

SPORT IN BRITISH EAST AFRICA



FORDING THE NGARAROK

WE STARTED from Nairobi, and about a week after leaving the railway we reached the Gnaso Nyoro. As we got near the river we saw large herds of zebra, hartebeest and Thomson's gazelle feeding on the plains, and we had a glimpse of some giraffe. So far we had shot very little, only meat for the camp. The first three days of our trek had been through a waterless tract of country. It was a hot, sandy stretch, and then a very steep pull for the oxen over the Mau hills. We had brought a considerable amount of water in the wagons, but in spite of the greatest care we found our supply was getting low, and on the third day our porters suffered a good deal. We passed several water holes on the way, but owing to the exceptionally dry season there was no water, so we were forced to push on and make a long march to reach the Big Rock river, which we did very late that night. After a day's rest we trekked on to the Gnaso Nyoro. We were now on our shooting ground. The following weeks were full of interest, and we soon added wildebeest, impala, Roberts' gazelle, rhino, topi and giraffe to our list of trophies; but so far no lion had been seen, although we often heard them at night round the camp. Eventually we were fortunate enough to get a good number of lion. These were usually found on the open plains and sometimes as many as six together. It was useless to attempt to stalk them, and we found the best way was to gallop them on ponies.

One day, having carefully spied our ground, we decided to go after a rhino. The wind was right, but when we were within three hundred yards of him two lions and a lioness jumped up. "Simba, simba" (lion), whispered the excited gun-bearer, and hurriedly changing our solid bullets for soft-nosed, we got on our ponies and had a most exciting few minutes. They did not go far, perhaps half a mile, before they turned and faced us, the lioness in the center; they were grunting furiously and swishing their tails. The lioness was the most aggressive, and gave us a good deal of trouble before she was killed. We also shot the two lions. It took the men some time to skin them, and having seen this done and sent the porters back to camp we rode quietly homewards. On our arrival we had quite a reception; the porters ran out to meet us, shouting and singing, and danced round the lion skins in the most absurd manner to the accompaniment of a grunting chorus.

I was very anxious to get an eland, but up till now I had not seen any good heads. At last my patience was rewarded, and we saw two fine bulls feeding on the edge of the scrub a considerable distance away. By the time we got up to them they had fed on to the plain, and our only chance was to gallop them. We started as soon as the ponies came up. As we went along we disturbed great herds of wildebeest, zebra, Thomson's gazelle, etc., until the whole plain seemed alive with game; but the eland kept moving on, and they had gone some distance when they separated, and I was lucky enough to get my eland. The other one, unfortunately, got back into the bush.

We galloped eland again on another occasion, but this time the bulls were accompanied by cows and calves, and did not go far before R. got his chance and killed a good bull. We found the eland meat was excellent, rather like beef, and a welcome addition to our larder. The same evening on our way back to camp we met a number of Masai, who told us that a lioness and cubs had been seen entering a donga. We did not see anything of her, but we found her lair, which I photographed; in it were a quantity of bones and the remains of a young giraffe.

The Masai had recently come on to the plains to get fresh grazing for their enormous herds of cattle, which with flocks of sheep represent their wealth. The food of the Masai consists of milk, meat and the blood of sheep and cattle. They never eat game, and only destroy lions on account of their stock or in self-defense. Their method of killing a lion is by forming a ring round him and spearing him. The Masai often came to

the camp, and took great interest in the heads and skins of the game. The men all carried spears and the warriors carried, in addition, zebra shields and bows and arrows. On trek the women are put in charge of the pack-donkeys, and they also do most of the work of building the new kraal.

