

The World's Work

WALTER H. PAGE, Editor

CONTENTS FOR DECEMBER, 1905

FULL-PAGE PORTRAIT OF DR. EMIL BEHRING	<i>Frontispiece</i>
THE MARCH OF EVENTS—AN ILLUSTRATED EDITORIAL INTERPRETATION	6909
(With full-page portraits of Mr. William F. Berry, Mr. W. M. Ivins, Dr. William R. Harper, and Sir Caspar Purdon Clarke.)	
A WORD AT CHRISTMAS	NELSON AND TOGO
MR. JEROME	WILL THE INSURANCE COMPANIES HEED THE PUBLIC DEMAND?
THE REVOLT AGAINST BOSSES ELSEWHERE	A TEST OF SOCIAL AND CHURCH LIFE
TWO LESSONS FROM THE NEW YORK ELECTION	SOME WEAKNESSES OF THE PRESS
THE DECLINE OF PARTIES AND OF BOSSES	ABOUT JAPANESE AND AMERICAN HONESTY
THE MAKING OVER OF THE OLD PARTIES	A NATIONAL THEATRE
THE PRESIDENT AND THE SOUTHERN PEOPLE	THE PROMISE OF A SPECIFIC CURE FOR CONSUMPTION
THE OPEN SHOP AND NEW LABOR LEADERSHIP	WALL STREET ON THE FARM
RUSSIA IN REVOLUTION	THE GREAT GOVERNMENT PRINTING HOPPER
THE RUSSIAN CRY FOR COMPLETE LIBERTY	THE INVENTOR'S TRADE
THE CHARACTER OF COUNT WITTE	HAVE WE TOO MANY PREACHERS?
THE UNBRIDLED SAVAGERY IN RUSSIA	"THE COMMERCIALIZATION OF LITERATURE" TO THE READER WHO IS YET "GENTLE"
THE MEANING OF THE COLOSSAL BOND MARKET	6927
GUN AND CAMERA IN AFRICAN WILDS	C. B. SCHILLINGS 6929
VENEZUELA AND THE PROBLEMS IT PRESENTS	EUGENE P. LYLE, JR. 6943
THE FIGHT FOR THE OPEN SHOP	ISAAC F. MARCOSSON 6955
FREDERICK MacMONNIES, SCULPTOR	FRENCH STROTHER 6965
THE STORY OF HENRY B. HYDE II	"Q. P." 6982
THE CHILDREN WHO TOIL	ROBERT HUNTER 6991
SECRETARY TAFT AND THE PHILIPPINES	JAMES A. LE ROY 6995
FULL-PAGE LITERARY PORTRAITS	6999
(Miss Ellen Glasgow, Mrs. Edith Wharton, Miss May Sinclair, Mrs. Humphry Ward)	
A GLANCE AT THE ENDING YEAR	WALTER H. PAGE 7903
PRESIDENT HARPER OF THE UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO	JAMES WEBER LENN 7809
THE NEW SCIENCE OF BUSINESS	7014
ORGANIZATION FOR QUICK RESULTS	KENDALL BANNING
AMONG THE WORLD'S WORKERS	7017
A GREAT NATURALIST	
HOW "WIRELESS" IS USED	

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THE GARDEN
MAGAZINE

GUN AND CAMERA IN AFRICAN WILDS

EXTRAORDINARY EXPERIENCES IN HUNTING AND PHOTOGRAPHING ELEPHANTS, LIONS, RHINOCEROSSES, GIRAFFES, ZEBRAS, HIPPOPOTAMI, CROCODILES, AND SMALLER GAME IN THE JUNGLES AND ON THE PLAINS OF GERMAN EQUATORIAL AFRICA—CHARACTERISTICS OF EACH OF THESE BEASTS IN THE WILD—A HUNTER'S ESCAPES AND ADVENTURES—STUDYING LIONS BY FLASHLIGHT PHOTOGRAPHY

TAKEN FROM THE EXPERIENCES OF

C. B. SCHILLINGS

[As narrated in "Flashlights in the Jungle," a record of his hunting experiences in German Equatorial Africa. This article was extracted and condensed by Edgar Allen Forbes from the only authorized edition of the book. The pictures are the only reproductions from the original negatives which have appeared in America, and any others have been copied from the half-tones in the German edition of Mr. Schillings's book, and are therefore most inadequate]

WITH the advent of civilization, the primeval forests of that land of blinding sunshine which goes by the name of the "Dark Continent" are rapidly vanishing, but not more rapidly than its wonderful flora and its even more wonderful animal life. Not only have the great herds of big game been thinned out, but many species have been exterminated—struck from the book of living things—and the world is that much poorer in life. Numbers seen in our museums are already missing from the forest forever.

