

# The World's Work

WALTER H. PAGE, EDITOR

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TERMS: \$3.00 a year; single copies, 25 cents. For Foreign Postage add \$1.28; Canada, 60 cents.

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Country Life in America

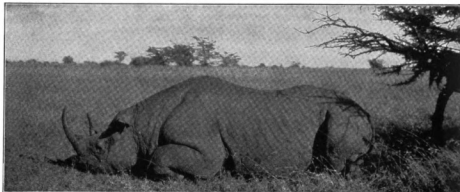
The Garden Magazine-Farming

CHICAGO 1511 Heyworth Building **DOUBLEDAY, PAGE & COMPANY,** NEW YORK East Sixteenth Street

F. N. DOUBLEDAY, President WALTER H. PAGE & H. S. HOUSTON, Vice-Presidents H. W. LANIER, Secretary S. A. EVERITT, Treasurer

## A RHINOCEROS SHOT BY COLONEL PATTERSON

He and his companion, Dr. Brock, advanced upon the animal from different directions to get broadside shots



# HUNTING THE RHINOCEROS AND THE HIPPOPOTAMUS IN AFRICA

A RHINOCEROS THAT KILLED TWENTY-ONE SLAVES—HOW THE AUTHOR MET ONE ON THE OPEN PLAINS—A MOONLIGHT EXPEDITION AFTER HIPPOPOTAMI

BY

LIEUTENANT-COLONEL J. H. PATTERSON

*[The stories of the lions of Tsavo have awakened so much interest that this narrative of another hunting experience of Colonel Patterson's, while he was engaged in building the Uganda Railway, is here published, by courtesy of the Messrs. Macmillan.—THE EDITORS.]*

**A**LTHOUGH the jungle round Tsavo was a network of rhino paths, I had never so far been successful in my efforts to obtain one of these animals, nor was my ambition yet to be realized. One day I was out exploring in the dense bush some six or seven miles away from camp, and found my progress more than usually slow, owing to the fact that I had to spend most of my time crawling on all-fours through the jungle. I was very well pleased, therefore, to emerge suddenly on a broad and well-beaten track along which I could walk comfortably in an upright position. In this were some fresh rhino footprints which seemed barely an hour old, so I determined to follow them up. The roadway was beaten in places into a fine white dust by the passage of many heavy animals; and, as I pushed cautiously forward, I fully expected to come face to face with a rhino at every corner I turned. After having gone a little way I fancied that I really did see one

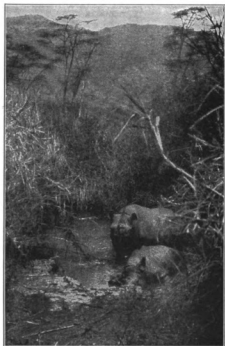
lying at the foot of a tree some distance ahead of me, but on approaching cautiously found that it was nothing more than a great brown



THE HEAD OF COLONEL PATTERSON'S TROPHY

Original from

PRINCETON UNIVERSITY



A PAIR OF RHINOCEROSSES

These animals have a keen sense of smell, but poor sight. Colonel Patterson escaped the charge of one on the plains by lying flat in the grass. This photograph was taken within fifteen paces of the animals, the wind being from them toward the photographer

heap of loose earth which one of the huge beasts had raised by rolling about on the soft ground. This, however, was evidently a resting-place which was regularly used, so I made up my mind to spend a night in the overhanging branches of the tree.

The next afternoon, accordingly, Mahina and I made our way back to the place, and by dusk we were safely but uncomfortably perched among the branches directly over the path. We had scarcely been there an hour when to our delight we heard a great rhino plodding along the track in our direction. Unfortunately the moon had not yet risen, so I was unable to catch sight of the monster as he approached; I knew, however, that there was light enough for me to see him when he emerged from the bushes into the little clearing round the foot of our tree. Nearer and nearer we heard him coming steadily on, and I had my rifle ready, pointing it in the direction in

which I expected his head to appear. But, alas, just at that moment the wind veered round and blew straight from us toward the rhino, who scented us immediately, gave a mighty snort, and then dived madly away through the jungle. For some considerable time we could hear him crashing ponderously through everything that came in his way, and he must have gone a long distance before he recovered from his fright and slowed down to his usual pace. At any rate, we neither heard nor saw anything more of him, and spent a wakeful and uncomfortable night for nothing.

