

KILLING ELEPHANTS FOR THEIR TUSKS

In Africa, Sixty-Five Thousand Animals Are Slain Every Year to Furnish the World With Ivory

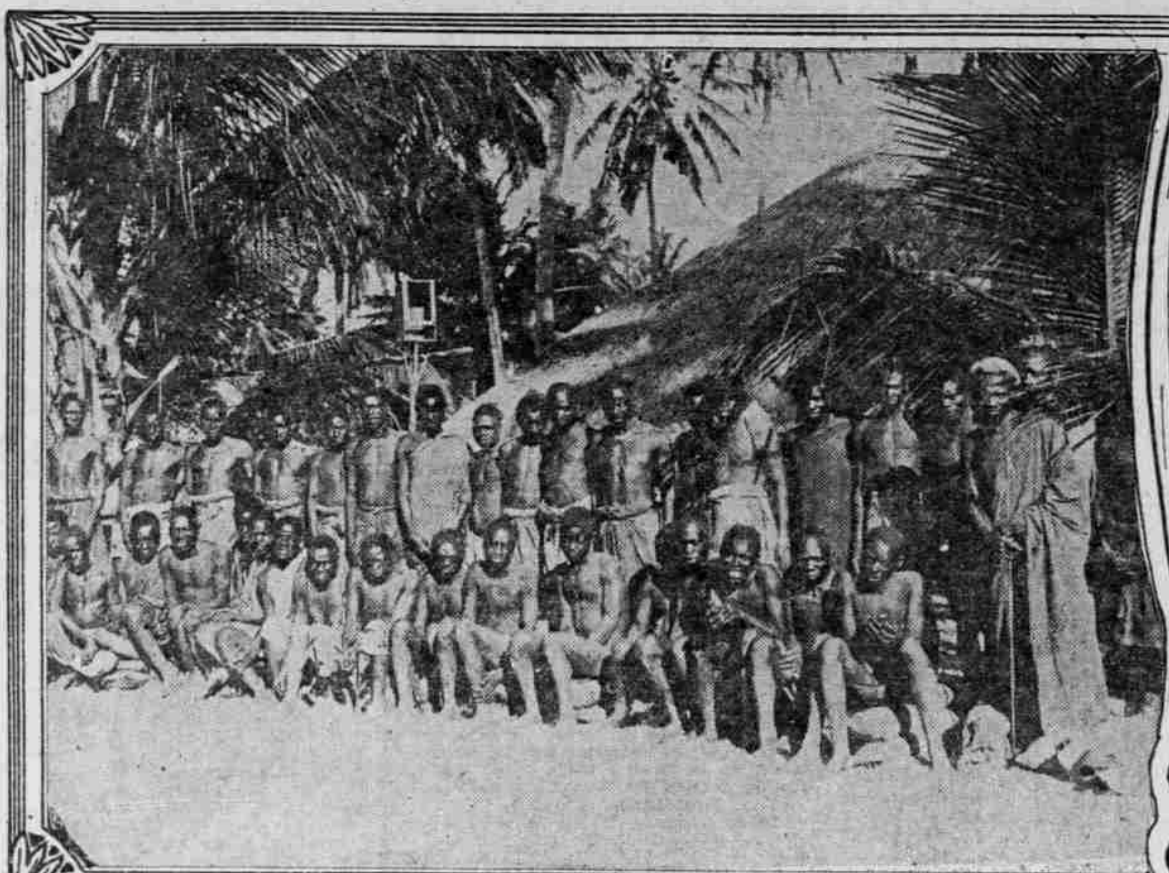
BY FRANK G. CARPENTER.

