

MEN WHO WILL ENTERTAIN ROOSEVELT IN AFRICA

Royal welcome awaits the President from big-hearted natives, Englishmen, Germans and Americans—all genuine sportsmen.



SIR HASKETH BELL, BRITISH GOVERNOR OF UGANDA, ONE OF THE MOST CAPABLE AND POLITICAL MEN IN THE DARK CONTINENT.

BY PETER MACQUEEN, F. R. G. S.
WHEN I arrived in British East Africa last Spring, I heard a great deal on every side about the prospective visit of our President to the hunting grounds of big game. Whether it was the Arab Sultan of Zanzibar, the Lwal of Mombasa, the English ruler, the German officers or the French colonists—everybody wanted to show their deep appreciation of Mr. Roosevelt.

A man who will wait with intense interest the guest's arrival will be the hereditary Arab ruler of all East Africa, young Ali bin Hamud, the present Sultan of Zanzibar. I know the Sultan well. When the American consul presented me to him in the palace in the Summer of 1908, his first words were: "I am always glad to meet Americans. Your big country is the one I most desire to see. Your brilliant President is coming to East Africa, and he will have the warmest welcome ever given to a visitor in my domains. You see we Arabs have the same sense of honor and high worth that you English-speaking people have. It would be the greatest pleasure in the world for me to receive Mr. Roosevelt and to visit America." So spoke the Sultan of Zanzibar, a young man educated at Eaton, now 22 years of age, dressed like an English gentleman, and speaking the language of Shakespeare without an accent.

Where Most of the Hunting Will Be Done.

On the mainland at Mombasa, the Arab ruler is called the Lwal. He is a descendant of a race of kings. He will not be on the reception committee at Mombasa. For a long time his Arab ancestors fought the Arabs of Zanzibar, but at last Zanzibar was victorious, and the Lwal of Mombasa is now a finely educated young man; is a subject of the Sultan, and under the protectorate of England. Great Britain rents the shore-land for 10 miles inland from the Sultan of Zanzibar for \$5,000 a year. The hinterland is here by right of occupation, and a territory of 400,000 square miles, containing 5,000,000 blacks and 3000 whites, makes up what is called the East Africa Protectorate. It is here and in Uganda, another territory at the headwaters of the Nile, that the most of the hunting is to be done. The two side trips of most importance are the one projected into the Congo in search of white rhinoceros, and the one toward Lake Rudolf on the Abyssinian border. There is also a fine trip to the Kilimanjaro and German East Africa in contemplation.

Governor Sandler as Host.

Now one of the men who will be prominent in the entertainment of the Roosevelt party is Governor Sir James Sandler, of the East Africa Protectorate, who has a fine bungalow at Mombasa and one at Nairobi, 227 miles in the interior at the elevation of 5500 feet. Sir James is a man of open heart and kindly disposition. He has been undeviatingly in favor of giving the blacks their own land and all their rights. Some of the colonists think that Governor Sandler is kind to the natives and the Hindus, at the expense of the white men. He expelled Hon. Mr. Bailey and Lord Delamere from the Legislative Assembly at Nairobi last year because these gentlemen were actively working against the game preserves and the reserves of land for the Masai and other tribes.

Mr. Bailey and Lord Delamere are both rich men and very popular, and they will unquestionably be among the British colonists to welcome and greet the big man after his game. I understand that Governor Sandler is going to have the President as his guest in the famous bungalow or Government House which look off from the rocks of Mombasa out upon the Indian Ocean, on a view unparalleled anywhere in East Africa. Captain Gray of the Castle (the old fort built by Vasco da Gama in 1498), and the English Club of Mombasa are now preparing a hearty reception. The Arab Lefall can tell Mr. Roosevelt anything he wishes to know about the tribes, and about the race and social problems which I understand the President is to study.

Improving a Railroad for Roosevelt

Mr. Currie, manager of the Uganda Railway, and Mr. Sweeney, his assistant, are both good, progressive Englishmen. They told me that all conveniences that could conduce to the health and comfort of the visitors on the railway line of their journey would be put at the command of the popular American hunter. They are actually making improvements in their rolling stock and introducing new ice plants to please and help their distinguished visitor.