This was strikingly impressed upon me during my latest visit to Equatorial Africa. In a region where one of my first commandants had killed sixty rhinoceroses, that animal is now seldom seen. Other game whose hunting has proved more lucrative has fared even worse. This wholesale slaughter is not due to European sportsmen but to the natives, millions of whose bullets have been flying over German East Africa for an indefinite time.

Despite all the splendid opportunities, few scientists have explored this region with cameras. It is considered more fascinating to send a bullet through the brain of a lion than to fix his image on a film; and it is infinitely easier to slaughter a herd of big game than to prepare the skin of a single giraffe. Yet to a man who looks upon the tracks and trails of animals as the language of the wild, the pursuit has a wondrous fascination, and friendships with savage beasts are among life's most pleasant reminis-

cences. A stork brought to Berlin still singles me out with unmistakable affection, and I recall with tenderness a young elephant which loved me with child-like simplicity. My tame baboon was almost mad with joy when his keen eye discerned me, a mere speck on the horizon, returning from an excursion.

HUNTING THE AFRICAN ELEPHANT

The day is not far distant when it will be asked: "What news from Africa?" and the reply will be: "The last African elephant has been killed." No museum has ever secured one of these powerful males alive. They usually attain an immense size, the two tusks of an old bull sometimes weighing 450 pounds. Their usual abode is not the forest, but places where they are less likely to be followed. Since they emerge only at night, many European residents do not see one in years.

The finding of fresh elephant tracks is not a guarantee that the hunter will reach the herd, for they move with incredible swiftness at a quick trot, frequently stepping in each other's tracks. Their footsteps are noiseless in the rainy season, so that they glide through the darkness like ghosts. When fired upon they make a quick rush for the cloud of smoke. Their method of attack is to approach swiftly, with widely flapping ears and a piercing trumpet cry. It sometimes requires fifty shots to kill an old bull.

After I had tried for months to photograph a group of elephants and to capture a young one, a large herd paid a visit to the stream

near our camp. In a few minutes I set out on the trail with forty men, water and rope. Hour after hour we marched over the plain until, about a mile ahead, we saw two dark groups of elephants quietly at rest. With five trusty men, I succeeded in taking several photographs at 200 yards. Their only movement was a flapping of the ears. The stillness of the huge mass was uncanny.

Approaching nearer and kneeling, I shot the largest bull. He took a few steps forward, swinging his trunk and moving his ears like a fan, while the entire herd swarmed about like bees, searching for the enemy. I sent two more bullets into the wounded animal and the whole herd set off in flight sideways. Jumping up, I fired another bullet and the herd suddenly stopped, then came at me full pace. It was a real delight to see these five-and-twenty elephants charging straight for me. With a rapidity hard to realize, I fired six shots with my second rifle and leaped to one side. Just as I felt they must be upon me I heard a terrible trumpeting, and my men called out that they were running.

Turning, I saw the bull on the ground and the others in flight. Hurriedly sending a bullet into the leading cow, I photographed the dead bull and ordered some of the men to join me in the chase. After an hour and a half we saw them under some acacia trees, and with my glass I discovered that the two strongest cows, which had each a calf, had been hit. Lying down, I gave each a second bullet and the herd made off to the left, the wounded cows to the right. The latter were soon brought down and the young animals—five or six feet high, with tusks the length of a hand—remained near the mothers. The larger attacked us so fiercely that I was obliged to shoot it. I then rushed upon the other and grasped it around the neck, yelling to my men to fasten its legs with rope. I had forgotten that the rope had been left behind, and I marvel now that I escaped with my life. We all wrestled with him until we were too exhausted to stand, and had the mortification of seeing him escape.