My next attempt to bag a rhino took place some months later, on the banks of the Sabaki, and was scarcely more successful. I had come down from Tsavo in the afternoon, accompanied by Mahina, and finding a likely tree, within a few yards of the river and with fresh footprints under it, I at once decided to take up my position for the night in its branches. Mahina preferred to sit where he could take a comfortable nap, and wedged himself in a fork of the tree some little way below me, but still some eight or ten feet from the ground. It was a calm and perfect night, such as can be seen only in the tropics; everything looked mysteriously beautiful in the glorious moonlight, and stood out like a picture looked at through a stereoscope. From my perch among the branches I watched first a water-buck come to drink in the river;



ANOTHER VIEW OF THE SAME PAIR

Original from  
PRINCETON UNIVERSITY



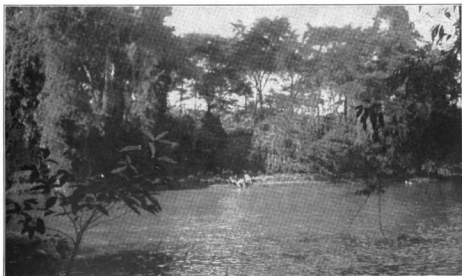
PREPARING BREAKFAST IN CAMP

A hunting party on the Athi Plains where Colonel Patterson had many encounters with lions and where he had a narrow escape from the repeated charges of a rhinoceros angered by his shots.



COLONEL PATTERSON (ON THE LEFT)

Having luncheon with a guest in the jungle near the Tsavo bridge. He had to make many trips into the jungles along the river for engineering purposes, as well as those which were made for game and pleasure.

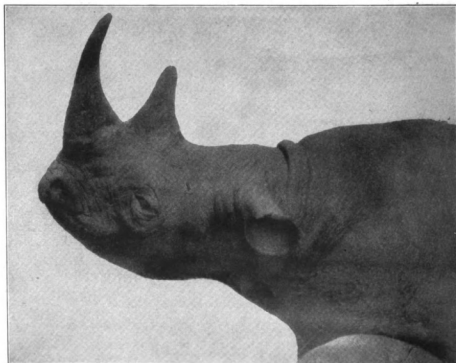


ANIMALS COMING DOWN TO THE RIVER'S EDGE TO DRINK

Colonel Patterson often finished his days' excursions by lying in the rushes on the banks of the Athi or Sabaki River, in sight of a watering place, or on moonlight nights, when the breeze was away from the watering-place, he would sit motionless on a rock in the middle of the river waiting for a shot at a rhinoceros or at some other animal.

then a bush-buck; later, a tiny *paa* emerged from the bushes and paused at every step with one graceful forefoot poised in the air — thoroughly on the alert and looking round carefully and nervously for any trace of a possible enemy. At length it reached the brink of the river in safety, and stooped to drink. Just then I saw a jackal come up on its trail and begin carefully to stalk it, not

it was Mahina that the brute was intent on. Whether, if left to himself, the leopard would actually have made a spring at my sleeping gun-bearer, I do not know; but I had no intention of letting him have a chance of even attempting this, so I cautiously raised my rifle and leveled it at him. Absolutely noiseless as I was in doing this, he noticed it — possibly a glint of moonlight on the barrel



From a photograph by H. Long, on the Tjader Expedition, for the American Museum of Natural History

