a mile away. There were a few rocks in the background. When we got to the place the lions had vanished completely, but one had left the biggest pug-mark I had ever seen. Everything else had to give way to the search for lions, yet none was sighted. Day after day it was the same, and with each hour our chances of success grew less. Stores were shrinking rapidly, a sense of discouragement was spreading through the whole party, and the real rains which would make the country almost impassable for the wagons became more and more of a danger to the expedition.

At last, after a camp-fire council, we decided to accept the inevitable and head back for Nairobi. There was a chance, of course, of a lion on the homeward journey, but I believe none of us really counted on it. We hurried over the road—if you can use that term

in connection with bullock-wagons. We wanted to get away from the dreary, waterless country we had been scouring in vain. There was one long stretch, a twenty-four-hour trek, between two water-holes, and we gave the cattle a day's rest before tackling it; then we inspanned in the cool of the evening and started out on what we knew must be a wearisome ordeal. At sunrise we were in the Rift Valley again; at noon we halted for a couple of hours and served out water sparingly to the horses and carriers. The heat was abominable; everyone was horribly thirsty, yet it was out of the question to make a real stop. The cattle must be got on to the next water-hole.

It was a dreary-looking procession that wound along the road that afternoon. The carriers were too thirsty to chatter to one another, much less to sing; the white men were too parched to smoke. Horses and cattle alike plodded along with drooping heads. Everyone was longing for the trek to be over, longing for the moment when he should be able to throw himself down beside that water-hole ahead and forget—or try to forget—that abominable dry stretch.

And when at last we did reach the supposed pool there was not a drop of water in it!

There was now only one thing to do. Scores of lions might have been but a few miles off the track, yet we should not have dared to turn aside in pursuit of them. When you are short of water on the veldt every

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other consideration has to be forgotten. Water comes first, far before food, far before photographs, for it may mean life or death to the whole party. With a big safari like ours one dares take no risks of thirst.

So when darkness fell the expedition was on the march again, heading now for Kijabe Station, where water was a certainty, leaving Jones, the two cowboys and myself on the ground for the night, as we wanted one final look for lions. In the morning Jones left us, so we took a sweep round in the direction of the Rugged Rocks. I found the beasts—a lion and a lioness—at the very time when I was not ready to do anything with them !

We discovered them amongst some volcanic rocks at the foot of the Longonot Volcano, and succeeded in holding them up for some time, but the picture outfit had gone on. It was a pity that Ulyate, our white hunter, was not with us ; but when we rejoined him at Kijabe about midday and asked his opinion he said that very likely they lived there regularly, and that we should stand a good chance of finding them again.

Naturally, I was anxious to return as quickly as possible. There was no water at the Rugged Rocks, but after the cattle had had a rest and a feed we could refill our tanks and work off them. Unfortunately, however, there were other considerations which made the plan unworkable. The two cowboys were on the

DEFEATED BY DROUGHT

sick list, and could barely sit their horses. All the animals were tired out as a result of the long, waterless treks, and, moreover, it was a matter of urgent necessity for me to get the films I had already taken developed. So most reluctantly I gave up the idea for the present, and, leaving the safari to recruit its strength at Kijabe, I went down the line to Nairobi to do my developing and see about procuring fresh supplies.

Five days later I was back, to find that the dreaded rains had not come, and that the rest, short though it had been, had done all hands a great deal of good. That same night we loaded up the wagons, one with general stores, the other with the water tanks. At the first streak of dawn, as soon as it was possible to see the ground, we trekked out. There was no road of any sort, not even a cart-spoor going out in the direction we wanted to take; but still, as the veldt was more or less open, there was not a great amount of chasing to be done. A lightly-laden bullock-wagon can go almost anywhere, and what we were carrying was very different from the one-thousand-pound weight which is the transport-rider's "full load."

The spot for which we were making was not exactly an inspiring one. Locally it is known as the Black Reef. It consists really of a ridge, some two hundred feet high in places, formed by a stream of lava which in long bygone days had run down from the crater of Longonot Mountain. If the lion prefers a dreary home

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he can certainly satisfy his desires there. The bush is nowhere thick, but at the same time there is plenty of cover in the form of scrub and the inevitable thorn trees.

That evening, while the wagons were coming up, we scouted round, but though we found plenty of game spoor, we saw no fresh signs of lions. One of the cowboys, however, shot a rhino which had charged him.

In the morning the hunters were out early, but they had no luck of any kind. Game in plenty, yet not a sign of lions—one and all made the same report. Meanwhile the wagons had gone back to fetch more water, and also to give the cattle a chance of drinking. Now that the track was made it was possible for them to do the double journey in a day—no small consideration for us in the circumstances.

The second day after our arrival we decided to try the other side of the ridge. The rhino which the cowboy had shot had been left there, and it was just possible that the carcase had attracted some lions, who after gorging themselves on it might be sleeping off the effects in the scrub. Consequently, we arranged for Jones to work round a mile range from one end of the reef, the two other cowboys to take the other end, whilst Ulyate and myself scaled the rise and kept a look-out for the signals which were to tell us if a lion had been sighted.

A LIONESS AT LAST

It was still dark when, after having left the cameras at the foot of the ridge, we climbed up to the place agreed upon. It was cold, of course, and I was glad enough of my coat, though I knew that in all probability in two hours' time the perspiration would be pouring down my face.

The sun rose in a cloudless sky. We could see for miles across the veldt, and had we been there for nothing else, it would really have been worth while to have climbed up to get that view. But it was not long before we had something else, something far more urgent, to occupy our thoughts. In the open veldt below us was a horseman, Jones, with the dogs, and he was evidently hot on the spoor of something. Ulyate declared that it must be either a lion or a hyena.

A few minutes later they were almost at the foot of the ridge, and we had begun to clamber down towards them, after having lit a signal fire to call up the other members of the party. Yet, though we had wasted no time, both horseman and dogs were out of sight by the time we reached the level ground. Then from round a small rock came the reports of a couple of shots, followed a moment later by the fearful roar of a lion, and after that by the barking of dogs. At last we had found what we had been seeking for so long.

Ulyate had hurried on ahead, but he was soon back with the news. There was a lioness in the bush, with

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the pack of seven dogs, each of a different breed, round her—everyone who has read those wonderful books by that greatest of hunters, Mr. F. C. Selous, will remember the use he made of such dogs for lion-hunting—whilst Jones was waiting for a chance to get his lasso over her. She was still there when the two other cowboys came up, and I got within twenty yards of her with the camera. We had hardly begun to discuss what our next move should be when she settled the question for us.

Like a flash she came out, heedless of the dogs now, and made her way to an opening in the rocks, where she stood at bay. It was impossible to get the horses near her, impossible to do anything save shoot her, whilst she was on that broken ground; and I had not taken all that trouble, spent all those weary days, in order to see a lioness killed with a bullet

By various means — firing the grass, throwing crackers, setting the dogs on—we managed to make her move several times, but though I got one or two scraps of film at close quarters, I wanted far more than that. The heat soon became intense, overpowering, and it was only too plain that the dogs were beginning to tire. The dust, the sun, the continual barking were too much for them.

At last, in sheer desperation, Jones declared that he would try and slip a noose over her by means of a pole. It would have been risky, for had she sprung at him

A GREAT FIGHT

Ulyate's bullet would probably have failed to stop her in time ; but just at that moment she changed her tactics. Without the slightest warning she sprang down the rocks, raced across the veldt and stood again amongst some scrub on the bank of a small spruit. The dogs had followed her gamely, and now, despite their exhaustion, they bayed her once more. She too was tired ; moreover, she was in that state of exasperation in which, with one of her kind, anything is possible.

She had taken up her position cleverly, her rear and to a certain extent her flanks too, being protected by the spruit. The men with the lassos could only approach her in front.

Fortunately, she gave me time to get my camera fixed, in fact I was able to pick out a good background ; but the grass was too long to show much of her body whilst she crouched there snarling her hardest.

Then Means worked forward, his rope ready ; but before he could throw it she seemed to realise her danger. With mouth open and an awful roar she was at him. For a moment it was touch and go whether he could avoid her, but he managed to gain a few yards. Instantly she saw that the first man had escaped she swung round and directed her attention on Jones, but he too evaded her. In savage disgust, she abandoned those tactics, and once more took up her position at the foot of a thorn tree. All this time

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I had been turning the handle of my machine recording the whole incident, which had taken place only some eighteen yards away, on the film. It was an amazing opportunity, and I was well repaid for all the previous disappointments.

Though no rope was on her, yet a good deal had been gained, for she was in a far better position for lassoing. Jones kept her occupied by shouting and swinging his rope, whilst Means worked up for a throw. The noose fell fairly over her neck; but she seemed to realise her danger, and with marvellous rapidity slipped the lasso off. Now it was Loveless's turn. He caught her; once more she freed herself. By this time she was evidently alarmed as well as furious, for she suddenly dived into the spruit and took shelter amongst the bush. For a few minutes it seemed as if she was destined to beat us after all. The grass was fired and crackers thrown in without result; but at last she showed herself sufficiently to allow Loveless to have another throw. As he did so she seemed to divine that he was the immediate enemy, and sprang, just missing him. Then she was back in the spruit once more amongst the grass.

It was here that we finally got her. Whilst I brought my camera up to within twenty yards Loveless threw his rope so that the noose rested on the grass above her head, while he passed the other end over the branch of a thorn tree. Then, as coolly as though

CAUGHT AT LAST

he were trying to catch a sheep, Jones went forward, a long stick in his hand, and from the bank above pushed the noose down on the lioness.

Naturally she sprang at him, but was caught by the noose, and after one of the most exciting struggles that white men were ever engaged in with a savage beast, she was captured, caged, and sent to the Bronx Park Zoological Gardens, New York. It was a unique and wonderful piece of work, requiring unstinted skill and pluck on the part of the cowboys.

This was the only animal we did not release after capture. It was kept to prove the power of man over wild animals, even although he may be armed with nothing more formidable than a piece of hemp.

CHAPTER IV

East Africa

After the close of the big game lassoing trip I decided to make another expedition in the hope of securing some moving pictures of lion spearing by the Masai. Our route was to be from Kijabe through Naivasha, across the Aberdares, a climb of some 12,000 feet, and then to Nyeri, where I was to be met by guides who would take me to my friend Berkeley Cole's camp in the Masai country.

After leaving Kijabe, which overlooks vast valleys, plains and volcanoes, *en route* for Naivasha, one notices great changes in the nature of the country. The forests are replaced by stretches of open grassy veldt, with a few thorn bushes scattered about here and there, whilst in the distance is the Aberdare range, the highest peak of which towers 12,800 feet above sea-level. It was here where we first began to see Masai with their flocks of sheep. Now and then I caught glimpses of small herds of zebra, a few kongoni and a solitary ostrich, but, generally speaking, game was scarce.

As we topped the highest point passing Mount



Common Zebra Drinking.

Facing page 172.



LAKE NAIVASHA

Longonot on the railway a magnificent view met the eye, wonderful scenery, with Lake Naivasha some four miles away lying almost at our feet. The lake is distinctly beautiful. Its waters are a deep blue, its shores very irregular, with a seemingly endless succession of miniature bays and headlands. Small islands are dotted in circular fashion, and from their crater-like shape appear to be the remains of volcanic action; whilst hills bound the lake on three sides.

In many parts a fringe of papyrus and water-lilies nearly a mile in width extends along the shore, and water-fowl of every description abound. Hippo are also to be found, as I have mentioned in a previous chapter, though, generally speaking, they are difficult to approach.

Naivasha itself is situated on some rising ground close to the Lake. It has the reputation of being dusty and windy, and it certainly seemed to deserve it. It is not large. A hotel, some British and Indian stores, and a few houses constitute the town, except for Government buildings and the native prison. Four miles inland is a Government farm. It does not sound very imposing, perhaps, yet for British East Africa, now called Kenya Colony, Naivasha is quite a big and important place. One has to readjust one's standards, that is all.

It was about five o'clock in the afternoon when the train set us down at Naivasha. I had hoped to find

everything ready, so that we could start trekking over the mountains at once, but to my intense disgust this was far from being the case.

There were only half the number of porters or carriers necessary, no cook boy, and a distinct shortage of provisions. In the end these difficulties led to a delay of two days. On the morning following my arrival I went through the packages carefully, made a list of all that was lacking, and then tried the local stores to see what I could buy there. The weather was lovely up to about two o'clock, but after that there was a rapid and unpleasant change. Black and threatening clouds began to gather. Suddenly the storm burst, and it seemed determined to show us what it really could accomplish. The rain came down in sheets. Nothing could withstand it. It drove through everything, and in a very few minutes it was no easy matter to say exactly where the lake ended and the shore began. Thunder and lightning followed in deafening, ear-splitting crashes. There seemed no intermission, each thunderclap running into the next. In a very few seconds all the camp fires had been extinguished, some of the tents flooded out, and at one time it seemed as if the whole camp must be washed or blown away. Unfortunately, although the tent stood, a great proportion of the stores were damaged and rendered useless.

Half an hour later everything was bright again,

THE CARRIERS ON STRIKE

and, so great is the power of the sun out there, it would have been difficult to see that there had been more than a mere shower. The damaged provisions were almost the only proof.

It was just after the downpour that another small safari filed into our camp, going in the opposite direction to that in which we were bound. As is the way with natives, each party wanted to learn all about the other. One of the first questions was naturally as to our destination. (My boy Mahomed acted as interpreter.) I answered that we intended to cross over the Aberdare range, and make for a point two days' trek beyond Nveri. The moment this had been translated great excitement broke out, everybody talking and shouting at once.

I was not long in discovering the cause of this. The safari, it appeared, had just come from that district, and were full of blood-curdling accounts of the lions there. My carriers would not go with me, Mahomed declared. When I urged that there were lions everywhere he shook his head: these particular lions were very bad ones, well-known man-eaters. The boys were sorry to disappoint me, but would be more sorry to be eaten. According to the other porters a lion had actually stalked into the camp, picked up a boy who was asleep inside one of the tents, and walked off with him before anything could be done to save him. My fellows were quite certain that

a similar fate awaited some of them, and it was only with the greatest difficulty I persuaded them to stay. Needless to say, my feelings towards their informants were not altogether kindly.

The next day one of the most interesting characters in the country camped next to me, and came over to tea. This was a woman in man's attire, and proved to be Pioneer Mary—truly a wonderful woman. She walked from Mombasa to Lake Victoria before the railway was made and told me some hair-raising stories. She was the first white woman to enter the country, and used to go up to Abyssinia by herself on trading expeditions. Alas! she died a year ago, and is now sleeping in the land she adopted, but her name will live.

By the time I had bought extra stores and secured the additional carriers I needed everyone seemed ready enough to start. Judging by their expressions and the songs they chanted all my followers were happy enough. We marched, as usual, in single file. At the head of the procession were Killinjui, Natungo, Booby and Kavirondo, carrying cameras and allied gear; then Mahomed, Ero my spearman, and the gun-bearer. Mahomed was in his glory. He was always a very great personage, at least in his own estimation, but on this occasion his glory was enhanced by the fact that he was wearing an old pair of my boots, which were at least four sizes too large for him. Before he had covered many miles, however, all his

A DOCTOR'S PRESCRIPTION

pride had vanished. Half the skin was off his feet, and he was glad enough to exchange the boots with another boy for a pair of old putties. Really the kindest thing a white man can do with his discarded foot-gear is to burn it. Out of vanity some native will be sure to wear the old boots or shoes and get horribly footsore. From the point of view of appearances, too, boots on a native are objectionable; they seem to render him altogether awkward and clumsy, even when he is in European uniform. One realised this in comparing the late German native soldiers and the bare-footed British African soldiers for smartness.

Chumbo, one of my camera boys, was "sick in the chest," which meant he had a bad cough, so I had him sent to the Indian doctor in Naivasha. He had returned feeling, or at any rate looking, most important, bearing a Dewar's whisky bottle full of cough mixture, which was to be taken three times a day. This was the only load he carried until the "dower" or medicine was finished, as he held that it was quite impossible for a cure to have been effected until the bottle was empty.

On the first day we started to climb and trekked about eight miles, the lake dropping away from us as we were passing through forest country, the home of innumerable baboons. In places the short trees seemed alive with them, though the moment they sighted us they hid in the dense undergrowth. There

were also numbers of very fine white lilies, of which Mahomed gathered a large bunch, as he explained, for the dinner-table.

Night approached, and food was got ready without the usual cook, as he had missed the safari. No sooner was dinner over than rain began to fall again. We had, however, taken the precaution of putting everything well under cover. The morning broke bright and clear, and so we had the prospect of a long day's trek. We were away just after sunrise, so as to cover as much ground as possible before the sun began to get really hot.

The first part of our march consisted of a stiff climb through some lovely wooded country. Every now and then, glancing backwards, we could get a glimpse of the wonderful and beautiful Lake Naivasha in the distance. It lay well below us, its surrounding hills in various shades of colour making a most impressive scene.

At last we were on the edge of the forest and in full view of the Aberdare Mountains, at the foot of which I intended to camp that night. Still, we were by no means there yet. Between us and the range was a huge, dreary plateau to be crossed. At a glance anyone not accustomed to the country would have put the distance at five miles, but as a matter of fact it was at least twelve. The clear atmosphere of the veldt is very deceptive in cases such as this.

MAHOMED WANTS MY BOOTS

After a halt at a water-hole, where I only allowed the carriers to remain for a drink, as the clouds were beginning to gather, we pushed on, but had not gone far before a great thunder-storm swept down upon us. In a very few minutes every soul was drenched to the skin, but we had long since grown accustomed to that sort of thing, and it did not worry us very much. About half an hour before dark parrots by the hundred came flying over us. They had fed on seed grass miles away, and had come to roost in the forest.

We camped where I had intended, at the very foot of the mountains, which towered above us. If we glanced the other way we could look right over what seemed now to be a vast expanse of plain. It was at this camp that I had an example of Mahomed's cunning. As the last pair of boots had turned out a failure, and had been traded away, he was anxious to secure another. Those he coveted happened to be a pair I had been wearing that day. The fact that they were wet gave him his chance. They were sturdy, comfortable, brown boots, and he took them to dry by one of the huge cedar fires, and put them so close that they shrank far too much for me ever to wear them again. He came to me with a most rueful countenance, full of apologies, and obviously expecting to have them given to him. Only a moment before, however, I had been informed that he had been overheard telling another boy of what he intended doing,

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and what he hoped would be the result, and he suffered a bitter disappointment!

The following day we started with a heavy drag upwards, and those who have attempted climbing in the tropics will realise what we suffered. I suppose it is all very well for the real enthusiast; the perspiration streaming down his face is nothing, provided he can watch his aneroid barometer. He thinks in feet of altitude, not toil. What are the discomforts compared with the stories he will tell to his friends later on? But I am sure that the normal man was meant to walk on flat ground, and for that reason I feel no joy in the physical strain of toiling up mountain sides within a degree of the Equator.

We were in the bamboo forests now. They are rightly called bamboo forests, for there is nothing but bamboos, enormous things ranging from thirty to forty feet in height, and growing so closely together that it is a matter of sheer impossibility to stray off the native footpath. The elephants alone can force their way through that forest, and as far as one could see they do so with comparative ease.

About ten feet from their tops the bamboos throw out branches covered with feathery leaves, which prevent any direct sunlight penetrating, and by practically stopping the circulation of air render the atmosphere absolutely stifling.

Several times we came across fresh elephant spoor,



Tropical Vegetation under the Mountains of the Moon.

Facing page 180.



AMONG THE BAMBOOS

and once we were so close that we could catch certain sounds peculiar to elephants as well as hear them tearing branches off trees; but I was not after elephant. I was not sorry we did not encounter them, because if they turn nasty in a jungle of that kind a man stands very little chance of escaping with his life.

Camp that night was again amongst the bamboos. Rain was falling fast, and as soon as the sun had set the thermometer dropped like lead. Between the cold and the damp and the stillness of the forest conditions were more than depressing, making one glad to turn in and forget it all for a few hours.

We had company after a time that night, far more than I wanted. One or two leopards were prowling about and giving vent to their hoarse cough, greatly to the indignation of my little fox-terrier, who, with the courage of ignorance, wished to run out and bark them off. Had she done so her career would have speedily come to an end.

A very heavy mist was hanging round when the boy brought me my early tea. There was a horribly chill, damp feeling in the air; and I quite understood the feelings of the carriers, who wanted to remain beside their fires until the fog had been dispersed by the sun. However, I knew that it was not fog in the regular sense of the term, but a cloud hanging on the mountains, and that a couple of days or more might easily elapse before there was any sort of

WILD LIFE ACROSS THE WORLD

improvement, so greatly to the disgust of all the natives we broke camp and trekked on.

Nothing could have been more weird and uncanny than the early part of that trek. Everyone seemed depressed. It was, I suppose, the sense of being shut in by those giant bamboos. The dull light made matters infinitely worse, of course, and added to the general feeling of helplessness. One seemed to be up against the primitive forces of Nature, and only allowed to be there on sufferance, so to speak.

Still, it was not long before we were out of the bamboos and once more on the downward grade, as we had crossed the summit of the range. For some time we were in thick forest, but instead of bamboos we had immense trees, covered all over with what looked like very fine seaweed; at their base was dense undergrowth. Then, almost before we were aware of the change, we were in fine open country with a beautiful mountain stream running across our pathway. On examination, I was surprised to see beautiful brown trout—a most refreshing sight. For this thanks are due to Sir Frederick Jackson, who was the first to introduce them here, with apparently great success. Sir Charles Ross has now followed suit, and during last year, whilst I was in Kenya Colony, he sent out some millions to stock other streams, and they also are doing well.

An hour later we could see the little hill behind

WEAVER BIRDS

which lay Nyeri, where I intended to camp for the night. Once more we had an example of the deceptive qualities of the East African atmosphere. That hill appeared quite close, yet we had a long and weary tramp to it.

During this trek we passed a number of trees laden—it is the only word one can use—with weaver bird nests. On some there must have been two hundred, and unless I had heard them I should never have believed such small birds could make so much noise. To see these yellow birds in the brilliant sunshine, which at times made them look like real gold, was a most fascinating sight.

I think we were all really glad to reach Nyeri, as it had been very trying for the porters with wet loads and a slippery track underfoot. Nyeri is a charming little spot. Perhaps the dreariness of the journey over the mountains made it more appreciable than it would have been otherwise, but there is no gainsaying its charm. The views round it are wonderful. Kenia, rising out of the mists nearly 20,000 feet above sea level, with its nightcap of snow, is majestic and beautiful. The District Commissioner's house is surrounded by the greenest of trees, and Nyeri has the best of kept lawns. The few other European houses are uncommonly enticing; even the jail looks attractive. It is an amazing contrast to the pictures one sees of the "dorps" of South Africa. No wonder the British

in Kenya Colony are proud of themselves, and resent being lectured by politicians and critics who have never set foot in the country.

After dinner we strolled out to see the sun set on Kenia. From the brow of the hill I looked down into a tiny valley. I shall never forget that view. Nature seemed to have lavished her best there. It was like a garden in a dream. Two small rivers ran through it, making all the foliage marvellously green. There were scores of banana palms laden with fruit, which in this district forms one of the principal articles of diet for the natives, most of whom are Kikiyu. We helped ourselves liberally, even my little fox-terrier having her share.

Our destination was the camp of the Hon. Berkeley Cole. He had arranged to send guides to meet me and had carried out his promise, but as I was a day late the rascals had not waited. I had no idea where Cole's camp really was, but in the end the District Commissioner came to my rescue. He found two heathens who knew the path and wanted to travel in that direction, and the following morning they turned up at my tent in full war-dress. They looked very fine. The whole of their bodies had been smeared carefully with a mixture of red earth clay and oil. On the neck, arms, and legs of one of them a pattern—his pedigree, perhaps—had been carefully drawn. For clothing they had mantles of skin thrown over one shoulder,

AWAY FROM NYERI

whilst ostrich feather face-frames and bead ornaments completed the get-up. As a rule their tribe, the Kikiyu, so far as I could see, were of poor physique and smaller than their warlike neighbours the Masai, but these two men were of good build. They carried long spears and shields made of buffalo hide, and marched ahead of the safari with an air of owning the whole veldt. Very likely it was the greatest occasion of their lives.

Just before we trekked out of Nyeri I was greatly interested in watching some convicts at work. There were three of them, connected by long chains and guarded by an Askari or native soldier. I have seldom seen native prisoners look more happy (not even in Borneo) or better cared for. They were quietly chatting and laughing together, and did not seem to feel their position in the least degree. Perhaps they felt they were innocent.

