

CATCHING WILD BEASTS ALIVE



JOSEPH DELMONT

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by
JOSEPH DELMONT

WITH 16 ILLUSTRATIONS

THIRD IMPRESSION

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PREFACE

THIS book is an extract from my wanderer's years. It contains nothing but what I have myself seen, heard, and experienced.

When I first set eyes on a tropical country I was still very young in years, a mere lad, and I deeply felt my lack of education. During the two years I spent at the *Volksschule*, in the Brigittenau suburb of Vienna, I made a sketchy acquaintance with reading, writing, and arithmetic. In the seventies, geography, or *Erdkunde*, as they call it nowadays, was not to be found in the curriculum of the schools of the lower classes in Vienna. My natural history also was confined to what I had personally picked up by observation or otherwise on my rambles in the Vienna forest.

Subsequently, I visited all the five continents as an acrobat apprentice with the troupe, but the only opportunity for nature study was our journeys from city to city and one country to another. But as at that time I had nothing in my silly little head except professional keenness, it never occurred to me to go in for nature study. It is true that I took a lot of pleasure in fine buildings and good pictures, but there was no one available to show me how to appreciate the beauties of nature and art.

Literature was something entirely beyond my ken, and up to my fourteenth year I read indiscriminately boys' shockers, penny dreadfuls, and adventures with Indians.

It was not until I had had my first glimpse of primeval forest, jungle, and steppe, that I began to suspect what a wonderful picture of creation they present, and then my lack of education frequently made itself felt most painfully.

On the other hand, this very lack to a certain extent proved a positive blessing to me in my nature studies.

In later years, when examining the works of great discoverers, zoologists, botanists, and other learned travellers, I often made the discovery that these academically trained minds could never quite shake themselves free from theory and mere book knowledge, and were influenced unduly by them in their observation.

As I was in no way burdened with scientific knowledge, I looked at things—living and dead—with other eyes, and was compelled to conduct my researches purely by the light of nature.

The human, animal, and plant worlds of the exotic regions, such as the tropics and the Arctic zone, are utterly different from their counterparts in the temperate regions. In those quarters where animals have come into close contact with man and his so-called culture, they have lost many of their natural characteristics. But in the primeval forests, steppes, jungles, savannahs, and among the frozen seas and eternal snows of the polar regions, the animals still live to a large extent in their natural state. They are seldom disturbed and so preserve their special peculiarities.

In my wanderings through the most inhospitable regions, regions in some of which no white man—and in many cases (thanks to fever and other perils) no living soul—had ever yet set foot, my many years of trapping expeditions have enabled me to observe the animal world and to see, hear, and appreciate happenings which have remained and will ever remain a secret to the professional discoverer.

As I have said above, I have had neither teachers nor scientific works to guide me. Neither zoology nor biology was known to me from books; I have had to acquire everything from my own experience and observation.

My master, who took me to India, had many questions to answer, and I was extremely sorry when he died after eighteen months with me and left me alone in the wilds. Henceforth I was compelled to explore the path

of knowledge alone, and it was only then that I turned to the works of great men. In spite of all book knowledge, I kept my eyes wide open to the world about me and very seldom allowed myself to be misled by anything I had read.

On some occasions I was compelled to take hunters with me on my expeditions. I hated the Nimrods, who killed noble beasts out of the pure lust of slaughter. These "sportsmen" always filled me with horror. I never shot animals except in an emergency or in order to protect my men, myself, or my captured fauna. On one occasion only did I kill a tiger for form's sake, just to show the so-called sportsmen that I was equally capable of this deed of mockery and to escape their eternal scorn.

From my earliest childhood I had the adventuring spirit and an adventurer I have remained even after settling down.

How I became an adventurer and what it feels like to be one will be set down in my next chapter.

THE AUTHOR.

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It will be noticed that the illustrations in this book bear acknowledgments to press photographers, and are obviously not the work of Mr. Delmont. This manner of illustrating the book was unfortunately made necessary by the fact that Mr. Delmont's own unique set of photographs, taken by him upon his travels, have been lost.

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CATCHING WILD BEASTS ALIVE

CHAPTER I

THE WORKSHOP OF AN ADVENTURER

IN popular parlance the word "adventurer" often gives rise to misconceptions. As a rule, an adventurer is considered equivalent to a criminal. This is an utterly false idea. No doubt there are many law-breakers of an adventurous turn of mind, but these have nothing in common with the true adventure-loving rover.

Every man has a touch of the adventurer in him, but it is only in the rarest cases that it finds expression.

Boys are adventure-loving and frequently the passion asserts itself, in which case they play truant with visions of distant worlds before them. But they seldom get far and ruefully return to their mothers.

The true adventurer is born, not made. It is a matter of predestination.

It must not be thought that all adventurers are lazy, work-shy nomads who regard cheerful roving as their sole object in life. No doubt such restless individuals exist, but in reality they are no more to be regarded as true adventurers than are travelling artisans.

The true adventurer always has an object in his wanderings.

I think I may go so far as to say that all the great explorers, conquerors, and generals of bygone times were adventurers.

Men make types of their heroes, and also of their criminals.

I am always much interested to observe the disappointment experienced by those to whom I am introduced. I can read it in their faces. In fact it is almost a joke to study the expression of ladies. Writ large across their features are these words :

“ What ! Is this medium-sized, somewhat corpulent gentleman with the naïve expression really an adventurer ? Is *this* the man who has spent thirty years trapping big game in all five continents, roving through worlds known and unknown and often finding himself the only white in the wilds ? He doesn't exactly look as if he could face dangers ! ”

And yet it is so.

As I have said, men make types of their heroes and their criminals—and often confuse one with the other.

A criminal must always be burdened with an ugly, repulsive face and a bulldog expression ; his eye is always unsteady and he invariably avoids the gaze of his fellows.

What an illusion ! There have been loathsome brutes, mass-murderers, whose appalling deeds have filled the world with horror, who have had faces of childish innocence and whom no one ever supposed capable of such evil deeds.

A few years ago, the Press of the world was filled with the news that in the extreme north of Siberia an old man of Polish origin, aged ninety-three, had just died, in whose house were found the carefully arranged remains of no less than seventy murdered human beings.

This man, who had enjoyed universal respect and esteem, had killed travellers staying for the night at his inn, and used their flesh in the making of pastry. Travellers from far and near fairly swarmed to the inn which was widely renowned for these delicious pastries !

This dignified, blue-eyed friend of humanity was described as possessing a jovial, patriarchal countenance which beamed with kindness. For sixty years the bestial creature committed murder after murder and yet his wicked deeds left no mark upon his features.

There have been many cruel murderers whose faces

never gave the slightest hint of their criminal tendencies, so innocent they looked. Another eloquent example is the gang of Hungarian poisoners who looked exactly like thousands of other peasant women and had nothing to distinguish them from their fellows.

Then why should the adventurer have any special external characteristics?

Boys and women always conceive of the adventurer as a special type.

In the first place, he must be tall, six feet or thereabouts. Then he must always possess a lanky body, a small, virile countenance, a sharp, hooked nose, and bushy eyebrows. He must have eyes of steel which can bore through other men. His muscles must be like bands of iron.

All adventurers, explorers, big-game hunters, and trappers of wild beasts must look like that.

In practice things are somewhat different.

Henry Morton Stanley, the boldest of all African explorers of the last century, was of but medium height and looked more like a slave-dealer than the popular conception of a discoverer. Gustav Nachtigal was below average height, and the same was true of Emin Pasha who travelled to Kinema, on the Congo, at the behest of the Sultan of Kibango and was there murdered by the natives.

Major Weissmann and Heinrich Bart had nothing of the explorer or *beau sabreur* about them, nor had the Austrian polar explorer, Payer. Schweinfurth was far more the conventional type.

David Livingstone had a rough, coarse cast of face and he was only five feet six inches in height.

The sole representative of the ideal type of the fearless explorer, dreamed of by the uninitiated, is the tall Scandinavian, Sven Hedin, who is still alive.

Stanley, Emin Pasha, Livingstone, and Schweinfurth had bushy eyebrows. Major Weissmann was the exception. They also had those forbidding, projecting jaws which tell of great energy.

All of them had high, broad foreheads and wore beards.

None of them could lay any claim to size or height. Moreover, all the international adventurers of whom history tells or whom I have met on my travels—at any rate those who were not driven into unexplored regions by the lust of discovery or scientific curiosity—were barely above medium height.

I do not count myself among the scientists. Nor was it the lust of discovery which kept me roving in distant lands. But I fall unmistakably into the class of adventurers. The only point of distinction between myself and my colleagues was that I always followed a special calling.

Judged externally, I have only my bushy eyebrows in common with my famous *confrères*. I do not know whether I possess the steely, gimlet eyes, but I can assure my readers that a Zulu, Maori, or South Sea Islander is not to be intimidated by a mere glance, however hard. Quite different means must be resorted to.

It goes without saying that in hot regions I was more than thin. As for my muscles, if they were not exactly iron bands they were a very good imitation of elastic.

What an adventurer needs more than anything else is a perfectly sound heart coupled with an iron will. Energy is everything. The word "impossible" must not be found in the vocabulary of the venturesome.

When people talk or read about "adventurers," wise heads are shaken and they ask each other :

"What does it all mean, this 'workshop' of an adventurer !"

"Where is it ?"

"How big is it ?"

"Do these scamps do any work ? They are usually pickpockets and criminals. All they care for is vagabondage, *dolce far niente*, and having a good time at the expense of other folks !"

"What on earth is this 'workshop' ? Is it where they make false coins, or burgling tools or contrive opportunities for their crimes ?"

This query as to the *whereabouts* and the *size* of the workshop crops up again and again, for the inquisitive only think of it in terms of space.

It is not difficult for the expert to answer.

The workshop of the adventurer is greater than the enterprises of Skoda, Krupp, Ford, and all the Hollywood film factories put together. The adventurer has hundreds of thousands of employers. His workshop is *the whole world*. I am referring of course to the adventurer who roves unceasingly over the earth, whether his roving takes the form of discovery, north or south-polar exploration, circumaviation or circumnavigation, gold or diamond mining, bloodthirsty big-game hunting, or—as mine did—vagabondage and trapping wild beasts.

All the great men who discovered for us distant and unknown regions and subjugated races and countries were adventurers.

Such types must certainly have existed in prehistoric times and the Ice and Stone Ages. Unfortunately we have no records on the point.

Yet History tells us of men who lived thousands of years before Christ and teaches us that even so far back there were adventurers in the land.

Who has not heard of the heroes who flourished in the times of the old Persians, Egyptians, Greeks, and Romans?

The great conquerors and discoverers of all times have been neither more nor less than adventurers. I need only cite a few names such as Xerxes, Alexander the Great, Hannibal, Tamerlane, Columbus, Marco Polo, Prjevalski, and Napoleon Bonaparte.

I could add hundreds of others, drawing on the realm of science also, for ninety-nine per cent of all those engaged in research work in natural history have been or are of the adventurous habit of mind. Consider the case of the brothers Humboldt. It was not merely the urge of science which gave these men the *Wanderlust*. In many cases it was a thirst for adventure which—often unconsciously no doubt—supplied the impetus. Scholars who wandered out into the world merely to

investigate the stamen of a single plant and men who lived settled and conventional lives at home gradually became adventurers—a change which did not prevent them from rendering good service to science. They found they simply could not stay at home, and were only too glad to exchange their narrow, stuffy workrooms for the boundless spaces of distant lands and seas.

Think of a bold adventurer like Columbus !

Of course, one cannot accept Peter Rosegger's amusing story that Columbus was a Styrian who whiled away his idle hours at the court of Queen Elizabeth at Mürz-zuschlag by trying to make an egg stand on its head—a futile pastime which so enraged the Queen that she rushed to the King and called out angrily :

“ King ! King ! Come and stop this quick ! That lazy knave Columbus sits about all day, doing nothing but try to make an egg stand up. I can't bear it. Tell him he's got to take a ship and cross the sea and discover America.”

The affair did not come about quite like that, and it is even disputed that Columbus was the first to discover America. But that he was an adventurer no one can deny.

And what about the great Corsican, Napoleon Bonaparte ? Only a most determined and uncommonly energetic adventure spirit could have succeeded in subjugating all Europe and a part of Africa.

In recent times the technical improvements in the means of transport have made it easier for explorers and adventurers to open up distant, pathless regions. When I first went to India there were few railways and in the distant interior there was no telegraph and signalling was usually by heliograph only. And there are very few navigable rivers. In those days times were hard for explorers and adventurers ; not so hard for officers and civil servants who had large armed forces behind them.

How does one become an adventurer ?

As there are neither masters in the art prepared to

take pupils, nor schools in which it can be acquired, the only course is to be an adventurer born—a matter of predestination.

