DISTINGUISHED IN THE BIG GAME FIELD

PREDECESSORS OF ROOSEVELT WHO HAVE WON FAME IN MANY LANDS

LORD DESBOROUGH (RIGHT), WITH PRINCE ALBERT OF WALES AND HIS TUTOR,

WHEN THE PRINCE OF WALES WENT BIG GAME HUNTING IN INDIA

WILLIAM ASTOR CHANLER

WHEN ex-President Roosevelt sets sail for Africa on his quest for big game, he will simply be following in the footsteps of several notable Americans of today, whose hunting prowess is known in many of the big game fields of the lands that lie beyond the bounds of the United States. Indeed, some of these predecessors of Mr. Roosevelt have records as hunters in most of the world's big game fields, including those of their native land.

W. T. Hornaday, recognized in two hemispheres as America's leading zoological garden authority and creator, has bagged big game and small in South America, Florida, India, Ceylon, the Malay Peninsula, Borneo, British Columbia, Montana, Wyoming, Arizona and Mexico. He has shot the Indian elephant, the tiger, the Indian bison, the sambar deer, the axis deer, the wild hog, the gazelle, the black buck, the sloth bear, the sun bear, the muntjac and the mugger in the East Indies, and in America his rifle has brought to earth the bison, the antelope, the mountain goat, the mountain sheep, the mule deer, the white-tailed deer and the puma—truly a formidable bag of big game, and one of which any hunter, no matter how exacting or strenuous he might be, would undoubtedly be properly proud.

Mr. Hornaday has been a hunter of and a student of big game and small from childhood, when, as a Hoosier lad, he learned to shoot; and with the exception of the few years that he was engaged in the real estate business, he has spent all his grown-up years in going after and making still and live collections of the animals of the world, both great and small. Most of his hunting expeditions have been made with the express object of making zoological collections, and on some of these trips he has passed as much as two and three years at a time in the heart of the jungle, meeting, it is needless to say, with enough adventure and "close shaves" to form the backbone of an interminable series of boys' books.

According to Mr. Hornaday himself, his most hair-raising adventure and his nearest approach to violent death in the jungles befell him when he was in India hunting elephants. On the day in question he came unawares upon a rather large herd of elephants, but without betraying his presence to the pachyderms. As he stood watching the herd, his attention was fixed by the playful antics of a baby elephant. After romping for some time about its mother, the little creature set out on an exploring tour of the jungle. Mr. Hornaday, anxious to study the youngster further, followed it, noiselessly, as he supposed. But he must have made some slight noise, for before he had taken many steps in the trail of the baby, its maddened and terrified mother came crashing through the jungle and was all but upon him before he realized his danger. Mr. Hornaday frankly acknowledges that he never was more scared in his life, but he stood his ground—there was nothing else to do—and when the great beast was within 15 paces of him he let go with his rifle, firing two zinc bullets in quick succession into the elephant's skull. The effect was electric, for with a suddenness equal to that with which she had charged the hunter, the mother turned at right angles and, shrieking and trumpeting in her pain, crashed through the jungle.

One of Mr. Hornaday's most interesting big game experiences in this country befell him when he was fortunate enough to discover a herd of bison whose existence was unknown to the settlers round about. Mr. Hornaday at the time was making a collection of bison for the Government, and for three months after he located the precious herd—bison were mighty scarce even then—he and his assistants spent their time killing and mounting the animals. He returned to Washington with 22 mounted specimens and a live calf. Leaving out of consideration Colonel W. F. Cody, Mr. Hornaday probably has more bison to his credit than any other living well-known American. And these bison are to Mr. Hornaday's credit, for he killed them that future generations of Americans may know what the great game that once crowded our Western plains looked like in the flesh.

Saved From an Elephant by a Little Fox Terrier.

Another prominent big game hunter who had a blood-curdling experience while after elephants is William Astor Chanler, who also has an enviable record as an African explorer, and who did such good work before Santiago that he was especially commended in dispatches by General Shafter. This Chanler, by the way, is a brother of the Chanler who failed to defeat Charles E. Hughes in the recent gubernatorial race in New York.

Chanler turned big game hunter and African explorer at one and the same time when he was just a short time past his majority. He had got well toward his objective point, a place near the equator never before visited by white men, when he had his never-to-be-forgotten adventure with a herd of elephants, coming out of it with his life owing to the fact that he had taken with him on his travels a spunky little fox terrier that answered to the name of Felix.

