

# HUNTING THE ELEPHANT & THE LION



### How It Is Carried On in the Wilds of British East Africa, Where Sportsmen Pay a Heavy License



THE BEST PLACE TO SHOOT AN ELEPHANT IS BETWEEN THE EAR AND THE EYE

BY FRANK G. CARPENTER.

BRITISH East Africa is the land of big game and Nairobi is the chief place where hunters outfit their parties for shooting the lions, elephants, rhinoceroses, antelopes, gnus, giraffes and other wild animals which infest it. As I write this letter several large parties are here preparing to go out "on safari," as such hunts are called. The Norfolk Hotel is filled with them, and behind it are scores of black hatted porters and tent boys, packing sporting goods into boxes, laying in provisions and arranging things for the march. There are head men, rounding up the porters and giving each his load. There are gunbearers seeing to the arms and ammunition, and there are the sportsmen themselves, some clad all in khaki, some wearing riding breeches and leggings, and all in thick helmet hats.

In the big yard upon which my hotel rooms look, I can see piles of tusks, heads, horns and skins from hunting parties which have just returned, and in one corner is the baby lion of which I have already written. Among the sportsmen are several eminent Englishmen, and in the hotel itself are both lords and ladies, some of the latter having come out to try a shot at a lion or so. During this last year two women have shot lions here, and one of the biggest man-eaters ever killed in East Africa came down through a bullet from a gun in the hands of an American girl.

**Last Year's Hunting Bag.**

There is so much game here that almost any one who goes out cannot fail to bring back something. The bag for last year numbered over 3000 head, and this was shot by sportsmen from England, France, Germany, Austria, Italy, India, Australia, North America and New Zealand. Many excellent shots were made by Yankees, and some of the heads of other wild animals, and from the made its way north and south. It secured specimens of almost every description for the museum, and shot, among other animals, 12 lions, including a magnificent black-maned brute, which was killed on the Molo river. Mr. Kennedy himself shot no less than seven lions, and of these four were males and three females. He killed also two elephants.

Among other successful parties was that of Messrs. Phipps and Haverney, who together shot five lions and killed a score of other kinds of big game.

**Nobility Out Shooting.**

As to the English hunters, their name is legion, and those who have recently been here have included many of the nobility. Lord Huddip, who is one of the largest landlords of this colony, owning more than 100,000 acres, has made several flying expeditions from his country home, and has succeeded in obtaining two large elephants and a splendid buffalo. The Earl of Cowley, who came here on his way home from Ceylon, bagged several water buffaloes and a rhinoceros, and Lord and Lady Waterford have killed a lion, which they stalked through the long grass, in company with their bearers. Lady Waterford was a quarter of a mile distant when she saw two men clad in khaki go down before the charge of a wounded lion, and could not tell whether her husband stood or fell. By a miracle neither man lost his life. They were both gun-bearers, his lordship being off to the side. Later Lord Waterford shot an elephant at Njoro, and secured a fine pair of tusks.

During a visit of his royal highness,

the Duke of Connaught, now about two years ago, he made some pretty shooting over the Kapiti plains; but did not stay long enough to get a lion or an elephant. Gen. Baden-Powell was here at about the same time, and his brother, Mr. Frank Baden-Powell, then shot a freak rhinoceros, which had but one horn, and that over 27 inches long. Lord and Lady Montgomery and Mr. William Mure killed five lions, and Mr. Mure got an elephant with 82 pounds of ivory in his tusks.

**Continental Counts and Barons.**

As to ordinary Britishers, they have killed a large number of big game of all kinds, and the same is true of some of the Continental Counts and Barons of other nations. The Marquis Pizardi, for instance, has shown himself one of the gamest sportsmen who have ever come to British East Africa. At one place he killed two bull elephants, and then nearly lost his life by shooting an elephant cow as she rushed upon him. The cow dropped dead as the ball struck her, and Pizardi fell backward just in time to avoid being crushed. Among other Continental sportsmen who have been here recently were the Counts C. and E. Hoyes, Podstasky and Marchetti. Count E. Hoyes bagged 66 head of big game, comprising 21 varieties, and among them two elephants, three lions and a giraffe. His brother killed 49 head, including a lion and an elephant, and Count Podstasky did almost as well as to number, bagging one lion and two rhinoceroses.