SIXTY-FIVE THOUSAND elephants were killed in Africa last year, and more than a million and a half pounds of ivory were taken from them and shipped off to Europe. Of this, fully one-third came from Zanzibar, another third was from Portuguese East and West Africa, and a large part of the balance was from the valley of the Congo. The Congo furnished a hundred thousand pounds, Egypt three hundred thousand pounds, and a large part came from the Niger territories and Lagos. During the past six months I have been traveling through the lands of ivory and elephants. I saw tusks for sale in the Egyptian Sudan. At Mombasa I was shown \$50,000 worth of ivory in one pile, and during my travels through Uganda and German East Africa I passed many long lines of porters carrying elephants' tusks on their heads or tied to long poles, which rested on their shoulders.

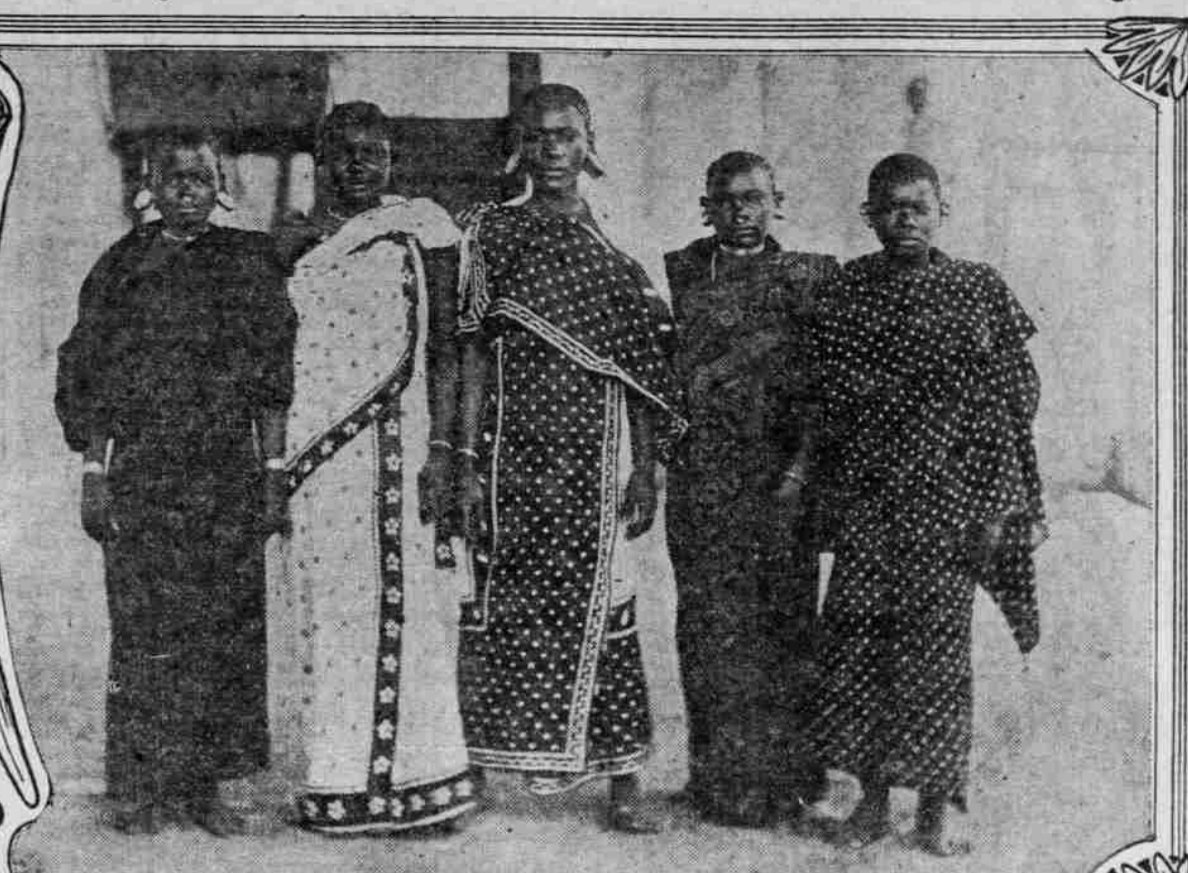
A Great Ivory Market.