Meeting with a band of natives who were so short of food that they were on the verge of starvation, the blacks promised to show Chanler where there were elephants if he would fill their stomachs. This the white man did, and true to their word the natives supplied him with guides and off the party started for the haunts of the pachyderms. After a fruitless journey of several hours, the hunters suddenly came upon elephant trails leading in all directions. From this point on the hunters crawled on their hands and knees through a forest of brush and thorn until they came near to a clearing in which the game was feeding. At this interesting juncture the natives beat a retreat, leaving Chanler with only his two gun-bearers and his own guides as companions.

Chanler, nothing daunted, wormed his way to within 50 feet of the herd, then fired. Before the smoke following the speeding of his second bullet had cleared away, he heard what he calls "a sickening, crashing noise and trumpeting," and realized that an elephant was bearing down upon him. Quick as a flash, he reached for another gun, and then discovered that both his gun-bearers had fled. He was alone with an unloaded and useless gun—and behind the wounded elephant five others were tearing in his direction.

Chanler took the only course that was left open to him—he jumped into the mass of thorns bordering the trail, and hurt himself so painfully that for a moment he forgot all about the six monsters charging down upon him. But not Felix, the dog. Escaping from the native who had run with him to the rear, the terrier had bounded back to his master's side, and as the leader of the elephants came abreast of Chanler, Felix sprang through the air, landed on the pachyderm and bit it viciously. Clearly frightened by the onslaught of this unlooked-for and mysterious enemy, the elephant sheered suddenly away from Chanler's uncomfortable post and made off into the jungle, the other elephants following. One can imagine the feelings of the little dog's owner when later Felix disappeared forever down the cruel maw of a crocodile.

At another time Chanler had a close shave from being badly mangled, to say the least, by a rhinoceros. He was stalking this game, when he suddenly heard, not 40 feet in front of him, the snort of a rhino. "In a moment," says Chanler, "I heard the dull thud of his feet, but the grass was so high and thick that I could catch no glimpse of the animal, yet all the time he was coming in my direction. Soon he reached the trail not 20 feet behind where I stood. I had my rifle ready, but could not use it, as my boy, Sururu, was between me and the onrushing animal. In an instant he caught Sururu and with horror I saw him fling the boy's body through the air, and I had just sufficient time to throw myself to one side into the bush ere he thundered past me into the long grass and disappeared."

Fortunately, the black boy escaped fatal injury, this being due to the fact that the beast's horn was impeded in its progress into the lad's flesh by striking against a nickel framed watch and a nickel framed compass which were in a pocket of Chanler's coat that the boy was wearing.

Chanler gained quite a reputation among the natives as a hunter of hippos and rhinos, and several times his skill in landing these species of African big game kept his expedition from becoming foodless in the fastnesses of the Dark Continent. On his first trip into the African big game regions, Chanler was accompanied by his brother Winthrop, who, also, is no mean big game hunter; and on his second trip he had as his sole white companion a Lieutenant in the Austrian army, who was badly injured by a hippopotamus.

Caspar Whitney a Worldwide Hunter of Big Game.

Like Director Hornaday, of the New York Zoological Society, Caspar Whitney has hunted big game in many quarters of the world; and, again, like Hornaday, he has been an ardent sportsman most of his life. Indeed, after he had taken the entrance examinations for Harvard back in 1876, he decided to go traveling instead of to college, and ever since then he has headed once every so often for some one of the world's big game fields. During the six years beginning with 1880 he spent practically all his time hunting and exploring.

Mr. Whitney has the distinction of being the first American of note to hunt in Siam and Burmah, going there after big game that he might get out of the beaten paths made by big game hunters in India and Africa. In Siam he laid low several specimens of the native buffalo, despite the fact that the dense undergrowth of the jungles made hunting, even to an expert like Mr. Whitney, akin to pot luck. In Burmah he got buffalo and a panther, while in Sumatra, where he next ventured before turning his face homeward, he had the satisfaction of putting a bullet behind the ear of an elephant that was charging on him and beholding the great brute fall dead. Whitney's big game trophies make a formidable zoological collection of themselves.

To Mr. Whitney I am indebted for an authoritative definition of the word "hunter." A hunter is a man who goes out for the love of sport, who loves the wilderness, and who spends a good deal of time hunting. A hunter is an altogether different creature from a shooter. A shooter, according to Mr. Whitney, is a man who goes out for a week or two in his vacation to see how much game he can bag. He simply fires a bullet and hopes and prays that it will hit something. Under these definitions a good many well-known Americans, who doubtless consider themselves in the hunter class, are nothing more than shooters.