We had been on the march for about three hours when we were met by two Masai whom Cole had sent in place of the first pair of guides. From these I learnt that it would be impossible to reach Cole's camp that night, so I scribbled a note to him explaining matters and sent one of the guides back with it, knowing, of course, that he would go at a jog trot, and cover the ground in half the time my safari could do it in.

After a while we reached the Amboni River, on the other side of which I decided to camp.

WILD LIFE ACROSS THE WORLD

Poor Mahomed, my personal boy, met with a great disappointment at this camp. Before leaving Nyeri that morning he, the cook, and the headman had combined to buy (or steal) a chicken, intending to have it for their evening's meal. It was still alive at the end of the trek, though I have not the least idea where or how they had concealed it for so many hours. That, however, is a task at which the native excels. Scantly clad though he is, he manages to tuck away a truly marvellous amount of stolen or contraband goods.

As soon as we had made camp the unfortunate fowl was produced and tied by the leg to a stake which had been driven into the ground, where it was allowed to flutter miserably whilst awaiting execution. Once or twice my little dog showed a strong inclination to put an end to its miseries, but I restrained her. At last, however, I got tired of seeing it there, knowing how it was suffering, so picking up a small 22 collecting rifle at fifty yards, fired and shot it through the head, at which I was a little surprised. Mahomed was surprised too, unpleasantly. He was, as is obvious from his name, a follower of the Prophet, and, of course, could not eat any meat unless the throat had been cut by a true believer before the animal died. He made one dive for the chicken, snatched it up, breaking the string, then rushed round the camp yelling for a knife. But, unfortunately, by the time



Grévy Zebra Drinking.

Facing page 186.

THE NATIVES' IDEA OF DISTANCE

he got one no amount of sophistry could disguise the fact that the bird was dead. It was a very sad Mussulman who squatted by the fire that night eating rice and ghee, and watching the cook and headman devouring chicken. As a solace I gave him a rupee, wherewith he could probably have purchased three more fowls. The amusement I got out of the incident was cheap at the price, and incidentally it raised Mahomed in my estimation. At least, he was true to the letter of his creed.

It rained all night, and the weather was damp and misty when we broke camp next morning. For the first two or three hours it was wet and the going again heavy, then we found ourselves clear of forest country and out on what seemed to be an interminable plain. However, there was one relief, game was now plentiful. Moreover, it was tame, and we were able to get quite close to several herds of zebra and kongoni. We saw numbers of Kavirondo crane, vultures, marabou, secretary birds and other interesting fowls.

According to the guides we were now only a short distance from Mr. Cole's camp, not more than four hours' trek, in fact; but it turned out to be the longest four hours in my experience. You do not expect a native to tell the truth about distances, he seems congenitally incapable of so doing, but these were exceptionally bad liars. At last I got weary of it,

WILD LIFE ACROSS THE WORLD

and made up my mind we must be lost. So far as I could see our guides were following no definite track, there was not even human spoor, merely one vast undulating plain, stretching away into the distance, and behind us the Aberdares, with their gloomy bamboo forests.

The best plan seemed to be to stop and allow the safari to rest, whilst the guides scoured the country ahead to see if they could discover where we really were. By this time the heat had become intense. The pitiless tropical sun was beating full on us, and there was no shade of any sort. The position was far from being a pleasant one, and I was much relieved when half an hour later the guides reappeared from behind a slight rise and announced that they had seen the camp of the white man Bwana Cole in the distance. We resumed the tramp, and I soon saw they were telling the truth, but the tents looked painfully small and far away. It took another hour before we reached that most welcome shelter. And I had left Nyeri expecting to cover the distance in a day!

The evening was spent in making plans for the famous fight. Cole had got most things prepared. He had six Somalis, who were to go out on horseback, three in one direction and three in another, and search for lions. If they discovered any, one of the party was at once to ride back for me, whilst the others attempted to hold up the lions until I arrived

A MASAI DANCE

with the camera. We were not to leave Cole's camp till we got the message, and everything was to be kept in readiness for a hurried trek. I picked out my boys carefully, made sure that the cameras were in perfect order, and packed up an emergency medical outfit. Cole had fifteen Masai spearmen, who were to tackle the lions right in front of me. These were in a great state of enthusiasm over the prospect, especially as they were very eager to get at some man-eaters.

Every spear was sharpened and tested, resharpened and tested again. The edges of the swords were tried, the fastenings of the shields inspected. Then, when all was in readiness, an "ingoma" or dance was begun in the light of the huge camp-fire. Round and round, up and down, the warriors danced, chanting their weird dirges all the time. At one moment all their spears were poised in the air, as if to strike; and at another the men were crouching behind their shields on the ground, ready to meet a charge; and in a flash they were on their feet again taking the offensive. Every minute the dance grew more and more wild, more and more furious, the songs were ever louder and more ominous, the jangle of bells which the dancers wore on a beaded garter just below the knee was more insistent. At last the dancers seemed to have reached the point of absolute frenzy; you could imagine them doing almost anything rash, anything horrible; then came one blood-curdling, wild

yell, a long-drawn, piercing war-whoop, and—it was all over. “The comedy was ended.” The savage warriors of a few seconds before had once more become Cole’s henchmen, and were going quietly to their quarters.

Dawn had hardly broken when I heard the hoofs of the Somali horses. A few minutes later the whole camp was astir. As soon as we had breakfasted we went out to a small hill, where we had arranged to wait for the Somalis. On the top of this was an old Government beacon, so it was a conspicuous mark miles away, and it was easy to ride straight to it.

The view was splendid of its kind. Away in the distance was Mount Kenia with its high jagged peaks covered with eternal snow, despite the fact that it is on the line of the Equator. On this particular morning there was not a cloud round it, so for once we saw it in all its rapturous grandeur. No man can look on a sight like this without deep feeling; ever afterwards he can recall the wonders of such a scene, for they live with him for ever.

No lions could be seen anywhere, not even with the aid of powerful glasses, though only the day before Cole had seen a troop of seven on the plains a bare five miles from where we were standing. Still the “Zoo” was loose. We could make out four rhino, two about a mile in front of us, and two more on our right; whilst, of course, there were zebra and buck of various kinds.

NATIVE HAIR-DRESSING

We waited. The intense cold of the early morning was followed by blazing heat as the sun mounted higher in the heavens. Midday came without a sign of lions and without a word from the Somalis.

By this time our Masai began to grow restless, and proposed to go down and spear one of the rhino; but the scheme was vetoed promptly, for spears and men would have suffered in the process. Besides, we were out for lions.

Shortly after noon we went back to camp, to find that Mahomed had lunch for us. I saw at once the carriers had been making good use of the day off. They had washed their scanty garments and were now busy with hair-cutting. Perhaps the latter phrase is not a good one, for it hardly describes with strict accuracy the performance, which consists really in scraping off the hair with a piece of broken glass or anything else with a sharp edge. As soon as one boy has had his wool removed he disposes of that of the operator. They are, apparently, all professional barbers. The native proper does not cut his hair; he lets it grow long, makes it into a number of plaits, rubs into it a mixture of grease and red earth, and then thinks he is a dandy. Another process, always carried out when the safari makes a day's halt, is the quest of the jigger, or matakini. Of all the pests of the East Coast it is, I think, the very worst. It is a minute insect, much smaller than our flea, and its mission

in life is to lay its eggs under your toe-nails. The irritation which results on the larvæ hatching out is appalling, almost indescribable. If the foot is not attended to in time blood poisoning is sure to set in. Some white men—those on the coast who are new to the country—go to doctors to have the pest removed; others call in the native, who invariably operates with a sharpened splinter of hard wood. The savage knows nothing of science, but he does know the jigger and makes only a small puncture. Dogs as well as human beings are attacked by this wretched insect, and suffer terribly at times.

The polishing of scraps of rhino hide is another task which furnishes the porter or carrier with occupation when he is not on the march. He will spend an immense amount of time and take a great deal of trouble over the fashioning of some small article, and then offer it to you for an utterly trivial sum. Normally, of course, the carriers have not much leisure, for each has his duties, fetching either water or wood for camp, and there is the food to be cooked.

When there is meat the camp is usually a happy one, though the process of cooking employed would not lead a stranger to expect that the finished product would be particularly palatable. As a rule, the flesh is merely cut into rough pieces which are threaded on a stick, much as cat's-meat is treated at home. The end of the stick is driven into the ground so that

BLANK DAYS

it slopes over the fire, and the meat takes its chance of being smoked, charred or undercooked.

On the second day we spent hours by the beacon waiting for a Somali to come in and announce that the lions had been found. It was a weary job for us as well as for the Masai spearmen, who were all eager for the excitement of killing one of the animals they hated so bitterly. There was great rivalry amongst them as to who should actually be the conqueror. However, when evening came we had to record another blank, a fact which was not good for the nerves of anyone, either black or white. The Masai especially were impatient. All the enthusiasm engendered by the war-dance seemed to have died away, and they were quite ready to throw up the whole thing. But Berkeley Cole went out and talked to them, and after a while their good humour returned.

We decided, however, to move camp next morning and try some other ground. We started in good time, and as we were all mounted now, including Cole, myself, and Major Carnegie, who had come along to see the wonderful exploits of the Masai, travelling was quite easy. After a rest for lunch on the banks of a tiny river we ascended a small hill, from the top of which we could look out over a vast plain. We had no sooner reached the summit than we felt that all our trouble had been worth while, for there but a short distance from us was our much-longed-for

lion. As soon as word passed that the lion had been discovered orders were given for the safari's halt. Then the Somalis went off at full speed to prevent the animal from getting to thick cover. The excitement was intense, and it took Cole all his time to restrain the Masai. They had been waiting so long that they were wild to rush in, regardless of the fact that by so doing they might spoil the whole thing. It is not easy to argue with the heathen in his madness. He sees a lion, and very sensibly he looks on that lion as something which ought to be killed. The idea of a kinematograph film does not make the least appeal to him. Probably he would be quite ready to spear the operator in the excitement as well. At first it seemed our Somalis would be successful. The Masai thought so. Every moment their eyes grew brighter, the grip on their spears more tense. Then it was obvious the lion realised the danger in which he was placed. There was a patch of wooded country where he could take cover, and it was for that he headed.

The Somalis did their utmost to cut him off, and to keep him in the open so as to give the spearmen—and the man with the camera—their opportunities.

Really it was one of the finest thrills I have ever experienced. We stood there rigid, watching the drama below. If the lion could be kept in the open I should have my great chance, if not . . . The lion gained a little ground, a few score yards, and we



A Young Lion on the Prowl.



Masai Warriors on the look-out for a Man-eating Lion.

Facing page 194.



THE LION ESCAPES

thought he had won ; but suddenly a Somali dashed in from the side, turned him, and it seemed as though he were done, and we had him hemmed in on all sides, and we had won !

We were ready, more than ready, to dash down for the finish, the final act with the spears, when suddenly the great brute leapt forward, past the horsemen, past everything, and, going like the wind, gained the shelter of the thick bush.

The Masai simply groaned. I do not know what the Somalis said. It was a terrible disappointment.

We trekked on another half mile, crossed a small river, and camped.

Then every porter with every available tin and noise-producing implement was sent out to shout and yell and make as horrible a row as possible in the hope of making the lion bolt. But all in vain, the brute seemed to have vanished into thin air.

By the time the beaters had finished I also had had enough. Fever had got me in its grip, and I was only too glad to turn in and huddle myself up in the blankets, leaving everything else to my friends.

It is curious how when you have malaria you seem to lose all interest in what is going on around you ; your main idea is to be left alone in your misery, your one luxury is to be able to lie still.

The following morning I was able to get up, though feeling far from well. As a matter of fact, I

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was struggling against it, as the illness had struck me at a most awkward time. Not only had we been unsuccessful with regard to the main object of our expedition, the spearing of "man-eating" lions, but, owing to the delays, food was running short. Already the natives were on half rations, whilst our own provisions were nearly exhausted. The only meat in camp was one-quarter of buck, which was hanging up outside the tent.

That afternoon the boys brought the situation home to me in characteristic fashion. A procession came along, headed by my camera porters, Kavirondo, Chumbo, Killinjui and Booby, who were carrying what at first sight appeared to be the corpse of a carrier named Natungo.

The latter was laid down in front of my tent, whilst the rest grouped themselves round with an air of great solemnity. At first I really thought Natungo was dead, so well did he and the others act. Then Killinjui explained the trouble at great and quite unnecessary length. The acting would become a reality, there would be corpses, he declared, unless they had more food. They could not possibly survive on half rations. (In their own villages they would probably have considered the amount ample.) As a matter of fact, it was meat they wanted, and at last they got to that point. The sight of that quarter hanging outside the tent had set them longing—meat

BUFFALO COUNTRY

hunger is by no means an uncommon thing in the veldt—and as soon as I had given them a piece to divide amongst themselves they departed perfectly satisfied. Still, I knew that supplies must be obtained shortly or we should be in serious trouble; and worry is not a pleasant ally of malaria.

The following morning we made an early start, trekking through the Laikipia country. In places the scenery was very fine, though late in the day we struck some dense thorn jungle, through which it was impossible to ride, in fact, so thick was it in places that it was sometimes difficult even to lead one's horse. It was ideal buffalo country, and we came on their spoor several times, but, fortunately, none of them got our wind, otherwise there might have been some trouble. A buffalo is a dangerous customer at any time, but he is particularly objectionable when he charges you in thick bush of that kind. (During the war in German East Africa a patrol in the charge of my friend the late George Outram was stampeded in thick bush by a small herd of buffalo, and several men were seriously injured.)

Beyond the thorn jungle was more open veldt, and after that we came to a river, which happened to be in flood. However, our horses, after a lot of coaxing, carried us through with a slight wetting, whilst the carriers wound what clothes they had inside their blankets and then round their heads turban

WILD LIFE ACROSS THE WORLD

fashion, putting their loads on this again, and all reached the opposite bank without accident. The majority speedily dashed back and indulged in the luxury of a swim. Whilst I was watching them I happened to notice Mahomed endeavouring to get a certain carrier to enter the water. As I knew that there was ill-feeling between them, I was anxious to see what would happen. It was quite interesting. Probably Mahomed offered to give his victim a swimming lesson; at any rate, the other was foolish enough to trust himself to him. A few seconds later he had good reason to repent his folly, for Mahomed had him right under, let him rise, pulled him under again, and would, I believe, actually have drowned him had I not interfered. When I called him ashore and demanded an explanation, he informed me that the other was a "werry bad boy," who would be good food for the crocodiles.

That night lions made themselves heard, and several prowled right round our camp, coming very close on two occasions. We were out with our Somali hunters after them as soon as it was light enough to see, but failing to locate any of the brutes, gave up the quest about nine o'clock. On returning, we found the camp in commotion and boys up trees, as a rhino had just galloped through, catching the ropes of one tent and upsetting things a bit. We struck camp and moved on quickly. Two hours later our luck seemed

POSITIONS OF ATTACK

to change. We came to a Masai kraal, and on inquiring were told that two man-eating lions were doing a lot of damage, and were so cheeky that they were within five hundred yards of where we stood. This was great and exciting news. The Masai—men, women and children—crowded round us, and at once the safari was halted. Two lions so near—think of it! Our Somalis went off in high spirits with the local men, and in a very short time one of them came galloping back, a sure sign that the brutes had been found not a great distance away. His first words confirmed this. They had them both, lion and lioness, rounded up waiting for me. I was still very shaky from fever, but I was not going to lose the chance. In a very few minutes everything was ready, and we were off. I rode with Berkeley Cole until we joined the eleven Masai spearmen some one hundred and fifty yards from the lions' lair. I dismounted, and we then went cautiously forward through short thorn scrub towards a big tree under which we were told the lions lay waiting. Having taken up our positions of attack, which was in half moon form, we then went forward, my place being corner man on the left. After advancing about eighty yards I suddenly discovered my little fox-terrier Simba by my side. Halting, I called my camera-bearer Killinjui and left her in his charge to await my return. We then advanced again, and when within twenty-five yards I placed my tripod

firmly on the ground. The scene that met my eyes I shall never forget. It was the most exciting time of my life to see those Masai advancing step by step, spears poised in the air, daring the lion and lioness to come out. They in turn were engaged in tearing at the earth with their fore-paws and giving vent to the most awful coughs, growls and roars. I managed to secure a moving picture of this scene. Then a strange thing happened. The lioness bolted. I afterwards found out she had dashed at a Somali who had ventured too near. Then the male made a half-hearted charge at a Masai hunter, uttering terrific coughs whilst he did so. I think this is done with the idea of unnerving you. My feeling was that the sound hit me in the chest and vibrated out at my back. Meanwhile, the Masai warriors had got into a pendulum-like movement, but could not get at the lion on account of the short thorn bush. They were outwardly calm, but I saw that every nerve in their bodies was tingling with excitement. I was in the same state, only their object and mine differed. One was to kill and the other was to make a "record," and I was terribly afraid of missing my chance. It was far from being ideal country for our purpose. Had we merely wanted to watch a lion being speared the thorn scrub would have made things difficult enough, but when it was a matter of taking moving pictures things became doubly so. The lion naturally,

THE LION TAKES COVER

enough, hugged the cover, whilst it was our object to force him into the open. He was certainly not out to be photographed, and when I did get a chance a Masai would dash in front of my lens. These things will happen. So it went on for several minutes, the lion giving out those awful blood-curdling roars, the spearmen showing their tense excitement. Suddenly the brute made up his mind to bolt. There was a wild dash, a streak of dull yellow on my left, and he was off to take cover in a small dried-up stream-bed full of bushes a matter of eighty yards away. He had to pass my camera-boy and dog. For a second he paused within twelve yards to have a look, and then went on. I could not make this out, but on getting up to the boy I found he was wild with excitement and so was the dog. Killinjui had tied Simba to his leg, and when she could not go for the lion she promptly set about the boy and bit his leg in her excitement. The lion had by now gained the cover of the little donga overgrown with small bush. We were on plain ground. Practically speaking, we had to begin over again. Some of the carriers were sent for and stones were hurled into the bushes with shouts and yells, but without effect. The Masai warriors were now raging, as it appeared we had lost both lions. I suggested to Cole we should let my terrier loose to see if she could irritate the beast into showing himself. I was anxious no harm should come to her when the spears began to fly, so Cole

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spoke to the Masai in their language, and they told him to assure me no harm would befall her. The dog—she was the bravest stray that ever came out of Battersea Dogs' Home—when she was let loose made straight for where the lion was hiding, ran a few yards one way and back again the other, and then promptly dived into the donga. Nobody thought there could be a lion there after all the stone-throwing and shouting from thirty porters, so what happened was pardonable. No sooner had the dog disappeared than the most awful roar thundered at us, and everyone bolted for at least thirty yards. Then we recovered ourselves, and stopped to hear a tiny barking and a terrific roaring. I had two spearmen to guard me, and seeing a small clearing some thirty yards down-stream where water would be running in the rainy season, I made for it in the hope of getting a picture as the lion went past ; but upon reaching the place found I was alone, everyone having gone the other way. I then jumped across, and saw a Masai running towards me with my boy following. The roaring had suddenly ceased, and when I got up to them they were looking into the donga, and my boy said, "The lion has killed a Masai." On looking through an opening about a yard wide in the bushes I certainly saw the leg of a Masai against the body of the lion, and concluded my dog was dead as well, as there was no sound. In a few seconds several more Masai joined us, and on looking down

THE LION KILLED

again I saw the dead Masai suddenly become alive. He rushed out, giving utterance to some awfully bad Masai language and holding up a bleeding hand. Then Cole joined me, and I found out what had happened. The Masai had thrown his spear clean through the heart of the lion, dived in to get the tip of the tail, as this constitutes ownership of the skin and mane; but the dog had hold of it first, and when he attempted to take it away she had bitten him.

But the lion was killed !

At once the spearmen began their dance of triumph, chanting one of their weird dirges, their motions growing more rapid, more hysterical every instant, until at last they stopped. Two went mad, and then, with one of the sudden changes of mood so typical of the true savage, they gathered round their chief and haggled as to who should or ought to have the skin. There were so many claimants that almost any decision would have proved unpopular. The chief was an astute man. The little dog had held the lion's tail all through, and therefore it was obvious, he declared, that the skin belonged to the dog.

It was a great fight, but there was one drawback to it : I had not been able to take the photographs I wanted.

I was down again very badly with fever after the fight and had a great struggle to get into camp, which was pitched a couple of miles away. The

WILD LIFE ACROSS THE WORLD

scenery here was beautiful; away in the distance in front of us the Aberdare Mountains, and behind my camp Kenia rearing its jagged, snow-capped peaks with the clouds clearing away. A wonderful picture ending a wonderful day. We all turned in early very tired.

When we trekked again I could not sit on a horse and was carried on my bed. We ran into rhino, but not getting our wind he went off. We lost touch with Cole, as my progress was slow, and I found the heat intense. Crossing a most appallingly dreary plain with the sun blazing down on us we lost our way. This is easy when you get a mirage. Three Somalis were with me, and whilst I called a halt they galloped in different directions, until one of them reported that he had found a part of the safari.

I was glad to be on the move again, but decided we were never coming to the end of the trek. About three o'clock we picked up another part of the safari and also found a pool of water, or rather of liquid mud. I decided to camp there for the night, feeling very bad with a temperature of 104° F. The Somalis went off to find Cole, and returned to say he was not far away camped against nice water. I then trekked in the dark and had a terrible time of it—half delirious, but too far gone to worry, even when rhino were sighted or when the carriers stumbled beneath me.

My spearman, Ero, had gone to find a Masai kraal

A FIGHT WITH A LIONESS

before dark to get milk for me, and I may say he saved my life. The poor chap (he has since been killed by a lion, although at this time, when he was only twenty, he had slain one single-handed) was genuinely upset to see me so ill, and the risks he ran from lions and rhino proved his affection and courage. He had fallen down several times, and had come through that country alone where I had seen fourteen rhino in a day. He was so afraid of being too late he could not wait until daylight.

Next day after a rest I was better, as I had had a fairly good night's sleep. We trekked again, and in the afternoon had a fight with a lioness.

When I came upon the scene the Masai were on a small plain where the grass was only a few inches high. The four Somalis were in the form of a square with the lioness in the middle, some sixty yards separating them. When I took up my position the horseman in front of me and the one in front of the Masai moved away. It had been previously agreed that at the next fight I was to go to within thirty yards of the lion at right angles, whilst the Masai waited some seventy yards off on my left, where they now were. (I had found the half-moon idea did not work, as I only got a picture of the Masai's backs, the lion being covered out.) When I had fixed the camera and was ready I was to give the signal for the charge by holding up my hand. Two Masai accompanied me as guards. When we got within thirty yards and

WILD LIFE ACROSS THE WORLD

the camera was nearly ready the lioness charged to within fifteen yards of me, stopped and looked for a few seconds. We stood motionless. I had ceased turning the handle. She then bolted back to her first position and faced the Masai, who charged. She was terribly fierce and decided to charge too, but changed her mind and bolted, then like a flash came back, and although the warriors dropped behind their barrier of shields, she bit right through three of them, knocked over and mauled two Masai, and then bit a spear made of soft iron almost in two.

The wounds of the Masai were quickly treated and were better in a few days. This struck me as noteworthy, as a white man would in all probability have lost his life from blood-poisoning.

We struck camp next morning, and during the day ran into several rhino, plenty of zebra and Kavirondo crane.

During the last few days we had seen thirty to forty rhino, and on one occasion I attempted to stalk two, but when I had got within thirty yards Simba broke loose and attacked them. They bolted, she endeavouring to bite their heels, and it was not long before they were all out of sight. This necessitated me sending the Somalis in pursuit, and they had to follow for five miles before coming up with her. Nothing was too big for this plucky little thing to tackle, and it was one of the finest of tributes that the Somali paid

FISH OR LION?

her when he brought her back to me and said: "I have broken my religion to save your plucky dog."

The country we were then in was bad going for horses, volcanic craters, hidden valleys and rocks making it very hard going.

I was spending a day fishing, or rather trying to catch fish, when Mahomed rushed down in great excitement to inform me that one of the Somalis had just come in with fresh news. He and his companions had found a fine full-maned lion and were holding him up for me some five miles away. Fish! What were fish to news like this? I hurried back to camp, snatched a mouthful of food, a proceeding which the Masai watched with ill-concealed impatience, then, accompanied by our spearmen, made for the scene of action.