Zanzibar has for years been one of the chief ivory markets of the world. There are companies here which have their buyers and traders scouring German and British East Africa, as well as the Portuguese possessions, farther south. These men take beads, cottons and other merchandise to trade with the natives, and when they have accumulated a cargo they send it on the heads of porters down to the sea coast. Much is now coming to Lake Victoria and over the Uganda railroad to Mombasa. A great deal goes to Tabora, in the center of German East Africa, and thence on east to Bogomojo, on the coast opposite Zanzibar, while other caravans bring ivory to Bogooro, and it is sent thence by railroad to Dar es Salaam.

There are herds of elephants about the slopes of Mount Kilimanjaro, and the hunting goes on in the forests of the Great Rift valley. In British East



IVORY IS CARRIED TO THE COAST BY PORTERS



ZANZIBAR GIRLS



AFRICAN IVORY BRINGS THE HIGHEST PRICES

Africa it costs \$250 for the right to shoot elephants, and a hunter does not kill more than two during a season. It is against the law to kill the baby elephants or cow elephants there, and the same regulations prevail in Uganda. In the British Sudan a license is required to shoot any kind of big game, and this is also true of British Central Africa. In German East Africa hunters are charged a few rufpees for their elephant shooting licenses, but they must pay a royalty to the government on all the ivory they get. As it is, there is considerable profit in the business, and in the German colonies a fairly good hunter often makes big money. A single elephant may give tusks worth a thousand dollars and upward, and an old bull may produce three or four hundred pounds of the choicest ivory.

African Ivory the Best.

This African ivory brings the highest prices in the markets. It is superior to any other in the size of the tusks. I have seen some which are nine feet long, and there are some which weigh as much as 200 pounds each. The average weight of a tusk is much less than this, and one of 100 pounds is quite valuable. In India the average tusk does not weigh 50 pounds, but that of the African elephant is much heavier. Many of the tusks are broken when they are brought into the market. The elephants use them for plowing up roots and tearing down trees, and also for fighting their enemies. The average tusk is strong and elastic, but can be broken, and the ends are sometimes snapped off. Ivory tusks are always sold by weight, and the traders tell me that in buying them of the natives they have to be careful to see that pieces of iron and bits of stone are not put into the hollows of the horns to make them weigh more.

Pulling an Elephant's Tooth.

Many of you have been in the hands of a dentist and have seen how he almost breaks your jaw in pulling a molar with a long root. The tusks are really elephant's teeth, and it is difficult to get them out of a dead elephant. They are fitted into a bony socket, and the roots go almost up to the eyes. A tusk eight feet long may have two feet of its root imbedded in the skull, and if it is taken away at once the head has to be chopped in pieces to get it out.

In addition to the tusks the elephant had six great teeth inside its mouth on each side its jaw above and below, and these are almost as firmly imbedded as the tusks themselves. The tusks are hollow about half way up. The smallest forms a big load for a man, while one weighing 150 pounds requires four porters to carry it. Such men are paid from \$ to 5 cents a day for their labor, so that

the cost of transportation is not heavy.

Dead Ivory.