It is a known and established fact that most adventurers come from unambitious, settled homes. But if investigation could be made, no doubt one would find, far back, some ancestor in the family who was a true adventurer. Sometimes one finds several adventurers in one and the same family, but these cases are rare.

I have often been asked how it came about that I could not bear living at home and roved about the world, whereas my parents and my brothers and sisters were simply folk of an essentially sedentary nature.

As a matter of fact, I was not the only adventurer in our family.

One of my brothers, fourteen years older than myself and of the black-haired gipsy type, ran away from school in Vienna when he was fifteen and walked all the way back to our home village, Loiwein, in the Lower Austrian forest. He announced to his parents categorically that he had had quite enough of study and meant to see the world.

After receiving a daily thrashing from his mother for a whole week, he had to go back to Vienna. He remained there for a short time and when my parents removed to Vienna and fell on evil times he made a meagre living on day jobs. Then he suddenly disappeared. He tripped over the whole of Europe, joined the French Foreign Legion, and when he returned home after many years he fell in with a gang of anarchists who were making Vienna unsafe at the beginning of the eighties. A love affair with a lady of position made his own country distasteful to him, and so he disappeared again as suddenly as he had returned. The Dutch Foreign Legion in the Dutch Indies was his next sphere of adventure. He came home to Austria once more on leave; I listened open-mouthed to the recital of his experiences and made up my mind that I would get away as soon as possible into the fair, wide world.

When my brother's leave ran out, he left Vienna and we never heard of him again. Twenty-one years later, I found his grave in the interior of Java. He had been killed in a fight with the natives.

I could not dismiss my brother's revelations from my mind, and they proved a very powerful stimulant to my imagination. I hated school and was a deadly foe to all teachers.

I have never really ascertained where my forbears came from. To be frank, I was not inquisitive enough to find out. It is often better to leave certain things undiscovered. The one unquestionable fact is that my great-great-grandfather suddenly—as befits an ancestor—cropped up in southern Bohemia. Somewhere in the neighbourhood of Neubiestritz. He came from somewhere near Saragossa and brought with him a wife whom no one else understood. She was Portuguese.

My grandfather, a Steinmetz, emigrated to Lower Austria, and my father acquired the village inn and general stores in Loiwein before he was twenty years of age. He was already married. Men of courage could still be found in those days. My parents had seventeen children of whom twelve were boys and five girls.

I was the eleventh son and sixteenth child. My mother was a martyr in the fullest sense of the word. At the beginning of the seventies smallpox broke out in the Krems valley. Within two months ten of my brothers and sisters fell victims to this horrible plague; only two survived and they bore its marks all their lives.

My parents removed to Vienna.

They started a laundry on its extreme outskirts, in the suburb of Brigittenau, which was then a medley of huge nursery gardens and had been hardly built on at all. Their laundry was in the Seven Houses. There I grew up a wild young ragamuffin, a bundle of naughtiness and a genuine rowdy. A dirty, untidy lad, my pants always in rags and my nose eternally wet, I formed, with a few colleagues of the same way of thinking, a

gang which became the terror of the neighbourhood and the darlings of the glaziers. I had a wonderful gift for smashing window-panes. I and my friends used to roam abroad on summer nights. I regarded the ripening fruits in the nursery gardens as communal property and was on the best of terms with the fierce dogs kept for their protection. And so I grew up—a charming little boy!

Every summer some strolling acrobats¹—we called them “Kinstler”—used to give their shows in our neighbourhood and we boys used to go into paroxysms of joy over them. On the lofty dung-heaps in the gardens we used to practise all kinds of feats, such as standing on our hands, head-over-heels, cartwheel, etc. Ever since I first saw these acrobats, I had only one goal in life—to be an acrobat myself. To go round with a wooden plate collecting money from the audience seemed to me the height of bliss.

All I had learned at school was the easiest way of rousing my teachers to fury. At that game I was past-master, and had there been any degrees in it I should certainly have won the highest.

I seriously contemplated setting all the schools of Vienna on fire and was only restrained from doing so by the observation of Old Gustl to the effect that countless unemployed bricklayers were available to rebuild the schools at once. I also toyed with the idea of murdering, or at least scalping, several of the teachers whom I most disliked. Fortunately my head was so full of other escapades and villainies that my plans were never carried out.

I prepared my scheme for flight with the greatest secrecy, saved up thirty-five kreuzer as the result of indescribable privations, and left home one night with a long stick of horse sausage, a hunk of black bread and a few toys, all wrapped in a large handkerchief. I was eight years and three months old at the time.

Children are cruel, though often quite unconsciously, and if I had had the slightest idea what immense sorrow

¹ Kinstler

I was bringing upon my parents, particularly my fond and loving mother, I should never have taken this ill-considered step.

I spent six months travelling through Moravia and Slovakia with a troupe of acrobats. I cannot pretend that we apprentices were well treated. There were two of us and we suffered agonies from hunger and stole everything eatable on which we could lay hands. Our teacher provided us with plenty of thrashings.

In Budapest I was "discovered" by the leader of an acrobat troupe doing the "flying trapeze" act, and before three months was out I was flying through the air above the heads of the audience in the Carré Circus in Amsterdam.

I was five years with the troupe before anyone knew that I had parents living in Vienna. When the leader asked me about my relatives, I invariably lied and told him that I had no one in the wide world and was a foundling.

The Chiesi Troupe, "The Flying Devils," did not visit Austria or Italy but otherwise travelled over the whole continent of Europe, North and South America, and then, in combination with Richards' Circus, South Africa, India, and Australia.

In February 1887 we had to appear at Danzers Orpheum, in Vienna, and on our arrival there, and not before, I admitted to my master that I had deceived him.

My parents failed to recognise me and my mother fainted when she saw me flying from trapeze to trapeze under the roof of the Orpheum.

I was taken away from the troupe and sent back to school, but after a short time I fell ill of melancholy and returned to the troupe, which was then engaged at Hugo's establishment in Bucharest. On the third day of my reappearance I fell clear of the net and the accident incapacitated me for acrobatics for ever.

Weeks and months of sorrow and misery followed my leaving the hospital. Crossing Hungary, Austria (giving Vienna a wide berth), Switzerland, and Germany, I

came to Belgium, where a former fellow apprentice was awaiting me. We proposed to give a comic variety act together, but the result was a pitiful catastrophe. Then I had a more or less peaceful interlude as attendant with Philadelphia, the elephant-tamer. Two of these pachyderms fell ill with horrible abscesses on the leg. The animals were acquired by a large Liverpool firm engaged in importing wild animals, and there I came under the favourable notice of an old wild-beast trapper, the Irishman McCutcheon, who was about to go to India for many years.

A fortnight later I was travelling with my new master in the steamer *City of Westminster* down the Channel and across the Bay of Biscay *en route* for Asia.

The rich and varied life of an adventurer now began for me in real earnest, but it must not be thought that it meant a rosy *dolce far niente*. It was an existence filled with worries and privations—a strain and stress I shall never forget.

How can a trapper of wild beasts really be described? It is a profession which I could prove beyond doubt has been carried on uninterruptedly as a profession by five individuals, and five only.

Of course, far more than five have gone in for catching wild beasts, but only sporadically. These others have occasionally equipped an expedition, generally for the purpose of capturing some specific animal. But only five of us carried on the business as a trade, i.e. devoted our whole time and energies to it. To-day professional trappers are no longer to be found, as the means of communication and other expedients have made the catcher's job much easier and the cost has become to a certain extent prohibitive.

No doubt we shall reach the stage when it will be possible to shoot or lasso one's elephant and tiger from a motor charabanc.

But I am wandering away from my adventurer's workshop.

There is plenty of literature about the adventures of

explorers, globe-trotters, and circumnavigators, but most of it is lies.

Only the really great explorers are objective in their accounts and accurately report events both great and small and the trials and dangers they have faced without any touch of exaggeration. Unfortunately, these works are often too dry and scientific and very difficult to digest. Few explorers have the gift of vivid and interesting description possessed by men such as Sven Hedin or Bengt Berg.

I was not sixteen when Mr. McCutcheon took me with him to Asia. Our expedition was to last two and a half years and to cross India from end to end. Our starting-point was Madras, where the firm had one of their menageries, i.e. a great depot for animals. Rhinoceros, tigers, and other animals of every conceivable kind were acquired by capture or purchase.

This was in the year 1888. At that time there were few railways. A start had been made with some lines and others were projected. There were hardly any waterways and canalised rivers and streams were a rarity. Everything was at the beginning. The geologist and the engineer were active everywhere. The Englishman, perhaps the most ruthless but at the same time the best of colonisers, is never brutal without reason. The same cannot be said of the other colonial powers, Holland always excepted.

In Madras Mr. McCutcheon got together a small expedition. Only trained and experienced assistants, who had accompanied our master for years, were to go with us. A column of bearers was to be formed, but not before we entered the region where trapping was to commence.

Three Indians, two Annamites, a Chinese, and a Cingalese went with us. The Indians were excellent organisers, first-class hunters, and as good as retrievers. The Chinese was selected as cook and the Cingalese was a linguist of genius. He knew at least fifteen dialects of this great empire and could speak Chinese

and Tibetan as well. He was a great orator and knew both how to move the inhabitants of whole villages to help us and also how to keep their pay down to the lowest figure.

The Annamites were intended for Mr. McCutcheon's personal service. Later on a servant was engaged for me as well, but he did very little for me.

I was immensely interested in the preparations for the expedition and agog with excitement to learn the uses to which the multifarious articles of equipment would be put. There was an incredible quantity of gear—wire, wire-cables, string, cord, thick ropes, hatchets, axes of all shapes and huge knives for clearing a way through pathless forests, as I subsequently learned. On an equally large scale was the personal equipment for our leader, my small self, and the other members of the expedition.

I was particularly proud that I was given my own tent, and even the mighty bump on my forehead, caused by a fall from my hammock as the result of a clumsy effort to get out, was quite unable to affect my happiness.

The cooking apparatus filled me with amazement and the medicine chest with bewildered admiration. I positively longed to be ill to have a chance of tasting some of the good things lurking in our chemist's store, with its lovely flasks, boxes, crucible, tubes, and packets.

I was destined to regret my curiosity before long!

How astounded I was when I heard that we were taking with us ten pounds of quinine pills and three five-gallon flasks of gin.

What impressed me most was the tropical helmet. Unfortunately, my master was not greatly interested whether my clothes fitted me or not, with the result that I had to be content with a helmet which was two sizes too small and wobbled perpetually from side to side and back to front. My nose never had any skin on it. Yet one gets used to everything, even swallowing quinine and the sweet-smelling gin, and not omitting the pleasant tropical disease.

Mr. McCutcheon was frequently up to the neck and beyond in gin and Black and White, Dewar's and other whiskeys. In this condition he was anything but amiable and often resorted to his fists. He gave me a murderous thrashing several times, but at last, when, in a drunken fury, he tried to pick up a whip, I forgot all our plans and all the lovely things I hoped to see and do, and set about my master with a will. I had started to learn boxing when I was a ten-year-old in the acrobatic troupe and subsequently perfected myself in the art. I now made good use of the knowledge I had acquired, and though Mr. McCutcheon was much stronger and heavier and had a bigger reach, I exploited his astonishment to deal him a heavy blow on the nose which made it bleed; then I closed his right eye and fled precipitately. We boxed without gloves and weeks later my fists still remembered the thick skull of my opponent.

As I had shown such vigour in defence, my master seldom ventured to attack me afterwards.

We went by railway from Madras along the coast as far as the Managalagiv and then turned inland to Haidarabad. The expedition was assembled and I was to observe for the first time how our cunning Cingalese negotiated with the natives—one of the most important jobs facing every expedition.

I was all eyes and ears. When with the acrobatic troupe, all I had seen of India was Bombay, Calcutta, and a few more of the larger coast towns. Now I was already far in the interior of the country and gazing with staring eyes and hungry soul at the marvels, the thousand marvels of this fairy-tale empire and its architectural masterpieces, designed and carried out centuries ago. Yet my whole interest was concentrated on virgin Nature. What attracted me was forest and jungle and all the creeping, running, burrowing, and flying things therein. My joy was the animals, and when I saw how the first cages were made, the great nets woven, and the cunning traps for small animals constructed, I almost forgot my first attack of malaria, though it sent my

temperature up to forty degrees and gave me a horrible shaking.

We made our way into the trapping area in slim boats. Mr. McCutcheon now instructed me as to all the perils lurking in the forest or jungle and by or in the rivers. He warned me that I must not run along everything that looked like a tree-trunk by the river bank. As a rule, these half-submerged objects were sleeping crocodiles. In bathing, the greatest caution must be observed; but the main theme on which my master was ever harping was: poisonous snakes. One could never be too careful! He showed me where these dangerous creatures were usually to be found and how to avoid them or catch them and render them harmless. In certain regions we always wore leather boots which came up above the knee and were quite the best protection.