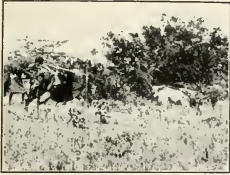
The distance proved greater than had been expected, and it was about two hours before we joined the horsemen. Our guide had told the truth. The lion was a magnificent specimen, and in a temper befitting an annoyed king of beasts. His great, shaggy mane was hanging over his eyes, his tail was lashing his back, whilst every few seconds he almost made the ground shake with his roaring.

The Somali, I could see, had him well in hand. He was raging at his enemies, but he was also puzzled at their numbers and absence of fear, and did not know which way to turn. A horseman was always

WILD LIFE ACROSS THE WORLD

ready to head him off if he made a move, and he knew there were others on his flanks and in his rear. The Somalis were fine horsemen, riding with knees to the chin, and took the lion's wrath calmly. Just as we arrived one of them dismounted, not thirty-five yards from the lion, and filling his pockets with stones, mounted again and threw a couple at him. Apparently the insult was too much for the king of beasts, for with a terrifying roar he leapt at his tormentor.

For a moment it seemed as if a tragedy was inevitable. The Somali had not expected this move, but he did not lose his head, and his horse was quite alive to the dangers of the situation. It was off in a flash. The lion made one huge spring, and it looked as if he must land fairly on the horse just behind the saddle, but at the psychological moment the animal swerved and escaped with only a slight scratch. It was a terribly narrow shave. I never want to see one like it again. The lion came to ground heavily, but without losing a second he was after his enemy with raging fury, and it seemed as if he were going to win after all. Every moment he gained ground, but just as he was about to spring again another Somali cut across in front of him. The trick succeeded. The lion, furiously angry, turned to pursue the new-comer, and so lost his chance. The horseman kept well ahead, and realising that he could not hope to overtake him, the lion stopped and crouched down.



Lion Spearing by Masai.

Facing page 208.



A FIGHT TO THE DEATH

At this time I saw another lion which had been disturbed by the commotion. I was rushing forward with the camera and tripod on my shoulder to overtake the Masai, thinking as they did that it was the first brute that had gone on, when I heard a terrifying growl proceeding from a small patch of bush on my right, and there on the edge of it within six yards of me was the lion, tail swishing over his back, mouth half open, growling and crouching ready to spring. My sensations at the moment are more easily imagined than described. I stood like a statue. Cole galloped past me on horseback, shouting : " Look out, Kearton, he 's in front of you!" I knew this by then. The lion followed him with his eyes, and I backed some nine yards, then jammed the legs of the tripod into the ground and prepared to turn the handle. Out of the corner of my eye I saw the Masai rushing up, and a couple of spears were hurled in the air, landing in the bush where the lion was with the desired effect. Instantly he charged towards me, and the fight of a lifetime took place right in front of my camera, and only fifteen yards away.

The roaring was most terrifying. The lion quickly put two Masai warriors out of action. But he could not last ; yet when the end appeared to have come and he was down he suddenly rose and made another great effort, charged again (as is often the case with lions, and has been the means of bringing more than

WILD LIFE ACROSS THE WORLD

one hunter to his death), and knocked down another Masai. In the meantime another well-aimed spear went clean through him, and entering the leg of a Masai hunter on the other side, pinned them both to the ground. The spearmen had done their work with wonderful skill and effect. There had hardly been a miss. With the exception of a flesh wound or two and a few superficial scratches no one was really hurt. A wonderful achievement when one considers the danger of a fight of this kind, which only lasted for fifteen or twenty seconds.

An extra special war-dance was held round the body of this lion, as he proved to be a noted man-eater. The Masai who had been first in seizing the tail was given the mane for a head-dress, a greatly coveted honour.

The picture just described has been seen on the screen by millions of people, and considered by the greatest hunters the most graphic record in existence. The Masai have defended themselves by this means against man-eaters for hundreds of years, but are now disarmed, so that my film forms a record which can never be repeated.

CHAPTER V

East Africa

I

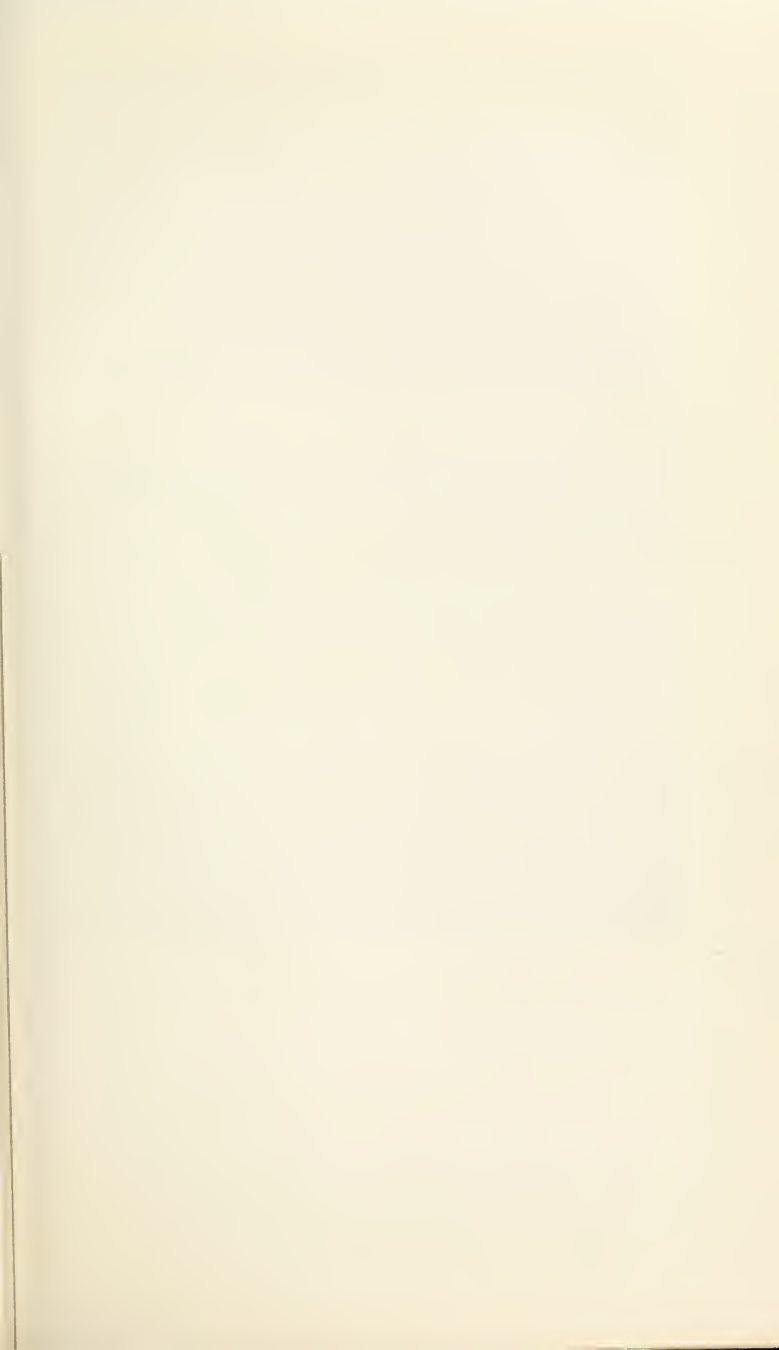
One of the most interesting expeditions you can possibly take is to go up from Kenya Colony towards the Abyssinian border, crossing the vast, waterless Sambura country, where you make treks of two days without seeing any water except that which you carry. Still, it is the photographer's paradise, and I named one place "My Little Back Room in Noah's Ark," for every kind of animal conceivable came down at some time of the day to drink. I made my base camp some four miles away, so as not to disturb them, and on the film I obtained is recorded the most peaceful scene imaginable. No nervousness is shown by the beasts, and this is mainly due to good hide-up work. If you wish to be successful, this part of the business must be done most carefully by building a foot a day, so that no notice is taken when it has grown to its right size and is ready for you to work in, which you naturally do not attempt till a few days afterwards. Elephants, who are really the makers of the water-hole, took great exception at first to my

WILD LIFE ACROSS THE WORLD

building operations, and each night scattered everything all over the place. However, I found that throwing wet sand over it with a spade and not with the easily scented hands was the secret of success; they then left it alone. Most animals have some means of communicating to their comrades a sense of danger, and this is shown in several ways. At a water-hole I know, where elephants used to drink in the daytime, a hunter shot two, and from that day to this they have never visited the place except in the dark.

I have lain on a rock a few yards from them at night and seen them playing around, blowing sand over themselves and behaving like kittens, and on one occasion a couple of rhino only a few feet under me whilst I was lying along the branch of a tree. I have watched a lion, just after daybreak, walking along roaring, and Impala feeding unconcernedly fifty yards away. The lion was not more than fifty to sixty yards from me, and I took a few feet of film of him, but the light was very poor; nevertheless, it kept a record. Much has been written on the preservation of game, and this water-hole country would, in my opinion, be an easy place to keep protected.

At one water-hole I waited in hiding for my "sitters" exactly thirty days, and the picture I show on the screen does not occupy more than thirty minutes. The heat was unbearable, and when a couple of days





Oryx at the Water-hole.

Between pages 212 and 213.



Oryx, Impala and Baboons at the Water-hole.

Between pages 212 and 213.



WATER-HOLE PHOTOGRAPHY

had gone by I felt like an old man of seventy and had to take a rest. The rays of the sun have a terrible racking effect on the system, but luckily you do not think of the torture when you are expecting to get a good picture. On one occasion I thought I was going to secure something that has never been recorded. A garenuk, an animal like a miniature giraffe, tantalised me for a couple of hours, on one occasion approaching within twenty yards of the water-hole as if on its way to drink. Naturally, I got into fever heat, but he never obliged me, so the statement still stands good that no one has ever seen this animal drink. Hence the assertion that it does not. Personally I think it must at some time or other in such a hot country.

II

On one occasion I had fixed my "hide-up" on the edge of some reeds above the Nairobi Falls. After I was safely hidden, and whilst waiting for my "sitters" to arrive, I discovered that I was near a python's haunt. I secured a picture of kongoni and ostrich drinking, but did not feel very comfortable, as I kept hearing queer movements in the reeds. I met a friend (who had seen me at work there) a few weeks afterwards in Nairobi, and he told me that at the very corner where I had been hidden he shot a big bull buffalo and a python two days after I left the place.

WILD LIFE ACROSS THE WORLD

About a mile from the scene of the experience I have just related is a large papyrus swamp, the home of a herd of buffaloes. It was here that the late Colonel Roosevelt shot his first buffalo when more than a hundred of the fierce animals charged him. He had absolutely no cover of any kind, but by great coolness and skill brought down the leader, thus saving his own life and those of his party. Had he failed the herd would in all probability have crushed and trampled every soul to death.

Later on Boyce's Balloon Expedition built a platform about twelve feet high on four posts in this swamp to get photographic studies of this herd, but without success. My friend Heatley, who owns the place, kindly gave me permission to try my hand. He cautioned me, as they were an aggressive lot, one having chased and nearly caught him on his horse only a few days previously. I took food and water to last for three days and nights, perched myself aloft, and patiently waited for a sight of the herd. At the end of three days I crawled homewards without having exposed an inch of film. I draw a veil over the story I could tell about mosquitos in that swamp! Heatley's manager told me of a curious experience. Walking along the edge of the papyrus and rounding a corner he came upon a python and hyena in deadly combat only some eighteen yards away. They took no notice of him, but continued to fight until the hyena finally

LEOPARD AND BABOON

killed the python. It was such a strange and wonderful experience he had not the heart to shoot the victor.

I have often taken part in camp-fire discussions on the subject of the most dangerous animal to tackle in the wilds. The general opinion is that if the hunter does not know the ways of the animal the buffalo is the most dangerous.

I think the public looking upon photographs of them think of these as the least dangerous of African animals. To all intents and purposes they seem just so many wild cattle, differing very little in appearance from the oxen one may see grazing in a meadow at home. It is just as well that this opinion should be corrected.

III

During my last expedition I was sitting outside my tent preparatory to putting my camera on the tripod ready for any photographic opportunities that might come along, when a leopard dashed through the camp in the direction of a baboon seated upon some rocks above.

I imagine he did not catch the baboon, for he came back at night on to a rock close to my tent, and gave me to understand quite clearly that he objected to my

WILD LIFE ACROSS THE WORLD

presence in his preserve. For nearly a quarter of an hour he kept up, undisturbed, a grunting cough which was very irritating. I kept within the blankets. The native porters, however, were not so minded. They started a counter-attack with drums, fires and wild noises, and after an hour of this the camp became quiet again.

IV

The scavengers of Africa are the vultures. They are a necessary part of life there, and because of this they are protected. Yet they are constantly falling victims to poison put down by the settlers for lions.

Round about the Equator we get twelve hours of light and as many of darkness. With the rising of the sun the vulture ascends into the heavens, diminishing in size to such a tiny speck that it is difficult to locate him, even with field-glasses.

He has gone aloft to survey the kills of the night. He has heard the lion roar, and has detected other sounds that tell him that the usual nightly tragedy has taken place somewhere. But where?

He cannot smell it, but he can see. He has, perhaps, the most wonderful sight of any creatures in the world.

The vulture gorges, and afterwards goes and finishes his meal with a drink. Breakfast over, he stretches himself on the ground, spreads out his wings, and



Jackal and Vultures at a Lion's "Kill."

Facing page 216.

VULTURES

enjoys the happy feeling which comes of a good digestion.

About eleven o'clock—after hunting, eating and resting for about five hours—he flies to a tree-top and surveys the country round about.

I have often heard it argued that the vulture scents the kill from the sky, but have proved to my own satisfaction that it is sight and not scent that guides him.

On one occasion a zebra was killed, as the porters were in want of food. There was not a cloud in the sky, not a bird in the air so far as I could see; but we had hardly slain the animal and taken what was wanted when, looking up, I saw a black dot in the sky. Suddenly it dropped. Another and another appeared, and then began a pretty scene of vultures wheeling in the air. Spinning round and round like tops, the birds descended until the whole crowd reached the ground and went straight for the remains of the dead zebra.

On the next occasion I covered the kill with grass. Not a vulture appeared, but not many minutes after I had uncovered it, the birds descended with the spinning-top movement.

Vultures gorge heavily, and I have come across them hardly able to move, so loaded down were their crops. They had to run for forty or fifty yards, like an aeroplane, in order to “take off,” so to speak, before they could rise in the air.

WILD LIFE ACROSS THE WORLD

V

During the war in German East Africa we had a tame baboon attached to the Naval Air Force, in which I served for a time. She became greatly attached to an air pilot named Brown, who came from Durban. When he went off in the early hours of the morning to bomb Teveta, some fifteen miles away, she used to sit on the bonnet of a Ford car for warmth, and watch and wait for his return.

She could always spot the returning machine long before anyone else could see it, and as soon as she detected it would turn round and tell me in baboon language that all was well, and that her brave friend was returning.

A morning came when she sat and watched as usual, but in vain. We heard the bombs explode, but no machine returned. The baboon kept looking round at me, and I knew something was amiss with Brown. Sure enough this was the case. He had been forced to land close by the German forces, but succeeded in escaping and was picked up finally by an Indian scouting party.

Our patrols afterwards brought him in by car. The baboon was the first to greet him, which she did affectionately and excitedly. Her friend had come back and she was happy.



"Toto"—the Chimpanzee.

Facing page 218.

TOTO—THE CHIMPANZEE

VI

During many years of travel it has been my good fortune to see some wonderful animals, but the most interesting of all was a chimpanzee which fell into my hands and is now known by thousands of film admirers as "Toto of the Congo." He was a lovable companion and the greatest animal comedian that has ever come out of Africa. Like other comedians his weakness was for an audience, and he would spare no effort to please.

Animals certainly do wonderful things at times, but this little fellow was doing them all the time. He had a surprise for every moment.

Toto, by his personality, captured the hearts of thousands of natives who had never seen one of his kind, and of every white man and woman in Kenya Colony. It is really astonishing when you think of it. Although he was so clever he was as a rule purely imitative, and that probably gave him his humour. But one thing which stands out in my mind was absolutely original, and might well be considered by naturalists and those who try to gauge the quality of an animal's mind. I had a friend to lunch with me one day near Nairobi, and we had preserved cherries, one of which I put in an empty Vermouth bottle and gave to Toto. He tried very hard with his long fingers

WILD LIFE ACROSS THE WORLD

to get it out, but failed. He looked and wondered, then tried again. He wanted that cherry. He made several efforts, and after failure sat down like Robert Bruce to think. Looking down, he spotted the leg bone of a chicken on my friend's plate, and almost at once picked it up and put the knuckle end into the bottle. Then, tipping the bottle, he carefully withdrew both bone and cherry. My friend, who had had twenty years' experience in the country, remarked: "Kearton, there is not a native in Central Africa who would have thought of doing that."

CHAPTER VI

East Africa

I

During the late war I found myself for three years in German East Africa, and from a big game point of view I saw some strange sights. F. C. Selous, George Outram and I were officers in the same battalion, and on one occasion went on a fourteen days' patrol to discover where the Germans obtained water when they made their long treks to blow up the Uganda Railway. We found the little stream, and traced it to where it sank in the sandy bottom of a small donga. I photographed it with a small stereo-camera, and then we went on. We had to go warily, for we had only some sixty rifles, whereas the Germans generally had 250 rifles and four machine-guns. Water was carried in bags. As we were making for the German border, which was a long range of hills in front of us, I noticed out of what you might term the bush plain on our left a small pyramid-shaped hill. Kilimanjaro was on our right, some forty miles away. In a little depression we came upon a place amongst red thorns where the elephants had been playing havoc, and on looking closer I discovered some wonderful ground

WILD LIFE ACROSS THE WORLD

marks, which turned out to be the work of a huge elephant whose tusks and head were so heavy that as he walked along he literally ploughed the earth up, so that two furrows followed wherever he went. This was meat for hunters, so we sat down and talked the matter over. Outram suggested that the tusks of that elephant would be worth a thousand pounds, but Selous was a little more modest and put the figure at £750. Personally, I could not say anything of money values, but thought what a magnificent picture he would make. I also discovered those elephants paid visits from Kilimanjaro to the little pyramid-shaped hill, which was some fifty miles away.

On our return I found the little stream we had photographed had increased its length by at least three-quarters of a mile, and yet no rain had fallen anywhere to account for it. This was a puzzle to the three of us, and was never solved. We then turned towards our camp, which was a four days' march. On the second night, whilst we were lying side by side on the bare ground under an overhanging rock, I woke up with the most weird sensations and felt as if a safari of ants were marching over me. I whispered my apprehensions to Selous, but he wouldn't believe me, and said I was mistaken. It became so bad I wanted to strike a match, but this he would not hear of, as we were close to the Germans, and being terribly tired, I eventually fell asleep again.



Kilimanjaro Mountain.

20,000 feet above sea-level. Taken from a distance of thirty miles.

Facing page 222.



DISCOVERING A NEW INSECT

At daybreak Selous and I woke at the same time, and I shall never forget the look of astonishment on his face when he exclaimed : “ Why, Cherry, you have turned black ! ” I quickly sprang up and discovered some large ticks in my clothing, which looked like miniature tortoises—they were about the size of a finger-nail. Altogether I found six of them, put them in a match-box, and then discovered I had received nineteen bites from the brutes. Each of these bites had a surface poisoning, which ran six inches from the wound and turned from blue-black to yellow. I had a terrible time, as the bites began to bleed and put me out of action before getting back to camp. The doctors were absolutely puzzled, and sent me to Nairobi for a blood test. For twelve days I was under observation, but luckily no fever developed. Dr. Ross, who had the case in hand, sent my specimens to England, where they were discovered to be a new species of spirillum tick. I hope they have not named the loathsome insect after me !

Around the camp-fires with me at various times in German East Africa were Selous, Outram, Pretorious, Richardson, and Ryan,¹ all famous hunters.

¹ Selous was subsequently killed in action ; Outram was killed by a lion after he had left me on my last expedition ; Pretorious was reported dead, but fortunately this proved to be an error—he is now (1923) again hunting big game in Africa ; Richardson died immediately after the war on an expedition in Rhodesia ; Ryan was killed in action.

WILD LIFE ACROSS THE WORLD

Many and interesting were the yarns that were told. One day I happened to be talking of lions and the queer things they did. I was saying you never knew what the next lion would do when you tackled him. Selous agreed, and then related the following story:—

He was out on horseback early one morning and galloped up a lion, finally bringing him to a standstill some hundred yards away. That is a time when you both look at and properly measure each other. Dismounting and letting the horse go, Selous took careful aim, but missed. The lion promptly charged, and came so quickly Selous had not time to get in another cartridge. In those days he was using an old Sneider. On came the lion, and as a sort of protection Selous unconsciously raised the rifle and held it across his chest with both hands. The lion was on him in a flash, and Selous expected to be knocked out, but to his amazement the beast went full tilt past him, touching his leg with his mane, and did not stop until he had covered about sixty yards, when he turned round and faced the hunter again. Selous had time to put in another cartridge, and this time his aim was not only careful but accurate, for the lion was killed instantly.

Jack Richardson had made a business of elephant hunting, which he declared could be made profitable. He told us many stories of his own adventures.



Capt. M. Ryan.

Capt. F. C. Selous.

Capt. G. Outram.

Three Famous Hunters.

Facing page 224.



CHARGED BY AN ELEPHANT

A native once put him on to a fine old bull, in fact, led him to it. There was an introduction, a taking of stock, and a fight. Instead of the first shot putting the bull out of action, the elephant knocked the rifle out of Richardson's hand and had him on the run.

Luckily, the native hunter had his black powder gun, which he fired. The elephant charged the smoke. Then Jack recovered his rifle, but before he could get in a shot the elephant came after him again, and got his trunk over his shoulder preparatory to grabbing him. Luckily, Jack tripped against something and fell, and the elephant not being able to stop himself, passed within a few inches before he could pull himself up.

The native fired his old black powder gun again, and the elephant once more charged the smoke. By this time Jack had got on to his feet again and was ready for action, when he noticed that his chest was covered with blood. He thought he was wounded, but where? He felt no pain and could see no damage. It wasn't a nice sensation, but—then Jack thought of the native hunter who had saved his life twice, and was now running for his own with the elephant almost at his heels. The truth flashed across his mind—the bull was wounded and had sprayed him with its blood.

Jack fired again at the elephant, which suddenly turned and charged once more, when the next shot brought him down.

WILD LIFE ACROSS THE WORLD

“ I examined the brute,” Jack said, “ and as true as I am sitting here I took over thirty bullets from his carcase, nearly all fired into him by natives who had tried to kill him when he raided their plantations.”

There were great rejoicings among the natives at the death of their old and deadly enemy, for the good news spread through the region in the twinkling of an eye.

Outram then related an experience he had when he literally walked into a den of lions in a dried-up river-bed. He and his gun-bearer were looking for signs of lion, and found—what hunters have often found—more than they wanted. Outram heard a growl behind him, and turned, to see within six yards of them two lions under an overhanging bush. On the other side were two more and at the back of him another. He had certainly found lions.

He started to go up the bank to escape, when the tree root he had hold of broke away, and he rolled on the branch above the two lions. Fortunately, they only snarled, and he got out without being attacked. The vagaries of the lion are extraordinary.

Ryan talked of elephants. He told us that on one occasion, whilst going along a track in dense bush, he suddenly came upon a circular clearing about twelve to fifteen yards in diameter. When he got inside he stepped to the left and examined the place in some astonishment. Whilst he was doing this an elephant walked in quietly and began to walk round the

CATCHING BUTTERFLIES

clearing, followed by a second, a third, and a fourth. By this time Ryan had conceded the prior claim of the elephants to the place, and backed well into the bush. When the first elephant got opposite him he shot him. The second took very little notice, perhaps he didn't hear or mind. So Ryan laid him low. Number 3 also became an easy victim, but Number 4 was wise—he bolted.

II

When we were not very seriously occupied we had side lines. Selous used to catch butterflies, whilst I collected beetles. One day Outram, Selous and myself were on duty protecting some native woodcutters outside the camp, as the Germans had been busy and killed a few Indians. Whilst so occupied I came across seven or eight of the most exquisitely-coloured beetles I have ever seen, and at once forgot my job and began to collect them. My hope was to keep them inside my helmet until I got back to camp, as I had nowhere else to put them. Selous saw I had got something and quickly begged a couple from me. We were both lost in admiration, looking at a specimen, when a bullet whizzed between our faces. This very quickly made us forget all about the beetles. Outram was close by, and we all

WILD LIFE ACROSS THE WORLD

dashed forward in the direction of the sound of the shot, and I fully expected another to come along with better effect. But when we had gone some sixty yards we came across a low ant-hill and a nice bed of grass with perfect rest for a rifle where the German had been lying. Discussing the affair afterwards, we came to the conclusion that the German sniper must have been a naturalist, and had not got it in his heart to put either of us out of action.

