With McCutcheon in Africa: He Meets Col. Roosevelt.

(Continued from first page.)

it couldn't get through the hole by which it had entered the carcass.

The other theory is that, after eating its way into the elephant, it started to eat its way out by a different route. When its head emerged the heavy muscles of the elephant's side inclosed about its neck like a vise, entrapping the hyena as effectively as though it had its head in a steel trap. In the animal's despairing efforts to escape it had kicked one leg out through the thick walls of the elephant's side.

The colonel, in parting, asked us to stop with him for lunch on our way back and he would tell us all about the elephant hunt and show us his pigskin library. In return we promised to photograph the hyena and thus be prepared to render expert testimony in case, some time in the future, he might get into a controversy with the nature fakers as to the truth of the incident.

We then resumed our journey and arrived at the elephant camp at 9.30. It was a scene of industry. The skins of the two largest elephants and that of the calf had been removed the afternoon before and were spread out under a cluster of trees. Twenty or thirty porters were squatted around the various ears and strips of hide and massive feet, paring off all the little particles of flesh or tissue that remained. As fast as a section of hide was stripped it was thickly covered with salt and rolled up. This is the preliminary step. Afterwards the skin, in many places an inch in thickness, is pared down to a condition of pliable thinness. This work requires hours or even days of hard labor by many skillful wielders of the paring knife. The skulls and many of the bones are saved when an animal is being preserved for a museum, but when we arrived they had not yet been removed from the carcasses.

* *

Took Photographs as Proof.

Our first object was to visit the hyena, which we found still protuding from the side of his tomb. We photographed him from all angles, after which he was disinterred and exposed to full view. He had certainly died happy. He had literally eaten himself to death, and his body was so distended from gorging that it was as round as a ball. Col. Roosevelt also photographed it so that there will be no lack of evidence if the incident ever reaches the conjugial stage.

The third cow killed by Col. Roosevelt was small for the group, so the skin was taken up as souvenirs of the day. We each took a foot, fifteen square feet of skin, and the ears was saved for the colonel.

On which we started on the long two days' ride back to the Roosevelt camp, arriving here at a few minutes before 1 o'clock. We had not been there ten minutes before a wind came along, blew down a tent, and another minute was gone.

The American flag was flying from the colonel's tent, and he came out and greeted us with the utmost cordiality and warmth. In honor of the occasion he had put on his coat and a green knit tie. He was beaming with pleasure at the result of the elephant hunt and seemed proud that he was to have elephants in the American museum group to be done by Mr. Akeley. Heller was stuffing some birds and mice and was as slouchy, deliberate, and as full of dry humor as any one I've ever seen. He is a character of a most likable type. Tarlton, small, with short cropped red hair—a sort of Scotchman in appearance—is also a remarkable type. He has a quiet voice, never raised in tone, and talks like the university man that he is. He is a famous lion hunter and has killed numbers of lions and elephants, but now he says he is through with dangerous game.

"I've had enough of it," he says.

* *

Colonel on the Water Wagon.

The colonel, Tarlton, Heller, and Kermit were the only members of the expedition present. Mearns and Loring have been engaged in a separate mission up the Kenia country for several weeks, while Cunningham has been in the Uganda for some time making preparations for the future operations of the party in that country.

Mr. Akeley washed up in the colonel's tent, while Stepenson and I used Kermit's tent, and as we washed and scrubbed away the memories of the elephant carcasses the colonel stood in the door and talked to us.

We told him that each of us had taken a drink of Scotch whisky the evening before in honor of the elephants—the first drinks we had taken for weeks.

"I'd do the same," said the colonel, "but I don't like Scotch whisky. As a matter of fact I have taken only three drinks of brandy since I've been in Africa, twice when I was exhausted and once when I was feeling a little feverish. Before I left Washington there were lots of people saying that I was a drunkard and that I could never do any work until I had emptied a bottle or two of liquor."

We told him that we had heard these rumors frequently during the closing months of his administration, and he laughed.

"I never drank whisky," he said; "not from principle but because I don't like it. I seldom drink wine, because I am rather particular about the kind of wine I drink. We have some champagne with us, but the thought of drinking hot champagne in this country is unpleasant. Sometimes when I can find wines that just suit my taste I drink a little, but never much. The three drinks of brandy are all I've had in Africa, and I'm sure I've not taken one in the last four months. They had all sorts of stories out here before I left Washington—that I was hard and that I was crazy. I guess," he said laughing, "but I most certainly haven't been drinking hard."

Life was a merry affair. Heller sitting in the swamp in front of the camp shot some ducks for luncheon.