I had come thus near the attainment of my ambition—to bring to Europe the first East African elephant; but I regretted even more not having secured a photograph of the herd in their mad charge toward me. Later on I did succeed in capturing a small elephant,

but lack of milk prevented me from retaining it alive. He was on the friendliest of terms within forty-eight hours, and would caress my beard and face affectionately with his little trunk in the drollest way.

TRAILING "THE KING OF BEASTS"

The lion hunter in East Africa must either be favored by circumstances or have recourse to nocturnal expeditions, because the great beasts are in retirement during the day. They often hunt in combination, driving their prey toward each other by roaring. As with the native, their favorite flesh is that of the zebra. At night they seem to be free from the fear of man.

Though I have never seen more than seven lions together, I once pitched my tent in a region where I knew at least thirty of them had their nightly quarters. Of all my experiences, I recall none to equal that of listening to the gradually approaching roar of the herd, closing in from different directions. For one moment the whole night world seemed to listen to the voices of its lords, and then came the sound of hoofs fleeing in terror to the steppes.

From flashlight photographs taken on this occasion it can be seen that the lion walks flat on the ground and not with high jumps, and that the lioness is the aggressive party. I always prefer to shoot her first.

Lions kill very quickly and surely, giving one bite on the neck and not torturing their prey. So stealthily do they creep upon a heifer that it is not even frightened. Deep stillness lies over the steppes; in the dark night a gentle rustling is heard, then a sudden roar, followed by a heavy thud, and all is over. Many men killed in this manner have never uttered a cry.

Perhaps the most vivid conceptions of the actual perils of lion hunting can be gained from the recital of a few personal experiences. One morning, in 1897, I had shot a lion and sent it to the camp. As I was about to fire at a gazelle, my eye caught something yellow a hundred paces beyond, which proved to be another lion's head. At the same moment a well-known sound drew my attention to the right, where I beheld still another lion, growling in the grass a hundred paces away. Having only partially recovered from a severe illness, the appearance of two lions at once benumbed me, as I could count on

but one shot without reloading. A moment passed that seemed like eternity before the one nearest me went growling away. I then retired step by step until within signaling distance of the boy with my double-barreled rifle. With three shots the first beast was brought to the ground.

until we were gasping for breath. After coming within range, the fifth bullet struck home and the wounded lion came rushing at us with long springs. Suddenly he staggered. I ran nearer, fired — and missed! On he came with frenzied leaps. One more shot and my third lion tumbled



Original photograph by C. B. Schillings, for "Flashlights in the Jungle"
MR. SCHILLINGS'S PARTY MADE LONG MARCHES

In the background lay the Mawenzi, to the right, the snow-decked Kibo Peak, and Emperor William Peak on the left

The same day, while hunting antelope for provisions, I heard the familiar warning growl. Looking up, I saw one, two, three, four lions, the nearest being within 125 paces. I confess that I lost my nerve and tried to retreat. The nearest lion, however, made two springs and began to creep swiftly toward me. I stopped, and so did the beast. Ten long, awful minutes passed before my gun-bearer came in sight, but he could not be induced to approach me. I cautiously retreated to him and then fired at the foremost lion; he made twenty springs in my direction, stopped, then made off on a trot, followed by the others. We followed the hinder pair

over dead. Men were detailed to carry the heavy skins back to camp. On the stock of my rifle I had the pleasure of inscribing the words: "Three lions, 25 Jan., '97." Though eight more days were spent upon the plain, I did not succeed in getting another shot.