At a place called Bura, between Tevita and Voy on a branch line of the Uganda Railway, a herd of well-behaved elephants wandered through the camp, and one officer, Captain Gardner, of the Loyal North Lancs., who were then in occupation, got some really excellent photographs. My battalion, the Royal Fusiliers, were the next to take over the place, to protect this branch of the railway.

I was out every morning before daybreak with Colonel Driscoll, for he would visit the outposts himself, and he trusted to a Ford car, as there was a fairly good road running parallel with the railway line. At a place where twenty Loyal Lancs. and an officer had been ambushed and killed I kept my eyes open, as I did not want the Germans to bag us too, and noticed a movement some sixty yards from the road where the bush ran out in a kind of peninsula. The disturbance, I discovered, was being made by a herd of elephants.



A Lizard Basking in the Sun.

Facing page 228.



SURROUNDED BY ELEPHANTS

A small stream ran between the road and the bush. We left the car, as the Colonel wanted a better look at the beasts, but when we came within thirty yards I stopped, as we had only small carbines, and I was quite satisfied to look at them from that distance. The Colonel actually crept within twenty yards of the animals, and they never took the least notice, but went on quietly feeding. When we got a couple of hundred yards farther along the road to a place where the outpost had built a little circular wall with bushes on top to screen them, the men had a fearful story to relate. Thousands of elephants had been round them all night. The chief spokesman had a fearsome tale to tell, and the Colonel, with a twinkle in his eye, encouraged him. He was thoroughly enjoying it.

At intervals in the story the elephants would pull a bush off the wall and feel over with their trunks, whilst the six men inside were lying very flat on the ground. Day ultimately broke without any casualties, but everybody had suffered a great fright. One of the men asked me with deadly seriousness if elephants ever ate you!

III

An aerodrome is hardly the place where one would expect to see a lion. This fearsome animal, however, is no respecter of persons or of things. A beautiful stretch of grass with repairing shops and petrol stores

WILD LIFE ACROSS THE WORLD

in the midst of his native bush and long grass is to him only a clearing in his hunting-ground, and nothing more.

During the wearisomely prolonged campaign I was in charge for some time at an aerodrome in enemy territory, about nine miles from a hill called Lakassalle. Under my care were five mechanics and about thirty native porters, whose work consisted in looking after the petrol stores, seeing that they were properly replenished, and effecting any repairs to aeroplanes that landed at the aerodrome and stood in need of attention. Besides this we furnished the airmen with information relating to the country and gave them weather prospects.

The landing-ground particularly wanted attention. The porters cut the grass, cleared it of all obstructions, and generally saw that everything was in order and ready for any emergency. Every day at about eleven o'clock in the morning four blacks were detailed to fetch the day's water supply from some mud-holes three hundred yards from the camp. The water was emptied into tanks, but before it could be used I had to sprinkle alum into it in order to settle the mud.

One day I sent five of the porters to the mud-holes, and was about to enter my tent, which was on the other side of the petrol store, when I heard unearthly yells. Turning round, I beheld five naked porters running

LIONS IN AN AERODROME

like hares across the aerodrome. They had certainly lost no time in coming through the thorn bushes from the mud-hole, for every stitch of their clothing had been torn off. Better to be torn by thorns than by lions!

As soon as they could get their breath I questioned them.

“What’s this yelling about, and where are your clothes?”

“Bwana,” gasped one of them, “five simbas [lions] at the mud-holes! Five!” he said, holding up his hand with fingers and thumb extended to emphasise the fact.

Calling to a couple of mechanics, I picked up my rifle and started out to look for the brutes. Upon reaching the place where they had been seen I walked cautiously down the little donga, but no lions were to be seen. Their spoor, however, told me that the porters had spoken the truth.

Two nights afterwards I was lying in my bed when I heard the reports of rifle shooting. I was about to jump out, when bullets began to fly through the tent. Picking up my rifle as I lay in bed, I fired in the direction from which the shots came. Suddenly I remembered that the previous evening a Dutchman had arrived with a convoy, and had outspanned at the end of the aerodrome. Fortunately for him, as I afterwards found out, he had lighted a big fire close to his wagon.

WILD LIFE ACROSS THE WORLD

When morning came I went over to see the new arrival, whom I found very elated and beaming with pride at the sight of two dead lions lying within ten and thirty yards respectively of the embers of the fire.

“There were at least six of them,” he said. “I saw their eyes gleaming in the darkness, but now there are two less.”

The following day I went out quail-shooting close to the aerodrome with a brother officer who had just arrived, and of course we were only armed with shot-guns. As usually happens when two men go for a shooting expedition in the African bush, we soon lost sight of one another. The grass and the bush were not very high, but quite high enough, as I afterwards discovered, to hide a lion.

Anyhow, before I had time to dwell on this fact I found myself face to face with one. Fortunately, I saw him first. He was coming round a small bush, when we met. It was an awkward moment for both of us. Just as I caught sight of him he stopped, in fact we both stopped, at the same second. He looked me straight in the eyes. I returned the compliment.

My shot-gun was in my hand, but I stood as motionless as a statue, for I knew that the slightest movement would be tantamount to signing my own death warrant.

So we still looked at each other.

A GROWLING LION

The animal snarled fiercely and showed his great yellow teeth. My heart thumped painfully, and I believe I perspired. Nevertheless, I remained perfectly still and steadfastly returned his stare.

He growled "Gnaeum—eugh!"

I stood as though turned to stone.

What did "Gnaeum—eugh" mean?

He repeated the performance, perhaps to enlighten me; but, as before, I did not move a muscle. Another terrifying growl came from the ferocious beast. Was it rage, disappointment, or loss of courage?

A moment later he dropped his tail, moved off a couple of yards, turned half round again, "Gnaeum—eughed," then gave me a parting growl and snarl, and disappeared into the bush.

Peuh! My reply was a huge sigh of relief, and I lost no time in returning to the camp.

After this episode the mechanics became very excited and the porters were positively terrified. There was some reason for this.

Every day I had to send one of my men to a camp about nine miles distant with a weather report.

The morning after my encounter with the lion, while on a quail-shooting trip, I cautioned the man who was going to carry the report to keep a sharp look-out for lions, although he was mounted on a motor-bicycle. He only laughed, but when scarcely a mile and a half from the aerodrome his laughter gave way

WILD LIFE ACROSS THE WORLD

to fear, for to his terror and surprise he saw a lion on the other side of the road. The brute was actually pacing him as he rode leisurely along! He immediately put on speed. So did his dreaded companion, but luckily for the cyclist a lion is a bad chaser, and can only travel really fast for a short distance. The animal soon gave up the pursuit, and in a few moments had dived into the bush to wait for a more favourable opportunity.

After this no more volunteers were forthcoming to carry the weather reports, so for the remainder of the time that we were stationed there men had to be told off for the trip.

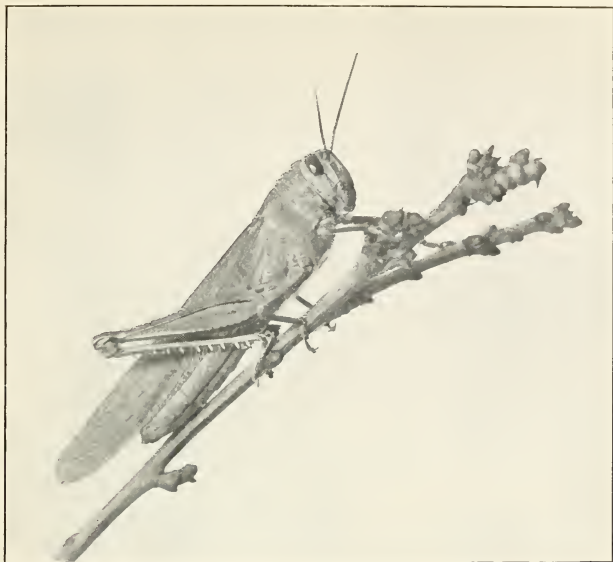
Towards nightfall, which always comes about six o'clock in Central Africa, two brother officers arrived and billeted themselves on me for the night. One of them informed me that he was ordered to take over my command.

A few minutes later another officer rode up in a motor lorry, and as it was then quite dark he decided to camp near me.

"Come over to this side," I said, for the road lay between us, "there are lions about."

"Oh, I am not afraid of lions," he replied. "I want something to eat, and rather badly too. They are in the same boat, I expect."

We then sat down to our dinner, which in those strenuous days consisted of bread, meat and tea. While



An Algerian Locust.

Facing page 234.



AN EXPEDITION BY CAR

enjoying the meal the lions soon made their presence known by ominous growls. One of the officers declared that there were seven of them at least.

After this nobody wanted a second invitation to come over to my fire, where at all events we were safe.

But the wish to shoot one of these monsters overcame their desire for safety, and the new arrivals at once began to make preparations for an amateur lion hunt.

The headlights of the car were switched on and the engine started. One officer sat beside the driver, while the other with five mechanics got inside, every man being armed with a rifle.

I stayed behind at the fire.

They had scarcely gone sixty yards across the aerodrome when they stopped dead. There in the full glare of the headlights was a lioness reclining on the ground, with an old lion standing beside her, only thirty yards from the car!

The two officers jumped out and opened fire, but not with the desired effect, although I knew afterwards that one of the lions had been pretty badly wounded, for a few minutes later one came round the back of my tent growling terribly, and emitting such fearful groans that I could not help feeling sorry for the animal.

Luckily it did not attempt to attack me. If it

WILD LIFE ACROSS THE WORLD

had done so my chances of escape would have been practically nil. The fire, however, was more than the brute dared to face, and it slunk away, still giving vent to its wrath and pain in blood-curdling grunts.

Shortly afterwards the car returned with its disappointed occupants, who had to admit that such a method of lion hunting was not very successful.

Despite this latest attempt upon their lives, the lions were not in the least frightened, for a week later another new officer visited us, and was rather incredulous about the presence of such fearsome creatures on an aerodrome. The uncanny sensation of watching their eyes gleaming in the darkness as they circled round and round the camp-fire soon caused him to change his opinion.

In order to show the boldness of the brutes, I may mention that early one morning I saw a herd of zebras come dashing straight for the aerodrome. Suddenly the whole bunch swerved and missed us, and as they did so I caught sight of two lions in hot pursuit. When close to our camp the pursuers gave up the chase and turned back.

This little episode recreated the desire among my five mechanics to bag a specimen of the king of beasts. They asked me to help them in the matter. I agreed to do so, and we built a platform in a tree about twenty feet from the ground. Underneath

THE END OF A LION HUNT

the tree we placed as bait the carcase of a bullock which had died from the bite of the tsetse fly. The scene of operations was barely two hundred yards from my tent—just across the aerodrome.

The mechanics decided that a good square meal was an indispensable preliminary to a lion hunt, but they lingered so long over it that I told them that unless they hurried up they would not reach the platform before dusk. This injunction was necessary, because in Central Africa, and in fact at all places near the Equator, the twilight is very brief.

Just as they were going to set out we heard a terrific row coming from the direction of the bait. We stood still and listened. The snarling, growling and roaring grew louder. It was the lions fighting over the dead bullock.

“What are we going to do?” asked one of the men. “We can’t get to the platform now.”

“The only thing we can do is to stop here and listen,” said another.

They decided to listen.

And so ended the lion hunt.

The next morning I went down to look at the scene of action. Only a few bones remained of the unfortunate bullock, which told me that there must have been a good bunch of lions at the feast.

Apparently satisfied, the beasts left us alone for

WILD LIFE ACROSS THE WORLD

nearly a week ; but the aerodrome proved too great an attraction for them, and, much to the alarm of the native porters, they resumed their unwelcome visits.

The aerodrome, for aught I know, remains the lions' parade to this day.



En route to Africa.
(*Union Castle, s.s. Llanstephan Castle.*)

Facing page 238.



CHAPTER VII

South Africa and the Congo

I

Arriving at Cape Town in the South African winter of 1921, the waiter at my hotel presented me on the first morning with penguins' eggs for breakfast. Often as I had been to Africa, I had never seen the eggs of these birds in that country. I had always believed that nowhere but in the Antarctic could they be found.

On making inquiries, I learnt that thousands were collected from an island some thirty-five miles south of Capetown, which belonged to the Union Government, and that at certain seasons there were at least five million penguins on it. There, I felt, was something to see and photograph. Having pursued my inquiries and obtained a permit to visit the island, I went in search of a boat that fetched the eggs.

The Government authorities directed me to one that would be sailing in a few days for a cargo of penguins' eggs. I easily found the *Barracuta*, a tub of a fishing-boat driven by a paraffin engine, manned by a skipper, helmsman and a black boy. She was

WILD LIFE ACROSS THE WORLD

all deck and hold. The only protection against falling into the water was a rail about a foot high. Of accommodation for a passenger there was none. She was for penguins' eggs, not passengers.

In the skipper's cabin was a bunk about a foot wide, of the size and shape of a coffin, and placed by the side of the paraffin engine. The hatchway leading down from the deck to the engine house cabin was just wide enough for me to squeeze through.

I reached the boat at eleven o'clock on a very dark night. She was to sail at twelve. The stiff wind that had been hard at it for a whole week keeping the *Barracuta* fast to her moorings was still blowing. Whether the skipper thought a landsman would bring him luck or not I do not know—the beliefs of seamen are odd and wonderful!—but he determined that this night he would make an attempt to reach Penguin Island.

He very kindly put at my disposal his coffin-like bunk, and I tried to get some sleep, but no sooner did the *Barracuta* get out than she began to turn and pitch about as if she had no rudder. The paraffin engine chugged hard, but we made little headway; we kept turning round as if the old boat didn't like the job, and wanted to get back home. For two hours she turned her nose shoreward, then seaward, as if not certain which way she was to go, while thunder and lightning played skittles with our nerves, and

ON THE WAY TO PENGUIN ISLAND

finally we gave up the attempt, with a burning desire to see Capetown again.

The next night we tried again, and got as far as Robin Island, which is about twelve miles from Capetown, and is used as a leper colony. After resting for a while the skipper went on deck to determine whether we should go forward or beat a retreat once more. He decided on the former course, but when we got to sea again the old tub promptly leapt up by the stern as if she meant to turn a somersault, and threw him over the engine into a corner, cutting his head open.

I quickly got out of his coffin-like bunk, patched him up and put him right, but by the time this was done we had decided to go back to Capetown. The storm had mastered the little boat, skipper and helmsman and passenger notwithstanding.

The skipper was not going to be beaten, however ; he was a seaman, so for the third time we started—on this occasion at one-thirty in the morning. This was the worst night of all. I have sailed the seven seas, but never saw nothing like it. Our little boat was turned, twisted and tossed about like a cork. Wind, thunder and lightning raged, and rain fell in torrents. We had to close the hatchway, and then the fumes of the paraffin engine very nearly choked us. The elements were relentless, and back to the harbour we were driven again, really very thankful to get there, although we never knew that we were there until,

WILD LIFE ACROSS THE WORLD

cooped up in our smelly prison, we felt the effect of calmer water.

Neither sea nor sky nor any element could break the skipper's determination. Failure was for poltroons, not seamen. He would start next day in the daylight. We sat down to breakfast in the little cabin by the engine—a cabin lined with many books of an erudite character. The skipper proved to be a well-educated and widely-travelled man. We discussed spiritualism, in which he firmly believed, and fairies, especially the fairies of the Yorkshire moors, a photograph of which he cherished, having found it in a magazine.

He was a man of beautiful character, a man whose society it was a privilege to enjoy, an extraordinary type to be engaged as a fisherman and penguin egg carrier. He had missed fortunes but he had never missed life, and had no regret over his lot. A good epitaph. He told me how he narrowly missed one fortune.

“ Ah, yes, I really narrowly escaped being a South African millionaire,” he said. “ You know the — gold mines, out of which millions have been taken. Well, if it hadn't been for a bullock-wagon I might have enjoyed the great bulk of those millions.

“ I was on trek, and one day saw a big stone that took my fancy. I picked it up, examined it, and came to the conclusion that it was a rich lump of gold ore. I saw my fortune made, and sat down and



At Victoria Falls.

A view of the highest bridge in the world.

Facing page 242.



A LOST FORTUNE

dreamed so much about that fortune that when I looked up I could just see a faint speck on the sky-line. That was the bullock-wagon.

“ So I picked up my heavy stone and started in pursuit. But, as you know, once a bullock-wagon gets ahead, even if only a very short distance, it is almost an impossibility for a man on foot to catch it up. I tried hard to do so, but in spite of throwing away my heavy burden I didn't overtake it for many hours, so I missed my mine and my fortune. I couldn't go back to find the stone, but I know now that thereabouts is the richest gold mine in the world.”

Without being deterred or downcast by our terrible experiences, we set out again for Penguin Island. The weather was still very bad, and when we were a few miles out the skipper gave orders to the “crew” to put the sail up in order to steady the boat. The block stuck with the sail half up. The skipper went forward to move it, while I peeped out from the ladder of the engine house cabin. He yelled to me to get to the tiller, which was just above the deck, when the boom swung across, striking my head, and knocking me down into the little cabin. However, I got up and caught hold of the tiller. The sail being set, the boat steadied, and away she flew straight for some dangerous reefs beyond which lay Penguin Island, on which we could see the lighthouse. Upon reaching the reefs we shot through a wall of spray, and finding a

WILD LIFE ACROSS THE WORLD

passage-way, passed into smoother water. It needed good seamanship to prevent the boat being dashed upon one of these coral walls. Safely through, we entered a gap in the island, beyond which lay our landing-place.

The penguins' breeding-ground was nearly a mile on the other side of the island. It was there I obtained my pictures of these birds, but I had to be quick, as only some half-hour of light was left.

I found a Dutch keeper whose family had lived on the island for generations, and looked after the penguins and their eggs for the Government. He showed me a pig he had killed. It was a monster; he said it weighed six hundred and eighty pounds. He had also slain a turkey, which he declared turned the scale at thirty-eight pounds.

As we wandered over the island he took me to a point where he said he once saw a "woman of the sea."

"I was fishing here one day," he told me, "when out of the sea came the ugliest woman I have ever seen. It was a woman right enough. There was no mistaking it, I know a woman when I see one. It was a woman from the head to the waist, with the breasts of a woman, but oh, what glassy eyes, and what a huge and ugly mouth! She gave me one look from her fishy eyes, and that was enough for me! I dropped my fishing tackle and ran for dear life."

"A mermaid," I suggested.



On Penguin Island.



Jackass Penguins with their Nesting Burrows.

Facing page 244.



THE NATIVE EGG COLLECTORS

“ No, it was a woman right enough. Don't I know a woman when I see one ? ”

“ But mermaids which are half woman and half fish are caught off the South African coast,” I persisted. “ I saw one once in a New York Museum.”

He nodded slowly and seemed satisfied with that explanation. We returned to his house for dinner, where we discussed, among other things, the war in German East Africa.

“ I have a boy here,” he said, “ who used to live in German East Africa.”

“ I should like to see that boy,” I said, so the boy was brought to us. I greeted him in Swahili, when he nearly fell down.

“ Weren't you fighting for the Germans in East Africa, and weren't you at Voy ? ” I asked.

“ N deo, bwana (Yes, master),” he replied.

“ You were a prisoner at Voy, and sentenced to be shot for spying ; and you escaped through a window by making a gap in the barbed wire, which tore your flesh.”

He grinned and replied, “ N deo.”

I remembered him among a batch of spies that had been caught, some of whom I was ordered to shoot.

After supper we walked down to the beach, attracted by some fine singing in English. The native egg collectors were rendering a number of popular English songs by way of showing their happiness over the fact that they were going back to Capetown.

WILD LIFE ACROSS THE WORLD

It was the end of the season, and our boatload of eggs the last. The cargo was hauled aboard by ropes, and we started, luckily in very shallow water. By that time the wind and sea had risen, and the skipper was growing anxious. Darkness had come on. The egg boys crowded into the little rowing-boat, and we pushed off. We hadn't gone far, however, before a big wave struck us and we were all pitched into the sea, which was only about five feet deep at the spot. I managed to hold my precious camera above the water. There we were, skipper, helmsman, and a yelling lot of boys in the water trying to make for the shore a dozen yards away. Four boys who had been left behind for the next boat—whenever it came—linked hands and waded into the water to try to drag us ashore; but the skipper had no stomach for the land. Climbing back into the rowing-boat, which had righted itself, and seizing hold of the rope which was used for hauling boatloads of eggs from the shore to the ship, he helped us in again. How we got on the boat and away from the island was a miracle. The helmsman in the meantime had started the old paraffin engine, as he was afraid of being driven ashore; but the sea was thrusting the boat back as fast as she tried to make headway, so that she became almost stationary.

We were all soaking wet, but the skipper took the discomfort very lightly. He simply drove the boat between the reefs, and in course of time we were out

SEVENTY-FIVE THOUSAND EGGS

on the open sea, heading for Capetown. Then he collapsed, and I had to take the tiller, as the helmsman was already knocked up. The skipper went below, while the boys, who had sung at first, very quickly subsided and lay huddled up around the mast.

It was the trickiest voyage on which I have ever been. Standing on the deck, I steered with a rope fastened to the tiller and kept my balance by holding on tight to it. Rushing alongside and keeping me company for fifteen minutes at a time swam porpoises, whose phosphorescent bodies made a weird spectacle in the darkness.

Suddenly I saw a white patch in front of me. It was the reef of Robin Island. I turned away with all speed, the old paraffin engine running untended but as steadily as a rock.

And so I got away from Penguin Island, which I shall never see again. Nothing would induce me to revisit the place, especially in stormy weather. The Dutchman on the island told me that five million penguins visited the island every year, and that our load made up seventy-five thousand eggs taken off so far that season. Whether either statement is correct I cannot say; neither can I vouch for the Dutchman's story that at the annual migration of the penguins each bird picks a pebble from the beach and swallows it in order to provide ballast for the long journey he takes to the Antarctic. He said he had seen them do it.

WILD LIFE ACROSS THE WORLD

As the penguins do not fly I suppose they swim the distance. But I have never heard of anyone who has seen these birds swimming in masses to the North or to the South.

My most vivid remembrance of the journey is the apparent tilting of my bed for a couple of nights after I finally came ashore.

I wanted to get away at the earliest possible moment for Rhodesia and Central Africa. The Cape to Cairo express would take me I knew, but I wanted to get a picture of the famous train going through the Hex River Pass. The railway authorities kindly gave me permission to board a goods train which started at 5.0 a.m., and would pull up at a point which would allow me time to secure a picture of the Cape to Cairo express coming through the pass.

I travelled in the guard's van, and we drew slowly out of the station. The guard was busy, and for a few moments he took no notice of me. We had gone about half a mile when he asked me where I was going, and I told him and showed my permit.

"You're on the wrong train," he said, and promptly stopped it.

I got down with my baggage and heavy camera and tripod and walked back to the goods station.

Fortunately for me my train was an hour late in starting, and so I managed to catch it. I got into the guard's van, and we started. The couplings of the



Victoria Falls.

Facing page 248.



THE CAPE EXPRESS

trucks were too long, and every time the driver put on the brake or made a fresh start we were thrown all over the van.

At one stopping-place a most elaborate coffin was put in, and no sooner did the driver start his engine than I went sprawling over this beautifully painted and decorated coffin, smashing my glasses.

At the next stopping-place five stalwart negroes claimed the coffin and bore it away with much pride. In Central Africa the natives have not yet reached that stage of civilisation which prescribes an elaborate coffin for the body of the dead. Besides, the hyena there solves the difficulties of the coffin-maker, the grave-digger and the monument builder.

II

The Cape Express picked me up and I journeyed on. You feel you have not seen South Africa unless you have been down a gold mine and a diamond mine, so this meant a stop at Kimberley and Johannesburg. Then onwards to Bulawayo, built on the kraal of Lobengula, and one of the most up-to-date and beautifully-constructed places in Africa. Cecil Rhodes used to make a Sunday outing to what is now known as the "World's View," and this is where he now lies buried in the solid rock. At the top huge boulders

suddenly loom into view, and you think they are going to topple over and roll down on you. Cecil Rhodes, Dr. Jameson, Major Wilson and his gallant band are all lying within a few hundred yards of each other, and I found myself unconsciously comparing this with a London cemetery. (*Bury me in the wilds.*)

On the way through Rhodesia I chatted with a stranger on the train. He left me at Brokenhill, but returned five minutes afterwards to ask me to come and see a wonderful skull which had just been found under a vein of lead ore sixty feet below ground. The doctor of the mine showed it to me, and a discussion arose as to whether it was that of an ape or a man, as the lower jaw was missing. Having seen hundreds of native skulls in Central Africa and many of apes, I gave my opinion that it was that of a human being. The place had apparently been a cave before the upheaval, as other bones were there, including some like those of elephants.