The Greatest Amateur Big Game Hunter.

An American who has hunted big game in every clime and country of the world—who, in fact, is probably entitled to be heralded as the greatest amateur big game hunter in the world—is John R. Bradley, of New York City. Wherever big game roams over the face of the earth, there Mr. Bradley has been on its trail, and as he is a millionaire several times over he never has to think twice about the needed funds when he feels the hunting fever coming on him.

About the only species of big game known to the modern world that Mr. Bradley has not yet placed in his bag is the polar bear. Some months ago he, in company of Dr. Frederick A. Cook, the Arctic explorer, went North in search of polar bears and other Arctic game. But before a bear had been secured Mr. Bradley asked his companion if he would not like to make a dash for the Pole. Dr. Cook replied in the affirmative, his host turned over his yacht to him, and the doctor set about his polar preparations, while Mr. Bradley returned home. Some day, however, Mr. Bradley means to bag at least one polar bear, even if he has to go to the pole itself to get it.

In one hunting day Mr. Bradley has been charged by a rhinoceros and confronted by a lioness at close quarters. As the rhino charged him from a distance of less than a hundred yards, Mr. Bradley pumped lead into—or rather against—its sides as fast as his gun would work. But on the brute came, until a bullet struck it in a leg, when it halted in its charge for a moment, thus giving its enemy time to get into a safer position, from which he sent a bullet into the animal's brain.

The rhinoceros had barely been cut up and distributed among the natives when Mr. Bradley, on his way back to the head of his caravan, found himself facing a lioness, which had emerged from the jungle only a few yards ahead of him. Bradley raised his gun to fire—to his dismay an empty shell prevented its working. As quickly as he could under the circumstances he set matters right, but before he could fire the lioness took to her heels and was swallowed from view by the jungle.

JOHN R. BRADLEY

Mr. Bradley's home is decorated largely with the trophies of his hunting expeditions. Skins of all sorts are strewn about the floors and the furniture, and not a little of the furniture itself has been manufactured out of such trophies as horns and tusks secured in every big game field in Africa and Asia, from the Cape of Good Hope to the bleak steppes of Siberia.

While in the arctic fastnesses Explorer Robert E. Peary frequently goes after big game, not only that he and his men may have sport, but also that they may have full larders. Walrus, polar bear, reindeer—this the big game that Peary knows best and of which his rifle, since he has been searching after the Pole, has brought down numerous specimens. Peary has also hunted big game in the Maine woods and elsewhere in this country; indeed, he cultivated his love of hunting when, as a youngster and a young man, he spent a great deal of his spare time tramping through the great woods of the Pine Tree State.

A. Donaldson Smith, the Philadelphian who several years ago attracted the attention of the geographical world by his important exploration work in Africa, has to his credit one or more specimens of all the familiar species of African big game. General A. W. Greeley's rifle has been heard not only in the big game fields of this country, but elsewhere on the continent, as well; and, of course, Colonel W. F. Cody, known to young America as "Buffalo Bill," is a familiar figure on many a big game field, though he has done most of his hunting on this continent and in this country. Of late years, Colonel Cody has limited his hunting practically to the Big Horn Basin, in Wyoming, where he has a ranch of some 20,000 acres. Here he spends his Winters, leading his guests in expeditions after the game of the region, bear, mountain lion, deer, elk, etc.

Gifford Pinchot, of the Federal forestry service, and a confidant of President Roosevelt, with gun in hand has tramped through the forests of the far Northwest for weeks at a stretch, and every species of big game indigenous to these forests has fallen before the crack of his weapon. He, however, is yet to hunt abroad. The same is also true of Owen Wister, the novelist, who has quite a reputation in certain parts of the West as a big game hunter. He has killed every kind of big game known in the Rocky Mountain country except the mountain lion. Somehow or other, whenever he has taken aim at a mountain lion, the bullet has sped wide of its mark.

Two of England's best-known big game hunters are Baden-Powell, the hero of Mafeking, and Lord Desborough, who was at the head of the Olympic games held in London last Summer. Baden-Powell can shoot as easily and accurately with his left hand as with his right, and many a ferocious animal has he laid low in Africa and India. Lord Desborough, besides hunting in India and Africa, the two big game fields most favored by Englishmen, has shot in the Rocky Mountains. With him, as with all true hunters, he hunts that he may be in the open and escape for a time from the conventionalities of civilization.

When he was in India at the Durbar, the Prince of Wales turned big game hunter on several occasions, and his party had the satisfaction of bagging tigers, leopards and other fine specimens of Indian big game. Sir Harry Johnstone, who discovered the okapi, is another enthusiastic big game hunter who owes allegiance to King Edward.