"Again," said the colonel, "I shot when I heard that Heller had shot. I knew that my cribi would stand that the most thorough friendship existed between the members of the colonel's party. His fondness for me was in constant evidence—in the way he joked with them and in the complete absence of restraint in their attitude toward him.

"They were told that I would be a hard man to get along with in the field," Col. Roosevelt said, "but we've had a perfectly splendid time together."

I asked him whether he had been receiving newspapers, and, if not, whether he would like to see some that I had received from home. He answered that he not seen any and really didn't want to see any.

"I don't believe in clinging to the tattered shreds of former greatness," he said, laughing.

He had not heard that Gov. Johnson had died, and when we told him said that Johnson would undoubtedly have been the strongest candidate the Democrats could have nominated the next time. He wanted to know where he could address a note of sympathy to Mrs. Johnson.

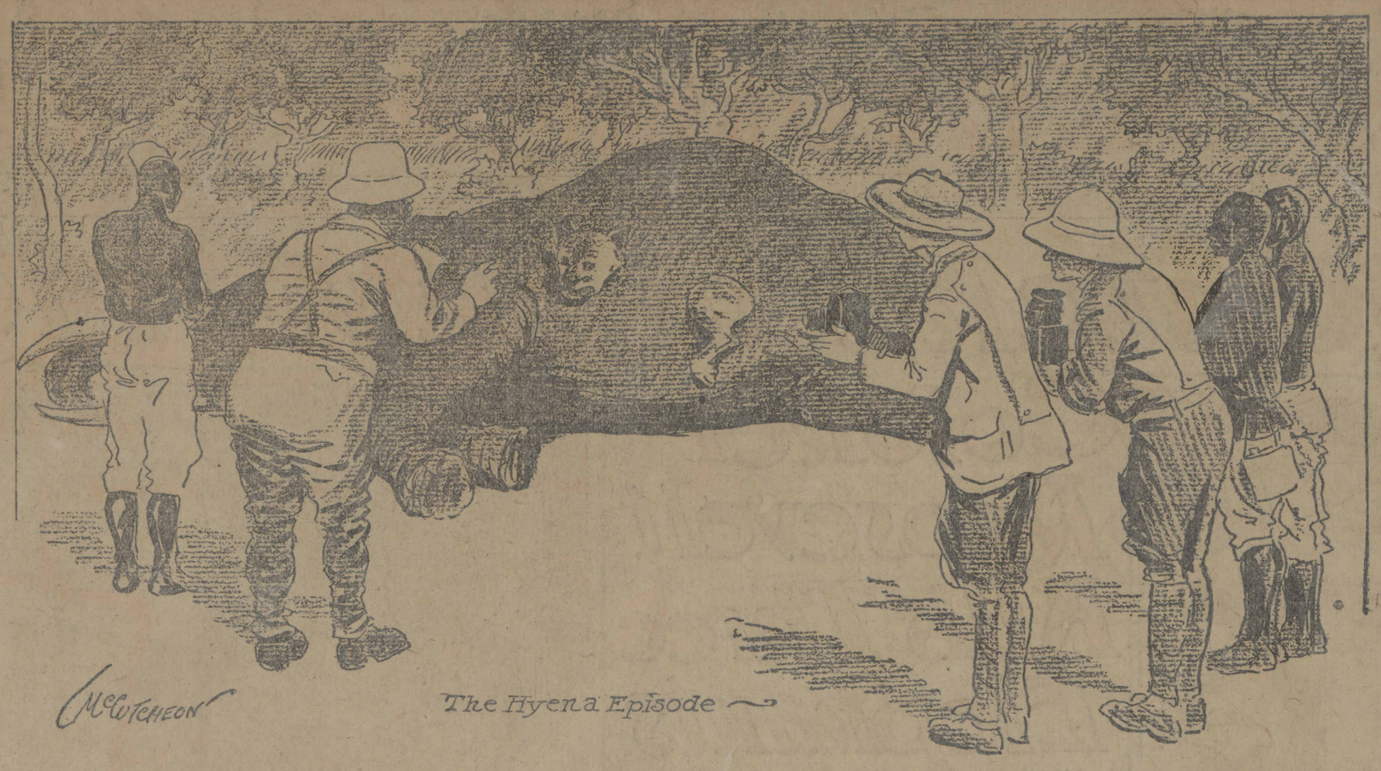
Later, in speaking of a prominent public man who loudly disclaimed responsibility for an act committed by a subordinate, he said:

"It would have been far better to have said nothing about it, but let people think he had ordered them himself. Very often subordinates say and do things that are credited to their superiors, and it is never good policy to try to shift the blame. Do you remember the time Root was in South America? Well, some president down there sent me a congratulatory telegram which reached Washington when I was away. Mr. ——— of the state department answered it in my name and said that I and 'my people' were pleased with the reception they were giving Mr. Root. Well, the New York Sun took the matter up and when the fleet went around the world they referred to it as 'my fleet,' and that 'my fleet' had crossed 'my equator' four times and 'my ocean' a couple of times. It was very cleverly done and people began to call for a Brutus to curb my imperialistic tendencies.'