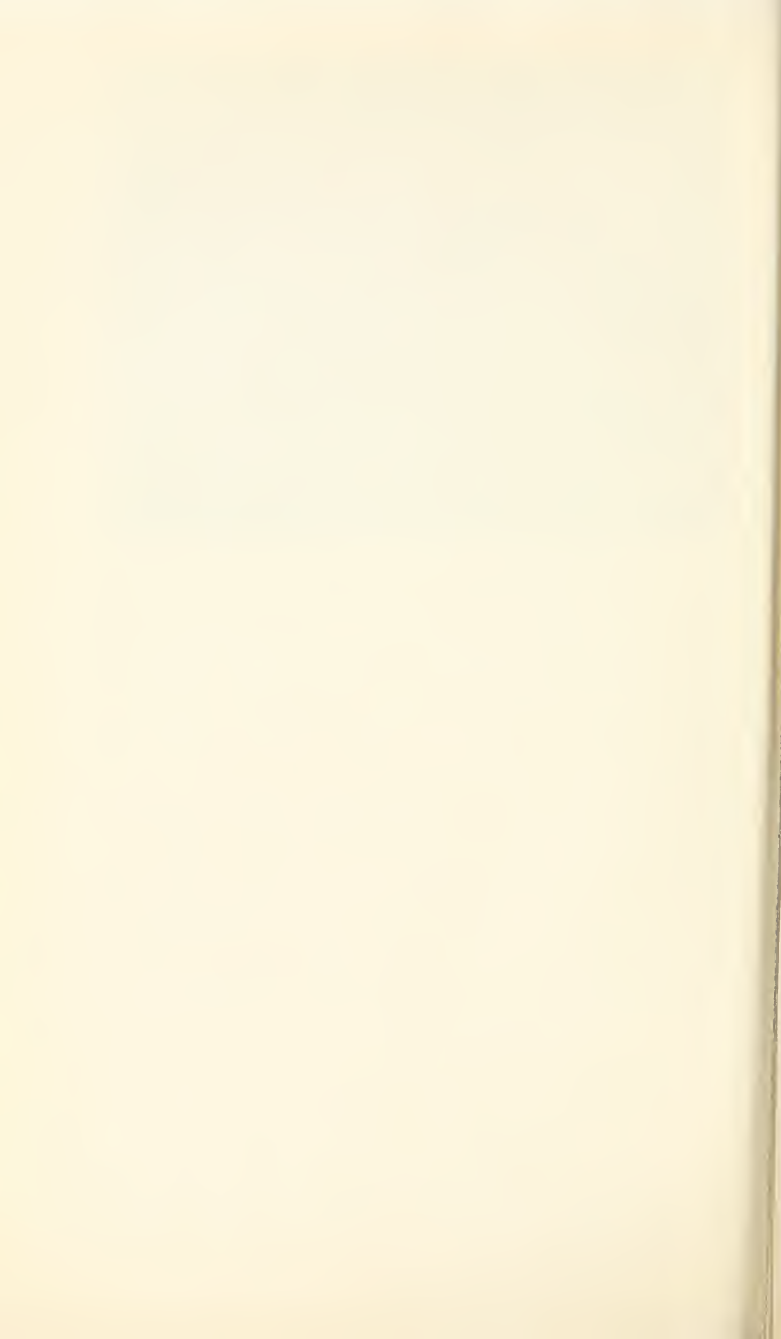
When I got back to England I found my opinion was right, and that it was over three thousand years old. I have often found queer bones and skulls in caves in Africa, but my interest has been mainly in the living. In my early days with my brother Richard we unearthed some interesting things at St. Kilda, including a spear one thousand years old. As recent events have proved in Egypt, Africa is the country of wonders and mysteries. I know a lonely place in Central Africa where the Romans undoubtedly cut



A Human Skull Three Thousand Years Old.

Found in Rhodesia.

Facing page 250.



BELGIAN RED-TAPE

a roadway through a mass of solid rock. Yet no record exists of their ever having been near the place.

From there I went on to Victoria Falls, and spent a most interesting week. I call the Falls Livingstone's monument. The spray from them can be seen from a distance of sixty miles and the roar heard ten miles away. So much has been written on these wonderful Falls that I will pass on and board the train for the Congo. Arriving at the border at seven-thirty at night with a companion, we had to go through the customs and have our passports stamped. A youthful Belgian dressed up as an officer in English uniform examined our passports with much pomp, and treated us in a very lordly and off-hand manner, saying with a shrug, "You cannot enter the Congo, because you did not report yourselves at Capetown." I said we did, and showed him the Cape stamp. To which he replied, "That is nothing to us—you should have seen the Belgian Consul." We pleaded in vain, and showed him that we had both been British officers in the Great War, and my passport showed that I had been employed by the War Office in Belgium; but no, we had to get off the train and stop until he was satisfied. The place consisted of a few officers' houses and one saloon, and we were lucky enough to get a bed in an empty room. It was a wretched hole, and I was told many other travellers had shared our uncomfortable fate. It was constantly happening. By wiring the

WILD LIFE ACROSS THE WORLD

British Consul at Elizabethville, and through his intervention, we were finally allowed, after a three days' wait, to proceed, and His Royal Highness of the Passport Department then wanted to be friendly and try to excuse his attitude. I have met Belgian officers everywhere in the Congo, and have always been treated elsewhere with the utmost kindness and courtesy.



A Rainbow formed by Spray at Victoria Falls.

Facing page 252.



CHAPTER VIII

India

Colombo is one of the most fascinating places in the world, partly because it has beauty and a charm of its own, but more because it is one of the world's greatest meeting-places. In the latter respect it ranks with Hong-kong, San Francisco, and London. Sooner or later you will meet every wanderer you have known elsewhere in one or another of these cities, and in all of them you can feel the pulse of the world beat. They are right on the main track of civilisation.

If you are a mere tourist in Colombo your life will not be a happy one. A detestable crowd of touts, attracted by your clothing or by your manners, will accompany you everywhere. They are horrible creatures, ranging from the pious Hindu who wants to sell you faked precious stones down to the meanest of ware-mongers.

But once persuade Colombo that you are not a tourist and you can be quite happy. The touts have no use for the experienced traveller. He can sit in peace on the verandah of one of the great hotels whilst the family on the next seat is being driven nearly mad. His obvious knowledge of travel serves him as a kind of moral mosquito net.

WILD LIFE ACROSS THE WORLD

Yes, Colombo is quite a good place. It is said—and perhaps rightly so—that Kandy, the capital of the island, is the most beautiful town in the world; but Colombo is good enough for most men. The great drive on the Galle Face just before dinner, when all the rank and fashion of Ceylon is out, is one of the sights of the world. In few places will you see such fine turn-outs; in no place will you see finer.

I left Colombo regretfully—most travellers, as distinct from tourists, do the same—but I had to go on to India's coral strand. I hoped the hymn-writer was not going to let me down again; but, candidly, I was beginning to feel a little doubtful.

To reach India from Colombo you take a British India steamer, which, given ordinary luck, enables you to get within seven miles of the shore, and finally to board a train belonging to the Southern Railway Company at Tuticorin.

The Southern Railway is narrow gauge, but no one seems to know why. But, none the less, the carriages are comfortable, and, despite the small number of sahibs who travel on the line, the refreshment rooms are quite good. In many ways the journey up from Tuticorin was a fascinating one. True, the heat and dust were abominable after we had left the coast—as bad as they could possibly be; and yet there were compensations. In a few hours you can get—if you have eyes to see—an insight into what India

THE INDIAN MILLIONS

means, you realise that it is an actual fact that nearly three hundred millions of people, nearly a quarter of the population of the globe, are packed into the peninsula.

The stations swarm with people, heave with people, a struggling, turbaned, vociferous mass. A Bank Holiday crowd in England is nothing to a normal crowd there. They do not trouble you. You are a sahib, and the guard would deal promptly with anything coloured which attempted to invade your compartment, but you see them and you wonder; wonder most of all at the marvellous organisation which is able to control those millions. You cannot help being prouder than ever of your British nationality, of being kin to the men who, in a bare hundred years, have brought order out of the chaos of irresponsible native rule.

From the train you get an endless panorama of fields, villages and temples. The hideous "goporams" of the Dravidian temples seem always in evidence, whilst in every grove there appears to be an image of some sort—an uncouth god squatting on his haunches, an uncouth parody on a horse, or a wholly indescribable satire on creation generally. Lean cattle and even more lean goats, grotesque water-buffalo wallowing in the mud; the country is full of stock—of a kind. But there is too much stock, just as there are too many people. Nature never adequately provided for them, and man has been unable to remedy the deficiencies.

WILD LIFE ACROSS THE WORLD

From an historical point of view Southern India is intensely interesting. All the famous names associated with the real conquest of India come back to you as your train stops at Trichinopoli or Tanjore. The former, with its temple and fort on top of the huge bare rock, is a place to see, though hardly a place to stay in for long. Tanjore has its temple and its world-famous stone bull; but Madura, where I first broke my journey, is really the show-place of the South.

Madura is to Southern India what Benares is to the North, the great religious centre. My guide, a most voluble Hindu of between fifty and sixty, who proudly showed me an autograph album containing the signatures of half the most famous travellers and Oriental scholars of modern times, told me how many million pilgrims a year visited the Great Temple of Madura. I forget the gigantic figures now, but they reminded me of those of an Oil King's income tax.

The temple itself is amazing. For the most part it consists of open courts, or at least that was the impression I gained. At the corners are immense "goporams," tapering, quadrangular towers, covered from top to bottom with hundreds of grotesque and highly-coloured images. The whole note of the place is one of grotesque futility—that is, if you try to examine it in detail. But if you take it as a whole, you must be impressed, both by its size and the thought of its vast importance to untold millions of people

THE SACRED TANK AT MADURA

Perhaps the most striking feature in it is the "Golden Lily Tank," in which every pilgrim who wishes to cleanse himself of sin has to bathe. For some three hundred years, though the sick and the unclean have visited it in countless millions, the water has never been changed; only fresh water has been added to replace that which has evaporated. The filth and the germs have remained. There is no word in the English language to describe the condition of the liquid in that tank.

As I was being conducted round, my guide, after a whispered conversation with a strange-looking native, informed me that the High Priest himself would receive me.

I shall never forget the incident. The old man, one of the greatest of India's spiritual chieftains, received me with a grave dignity in a gloomy building. A small door in front of me was opened, and I was permitted to look into one of the most holy of Madura's shrines, a tiny chamber. At the far end was a god, grim and repellent. The only light came from two or three smoky oil-lamps. On the floor were trays of food-stuff, sweet-meats and greasy things. When the door had been closed again the High Priest took his stand on the sacred "moonstone" which formed part of the floor, an immense chaplet of flowers was put round my neck, and I was blessed at great length in some unknown tongue. Really, it was very

WILD LIFE ACROSS THE WORLD

impressive, in spite of those ridiculous flowers, of which I rid myself as soon as possible.

I was fortunate in securing some very fine pictures of the temple and of the life around its gates. At night I came back again, as my guide told me that the " Gate of Fire " was well worth seeing. He certainly did not mislead me on that point. First we came to the sacred bull, a magnificent piece of carved granite, and some twenty yards beyond that we saw what appeared to be flames darting out all round a huge gateway. Worshippers were tramping in endless procession round and round the bull. I was told this goes on continuously night and day. Whilst I was standing in the shadow of one of the goporams, watching them, I saw several people drop from sheer exhaustion.

In the temple itself I bought some extremely good brass work, chiefly of natural history subjects.

From Madura I went on to Madras, the " City of Magnificent Distances," hottest, most dusty, and least interesting of all the great Indian towns. No visitor would remain in Madras if he could help doing so ; but I had a good deal of developing which could not wait, and I also wished to lay in a store of material—printing papers, chemicals, and so on.

I had a letter of introduction to the late Maharajah of Mysore, who invited me to take moving pictures in his territory, and I was now promised that the resources of the Government would be placed at my

TIGER, BISON AND ELEPHANT

disposal as regarded transport facilities, so I had great hopes of securing a fine series of photographs. It is amazing what a difference the co-operation of the local authorities makes to one who, like myself, is a stranger in the country. One's task is infinitely more pleasant when there is not the constant worry of looking after the caravan, arguing with the natives whose language one cannot speak, haggling with contractors who demand five times the proper rate. In India, once the Government has the matter in hand, everything goes smoothly; there is no disobeying of orders, there are no mistakes, no long, maddening waits. The Great Ones have commanded it to be done.

As the Maharajah of Mysore was in the hill-country, I took the little single-track railway to Outi, a rise of some nine thousand feet. In Madras I had suffered considerably from the heat; but I found Outi intensely cold, and was glad to get into my warmest clothing. The Maharajah's secretary was most kind. He placed an elephant at my disposal, and arranged for me to have the assistance of the game-rangers, who would take me to those parts of the jungle where I was most likely to secure moving pictures of tiger, bison, and elephant.

During my stay in Outi I went out to visit a village belonging to one of the hill tribes. Both the place and the people were quite unlike anything I have ever seen elsewhere.

WILD LIFE ACROSS THE WORLD

The houses are half buried in the ground, and many of their owners' customs are most curious. I got a moving picture of one of their most peculiar kinds of sport, which consists of two men starting from opposite ends of an open space and racing to be the first to scramble under a large stone supported by two others. It neither sounds nor looks a very exciting proceeding, but they appear to think a great deal of it. Evidently it does not take very much to amuse them.

There was one thing about that village which I did not like, a local feature which wanted altering badly. It was this—amongst their herd of cattle they had a number of bulls which were continually evading the herdsmen and charging at the camera, a most disconcerting trick.

My next move was to Bangalore, where I met the Secretary for War and the chief game-ranger, both of whom were most kind to me. I was promised that when I reached Mysore I should be provided with a travelling cart of a new pattern, a light bamboo affair, which with three relays of horses would enable me to cover sixty miles in the one day. Consequently, I felt most hopeful and contented when I went on to Mysore, which I reached on a Sunday morning. I spent the day seeing the local sights, visited the temple on the hill overlooking the town and inspected the Zoo. The latter is quite good, the collection even including a giraffe. All the animals appeared to be in

AN INDIAN CHAMELEON

the best of health, and the general scheme of the gardens was excellent.

We made an early start for the jungle, and at first that new cart seemed to fulfil all the claims of its designer. Sixty miles a day, however, appeared to be rather under than over what ordinary horses could accomplish with it. Then my views suddenly changed completely. Some part of the mechanism gave way, it collapsed, and I found myself sprawling on the roadway beside a damaged camera. However, matters were not quite so serious as they appeared at first sight, and within half an hour we were off again, with the result that we reached the assistant game-keeper's camp before nightfall.

They had good news for me. "Pug" marks of tiger had been seen near by, so as soon as daylight came I went out and fixed up a shelter in a tree close to the water-hole. But, though I waited all day, nothing of interest happened. At last, being stiff and tired, I set my flash-light apparatus so that it would go off if any animal passed in front of it during the night and started back to camp. I had not got far, however, before I came upon the finest chameleon it has ever been my luck to find. Not having another camera with me, I caught him and took him along, intending to make some studies of him in the morning. Unfortunately, when morning came I thought he might be hungry, so put him on a tree to feed. Ten minutes later he

WILD LIFE ACROSS THE WORLD

had disappeared, and though I spent four hours searching for him, I never saw him again. I was particularly sorry over losing him, for though I have seen the chameleons in Africa, this one was far ahead of any others, both as regards size and colouring.

At daybreak I went back to the water-hole, hoping for great things ; but though animals had been there, and had broken the thread, thereby starting the machine, no photographs had been taken. My battery had run down !

Knowing that it was necessary to push on if I were to accomplish my mission, I started on another twenty-mile trek right into the heart of the jungle. According to my guides, I should now come to close quarters with bison, tiger, and elephant. We made a base camp, and working from that, I spent the next eight days on the back of an elephant, trying to find the bison. At the end of that time I came to the conclusion that failure was to be my lot. We knew that the bison were there, that we were constantly quite close to them ; yet somehow they always got our wind in time to evade us. The trackers did their best, though naturally, having the fear of the ferocious brutes on them, they always kept one eye on such trees as offered possibilities of safety in the event of a charge. Personally I did not blame them, and I should have done the same myself had I been on the ground,

BISON AND BUTTERFLIES

instead of being perched on the top of an elephant, where the bison could not get at me.

Finally, I came to the conclusion that we must simply be working round and round in circles, otherwise the animals would not always be scenting us; so I had some little bags made and filled these with the finest dust I could get. By shaking these it was possible to detect the direction of the faintest breath of wind. The result was most gratifying. We laid our course up-wind, and had not gone more than a couple of hundred yards before we spied a bison. Instantly the trackers fled, but our elephant was well trained, and whilst we lay almost flat on his back the driver got him to shuffle up to within twenty yards of the animals, of which I managed to secure a most interesting series of moving pictures.

The Indian bison are exceedingly dangerous animals; in fact, I am told that they have killed more hunters than even the tigers. Moreover, as I had proved for myself, they are extremely shy. But for the fact that they are accustomed to grazing on the same ground as the wild elephants, I should have had no hope of getting a picture.

My next attempt furnished a vivid contrast. Having succeeded in adding thirty feet of film of bison to my collection, I turned my attention to some butterflies feeding on a solitary flower by the side of the water-hole.

WILD LIFE ACROSS THE WORLD

It looked as if the task would be an easy one, but the reverse turned out to be the case on account of the speed at which the insects flew. The pictures had to be taken at very close quarters, some two feet from the camera, which of course increases the difficulties enormously. A Kodak will take a perfect picture of the fastest express train in the world at a hundred yards' range, but at five yards' range the result would be a blurred streak.

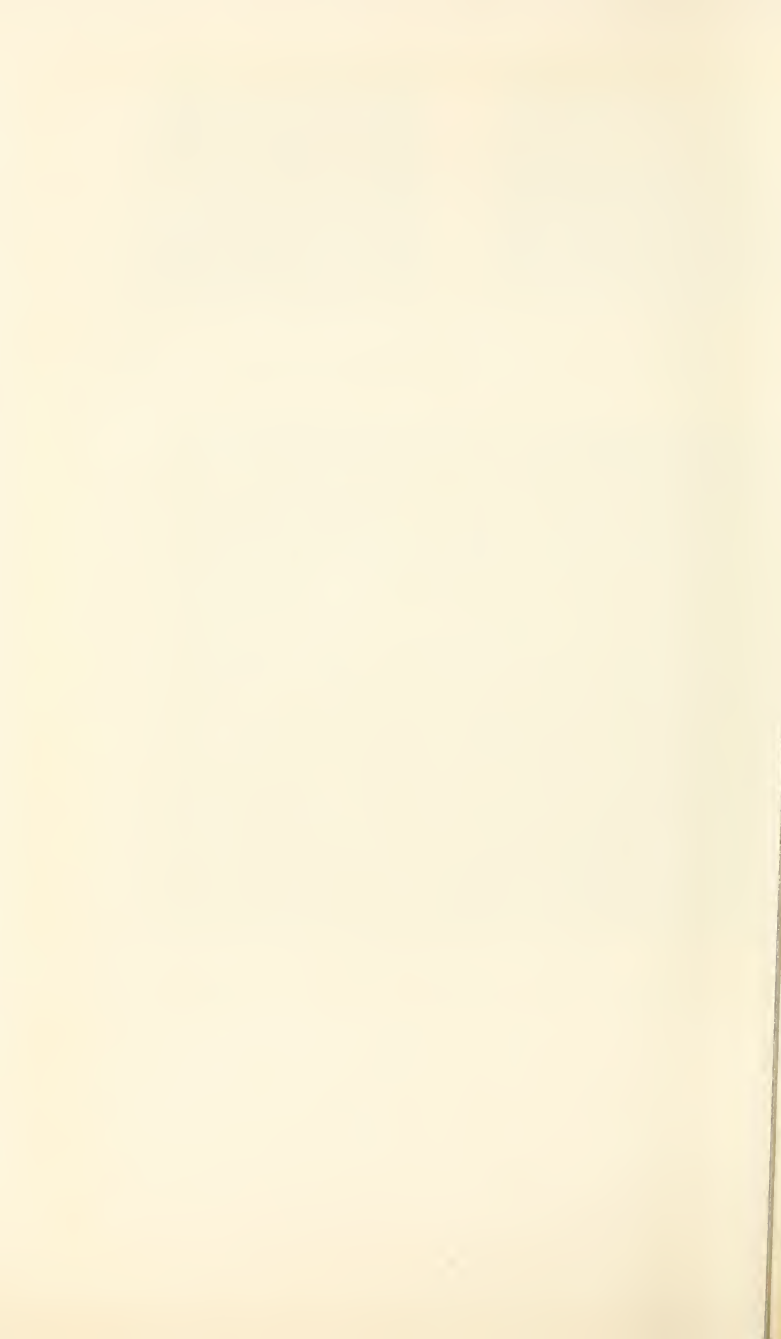
Altogether I spent twenty days roaming the jungle on the back of an elephant. One day was particularly interesting. I spent it in studying the ways of the monkeys and learnt a great deal, besides securing some beautiful pictures. The mothers with their young were especially fascinating. They carried their babies in their arms with a care that was almost human and wholly pathetic. When on the move with the rest the mothers were always in the centre of the party, never leading, yet never lagging behind, trusting to the others to protect them.

One cannot help being amused at the natives' attitude towards the monkey. It is typical of the Hindu's patience as well as of his superstition. The monkey is a sacred animal, and must not be killed; but when he gets into the rice fields he becomes an unmitigated nuisance, and does an enormous amount of damage. It is a difficult position for the cultivator, but he tries to get out of it in characteristic fashion—



Butterflies in the Indian Jungle.

Facing page 264.



BIRDS IN THE JUNGLE

at the cost of a great deal of useless labour. A whole village sets to work to capture the monkeys in nets ; then the animals are bundled into closed carts, carried perhaps sixty miles away into the jungle and liberated. Of course, it is sheer waste of energy. Very often in a week's time the same monkeys are back in the paddy fields again.

The bird life of the jungle of Mysore is wonderfully interesting, and I longed to get some really good pictures ; but the difficulties were very great, and I met with a number of disappointments. Vultures are common, but I never succeeded in photographing any of them.

There are plenty of smaller animals, of the kind which you seem to hear but never see. Once, however, I did get a good view of a wild dog. He trotted across the path in front of my elephant, and stood for fully five seconds watching me, looking exactly like one of our foxes, except for the fact that he had a black, bushy tail. I used several feet of film on him, but there was not time enough to get a real moving picture.

Later in the day we reached a shooting-box belonging to one of the assistant game-rangers. Probably it would be difficult to imagine a more lonely life than that led by these men ; yet, generally speaking, they seem to like it, and find ample compensations for the things they miss. Perhaps they are right. As a naturalist I can enter into their

WILD LIFE ACROSS THE WORLD

feelings most thoroughly. Our host of this occasion told me that only an hour before he had come on a troop of fourteen wild dogs pulling down a spotted deer in a shallow part of the river. He had fired at them until his rifle was almost too hot to hold, and had had the satisfaction of finding four dead. It reminded me of a story one of the Rhodesian transport riders had told me concerning the ways of wild dogs. From the wagon he and his brother had seen some thirty wild dogs in pursuit of a reed-buck. They had been unable to save the animal, but being good shots each cartridge they used meant one dog put out of action. A dozen dogs were tearing at the carcass of the buck, and then without a moment's hesitation the rest began to devour the carcasses of their dead companions. "Dog doesn't eat dog," the old proverb declares, but obviously when wild dogs are concerned the saying does not hold good.

The jungle was alive with butterflies, and I succeeded in getting some very good studies; but I was out after more important and more dangerous game—bison, tiger and elephant. The only way to make sure of these was to spend the night—or as many nights as were necessary—in a tree beside a water-hole. Unfortunately, India is not like Africa. In the latter continent water-holes are rare. A single pool serves a large area, and every animal for miles round has to drink at it. But in this particular stretch of Indian

AFRICA AND INDIA COMPARED

jungle there were plenty of drinking-places, far too many for my purpose. I had platforms rigged up on trees, and spent uncomfortable nights on them waiting for my "sitters" to come along, as keenly as—perhaps even more keenly than—does the sportsman with his rifle.