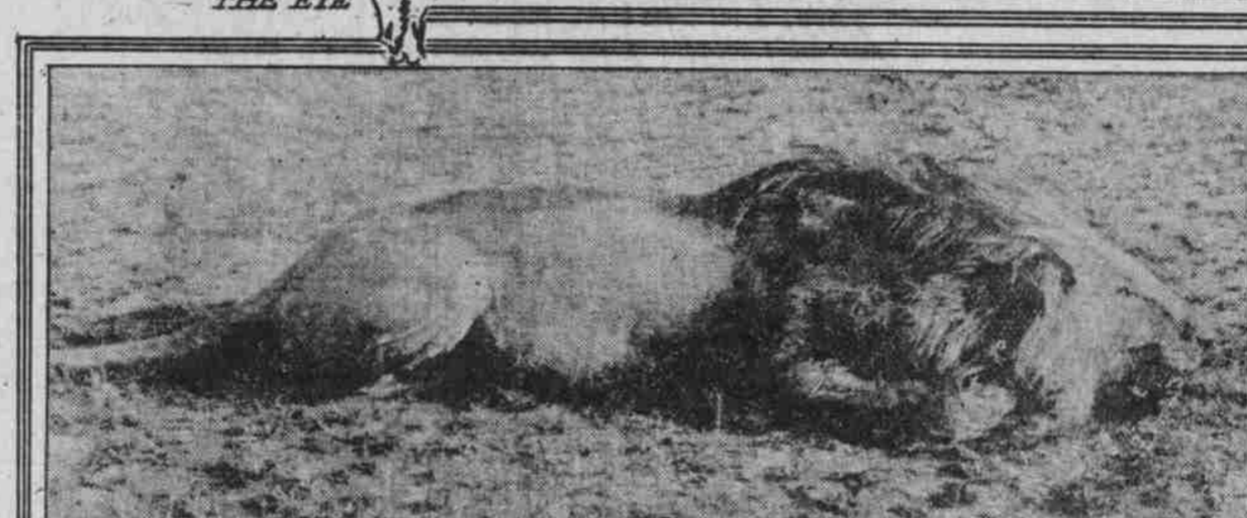
**Big Game That May Be Shot.**

The hunting laws here are rigid. No one can shoot without a license, and the man who kills young elephants, crocodiles or baby giraffes will pay a big fine and spend a long term in jail. The right to shoot big game is regulated by license, and for this every sportsman must pay \$50, or \$250, a season. So many licenses have been taken out this year that the revenue therefrom has been \$50,000, and such receipts are increasing from year to year.

These licenses give the sportsman the right to kill several hundred of the gamest animals that have ever been in the jungles or galloped over the plains. He may kill two elephants, two rhinoceroses, two hippopotami and two zebras, as well as six rare antelopes and gazelles. The law allows him two monkeys of the Colobus species and two smaller monkeys. He may shoot two male ostriches, two marabouts and two agrets, and various antelopes and gazelles of different species to the number of 10. He can kill 10 wild pigs, 10 wildcats, 10 jackals, two cheetahs and two aardvokes. As to lions, leopards and crocodiles no license is required to shoot them, and altogether the game possibilities are so great as to throw all the "Teddy bears" of the United States into the shade.