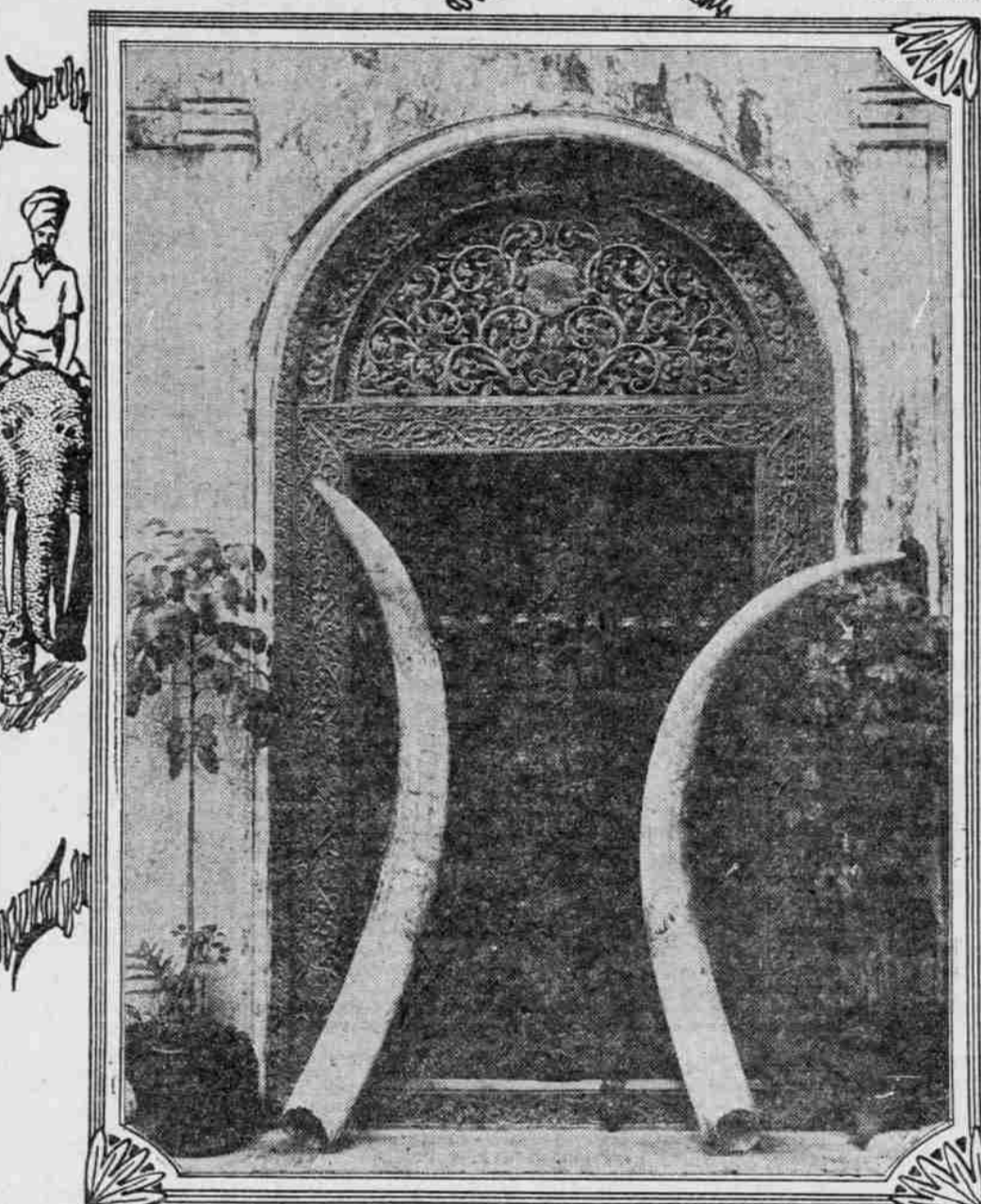
Have you ever heard of dead ivory? There is a vast amount of it still left in Africa, and thousands of pounds are shipped to the ports every year. Dead ivory comes from animals which have died a natural death, or from tusks which have been gathered by the chiefs of the villages and stored away. Ivory has always been an evidence of wealth in Africa, and some of the petty African kings have piled up ivory as our miners hoard money at home. Some of them have buried it near the villages, and others have made stockpiles of ivory tusks about their dwellings. During recent years some of such ivory has been gathered together, but there is said to be much buried yet to be unearthed. In addition to this is the ivory of elephants which have died natural deaths. This is composed of the enormous tusks of aged elephants which have dropped in their tracks or have been killed by lions and other wild animals. Their bones lie where the huge animals fell, and the earth and leaves have covered them so that they are frequently hidden from view. I am told that the pygmies have killed many elephants with poisoned arrows, but not knowing the value of the tusks, have left them lie idle where they fell. Some of this dead ivory has been injured by the forest fires, but that imbedded in the mud or covered with vegetation is still of great value.