In November, 1903, near Kilimandjaro, I suddenly saw, fifteen yards away, a large lioness standing broadside to me, her expressive head turned in my direction and her glittering eyes fixed upon me. She was a magnificent sight. Though my rifle was loaded for smaller game, I quickly pointed it at her head. Before I could pull the trigger

she made an immense spring toward the thicket. The rifle rang out while she was in the air. The next moment was full of suspense, for in all probability the wounded animal would spring to the attack, as it is only with lead-pointed bullets that a mortal wound can be expected. But fifty paces

alight upon his body and serve the double purpose of freeing his skin from parasites and giving warning of danger. It is a case of partnership between an animal with a keen sense of smell and birds with keen eyes. The horns of the African rhinoceros sometimes attain a length of nearly five feet, and



original photograph by C. B. Schillings, for "Flashlights in the Jungle"

A LIONESS SPRINGING UPON A TIED ASS'S COLT

Three other lions not in the picture were approaching from the other side

away the lioness lay dead, killed by the nearest shot that I ever made.

CATCHING A YOUNG RHINOCEROS

In the course of a year I saw more than six hundred rhinoceroses and the tracks of thousands. The sight of these gigantic beasts standing in the moonshine on the snow-white steppes is still vivid in my memory. I have never encountered more than four at one time, though I have seen as many as eight together. Their appearance when in a sitting posture is very like the stump of a tree. While resting, the rhinoceros often resigns himself to his feathered friends, who

when he lifts up his voice the whole world seems to tremble. The sound is so tremendous that the effect is startling in the extreme.

Never shall I forget my first encounter—the uncouth animal mass illuminated by the setting sun, its mighty horns pointing upward and its gigantic form outlined against the red of the evening sky. At a hundred paces I discharged my elephant gun and he came snorting toward me; at my second shot, when he was almost upon me, he turned in flight, and the apparent uselessness of my weapon was so crushing that all previous impressions of the rhinoceros were changed.

My greatest risks, however, were in con-

nection with efforts to photograph the rhinoceros. The beast is most active when the sky is cloudy, and it is difficult to get within range when the light is favorable. Besides, it is trying on the nerves (already unsteadied by malaria) to hold a camera still. However, I was successful, and it was

A bullet in the cow's ear terminated her career, and I called to the men to seize the young rhinoceros before he could escape. The command was superfluous, however, for he instantly made straight for us. Throwing my arms about him, we rolled over and over on the ground until his legs were fastened



Original photograph by C. B. Schillings, for "Flashlights in the Jungle"
THREE OLD LIONESSES DRINKING AT A BROOK

The author thinks a lioness more dangerous than a lion

a genuine delight to watch the negatives develop, showing clear pictures of the beast.

Circumstances must be unusually favorable if one would capture a young rhinoceros, and it is still more difficult to bring it across the sea. Out of perhaps forty occasions when I came upon the young, I met with but one success.

In May, 1903, on the west side of Kili-mandjaro, I caught sight of a cow rhinoceros with a young calf. A misplaced bullet allowed her to get away, and then followed a pursuit of indescribable weariness, our clothes torn to shreds and bodies bruised and bleeding. All day long we followed hot upon their trail and overtook them at nightfall.

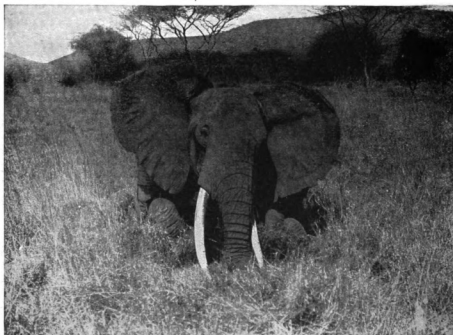
with rope and he was brought in triumph to the camp. With infinite pains he was nurtured and eventually brought in safety to the Zoölogical Gardens in Berlin, where he continues to flourish. He differs from his Indian cousin in activity, length of his two horns and relative good looks.

GIRAFFE AND ZEBRA

The giraffe is rapidly becoming extinct. As the hunting of the elephant has become more difficult and the hunting of the rhinoceros more dangerous, the giraffe has been recognized as an easy prey. One of my most interesting photographs is that of an old

giraffe bull in company with two old male elephants. For weeks I observed this unusual trio, and during that time had the good fortune to make some interesting snapshots with my telephoto lens at 400 paces. Far out on the desert, where they have not been hunted, I have been able to approach within

grotesque, not unlike that of a bare tree. Even at a distance, one notes the extraordinarily expressive eyes. I have never heard it utter a sound of any kind; it appears to be absolutely dumb. The fearful blow it can give with its long legs will hold even a lion in check.