Before long I was to learn myself what the bite of a poisonous snake was like.

Yet, notwithstanding all their trials, these trapping expeditions were a wonderful experience.

I picked up the business very quickly and became my master's irreplaceable right-hand man. Animals of every possible species were duly captured, though our attention was mainly fixed on tigers, rhinoceros, the large antelopes, buffaloes, monkeys, bears, giant snakes, birds, amphibians, and so forth. I should weary my readers if I tried to give a list of all the species which were captured or purchased.

Elephant-catching was always carried on alone. No other branch can be combined with trapping the Asiatic pachyderm, which is enticed into a kraal by decoy animals and then secured in somewhat brutal fashion. The African elephant, the capture of which is far more difficult, is enticed into concealed trenches by the drinking-places.

Our expedition went straight across India and our train got bigger as the number of captured animals constantly increased. When we reached a railway station, river or road, from which captured beasts could be sent to the coast for shipping to the menagerie, a few intelligent

and reliable men were detached from our party to conduct the consignment. Yet our convoy still remained pretty large.

Further north we came to the boundary of the province of Bengal.

From Benares we turned eastwards to Renar, in the tiger country. There we engaged four hundred new hands, mostly Bengali hillmen, strong, fine fellows and as tough as nails. Our weaklings and sick who had been with us more than a year were sent home.

In that one year I had learned a lot and it proved of great value to me later on.

We were now re-equipped and everything needing repair was renewed.

We continued our journey north-eastwards through days and nights of hard marching. By day the heat was oppressive and at night the cold was intense. Civilisation was being left further and further behind. Though I was mounted, the heat was extremely tiring and I learned the art of sleeping in the saddle.

After nine weeks, sixty-three days of painful marching, we reached the tiger country which was our destination. The region was simply alive with the beasts ; it seemed to be a relic of Paradise.

Our cages were soon ready and it was not difficult to fill them. It was a whole-time job for four men merely to shoot the animals required as food for the many captured beasts of prey. Whole herds of buffaloes fell victim to this necessity.

Before long we had captured more than three hundred large animals and about one thousand smaller. A huge kraal was fenced round and innumerable species of creatures ran wild within. It cost tremendous efforts to feed them all and keep them in bounds. Even natives from distant villages were recruited to furnish supplies to us and our animals.

Unfortunately, these strangers brought a terrible plague into our camp, which had by now grown to more than a thousand souls.

At that time Mr. McCutcheon had been lying in his

hammock for days with malaria, cursing and swallowing immense quantities of quinine and gin.

The plague, which was unknown to me, was epizootic pneumonia, the most horrible disease there is.

In addition to malaria, which often shook me almost out of my clothes, I had already made the acquaintance of the other varieties of tropical fever and survived a by no means mild attack of cholera. I was therefore horror-stricken to see many of our people struck down and their corpses left to rot in clearings or the forests. The aspect of entirely depopulated villages had made me familiar with the plague of boils, and I had passed through villages from which the survivors had long since departed and where corpses lay in the streets and wild dogs attacked us.

The first man whom I saw die from this pneumonia was the "boy" assigned to me as my personal servant. I did not know what it was and the disease was unknown even to the natives. It had appeared in that region for the first time. Coughing horribly, the unfortunate victim cast up black lumps of lung and died in terrible pain after a few hours. Death often occurred within half an hour.

My master lay in a high fever and it was in vain that I doped him with medicines from our travelling drug store.

We had sixteen fatal cases as early as the second day, and a number of the Bengali hillmen were writhing in pain. I did not know that I ought to wear a veil, but moved about freely among the victims and was often coughed on, but a guardian angel and gin, of which I gulped down large quantities, protected me.

On the third day McCutcheon caught the plague and after two hours died in my arms with a curse on his lips.

Most of those unaffected now fled. On the fourth day I counted over two hundred dead in and around the camp and many other corpses lay in the forests or on the paths in the vicinity. Half drunk with gin, I had to work more than twenty hours a day, for few of the men

were willing to help, and I had to brandish a revolver to secure sufficient obedience to get our animals fed.

On the sixth day English soldiers arrived with three doctors and orderlies, isolated my camp and shot anyone who tried to escape.

The plague had demanded more than six hundred victims and I was alone with the great swarm of captured animals, yet I lost very few of them, thanks to the help of the commanding officer, Colonel Boyd Miller, one of the most remarkable men I have ever met.

Four weeks we remained isolated and in quarantine. It was terribly difficult to keep the animals fed, and I was compelled to kill some of the beasts of prey. At length I received the firm's answer to the cable I had sent to England asking what I was to do.

It is a peculiarity of the English nature that they quickly get confidence in people. It was only years later that I learned that Colonel Miller had cabled to my firm on his own, praising me to the skies.

"If you think you are able to finish the trip, go ahead. Money order has been already forwarded to you." Thus ran the cable.

Colonel Miller observed my hesitation, put courage into me, and helped me to secure a fresh staff. I was then just seventeen, and I carried on the expedition for a further eight months, captured a large number of valuable animals, learned how to make myself respected, flourished a revolver when occasion required, and brought my giant convoy safely back to the coast and Calcutta, whence we sailed for Madras in a little Portuguese tramp steamer which I chartered exclusively for myself, my men, and the animals.

It was a piece of good luck for me, and of the highest possible value, that neither our interpreters nor the Cingalese nor the Chinese cook had fallen victims to the plague. All four had bolted on the second day after the outbreak and I only found them again weeks later.

I only allowed myself a rest of two months in Madras



AN AFRICAN FETTERED

where I soon won respect for myself with both tongue and fists, and then I set out on fresh expeditions.

In the course of the next five and a half years I crossed Nearer and Further India from north to south and east to west. I penetrated into "forbidden" Bhutan and also obtained permission to trap animals in Nepal. I actually reached Afghanistan, was taken prisoner, and more than once was in peril of death, as I was supposed to be an English spy. My life was ransomed for the sum of £2000.

I was the first white man to set foot in many regions which I visited during those two and a half years.

They were difficult but wonderful years. I got to know men and animals, lands and peoples. But it was still the animals which interested me most. I was with them heart and soul and penetrated deep into the inner life of the creatures which man wrongly calls "beasts."

There is no capturable creature which I have not had in my menageries. I obtained by capture or otherwise everything from the tiniest beetle and the lowliest grass-snake to the largest elephant.

As I have said, I am heart and soul with the dumb creation; I understand animals and know how greatly superior to man they are. It is lucky for us that God has denied to them the gift of human speech, for we should all have to bow our heads in shame and humility if they could give tongue to their opinions about man and his ways.

Animals know nothing of suspicion or treachery. Scientists and laymen have made the greatest mistake in attributing these nasty human qualities to them.

But this subject shall have a chapter to itself.

In the next twenty years my business as trapper carried me all over the globe.

The capture of certain animals involves penetration into the innermost recesses of jungle and forest and the remotest distances of the steppe.

The most important point is to have an accurate

knowledge of an animal's habits and to find out where its lair is and the best method of capturing it.

It is exceedingly difficult for the novice to note the tracks of each different species, to find those indications of the presence or passage of an animal which are never visible to the uninitiated, and to be able rightly to identify the creature which has left them behind. It takes years of travel and study to acquire this art and there are many who never acquire it at all.

In India some of my men were so expert that they could immediately tell from a single broken twig, or almost imperceptible marks on the bark of trees or even trampled grasses, what animal had passed that way. They could even say how long had elapsed since its passage.

The tracks of the large animals are naturally easier to identify. The elephant in particular is easy to follow when his tracks are not too old.

Elephants in a herd, when they are allowed to remain in undisturbed possession of a particular area, always march the same way. The enormous weight of these creatures enables them to trample down everything in their path. They smash all the smaller branches in their way and often stamp solid tree-stumps into the soil.

Like American Indians and the African natives, elephants always march in single file.

Contrary to what one always finds with buffaloes and large antelopes, the procession is headed not by a bull but by an imposing-looking cow who proceeds leisurely with her head more or less lowered.

Behind her come more cows, interspersed occasionally with a young, full-grown bull followed by the mothers, who are always accompanied by the baby or older offspring. Each baby is behind its mother. Next come more elderly cows and the procession is often 15 or 20 kilometres long before the bulls are met with.

Elephants avoid, or go round the more formidable obstacles such as pits, fallen tree-trunks, and giant ant-heaps.

An elephant track of this sort is a joy to the explorer, hunter, or trapper. It is trodden so smooth and flat that an expert could roller-skate or anyone could cycle on it.

Rhinoceros often vary their route to their feeding and watering-places, but they too leave tracks which are easy to identify.

There is no great difficulty about tracking bears, buffaloes, and tigers ; it is not so easy to follow leopards, jaguars, and panthers.

Lions always come as a surprise. There are regions in Africa in which the lion is still very plentiful, and though each year very many of these royal beasts are shot, I believe that their number has increased. The fertility of these great cats, and the circumstance that the King of the Desert—the name is out of place in the real sense—almost invariably keeps a harem, mean that there is no lack of successors.

Lion stories have been written by the thousand and each of them has something new and surprising to relate. All I can say is that eighty-five per cent of them can be eliminated as "hunters' tales."

The statement that the lion is monogamous is inaccurate. I have had plenty of chances of observing that a number of lionesses and their young belonged to one owner. The young were not of the same age. I saw small cubs, a few weeks old at the most, side by side with young males and females which were more than six months or even a year old.

I also met with groups consisting of several families, but this was a more uncommon occurrence.

Most frequently one comes across a lion and lioness together, or an individual animal wandering about on its own, in which case it may be assumed that they are after prey.

It is not easy to catch a full-grown lion, unless one uses the brutal clamping-iron which frequently damages the animal's claws. The trapped creature also frequently injures itself in its vain attempt to wrench itself free from the steel jaws.

In the great English "national park" in Kenya there are still thousands of lions which do enormous damage among the other animals, particularly the antelopes.

At the beginning of 1914 I was travelling in Central America. We knew that we had been followed for days by a mountain panther and one night it destroyed a dog not far from our camp. Yet notwithstanding long and diligent search it was impossible to find so much as a footprint of the beast.

Many animals rub their backs and sides against trees, tree-stumps, and stones. Elephants rub against trees until the latter are quite flat and smooth.

In Sumatra I came across large stones of which the sides and tops had been literally polished by the constant rubbing of the tapirs and wild pigs.

It is easy to track any beast of prey by the torn corpses of its victims when these have been killed recently; but it is one thing to find the tracks and quite another—and far more infrequent—to find the animal itself.

To discover the tracks of small animals is much more difficult, and it takes years of experience to hunt them out in their lairs, nests, and secret hiding-place.

Trivial things such as are often passed unobserved are the most important indications of the presence of animals, no matter what species.

Monkeys, especially the great apes, are not at all shy about showing themselves, and in those places where they are left in peace they hardly take any notice of man. If one gets into the very heart of a forest where human beings seldom or never penetrate, it seems impossible to disturb the monkeys and many other creatures.

There are certain species of monkey, however, which live almost always in hiding and disappear the moment they set eyes on a human being. I might mention the proboscis monkey as an example. Although I spent many months in the jungles of Sumatra I only once set eyes on a specimen of these ugly, comical-looking creatures. I managed to secure him for my menagerie.

Forests, jungles, steppes, prairies, and savannahs are an inexhaustible pleasure-ground for the adventurer

hungering to know something of exotic flora, fauna, and native life. They draw him back again and again, notwithstanding dangers, diseases, and exhausting strain, and even though he has sworn to himself never to return.

CHAPTER II

THE SPEECH OF ANIMALS

ANIMALS speak, laugh, cry, and give audible expression to their feelings. For years past learned men have been taking immense pains to investigate the speech of animals, and these investigations have already yielded good, if still incomplete, results.

The greatest efforts have been concentrated on the study of the speech of monkeys, on the assumption that the method of self-expression of the man-like ape must, following Darwin's theory, be the origin of human speech.

This view is a theory, just as all conclusions in this sphere are theory, because no actual connection between the speech of man and the inarticulate sounds produced by apes has yet been discovered.

So it is said, but I am prepared to maintain that there is a connection between the two methods of expression, and will go further and say that it is not confined to the speech of monkeys, but extends to the sounds made by quadrupeds and birds.

For years I have had the opportunity of listening to animals in forests, steppes, jungles, and deserts. I have pursued the study even in our own temperate zone.

I have also got to know the primitive vocabularies of equally primitive aborigines and have discovered their marked relationship to the sounds made by animals.

Among a certain race of African dwarfs which possesses a meagre and fragmentary vocabulary—just sufficient for communicating the simplest intelligence—the guttural tones and the short and comparatively long words reveal quite clearly that animals have been the tutor of man.

Birds and monkeys have been the principal models, though some expressions have been derived from certain forest mammals.

The speech of birds is the most expressive of all.