We saw several ostrich nests, and also young ostriches with the mother; it is not easy to distinguish the chicks when they are quite small, they so closely resemble the color of the ground. A little gray monkey was fairly common, and we once saw some baboons. The prettiest of the monkeys was the colobus, the black and white fur of which is very remarkable. They live on the top of the highest trees and are only found in certain districts. One afternoon, as we were returning to our camp in the Gnaso Nyoro, we disturbed some impala and were following them through thick scrub, when the second gun-bearer touched R. on the arm and pointed to a rhino feeding at a distance of about fifty yards on our right. It was lucky for us that we had stopped in time before he got our wind. We should have been in an awkward predicament if he had charged at such short range. As it was, R. had the satisfaction of adding a good specimen to his collection. Rhinos were very numerous, but those on the plains had very poor horns. They often caused considerable delay to our safari, as the porters were afraid of them.

We were fortunate in having an excellent staff. The gun-bearers were Somalis and Swahilis; our tent-boys too were very good servants and could talk a little English. The cook, a Swahili, talked English fairly well, and introduced himself to me as a "student from Zanzibar." I afterwards discovered that this meant that he had been taught at the mission there. His cooking was excellent considering the difficulties he had to contend with. The country we were in is not picturesque, in the ordinary sense of the word, but it has a great fascination of its own. The brilliant color of the trees, the tropical tangle of vegetation along the river banks, and the deep blue of the distant mountains make vivid patches of color against the burnt-up veldt; but what impressed me most were the immense plains and the great stretches of uninhabited country. They more than all beside make one realize the vast solitudes of Africa.

ALICE K. MUIR.

Shooting Sharks With Water. When he is working in water infested by sharks and other sea monsters likely to do him harm, the diver has at present to rely for his safety on the use of the knife, or, failing that, on a quick return to the surface. Now comes the invention of Capt. Grobl, a German diving instructor, who has constructed a rifle which can be fired under water, and is designed for the better arming of the diver. The most remarkable thing about this is that it fires, not bullets, but water, which is propelled with such force that it has an extraordinary power of penetration. Indeed, the inventor himself has pierced armor plate of medium thickness with the water jet from his weapon. The rifle has a stout barrel and is loaded with a cartridge cased in india rubber. It is worth recalling, perhaps, that experiments were made in the sixties with a submarine rifle firing small explosive projectiles by means of compressed air, but the inventor never got beyond the experimental stage and no details of it are to be had.

Usual Attractions. "I spent my summer in the Yellowstone. The geysers are wonderful. It's a great resort." "The Yellowstone may be wonderful, but it will never be a resort until they have a board-walk and a geyser of orangeade."

Better to Stay Out. Getting out of trouble requires time and energy that might as a rule be more profitably spent.

The Man and the Cigar. You can't always tell a man by the cigar he smokes; but you can get a pretty good idea of the cigar.

FROM THE PENCIL'S POINT.

And many a female hairdresser dyes a spinster.

Don't blame a woman for putting on airs in hot weather.

Lots of husbands bring home flowers to their wives—in novels.

A man never loses anything by fastening a muzzle on his temper.

It's awfully hard for some people to be both good and interesting.

The man who swaggers is almost as disgusting as the woman who struts.

It isn't always safe to pin your faith to the man with a big diamond pin.

The man who is on the level is often compelled to make an uphill fight.

There is plenty of room at the top—but high altitudes make most people dizzy.

The patience and unselfishness of a really good woman cannot be equaled by the best man on earth.

It's as easy for a man to promise a woman to give up smoking on the day she marries him as it is for him to begin again the day after.

THOUGHTS OF HOUSEWIFE

The good deed in my head avails little unless I will put it on foot.

Love covereth a multitude of sins, and indifference in little things may cover up much love.

When trying to iron out domestic wrinkles, have a care that you do not scorch out someone's good nature.

Short tempers and long faces are the rule when you would rule your household with rules.

If clubs club more nerve force out of you than brain force into you, you may some time want to club yourself for belonging to clubs.

Hold up the mirror to nature, that is the nature of your husband, and you cannot always hold down his tendency to hold off from holding you in his confidence.

Domestic equilibrium generally depends on the correct balance of the whole matrimonial sketch. When the atmosphere of love is rarefied by the superheating of tempers, a cold current of resentment may flow in to fill the vacuum, and sometimes the result is a cyclone of indignation fatal to the affections.