* *

Tells Story of John L.

He told a funny story about John L. Sullivan, who came to the White house to intercede for a nephew who had gotten into trouble in the navy. John L. told what a nice woman the boy's mother was and what terrible disgrace it would be for himself and his family if the boy was dropped from the navy. "Why, if he hadn't gone into the navy he might have turned out very bad," said John L.; "taken up music or something like that."



The Hyena Episode

We also told him that some of the American papers were keeping score on the game he had killed, and that whenever the cable reported a new victim the score up to date would be published like a baseball percentage table. In the last report he was quoted as having killed seven lions, while Kermit had killed ten. This seemed to amuse him very much, although the figures were not strictly accurate. His score was nine and Kermit's eight up to date. He was also amused by the habit the American papers have of calling him "Bwana Tumbo," which means "The Master with the Stomach," a title that would not fit him nearly so appropriately now as it might have done before he began his active days in the hunting field. He said, so far as he knew, the porters called him "Bwana Mkubwa," which means "Great Master" and is applied to the chief man of a safari, regardless of who or what he is. It is merely a title that is always used to designate the boss. We told him that many natives we had met would invariably refer to him as the Sultana Mkubwa, or Great Sultan, because they had heard that he was a big chief from America.

He also laughingly quoted the attitude of Wall street as expressed in the statement that they "hoped every lion would do his duty."

Later, in speaking generally of the odd experiences he has had in Africa, he spoke of one that will surely be regarded as a nature fake when he tells it. It was an experience that he and Cunninghame had with a big bull giraffe which they approached as it slept. When they were within ten feet of it it opened its eyes and stared at them. A slight movement on their part caused it to strike out with its front foot, but without rising. Then, as they made no offensive moves, it continued to regard them sleepily and without fear. Even when they threw sticks at it it refused to budge, and it was only after some time that it was chased away, when it came to a stop only fifty yards off.

"I suppose W. J. Long will call that a nature fake," he said, "and I wish that I had had a camera with me so that I could have photographed it. I'm afraid they won't believe Cunninghame, because they don't know him."

In the course of the luncheon the conversation ranged from politics, public men, his magazine work, some phases of Illinois politics as involved in the recent senatorial selection, his future plans of the present African trip, and many of the little experiences that he has had since he's been here. Much that was said was of such frankness, particularly as to public men, as to be obviously confidential.

* *

Adventure with a Hippo.

He was asked whether he had secured, among his trophies, any new species of animal that might be named after him. In Africa, here, there is a custom of giving the discoverer's name to any new kind or class of animal that is killed. For instance, the name "granti" is applied to the gazelle first discovered by the explorer Grant. "Thompsoni" is applied to the gazelle discovered by Thompson. "Cokei" is the name give the hartbeest discovered by Coke, and so on. If Col. Roosevelt had discovered a new variation of any of the species it would be called the 'Roosevelti' ———.

The colonel said that he not discovered any new animals, but that Heller, he thought, had found some new variety of mouse or mole on Mt. Kenia. He supposed that it would be called the Mole Helleri.

He then told about an exciting adventure they had with a hippo two nights before. Away in the night the camp was aroused by screams coming from the big swamp in front. Kongoni, his gunbearer, rushed in and shouted: "Lion eat porter!" The colonel grabbed his gun and dashed out in the darkness. Kermit and one or two others, hastily armed, also appeared, and they charged down the swamp, where a hippo had made its appearance in the neighborhood of a terrified porter. Kermit dimly made out the hippo and shot at it, but it disappeared and could not be found again.

After luncheon the colonel said, "Now I want to inflict my pigskin library on you," and together we went into his tent and he opened an oilcloth covered, aluminum lined case that was closely packed with books, nearly all of which were bound in pigskin. The tent was lined with red, evidently Kermit's darkroom when he is developing pictures. A little table stood at the open flaps of the entrance and upon it were writing materials, with which Mr. Roosevelt already had started to write up the elephant hunt of the day before. His motto seems to be, "Do it now if not sooner."