But the most noted of all the British big game hunters is Frederick C. Selous, who, from 1871 to 1890, inclusive—20 years—spent every day of his life hunting big game in Africa. He was only 19 when he asked permission of the dusky King of Matabeleland to hunt elephants in his domains, and was laughingly told that he was barely old enough to hunt antelopes. But he secured the coveted permission, and soon thereafter began to show the Matabele ruler that, boy though he was, he knew how to lay low the elephant better than any other man that had yet set foot on Africa.

Mr. Selous did not return to England until 1892, and the same year found him back in the Dark Continent. In fact, since he first went to Africa he has spent precious little time in England, for hunting with him is not only a pleasure, but a business, and by it he has made his living all these years. Just as John R. Bradley is probably the world's greatest amateur hunter of big and small game, so Mr. Selous is probably the world's greatest professional hunter of big game and small—principally big game, however. For years he has held the record for elephants killed by an individual in hunting; a few years ago the number was 80 odd. Buffalo and antelope he has killed by the hundred, literally. He has had more hairbreadth escapes from death while hunting than he has years, 56; but despite his lifelong strenuous existence and the innumerable hardships he has suffered, he is as spry as a three-year-old and as fond of hunting today as when he began it, a slim youth of 19.

Of the members of royalty who claim to hunt from time to time, old Prince Luitpold, the regent of Bavaria, is the only one who really hunts. The rest shoot, and, at that, shoot at game that is driven right up under their guns by the beaters of their hunting preserves.

But Luitpold, who is now 87 and still vigorous, insists on real hunting when he takes his gun in hand, and without the assistance of beaters and other game retainers he scrambles over the Alps in quest of chamois and eagles, and frequently with a good measure of success. He is a jolly old hunter, too, and doesn't care a hang about court etiquette when he is afield. Emperor William and various other crowned heads pretend that they also don't want to be bothered by court etiquette when they hunt—beg pardon, shoot. Which is probably true; but it is equally true that they have a hunting etiquette that is as formidable, almost, as the etiquette with which they usually surround themselves.

(Copyright, 1908, by the Associated Literary Press.)

STUDENTS TAKING UP COMMERCE AS A STUDY

Eastern Universities Are Now Teaching the Principles of Business to Students Who Work by Day.

A BUSINESS college is not the same thing as the business department of a university. The university adjunct attempts to realize the ideal of extra instruction to men already at work who want to improve on their standing in the commercial world, says the New York Sun.

It aims to teach them how to do their work better and how to rise to greater heights. Instilling into the mind of a man the principles of commercial law, how to make contracts and how to sell goods, the sciences of accounting and investigating are part of the university business department. It is a step above the business school, which teaches rather more limitedly bookkeeping, stenography, typewriting and other things to introduce a man into business.

The business branch of university work is comparatively a new thing. The first of all was the Wharton School of Commerce and Finance at the University of Pennsylvania.

That had its earliest beginnings in 1881. The members of other faculties in the university objected to the establishment of it, believing among other things that it would cheapen the university name.

So the Wharton bequest was kept, but the Wharton commerce school languished for almost a dozen years. It was not until 1893 that it began to amount to something. It did not, however, take up accounting, reckoned one of the most important parts of the work such a school may do.

In 1890 the University of Chicago announced that courses in business instruction would be a part of the work hereafter, but the courses were not seriously undertaken and they amounted really to very little.

The second business department in the country actually to do something was that at the University of Wisconsin, which began operations in 1897. Then came, almost together, the schools at New York University and Dartmouth.

The local school was founded at the request of the certified public accountants, and for that reason accounting forms a very important part of its work, very likely the most important. The Amos Tuck School of Administration and Finance at Dartmouth was begun in the neighborhood of 1900, too.

The school at the University of Illinois was founded through the efforts of Edmund J. James, president of the university. Professor James was formerly in the faculty of the Wharton School, which also had in it the dean of the New York University School, Joseph French Johnson. The best work of the Illinois school began this year.

Michigan and Harvard were next to fall into line. The latter school began work this year. It is called the Graduate School of Business Administration and is not as close to the working person as are some of the others. The very pre-requisite of a bachelor's degree is bound to separate it from the "masses."

One of the most promising schools of the year is that at Northwestern University, opened only a few months ago. This is in the city of Chicago, not in Evanston, and its night courses, it is believed, will soon be the biggest of all.