It is curious to compare the methods of the sportsman tiger-shooting in India with those of the lion hunter in Africa. The one operates from the comparative safety of a howdah on the back of an elephant, or from a platform at a safe height in a tree; whereas the other approaches his quarry in the open and on foot. At first sight the nimrod of India might be considered a coward in comparison with his fellow-sportsman, but this is really not the case. The character of the country and the widely-different habits of the animals have to be taken into consideration, and when this is done a little reflection will show that both methods have been evolved from long experience, each being best suited for its own locality. It has to be remembered that the lion in Africa does not as a rule enjoy the amount of cover that the tiger does in the Indian jungle.

During those nights I spent in the trees I wondered if the home-staying man, who turns in prosaically at the respectable hour of 11.0 p.m., and gets up in time to shave and eat an indigestible breakfast before the eight-forty train to London Bridge, ever conceives what a night in a tree means?

WILD LIFE ACROSS THE WORLD

I succeeded in getting some flash-light photographs of elephants and squirrels, a truly strange combination ; but, curiously enough, I had no adventures of any sort, save on one occasion when a herd of elephants took fright at a thunder-storm and stampeded through the jungle, knocking down the trees in their terror. For a few moments my heart was in my mouth ; but my luck held good, and my particular tree was not touched. Still, it was a narrow shave.

One evening when, as usual, I had clambered into my perch in the tree, fixed a rope round my chest and made it fast, so that if I went to sleep I should not tumble out, I seemed to see half the dwellers in the jungle during the short space between sunset and dark. The assistant game-ranger had not left me ten minutes when a beautiful spotted deer came along, jumping as though he were on india-rubber pads. For a moment he stood still, head in air, looking up-wind ; then, like a flash, he was gone. A few seconds later I understood the reason, for slinking through the undergrowth, but some fifteen yards from me, was a large tiger in splendid condition. Unfortunately, I did not secure a photograph of the brute. Immediately afterwards some extraordinary bird—the leaves prevented me from seeing him clearly, but I could make out his black and white plumage and his long tail—came to entertain me with a song. It was really like an imitation of an organ, the vocalist having a

MY OLD ELEPHANT

wonderful range of notes. Then, as darkness fell, the baboons began to talk. Those who have spent nights on the veldt or in the jungle will understand. Everything, even the grass itself, appears to have acquired the power of speech. Monkeys howl and chatter; wild animals—badgers, rats, and the like—grunt and root around, quarrel amongst themselves, and then, as often as not, bolt away crying with terror, as they get the wind of some enemy.

During my stay in that jungle I grew very fond of my old elephant, which had been caught in the presence of our present King on the occasion of his first visit to India. It was a never-ending pleasure to watch her at work, to note her perfect obedience to her driver, her almost human understanding of every order given her, the care with which she broke down branches which might have swept us off her back. I seldom came across another animal to which I became so greatly attached. In the morning she used to stroll round the camp looking for delicacies, and I made a rule of always having something ready for her.

One morning we made an early start, being away soon after six o'clock. We had not gone far when we heard a crash in the jungle ahead. I clambered down from the elephant so as to be ready, whilst one of the trackers cautiously made his way ahead. In a few minutes he was back with the intelligence that a couple

of bull elephants were feeding a little way off. I decided to go and see for myself; so, following the native closely, I came to a small open space, where two huge tusked elephants were very busy over their breakfast. Though not actually scared, they were distinctly on the alert. Obviously they had heard or smelt something unusual, for they would suddenly stop pulling down the branches and stand perfectly still, listening, or would hold out their trunks as if to catch any scent.

One look sufficed to tell me that the light was not nearly good enough for the purpose of a photograph, so I quietly crept back. It would have been far from pleasant to have been caught in that place, as there were only bamboos that I could have climbed, and the great animals would quickly have had me down. The native carriers suggested that I should get up a convenient tree with my camera, and that then they themselves would go back and disturb the elephants; then in all probability the animals would chase them past my hiding-place, and I should secure some pictures. Though I admired their pluck immensely—the proposal was made in the most matter-of-fact way—I did not feel justified in letting them run so great a risk, as a stumble or a false step meant certain death. The only thing to do was to mount my elephant again, and trust to luck for an opportunity to take a picture. The elephant was told to go quietly forward, and so perfectly did she understand, that she managed to

A HERD OF ELEPHANTS

get within some fifty or sixty yards without disturbing her wild relatives. But the latter were still keenly alert, and it would have been certain death to try and get near enough to use the moving picture machine. The mere turning of the handle would have brought them charging down on us. We decided, most reluctantly, to leave the two bulls alone, and continued on our course until lunch-time, when we halted in a rocky river-bed. There we found fresh spoor of a herd of at least fifty elephant. They must have passed but a very little while before. There were trees covered with the still wet mud which the animals had scraped off themselves. A little farther on we could see where they had been playing about, tearing down great branches in sport, and churning up the soaking ground underfoot. But luck was against us that day, and I returned at last to camp without a single elephant negative.

On another occasion I suggested getting our tame elephant right in amongst a herd of wild ones which we had located, but my companion, the game-ranger, shook his head. He would not be in that act, he declared. Only a month before a Government elephant had got amongst the jungle elephants and had been promptly charged and killed.

So far as general photographs of jungle life were concerned the trip was a success. I secured numbers of most interesting pictures, but at the end of twenty days of increasing endeavour I seemed as far as ever

WILD LIFE ACROSS THE WORLD

from accomplishing my main object, the photographing of a tiger. I was greatly disappointed, but as there was apparently little use in remaining there, I made up my mind to return to civilisation. Then, as so often happens, we began to find traces of the beast which we had been seeking in vain. In a river-bed was the carcass of a freshly-killed young bison, with pug-marks of a tiger and a half-grown tiger-cub around it. A little later on, but some four hundred yards from a village, we again saw tiger spoor, and found the place where the great cat had seized a bullock by the nose and had dragged him, sliding along on all fours, for about twelve yards. The pug-marks were wonderfully clear, and there was not the slightest difficulty in following them up to the entrance of a kind of tunnel leading into the dense jungle, up which the bullock's carcass had been drawn.

Scrambling down from the elephant, I drew my revolver, and then began to crawl on hands and knees up that tunnel. It was a nerve-racking undertaking, one from which a more experienced Indian hunter would probably have shrunk ; but I had had so many disappointments over tigers that I could not let this chance slip. The light was very dim, and all the time I had the uncomfortable knowledge that the tiger would be able to see me very clearly long before I made him out.

I had gone about fifteen or twenty yards, and was

DISTURBING A TIGER

already streaming with perspiration, when I saw something big and dark lying in front of me. I had my revolver ready, and paused waiting for a charge; then, to my intense relief, I found that the object was merely the remains of the dead bullock. I was certain now that the tiger could not be far off, as he was not likely to have abandoned so much freshly-killed meat, so I crawled back into the open again to the game-ranger, who had not expected to see me return alive.

We quickly arranged a plan of campaign. The game-ranger and his men went round to cut off the animal's retreat from the jungle. They were to stretch nets to keep him from breaking through in the wrong direction and, as soon as I was ready, endeavour to try and drive him back towards me.

I cleared away the undergrowth close by the dead bullock, literally cutting the tunnel in two, arranged a screen of leaves, set up my camera, gave the signal for the beaters to start, and awaited events. Soon I knew the tiger was coming. Moreover, it was evident that he was in a furious rage at having been disturbed. Just as he got near me he gave one of those terrible coughs which the Indian hunter knows so well, the real danger-sign. I was turning the handle then, and in my moving pictures the brute can be seen looking at the lens and quivering with fury. Growling at me, or rather at the spot where

WILD LIFE ACROSS THE WORLD

I was, for, fortunately, he could not see me, he passed right in front of the camera, then dived into the jungle on the other side.

The game-ranger came up a moment later dripping with perspiration, and declaring that he would not go through the same thing again for a thousand pounds. Still, of course, I had secured some absolutely unique photographs, and no one had got hurt over the task. We were just discussing our next move with three native spearmen, when the tiger joined in by giving vent to a most appalling cough, one of the most dreadful sounds I have ever heard emitted by an animal. A couple of seconds later all five of us were shinning up trees like monkeys. Personally, I managed to take several good-sized pieces of skin off my legs in the process, but at the moment this did not seem an important matter. I had got out of reach of the enemy.

We stayed up our trees for some little time, then, as the tiger seemed to have changed his mind, we descended to the ground, and started back towards the place where we had left our elephant. For my part I was well satisfied. The chance with a tiger had come, after all; and though, now that it was all over, I had a shaky feeling due to the consciousness of having taken a rather foolhardy risk, I had come out of it unscathed, and with my negatives.

But the natives were far from pleased. They were

THE NATIVES' DISGUST

not in the least degree interested in photographs, whilst they had an hereditary hatred of the tiger. I shall never forget the disgust with which they regarded the camera. They had expected it to rain leaden bullets into the enemy, and lo! it appeared to have done nothing. Yet I had closed it up again, and was obviously satisfied with the result of my foolishness. Their opinion of me had gone down to zero. I had risked my life out of mere childish curiosity, they decided.

That tiger had got to be killed, and as my machine was no good, they were going to do the job with their spears. The prospect did not appeal to me. I wanted to be out of it. In other parts of the world I had seen a good deal of spearing work, and I knew something of the dangers; but it had all been child's play to what this might turn out to be. A lion in open country is bad enough, but this tiger was far bigger, stronger and fiercer than any lion. We reckoned he must be at least eleven feet long, and neither the game-ranger nor myself remembered ever having seen such a terrible-looking brute before. But it was useless to protest. They had made up their minds.

The beaters went round to the back of the tiger's lair to drive him towards the fifteen spearmen who had volunteered to face him. But when he came in sight, horrible, bursting with wrath, there were only three spearmen left. The others had changed their

WILD LIFE ACROSS THE WORLD

minds. I shall never forget the scene. Those three stood their ground manfully, on guard, whilst in front of them was the huge animal, coughing savagely, ready to spring, only three yards away. Then suddenly the strain became too great for two of the men. They turned and fled, leaving the third man alone.

For a moment he stood his ground, then he too decided to bolt; but he was too late. As he turned the tiger sprang and knocked him senseless. The game-ranger fired, and missed; then, seeing the tiger actually over the victim, he would not fire again, because had he merely wounded the brute it would at once have killed the man. With a growl—of triumph I suppose—the animal put his head down to take the victim's head in his mouth. At that moment I shouted at the top of my voice. My cry saved the native's life. The beast looked up quickly, gave another terrible cough, gazed at me fixedly for a few seconds which seemed like hours, then suddenly jumped sideways into the jungle.

This incident reminds me of a somewhat similar occurrence which happened when we were out after elephants. On that occasion my trackers tried to take a short cut through the jungle, which unfortunately took them right in amongst the elephants. Immediately the latter turned on them and forced them to take refuge in trees. Not knowing what delayed them, I spent a very anxious night hoping for their return.

STUDIES OF BUTTERFLIES

At the first streak of dawn I was out. I found the place where I had last seen them, tracked them a little way, and then, to my great relief, found them just climbing down from amongst the branches. The elephants had kept round them all night, they explained, and had only left about ten minutes before.

During this jungle trip I succeeded in getting some very interesting studies of butterflies. One thing on which I had set my heart was to secure some moving pictures of caterpillars going into the chrysalis stage. It sounds a fairly simple matter, yet it was five years before I accomplished my object. One case was particularly disappointing. In Ceylon I got hold of a caterpillar of the Atlas moth and watched him with the greatest care, yet in the end he beat me. However, I determined to have him as he was coming out again, and with that object in view sat up every night for a week with my camera and the magnesium ribbon ready. And then, after all my trouble, I discovered that the ants had got at the cocoon, and the insect was dead.

CHAPTER IX

Canada

It was whilst I was in New York, during the summer of 1912, that I met Mr. George Pratt, a member of the well-known Camp Fire Club. He was greatly interested in my work, and suggested that I should go up to his place in Canada, where he was certain that I should be able to secure some pictures of moose.

I accepted the invitation gladly. My route lay through Montreal, Quebec, and Newcastle. From the latter place it was a matter of going a hundred and thirty miles on horseback, which also meant getting a very good idea of that part of the Dominion. The country was full of fine timber, with numerous rivers and beautiful lakes. Formerly it was one of the great hunting-grounds of the Red Indian, who found game there in abundance. But, alas! to-day both the game and the Red Indian have disappeared before the advance of civilisation.

The Red Indian had to go, of course. He belongs to one of those races which cannot thrive side by side with the white man. No amount of legislation or care would have preserved him for long. Really, he was

THE DESTRUCTION OF WILD LIFE

out of date, doomed when the first settler began to build his log hut. But the game was different. Much of that could have been preserved. To allow it to be destroyed was, to put the matter on the very lowest ground, a scandalous waste of national wealth. Properly preserved, the beavers alone would have ranked amongst Canada's greatest assets; but they and a host of other species were practically wiped out, thoughtlessly, heedlessly, with no one to raise a voice in protest until it was almost too late. The buffalo, which used to roam the plains in tens of thousands, is now almost extinct, without anyone being richer for the fact.

I wonder how many wild animals I should have seen had I taken that same trip fifty years ago? The number of them would in all probability have run into thousands.

As it was, I saw ten or twelve moose only, and many, many dams where in former days the poor little beaver had worked so hard and so patiently to build his home, and had been rewarded by having the poacher mark him down and wipe him and his whole family out. There is something very tragic about those old dams. Personally, I should adopt more drastic methods had I the pleasure of being allowed to deal with the poachers.

My principal object in Canada was to get some moving pictures of moose, and I put in a good many

WILD LIFE ACROSS THE WORLD

days over my quest. The very first evening after my arrival at Mr. Pratt's place he and I saw one feeding out in the lake. Getting into a light canoe, we endeavoured to creep within range of it—photographic range, of course. The proper method is to work down with the sun behind you and paddle rapidly whilst the animal is under water; he, of course, being web-footed, can stand on the mud and actually walk on the bottom of the lake.

He will remain down for something like half a minute, then come to the surface with the water streaming off his great head. Whilst he chews the food he has gathered in his mouth he will gaze at you steadily, then, as though having decided that after all you are of no interest, he will sink out of sight again. I was fortunate enough to get several pictures of moose feeding in this way, also of them plunging towards the bank when they had discovered that the canoe contained a possible enemy. Unfortunately, on each occasion there was a fairly stiff breeze blowing, a fact which made photography difficult, and the pictures were not so steady as I could have wished them to be.

On one occasion I got quite close to a moose, too close really, as events proved. He was standing on a bank fifteen feet above the water, just at the edge of the timber. Mr. Pratt had a little too much way on the boat, and as a result I found myself almost



A Moose in a Canadian Lake.

Facing page 280.



A SPOILT FILM

under the bank, practically out of sight of the animals, but I thought that by standing up in the canoe I should be able to get my picture. In my eagerness I had forgotten that, at the best of times, a canoe is not a very stable craft.

When I came to develop the film I found a few feet with the moose on it quite good; then followed a panorama of the forest, followed by a blank. The end was darkness. The explanation was that for the first few seconds everything had been right, but afterwards I had lost my balance and had landed in the lake with a mighty splash. Still, I had not lost my head, but had retained my grip on the apparatus, and had scrambled back into the canoe with it. Probably the moose was puzzled by all this and bolted.

Once I managed to get some fairly good pictures of a moose feeding. At first she was not in the least timid, but apparently desired to see who and what I was, for she swam towards me. Then suddenly she must have decided that I was an enemy, for she turned quickly and made towards the shore. When she had swum some fifty yards her calf, which had remained quietly on the bank, got up and stretched itself, looked round, and seeing its mother in the water and our boat in the distance took alarm. A moment later it had plunged into the water, taking a short cut to rejoin its parent. But the latter was now too greatly scared to wait. She took no notice of her offspring,

WILD LIFE ACROSS THE WORLD

but made straight for the shore, landed, and without a single backward glance at the calf, bolted into the forest. This incident surprised me greatly, for as a rule animals are devoted to their young. Perhaps their natures vary as widely as do those of human beings.

Altogether I spent some twelve days at Mr. Pratt's place, tramping, waiting and watching for chances of taking photographs of moose and beaver. I carried the canoe from lake to lake on my back, and he took the food. One incident I shall never forget. I ought to know something about mosquitos, but in all my experience Canada is the only place where I have had to eat my dinner over the smoke of the camp-fire. There were millions of the insects. If they had been African mosquitos we should have had a dose of fever each, and probably have been finished in twenty-four hours.

So far as beaver were concerned, I put in three solid days without securing a single picture, a good example of the patience necessary in the case of the nature-photographer. I do not know whether the beaver got my wind, or whether some instinct told them that I was about; but I never saw them at work. I tried all sorts of means to induce them to show themselves. I opened their dam over-night and at dawn found it timbered up again, repaired with almost human skill.

I have had dealings with a great variety of animals,

THE INTELLIGENT BEAVER

and think I can say without boasting that I possess as wide a practical knowledge of their ways as any man living, and I look up to the beaver as the most wise and energetic of them all. He makes no mistakes. When he cuts down a tree he arranges for it to fall precisely in the right place, so as to form part of his dam. You may call it what you will—instinct, experience, intelligence—yet you cannot get away from the fact that he succeeds where the vast majority of men would utterly fail. The woodman would bring the tree down within a few feet of where he wanted it, and drag or lever it into position afterwards; the beaver, not having the strength to move it once it has fallen, makes sure that no moving is necessary. And we have allowed the poor animals to be slaughtered in thousands!

A reserve dam is always constructed below the main dam, which is sometimes nearly six feet in height. The reserve dam, usually about a foot high, provides an intermediate step for the water. Otherwise the rush might be too great, the main dam would probably be undermined, and the whole thing washed away.

I wholesomely detest the poacher. I suppose, however, that, like a good many other people whom I do not admire, he imagines he has a right to live. Alas! in some parts of the world material success is a greater thing than sentiment. Our own system, based on the theory that there are certain "things a

WILD LIFE ACROSS THE WORLD

fellow can't do," is not regarded very highly outside the British Isles. And yet it remains an article of faith with me. Therefore my personal attitude towards the poacher of beavers is a simple one. I detest him and all his ways. They are not like those of a savage who attacks a lion in the open, but like those of a mean, skulking coward. He breaks down the poor beaver's dam and sets his abominable trap in the gap, so that when the little fellow comes along to repair the damage he is caught, pulled under the water, and drowned.

Could anything be more hateful and despicable? It is the low cunning of man pitted against the patient industry of an animal anxious to preserve its home and all that it loves.

If you approach a beavers' dam ever so cautiously you will find, as I have done, that he is essentially a wary and suspicious little chap. The moment he is alarmed he warns the whole colony. You hear a noise which suggests that a man has fallen from a height, flat on his back, into the water. Really it is the beaver who has spotted you, and is beating the water with his tail. Once he has done this your chances of getting a view of him or of his fellow-villagers that evening are not worth considering. They may see you, but most assuredly you will not see them.

I have taken photographs of beavers' dams some nine thousand feet above sea-level. The statement

BEAVERS AT A HIGH ALTITUDE

may sound astonishing, but none the less it is true. To this day I have found no one who could explain to me how the animals managed to climb up so far and make their homes under the conditions prevailing there. The fact surprised me greatly, and had I not seen the dams with my own eyes I might have doubted their existence at such an elevation.

So far as bird-life was concerned this particular Canadian trip was not a great success. Really, the only thing of any interest I saw was when I watched a pair of loons making a tremendous fuss over their two young ones.

My return journey from Mr. Pratt's place does not rank amongst my pleasant memories. Until I started for Newcastle everything had been most enjoyable, even though I had not got all the photographs I had hoped to secure; but I set out in the rain, with a hundred-and-twenty-mile trip on horseback before me, and the rain never ceased. It was still pouring when I dismounted at Newcastle Station.

From this place I returned via Montreal to New York, intending, if possible, to take some pictures of wild life in the United States.

CHAPTER X

The American Rockies

I

On my return to New York, after my trip to Canada in search of moose and beaver, my friend Dr. Overton suggested that, if I could spare the time, I should go with him to see the ospreys on Gardeners' Island. The latter place, it appeared, was a small island off Long Island, and had a kind of local fame as being the spot on which the first settlers landed. I was told that there was a museum there, a house and its furniture, preserved just as it had been in the early days, and that one could see specimens of the garments worn by the long-dead founders of New York.

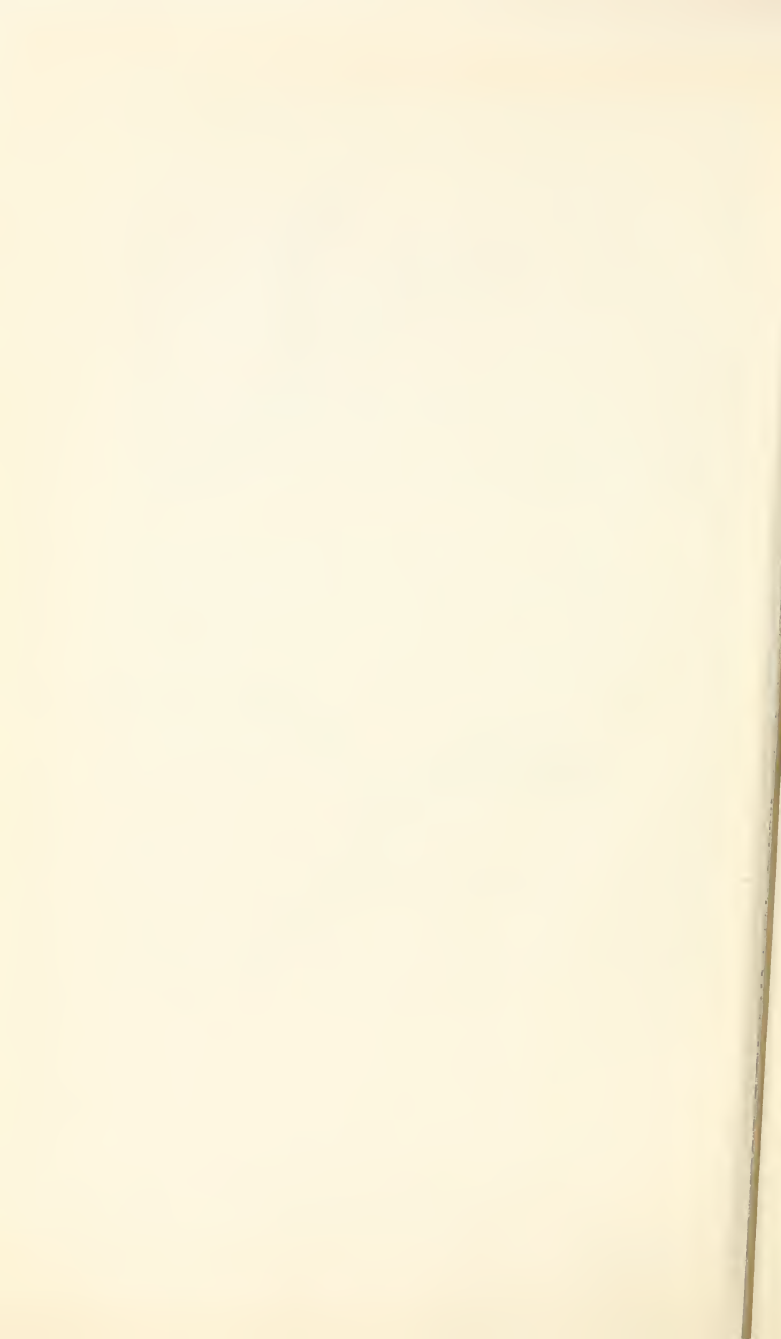
This sounded fairly promising, but the prospect of seeing ospreys at their nests was far more alluring to an Englishman, who could see any number of infinitely more precious relics of the past at home, but, alas ! could not study this interesting bird in the British Isles where it has now ceased to breed.

After I had been shown the relics of the pioneers we started for the haunt of the ospreys. The nests were dotted along the shore for about a mile and a



Ospreys Alighting.

Facing page 286.



THE OSPREYS' NESTS

half, usually with a hundred yards or so of space between them.

They were composed almost entirely of rough sticks and weeds, and stood four to five feet high. In the majority of cases we found young birds in them—two, three, and even four in a nest. Dr. Overton had had an umbrella-shaped hiding-place constructed for my use, and I spent half a day in this with my camera ready. I had no success. The birds, both the males and the females, would alight some twenty yards away and remain there watching my tent. Obviously, though they could not see me, they knew there was a man in it, and they would sooner leave their young without food for an hour or two than risk going to the nest whilst I was there.