Original photograph by C. B. Schillings, for "Flashlights in the Jungle"
THE DEATH OF A MIGHTY BULL ELEPHANT SAVED MR. SCHILLINGS AT THE LAST MOMENT
 Only his fall checked the charge of the herd and saved the author from death. The elephant received four bullets before falling

200 yards. They are very shy, however, and the keen sight of their leader generally detects even a distant enemy. They are really more difficult to photograph than any other animal. The blending of their color with the surroundings offers one of the greatest difficulties, especially in the case of the *Giraffa Schillingsi*, which I was fortunate enough to discover.

When in flight a herd clatters away in straight lines, the whole unwieldy body swings backward and forward, the neck swaying like a mast on a moving sea and the tail swinging to and fro. When outlined against the bare horizon its appearance is

The zebra is one of the most familiar animals in German West Africa, where two absolutely different types exist. It is an animal of the plains, not of the jungle, and the sight of a large drove is fine. They are frequently found in the company of ostriches, antelopes, and gnus, but are rapidly being thinned out. The native prizes the zebra flesh above all other, and during the rainy season the old beasts are beautifully plump.

The zebra is a polygamous animal, and the jealousy with which the males watch over their harems often results in bloody encounters. They are very malicious beasts. Indeed lions and tigers are far safer to handle than

the zebra with his fearful bite. They make a peculiar dog-like barking noise when in flight.

None of the attempts to subjugate them as beasts of burden have met with success, a fact much to be regretted in view of the rapidity with which horses succumb to the

ence. They can clamber up steep banks and are fond of sleeping upon islands in rivers and lakes. They are also fond of sea water, which rids them of parasites. I shall never forget my astonishment once, on emerging from a clump of cocoa palms, to see what I thought an uprooted tree trunk



Original photograph by C. B. Schilling, for "Flashlights in the Jungle"

TWO BULL ELEPHANTS IN A FOREST VALLEY IN WESTERN KILIMANDJARO

The vegetation averages fifteen feet high. The animals are 400 yards away, the telephoto lens being used

tsetse fly. The problem of transportation in East Africa is therefore far from settled.

HIPPOTAMUS AND CROCODILE

Although the size of the target makes him a favorite with sportsmen, the hippopotamus will survive the elephant and the rhinoceros, by reason of his inaccessibility in the immense swamps. I have killed but four, but could easily have bagged others in the small lakes to which they retire during the dry season. It is remarkable how long they can remain under water without showing more than their nostrils; a snort and a squirting of water are the only signs of their exist-

suddenly change into life and make its way into the sea.

When mortally hit they sink under the water, and their bodies do not rise for an hour or two. An officer once told me of shooting thirty, thinking each time he had missed a vital spot; but later he was astonished to find thirty carcasses floating on the surface.

The hippopotamus is aggressive only when attacked. In two instances they walked through my camp at night without injuring anyone. I have never had a boat overturned by them, though two great heads once arose suddenly but a few feet distant. Their curiosity is remarkable, and often leads to



Original photograph by C. B. Schillings, for "Flashlights in the Jungle"
A BULL RHINOCEROS KILLED BY THE AUTHOR

their undoing. Considering their kinship to the pig, their intelligence is of a high order. Their scent is so developed that they are extremely difficult to photograph, even by night. Notwithstanding their bulk, their speed on land is so surprising that hunters are often hard pressed for life.

The sight of a crocodile's snout sticking



Original photograph by C. B. Schillings, for "Flashlights in the Jungle"
FATUMA, A LITTLE RHINOCEROS THAT GREW VERY FOND OF MR. SCHILLINGS

Mr. Schillings, at great personal risk, seized the calf with bare hands after killing the mother, thus preventing its escape.

out of the water is all too frequent for comfort in East Africa. Their eyesight is extraor-



Original photograph by C. B. Schillings, for "Flashlights in the Jungle"
A WONDERFUL PICTURE OF A RHINOCEROS BATH

The cow had lost her forward horn. The author managed to get within a few yards of the pair



Original photograph by C. B. Schillings, for "Flashlights in the Jungle"
GRANT GAZELLES APPROACHING THE HUNTER
 They are stately animals and less shy than many others



Original photograph by C. B. Schillings, for "Flashlights in the Jungle"
A LARGE CAPE BUFFALO
 The photograph was taken with great difficulty.

dinary, and if on the shore they disappear at the least sign of danger. When one comes upon them suddenly, the whole bank seems to become alive and to slide off into the stream.