Elephant Meat.

I met the other night an old elephant hunter who has made many thousands of dollars in ivory. He has not only shot elephants, but eaten them, and he tells me the meat is not at all bad. A good-sized animal often weighs as much as five tons, and when he is killed the natives come in for miles around and have a great feast. They cut up the huge beast with axes and knives and tear the meat off in strips and smoke it as we smoke beef. They make elephant steaks and roasts, and they cook the trunks and feet in holes in the ground. The foot is considered a delicacy. It is prepared by making a fire in a hole and laying the foot on the burning coals. Some sticks are then placed over the mouth of the hole and a layer of green leaves is spread upon them. A thick deposit of earth is placed on top, and the meat is allowed to cook and steam for several hours. After it is taken out the skin is removed, which the jelly-like interior is ready for eating. I am told that it is so tender that it can be scooped up with a spoon. The ordinary elephant steak is black in color, and when cooked it looks and tastes a little like corned beef.

A Great Ivory Trust.

The European nations which have colonies in Africa are trying to keep the elephants from being destroyed. This is



DOOR OF AN IVORY MERCHANT, ZANZIBAR

especially so of Belgium, which hopes some day to form an ivory monopoly. A greater part of said ivory is going to China. It does not compare in quality with our elephant ivory, the greater part of it being poor, while some is absolutely worthless.

Zanzibar Versus Dar es Salaam.

The Germans are now competing with the British for the transcontinental trade of Central Africa. The old slave route began at Ujiji, on Lake Tanganyika, and came across German East Africa to Bogo-moyo and thence by boat to Zanzibar. The slave traders loaded their slaves with ivory tusks and made them carry them across country. When they got them here they sold both slaves and ivory to the Zanzibar merchants. In such cases many of the slaves were females, and were used to supply the harems of Arab, Syria and Turkey. As well as of Egypt and other Mohammedan countries of North Africa. Such merchandise was known as black ivory, in contradistinction to the elephants' tusks, called white ivory.

Since Germany has gotten possession of the mainland opposite here the ivory trade has been diverted to Dar es Salaam, and a large part of the product now goes there. This trade will increase with the building of the railroad, which is now being pushed on toward Lake Tanganyika. It will go to Tabora, and from there probably on to Ujiji, with a branch to the Victoria Nyansa. The shipping of Dar es Salaam is rapidly increasing. That port has a good harbor, and the largest steamers are now calling there.

Queer African Natives.

The Germans are rapidly exploring their colonies, and they are finding some strange things away out here in the African wilds. They have altogether seven or eight million of the natives in their part of the white man's burden; and they are divided up into many nations and tribes. Some of the most intelligent are about Tabora, and it is from there that the colony expect to get the labor to cultivate the plantations along the seacoast. The natives of that region have a king and subordinate chiefs; and women are so highly regarded that they are sometimes elected as the chiefs of their respective villages. These people believe in spirits, and they think that the dead live again, as spirits. Every chief has a hut in which the spirits are supposed to dwell. They have medicine men and witch doctors; and they think that a good medicine man can change himself into a wild animal at will and thus torment his enemies.

coils of wire, and one whose arms and legs were wrapped with brass wire, the size of a lead pencil. Another man had coils of this wire on his upper arm, and it so soft that the flesh seemed to be growing over them. I counted the strands on one woman's calf. It had eighteen parallel strands of the thickness of a lead pencil. The man whose swelling began to the knees. Otherwise, the lady was bare to the fringe apron which ran around her waist.