In the course of my wanderings I have not known a single bird which was entirely dumb or possessed but a limited range of sounds.

The feathered inhabitants of trees, especially in dense forests, possess a larger vocabulary than those found in the steppes and particularly those in open country.

I attribute this to the fact that in dense forest or scrub a more varied range of signals is required for many reasons.

In the first place birds are threatened with far more perils in forest or bush than in open country where "visibility" is good.

All creatures, even the lowliest of creeping things, know how to give alarm signals when danger threatens. Every member of the species can understand these signals and take measures for its own security accordingly.

The warning signals of birds are not intended for their own species exclusively.

Many forest, field, and even water animals understand the warning cries of birds, and when they hear their signals, seek cover or take refuge in flight.

In this connection the jay and the crow deserve special mention.

The jay perches for many hours a day on the tops of high trees on the edge of the forest. His excellent eyes range over the whole landscape spread out before him. If he spies a human being in the distance he utters his by no means unmelodious cry and all the animals of the forest which are accustomed to being hunted by man immediately seek a hiding-place. When I say animals I do not mean mammals only. Many of the birds also recognise the signal and fly into the denser parts of the forest.

The heron, a pirate greatly feared in the neighbourhood of lakes and ponds which does much damage among the fish, always leaves the water the moment it hears the

call of the jay and "takes to the trees," to use the sporting phrase. It makes for the nearest tree-top and subjects the landscape to a close and careful scrutiny.

The sportsman, however warily he approaches, has a difficult task to escape detection by the heron, which often discovers its enemy before the latter gets within range. If it does, it vanishes where no man can follow it.

All species of deer know the jay's call and immediately take cover.

Many species of water and reed fowl are also familiar with the warning of the "gendarme of the forest," as sportsmen call the jay. Ducks, for instance, cease their quacking and the bittern lapses into silence the moment the jay signals the approach of the enemy, man.

It is therefore not surprising that the sportsman is anything but fond of the jay and shoots it whenever he has a chance. But it is not so easy to hit these birds, for they are clever creatures and frequently lead their foe a pretty dance until he gives up the chase in disgust.

It seems to me a great shame that there are no laws against shooting the jay. Its watchfulness does a good deal to prevent the massacre of wild life, and to that extent it is an extremely useful creature.

We have only the jay to thank for the fact that the wild dove is not yet extinct. These beautiful birds avoid the vicinity of any wood in which a jay is not to be found. Without them, they would always fall a victim to the gun.

I have also been told that the viper, particularly the common viper, makes for thick bush or some other hiding-place when the cry of the jay is heard. Unfortunately, I have never been able to test this assertion for myself and, to be frank, I question its accuracy.

Birds play the part of look-out in other parts of the earth. To a large extent their motive is the fact that they owe their livelihood to the very animals they warn.

Thus their behaviour is not the result of altruism but a question of life and death, whereas the jay profits in no way by its action; on the contrary, the latter exposes it to most unpleasant consequences.

Buffaloes, rhinoceroses, hippopotami, and the great antelopes of the plains are continuously being warned of approaching danger by the large and small ox-pecker or rhinoceros-bird.

The ox-pecker utters its warning cry not only on the approach of man but also when the presence of beasts of prey such as lions or leopards is suspected; the moment its signal is heard the intended victims are on their guard.

These birds often fly up from the backs of their hosts and always screech even when no danger is at hand, but their cry is quite different when danger threatens and when there is no reason for alarm.

The animals on whose backs the ox-pecker finds its living are unperturbed by its usual cry, but they immediately take cover, plunging into the water, in the case of hippopotami, or taking flight, when the shrill, staccato warning cry is heard.

In this case the language can be interpreted in various ways, and the animals in danger know exactly what to do from the different calls.

The crocodile-bird, a beautiful agile bird, is also very interesting.

The hideous reptiles not only allow the crocodile-birds to sit on their backs, from which they clean the sucking, devouring parasites, especially the painful leech, but they also permit the birds to play the rôle of dentist.

It is laughable but—one would have thought—dangerous, for the crocodile-bird when it goes between the jaws of the alligator, hops about, fetches out bits of food from between the teeth with its sharp beak, and cleans the palate of the voracious creature.

I was always afraid that the crocodile would suddenly snap its jaws together and crunch up the lovely bird, but all the times I have watched the proceedings I have never seen the bird hurt.

When he had carried out his dental work, he hopped out of the mouth and continued his job of cleaning on the head of his benefactor.

While the bird was busy inside the jaws, he came to

the extreme edge of the underlip several times and looked all round. He did not forget his duty as look-out.

On one of these occasions I suddenly came out from my hiding-place. Immediately the bird caught sight of me he flew up with a loud cry, and the crocodile disappeared into the water.

I have seldom come across the crocodile-bird with Indian crocodiles or American alligators.

I have seen birds of all sorts on the backs of the Indian crocodiles, and the small, white heron on the cayman, or alligator, but I have never noticed the birds acting as watchmen, nor have I seen them entering the creature's jaws.

Perhaps this is due to the fact that the Indian and American crocodiles have better teeth and do not require a dentist, or that they are less considerate than their African brothers and would make a meal of their dentist when the latter's work was done.

Everywhere in the woods and fields the animals understand each other and primitive man also understands their language. They do not only warn him of danger but draw his attention, by special cries, to sudden atmospherical disturbances and impending changes in the elements.

Frightened chirping and twittering of the birds in the forest is always a sign of storm. Animals which live in caves stop short at these warning calls and quickly make for their lairs.

Hunters have tried to persuade me that even mammals possess these sensitive organs which warn them about the elements. This is only the case to a limited extent with certain animals, which have no friends to warn them.

I was able to watch creatures of the woods in the open fields, far from the sheltering trees, and I had to admit that they did not recognise the signs of an impending storm and were only driven to seek the shelter of the woods by claps of thunder and a heavy downfall of rain, whereas the animals in the thickets and the woods made

for their lairs as soon as they heard the warning twitterings.

The preceding examples, however, only illustrate the language of animals in the most simple way.

The sounds in the woods are even more varied and expressive.

During the mating season the atmosphere is full of the love-calls of all kinds of creatures.

Birds, beasts, and reptiles tell their own species of good feeding-places which they have discovered and to which they lead those that are hungry.

This, however, is no sign of an extensive language either, but merely due to the instinct of self-preservation.

The language of birds in general is extensive, and particularly that of the song-birds.

It is not necessary to travel to distant lands to study the language of birds. One has constant opportunities, at home, even in big cities, of coming across feathered songsters or squawking birds.

Sparrows choose a particular tree, often in the busiest streets, where they collect every evening before twilight and compare notes about the happenings of the day. They all speak at the same time and thus have a great deal in common with human beings.

The noise often ceases as though at a word of command, and one old cock-sparrow is the spokesman. His speech is short, and immediately he has finished the twitterings burst forth again, and the argument becomes more and more excited, until the voice of the spokesman is heard above everything, at which they all seek their nests.

A meeting of this kind usually lasts for an hour. They chatter themselves hoarse and then go to rest.

The starlings and even the crows are also in the habit of holding these meetings in the evenings.

In the primeval forest and the jungle it is also the birds which are the most loquacious.

The most noise is made by the parrots, the aras, the cockatoos, and the parakeets.

These brightly coloured inmates of the forests resemble

many human beings in the beauty of their plumage and their talkativeness.

In the forests there are a hundred and one events which are observed by the knowing birds, and which give them food for their discussions.

It is a peculiar thing that the docile grey and green parrots, for example, which learn words and phrases so quickly in captivity, hardly ever, or very seldom, imitate the voices of the forest which they hear not only daily, but hourly.

One would think that the imitative faculty would also be in evidence here.

In Columbia, not far from Bogota, I have occasionally been fooled by parrots. These birds imitated exactly the bleatings of a goat, and I could not understand how these unmelodious sounds could emanate from the top of a dense tree.

There were no goats to be seen in any direction ; I was more than 50 kilometres from a colony and no goats were to be met with in that district.

It was difficult for me to believe that a goat could suddenly have become an animal that climbs, scaled a smooth trunk several metres high and disappeared in the tree-top. It was also unlikely that a puma had seized a goat and dragged it up a tree, as this beast kills its prey at once.

Only after a long search did I discover that I had been taken in by a parrot.

In India every now and then I heard parrots imitating the noises of animals, especially monkeys, which they aped, to put it literally.

It is a well-known fact that monkeys have their own language with a by no means limited vocabulary.

The mother monkeys murmur tenderly when they speak to their young, and when the youngster is naughty and is punished by his parent, he sets up a yell.

Many scholars have published tomes about the language of monkeys, in which they have specialised through the decades, but nobody has yet succeeded in

getting to the bottom of the monkey alphabet, in spite of close observation and gramophone recordings.

Perhaps this is just as well for humanity. It is possible that the monkeys would tell us things which we would not consider very agreeable.

The language of the baboons and the hooded apes is particularly full of modulations. This species has a greater vocabulary than the anthropomorphous apes.

It is extremely interesting to observe a meeting of small monkeys in the forests of India. Very often these meetings represent a court of justice sitting to try a wrongdoer of the tribe.

The proceedings at one of these sittings are similar to those at a sitting of Parliament or a town council. They all shout together, so that very little can be understood.

Some of the elder ones preside and chatter in excited tones. The voices range from bass to falsetto. Interruptions are heard from all sides, as everyone wants to have his say.

If one of the interrupters is too persistent and disturbs the peace, it might happen, if he does not make his escape quickly, that one of the officials or a member of the audience will attack him, and then he will get a cuffing and have his ears bitten.

The only silent one is the prisoner, if you do not count a soft, frightened whimpering which he sets up from time to time.

The officials do not give the accused any support. He must suffer everything dumbly; he knows that the judge and the monkey folk are without mercy and would not forgive him even if he promised to reform.

He obediently awaits the judgment, which is nearly always a sentence of death, and craftily looks round for a chance of escape.

If he succeeds in breaking through the ranks, the whole meeting sets up an angry howl. "Stop thief!" is yelled from all sides, and they set off in pursuit. The accused is seldom fortunate enough to escape his fate, his pursuers are so numerous.

I have often watched such scenes from a hiding-place, and a shot in the air at a given moment has sometimes saved the life of the condemned criminal.

The different gradations in the sounds made by monkeys in moments of excitement are exactly like those of human beings in similar circumstances.

In anger the monkey's voice sounds shrill and harsh, but when he is in love his tones are soft, one can even say almost melodious.

The orang-outangs are extremely taciturn.

Morose, like all hypochondriacs, they growl to themselves, and like bad-tempered people they bellow when anything excites them.

Even at mating-time the orang-outang is very uncommunicative. He takes his due without many words, but even at this time he does not cease his growling.

The female orang-outangs are more talkative, but it seems to me that there is less of the whisperings of love than of rebukes and reprimands directed towards the inconsiderate suitor.

The mother speaks a great deal to her offspring, but she is always admonishing the young ones.

The little ones also speak very seldom.

The gibbons and chimpanzees are different. Both species talk a great deal and always have something to say. Couples often sit opposite one another and carry on excited discussions. In this case it is interesting to observe the abundance of different tones.

The chimpanzees express unfeigned joy with out-thrust lips and clearly distinct sounds. In anger their mouths are also pursed, but the formation of the lips is quite different and the tone runs from deep growling to shrill shrieking.

I am now talking of animals that I have watched in the open, unobserved by them.

In captivity monkeys alter their habits and their speech, especially, strange to relate, the anthropomorphic ape. Like good observers, they soon adapt themselves to human beings.

Similarly, mammals have their own mode of speech.

The tiger's language is dictatorial, and when his call is heard, the whole forest keeps silent.

The mammal's language, limited to a few sounds, is more varied and expressive in youth.

Fighting, playing, mating, and feeding have their special sounds, and are understood by all the brotherhood.

The elephant has kept his trunk as a relic of the primeval age, and from this resound his trumpet-like notes, which have only a small range. He gives warning with it of the prairie fires, of which he gets wind hours in advance. He uses it to challenge his adversary to fight, and when he is feeling particularly well he gives forth sounds of joy.

He only snorts after mating, and snorting is also a sign of anger, when he attacks.

Thus each animal has its own language and in spite of this they understand each other very well; man alone is not permitted to fathom the language of the beasts.

CHAPTER III

ARE WILD ANIMALS DANGEROUS ?

IN this chapter I am not dealing with animals in captivity, but confining myself to wild animals that roam at large, such as know the two-footed beast "man" only at long range and have had little or no experience of his fire-spitting, death-dealing weapons.

A man must have spent many years in the desert, veldt, plains and savannahs, jungle and forests to know anything of animals in their native state. In addition, he must have a genuine and boundless interest in them ; he must not only know the zoological name of each specimen, but must be able to make a thorough study of it if he is to probe its nature and habits to the bottom. For even when he has obtained an accurate idea of its character, he will know little enough, though that little is in reality a good deal.

