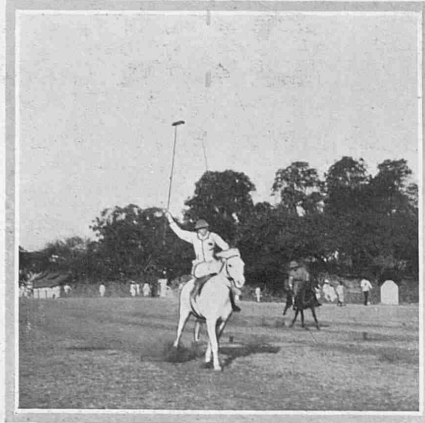


LADIES AS BIG-GAME SHOTS.

BIG-GAME shooting has an attraction all its own. There is nothing quite to compare with it. Grouse, pheasant, and partridge shooting are tame in comparison; indeed deer-stalking, perhaps the nearest approach to it, is very far removed in variety and interest, in fascination and not least in requisite skill. It is not only the successful stalking of the game, which necessitates, of course, the acquisition of a knowledge of the habits of the quarry, but the thrilling encounters met with in the pursuit, and the eventual joy of rolling over a mighty lion, tiger, leopard, or other denizen of the jungle. Although big-game shooting is really a man's game, presupposing a sound constitution, iron nerves, fearlessness, and all those other qualities requisite in the prosecution of an arduous sport demanding as it does remarkable powers of endurance and perseverance on the part of the hunter, there are many ladies who think nothing of its rigours, its discomfort and drawbacks, and having once tasted of its delights, remain unsatiated. Of the rigours, the risks, and the thrills a vivid description has been given in the recently published volume, "Days and Nights of Shikar," by Mrs. W. W. Baillie. The authoress, who is the daughter of a big-game hunter, and herself a great enthusiast of the sport, recounts some wonderful encounters with almost every kind of wild beast in Indian jungles. On one of her expeditions, Mrs. Baillie, who was accompanied only by natives, happened to be in an open piece of jungle when "suddenly Mahomed (one of the beaters) turned tail and ran back to me with a broad grin on his face, saying 'There's the *bagh*,' and he pointed out a striped back. . . . He (the tiger) was lying down eighty or a hundred yards distant. I fired, and he rolled over, but came back to his first position, when I shot again. He tried to get up, and I saw a big head raised with the mouth—a great red mouth—very wide open. I managed to get a bullet into his head, which rolled him over. . . ." On examination he was found to be a tigress "with a very short tail, and measured 8ft. 8in. and was enormously fat." When on one occasion Mrs. Baillie shot a she-bear, "the young ones ran round her (the mother), growled for a short time, and then raced off into the rhododendron bushes. I went up close to finish her (the mother) off, and just before she died she turned her head and looked round for her cubs, her face puckered up and her mouth twitching in an absolutely human way, as if she was just going to cry; I have never seen anything so sad and pitiful, and I did feel a brute. I settled to leave a mother with cubs alone in future." Among other ladies who find great delight in big-game shooting is the Countess of Sefton, who is a daughter of Lord and Lady Bradford. Lady Sefton, who is a really good rifle shot, has frequently accompanied her husband, an ex-Master of the Horse, on big-game shooting expeditions, on one of which two lions, a tiger, and a rhinoceros were comprised in her "bag." Her prowess with the rifle has frequently been exhibited in Scottish deer forests, where she has had the satisfaction of accounting for several royals amongst other fine heads. Another very good rifle shot is Lady Idina Gordon (step-daughter of Hilda Countess De La Warr, recently married to Mr. John W. Dennis, M.P. for the Deritend Division of Birmingham), who this last winter went out to Nairobi to join her husband, Capt. Chas. Gordon, on a big-game shooting expedition in British East Africa. She possesses a really splendid collection of heads, including lion, leopard, cheetah, hyena, buffalo (perhaps the most dangerous of African big game), and antelope, obtained on similar expeditions. Then there is Mrs. Bebb, who divorced her former husband, Lord Carbery, two years ago, and subsequently married Major B. J. M. Bebb, of the banking firm of Bernhard, Scholle and Co. Her trips to East Africa have always been productive of good sport and fine specimens; on one occasion two lions and a rhinoceros fell to her rifle. At that time she was not much more than twenty, and, indeed, she is but twenty-seven now, so that many opportunities should present themselves to her to increase her splen-



MRS. W. W. BAILLIE TENT-PEGGING.