MR. HARRY EDGELL OF NAIROBI WITH HIS WIFE AND CHILD. MR. EDGELL HAS HAD EXTRAORDINARY SUCCESS IN TAMPING ELEPHANTS.

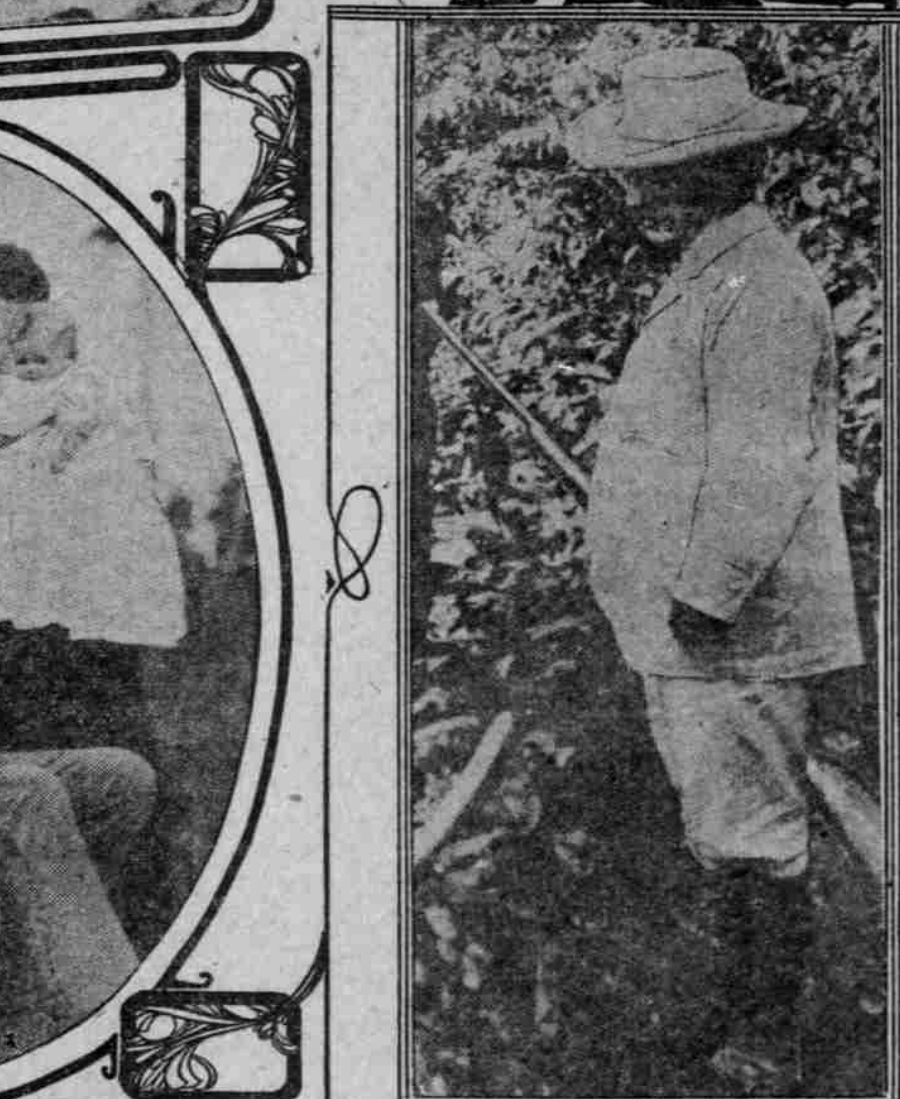
This Uganda railway, finished in 1902, runs from Mombasa to Lake Victoria, 584 miles and along the greater part of it the game is protected on one side of the track. On the right hand side of the track the hunters may shoot, and it is here that Mr. Currie and the railway officials will make all arrangements for trains to stop, and cars are to be equipped with everything that can make the hunt at this point an assured pleasure and success. There are hundreds and thousands of wild game in sight of the railway car windows. I counted in one afternoon no less than 550 head of game along the railway—zebra, impala, wildebeeste, hartbeeste, Grant and Thompson gazelles, ostriches, giraffes, jackals, huge birds, vultures, marabouts and a host of other wild life things.