**Plenty of Wild Ostriches.**

In hunting out here the variety of animals is so many that there is no need of chasing through the swamps nor tramping about over the plains for days before one gets a shot. One often sees a dozen different kinds of animals at the same time, and can change his sport from day to day. The sportsman will find antelopes almost everywhere, and will not infrequently be in sight of an ostrich or so. These birds are big game, and are hunted largely on ponies. They are very speedy, and however it may be elsewhere, they do not poke their heads down in the sand and wait for the hunter to come. On the other hand, they spread out their wings and go off on the trot, swimming as it were, over the ground. They can run faster than a horse, but they run in large circles, and the hunters catch them by cutting across the arcs of the circle or run-



"NO LICENSE IS REQUIRED TO SHOOT LIONS"

**Zebras Easy to Kill.**

And then there is the zebra. That animal, whose black and white stripes shine out so plainly in this African sun, is to be seen by the thousands on the Athi plains, and he is found not far from the railroad all the way from Vol to Uganda—a distance greater than from New York to Pittsburg. Had it not been against the law I could have picked off some with my revolver as I rode through on the cars. The zebra is a different animal when found far from the railroad, but on the whole he is easy to kill. He seems to have discovered that he will not get shot on the great game reservations which extend for one mile on each side of the Uganda track. Away from them he will run like a deer, and as zebras usually go in droves the excitement of following them over the plain is intense. Zebra skins tanned with the hair on are fine trophies, and I am told the zebra steak is excellent eating. The flesh tastes like beef, with a flavor of game. The animals are so beautiful, however, and so much like a horse, that only a brute would kill them for sport.

**Elephant Hunting Pays.**

In hunting elephants many a sportsman makes enough to pay a good share of his African expenses. He can shoot only two elephant bulls, but if he gets good ones their tusks, taken together, may sell for \$100 or \$200. The African elephants have the largest tusks of their kind. I have seen some which weighed 150 pounds each, and tusks have been taken which weigh up to 200 pounds. African ivory is the best and it brings the highest price. It is difficult to get the tusks out. The porters may be half a day chopping away the meat, and it will take about four men to carry a tusk of the size I have mentioned. There are men here who hunt elephants for their ivory, but the most of the licenses are taken out by sportsmen who care more for the honor of having made a good shot than anything else.

**How to Shoot Elephants.**

One of the best places to shoot an elephant is through the eye or half way between the ear and the eye. Another good shot is just back of the flap of the ear and a third is in a place on one side of the tail so that the ball will run along the spine and enter the lungs. Large bullets and heavy guns are used. It is exceedingly dangerous to shoot when the animal is close and not kill him. The elephant

when injured is very revengeful. He will throw his trunk into the air, scream, hiss and snort and rush after the hunter, knocking him down with a blow of his trunk and charge upon him with his great tusks. If the man falls, the great beast is liable to kneel upon him and mash him to a jelly.

One of the difficulties of elephant hunting is that it is not easy to distinguish the animals in the forests between here and Uganda, and about the slopes of Mount Kenia and Mount Kilimanjaro. There are also many in the south near the Zambesi, and west of Lake Tanganyika, in the forests along the Congo. At present about 65,000 African elephants are being killed every year, and there is danger that they

will eventually become as scarce as buffaloes are in the United States.

It is not difficult to get a shot at just the right place. One of the best points at which to aim is under the eye or back of the head between the ears. These animals are sometimes harpooned, but such hunting is dangerous, as they are liable to crush one's boat with their tusks. The rhinos have also to be approached very carefully. They have keen senses of hearing and smell, although they cannot see to any great distance. They are usually hunted on foot, and one must be careful to get on the windward side of them. They do not hesitate to charge their spears, and the great horn which each has on its nose is a terrible weapon, enabling it to kill a horse at a blow. The most of these beasts are black, but now

## THE DANGER IN MINES

**"T**ERRIBLE mine explosion! Many deaths!" This is the sort of newspaper poster we are all only too familiar with. The coal which drives our engines, warms our houses and cooks our dinners, costs on an average 800 lives yearly, and 20 years ago the loss was much higher—over 1000 a year.