did collection of trophies while participating in the sport she loves best of all. Another noted big-game shot is Lady Grizel Winifred Hamilton, the eldest daughter of the twelfth Earl of Dundonald and widow of Lieut.-Col. the Hon. Ralph G. A. Hamilton (who was killed in 1918). With a rifle there are few ladies her equal. On one of her expeditions her "bag" consisted of a hippopotamus, a leopard, a rhinoceros, and

North America, and Australasia, and her collection of heads is in every sense a most remarkable one. Mrs. Gardner has also explored the interior of Somaliland and the Abyssinian frontier, and published an account of her experiences in "Life in Somaliland" and "Rifle and Spear with the Rajpoots." This latter title affords the clue to another of Mrs. Gardner's sporting activities, namely, fishing, and as an angler she is very dexterous, while she is also a good rider to hounds. Lady Stanley, who with her husband, Lord Stanley, is away in British East Africa at the moment enjoying good sport in that country, is also an enthusiastic devotee of big-game shooting and a most accomplished huntress into the bargain. Lady Loch also finds the sport to her liking, as might be expected of one so able as she in the use of either gun or rifle. Another brilliant shot, whether with gun or rifle, is Lady Juliet Trevor, only child of the fourth Earl of Lonsdale and widow of Sir Robert G. V. Duff, of the 2nd Life Guards, who was killed in action in the early days of the late war. That Lady Trevor should be so distinguished a marks-woman is by no means surprising, considering her close association with her eminent stepfather, the Marquis of Ripon, from whom she learnt to shoot, and who, although seventy years of age, is still accounted, that which he has been for so long, one of the half-dozen finest shots in Europe to-day. Nor must one be for forgetting the claims of the Countess of Chesterfield, a splendid all-round sportswoman, and Lady Pentland, both of whom can well hold their own in the shooting world with most other members of their sex. Lady Mary Barrington and Lady Elena Wickham are also devoted to the sport, and one can think of no one better

fitted, both physically and temperamentally, to withstand all the hardships inseparable from so arduous a sport as big-game shooting than the Hon. Lady Bailey, wife of Sir Abe Bailey, the South African millionaire sportsman, better known perhaps in the realm of sport by her maiden name, the Hon. Mary Westenra, the only daughter of the late Lord and of Lady Rossmore. Lady Bailey possesses all the qualities which go to the making up of the successful big-game huntress, for, besides being a splendid marks-woman, she is fearless to a degree, though, without being rash, has an equanimity and



THE COUNTESS OF SEFTON.



MRS. W. W. BAILLIE.



LADY JULIET TREVOR.

a Cape buffalo, which is thought to be a record for her sex and one which will not readily be beaten. The Hon. Mrs. Alan Gardner, eldest daughter of Lord Blyth of Blythwood, widow of Col. Alan Gardner, M.P., who died in 1907, is also an exceptionally fine rifle shot, and her experiences of big-game shooting in many lands are probably considerably greater than those of any of her sex. In company with her late husband Mrs. Gardner has made numerous shooting expeditions to Africa, Northern India, Nepal, Assam,

a disposition which refuses to be ruffled, remains calm and collected even in the most difficult situations, and boasts a wonderful constitution. It was, perhaps, her fearlessness which made her the wonderful little horsewoman she was in her early years—she was Master of a pack of foxhounds before she was twenty-three—and to her coolness must in large measure be attributed her great success as a shot. Mention must not be omitted of Lady Wolverton, daughter of the first Earl of Dudley, and of Countess Lady Idina Mary Brassey, who is one of the ablest rifle shots among womenkind; nor should we overlook the claims of Mrs. J. R. C. Greenlees, the only daughter of Sir John T. Cargill, who, in the opinion of several first-class shots, is in point of "style" and all-round shooting ahead of any other lady shot they have ever seen. Lady Lonsdale, too, who has been out to South Africa this winter in company with her husband, is a good and experienced rifle shot, though she rarely shoots nowadays. Not so very long ago 8- or even 4-bore rifles, weighing respectively 18lb. and 24lb., or at least a .577 Express, were considered an indispensable part of the equipment of the big-game shooter, but such has been the improvement in modern firearms, and particularly the adaptation of cordite ammunition to sporting rifles, that nowadays a .450 rifle weighing but 11lb., in conjunction with cordite powder, is considered to be amply sufficient for the heaviest or most dangerous game. For soft-skinned animals a .255 or .303 magazine rifle is the most useful weapon, and their introduction has extended the killing zone in stalking by at least a hundred yards. The addition to these of that admirable weapon, a 10- or 12-bore Paradox gun for forest and jungle shooting, a gun which can be used as a rifle against large and dangerous game or as an ordinary shotgun for small game, is all that is required to completely equip anyone for big-game shooting in any part of the world.

R. C. REED.



MRS. W. W. BAILLIE WITH LION.