Many of these natives had shields of enormous size, made of skins fastened to a framework and painted in bright colors, and they had head dresses of ostrich feathers which looked odd in contrast with their nude bodies beneath. They all carried spears, and were celebrating a war dance. The houses of Shirazi are round huts with thatched roofs and walls of upright sticks chinked with mud. The interior of each house is divided into two compartments, one for the men and the other for the women. The cooking fire is made in the center of the hut, the blaze being usually started by means of friction, just as our Indians made fire before Columbus came. The people sleep on the ground, using pillows of wool.

Outside many of the huts I saw granaries. These are tall, round wicker-work baskets made of cane or plaited rushes, chinked tight with cow dung. They are raised upon poles a foot or so from the ground, and have conical roofs of thatch. There is a little door at the top of each granary, through which the corn is put in or taken out. Zanzibar, June 5.

Invalid Receives 2000 Letters a Week

Charles Noel Douglas, Bedridden for Ten Years, Song-Writer and Editor.

ON the wall of a little bedroom in an apartment-house at 142 Pacific street, Brooklyn, N. Y., hangs the framed photograph of a famous actor with an inscription reading: "To Charles Noel Douglas, the bravest man in the world." The man who brought out this enthusiastic sentiment lies flat on his back across the room. Despite the fact that this man is bedridden and has a body racked with pain he is a human dynamo.

Charles Noel Douglas has not known what it is to have a healthy, strong body since 1897, but in these eleven years, despite difficulties that would have driven an ordinary man insane or induced him to give up the apparently hopeless struggle, he has achieved more than most men does in a lifetime of health and strength. He is editor of two publications and associate editor of three others. Through these mediums it is his proud boast that he reaches six million people scattered all over the United States, and to these six millions he is a friend, counselor, guide and teacher—referred to, admired and beloved. He is the author of 700 lyrics and jingles. He is the publisher of his own volume of poems, which in thousands of homes is regarded as a household treasure. He has compiled two volumes of quotations which contain 4,900 separate paragraphs. He is the author of popular and topical songs without number, which are among many of the best-known artists on the vaudeville stage. Besides, he has written a number of vaudeville plays and monologues for amateurs. He gets more mail probably than any other individual in New York, not excepting philanthropists and millionaires. A week he receives 2,000 letters is not at all unusual, most of them from women who tell him the innocent secrets of their hearts. In the midst of all this, industry, though a "shut-in" himself, he finds time to help other shut-ins, and is perpetually scheming to find and to assist other bedridden ones who are no more fortunate than himself, but lack his tremendous will and energy.

He writes anything and everything. Vaudeville singers call him up and tell him they want a brand new lyric for 24 hours. Sometimes Mr. Douglas's reply is to sing the desired lyric back over the telephone. Occasionally a singer will bring his or her new song has caught the crowd like wildfire, and encore verses absolutely must be had by the next performance. Mr. Douglas's written replies are to come pouring in, mingling with ideas. "The trouble is I can't get them out fast enough." Many of the most popular performers on the stage have over their names his name to him, and he numbers his theatrical friends by the score. By the side of the photograph of Francis Wilson, who called him "the bravest man," is a portrait of Edna May, who presented it, with the inscription, "A Happy New Year to the author of the prettiest and most successful song I have ever sung, 'My Cozy Corner Girl.'"

Mr. Douglas keeps four persons peep-happy. His nurse, who is also his stenographer, looks after all his literary work. A young man secretary receives and sorts his mail and a young girl attends to mail orders and notices.