Most of us doubtless imagine that the loss of life in a coal mine explosion is caused by the firing of inflammable gases. This happens comparatively rarely. The gas explosion itself is usually quite a small matter. It is the dry coal dust mixed with air that is the real explosive agent, and it is to prevent this danger that dusty seams are so carefully watered. But even so, the total death roll in a bad accident is due to other causes than the whipping blast of the explosion. Many bodies are found quite unscathed, and lying quietly as if in peaceful sleep. What adds to the deception is that the cheeks and skin generally are pink, and have none of the leaden pallor of death.

For a long time this phenomenon was a mystery. But now it is known that men presenting this appearance have been killed by a poisonous gas of which the scientific name is carbon monoxide.

Carbon monoxide must not be confused with carbonic acid gas—the suffocating gas which is given out from the human lungs, and which lends "stiffness" to a crowded room. While the latter gas is only suffocating in its action, the former is a deadly poison with a most curious action. It has an extraordinary affinity for the red coloring matter of the blood, and soon prevents the blood from carrying sufficient oxygen. The result is that the victim falls down in a paralyzed condition and soon dies.

One of the strangest effects of this horrible gas poison is when a half dead miner

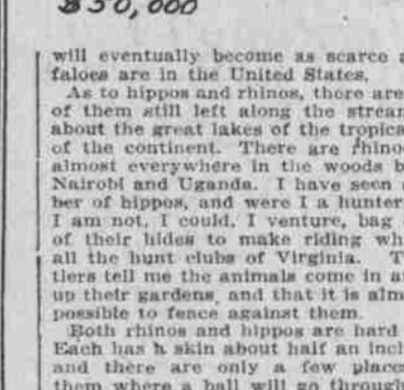
is carried into the open air he falls into most fearful convulsions, exactly as if he had swallowed strychnine. Men often die after they have been taken out alive from the poisonous atmosphere.

Underground workers see many strange things, and it is small wonder that miners are, as a rule, somewhat superstitious. Strange sounds are often heard in the usually silent depths of the vast galleries which pierce the earth in all directions. These are caused by the settling of the disturbed strata, and by the tremendous pressures exerted upon the pit props, the wood of which is often converted by this pressure into a substance hard and heavy as stone. A few years ago more than 20 men refused to descend a mine near Port Talbot, in Glamorganshire. They declared that it was haunted. Some of them heard a spectral woman waving a lighted lamp, and heard her scream. Eventually it was proved that the light was caused by a curious outgrowth of phosphorescent fungus, while the scream was no doubt the creaking of a gallery roof under the enormous pressure exerted by the enormous and heavy rocks above.

The pressure sometimes causes a strange phenomenon which miners call a "goth." This is a sort of local earthquake accompanied by a loud report. The mine timbers in the neighborhood are suddenly shivered to matchwood. Two years ago a miner was killed in the Northwood Pit at Hanley by a "goth."

Mining of all kinds is, in a way, a gamble with Nature. A company will be working a rich seam when suddenly the miners run against a "fault," and the seam is gone. Some years ago the famous Gravel-gold coal seam near Swansea was lost in this way. Tens of thousands of pounds were spent in looking for it, but it was not until after more than two years' hard

## ELEPHANT HUNTING BAYS - THIS PILE OF IVORY IS WORTH \$50,000



work that it was rediscovered near Clydach.

The same sort of thing happened to the Dithorne seam, a magnificent bed of coal six feet thick. Its owners spent \$70,000 in searching for it, but failed to find it. Then, six months later, some other miners struck a seam of coal in the same Colliery at a depth of only 450 feet.

In modern times more than £750,000 worth of copper was dug from the Coniston Hills. Forty years ago the lode was lost. In 1864 two clever inventors, using a novel electrical apparatus, rediscovered the lode.

Sometimes a lost vein of coal cannot be located by any effort of man. For more than a hundred years past large quantities of coal have been coming ashore on a beach near Small Point, Maine. It is soft coal of the best quality known. Every possible effort has been made to discover the source. Drills have been sent down into the Point at a depth of over a thousand feet. A thin seam of hard coal was found, but the source of the soft coal wreckage is still a complete mystery.