#### THE HEAD OF A RHINOCEROS THAT WAS KILLED ON THE PLAINS

Their hides are so tough that they are almost immune from soft-nosed bullets

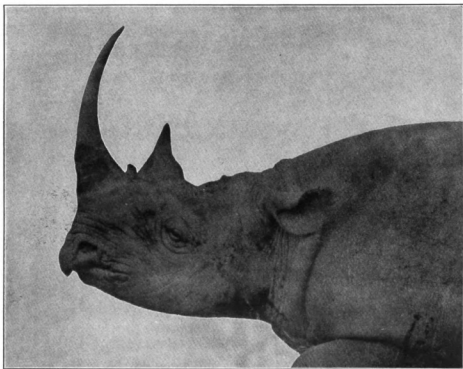
even rustling a fallen leaf in its stealthy advance on the poor little antelope. All of a sudden, however, the jackal stopped dead for a second, and then made off out of sight as fast as ever he could go. I looked round to discover the cause of this hurried exit, and to my surprise saw a large and very beautiful leopard crouching down and moving noiselessly in the direction of our tree. At first I thought it must be stalking some animal on the ground below us, but I soon realized that

caught his eye — and immediately disappeared into the bush before I could get in a shot. I at once woke Mahina and made him come up to more secure quarters beside me.

For a long time after this, nothing disturbed our peace, but at last the quarry I had hoped for made his appearance on the scene. Just below us there was an opening in the elephant grass which lined the river's edge, and through this the broad stream shone like silver in the moonlight. Without warning this gap

was filled suddenly by a huge black mass—a rhino making his way, very leisurely, out of the shallow water. On he came with a slow, ponderous tread, combining a certain stateliness with his awkward strides. Almost directly beneath us he halted and stood for an instant clearly exposed to our view. This was my opportunity; I took careful aim at his shoulder and fired. Instantly, and with extra-

(great animal), was also of this opinion, and as there was no longer any reason for silence, he chatted to me about many strange and curious things until the gray dawn appeared. When we got down from our perch, we found the track of the wounded rhino clearly marked by great splashes of blood, and for a couple of miles the spoor could thus be easily followed. At length, however, it got fainter and fainter



From a photograph by H. Lang, on the Tjader Expedition, for the American Museum of Natural History

#### THE HEAD OF A FOREST RHINOCEROS

Showing the prehensile lip which those that graze on the plains do not have

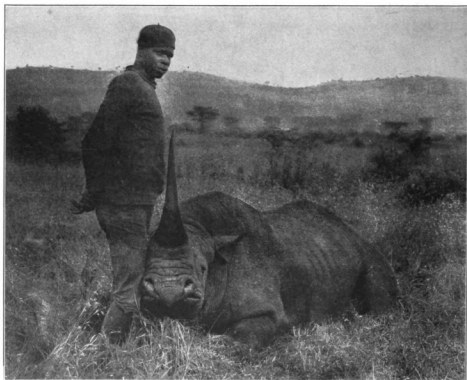
ordinary rapidity, the huge beast whirled round like a peg-top, whereupon I fired again. This time I expected him to fall; but instead of that I had the mortification of seeing him rush off into the jungle and of hearing him crash through it like a great steam-roller for several minutes. I consoled myself by thinking that he could not go far, as he was hard hit, and that I should easily find him when daylight arrived. Mahina, who was in a wild state of excitement over the *burra janwar*

and finally ceased altogether, so that we had to abandon the search; the ground about was rocky, and there was no possibility of telling which way our quarry had gone. I was exceedingly sorry for this, as I did not like to leave him wounded; but there was no help for it, so we struck out for home and arrived at Tsavo in the afternoon very tired, hungry, and disappointed.