POINTED PARAGRAPHS.

A man doesn't mind being abused because of his wealth.

Few things are as expensive as those we try to get for nothing.

It's awfully hard for some people to be both good and interesting.

A man is apt to be either his own best friend or his own worst enemy.

Marriage teaches a man lots of things he wouldn't have believed from hearsay.

The difference between fame and notoriety is that notoriety commonly lasts longer.

Avoid those who are always wanting to borrow money—and those who have none to lend.

Vanity makes a man think that everybody else thinks as much of him as he thinks of himself.

Walking is said to be the best exercise for brain workers—and a lot of brain workers can't afford to do anything else.—Chicago News.

LIFE WAVES.

Bravery is the quality that wins a battle. Courage that faces misfortune with a smile.

If cooking were taught instead of Latin, we would not be a nation of dyspeptics.

An executive is a man who can get the most work from others without setting an active example.

A man with the qualities of a king is obnoxious, but a king with the qualities of a man is believed.

The law sometimes moves so slowly that it loses its momentum.—Philadelphia Evening Times.

MUSINGS OF THE OFFICE BOY

Busy days depend altogether on who the caller is.

And, too, a soft answer turneth a man's head.

Some things go without saying, but not with book agents.

I pity the kid who ain't got grandmothers enough to last the season out.

A man may not be as big a fool as he looks and still be a bigger one than he order be.—Boston Herald.

ED. HOWE SAYS

When on a train a country boy usually tries to act like a travelling man.

Every time we look at the baseball park in a small town somehow we can't keep from smiling.

"I am always looking for work," said Doc Robinson today, "in order to get out of its way before it strikes me."

We are never indignant over a College Cane Rush, unless it happens that some one engaged fails to get hurt.

Why do people "dress up" when they take a ride on a train? The dirtiest thing on earth is the average railroad train.

Just because your friend tells you his secrets, is no sign you are trustworthy; it only indicates that your friend talks too much.

An Atchison man spends so much time telling his troubles that there is considerable curiosity to find out when he found time to have them.

We don't object to shaking hands occasionally with farmers who come to town only four or five times a month, but we object to shaking hands with town men every time we meet them.—Atchison Globe.

OUR NURSE SAYS.

That if castor oil is beaten up with the white of an egg it is entirely tasteless and even palatable.

That if children are fed on a good simple diet, dressed in suitable clothes and given plenty of fresh air they never need drugs.

That after washing a youngster's hair it is best to dry it, when possible, out of doors in the warm, sunny air. This makes the hair glossy and gives it a fine shimmering sheen.

That pure water is the best drink for children during the hot weather. It should always be boiled, and to take away the flat taste it may be poured from one jug to another when it is cold.

That a father who will take his kiddies for country rambles and interest them in the wild flowers and bird life is giving them a valuable training in the development of their powers of observation.

UP-TO-DATE DON'TS.

Don't steal another man's good name, even if your own is worn out.

Don't bet with your wife unless you are prepared to lose whether you win or not.

Don't pattern after the busy little bee. It's the other fellow who eats the honey.

Don't look a gift horse in the mouth. Sell him for what you can get and let the other fellow look.

Don't monopolize one color in your make-up. A ruby nose spoils the effect of ruby lips.

Don't be a clam. If you must be anything of that kind, be a turtle. Then you will have a little snap about you.

Don't take the bull by the horns. Take him by the tail, and then you can let go without getting some one to help you.—Lippincott's.

A GROUP OF QUEER FACTS

The telegraphers' union has a wireless branch.

Londoners are trying to popularize wedding rings for men.

Several titled folk of England have taken up running as a fad.

Scavenging and street cleaning of London costs more than \$3,500,000 per year.

The English law prevents the shooting of game on Christmas day or Sundays.

The department of agriculture has declared war on the mistletoe as destructive to tree growth.

Only 88 per cent. of the real efficiency of a ton of coal is utilized. The remainder is wasted.