I sat on his cot, Mrs. Akeley on a small tin trunk, and Stephenson on another. The colonel squatted down on the floor cloth of the tent and began to show us one by one the various literary treasures from his pigskin library." The whole box of books is so designed that it weighs only sixty pounds, and is thus within the limit of a porter's load. Some of the books were well stained from frequent use and from contact with the contents of his saddle bags. Whenever he goes on a hunt he carries one or more of these little volumes, which he takes out and reads from time to time when there is nothing else to do. He never seems to waste a moment.

His pride in the library was evident, and the fondness with which he brought forth the books was the fondness of an honest enthusiast.

* *

Who the Best American Is.

"Some people don't consider Longfellow a great poet, but I do," he said as he showed a little volume of the poet's works. "Lowell is represented here, but I think, toward the end of his life, he became too much Bostonian. The best American," he said later, "is a Bostonian who has lived ten years west of the Mississippi."

He then showed us his work box, a compact leather case containing pads of paper, pens, lead pencils, and other requirements of the writer. I did not see a typewriting machine such as we cartoonists have so often represented in our cartoons of Mr. Roosevelt in Africa. But, then, cartoonists are not always strictly accurate.

Later on he spoke of the lectures he was to deliver in Berlin, the Sorbonne in Paris, and in Oxford next spring. I told him how surprised I had been to hear that he had prepared these lectures during the rush of the last few weeks of his administration. He said that he probably would be regarded as a representative American in those lectures and that he wanted to do them just as well as he possibly could. He knew that there would be no time nor library references in Africa, and so he had prepared them in Washington before leaving America.

In regard to his future movements he seemed sorry that he was obliged to take the Nile trip, and that he was only doing it as a matter of business—that he had to get a white rhino, which is found only along certain parts of the Nile.

"Going back by the Nile is a long and hard trip. For the first twelve days we will not fire a shot probably. It will mean getting started every morning at 3 o'clock, marching until 10, then sweating under mosquito bars during the heat of the day, with spirillum ticks, sleeping sickness flies, and all sorts of pests to bother one; then long days on the Nile, with nothing to see but papyrus reeds on each side."

And speaking of "rhinos" suggests a little incident that the colonel told and which he considers amusing.

"One day one of the party was stalking a buffalo, when a rhino suddenly appeared some distance away and threatened to charge or do something that would alarm the buffalo and scare it away. So they told me to hurry down and shoo the rhino off while they finished their stalk and got the buffalo. So, you see, there's an occupation. That settles the question as to what shall we do with our ex-presidents. They can be used to scare rhinos away."

On hearing this story I remembered that the thick skinned rhino is sometimes used by cartoonists as a symbol for "the trusts," and the story seemed doubly appropriate as applied to this particular ex-president.

Some member of our party then modestly advanced the suggestion that the colonel might some day be back in the White house again. He laughed and said that the kaleidoscope never repeats.

"They needn't worry about what to do with this ex-president," he said. "I have work laid out for a long time ahead."

Another member of our party then told about the Roosevelt act in "The Follies of 1909," in one part of which some one asks Kermit (in the play) where the ex-president is. "You mean the next president, don't you?" says Kermit. When Col. Roosevelt heard this he was immensely interested, not so much in the words of the play but in the fact that Kermit had been represented on the stage—dramatized, as it were.

And as we left for our own camp the colonel called out: "Now, don't forget. Just as soon as we all get back to America we'll have a lion dinner together at my house."

And I hope he won't forget. I certainly shall not.

Problem Overlooked by the Sociologist.

The amateur sociologist was airing his views to an admiring and high browed audience. A professional politician, cleverly disguised as an east side settlement worker, had managed to pass the sacred portals, and was obscurely ensconced in a dark corner.

"Graft is the curse of the American government!" exclaimed the amateur sociologist. "The rich man can buy his way to political power, not that he wishes to serve the people, but simply to increase his wealth."

"Hear! Hear!" cried the high browed audience, after the manner of the English.

"Huh!" came a grunt from the corner.

"We don't want the rich man in politics," continued the speaker. "What this country needs in office is the poor man."

"How are you going to keep him poor?" came a strident voice from the corner.

And the amateur sociologist was forced to admit that he hadn't thought of that.

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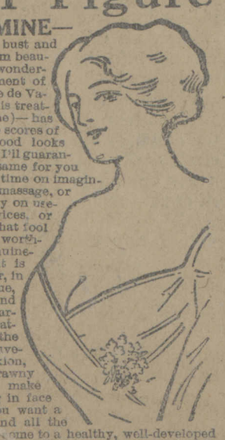
AS I DID MINE—



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