Rhinos are extraordinary animals, and not in any way to be depended upon. One day

they will sheer off on meeting a human being and make no attempt to attack; the next day, for no apparent reason, they may execute a most determined charge. I was told for a fact by an official who had been long in the country that on one occasion while a gang of twenty-one slaves, chained neck to neck as was the custom, was being smuggled down to

molest him. I feel bound to add, however, that I have so far failed to come across anybody who has actually tried the experiment. On the other hand, I have met one or two men who have been tossed on the horns of these animals, and they described it as a very painful proceeding. It generally means being a cripple for life, if one even succeeds in



From a photograph by H. Lang on the Tjader Expedition, for the American Museum of Natural History

#### A BULL RHINOCEROS SHOT NEAR THE EDGE OF THE FOREST

Showing the length of the horn in comparison with a large man. Colonel Patterson tells of a rhinoceros that charged a gang of twenty-one slaves chained neck to neck, impaled the centre man on its horn, and broke the necks of the others

the coast, and was proceeding in Indian file along a narrow path, a rhinoceros suddenly charged out at right angles to them, impaled the centre man on its horns, and broke the necks of the remainder of the party by the suddenness of his rush. These huge beasts have a very keen sense of smell, but very indifferent eyesight, and it is said that if a hunter will only stand perfectly still on meeting a rhino, it will pass him by without attempting to

escaping death. Mr. B. Eastwood, the chief accountant of the Uganda Railway, once gave me a graphic description of his marvelous escape from an infuriated rhino. He was on leave at the time on a hunting expedition in the neighborhood of Lake Baringo, about eighty miles north of the railway from Nakuru, and had shot and apparently killed a rhino. On walking up to it, however, the brute rose to its feet and literally fell on him, breaking

four ribs and his right arm. Not content with this, it then stuck its horn through his thigh and tossed him over its back, repeating this operation once or twice. Finally, it lumbered off, leaving poor Eastwood helpless and fainting in the long grass where he had fallen. He was alone at the time, and it was not for some hours that he was found by his porters, who were only attracted to the spot by the numbers of vultures hovering about, waiting in their ghoulish manner for life to be extinct before beginning their meal. How he managed to live for the eight days after this which elapsed before a doctor could be got to him I cannot imagine; but in the end he fortunately made a good recovery, the only sign of his terrible experience being the absence of his right arm, which had to be amputated.

My work at Tsavo was finished in March, 1899, when I received instructions to proceed to railhead and take charge of a section of the work there. My instructions were to hurry on the construction of the line as fast as possible to Nairobi, the proposed headquarters of the Railway Administration, which lay about fifty miles further on across the Athi Plains.

I made it my custom to take a walk each morning for some distance ahead of the rails along the centre-line of the railway, in order to spy out the land and to form a rough estimate of the material that would be required in the way of sleepers, girders for temporary bridges, etc. It was necessary to do this in order to avoid undue delay taking place owing to shortage of material of any kind. About ten days after my arrival at Machakos Road I walked in this way for five or six miles ahead of the last-laid rail. It was rather unusual for me to go so far, and, as it happened, I was alone on this occasion, Mahina having been left behind in camp. About two miles away, on my left, I noticed a dark-looking object, and thinking it was an ostrich I started off toward it. Very soon, however, I found that it was bigger game than an ostrich, and on getting still nearer made out the form of a great rhinoceros lying down. I continued to advance very cautiously, wriggling through the short grass until at length I got within fifty yards of where the huge beast was resting. Here I lay and watched him; but after some little time he evidently suspected my presence, for, rising to his feet, he looked straight in my direction and then proceeded to walk round me in a half-circle. The moment he

got wind of me, he whipped round in his tracks like a cat and came for me in a bee-line. Hoping to turn him, I fired instantly; but unfortunately my soft-nosed bullets merely annoyed him further, and had not the slightest effect on his thick hide. On seeing this, I flung myself down quite flat on the grass and threw my helmet some ten feet away in the hope that he would perceive it and vent his rage on it instead of me. On he thundered, while I scarcely dared to breathe. I could hear him snorting and rooting up the grass quite close to me, but luckily for me he did not catch sight of me and charged by a few yards to my left.