Even the young are extremely shy and cautious, and dive under the water if they see only the reflection of moving branches. The older ones remain in deep water, where they can seize their prey without exposing themselves. I once witnessed a herd of thirsty cows hasten down to the river. One sniff and they refused to drink. Finally a large coal-black heifer went into the mud and buried her nose in the refreshing water. I saw a tremendous crocodile rise from the turbid stream and quickly sink again. In almost the same moment, the heifer was

seized by the nose and dragged under the water, to be torn to pieces by numbers of crocodiles, whose snouts could be seen biting at the carcass.

Although crocodiles and rhinoceroses live together amicably, the moment a rhinoceros is shot the keen-scented crocodiles imme-



Original photograph by C. B. Schillings, for "Flashlights in the Jungle"
A SURPRISED WASSERHÖCK DOE ABOUT TAKING TO FLIGHT



Original photograph by C. B. Schillings, for "Flashlights in the Jungle"
A WOUNDED BULL ANTELOPE OVERSEEN IN HIS COVER



Original photograph by C. B. Schillings, for "Flashlights in the Jungle"

GETTING A WOUNDED HIPPOPOTAMUS OUT OF THE WATER

A mortally wounded hippopotamus sinks to the bottom, but the body floats after a few hours



Original photograph by C. B. Schillings, for "Flashlights in the Jungle"

MR. SCHILLINGS'S "BEATERS" BATHING IN AN AFRICAN RIVER

Even the dread of crocodiles did not prevent the author's beaters from enjoying this sport

diately make for it. I once lay behind a tree with only a few yards of rushing water between me and the rounded mass of a great rhinoceros I had shot. Soon I saw a crocodile's snout pop up, then several others. In a suprisingly short time a crocodile more than four yards in length scrambled up alongside the body. The dangerous-looking beast, coming right out of the stream, presented a sinister sight, and I involuntarily moved backward when I saw his terrible jaws open wide and begin to tear eagerly at the carcass. I here witnessed the wonderful

spectacle of about twenty large crocodiles trying to bite through the impenetrable skin. An ear, part of the snout and the tail was all they got away. While they were tumbling over each other and fighting for their prey I raised my rifle and began to fire, killing fifteen in all.

On another occasion I amused myself by fishing for crocodiles. Two huge trees were felled, their tops meeting in the middle of the stream. A piece of flesh with bones was attached to a shark hook and the line thrown into the water by moonlight. It was seized



Original photograph by C. B. Schillings, for "Flashlights in the Jungle"

CROSSING A SWOLLEN BROOK

In the rainy season the streams are very swift and dangerous



Original photograph by C. B. Schillings, for "Flashlights in the Jungle"

LUSH GROWTHS OF GRASS FOLLOW THE RAINS

The bearers are almost lost in the tangle



Original photograph by C. B. Schillings, for "Flashlights in the Jungle"

A GIRAFFE UNSUSPICIOUSLY NEARING DANGER

The author, concealed near the stream, expected its approach to drink. Giraffes are very timorous and difficult to photograph. They sometimes range with elephants



Original photograph by C. B. Schillings, for "Flashlights in the Jungle"

A LITTLE CHILD PLAYING WITH A GREAT PAVIAN APE

They were companions for many hours daily

by a crocodile and fifty yards of strong rope were let out. Fifteen men hidden in the bushes then pulled it in, and it weighed 1,000 pounds. As it came near it lashed the water violently with its tail until a bullet was lodged in its head. A shot, even from a small rifle, lames the monster if hit in the head. It then hangs motionless on the line,

of locusts fill the air; and these attract hundreds of hawks, who fly within a few feet of us, catching the insects while in full flight. Rising still higher may be seen at times thousands of storks, whose evolutions are an unending delight to the eye.