An American Host.

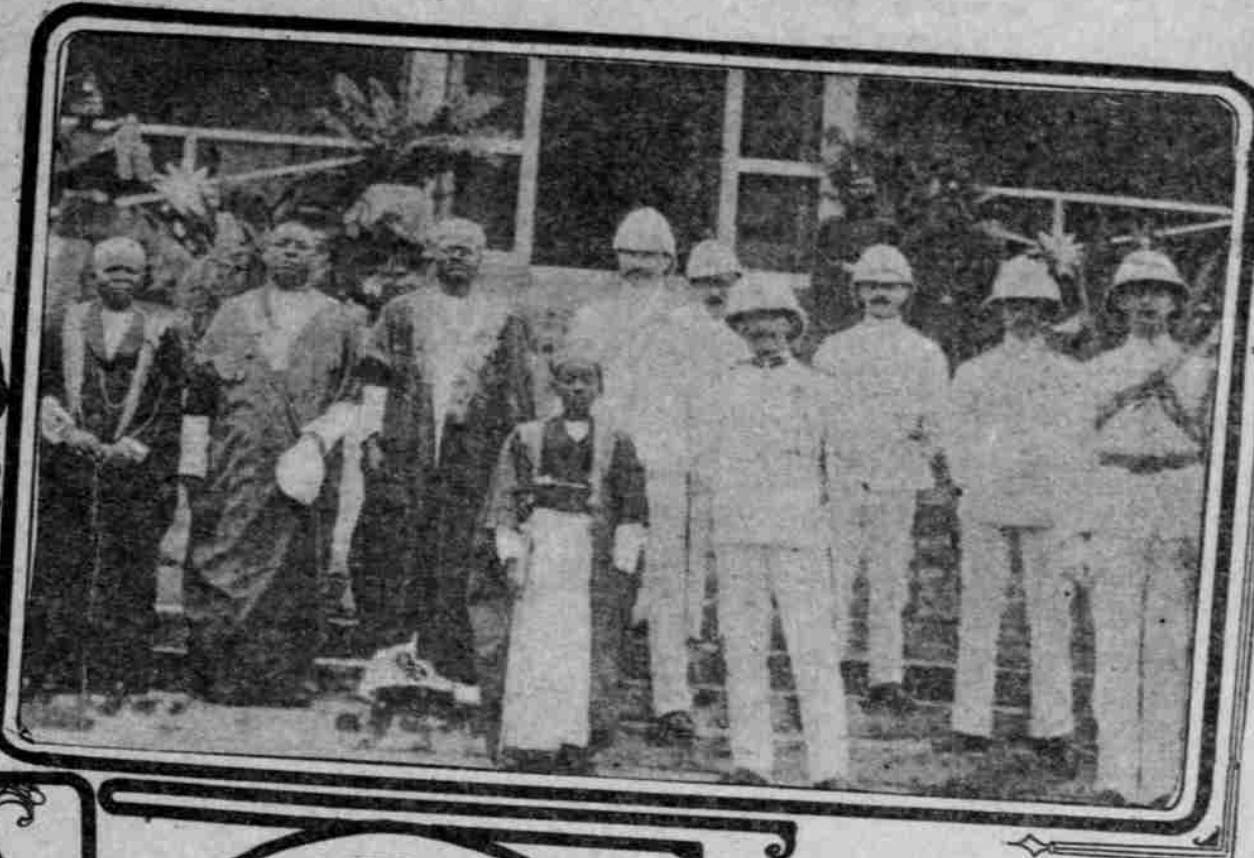
The party will likely proceed directly to Nairobi, the capital of British East Africa, 227 miles inland. Here Governor Sandler and Vice-Governor Jackson will for a part of the time have the President for guest. But at Nairobi is the famous American Mr. McMillan, who has a charming wife, and whose boundless wealth and genial hospitality are known all over the country. Mr. McMillan I met in August. He was having his town house at Nairobi (handsome bungalow) fitted up with electric lights, and rooms are being added to it that he may enable the President to stay at this American home while he is getting ready for his big safari (journey). The Norfolk Hotel, Nairobi, will also be open to Mr. Roosevelt's party. Already in August they informed me they had rooms reserved for members of the safari. There are nearly 700 Englishmen in and around Nairobi; and they will have receptions and horsereas; banquets and speeches—for is not this the Boston of East Africa, and have they not had an incontinent revolution there this year, and called upon the Governor to resign, as they did in Boston long ago?