As soon as he had passed me, my courage began to revive again, and I could not resist the temptation of sending a couple of bullets after him. These, however, simply cracked against his hide and splintered to pieces on it, sending the dry mud off in little clouds of dust. Their only real effect, indeed, was to make him still more angry. He stood stock-still for a moment, and then gored the ground most viciously and started off once more on the semi-circle round me. This proceeding terrified me more than ever, as I felt sure that he would come up-wind at me again, and I could scarcely hope to escape a second time. Unfortunately, my surmise proved correct, for directly he scented me, up went his nose in the air and down he charged like a battering-ram. I fairly pressed myself into the ground, as flat as ever I could, and luckily the grass was a few inches high. I felt the thud of his great feet pounding along, yet dared not move or look up lest he should see me. My heart was thumping like a steam-hammer, and every moment I fully expected to find myself tossed into the air. Nearer and nearer came the heavy thudding, and I had quite given myself up for lost, when from my lying position I caught sight, out of the corner of my eye, of the infuriated beast rushing by. He had missed me again! I never felt so relieved in my life, and assuredly did not attempt to annoy him further. He went off for good this time, and it was with great satisfaction that I watched him gradually disappear in the distance. I could not have believed it possible that these huge, ungainly looking brutes could move so rapidly, and turn and twist in their tracks just like monkeys, had I not actually seen this one do so before my eyes. If he had found me he would certainly



have pounded me to atoms, as he was an old bull and in a most furious and vicious mood.

One day when Dr. Brock and I were out shooting, shortly after this incident and not far from where it occurred, we caught sight of two rhinos in a hollow some little distance from us, and commenced to stalk them, taking advantage of every fold of the ground in doing so and keeping about fifty yards apart in case of a charge. In that event one or other of us would be able to get in a broad-side shot, which would probably roll the beast over. Proceeding carefully in this manner, we managed to get within about sixty yards of them, and as it was my turn for a shot, I took aim at the larger of the two, just as it was moving its great head from one side to the other, wondering which of us it ought to attack. When at last it decided upon Brock, it gave me the chance I had been waiting for. I fired instantly at the hollow between neck and shoulder; the brute dropped at once, and save for one or two convulsive kicks of its stumpy legs as it lay half on its back, it never moved again. The second rhino proved to be a well-grown youngster which showed considerable fight as we attempted to approach its fallen comrade. We did not want to kill it, and accordingly spent about two hours in shouting and throwing stones at it before at last we succeeded in driving it away. We then proceeded to skin our prize; this, as may be imagined, proved rather a tough job, but we managed it in the end, and the trophy was well worth the pains I had taken to add it to my collection.

During my stay at Tsavo I made many little excursions into the surrounding country, and used to go off on a short shooting and exploring expedition whenever I had the opportunity. I was especially anxious to bag a hippopotamus, so I made up my mind to try my luck on the banks of the Sabaki. Unfortunately, I possessed no heavy rifle, which is almost a necessity for hippo shooting, but it occurred to me to supply the deficiency by manufacturing a few cartridges for my smooth-bore. In these I had double charges of powder and a hardened bullet made of lead mixed with about an eighth part of tin. I well remember the anxiety with which I fired the first round of my home-made ammunition. As I more than half expected that the barrel would burst, I lashed the gun in the fork of a tree, tied a piece of string a hundred

feet long to the trigger, and then — taking shelter behind a friendly stump — pulled off. To my great satisfaction the barrel stood the test perfectly. More than that, on trying the penetrative effect of my bullets, I found that they would smash through a steel plate an eighth of an inch thick at thirty yards' range. This was quite good enough for my purpose, and gave me great confidence in the weapon.

All my preparations having been made, I set out for the Sabaki, taking with me my Indian gun-bearer Mahina, my cook Mabruki, a *bhisti* (water-carrier), and a couple of natives to carry our odds and ends. Our route lay by the always interesting Tsavo River.