Miners never know what they may meet in the course of their slow explorations into the heart of the rocks. Two years ago a man working in a pit near Pittsburgh, Pa., suddenly came upon a piece of coal bearing the imprint of a naked human foot. It was chance, of course, but the resemblance was perfect. The man was so frightened that he left the pit and sought work elsewhere.

At the Twin Shaft Mine, also in Pennsylvania, strange noises were heard for some weeks, and then one day, without further warning, a miner's pick went straight into a huge underground reservoir filled with water. The water spouted out in a fierce stream, and almost instantly broke away the thin casing of rock and rushed in a flood through the mine. Fifty-eight men were drowned.

Most of us remember the tremendous oil boom at Beaumont, Tex. "Gushers" were struck which flung up fountains of petroleum hundreds of feet into the air. Within a few months several of these gushers suddenly stopped flowing. The owners

## 'I CAN SEE PILES OF TUSKS, HEADS AND HORNS'

and then a white one is found. I met a man the other day who claimed to have killed a white rhinoceros.

Since I have been in Africa I have received a number of letters from American sportsmen asking the cost of shooting big game in this part of the world on the question is hard to answer. It is dependent on the man and to some extent on the bargains he makes. There are business firms here and in Mombasa who make a specialty of outfitting hunting parties and who will fix all arrangements as to guides, food and porters somewhat after the same plan as Cook does for travelers. The prices, in such cases, depend upon the length and character of the tour and the size of the party. There is a young American here now, whose mother calls him "Dodo," who paid \$500 for a three days' hunt after lions; and this did not necessitate a license, as lions are not considered game. The young man tramped about with his porters through the tall grass and was given a shot or so at two lions, both of which he missed. The cost of outfitting for big game it would have cost him \$250 more.

On a long hunt the expenses of all kinds can be considerably reduced, and I should think that \$40 a day for each sportsman in the party would be a fair estimate. I am told that a man can be fitted out with porters, guides and personal servants for \$250 a month. One can get a good cook for from \$5 to \$8 a month, a gun-bearer for about \$10 and a personal servant for from \$5 to \$10. The license for big game in all cases costs \$250. The traveling expenses from New York to British East Africa direct are about \$200.

## Food When on Safari.

As to provisions for the trip, this depends much upon the tastes of the individual sportsman. There are native villages almost everywhere at which some fresh food can be bought at cheap rates. Chickens are plentiful at 8 cents a pound and meats cost the same. In the streams and lakes there are plenty of the guns of the party ought to supply plenty of game, and one need never suffer for the want of antelope or zebra steaks.

As to the other food it should be packed up in boxes of 60 pounds each; and in case the outfit is prepared here each box should weigh about 60 pounds. The man's requirements for one week. The most of the stuff is in tins and it is usually in such quantities that it is impossible to buy it in bulk. The supply, No. 2 the second week's, and so on. Each box weighs just 60 pounds, as no more than that can be carried on the head of one porter.

## Some Outfitting Suggestions.

I would advise the American sportsman who intends coming out here to shoot to stop off on the way in England and get much of his supplies there. There are London firms who make a specialty of outfitting for African travel and they will handle all the expeditions. One should have double-roofed tents, and the square tents are the better. It will be well to bring mackintosh or rubber blankets, one foot wider all around than the floor of the tent; for many of the camps may be soggy and marshy. One should also have a folding bedstead, a cork bed and warm blankets, and a folding chair and table will not be amiss.

Nairobi, British East Africa.

## Woodland Days Out West.

In the 70s came the oil boom and the Thomas salt well was rebored in the hope of finding petroleum. A depth of 1133 feet was reached when suddenly the drill was blown out by a terrific rush of water, and the company was forced to abandon work. Five years ago it was discovered quite by chance that the still flowing well was producing water charged with mineral salts of the very greatest value, and today Lodi is a rapidly-growing and flourishing health resort.

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