Night courses in Philadelphia have attracted about 500 students. Outside of the colleges named Vermont has a small business course, founded through the efforts of John H. Converse, of Philadelphia; the University of Cincinnati has a small evening school, and the University of Colorado also has established evening courses.

It is explained that almost all the colleges have some courses which are likely to be of value to the man in business, and these are called, vaguely, business courses. The universities now have set out after the establishment of business departments, because day after day the sentiment in favor of them grows. There will be a school presently at Tufts College, a bequest having been left for it.

In this city the New York University School has grown from 60 students to nearly 1000. At the present time there are more than the building can accommodate with comfort.

The students have to carry chairs from one lecture-room to another, so hampered are they for seats. As has been set forth, the chief thing at the New York University is the course for accountants. It was the first university to pay particular attention to this department.

New York University, says Dean Johnson, makes its especial appeal to the young men in the city who have jobs but who want to better themselves. For that reason the bulk of the work is done in the evening.

While the school attracts men who are college graduates in some cases, in the main the students are of the city stores or industries. The young men in insurance offices who want to help themselves along come to the school and get the theoretical and practical work in insurance. They are taken around by an expert who teaches them how to inspect buildings in order that they may know what sort of risk each building is. They learn the sort of thing they will need in actual business.

The school does not demand anything more than that the prospective student should have had a proper high school education. Dean Johnson has in his care the looking over of the prospective students, and he depends chiey upon his judgment for his decision.

Dean Johnson was telling the other day of taking his daughter to a large college to arrange for her entrance there. According to his description it took four hours of hard work and trotting about to consult various persons before she could get in.

"Nothing of that sort here," he said. "If a young man comes in here it needn't take him 15 minutes to arrange all the details. This is a business school and we try to do things in a business-like way."

The N. Y. U. school doesn't want the sort of person who comes to it only because he believes he can get a job when he gets out through the agency of the school. The department does that sort of thing, but doesn't want the man who regards it as an employment agency. Dean Johnson told about a man of 40 who came to see him and told him his story.

"He was a telegraph operator," he said, "but wanted to get out of that into something better. So he took up the course in accounting and graduated.

"He got a job and held it—for about three months. I met him in the street one day and he told me he had been laid off on account of lack of work. I knew what that meant, because the poor workers are always the first laid off.

"He got another place and lasted only a few months there. But he was game. He came back to us and told me that his brother, an insurance man up in the state, told him if he'd study insurance he'd find a place for him.

"So he went to work and completed that course. I haven't heard from him since, but I believe he caught on well. He had the patience and the pluck, even though he was 40.

"We get them all ages, but most of our students are younger than that, of course. We had one young man who came in here. He was working for an insurance company.

"He took the night courses and studied hard. After he had been out a while he dropped in to say he had been promoted and was getting more salary. Some months later he came in to say that he was secretary to the president of the company, opened that man's letters and answered most of them himself, just leaving them for the president's signature, was getting $3500 and was to marry the prettiest girl in Brooklyn.

"Well, I told him $3500 a year and the prettiest girl in Brooklyn was a pretty fine combination for a young man not 30 years old, and he said it was, and that what's more he'd be president one of these days. There's nothing to stop a young fellow like that.

"What we have chiefly to do is to instruct the young men in the actual mechanics of the business. We can't teach them tact if they haven't it born in them, so of course we cannot guarantee them success in life.

"The best that a department of this sort can do is to give them a thorough grounding in what commercial law, principles of railroad work, finance, political economy and the writing of business English, German and Spanish they can get from our teachers. Financial and commercial newspaper work, advertising—all that sort of thing we teach as well as they can be taught.

"It takes nerve to work in the school. With a young fellow who is working in the day time it needs courage to give over his nights to study. That's what he has to do from the end of September to the beginning of June. He has to quit thinking of going around with girls to dances and so on, and he has to buckle down to keep even with his classes.

"There are men who aren't missing any chances and they don't want any one in the class to hold them back. However, if a fellow has the nerve to give up the social side while he is taking his two years in the business school he ought to amount to something."

Dean Johnson comes from the middle West. He went to Harvard and after being graduated in 1878 started to work as a reporter on the Chicago Tribune. He took up financial work and was for a time financial editor of the paper.

In 1883 he decided he would do something else and went to the Wharton School to teach newspaper work, which college prospectuses call journalism. When the N. Y. U. school was opened he came to New York and took charge of it. He looks like a good man to size up folks, which his task calls for.

The Calcutta constable—or "parawallah," as he is called—has an apparatus attached to his shoulders to support an umbrella over his head.