In the Nairobi postoffice one day I was addressing a picture postal to President Roosevelt, and an English farmer came in and saw it. He said to me: "If you know Mr. Roosevelt, tell him I have a farm 10 miles square with 40 wild buffaloes on it. We are keeping them in the hope that your President will give us a look in."

Mr. McMillan is a nephew of Senator McMillan, of Michigan. I asked him why he continued to live in Africa. He replied: "I do not know. No man knows what fascinates him with this wild country. I have Africanitis, I suppose. And I hope the President when he comes will find it as enjoyable as I always do. I have a farm of 20,000 acres, and I can take him to rhino, and wild buffalo as well as lions within 50 miles of Nairobi, and show him the wildest life he will find in Africa. We are simply rejoicing in the anticipation of the fun and sport and good fellowship we shall have with such a popular and high-minded and distinguished man as Roosevelt. We Americans are going



THEODORE ROOSEVELT THE GUEST.



BOY KING OF UGANDA, DAVID CHWA, WITH HIS BRITISH AND AFRICAN COUNSELLORS. HE PROMISES THE VISITOR THE BIGGEST BULL ELEPHANT IN HIS REALM.



MR. McMILLAN OF NAIROBI, AN AMERICAN MILLIONAIRE NEPHEW OF SENATOR McMILLAN OF MICHIGAN.



HON. A. A. BAILEY AND MRS. BAILEY, AT A STATION OF THE UGANDA RAILWAY.

to make it evident that we have a big man with us."

Mr. Cunningham, a canny Scot, it is said, will take up the matter of arranging for porters and gun-carriers, provisions and tents. The party is in safe hands with this hardy Northman, for he has hunted and safaried (journeyed) with the natives all over the African plateau.

Where Elephants Are Thick.

If Mr. Roosevelt will take my advice, he will not miss the Kilimanjaro Mountain and the Taveta forest, on the borders of German East Africa, and in the Province of Moschi. He can get a train from Nairobi back to Voi about 200 miles. From Voi to Burra among the Taita hills is 23 miles. At Burra he will find the English collector, a great and skillful hunter. Then he will cross the Serengeti, a desert of scrub, for 50 miles, full of lions, leopards and hyenas. There I had two donkeys eaten by lions and a dog eaten by a leopard. Across the Serengeti there is a good road, built right up through British territory to German East Africa and Marangu. In the Kilimanjaro region. While I was here in August, 1908, 11 elephants were killed by British and German sportsmen in one week.

The Daniel Boone of Africa.

At Taveta forest, on the borders of German East Africa, lives the best sportsman in the whole continent of Africa, and Roosevelt cannot afford to miss a hunt with him—my friend Mr. Hyde Baker, the English commissioner. He has shot 200 elephants and an equal number of lions, besides a host of game and birds for Baron Rothschild. Hyde Baker

is in a difficult and delicate position with the brave Germans, but he is as much a favorite with them as with his own race. When I left Moschi, the German fort in Kilimanjaro, every German officer said: "Remember me to Hyde Baker." "My regards to Mr. Baker." "Forget me not Mr. Hyde Baker." The truth is, Baker is a kind of Daniel Boone among these brave frontiersmen. He is a grand type of the English gentleman. Tall and straight, and in his prime, Baker is the man nearest Roosevelt's ideal in Africa. Baker is the only white man who ever saw an okapi (the newest animal to science alive). He shot it in the forest for Baron Rothschild. This man, a nephew of Sir Samuel Baker, who discovered some of the sources of the Nile, is a modest, refined, quiet man, like a bank president. But, look you, I have known him to bag two elephants in an afternoon whose aggregate weight was eight tons.