Finding the first scheme was of no use, I moved down the shore to another nest, and had a kind of Red Indian wigwam constructed out of some planks which had been washed up on the beach. From one point of view the result was entirely satisfactory. The parent birds took no notice of the hiding-place, and kept on visiting their offspring. I ought to have secured some very interesting studies, but, unfortunately, the light was poor. It was a great disappointment to me. Still, I managed to learn something of the ways of the birds. They furnished rather a good example of protective colouring, for when the young noticed the Doctor moving about on the shore they immediately dropped

flat in the nest, where they harmonised so perfectly with the general tone of the material composing it that they became practically invisible. One of the prettiest sights imaginable was when they stood up again and, catching the breeze blowing in from the sea, opened their wings and danced up and down, allowing the wind to lift them several inches into the air. I managed to get a moving picture of this, and it affords an excellent illustration of how young birds learn to fly.

We spent the night in a little crib in the bow of our launch. Mosquitoes were very bad here. I had left my mosquito net behind, never thinking I should need it; but long before dawn I had conceived an immense admiration for the early settlers whose relics we had seen in the museum. They must have had a great deal of grit, or must have committed some very dreadful crime in their own country which prevented them from returning, or they would never have remained in that spot. I had a good many hours in which to think over the matter, for the wretched insects did not allow me a moment's sleep.

I waited eagerly for the dawn, thinking it would bring relief; but, to my intense disgust, found that the mosquitoes, having tasted us, apparently appreciated the flavour and wanted more. In order to get away from the troublesome insects I tried the other side of the island, but although I found a great many ospreys'



An Osprey bringing Fish to Eyrie.

Facing page 288.



TO YELLOWSTONE PARK

nests they were all in trees—and the mosquitoes proved as numerous as at the place I had just left. Whilst returning through some low scrub I came right on top of a couple of big snakes, which looked exactly like the deadly Black Mamba of Africa. I gave them a wide berth, but the Doctor assured me that, as a matter of fact, they were quite harmless. The ospreys' eyries on Gardener's Island numbered between seventy and eighty, and formed a sight to gladden the heart of any ornithologist.

That afternoon we returned to New York, and I developed my films, most of which proved to be valueless. So once more, with Dr. Overton as my guide, I went back to the island and put in a hard day's work with the camera. On this occasion, however, I knew better how to set about my task, with the result that I was just as successful as I had been unsuccessful before.

II

My next move from New York was nearly across the continent, to the famous Yellowstone Park, where, amidst the most wonderful natural surroundings, the Government has collected together specimens of almost all the wild animals of the Western States. The man who pitched on this valley as the National Park of the

WILD LIFE ACROSS THE WORLD

Republic deserves well of his fellow-countrymen. The Yellowstone Park compels the admiration of the world. It was the outcome of a splendid inspiration, and the idea has been carried out admirably. The presence of the United States Regular Troops is a sign that the individual may not lay his hands on at least one piece of national property.

The train arrived five hours late at Gardener Station, which is close to the main entrance of the Reserve. For the greater part of the way the journey had been tiresome, through comparatively flat and wholly uninteresting country. Only during the latter stages did the scenery become at all picturesque.

Five miles from the station, at Mammoth Hot Springs, is a most excellent hotel, which I reached by coach. Between the station and the hotel there is a rise of over a thousand feet, the road climbing upwards, with a raging torrent dashing down parallel with it for the greater part of the way. The scenery is magnificent, immense rocks towering above on all sides. The famous geysers of the Yellowstone Park have been described so often, and so much more thoroughly and eloquently than it is in my power to do, that I will not attempt the task. They have a wonderful fascination for the visitor, and a man could easily spend a week amongst them and still feel inclined to put in another there.

My principal concern was, however, with the

AN INCORRECT TELEGRAM

natural history aspect of the Park, a subject which sufficed to keep me fully occupied during my stay. Close to the hotel the Government has a few buffalo in a small enclosed pasture, so that the visitor who does not care to go far afield can gather some idea of the animal which a few decades ago used to roam the plains in hundreds and thousands. Both in Canada and the United States attempts are being made to preserve the handful of buffalo left, and, it is pleasant to relate, with encouraging success. Had a timely curb been put on the activities of certain so-called sportsmen the animal would never have come so near to extinction as it did a few years ago.

Whilst I was waiting at my hotel for my guide, tent, and other equipment to arrive I made a few strolls into the forest and saw several small herds of deer.

In accordance with instructions from Washington, I reported myself to the Superintendent of the Park, and found him, like all the officers of the Regular Army, a most courteous and kindly gentleman. The Superintendent explained to me that he had received a telegram from the State Department in Washington. It seemed to puzzle him a little, and amuse him. According to it I was coming to Yellowstone Park to "fake" natural history photographs. I hastened to point out that an "f" had been substituted for a "t."

Everyone connected with the Park, from the

WILD LIFE ACROSS THE WORLD

Colonel downwards, was most kind to me — the hospitality and courtesy of the American Army are things which one can never forget—and I received all the assistance possible. My kit having arrived, together with my guide, I started out late one afternoon. At first it was not very pleasant travelling. Our route lay along the main road, which was extremely dry, and we kept meeting coaches, with the result that we were literally choked with dust. The scenery was remarkably fine, with a rugged grandeur all its own. We passed through the Golden Gate, then climbed up to what seemed at first to be the top of the mountain, though when we reached our camping-ground there was still Electric Peak, the snow-clad summit of which is twelve thousand feet above sea-level, towering over us.

One dark night, whilst groping our way back to camp, my guide, Dick Randall, a former coach-driver, who had spent altogether over thirty years of his life in and around the Park and knew it well, besides being himself a great hunter and the owner of a neighbouring ranch, remarked casually that it would be as well to strike a match or two when we got near our tents. Naturally I inquired the reason, and was told, in the most matter-of-fact manner, that whilst we were away some of the local bears had very likely strolled down to investigate our camp, and that if we stumbled on them in the darkness we should be liable to get a

THE FIRST BEAR

playful pat which would put the recipient out of action for the remainder of the trip. Somehow, the idea did not seem cheering on a pitch-black night.

A glance at our horses, which were tethered near by, reassured us. They were quite quiet, a sure sign that up till then they had not got the wind of any bears ; so, after putting a bell on one of them, we turned them loose for the night—imagine doing a similar thing in Africa !—and prepared for bed ourselves.

But before we got into our blankets we took the precaution of carrying everything eatable into the tent. The rest of our gear we stowed in our little four-wheeled cart. For a while we lay smoking and exchanging hunting experiences, then said “ Good night,” and I for one went fast asleep. In less than an hour, however, I awoke with a start. For a moment I could not recall where I was, could not imagine what was happening. Tins seemed to be rattling everywhere outside. Dick Randall was awake too. “ It ’s a bear,” he growled ; then, as though it were a matter of slight importance, he banged the side of the tent with his fist and shouted to the intruder to make himself scarce. A shuffling of feet and more rattling of tins showed that the order was being obeyed. I wish one could deal with the prowlers of Africa in that simple manner. We were soon asleep again ; but in the morning, when I went to fetch water, I came right on Mr. Bear at a turn in the path. He stared at me

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reflectively for a moment, then waddled off. Evidently he was in no mind to do me any harm.

Whilst we were having breakfast a bird of about the size of a jay, and very similar to it, except that it was grey, flew down noiselessly and actually took a piece of bacon out of the frying-pan. Randall explained that it was a "Clarke's Camp-robber," named after Clarke, one of the early explorers. Curiously enough, the species is found nowhere else but in the Yellowstone Park. I tried hard to get some animated pictures of Camp-robbers, but had no success, they were too quick for me. It was just a matter of a rapid dive down from a branch, a snatch at whatever they coveted, and then they were gone in a flash. The weird part of it was that they made no audible sound either with their throats or their wings.

We were just preparing to pack up our gear, when one of the party from a camp where we had spent the previous evening came over to tell us that a she-bear and her cub were hanging round their "outfit." The opportunity seemed too good to be missed, so I hurried across with my camera. When I arrived at the other camp I could see no sign of the animals, so sat down on a log to wait, in case they should reappear. After about an hour my patience was rewarded. I heard a shuffling on the path and, looking round, saw a bear coming down, probably with the idea of searching for any refuse the tourists might have



Mother Bear and her Cub.

Facing page 294.



TROUBLESOME " SILVERTIP " BEARS

left. At the sight of me she changed her mind and stood watching. The reason for this, I discovered, was that the cub was following behind, and that had she gone on I should have been practically between her and her baby. Afterwards I found that it was a very good thing she did not go on, for she might have turned back and attacked me. As it was, she seemed to think I was far too inquisitive concerning the cub, and it was a distinct relief when Dick Randall joined me.

I had good reason to be grateful to the tourist who had given me the information about the bears. Altogether I got some three hundred feet of film of them, much of which was extremely interesting. The mother was decidedly suspicious of us, although she seemed to have no fear for herself, all her care being for her young. Every now and then, when she thought the latter was in danger from us, she would give him a slap, chase him up a tree, then turn round and face us, as much as to say, "Now come on—if you dare!"

After running off my film we went back to our own camp and hurried on our packing, as we were anxious to make up for the time we had spent over the bears. The route to the next camping-ground led us past one of the military posts, and on reporting myself there the officer in charge showed me two "silvertip" bears which had been shot the night before. They had recently become savage, and it was no longer prudent to let them be at large. Three more had just been

WILD LIFE ACROSS THE WORLD

trapped for a similar reason. I had a look at the captives, and most uncommonly sulky they were. Perhaps they were repenting the evil of their ways. I was told that the dead animals would be buried as they were, without being skinned, as the Government, most wisely, allows no trophy to be obtained in the Park, thus removing a strong temptation from the game-rangers, who might otherwise be inclined to allege that an animal whose hide they coveted had attacked them.

We passed numerous geysers and other fearsome holes full of boiling mud; in fact, the whole place was rumbling, spluttering and spouting. When Randall asked me what I thought of it all, I could only answer that it reminded me of Dante's description of the Inferno, with the souls of the damned mercifully left out, and with a clear sky overhead, robbing it of its horror and leaving its majesty. Within twenty yards of the road you will find holes fifteen or twenty feet across, out of which mud is continually being spouted, only to fall back again and once more be ejected. Another fifty yards farther on, perhaps, a column of water will suddenly rise high into the air, a veritable fountain, which plays for a couple of minutes and then subsides. In one place the whole ground seems to be throwing out great volumes of steam, the roadway itself being enveloped in it. All the trees have been killed by the heat and the gases, and naturally there is neither bush nor grass, a dreary,

YELLOWSTONE PARK WATER

awe-inspiring scene. However, we passed out of the worst region and reached the Lower Biscuit Basin, where we pitched our camp on the bank of the river. Even here for a space of about a hundred yards on the opposite bank dense columns of steam were rising and hot water was running into the main stream.

By the side of our tent was a little hot-water hole, about a foot across. To get boiling water all you had to do was to dip your bowl into it. A kettle and a fire, the first necessities of an ordinary camp, seemed to be superfluous here. I soon discovered, however, that the chemicals in Yellowstone Park water turned everything red. When I attempted the development of some negatives I discovered that even the emulsion went red, and I had to cease my activities.

The following morning we went on to the Main Basin, where, in addition to the world-famous geyser "Old Faithful," are the "Giant," the "Beehive," the "Riverside," the "Grotto," and a host of minor ones. All those geysers "play" at regular times, the interval between their performances ranging from a mere ten minutes to fourteen days. Although "Old Faithful" Hotel, close by, is famous for the bears which haunt the bush round it, curiously enough I never saw a single animal during my sojourn there.

So far as animal studies were concerned, my stay amongst the geysers was barren of results. I saw a few geese one day and succeeded in taking a short

WILD LIFE ACROSS THE WORLD

film of a woodchuck. During the greater part of our stay rain was falling in torrents, and there were several severe thunder-storms. On the whole, I was glad when I was able to start on the next stage of my tour, which was to the Yellowstone Lake. On our way thither we had a very narrow escape. We had turned off the road, about half a mile, to look at the Lonestar geyser, which plays for some ten minutes every four hours, and were just turning back, when a large bear ran right across our path, giving the horses a very bad fright. Fortunately, however, we managed to get them in hand again before any serious damage was done.

I was glad to find that our route took us over the Continental Divide. Here, right on the very crest of the range is a small pool of water fed by a spring. Strangely enough, it has two outlets, one flowing westwards, and ultimately reaching the Pacific Ocean, the other eastwards, finding its way into the Atlantic.

All that day rain fell in torrents, and at last we decided to camp for the night. The conditions were not exactly cheerful. We were drenched to the skin, and, to make matters worse, the air was bitterly cold. In the morning the rain was still pouring down, so I put in my time developing some snapshots, only to find that I could not get them dry. It was late when we made a start, and night was already falling as we reached the lake shore, so we did not push on to the

SHY PELICANS

hotel, which was a couple of miles away, but made a camp of our own. To my relief the morning was fine, so I turned at once to see if I could get pictures of some of the pelican I had noticed down by the water-side. On my way I had to cross the wooden bridge spanning the outlet of the lake. On this several people were fishing. Apparently they were enjoying extremely good sport; in fact, you could actually see numbers of large fish waiting to be caught. Unfortunately, very few of those taken proved to be fit to eat, on account of the fact that they were infested by parasites.

I tried my utmost to get within range of the pelicans, but found that they were very shy, which surprised me, as of course they are never interfered with by mankind. At the hotel, where I now went, I was told that every day some twelve bears were certain to come down and investigate the refuse heap, which was about four hundred yards from the building. This sounded most promising, but the animals did not seem to fancy the camera. At any rate, their attitude was very far from being friendly, and in the end I had to beat a retreat, having used only a few feet of film.

Leaving the surly scavengers to the enjoyment of their dust-bin meal, I went deeper into the wood, sat down on a fallen tree-trunk, and waited. Before long a bear came wandering round, and I got a very nice study of him. A little later a she-bear arrived

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with her cub. Apparently she did not like the look of the first-comer, for she gave her offspring a slap, sending it clambering at lightning speed up a tree, then made a dive at the amiable one I had photographed. He did not wait to find out the nature of her grievance against himself, but shuffled off at top speed.

It seemed then as if my turn was coming. She looked at me as though saying, "Now I'm going to make you run." But I had already seen enough of her ladyship's methods, so beat a retreat, more hurriedly than gracefully I fear.

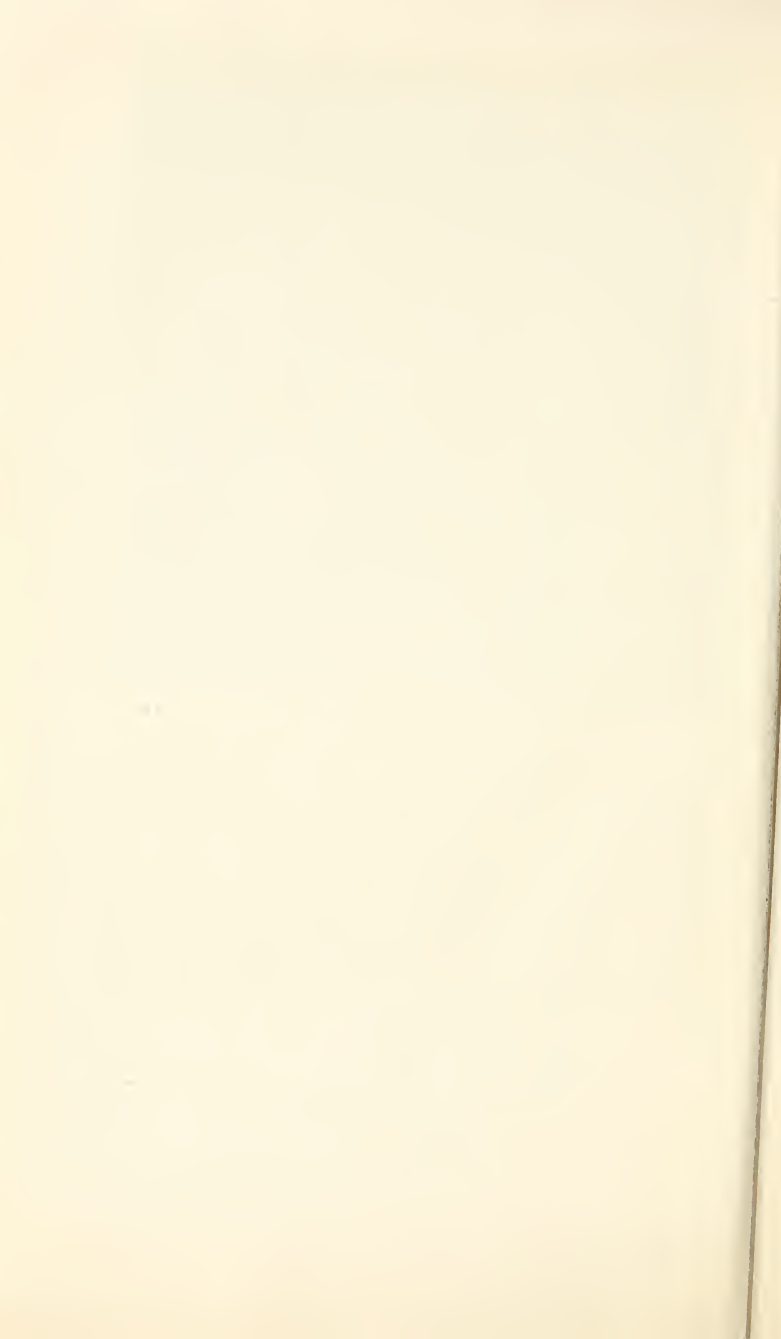
On another occasion I had my camera ready, and was waiting for something to come along. The first arrival was a large bear. Evidently I puzzled him, for I was sitting on a log holding the camera in front of my face. Anyway, he was more inquisitive than I liked, and came much too close to be pleasant, so I jumped up and gave vent to a great shout. The bear sprang back, grunting in alarm, and a moment later both of us were bolting in opposite directions.

That same evening Dick Randall, the guide, informed me that we might find ourselves in for some trouble. A very big bear had taken up his quarters in the neighbourhood, and had recently become very cheeky, causing a good deal of alarm and annoyance amongst the camping parties. No one is allowed to take fire-arms of any kind into the Park, and



Portrait of a Bear.

Facing page 300.



A FORAGING BEAR

consequently a bear of this temperament had rather a good time, a better time than the tourists, especially if the latter happened to be at all timid.

It was not long before I found that Dick's information was correct. We made all our own gear as secure as possible, then turned in and went to sleep. Soon, however, we awoke with unpleasant suddenness. From a tent about a hundred yards away across the road a man was shouting frenziedly. At first I thought the big bear must actually have seized him; but when we ran up we found that nothing half so romantic or tragic had occurred. True, the animal had pushed his way almost into the tent, but a seven-pound tin of lard had served to distract his attention, and he had walked off quietly with that. In the morning we found the tin perfectly empty and beautifully clean.

A motor-launch runs on the Yellowstone Lake, and as it was making a trip across to the eastern shore I decided to go with it. Our party consisted of three. On the Pelican Island I saw a number of the birds, but unfortunately the young were almost ready to fly, and took to the water at the first alarm. Still, I obtained a picture of them swimming in the lake. A little farther on I saw some moose, but they were a long way off, and made for cover as soon as they noticed the launch. I also had a glimpse of some elk in the distance.

WILD LIFE ACROSS THE WORLD

At once I got the skipper of the launch to put me ashore with my camera, and proceeded to look out for a hiding-place, hoping, of course, that the elk would come within range. Luck, however, seemed to be against me. First, in crossing a small stream, I managed to slip and landed in the middle, getting almost up to my armpits in water; then, when I had found what appeared to be good cover, all the elk cleared off in the opposite direction. They may have got my wind, or more likely the sight of the launch out on the lake frightened them. Anyway, they never came back, and all I could do was to rejoin the launch, feeling much disappointed. It was bitterly cold, the mountains round the lake being covered with snow; consequently, in my wet clothes I had anything but a pleasant time. As soon as I had got back to camp and had had something to eat, I decided that the best place for me was between the blankets. But I was fated not to have much rest after all.

It was those wretched bears again. They are all right in a book, on a film, dancing on the end of a long chain beside an Italian organ-grinder, or amusing children by swallowing indigestible buns in a Zoo; but they are far from pleasant when they claw your tent down upon you in the middle of the night with the object of stealing your provisions. They are pampered bears, those of the Yellowstone Park—insolent bears, overfed bears. Their cheek is overpowering. They

THE BEAR THAT CAME BACK

know that you have no fire-arms, and act with insolent presumption upon the knowledge.

The only way open to you is to shout at the bears or bang your fist against the side of the tent—both pretty futile procedures. The bear is used to it, but the tourist is not used to him; so the animal scores all the time.

All the bears but one went off that night—I suppose they knew of a richer camp. For a while the remaining tormentor lay low. Then he called attention to himself by a mighty rattling of tins. We started shouting—I wonder if he understood the things we said, the hopes we expressed concerning his fate here and hereafter? At any rate, I heard him shuffle off and felt quite pleased with myself. Even Balaam could not have done better in his particular line. I was thinking of setting up as an expert, and turned proudly to Dick Randall with the remark:

“He’s got something to be going on with this time. His ears must be burning properly.”

But I was a little too previous. I may have hurt the feelings of that bear by the things I said, but he soon forgave me. At least, I suppose he did so. At any rate, he was soon back to show there was no malice on his part; probably also to see what we had left about. We said more things, still unkind things, reflecting on his pedigree and his habits, but he took no heed of them. Perhaps he had heard them all before,

WILD LIFE ACROSS THE WORLD

from other tourists, or perhaps he was very hungry. Anyway, when he had made certain that we had left no stray food-stuffs outside he began to waddle round the tent and sniff at the canvas. Then, finding that of little avail, he started to scrape up the earth, choosing the very place where I was lying. He seemed to know that we had plenty of provisions in the tent, and was bent on sampling whatsoever he might discover.

I did not like that bear. I admit as much frankly. He was a pertinacious beast and wandered round and round our tent, sniffing first under one corner of the canvas and then under another. Once or twice we heard him making a critical examination of our buggy; so I decided to have a light. This seemed to disconcert him, for when we opened the flap of the tent—opened it with due caution, for there was the chance of a pat on the head, delivered in sledgehammer style—he was just shuffling off, toes turned inwards, in clumsy, frumpish style. We thought he had gone away empty-handed, but in the morning, some fifty or sixty yards from the camp, I found a pound tin of tobacco of mine. He had tried the taste. His teeth had gone into it as clean as a bullet would have done; but apparently he did not chew tobacco, so he had tossed it aside in disgust. The discovery lowered my opinion of him. Obviously he did not know when he was on a good thing. He was a crank

DICK RANDALL AND A BEAR

and a faddist. Through him, unjustly it may have been, the whole world of bears sank in my estimation. How can one admire creatures who do not appreciate good tobacco?

The following morning I decided to move. I was a little tired of bears, and had got few photographs of anything else at this spot. Still, before I left I did want to try my luck with the chipmunk. There were plenty of these little fellows round the hotel, most of them ridiculously tame. In the end I got a most delightful film showing a child feeding one of them, both the animal and the little girl being so intent on the business in hand that they did not appear to notice me.

After I had finished with the chipmunk, my guide, Dick Randall, said he reckoned he would go back to the camp and strike tent, so that we could set out for the Grand Canyon right away. He went—and as he reached the tent he found Mr. Bear coming out hugging our last ham. There was quite a lot of shouting and excitement, both the bear and Dick taking part in producing the noise. Dick very wisely jumped on the buggy in quest of the whip and lashed out with it, much to the disgust of the visitor, who dropped the ham and climbed a tree, from whence he hurled rude things at us in his own language.

We packed up our gear, including that rescued ham, and trekked out for the Grand Canyon. There

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was some fine scenery on the way, which led over a high mountain pass. At one turn in the road we came on a small lake with swampy ground round it, the home of thousands of wild fowl of many different species. Unfortunately, however, I could not get near enough to take any photographs of them.

At the Grand Canyon I secured some moving pictures of the famous waterfalls. There are two of these cascades, the Higher and the Lower. The water of the latter has a drop of some three hundred and ten feet, a truly wonderful sight.

There were a few birds at the top, and when you looked down into the Grand Canyon itself you could see ospreys and several other species nesting on the many pinnacles of rock.

The day following our visit to the Falls we started out to cross one of the highest points in the range.