Animals resemble man in that their nature is made up of a number of varying elements and individual characteristics in startling contrast to each other. During all the years I have spent in capturing and taming wild animals, I have never come across two lions, tigers, leopards, elephants, or other animals of the same species with the same character.

As a result of being perpetually confined in a limited space, a jungle, steppe, or forest animal which is born or brought up in captivity is very frequently more inclined to indulge in dangerous onslaughts than an animal at large.

Most of the tales to the contrary are related by those whose knowledge of wild animals has been derived solely from books. Explorers and hunters are equally

guilty in this regard, generally with a view to giving a dangerous touch to their travels in regions infested with wild animals and thus placing a halo on their own heads.

Vanity, thy name is not woman only.

In many cases travellers in exotic regions such as the tropics also talk about the dangerous nature of wild beasts because newspapers, reviews, and magazines are more likely to accept articles to that effect than the description of an uneventful meeting with a lion, tiger, or jaguar.

The majority of wild animals are not dangerous in their native state. If they see a man, they either take no notice of him at all or else get out of his way. Naturally it is otherwise if the man attacks them.

Of course there are exceptions, but they only prove the rule.

I might interject here that cases of mental disease are met with among animals, but they are not so frequent as with man.

In the case of an animal taken by surprise, fear plays no small part. Animals, like men, are thinking beings. If something strange suddenly comes upon them, in many cases they at once attack. But if one leaves them severely alone, in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred the meeting passes off quite uneventfully.

Who has not known a charming friend who *must* not be disturbed when either sleeping or eating? How horribly *homo sapiens* can behave when he is a victim of a breach of this injunction! The chronicles of crime contain not a few examples of cases where men disturbed in sleep have injured, and in some cases killed, the disturber. Not so long ago a miner killed his wife with a beer bottle because she woke him up so often.

So can it be counted for wickedness in a lion if he attacks, or at any rate prepares to attack, a man who disturbs him when feeding! It is not the fact of being disturbed which enrages the beast, but its fear of being robbed of its prey.

There are some wild animals—and not only the great cats, but elephants, hippopotami, and especially the

rhinoceros—whose feeble vision makes a man approaching appear as a threatening object ; in this case they attack from an imaginary necessity. They want to trample down this unusual moving object because they are afraid of being destroyed themselves. The little brain cell is also at work which for thousands of years has been warning them against that pursuer who walks upright—man.

In the case of lionesses, tigresses, and the female elephants, rhinoceroses, etc., attacks on man are often inspired by fear of being robbed of their young.

The sound of a man's footsteps, or any other unwonted noise, makes any female feeding its young prick up its ears at once. If the animal does not see the man or suspect his presence and the latter stands still so that no further sound is heard, the alarmed creature soon recovers its composure.

One other case deserves notice. If an animal feels itself driven into a corner—and this is a common occurrence—even if the obstacles in its path are but negligible, an attack must be expected in every case. The experienced hunter or traveller knows this instinctively and takes his counter-measures, or retreats—as the situation may require.

It goes without saying that wounded animals almost always attack bad shots. This applies particularly to stags and deer.

I must also make an exception in the case of the wolf, an odious, murderous beast. This eternally hungry animal attacks in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred, though of course there have been plenty of occasions when an individual wolf or a couple have bolted at the sight of man.

In winter the wolf finds his prey hard to come by ; he often starves for days, because the animals on which he usually feeds have either disappeared for their winter sleep or migrated to regions free from snow.

If a wolf, even if hungry, meets with man in districts where prey is scarce, he will not attack unless in company. Individuals are seldom venturesome enough. In fact they must be practically starving before they go so

far as to attack a full-grown man. But children or undersized persons are exposed to serious injuries, and even death, if help is not at hand.

The wolf is not very brave when he is replete, or only half replete. Plenty of cases are known where a wolf prowling about alone has fled immediately the man he meets has adopted a threatening attitude or started to attack him.

Smaller animals such as sheep and goats are the wolf's favourite victims, and then one can always observe how the animal's first aim is to fall upon some individual which happens to be feeding at some little distance from the flock or herd; he only leaps among the cowering crowd if there is no way of detaching an individual.

In the Carpathians, the shepherds keep very large and fierce dogs. In selecting them no attention whatever is paid to breed, size and strength being everything. As wolves hunt either alone or in couples in this region, they never attempt an attack upon a flock of sheep if the dog is near. When the latter discovers the wolf, it attacks him at once with the greatest courage.

It is not always the wolf that emerges victorious from these encounters.

In the Carpathians, the wolf almost always flees from man; he hides in the depths of the forests and only in winter, when forced by the pangs of hunger, comes down to the villages or isolated settlements. Even then he only attacks man when driven into a corner.

As has been said, many animals attack in such an emergency. When they see no way of escape, they try to remove the obstacle from their path.

How often does one read accounts of travels in Africa and Asia the authors of which revel in descriptions of perilous adventures with all kinds of wild beasts, but particularly lions, elephants, rhinoceros, buffaloes, panthers, tigers, leopards, and other "dangerous" animals!

A man who has been travelling in the tropics for more than twenty years, catching animals and taking films, undoubtedly has something to say.

In the course of my travels I have often come across

the wildest of wild beasts, yet in but a few cases was I ever attacked.

No other country can show a more extensive and comprehensive literature of travel and sport in tropical regions than England. Germany undoubtedly has plenty of works on sport in distant climes, but their number does not approximate to those of England. The English colonial empire is of enormous extent.

Almost all the works of hunters and explorers speak of the dangers from wild animals to which their authors have been exposed. The reader receives the impression that on any chance meeting it is the animal which is the attacker.

As I have already said, the truth is quite otherwise. Exaggeration and vanity are frequently responsible for these untruthful accounts.

I have already explained on what occasions, and in what circumstances, animals become dangerous.

Perhaps I may be permitted to give—with a sober regard for accuracy—some of my own experiences.

After an exhausting day's march with a great convoy in tropical heat I had pitched my tent close to a negro kraal.

After we had had our supper, fed and attended to our captive animals, which were lying replete in their cages, and while the blacks of my *safari* were still squatting chattering round the fire, I took my trusty friend, the .450 Express rifle, and started out to explore the area behind the nigger village.

An old negress, who was making a tempting meal off live woodlice, called out something incomprehensible after me. I did not turn round, as I have nothing but contempt for the superstitious European sportsman who immediately abandons his expedition if an old woman looks at him. If I had been of *that* mind, I should seldom have got any shooting at all, as it is hardly possible to move a step in the bush or veldt in the neighbourhood of villages without meeting at least half a dozen old women.

I crossed the dried-up bed of a stream, climbed the

bank, and found myself facing a grass-grown, cone-shaped eminence. It was an ant-hill. I decided to inspect my surroundings from this vantage-point. I left my rifle propped against a thorn bush, caught hold of a clump of grass, got my knee in the soft earth, and clambered up.

Great was my amazement to see a large lion standing on the other side of the ant-hill and gazing at me with equal astonishment.

Unarmed, I faced His Majesty.

I dropped off backwards in order to get my rifle, but was soon up again, only to find that the lion, just as alarmed as myself, was hastily vanishing through the long grass. I took a pot shot at him for luck but did not hit him.

My amazement was therefore overwhelming when next day the villagers told me that a man-eating lion had for months been collecting men, women, and children from the fields, nay, out of their very huts. Their description of the beast tallied almost exactly with the appearance of the lion I had met on the previous evening.

It will thus be seen that even the man-eating lion is not immune from an attack of nerves.

Another meeting did not pass off so pleasantly.

The inhabitants of a Kaffir kraal had suffered very severely from the ravages of an old lion which fetched its victims out of their huts in the middle of the day. When I reached the spot with my *safari*, I was positively implored to rid them of the scourge.

Before the daylight had yielded to the fast-encroaching darkness, I took my heavy rifle and two "boys" and explored the vicinity of the kraal. I found the tracks of the man-eater, which only the previous evening had made an attack upon a young girl and would have carried her off but for the intervention of two brave fox-terriers which had given their lives in her defence.

The animal's tracks led through high grass and a practically waterless river-bed to some thick thorn bush. It was impossible to continue my search through the long, prickly thorn.

I proceeded along the watercourse in the hope of taking the animal in flank.

Wasted effort.

I turned, to try my luck on the opposite bank.

I had hardly taken three steps—it had got dark meanwhile—when one of the boys gave a shriek, and at the same moment I saw a huge, black-maned lion, not five paces away, in the very act of springing upon me.

It is still a puzzle to me how the beast missed me. The only cause I can think of was the "boy's" scream.

The mighty creature came down close to my right side, and I instinctively turned to the left and let myself drop into the watercourse.

The gentleman who spread abroad the old yarn that a lion which does not fell its prey at the first leap does not try a second time obviously never had any opportunity of observing the royal beast in its natural state. It is a traveller's tale.

I have known plenty of cases where the king of the desert, having missed his victim at the first spring, has pursued it as it fled and usually caught and killed it, except where it happened to be a too nimble antelope.

Near me some evil-smelling reeds were growing. Quick as thought I was out of the water and in among them.

There had been no time to use my rifle.

The second boy, a plucky little fellow who was beside himself with rage, had jumped across the stream, and, ignoring the danger, churned the water up with a stick and splashed it in the lion's face. The brute stopped involuntarily and gave me time to try a shot.

Just in the nick of time.

Cases such as this are none the less exceptional. They occur only when the lion has already tasted human flesh. A lion which has had that experience will return to the fields and huts time and time again for his prey.

A lion which has not tasted human flesh attacks man only under the stress of special circumstances—as I have already explained.

In Africa I had plenty of opportunities of observing that elephants, buffaloes, and rhinos do not always attack.

On one occasion my *safari* took me through grass of medium height. At the head of the file rode a six-footer Masai on a small, lean horse. His feet almost touched the ground. This black fellow was acting contrary to regulations, for the distance between him and us was far too great.

As often happened on hot and tiring days, I was half asleep on my horse and was swaying from side to side in the saddle.

My boy suddenly gave me a nudge. I opened sleepy eyes and looked where the black was pointing.

Great was my amazement to see a huge bull buffalo trotting along behind the Masai at the head of the column. If I had fired, my action would have meant the black fellow's death, as I could not inflict a fatal wound from behind. The Masai was apparently asleep, and even his nag did not seem to have observed its dangerous neighbour.

We followed events with the greatest interest. Each moment I thought the bull was about to attack, but nothing happened. The beast followed quietly for several hundred metres, then suddenly swerved aside and vanished into the bush.

I had a similar adventure in the bush in the Congo. I was riding some distance ahead of my *safari*. The region had been reported clear of elephants.

A few days previously we had met the English elephant-hunter, Forbes, and he had told me with considerable irritation that for three weeks he had been following a very large bull elephant which he had ultimately lost by the shore of a lake.

The old gentleman, a hermit *par excellence*, must undoubtedly have swum across the broad lake.

My experience with "hermits" has always been the same, and I have always avoided them. They are invariably mad and almost always attack man or beast that happens to get in their way.

This peculiarity is not confined to hermits of the

elephant race, but extends to specimens of other species, such as Indian wild boars, bull buffaloes, and bears. Many hunters of hermits, and many innocent natives or ignorant and absent-minded explorers, have come to a sad end under the column-like legs of the elephant, or been torn to pieces by the tusks of the boar, the horns of the buffalo, and the teeth and claws of the bear.

The blood-lust of a hermit is positively demoniacal and, as I have said, is the result of actual madness.

But I must get back to my adventure.

I was occupied in extracting from my shoulder a vile thorn nearly an inch long, and my horse was trotting along with its head hanging down, when it suddenly stopped and reared.

I was about to give the honest beast a nasty bit of my mind when I caught sight of the flapping ears of a huge elephant and the pachyderm attached to them.

It was an enormous specimen, its eyes fixed on me slyly blinking all the time. Suddenly its ears stood out straight from the mighty skull.

It must be the very hermit which Forbes had chased in vain.

The wind was in a favourable direction and the old fellow had not been aware of my approach, but had been aroused by the sound of my horse's hoofs and caught sight of me unexpectedly.

The look he gave me was anything but reassuring, and the distance between us was at the most ten to twelve metres.

My poor horse trembled and was quite unable to move from the spot. It remained rooted to the ground as if hypnotised, with its eyes fixed in terror on the colossus.

The whole drama was over in far less time than it has taken me to describe it.

My guardian spirit, who has so often come to my rescue, had brought my horse to a standstill under a large tree. I took a lightning glance at the grey beast, whose long tusks filled me with immense respect, and then climbed with ape-like agility on to a branch stretching above my head, and swung myself up well out of



AN ELEPHANT CHARGING

reach while offering up a fervent prayer for my poor horse.

But what happened?