Mr. Baker talked with me about the visit of America's foremost hunter. He said in a simple, boyish way: "Tell the President if he comes my way I will show him all the game." That was not much to say, but when it's all, it's a great deal, for this man knows all the game from Zambesi to the Nile.

His German Hunters.

In Moschi Roosevelt will find a glorious hunter in Sergeant-Major Bast, of the Moschi Askari (native troops). Herr Bast has killed two lions before breakfast. He has shot rhinoceros by the score and lived among wild beasts for 20 years. He is the best authority upon the Masai, the famous hunting warriors, in the

world. Herr Wolfe, the municipal secretary of the province; Herr Hencke and Dr. Ahlborn, who rescued Mr. Dutkewich and myself from the Kibo—all these men are keen for game, and are crack shots. They want the President at Kilimanjaro, and they want him much. "Vill do Herr President Rosenfeldt, mit der Kaiser hier hont?" was asked me many times last Summer.

Continuing his journey to Uganda, the tide of enthusiasm will not abate when the indomitable Teddy reaches the Nile country and the Japan of Central Africa. The English Governor of Uganda, Sir Hasketh Bell, of Entebbe, on the shores of Lake Victoria, is a redoubtable hunter. A picture in Entebbe shows the Governor surrounded by all kinds of trophies—lion pelts, zebra skins, buffalo horns, elephant tusks. Governor Bell will give the ex-President of the United States the freedom of Uganda. The Governor's new house at Entebbe will be open to the coming lion-hunter.

The King of Uganda, Bauda Chwa, a boy of 12, grandson of that famous Mtesa who entertained Stanley, told me, while his eyes sparkled with boyish glee, that nowhere could the President find such big bull elephants as in Uganda. He drew me a map of Uganda and marked upon it the famous hunting spots in his big kingdom of 150,000 square miles. The King may even wish to go along with his Scotch tutor, Sturrock, on the hunting road toward Lake Kloga and the head of the Nile.

No Carpet Knights.

There is no hotel at Jolfa at the Ripon Falls, but here is a good Irish Episcopal

minister, Archdeacon Buckley, and a good Catholic priest, Bishop Haulon. These distinguished prelates expect to help make the President's stay among the

wild men of Bukedi and the cave men of Mount Elgon an interesting and a pleasing one. They are no vain carpet knights, these brave missionaries. They cross savage morasses for 300 miles alone, unaided save by their granite faith. Said Archdeacon Buckley to me at Ripon Falls:

"Send Mr. Roosevelt to me, and I will take him a hundred miles into the depth of the Bukedi country, where men live in trees and are still cave-men. We shall see great elephants and buffaloes, who hunt the hunter, and we shall most of all appreciate the visit of a brave, true-hearted man."

There will be wild places where not even officers, pioneers or missionaries are seen—the wilderness around Lake Rudolf and the valleys and dense jungles on the Abyssinian border, where the wild tribes own neither a God nor king, neither a faith nor government nor a governor from Abyssinia, or Great Britain or Uganda—but where he who has must keep his own and he may take who can.

Roosevelt is a primal man, and also a man of ripest civilization. He is a rarer specimen of our kind than the Okapi of the Congo forests, and where he goes go good hunting, brave thought, brave deeds. His collection of specimens and game; his interviews with the colonists and the half savage kings and chiefs will be heard and read of with a universal interest. He will say and write just what he means, and his word to the white men and the black men in the forest will be that of a good man, with a fine brain and a great big sympathetic heart. No man since Livingstone, I dare believe, will influence Africa more than Theodore Roosevelt, a notable hunter and a world-wide citizen.

Way Now Clear to Protect Salmon

Decision in the Chris Nelson Case Paves the Way for Effective Legislation by Two States.

By Ed Rosenberg, Secretary United Fishermen of the Pacific.

THE Chris Nelson Columbia River fishery jurisdiction case, just decided by the Supreme Court of the United States, is of the greatest importance to Oregon and Washington, because by defining to what extent these two states can enforce fishery laws on the Columbia River both states can now or in the future pass salmon protective laws enforceable up to their respective boundary lines. In the past such laws were usually set aside by the lower Federal courts.