The climb was a very stiff one. There was only one road, a comparatively new one, merely wide enough for a single light cart. On one side was a drop of several hundred feet, almost sheer. It was a really dangerous place. We had got through the worst part safely, and were congratulating ourselves on the fact, when we came within an ace of disaster. Two men with a pack-horse were coming towards us, and instead of giving way to our buggy, as is the rule of the road, held on. At that moment both their horse and ours espied some bears not far off, and became restive. For

A DISPUTE ON THE ROAD

a few moments it seemed as though the whole lot of us, men and animals alike, were going over the precipice ; but, fortunately, one of the strangers had the sense to drag his pack-horse out of the way just in time. His mate, seeing the danger was over, began to abuse my guide in insolent, bragging style, a sure sign that he did not know with whom he had to deal. His eyes were opened quickly, and the courage oozed out of him as rapidly as the air goes out of a punctured air ball. He found he was talking to the famous Westerner, Dick Randall ; and Dick reminded him, in a series of terse and vivid sentences, of the law of the road as set down for use in the Yellowstone Valley, one of the clauses of that same law being that the pack-horse has always to give way to the cart. I think that talkative person left us with the impression that he had escaped very lightly. I had the same impression myself. His folly had very nearly cost all of us our lives, and he had been in the wrong throughout. Still, it was a fine instance of the respect for order which runs throughout the National Park. Outside the Park, had Dick answered his abuse with a bullet, a Western jury, after hearing the evidence, would certainly have acquitted him. Out there they do not worry about preserving fools who endanger the lives of careful people.

After leaving the Grand Canyon we headed for Mount Washington, a magnificent peak, which rises over ten thousand feet above sea-level. In the afternoon

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we reached the neighbourhood of the Tower Falls, where the scenery is wonderful, even in this Valley of Wonders.

Looking down from an elevation of several hundred feet, we could see a number of huge pinnacles of black rock standing up like giant sentinels in the canyon below. For three-quarters of a mile we drove parallel to the river, a fresh marvel meeting our eyes at every turn of the road, then we reached our camping-ground, which rejoiced in the curious name of Yancey. Still, despite its name, Yancey has its good points. I did not see them myself, but Dick Randall assured me that in winter it is no uncommon thing to find twenty-five thousand elk in the neighbourhood.

At this place we suddenly fell in with a party of fifty mounted tourists. After crossing the Yellowstone River we all made a five hours' trek to another camp, which I was informed was within reach of the feeding-ground of the largest herd of buffalo on the continent. That evening, whilst strolling round, I came upon a beavers' dam again. I tried to get some pictures of these wonderful little fellows at work, but, as in Canada, I was once more doomed to disappointment. They did not come out until the light was too poor for photography.

In the morning we rode across the mountains to the spot where the buffalo were feeding. I discovered that the post of keeper is no sinecure there. One man

DANGEROUS BUFFALO

is always on the spot to make sure that the animals do not break away towards the plains where their ancestors used to roam. After a good deal of trouble I managed to secure some good pictures, but it was rather ticklish work. All the time I had to be protected by two mounted men, and be ready to take instant flight. The buffalo does not appreciate the honour of appearing in a moving picture, and is apt to make the photographer understand this.

I got what I hoped would prove to be some good films, then hurried back to attend to the beavers ; but the latter proved to be as shy as ever, and did not put in an appearance until the light had gone. In the morning we parted company with our friends the mounted tourists. They were going on to complete the regulation round, but I wanted to try my luck again with the buffalo. Dick Randall took me to some high ground above the river, whence we could make out the herd about three miles distant. We decided to work cautiously up-wind ; but on our way I saw some deer, and wasted a good deal of time and energy in stalking them. It ended in absolute failure. Even in Africa I have never come across such shy animals. From the photographer's point of view they were quite unapproachable. When we had seen the futility of our efforts in this direction—it is absurd to expect to succeed every time, especially where no one had ever succeeded before—we turned our attention to the

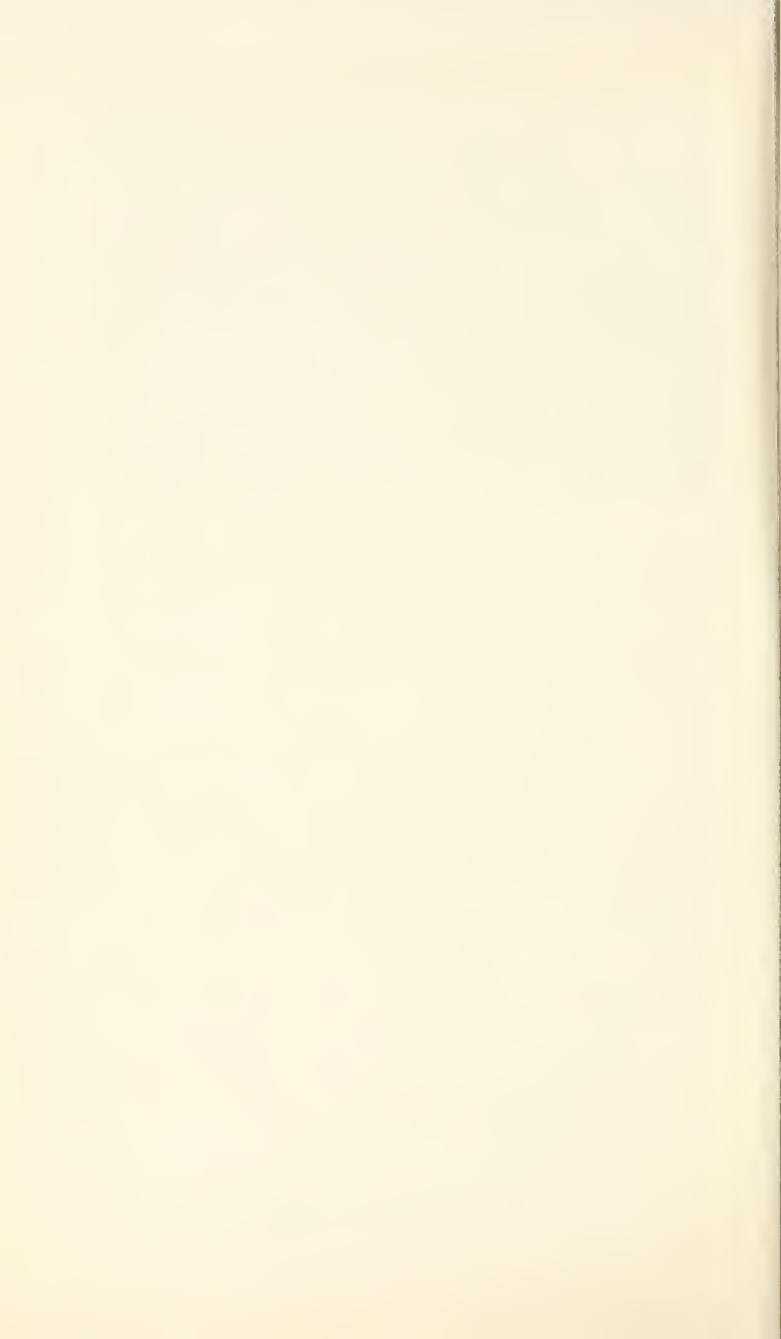
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buffalo again, and headed towards them across some hilly ground. We were thinking only of the main herd, and it was a most unpleasant surprise when we came face to face with a very surly old bull which had been turned out of the community by the others, probably on account of his nasty temper. Anyway, he was nasty to us. He resented our coming exceedingly, and tried to prove the fact to us with his horns. Fortunately, however, we had good horses under us, and soon left him behind. Still, he succeeded in driving us off our course and making us lose some of the precious moments of daylight.

When we did reach the herd we found the keeper on watch as usual, a wonderful example of a man who can do sound, patient, monotonous work for the sheer love of the thing. The herd was an obsession with him. It was in his charge, and he was going to justify the trust placed in him. A fine man in every sense of the word, physically and morally, one of those men who, having lived face to face with Nature, have learned some of her secrets. He was a man of one idea, perhaps, but that idea the finest of all—his Duty. He knew all about his buffalo, and he told us many things about them ; but he appeared to know all the other animals in that wonderful Park too ; and as he sat there on his horse, with one eye always on his charges, and talked to us, it seemed to me that it was quite a good thing, quite a big privilege, to meet a man of that stamp. He had had



A Herd of Buffalo in Yellowstone Park.



A HARD GALLOP

many narrow escapes. Only a few days before an old buffalo bull had objected to his presence, and had run him pretty hard, run him until his horse got into some soft ground and stuck fast. Fortunately, however, the buffalo had stuck too, with the result that the man had had time to dismount and climb a tree, where he was forced to remain for several hours. One interesting fact—it was a sad one also—was that the buffalo calves were usually delicate. During one year every calf had died. Lately the position has improved, and although it is still possible that restraint may prove fatal to the remaining handful of buffalo, the Government is doing all that is humanly possible to preserve the species from extinction. If in the end the efforts prove of no avail, no one will be to blame. I have heard travellers criticise many things in the United States, but only a fool could find fault with the management of the Yellowstone Park.

After lunching at the keeper's house we went up into the hills in quest of some elk of which he had told us. But somehow the buffalo seemed to haunt us. We had another adventure with a solitary old bull, which forced us to indulge in a second hard gallop. No sooner had we got rid of him than we blundered into another irate brute. At first we could not understand his tactics. He wanted to drive us off, yet he did not seem to know how to set about the job. Still, we knew our part in the game and rode off speedily. It

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was only when we came to describe him to our friend the keeper that we learned that he was blind.

Once more the elk turned out to be unsatisfactory. I secured a few feet of film of them at a distance, but it was quite impossible to get really close. Whilst we were trying to stalk them a terrific thunder-storm swept up, and we were only too glad to get back to the shelter of the camp. After we had changed into dry things Dick Randall said he would go out and catch some fish for supper. There was about half an hour of daylight left, and during that time he managed to secure a very fine trout ; but no sooner had he got back than another storm began, one which continued well on into the night. I have seen some amazing exhibitions of lightning in the tropics, lightning with the thunder to match it, and I have been drenched to the skin day after day by tropical rains ; but though the tropics have a just reputation for these unpleasant manifestations of Nature's energy, I think the storms of the Rocky Mountains run them pretty closely.

Our next move was back to Yancey, from which place we were to follow the Yellowstone River, with a view to reaching a hunting-box of Randall's. The latter was certain that we should come on mountain sheep and elk on our way. At that time my knowledge of mountain sheep was very slight. Somehow the name did not sound exciting, it reminded me too much of Welsh mutton ; but before forty-eight hours had passed

OUR GALLANT LITTLE HORSES

I had changed my mind completely. The mountain sheep is distinctly a beast to be respected. He lives in the most uncomfortable places it is possible to imagine, he is marvellously sure of foot, always on the alert for possible enemies, and there can be few horned animals more difficult to photograph.

Another creature with which we came in contact during this portion of the trip was the wolf. Whilst out in pursuit of buffalo I got pictures of some of these rather objectionable vermin; and during the trip to Randall's place, amongst the Hellroaring Mountains, I saw several more of them. I wanted to photograph them, but beyond that I had no wish to make their closer acquaintance.

After crossing the Yellowstone River we found ourselves faced with a climb of many thousands of feet, right into the mountains again. I do not know how I, for one, would have managed without the aid of our wonderful little horses. They were just splendid. It seems almost impossible for them to make a mistake; they cross the most dangerous-looking ground without a stumble and without a sign of fear. I shall always remember them, just as I shall always remember my dear old elephant in the jungle of Mysore.

As mentioned in the chapter on my Canadian experiences, I have found beaver at an elevation of eight to nine thousand feet above sea-level! This was in the Rockies. No one seemed able to explain

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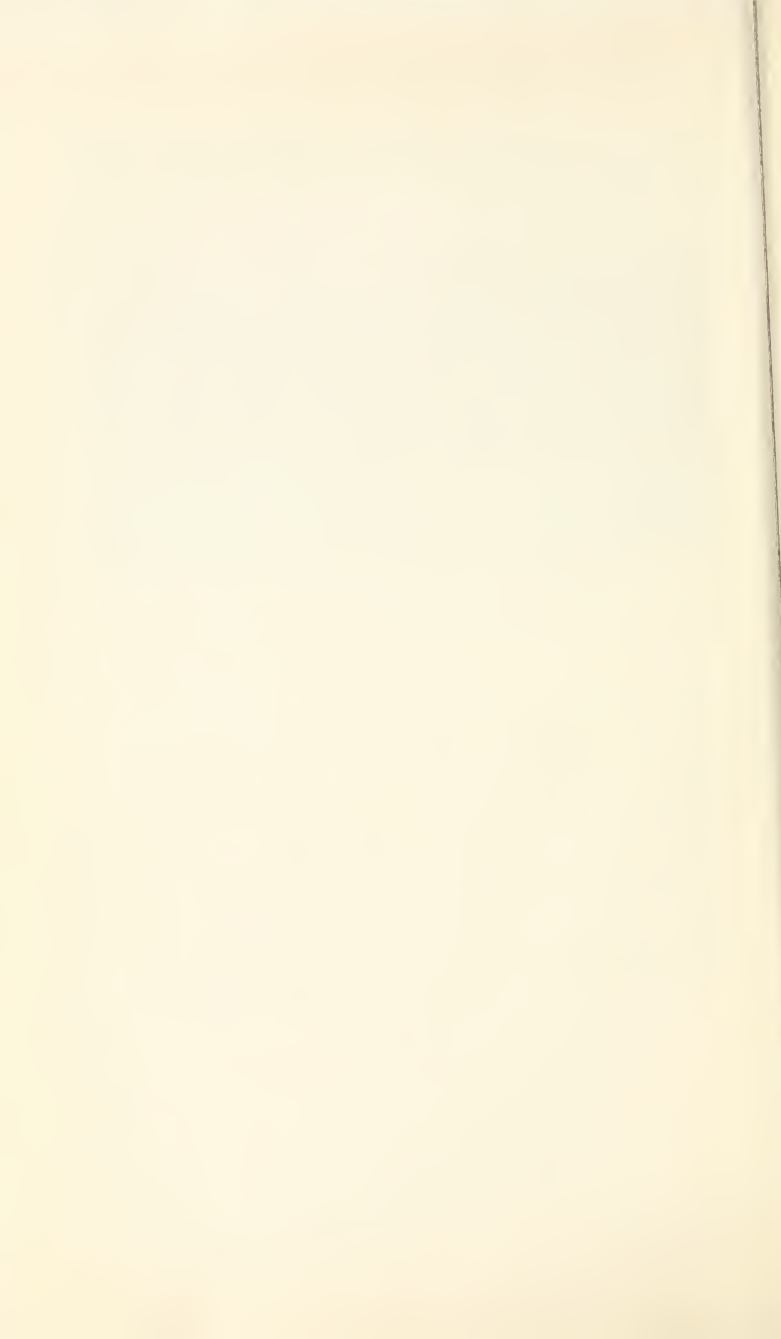
how they had got up there, though, apparently, their coming was comparatively recent. I suppose that instinct warned them to retreat before the advance of civilisation in the lower country. One wonders whether they will become acclimatised to the new conditions. Unfortunately, in most cases like this the race tends to become infertile, and eventually dies out completely. On their dams I saw numbers of wild duck. Bears, too, were plentiful as usual. Several times, when passing from one densely-wooded ravine to the next, we got into tight corners through running into she-bears with cubs. When you come to close quarters with an angry mother, who suddenly stands up on her hind feet with the obvious intention of teaching you not to intrude, there is a strong temptation to let the camera and everything else go, and ride off at top speed. It is wonderful how big and ugly a bear can look in such circumstances.

In the end, however, we arrived safely at Dick Randall's shooting-box, which, needless to say, is outside the Park. We camped there for the night, which gave me an opportunity of studying the ways of wolves. It came about in this way. My host had a fox-terrier, which made friends with me at once, and I was playing with him outside the house when a wolf, or coyote, gave vent to a most appalling howl. Immediately the dog—as plucky a little fellow as ever I saw—started off barking, with the manifest intention



The Author and his Horses in the Rockies.

Facing page 314.



THE BEAR IN WINTER

of tackling the enemy. Fortunately, however, his master was too quick for him. Dick knew too much of the ways of wolves to allow his little comrade to be wiped out in that way. He got the dog back into safety, then explained to me that, though the coyote's howl would lead one to suppose he was still some distance off, he was probably lurking about only a few yards away—in fact, he was practising a kind of ventriloquist's trick, in order to lure his victim on.

That night Dick told me some very interesting stories about bears. He said that at the beginning of October they gave up all meat eating and began to raid the little larders of the squirrels, which were composed of pine cones. These they ate and got fat on, as they contain a great quantity of oil. About the middle of October the bears go and scratch holes out underneath banks and curl up in them. When the snow falls it covers them until the spring thaw sets in. Then they shake themselves, and crawl forth to greet the spring by walking about fifty yards, and returning to the lair. This exercise is repeated for a fortnight, until their feet are hardened again, and they are ready to go out to face the world.

At sunrise the following morning my host pointed out some mountain sheep away in the distance, far above us. But I decided to leave them alone. I had had enough the previous day ; and, keen though I was on getting the first moving pictures of them, I realised

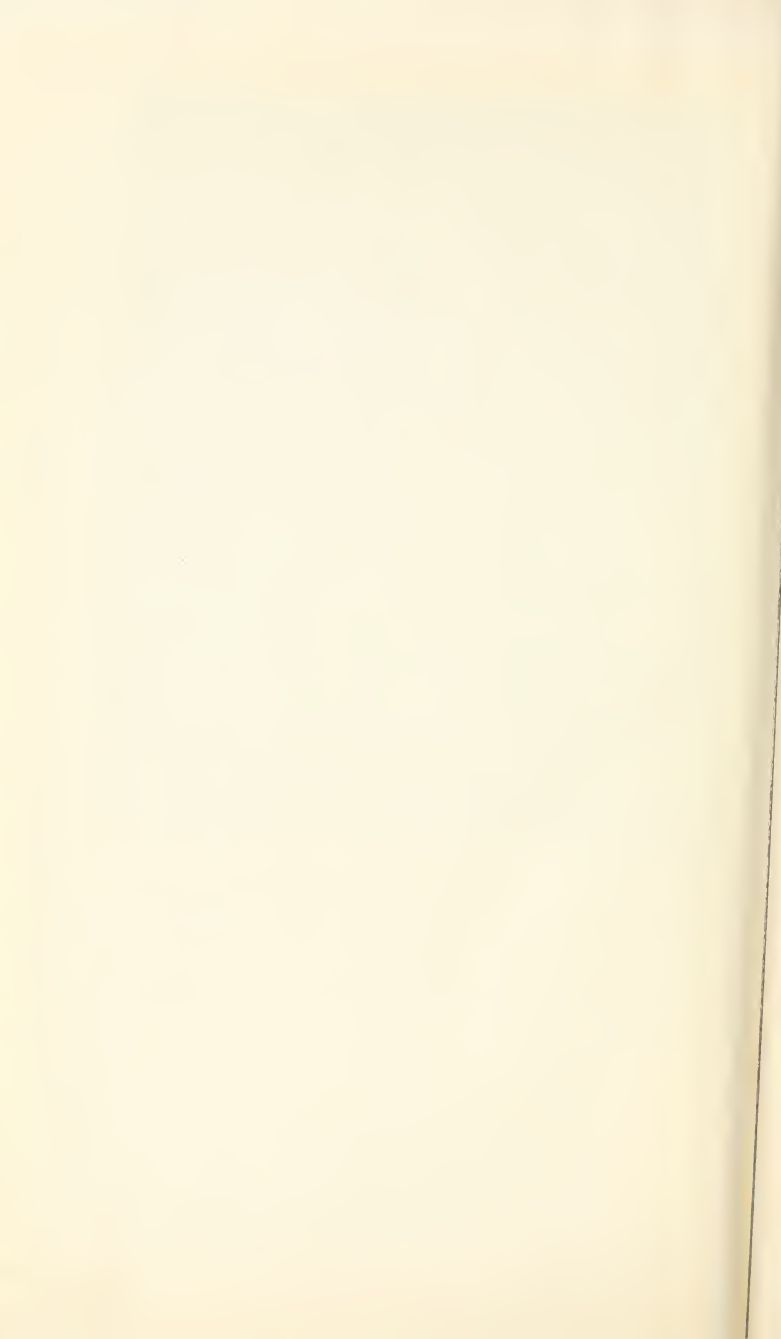
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there are such things as physical impossibilities. At that altitude it is all a normal man can do to climb over the rocky ground when unencumbered. He is, of course, short of breath, owing to the rarefied air, and he has to proceed with the utmost caution if he would get anywhere near the animals—two conditions which tax his strength greatly. But when you add to these troubles the weight of the camera—say, a full twenty pounds—and the clumsiness of the load, the proposition becomes merely a piece of folly. You cannot reasonably hope to succeed. Had I had unlimited time at my disposal, and been prepared to risk the bitter cold of the nights on the mountain-side, I might eventually have got some feet of film; but even then success would have been by no means certain.

Our little four-wheeled buggy had been left on the other side of the Yellowstone River, its load carefully covered over with stones, to prevent the bears from interfering with our stores, and we now started back to it. On the way another terrific thunder-storm broke just over us, without the least warning. I had never seen anything quite like it—the abrupt change from brilliant sunshine to an appalling downpour lasting half an hour. Those storms seem to come regularly, and to have their periods, almost like the geysers. They are dangerous, too, especially when one is up amongst the pinnacles of rock. The lightning plays all around,



A Bear on the Look-out.



A THUNDER-STORM IN THE ROCKIES

and there is an ever-present risk of being struck. Dick's expression told me how great was our danger. He was a man whom it was difficult to disturb; but no man, however brave he is, likes a peril against which he himself can do nothing. Afterwards he told me that a good many people had been killed by lightning on that range.

The storm was all over by the time we reached the river and the sun was once more shining brilliantly, but to our dismay we found that the Yellowstone was in flood. Evidently a waterspout had burst somewhere higher up the valley. Still, we had to get on, for all our foodstuffs were on the other bank in the cart. Moreover, we had to cross at this point, the nearest bridge being thirty miles away. So we made the best of a bad job, and turned our horses' heads towards the water. We were just leaving the bank when a most extraordinary flash of lightning struck the stream a bare fifty yards from us, coming out of a perfectly clear sky without the slightest warning. It was a nasty reminder of what might happen at any moment.

Two days before we had crossed that ford with the greatest ease, with clear water swirling round the horses' legs. Now there was muddy water up to our horses' necks, and the brave little animals had to fight every foot of the way. Before I had gone far I discovered that the only safe plan was to keep my eyes fixed steadily on the opposite bank and concentrate

WILD LIFE ACROSS THE WORLD

on that. The moment you looked down the sight of the water racing past you produced a strange kind of vertigo ; your head seemed to be going round, and you felt somehow you were actually rushing up the river. I do not know how long we were fording that stream—it appeared to have become horribly wide—but at last our horses got their feet firmly on the other bank, greatly to my relief. We were very wet, certainly, but we were safe, and just in front of us was our cart with our provisions and tent and blankets. The bears had been to inspect it, but had gone away empty.

From that camp we made our way back to Mammoth Hot Springs. The road led us past some more beaver ponds, and we also saw a number of the famous petrified trees. My companion, who had the grim sense of humour which one so often finds amongst the real American frontiersmen, told me a good story about these same trees. A coach-driver was explaining them to a lady tourist, a Yankee woman, who, like most of her kind, was athirst for information. She was so greatly amazed at the trees that he thought it a pity to leave off with them. Lots of other things got petrified too, he added. Even birds flying across the valley were occasionally struck in the same way, turning to stone in mid-air ; and, “ what ’s more, I tell you, miss,” he went on, “ their songs got petrified too. Just you jot that down in that there diary-book of yours, and say you had it from me.”

THE END OF MY TOUR

Mount Everett, which rises nearly eight thousand feet above sea-level, towered on the right of our track. Randall pointed out the place where Everett, one of the early explorers, after whom it is named, was discovered. He had got lost near the Yellowstone Lake, and after many narrow escapes was found on the mountain almost at the last gasp. On the same mountain you can also see a kind of breastwork of stones which was put up by the Red Indians when they were resisting the advance of General Harvey's troops, many of whom they killed.

With our return to Mammoth Hot Springs my tour through the Yellowstone Park ended. We went straight back to Gardener, where I was very glad of a rest in Dick Randall's cosy little home. After so many nights in the open, with the worry of bears to keep one on the alert, a sleep in a real bed seemed a wonderful luxury.