To give an idea of the man's talk: "Wait a moment and I'll show you my book of lyrics in the original type-written form. It is to be published by Miss Rutherford—see here what a stack of them. I sold that to Eva Kavirondo—she's one of my best friends—picture hanging over there—here's another she's going to bring out next month—here's one that went to Nat Willis—Francis Wilson took that—I sold that to Judge—see a screen that is here's one I sold to Fanny Rice—made a big hit—wait while I sing it to you— isn't that great?—she was tickled to death with it—here's one that I'm going to hold till I get a good price for it—listen to this melody—won't that bring 'em down, eh?" He is all enthusiastic and full of life, and his eyes are shining from their white belts. The men were often clad in a single goat-skin, which was shifted, so that it covered now the back and now the front of the person. All wore jewelry. I saw many dandies who had on great

hardly had the publication appeared when a wealthy woman telephoned him that she was ready to give \$100 toward a home for the cripple.

"Now wasn't that great, eh? It's a good world—lots of people with kind hearts in it—all you have to do is to tell them of some one that needs help and then watch 'em rise. It's bully, bully—nothing like it—think of being able to do things for a shut-in 1000 miles away, eh? I've organized a society—a Sunshine Society that now has 20,000 members—every blessed one of 'em willing and anxious to help. I get pitiful letters by every mail—ah, if people only knew of the misery in the world! But I don't go it blind. I make sure first. Not long ago I got an appeal for help from down South. I wrote to the Postmaster of the town and he replied that the writer was an able-bodied negro woman who had plenty but wouldn't work—you see, I'm business-like about it—no grafters need apply."

Mr. Douglas had never written a line, he says, till his trouble came on him. The story of his life and the way he has come out of the valley is no less remarkable than the man himself. He was an idol in 1888. He was with a row company in Montana when a stage fell from a cliff only too real, but he did not suffer from its effects till several years afterward. Then he suddenly was stricken with some spinal trouble, and nearly died. He found himself helpless. He came to Brooklyn and went to a hospital. After nine months there the doctors told him he must leave and go to a public hospital. He was without money and almost penniless. He begged the hospital authorities to give him a room in which to earn money for himself. Rather amusedly they gave him the week's time.

"I thought and prayed," says Mr. Douglas. "At last, somehow, the inspiration came to me to write a song. I had to borrow pen and ink and even the stamp to mail it. I sent it to May Irwin. After two days of heart-breaking suspense I got a check from her for \$20. In my exhilaration I dashed off another lyric and sent it to Weber & Fields. They replied with another \$20. I nearly died of joy. Ah, the joy of creation, of being able to earn your living! I continued to write, but the alternating suspense and joy and discouragement were too much for me. The little strength I had gave way and for months afterward I was barely able to move.

"I won't go into details. The life I spent for three years is too horrible for print—people don't like to read of sad things. Finally, in September, 1902, the tide turned and I was able to move into a little home of my own. Ah, the joy! I had not seen the outside world in six years. Now I looked out on a band of children at play and thanked God that I was alive! Things have gone smoothly since—not by any means—but I have been able to work most of the time. What more can a man ask, anyhow? But at first it was hard, hard, hard! I ask you—what is harder than to write a column of good English, anyhow? Consider the manual labor the strain on the brain. I never gave up hope. I worked. That's the thing to do—work! Don't sit around and dream and say, 'I'll do it tomorrow when I feel more like it'—get busy, grab hold of it, but right in. I have no fool ideas about the work I do, you understand—I don't write for the highbrows—but I get at the people. They write me letters right out of their hearts—ah that's what makes life worth while! To work to be able to help the folks not as well fixed as you, to be independent—ah, it's fine to be alive!"

Mr. Douglas is nothing if not independent of spirit. He objects strongly to having his physical disabilities emphasized and much prefers to be known for his work. He is the last man in the world to plead for a hearing simply because he is a "shut-in." "When the physical side of being bedridden is dwelt on," he says, "it puts one in the freak class, and I think I have done enough good work to be reckoned with on a literary basis alone." You can search all over New York, you can talk to men who have earned money, fame, power, position, men with active brains and bodily vigor—but you will find long before you will find another man in living as Charles Noel Douglas, who is flat on his back at 142 Pacific street, Brooklyn—New York Press.