QUEER QUERIES.

How tall must a man be to be above criticism?

What is the best fertilizer to use in raising objections?

What kind of a knife is used to carve out one's destiny?

Can you settle a man's hash for him if he is a vegetarian?

What sort of a pin is used to pin one's faith to anything?

If marriages were made in heaven would a lot of old maids commit suicide?—Boston Transcript.

CATCHING STEP

By JENNIE O. LOIZEAUX

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Akers was discouraged. He had plodded along with his set of books at Bennisson's for ten years. He had come there when he was 25. Now the hair was thin at his temples and a little gray. And he no longer hid from himself the fact that there was a small bald spot on his crown. He did his work well, but he had become a fixture—he made no headway. They had raised his wages twice in the first four years he had been there, but no raise had been mentioned since. He dared not mention it because they might refuse it, and his pride could not let him remain after that. But he could not lose his job. There was the old mother at home, bedridden for years. And, a year ago, she had died. He had not yet paid all the doctor's bills. And there was a bill at a drug store. Akers was honest, and paid installments as he could. He had given up the small house in the suburbs where, after and before work, he had taken almost the entire care of his mother except when she was at her worst. Then he had had to hire a woman. Anxiety had laid its fearful hand upon him. And youth had taken wings and fled.

When he was almost 30, the year his mother first took to her bed, there had been a girl. She was pretty and gentle and sweet, a billing clerk in the office, but a born homemaker. Her smile was a comfort, and though she was not much past 20 she mothered everybody in the store impartially, from the skulking, smoky cat to Akers. She seemed to understand. Nobody made love to, and everybody loved her. The other girls told Amy Bartlett their little jealousies and rivalries, and the men took courage from her.

Akers waked up one morning—one morning after he had been up all night with his mother and had been told that her case was hopeless, but that she might live many years—to the fact that he loved Amy Bartlett. After that he kept away from the girl. He could not bear to be near her and remember that common decency and honor kept him from saying: "I love you."

So his life became a starvation, for hearts must be fed—and minds. He no longer found time to read anything, or even to go to church, or ever to the theater—he could not afford the latter. And, he found he must sleep when he could, lest he be so weary that his office work suffer. From doing his work confidently, gladly, it became a drag and a trouble. He might make a mistake and lose his place.

It was about a year after he had reached this point that Amy came to him a moment one day when he was feeling so tired and blank that the figures were a mere daze. She had not said more than a casual word for months, and now her nearness brought a feeling akin to hysteria to his throat. He was afraid that in spite of himself he would break into tears, or put his head down against her woman's arm for comfort—he so needed comfort. A sort of gruffness was his only safety.

"I just thought I'd ask you—if I had offended you in any way," she said rather timidly. "I'm so careless of what I say, and you've—well, we used to be friends, and I thought I might have said or done something that hurt you or—" This was more than he could bear, but he managed to be very steady and formal, and to speak with a set little smile.

"No, indeed, Miss Bartlett, not at all. You've always been very good. I've only been busy—my mother is sick at home, and I've had to be up nights—and I'm sure you've never said anything." And then, because he knew he could not bear her questions of sympathy about his home life, he turned from her to answer the senior partner who was about to ask him something. The girl's eyes were pitying and pitiful, but she went away.

A few weeks after that she took a position in another store, and he never saw her—not even on the street.

Then his mother grew much worse—and much more trying, and he was up more at night, and the bills became more frequent. And his work—his one effort was to do his work well, and it was done. No fault could be found with that, but all human spontaneity left him. He had lost step. The girls did not smile at him and throw jokes and slang his way. The partners called him "Mr. Akers," not the jovial "John" he had been for the first years. And then he insured his life. In a spasm of self-searching he thought it his duty. He might be killed in a street car crash on the way to work some morning, and leave nothing to his mother and his creditors. His filial duty and his honesty made him thus further a slave.