A narrow and tortuous Masai warpath winds along the river's whole length, but although we followed this trail our journey was nevertheless a very slow one, owing to the overhanging branches and creepers, from which we had constantly to be disengaged. The march was full of interest, however, for it was not long before we came upon fresh tracks both of hippo and rhino. Every now and again, also, we caught glimpses of startled bush-buck and water-buck, while occasionally the sound of a splash in the water told of a wary crocodile. We had gone about half the distance to the Sabaki when we came upon an unexpected obstacle in the shape of a great ridge of barren, rugged rock, about a hundred feet high, which extended for about a mile or so on both banks of the river. The sides of this gorge went sheer down into the water, and were quite impossible to scale. I therefore determined to make a détour round it, but Mahina was confident that he could walk along in the river itself. I hinted mildly at the possibility of there being crocodiles under the rocky ledges. Mahina declared, however, that there was no danger, and making a bundle of his lower garments, he tied it to his back and stepped into the water. For a few minutes all went well. Then, in an instant, he was lifted right off his feet by the rush of the water and whirled away. The river took a sharp bend in this gorge, and he was round it and out of our sight in no time, the last glimpse we caught of him showing him vainly trying to catch hold of an overhanging branch. Although we at once made all the haste we could to get round the ridge of rocks, it took us nearly half an hour to do it. I had almost given up hope of ever seeing Mahina

again, and was much relieved, therefore, when we reached the river-side once more, to find him safe and sound, and little the worse for his adventure. Luckily he had been dashed up against a rushy bank, and had managed to scramble out with no more serious damage than a bruised shin.

After an early dinner, which Mabruki soon got ready, I left my followers encamped in a safe *boma* a mile away from the river, and started out with Mahina to find a suitable tree, near a hippo "run," in which to spend the night. Having some difficulty in finding a likely spot, we crossed to the other side of the river — rather a risky thing to do on account of the number of crocodiles in it: we found a fairly shallow ford, however, and managed to get safely over. Here, on what was evidently an island during flood time, we found innumerable traces of both hippo and rhino — in fact the difficulty was to decide which track was the best and freshest. At length I picked out a tree close to the river and commanding a stretch of sand which was all flattened down and looked as if at least one hippo rolled there regularly every night.

That night by the light of a splendid full moon we settled ourselves on a great outspreading branch, and commenced our vigil. Soon the jungle around us began to be alive with its peculiar sounds — a night bird would call, a crocodile shut his jaws with a snap, or a rhino or hippo crash through the bushes on its way to the water: now and again we could even hear the distant roar of the lion. Still there was nothing to be seen.

After waiting for some considerable time, a great hippo at last made his appearance and came splashing along in our direction, but unfortunately took up his position behind a tree which, in the most tantalizing way, completely hid him from view. Here he stood tooting and snorting and splashing about to his heart's content. For what seemed hours I watched for this ungainly creature to emerge from his covert, but as he seemed determined not to show himself I lost patience and made up my mind to go down after him. I therefore handed my rifle to Mahina to lower to me on reaching the ground, and began to descend carefully, holding on by the creepers which encircled the tree. To my intense vexation and disappointment, just as I was in this helpless condition, half way to the ground, the great hippo suddenly came out from his

shelter, and calmly lumbered along right underneath me. I bitterly lamented my ill-luck and want of patience, for I could almost have touched his broad back as he passed. It was under these exasperating conditions that I saw a hippo for the first time, and without doubt he is the ugliest and most forbidding-looking brute I have ever beheld.

The moment the great beast had passed our tree, he scented us, snorted loudly, and dived into the bushes close by, smashing through them like a traction engine. In screwing myself round to watch him go, I broke the creepers by which I was holding on and landed on my back in the sand at the foot of the tree — none the worse for my short drop, but considerably startled at the thought that the hippo might come back at any moment. I climbed up to my perch again without loss of time, but he was evidently as much frightened as I was, and returned no more. Shortly after this we saw two rhino come down to the river to drink; they were too far off for a shot, however, so I did not disturb them, and they gradually waddled up-stream out of sight. Then we heard the awe-inspiring roar of a hungry lion close by, and presently another hippo gave forth his tooting challenge a little way down the river. As there seemed no likelihood of getting a shot at him from our tree, I made up my mind to stalk him on foot, so we both descended from our perch, and made our way slowly through the trees in the semi-darkness. There were numbers of animals about, and I am sure that neither of us felt very comfortable as we crept along in the direction of the splashing hippo; for my own part I fancied every moment that I saw in front of me the form of a rhino or a lion ready to charge down upon us out of the shadow of the bush.