The old horror seemed to think he had frightened us enough, for after casting a last contemptuous glance at the coward in the tree, he turned round in a circle—just like an engine on a turntable—and disappeared into the bush to the accompaniment of the cracking of branches and the uprooting of young tree-trunks.

The tiger, too, frequently vanishes at the sight of a human being, unless he is already a hardened man-eater.

A man-eating tiger is a terrible beast which frequently decimates whole villages.

I have had many a meeting with the Lord of the Jungle, and only on one occasion did the gentleman in the striped suit make as if to attack me.

Fortunately I anticipated him.

Equally unpleasant gentlemen are the hermit buffaloes, Indian boar, and Indian bear. In their case too the brain does not function properly. Fortunately there are fewer of them and they are less often seen.

Anyone meeting with them must be on his guard, for they attack ninety-nine times out of a hundred.

I have never had the ambition to be present on one of the ninety-nine occasions, and when I was unlucky and had no time to defend myself with my rifle I took to my heels. With a few small exceptions, this course was always successful. A number of souvenirs in the shape of scars, large and small, not to mention broken bones, bear witness to my less fortunate encounters.

As I have already said, the Indian bear is a nasty brute, but here too hunters and explorers exaggerate when they say that this abject beast always attacks. I have had many an unexpected meeting with the comic creature; it has never attacked, but always cleared off into the bush like a grimacing, hysterical old maid.

Poisonous snakes are of course dangerous, and even harmless creatures often become so if one thwarts them and frightens them, or handles them carelessly.

The most dangerous creature in the jungle, forest,

steppes, savannah, or prairie is the mosquito. This tiny fly carries with it the germs of many terrible diseases which it plants under our skins with its horrid little sting.

The hunter in the tropics may have the finest collection of rifles and other murderous weapons with him, but not even the elephant-gun of maximum bore is of the slightest use against the minute mosquito.

By way of conclusion, may I say that it is less perilous to roam through regions infested by all kinds of dangerous beasts (so-called), than to cross the Potsdamer Platz, the streets in the vicinity of the Gedächtniskirche, Piccadilly Circus in London, or the great boulevards in Paris.

CHAPTER IV

TIGER HUNTING AND TRAPPING

FOREST and jungle are an incomparable attraction to the traveller who ventures into them for the first time. The variety of form and colour to be found in the plant world holds him spell-bound, while the mystery of the jungle appeals forcibly to almost everyone.

The traveller in Africa, Asia, and tropical countries everywhere is always obsessed by a longing to return to the regions of luxuriant plant life, the jungle, the forest, and the barren desert where death lurks in a thousand forms.

Dangers, diseases, trials, and privations are all forgotten.

Curious though it may seem, it is a fact that the longing of a man in distant climes for home, civilisation, comfort, and the great cities is as nothing to the longing of the traveller returned from the wilds for the scenes of his old exploits. The free, open life has no rival in his affections.

Turning to my own case, I can only say that when I found an urgent longing for Europe stealing over me, it was solely at times when I was the victim of some tropical disease; the sentiment vanished promptly when I began to recover and fresh adventures beckoned.

When my thermometer showed me a temperature of more than 40 degrees—a by no means uncommon occurrence—I would curse the day that tempted me into distant lands; but if the quicksilver fell by so little as one degree, I immediately felt much better, and if it dropped two degrees, I would feel “beastly well,” as the Bavarians say.

There are of course certain constitutions which have low powers of resistance, and to men cursed with such constitutions a prolonged stay in fever-stricken regions frequently means a life haunted by recurring fever. An early death is the fate of many.

If a man's blood is not pure and his heart not perfectly sound, and if he does not possess an iron constitution, he should keep far away from the tropics. The greatest expenditure of energy is not sufficient to prevail against climatic influences. In many coastal districts the climate is more favourable, owing to the effect of sea and mountain air, but even in such favoured regions there is no complete absence of danger.

Throughout my life I have never lost my longing for the fair, far-away lands where I have felt myself at one with nature and free from all earthly sorrows.

Before the motor-car was invented, and while few hunters came to India and the hunting of wild animals was still confined to the officers of the garrison and a handful of sportsmen, the jungle and the forest were the ideal centre of activity for the professional collector of these creatures.

The hunter looks down with scorn upon the collector, for collecting is not regarded as sport but as a trade.

It has never been my ambition to have myself photographed as a hero, rifle in hand, with one foot on the corpse of a slaughtered lion, tiger, elephant, or other wild creature.

I have always had a certain feeling of pity for these doughty nimrods. The sportsmen concerned never seem to realise how ridiculous these poses are and what hilarity they provoke in me when I see such photographs.

I was often compelled to kill animals which were required as food for my flesh-eating captives and my bearers ; but when this necessity arose, I always left the actual work of slaughter to my assistants.

Of course it is necessary to kill a number of wild beasts which often do an enormous amount of damage ; but it is nothing less than horrible to decimate them out

of sheer lust of slaughter, and worse than horrible to slaughter species which are in process of becoming extinct.

It is high time to introduce stringent legislation for the preservation of many species of wild animals.

The sportsman's objection to the collector is intelligible enough. He much prefers to take the lives of animals with powder and lead, and every captive beast means one less for him.

Of course it is not to be denied that ordinary hunting is permissible in a certain sense, but the superior airs of the sportsman have no justification whatever.

The sportsman who goes in pursuit of the same big game has no idea at all of the difficulties which beset the trapper. He creates about himself the atmosphere of a hero who constantly risks his life in the pursuit of wild animals and performs unprecedented deeds. No doubt hunting in primeval forests has its dangers for the hunter, and particularly for the high-spirited, heedless novice, but the old, experienced, skilled hunter is seldom in any more serious danger than that of malaria. The hunters are not always unerring shots, and this is apt to prove dangerous. There are, however, worse things, such as cholera, blackwater fever, typhus, and pestilence.

Malaria is the most persistent of all tropical diseases. "Malaria tropica" is a cause of controversy among European doctors. It is well known that the disease is carried by insects, especially mosquitoes, against which even a fine-meshed net is little protection.

These tormenting creatures know with exquisite cunning where to find the smallest and least obvious openings, and the news is hummed from one to another how to get at their prey.

If one is forced to spend the evening or night hours out in the open, the orgies of the bloodsuckers are in full swing.

It is easy to contract malaria, but difficult to get rid of it.

I still suffered from it during the World War, and I

was often asked by Army doctors, eager for knowledge, for a specimen of my blood for the purpose of investigation and experiment.

Cholera is less serious—if one survives it. I had it once only. Fortunately, I was in the neighbourhood of Lahore and the doctors there succeeded in pulling me through.

Bubo-pest is a terrible disease ; I am thankful to say that I escaped that, although I have occasionally been in pestilential districts.

Blackwater fever is fearful, and although I once had only a touch of it, it was more than enough for me.

Yellow fever works terrible havoc ; the cemeteries in the regions of the Panama Canal are a convincing proof of this. When Ferdinand Lesseps led the first expedition through the isthmus, no precautions against yellow fever were taken for the protection of the thousands of blacks and Chinese coolies, who had been transported from their native lands.

Forty thousand Chinese are buried at Mata-Chin, which means “ Dead Chinamen,” not far from Gatun. Half of the poor wretches succumbed to yellow fever and the rest committed suicide in desperation.

When the Americans set to work at making the canal, they first of all cleared up the canal districts and started a campaign of destruction against the mosquitoes, in which, as they went to work with a will, they were successful.

To-day the district is free from yellow fever.

The tropical traveller has also to contend with typhoid and dysentery, but these pleasant diseases are also frequently met with in civilised countries.

We will now return to hunters and trappers.

I do not wish to detract in any way from the glory of hunters, I concede all honour to them, but I would just like to say that the trapping of wild animals is a profession which calls for much more sagacity, courage and perseverance than hunting. When, in the course of my trapping expeditions all over the world, I have come across the hunter's silent contempt, I have paid

little heed to it ; if I happened now and then to invite a hunter to accompany me on one of these expeditions, I have always found these sportsmen ready to admit that they had revised their previous opinion of the trapper of wild animals.

This was most freely admitted in the case of trapping feline wild animals and large herds of elephants. The trapping of live elephants is one of the most dangerous of pursuits and has taken toll of many lives.

Hunters of tigers and other felines in India make use of a plan which is based on tradition and which has only been partly changed in the last fifteen years, in that the hunter, in addition to his fire-arms, employs electric reflectors, fed by batteries, which dazzle the beasts crouching over the bait, and so provide the hunter with a certain target.

Tiger hunting from the howdah of an elephant—I must ask pardon of the nimrods among hunters—is not, in my opinion, proper hunting and it is doubtful whether it deserves the name of sport. During this kind of hunting the greatest danger to which the novice is likely to be exposed is when he takes hold of his rifle by the barrel and looks down it to see if it is still loaded. The beaters and the mahouts, who sit on the neck of the pachyderm, run much greater risks.

Tiger hunting by means of elephants is usually arranged in honour of a distinguished visitor, and I therefore do not wish to express my opinion, from a sportsman's point of view, as a trapper and friend of animals, for fear that I should come to be hunted myself.

The hunter who hunts tigers for sport, always has his guides or natives who discover opportunities for him.

In many districts of India, for instance in the Central Indian Provinces or in Bhopal, there was a regular plague of tigers thirty years ago.

If one went into the jungle, one would often come across the prey of a tiger, torn to pieces and half devoured. One's footsteps would frequently be guided there by the smell of the decaying animal.

When the hunter had been informed of this, the

“*machân*”¹ was built. He picked out a tree and the natives constructed a safe seat for him, about four to six metres high, if the situation permitted.

The *machân*, generally hidden in the tree-top, allows a free view of the place where the carcase is lying.

On very rare occasions does the tiger come back to the place during the daytime. He knows perfectly well where his supper is to be found.

Before nightfall the hunter takes up his post, which is often not too comfortable, on the *machân*, and waits for the arrival of the tiger. This huge beast usually heralds his approach with a roar which petrifies every living creature in the forest and jungle. The tiger's roar, if one can call it so, strikes the ear of man as a terrifying shattering of the air, to which he can never become accustomed. I have met old hunters who have been honest enough to admit that they shudder each time the tiger's warning cry is heard. I myself can never overcome a feeling of terror when I hear the beast's voice. It may appear strange, but everyone who has heard the tiger in the jungle admits that this kingly beast does not give vent to his fear-inspiring roar in captivity. He seems to realise that behind the bars of his cage his call has lost its power of instilling terror. It is pitiful to hear his cry of anger behind the iron bars, when one thinks of the strength of his lungs.

The hunter sits on the *machân* and patiently allows himself to be stung all over by mosquitoes.

Even if there were still sounds of life, such as monkeys quarrelling or a bird who had not yet gone to roost, when the call of the tiger is heard, dead silence reigns over everything.

The tiger calls again. He is still some distance from his prey. The hunter is all eyes and ears. Every sense is strained. If up to the present he has not paid much attention to the bait, now his eyes are riveted on it and he only looks round from time to time, in case he should miss the crucial moment when the king of the jungle approaches his prey, to take his evening meal in peace.

¹ Raised stand, usually situated in a tree.

The tiger knows that his warning call has frightened away any unbidden guest. It is amazing that, in spite of this, he draws near to his prey without making the slightest sound. Often five or more minutes have passed after the last call before any sound of the animal is heard near the bait. Listening, one hears the breaking of branches far off, then everything is silent.

The tiger is able to move about absolutely noiselessly.

I did not pass as an expert among the officers of the colony, and particularly the hunters, as I had not yet shot a tiger.

My chief, McCutcheon, had once told me that I ought to shoot a tiger in order to put myself on a level with the nimrods of India.

It was all one to me whether I were to be placed on the same footing as the tiger hunters or not, but the matter had a more serious side to it.

It was necessary for me to enlist the sympathies of influential people who had it in their power either to help or hinder me.

It would have damaged my reputation if I had been branded as a coward by the sportsmen. "Anyone can trap animals," they said, "there is not much courage needed for that, but to stand up against a tiger in the open is a sign of nerve."

It would not have been any use to explain to these gentlemen that I had more than once shot tigers and other dangerous wild beasts which had attacked me.

"If you want to be acknowledged as a hunter in India, you have to shoot your tiger."

It did not matter to me in the least, whether I were acknowledged as a hunter or not.

I was continually coming up against haughty countenances, expressing unconcealed contempt for the coward, and it was for the purpose of putting an end to this state of affairs, which jeopardised my position with the authorities who had it in their power to prevent me from entering certain districts, that I decided to kill my tiger.

I will now describe a night which I spent on a *machân*.

My guide had informed me that in a clearing in the jungle there was a full-grown buffalo-calf which had been mauled by a tiger. I had a *machân* erected in a sturdy tree thirty-five metres away and betook myself to my post before darkness fell.