One day he heard the girls in the office talking about a party the force was to have. His name was mentioned. They were not even careful lest he hear them. One of them wanted to invite him, but another carelessly remarked that he was "a thousand years old—and entirely out of the running." He realized this. He knew he had lost step with the march of joy and progress. And then the mother had died. The firm gave him two weeks off, on pay,

and perfunctory condolences. They liked Akers; he was faithful. He went home and managed the funeral, made the few distant relatives who could come as comfortable as he could, wrote letters, faced an empty house. Then he knew that, trying as the half-insane, peevish unloving old woman had been, her absence was a terrible thing. His heart was empty. He faced the fact, which was not the worst thing he did; he accepted it, which was fatal. He not only recognized loneliness and failure and limitation—he accepted them. He had ceased to fight.

When the two weeks were over he went back to the office. He gave up the little rented house and moved to a cheap boarding place. It was not comfortable, but neither was debt. He settled down to work and the stoop in his shoulders was most marked and his hair thinned a bit more; but his smile grew very gentle and a fine quality crept into his voice. He slept and began to be really rested, and some of the daze passed.

After a few months he began to read again magazine stories—foolish things, but they reminded him that there was somewhere, youth and love and laughter in the world.

And then there was Ninette. She was the landlady's little girl, curly-headed, warm-hearted. With the confidence of her four years the baby-woman walked into his heart and took possession. She would come up to his room, creep into his arms, and demand a story. Unable to deny her anything, he bestirred his memory, his imagination, and the stories became an escape from reality.

It was his first step up from the depths of apathy. He would think things out to tell the baby and he took to buying her candy and cheap toys. It was the first time in years that he had practiced self-indulgence. He did it as a lover wastes gifts on the lady of his dreams. One night the child, over-tired, fell asleep, her yellow little head on his breast; and he held her awhile before carrying her down to her mother, who was none too sorry to have the care of the child fall sometimes upon this big, kind man.

He became lighter of heart and brighter, and his work had a tinge of his boyish energy in it. It occurred to him one morning just as the senior partner came up, to speak to him to ask for a raise. Without giving himself time to weigh and ponder, somewhat to his own surprise, he did it confidently on the spot. The request was granted; he had forgotten that a man was valued by himself and that others rated him with some dependence on this valuation.

That night he bought a new gray suit and took the band from his hat. It was early summer, and he took Ninette out for a walk in the little park.

Sitting in a red swing in the twilight, with the sleepy child in his arms, all of a sudden his heart was full of Amy Bartlett. Where was she? He longed to see her, to hear her gentle voice and see the womanly, motherly, comforting smile. Being fair himself, he liked dark women; there was to him something deep and sweet about them. He remembered that Amy had a dimple in her plump cheek. Then he carried the little one home and went to his room with his mind full of Amy Bartlett.

The next day he asked Mrs. Farley, who had been years in the office, what had become of her. The elder woman looked at him with a sort of pity, before she replied.

"Well, you actually want to know? She's at Woody's—two whole blocks away, John Akers! And while we're talking about her, let me tell you something—you're the most awful idiot. Well, it's time you were catching step!"

That night he walked out of the office thinking. What had Mrs. Farley meant?—what? He did not go home. He went for a walk, passing out of the hot streets to a quieter way, one that led to the little park. It was early evening. He went along, and then suddenly he turned his head to glance at a woman sitting on a bench. He met her dark eyes.

It was Amy Bartlett, and he went straight to her—it was as if she might disappear before he could tell her something. She held out her hand and gave him a smile, but there was a pathetic look in her eyes. A great light came to him.

"Amy," he said low and breathlessly, "do you know how I have starved for you? How I have loved you? Do you know? I wanted you to know—it will be easier then to go on alone." She choked a little and he saw that her eyes were brimming with tears.

"Alone? Why should it be alone, John?" They sat long into the twilight, and the heavy past lifted itself like a mist and floated away, and love revealed her shining face.

A Continuous Talker.

Askitt—Does your wife talk in her sleep? Chatterton—I guess so—at least, I presume she sleeps occasionally.