In this manner, with nerves strung to the highest pitch, we reached the edge of the river in safety, only to find that we were again balked by a small rush-covered island, on the other side of which our quarry could be heard. There was a good breeze blowing directly from him, however, so I thought the best thing to do was to attempt to get on to the island, and to have a shot at him from there. Mahina, too, was eager for the fray, so we let ourselves quietly into the water, which here was quite shallow, and reached only to our knees, and waded slowly across. On peering cautiously through the reeds at the corner of the island,

I was surprised to find that I could see nothing of the hippo; but I soon realized that I was looking too far ahead, for on lowering my eyes there he was, not twenty-five yards away, lying down in the shallow water, only half covered, and practically facing us. His closeness to us made me rather anxious for our safety, more especially as just then he rose to his feet, and gave forth the peculiar challenge or call which we had already heard so often during the night. All the same, as he raised his head, I fired at it. He whirled round, made a plunge forward, staggered and fell, and then lay quite still. To make assurance doubly sure, I gave him a couple more bullets

as he lay, but we found afterward that they were not needed, as my first shot had been a very lucky one, and had penetrated the brain. We left him where he fell and got back to our perch, glad and relieved to be in safety once more.

As soon as it was daylight we were joined by my own men and by several Wa Kamba, who had been hunting in the neighborhood. The natives cut out the tusks of the hippo, which were rather good ones, and feasted ravenously on the flesh, while I turned my attention with gratitude to the hot coffee and cakes which Mabruki had meanwhile prepared.

## AN ERA OF BETTER RAILROADS

THE HARRIMAN PRINCIPLE OF IMPROVING ROADS RATHER THAN BUILDING NEW ONES—HOW POOR SERVICE STARVES A COUNTRY'S ENTERPRISES

BY

C. M. KEYS

**T**HIS story is told of the late Collis P. Huntington by a man who saw the episode:

The "Huntington Special" had stopped at the eastern end of a division to pick up the superintendent of that division and carry him through to the other end. He and the president and the president's friends chatted pleasantly as the miles sped by, but the Huntington eye ranged always back along the right-of-way, and noted broken fences, patched telegraph poles, grass growing high between the tracks; in fact, a general appearance of decrepit old age. He said nothing; but, when the second last station on the division was reached, he pulled the cord as a signal to the engineer to stop. The train pulled up at the station.

The old man put on his overcoat, got out and started to walk back along the line, leaving the superintendent and the other guests to watch him. Presently the superintendent asked:

"What 's he looking for?"

"Evidence," said one, laconically.

"Evidence of what?"

"Evidence of you," replied the other grimly.

The searcher went back about two hundred yards. Then he returned, stooping now and then, picking small objects from the track, and putting them in his pockets. He reached the train, climbed aboard, and said: "Go ahead." Then he walked quietly to a little table and began to unpack his treasures. He piled them in the middle of the table. Half a dozen perfectly good spikes, a dozen fragments of tie plates, pieces of bolts, a few iron nuts, small sections of wire, a bit of a copper plate, two bottles, and an old shoe came out of his big pockets. He finished the task, came quietly to the group at the back of the observation car, sat down, and began to talk to the superintendent about the crops in that locality.

At the end of the division, the superintendent got out. Nobody had said a word about the heterogeneous collection of waste and disorder on the little table. When lunch-time came, the waiter removed it, as though he had done the same thing many times before, as in truth he had.

This tale is told here to illustrate a passing phase of the railroad business. The palmy days of paternal government on the railroads are passing. A few still follow, as best they