My patience was put to a stern test. Before me stretched the jungle undergrowth and behind me was the forest. I was first of all bathed in vapour caused by the steaming, damp heat of the forest, which brought out all the malaria bacilli lurking within me, announcing their advent by several sharp shivering-fits. The mosquitoes, well knowing that I waged a vain war against them, made good use of the favourable opportunity and deposited innumerable malaria bacilli underneath my skin.

All nature was alive. I saw spirits everywhere. Rustlings, calls, voices of all kinds filled the air. I was surrounded by huge bats, night-birds, and butterflies.

One's nerves must be sound to stand a night spent quite alone in the wilds.

From time to time I looked at the bait, and every now and then it seemed to me as if the half-devoured buffalo-calf was trying to raise itself; at times it even seemed to be standing upright, and once my heated imagination convinced me that it was moving towards my *machân*.

Optical illusions.

Every time I gazed steadfastly at the animal, it again resolved itself into what it really was: a dead calf.

Excitement kept sleep at bay. Would the tiger come, or had I sacrificed a night's rest for nothing?

My limbs began to ache. My perch grew uncomfortable. At last I started in fear.

Aaaoh; aaaoooh! The tiger's greeting!

With one accord every sound was silenced. I listen, and tremble with excitement. The master and king, who is to meet his death from my .450 express rifle, is still very far away.

Now the ruler of the jungle calls again, and again my heart contracts. It is not cowardice but recognition of a terror-compelling power. An old English major, who had killed a great number of tigers, used to say : " The tiger commands respect." In the language of the hunter the call means :

" Attention ! I am coming. Everybody down on his knees ! "

The same old man averred that every time he heard the cry of a tiger, his heart stood still for a second. This is not weakness ; the tiger speaks to the forest full of animals, and the wretched human must recognise that God has shown him a mystery which he will never be able to fathom.

My eye searches the place.

There is nothing to be seen.

My ear is strained to listen.

There is nothing to be heard.

All of a sudden I seem to hear the splintering of bones. I strain myself to listen. Again I hear a sound. It sounds like the smacking noise of people who eat loudly. My glance falls on the dead body below me and I cannot believe my eyes, for there is a panther comfortably settled and making a good meal of the prey.

How the animal managed to escape my notice puzzles me to this day. It is a proof of the ability of cats to move silently.

I wait tensely to see what will happen, for how long the panther will persist in his audacity.

I knew that he would not wait for the arrival of the tiger. That would not have been to his advantage, nor to mine either. I was sitting in the nearest tree, and I was well aware that on the approach of man, or prey, or of his master and ruler the tiger, the panther would take to the first tree.

I was sitting in this tree. A struggle between me and the panther in such an eyrie would most probably have gone in favour of the latter.

It was growing lighter. The moon had chased away the clouds and lit up the space in front of me. Below,

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the panther crouched and tore great lumps of flesh from the flank of the dead buffalo-calf.

What should I do ?

Shoot the panther and give up the tiger ?

No. Wait. Enjoy the interesting performance.

I was calm.

In the distance a jackal howled.

It was scarcely audible.

My eyes tried to pierce the trees. If it was my tiger whose call I had heard before, he must be close by now.

Suddenly something snapped in the undergrowth.

The panther below was standing erect.

He listens.

My glance strays for a second from him to the bushes.

Everything is silent.

I do not trust my eyesight when I look at the bait again. The panther has vanished.

Silently.

I glanced all round again.

Now the rustling was to be heard nearer. Just in front of me.

I riveted my gaze on the place. I did not wish to miss the moment when " he " emerged.

Nothing.

Everything remains quiet.

What is that ?

Has he seen me ?

Has something attracted his attention ? Where is he ?

Now I can again hear the snapping sound. It is not the breaking of branches.

No.

Again I hear the crunching of bones.

Has the panther come back ? That was impossible. The tiger was near and it would be against all the laws of the jungle and nature for the panther to manifest such daring.

My eyes scanned the dead body. At first I thought I saw the panther again, but my astonishment changed to an involuntary horror.

Before me, in the light of the moon, crouched a huge

tiger with his forepaws on the neck of the buffalo-calf, his fangs buried deep in the flesh of the carcase.

It is even now inexplicable to me how the tiger reached the bait without my either hearing or seeing anything.

When I examined his tracks the next morning, I could clearly see that the ravenous beast had come out exactly opposite my *machân*. I should have seen him distinctly.

These are the riddles of forest, jungle, and nature which men seek in vain to solve.

I waited until the left shoulder of the powerful beast offered me a good target, the only sure one.

I did not have to wait long.

I took careful aim.

The hungry animal noticed nothing. He was engrossed in his meal and enjoying a piece of flesh from the neck.

Then I let go my .450. The kick nearly knocked me out of the *machân*.

The tiger rolled over. I had heard the sound of the bullet on his shoulder-blade and knew that I had hit him in the right place.

I waited up there on my perch to see if the beast would move, perhaps try to escape. I have often seen the most extraordinary things happen in such cases.

Nothing happened.

The tiger stayed where he had fallen.

Now I had to wait until daybreak.

I felt absolutely exhausted. Two hours later my men arrived and woke me up. The excitement and fever had sent me to sleep.

The tiger was one of the biggest specimens I have ever seen.

Such is tiger-hunting on one's own and it is indeed exciting. But let the sportsmen know that it is not nearly so interesting as trapping tigers.

The most simple method is that of "the pit," as it is called by the English.

My late master, who instructed me in all these matters,

was, like all Englishmen, conservative. For quite twenty years he had carried on the profession of a trapper and purveyor of animals, and he had acquired an incredible knowledge of their habits. His knowledge would put any zoologist in the shade.

When my chief died, I tried out new methods and made things much easier for myself. From each new capture one learns to avoid making the same mistake a second time. Each time one is provided by the animals with a new problem to solve.

The province of Bhopal contains districts where, at the end of the nineties, the tiger had become a plague.

My agents had received orders for the delivery of tigers from the Wallace Show, Bostock's menagerie, Forepaugh's Travelling Circus, and Sells Brothers in the States.

I betook myself to the tiger-infested territory on an invitation from the Resident and the Rajah of Bhopal.

It is not possible to dig one's pits in every tiger district. One must always get permission from the authorities and the private owners of the hunting-grounds.

The consecutive positions to be taken up were Shahjahanpur, Sarangpur, Narsinghgarh, and Rajgah, to the north.

Between Sarangpur and Narsinghgarh there was a small settlement in a pleasant valley. From there it was possible to scour the district without making too long marches.

I had with me my boy Sanghar Geno and the splendid old guide and interpreter, Sogul Mher.

We chose the best men from the village for the work in hand. Two days were lost in negotiations about the hire, but one must resign oneself to that. Sogul was a great help; he knew his people. If he had acceded to their stipulations at once they would have demanded even more and the negotiations would never have come to an end.

When these matters were settled, we began the erection of cages made of strong bamboos. The first cages in which the captured beasts are confined are just long

enough for the animals to stretch themselves out and high enough for them to be able to stand up, but on the other hand so narrow that it is impossible for the captives to turn round. This painful precaution is absolutely necessary in order to prevent the animals from doing themselves damage, as in a bigger cage they would lash about too wildly when they are first captured.

The cages of bamboo are very solidly built and also very airy. The bars are not placed very close together, but half an inch is left between them. Nails are used sparingly—only at the corners and edges—the bars are bound together with an extremely tough creeping plant similar to bast. On both the long sides the cages are provided with sliding doors, also made of bamboo, which open upwards.

I had invented a method for the pit, which facilitated the transfer of the captured beasts to the cage. I lined the pit with big nets, made out of the same creeping plant, and pegged the ends down at the edge.

How is the tiger caught ?

I will only describe my own method here, so that my erstwhile colleagues may not throw stones at me.

Every man must go to Heaven in his own way.

This was also the case among trappers of big game. There were not many such, nor are there many now. It is not an easy vocation. Life does not treat you too gently if you are a trapper of wild animals.

The most important requirement is good health. Your heart must be absolutely sound, in order to resist all illness. Above all, you must not be fastidious or of a complaining nature.

Here is an example.

Shortly after my arrival in South-east India, I was bitten in the leg by a poisonous snake in the forest. My chief, who was suffering from a severe attack of malaria and had high fever, sent for me to his hammock. I had to give him his razor, and get from his travelling medicine case permanganate of potash, the bottle of carbolic acid, a box of bicarbonate of potash, and a roll of bandages and cotton-wool. I had to turn my head

away and hold out my calf which was bitten by the snake. I buried my teeth in a handkerchief, so as not to cry out aloud. Then a tourniquet was placed above my knee, that is to say a strap was tied tightly round my leg to stop the circulation. The master made a deep circular incision with the razor round the wound, tore away the piece of flesh together with the skin, and washed out the wound with a solution of permanganate of potash. The pain was ghastly ; the potash burnt like fire. Then he poured carbolic acid over the wound, filled it up with powdered bicarbonate of potash, and bound a tight bandage round the whole calf, from the back of the knee to the heel. When you remember that I had to stand on one leg during the whole procedure and could only clench my hands in my trouser pockets, you will admit that iron nerves are necessary to bear the raging pain.

After the operation I had to drink all the buffalo milk to be found in the place—there must have been about six to seven litres—and then swallow half a bottle of gin. After this my chief called me to his hammock again, ordered me to open my mouth, and before I could stop him or get away, he thrust his dirty forefinger down my throat.

He had made a miscalculation in the time, as he explained to me after giving me a kick. According to *his* calculation, there should have been a pause of at least a minute between the time that he inserted his finger and the time of my outbreak ; my stomach, however, reacted immediately, and the mighty one received, according to *my* calculation, at least half of the milk and all the gin over his head.

After the operation, two natives, on instructions from McCutcheon, took me between them, placed their hands under my armpits, and began to run up and down with me for an hour and a half. It is essential that the victim should not fall asleep after a venomous snake-bite. If only a very small amount of the poison entered the blood, sleep would bring death in its wake without a doubt.

The speed with which the poison from snakes takes

effect, differs in every case. Often, for instance, after a bite from a crait, death ensues within half an hour, accompanied by the most terrible pains. Cobra poison does not always take effect at once ; it depends upon the constitution of the victim. I have often noticed that physically weak men have much more power of resistance than big, strong men. Strange as it may seem, snake-bites are slower to take effect in women than in men. It is a fallacy that snake charmers are immune from the poison ; they are only more cunning and do not allow themselves to be bitten. I once saw a fakir who was bitten by a cobra, and as he refused all help, he died in fearful agony.

There does not exist a man who is absolutely immune from snake-poison.

In many parts of India the snake is sacred, and the man who is bitten by a viper looks upon it as an ordinance from Buddha or Siva, to be sent into the other world by means of a poisonous snake. The natives never kill the venomous creatures, and even I often had to refrain from doing the murderous reptiles to death. I usually caught them with the catching-fork and if they were valuable specimens I would keep them, otherwise I would hurl them far into the undergrowth.

The snake's poison manifests itself in different ways. Those who are bitten by the feather snake—this beautifully coloured reptile is only 30 to 35 cm. long and has on either side of its head a feather-like, outstanding, scaly marking—are assailed with madness half an hour after the attack ; they begin to dance and leap around bellowing until they collapse and breathe their last, groaning and moaning.

During the first few years of my Indian expedition we took hardly any antidotes with us. The doctors, chemists, and scientists were still experimenting at that time and many antidotes which we were able to procure had little or completely negative results. The one and only remedy was to cut away the flesh immediately from the affected part, the impromptu action which has just been described.

It is also not true, as maintained by many investigators, that animals of the jungle and forest are proof against snake-poison. I have often seen animals bitten by a snake suffer from the same symptoms as humans.

A gazelle which I had caught was bitten by a snake. I only knew of the event an hour after it had taken place, and I realised at once that it was too late to save the life of the lovely creature. It rushed round its enclosure and leapt into the air, foaming at the mouth and uttering plaintive cries. A bullet released it from its agony.

It is quite erroneous to think that the giant snakes are poisonous, and all tales of this kind told by so-called tropical travellers can be relegated to the realm of fable. This also applies to the stories that the big snakes always attack men. Neither the boa-constrictors nor the anacondas, nor any of the other large snakes, are reptiles ready to attack or eager to fight. It always depends on the situation. If the creature feels it is in danger, is suddenly disturbed or frightened, or expects to be attacked, it will be on the defensive and get the first blow in itself.

In the many years of my journeys in the tropics there were one or two occasions on which I came into unfriendly contact with large or poisonous snakes, due to my own or someone else's carelessness and inattentiveness. Altogether I have only been bitten three times by poisonous snakes. The first time, as I have already described, my chief carried out the operation, but I had to operate on myself for the other two bites; as at that time a local anæsthetic had not yet been heard of. The reader can imagine what it must be like to have to cut out a piece of one's own flesh single-handed.