The Columbia River, the greatest salmon stream of the United States and the world, has been run because it flows between two states, as wide open as to catching salmon as any mining camp in the olden days was run as to moral restrictions. The reason for this was that Oregon claimed the right to enforce fishery laws for the Columbia from bank to bank. In the Chris Nelson case the Supreme Court of this state conceded the same right to Washington by deciding that the "more stringent laws" for the protection of the food fishes of the Columbia, passed by either state, could be enforced by both states from bank to bank. Washington denied the right of Oregon's jurisdiction from bank to bank, also repudiated the principle of the "more stringent law," and contended that Oregon could only enforce its fishery laws up to its boundary, except when the two states passed identical laws. Then both states could enforce such laws from bank to bank.

Chris Nelson operated a purse seine on the Columbia River, holding a Washington license. In the Summer of 1907 he was arrested by Oregon officials. Oregon that year had passed a law prohibiting purse seine fishing on the Columbia. Washington had failed to concur in this law. Chris Nelson was convicted in the lower Oregon courts. The Supreme Court of that state, on appeal, confirmed the decision of the lower courts. The Washington appealed the case to the Supreme Court of the United States.

The United States Supreme Court, by upholding the contention of Washington, has cleared the way for true salmon protection. To illustrate: Under the past claim of Oregon for jurisdiction from bank to bank, when Oregon passed a protective law and arrested Washington fishermen in strictly Washington waters, or even in Oregon waters, the Oregon officials from enforcing such laws. Recently these courts went so far as to decide that Oregon fishery laws for the Columbia could not be enforced by Oregon officials from enforcing Oregon's Initiative fishery laws.

Under the principle of the "more stringent law," if it had been upheld by the United States Supreme Court, serious conflict would have immediately arisen. For instance, if Oregon passed a law which Washington fishermen considered

as unduly restrictive, it was likely that the Washington Legislature would have retaliated by passing a law considered as too restrictive by Oregon fishermen. Under this method in the long run all profitable salmon fishing on the Columbia could and very likely would have been stopped.

The fundamental principle of all salmon protection, everywhere applied with a single exception, is that no fisherman or fishtrap be permitted to fish above head of tide; that is, they are shut out from the narrows of the upper part of salmon streams. Europe has this rule, so has Alaska, Canada, Oregon, Washington and California. The single exception is the Columbia River.

Had the Chris Nelson case been decided six months ago the Oregon officials would have had no excuse to make spectacular arrests of Washington fishermen under the Initiative laws passed June last by Oregon. Then laws would have been no futile meeting of the two Governors to try to unravel the knotty problem of jurisdiction. There would have been no danger of the militia of both states being called out to protect the rights of the fishermen of either state. There would have been no decision by Federal Judge Wabenton temporarily suspending both Initiative fishery laws. Instead, the two Initiative laws passed by Oregon for salmon protection would have been in conflict, the law stopping fishing in the narrows of the Upper Columbia, which received a majority of 2,000, would have been declared the law of Oregon, enforceable in Oregon waters. The law stopping fishing in the wide lower river, which only received a majority of 600, would have been declared null and void, as the laws of Oregon provide in such cases of conflict. Then there would have been no opportunity for interstate fishery committees to bring in a report to the Oregon Legislature to permit the continuance of salmon destruction by fishwheels on the Columbia.

Under the Chris Nelson decision each state, as it sees fit, will be able to limit or prohibit in the narrows of the Columbia the fishwheels and fishtraps up to its respective boundary. Joint legislation will only be necessary for Sunday and other closing seasons, to permit salmon to reach the spawning grounds in the Upper Columbia, from which territory they are now debared by the fishwheels.

In conclusion I wish to state that the United Fishermen of the Pacific, the Federation of the Fishermen's Union of Alaska and the Pacific Coast States urged the prosecution of the Chris Nelson case from its beginning. The officers of this federation had numerous interviews with the Attorney-Generals of both states. They likewise secured the aid of United States Senators Fulton and Piles in having these Senators appear before the United States Supreme Court and urge the advancement of the case on the calendar, which was done.

ED ROSENBERG, Olympia, Wash.