It may be the eye is gladdened by a fleeing herd of antelope, which is the finest sight for



(Original photograph by C. B. Schillings, for "Flashlight in the Jungle".)

A MALE LION FLASHLIGHTED BY NIGHT AT ITS DRINKING PLACE

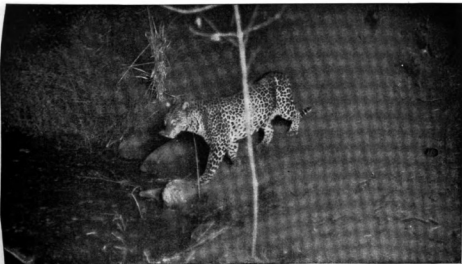
as if dead, and without opening its powerful jaws, but emits an unbearable odor.

GLORIES OF AN AFRICAN LANDSCAPE

Few spectacles are more sublime than that the naturalist may see everywhere in Equatorial Africa. Yonder rises a distant mountain, garbed in a green shimmer of young grass and adorned by streams like silver threads. Along the trail are numberless white-ant heaps, with the tiny builders rising on their white wings. Starting on their long wedding journey, they often flutter to the ground in a piteous plight with broken wings. Startled out of the tall grass, clouds

which one could wish. Immense flocks of geese and ducks cover the lakes, upon the banks of which gather in the evening thousands of zebras and gnus. I have wandered for miles over a world of water, covered with beautiful white egrets, black-and-white ibises, black-headed weavers and thousands of Egyptian geese, while in the distance were hundreds of magnificent flamingoes.

Evening on the marshes in Africa is a marvelous sight. Over the chain of hills come groups of glorious zebras, and a hundred of these grand creatures drinking in a stream, then wheeling and thundering over the steppes, form an incomparable scene. Thou-



Original photograph by C. B. Schillings, for "Flashlights in the Jungle"
AN OLD, STRONG, MALE LEOPARD, PHOTOGRAPHED BY FLASHLIGHT JUST AT MIDNIGHT
 Leopards are agile and fierce, and their quickness makes it dangerous to shoot one even in flight



Original photograph by C. B. Schillings, for "Flashlights in the Jungle"
ZEBRAS DRINKING AT NIGHT

Zebras belong to the plains, and are found in company with other animals and with ostriches. The natives prefer the flesh to any other meat. Zebras are vicious fighters and their bite is to be dreaded.



Original photograph by C. B. Schillings, for "Flashlights in the Jungle"

A BARRICADE AGAINST MARAUDING ANIMALS
It is unwise to pitch camp without such a defense



Original photograph for "Flashlights in the Jungle"

MR. C. B. SCHILLINGS, THE AUTHOR



Original photograph by C. B. Schillings, for "Flashlights in the Jungle"

CORMORANTS HAUNTING A SWAMP WHERE FOOD IS ABUNDANT

sands of birds hurry away in wave-like throngs along the level of the papyrus swamp, like some monster serpent. A flock of crested cranes stand out like ghosts against the beautiful tints of the equatorial sunset, or, with a creaking noise like uncoiled wheels, slowly flap their wings in flight.

The sudden setting of the sun is an ever new surprise. At sundown the stone curlew flies over the waters, with a whistle so shrill that its last repetition impresses itself unforgettably. Over the riverside, stretching from sandbank to sandbank, it gives out its song. Thousands of glowworms make their appearance and myriads of insects mingle their chorus with the croaking of the frogs. Silently, in mid-stream, emerges the head of a crocodile, and the remaining fowl take flight. A little later the jackals raise their dismal call and hyenas answer. The neighing of distant zebras is hushed by the roar of the lion, swelling stronger until it passes into a weird, low groaning that strikes the soul of man with horror.

Often conflagrations add to the grandeur of the view. The sight of a sea of flames by night, with the crackling and hissing of the wind-whipped fire through the valleys, from which come the cries of tortured animals, form a never-to-be-forgotten spectacle of the African wilderness. On the shores of this flaming sea giants from the animal world come to quench their throats at neighboring pools, while a short distance from camp crouch the forms of half-naked warriors.