There is no choice in the matter, however; one must either die in the greatest agony or perform the operation on oneself. The most cowardly man would quickly come to a decision in favour of cutting out the the flesh, as nobody wishes to die before his hour has struck.

This is only an illustration of the qualities necessary for overcoming all dangers in uncivilised lands.

One must give up the habit of sleeping for hours on end. Sleep must be taken in snatches.

I can affirm that I never slept longer than four, or at the outside five hours a day in the tropics.

The man who has anything to do with animals must sharpen all five senses, particularly those of seeing and hearing. He must study the life, habits, and psychology of the animals. He must learn the language of jungle, plain, and forest, draw his own conclusions and act in accordance with them.

He who pays no heed to those matters will never be able to understand nature and its denizens.

When all the preparations were ready, I set off with thirty men into the trapping district. All my men were cheerful and willing, apart from a certain melancholy.

After nine days of marching, only interrupted by two short nights and a few hours of rest, we reached our first camping-place on the shore of a small lake, which was swarming with tortoises. The heads of the tortoises continually emerged from the mirror-like surface of the water to disappear again immediately. It was a curious sight to see these thousands of heads appearing and disappearing.

The next morning was spent in reconnoitring. We had discovered during the night that tigers were in the vicinity. Soon after our men had left me, a young boy came up to me in excitement, led me on to a small elevation, and pointed ahead with outstretched hand. At first I could discern nothing in the glaring light, but then I noticed, about a hundred metres ahead of us, a large tiger who was running along the half dried-up bed of a stream, and soon afterwards disappeared into the bushes.

There were many other animals around, and I also caught sight of the common bear, who is one of the most spiteful animals in India. One has continually to be on one's guard with him.

Eight pits were dug and lined with nets, and branches were laid across the openings and covered with brushwood and creeping-plants. Before nightfall the bait we

had brought with us, live goats this time, was attached by four cords to the roof of the pit ; one cord to each corner of the pit. The animal was forced to remain in the middle of the roof. A bundle of juicy greenstuff was placed before it for fodder.

The roof was strong enough to bear the decoy, but too weak to hold a tiger if he jumped on it.

Sometimes I have placed tall, thick branches, tied together at the top, at the edge of the pit and so made a kind of shelter. The bleating goat would be hidden inside. I found, however, that a decoy in the open where it could be seen by the tiger, was more likely to bring him to the spot.

All round, the forest was swarming with monkeys and birds ; all day long the monkeys had been perpetuating an incredible hubbub and would not allow my men to disturb their games. In some places the creatures were impertinent and threatened to attack us. A shot in the air from my .44 bore Colt revolver frightened them away. The neighbourhood was thickly populated with all sorts of animals. The atmosphere was saturated with fever, and hunters, knowing this, were right to shun this hunting ground.

The place was alive with poisonous snakes, and every one was on his guard. The natives of that district make use of a peculiar means of defence. They breed a kind of wild boar and drive these beasts in front of them through snake-infested regions. The boar runs along in front of the drivers with its snout to the ground and suddenly throws its head up. This is a sign that it has been bitten. Then the native catches the reptile, whose poisonous fangs are empty, and disposes of it. The boars are partly immune from snake poison. If they have been bitten they do not eat for a few days, get a high temperature, and lie about listlessly. I have also noticed, however, that the animals sometimes suffer from all the symptoms of poisoning shortly after a snake-bite.

The trapper does not always pass the night in the neighbourhood of the trap. He often sleeps peacefully

in his tent and waits for his men to bring him news that the quarry is in the trap.

I have often spent the whole night on a *machân* in the forest. It is important for the trapper to observe attentively the behaviour of the animal he intends to catch, as the smallest circumstance may prove useful to him at some future time. How often have I had to return without achieving my purpose because I did not know what was the cause of my failure.

The tiger is cunning and on his guard. One must not leave too many tracks in his path for fear of driving him away from the district entirely. He does not like being disturbed. He likes the flesh of man, but he is not so keen on it as the African lion, if the latter has once had a taste of human flesh.

I had a very comfortable *machân* built from where I could partly overlook three pits, and took with me my mosquito net and some cold tea. The space on the *machân* is very limited ; in the wilds one has neither the time nor the necessary wherewithal to build comfortable resting-places. A night on a *machân* is one of the least pleasant things in life.

I was sorry for the little goats. First of all they bleated plaintively, but they calmed down and went to sleep. I was well aware that they would wake up again later and begin their concert anew. The animal lover will certainly think it cruel to make use of living animals as bait. I should like to say in advance that if the tiger really springs, the goat is killed with one blow of his paws.

The trap can be made in any place in the jungle. It must be ascertained beforehand whether the tiger frequents the place or at least its environs. If the tiger passes by a certain place once, that is not to say that he will go there every night.

Living bait is not always the best to use. I have often noticed that the tiger did not approach the struggling, straining bait. He guessed at the trap, avoided it, and disappeared from the district. He knows that his arch-enemy is after him and takes flight. The chief thing is to destroy completely all trace of the presence of man.

Sometimes I was forced to use extreme measures: I would place absolutely putrid pieces of meat, smelling foul, between the pits, and close to them. Even this means often failed. It is impossible to read the animal's thoughts. We are often powerless before the most simple things. One should prepare so many pits along the path of the tiger's nightly prowls as to make success at least ten per cent sure. One is often discouraged and gives up all hope of success, and it is just at such times that one is pleasantly surprised, whereas often when one is certain of good results the traps remain empty.

When covering the roof, the earth that is strewn over the twigs and leaves is taken up from the edges of the pit, so as to destroy the tracks of man. One man only puts the final touches to the pit. He covers the tracks of the others with earth, and then, walking backwards, throws spadefuls over his own footmarks and covers them up with leaves and branches. Nothing is touched by hand, but all done with a spade.

It has often happened to me, that the tiger, although he has been observed going past a certain place several times in the night, is not to be seen after the traps have been set up. Some carelessness on the part of my men or myself has been responsible.

It is much more difficult to destroy tracks when trapping than when hunting. The hunter can reach his post by circuitous ways without disturbing the trail of the wild beast, but this is impossible in the case of a pit.

In order to make quite certain of the beast, I placed torn pieces of bait round the trap which held the living decoy. There were palatable and unpalatable pieces, not too big, in case his appetite should be satisfied, but just to tempt him and lure him to the pit.

I often waited whole nights, sitting on a *machân*, in order to observe the tiger's habits and to find out what things frightened him, drove him away, or kept him from the trap. One learns something new every time one catches an animal.

There are many animals roaming about which deceive one by their tricks. Very often there was a captive in

each pit, but no tiger. One must be patient and not lose one's equanimity.

During mating-time it is easy for the hunter to hunt these royal beasts, but for the trapper it is almost hopeless. The bait has no attraction at such times. The tiger has very little taste for flesh, he is only hungry for love, and roams up and down in the jungle searching and uttering low cries. He is less careful than usual, and exposes himself to all sorts of danger.

If a tiger is caught in a pit by means of a decoy, he can very easily be locked up in the cage the next day or later.

In one of the long sides of the pit a sliding-door is constructed when the pit is made, and behind this a trench is dug, wide enough to hold the cage, which runs on smooth, strong rollers.

When the cage has been placed behind the sliding door at the side of the pit, and fixed there so that it is close against the door and cannot be pushed back, the door of the cage is first of all raised on the side nearest the pit, and then the earth which covered the sliding door inside the pit is shovelled away with staves, unless the captive has already clawed it away in his senseless fury. It must be seen to be believed how these huge cats rage when they know that they are caught.

When the heavy wooden shutter is fairly free, two or three men from above hoist it up at a word of command. Usually the tiger rushes into the opening through which the light comes, and finds himself in the cage, and the sliding door is quickly shut down. The captive creates an uproar again, but as the cage is very small he has no opportunity of bringing his strength into play, nor can he do himself any harm.

The cage is now pulled up the steep incline by men or buffaloes. This is not an easy job, and woe to him who is careless and gets his fingers between the bamboo bars of the walls or doors of the cage.

I once had a terrible experience while shutting up the tiger. A foolhardy young boy was precipitated into the hole; the tiger immediately fell upon him. Before we

could prevent it, his father jumped after him, armed only with a knife. I did not have my gun at hand, and before we could get them out of the pit, the old man was dead and the boy so severely wounded that he died in terrible pain a few hours later. I also had to shoot the tiger, as he had been badly wounded in the throat by the knife.

Another time the men pulled the shutter up too high, and the captive leapt out over the top of the cage, struck a man standing up there in the face with his paws, tore out one of his eyes with his claws, and wounded him badly in other ways before I could shoot him.

One is exposed to all sorts of dangers, not only when catching the animal, but also when he is being put in the cage and later on when he is being transported through trackless regions till at last he is loaded on to the steamer, and every animal that is caught does not always reach his destination. A certain percentage must always be counted a loss.

My plan of using a net minimised the danger of unforeseen circumstances, especially of accidents.

If the tiger jumped on to the live bait, or if he walked across the green roof to the dead body, he nearly always fell through. The pegs with which the net was attached above gave way and the animal became entangled in the meshes. Strong, long ropes terminating in loops, were fastened to the four corners of the net. These ropes were used for drawing the captured animal into the cage.

Staves were put through the loops and lifted up, so as to envelop the madly raging tiger in the net. All this must be done with great speed, so that the tiger has no time to seize hold of the mesh and climb up.

The ends of the ropes were then passed through the cage, and net and animal together dragged into the prison. Then the net was cut from outside with sharp knives.

I was going to describe the night I spent on the *machân* near the trap. I was at my post early and made myself as comfortable as the confined space permitted. Now all I had to do was to be patient and guard against sleep.



A TIGER AT REST IN THE JUNGLE

It was light enough to see the whole place where the traps were situated. One's eye soon becomes accustomed to the half light and can distinguish objects. Three pits provided with dead bait surrounded the pit with the live goat. As far as possible the place looked quite unsuspecting. Nothing pointed to the fact that human cunning was lurking in the background.

Shortly after dusk, a jackal came on the scene and fell into the first pit ; fortunately he had not upset the whole roof, but the bait had fallen into the pit with the repulsive creature. A large panther fell with the goat into the middle pit. I cursed. If this went on, I would have no pit left for the tiger. I sat powerless on the *machân* and had to watch these wretched animals making a mock of my work. It is unfortunately not possible to put up a notice forbidding access to all uninvited guests.

At last the ruler announced himself. He gave the command : Look out ! Keep still !

There was silence at once.

Some time passed before the tiger roared again. A quarter of an hour later he appeared in the clearing.

He prowled cautiously along the edge of the bushes. He took cover, listened, and vanished again. After about ten minutes I again heard the snapping of branches. He emerged quite close to me. At the same time a mosquito or other small insect flew up my nostril. I kept back the sneeze until I thought my head would burst. I carefully pressed my handkerchief against my mouth and nose to muffle the noise of sneezing. It was all in vain. I had to sneeze, and the tiger was gone.

What was the use of cursing ? I stayed on my perch and vowed that in future I would stop up my nostrils with cotton wool, so as to keep away these torments, against which one is powerless.

An hour later another panther had been caught in the same pit as the first one.

They were mates.

Perhaps the jealous female had supposed her mate to have gone astray, had crept after him, and was now

sharing the fruits of captivity with a greedy spouse, as a result of her truly feminine suspicions.

The two lived happily and peacefully for many years in the zoological gardens at Antwerp.

A week after the two panthers were captured, three young ones were born. Only two of them survived the journey to the coast ; the third one was suffocated by the mother.

A female tiger had been caught in one of the distant pits, a young specimen but beautifully marked. She was exceptionally tame and could soon be trusted.

I was more favoured by fortune the next night. I repaired to my seat on the *machân* in good time.

I do not know whether it was the tiger of the previous night who appeared in the clearing with the purpose of paying a visit to the pits, which had been newly prepared, but he came out from the same place as the night before. I at once put my hand in my coat-pocket and took out a bundle of cotton-wool in order that my nose should not again provide a playground for an ambitious and inquisitive mosquito.

The goat, which had not made a sound for half an hour, began to bleat plaintively.

The tiger stopped short, stood motionless, then lay flat on the ground and listened for a few minutes, but got up again almost immediately and made for the goat in a semicircle.

He crept nearer and nearer, cautiously, advancing step by step.

Then he came to a standstill.

He was just in front of one of the pits which contained a large piece of meat.

Something seemed to excite his suspicions.

I could clearly see that he was standing at the edge of the pit.

He scented danger.

He gazed without moving at the piece of meat two metres away from him. Then I noticed that he put one foot forward.

If he advanced so slowly, there was danger that the swaying roof would bear his weight.

Then the goat in the next trap began to bleat loudly.

The tiger threw up his head and brought his other paw forward. The fake cover gave way and I could see how the animal tried to draw back the front part of his body, but it was too late; the branches broke with a cracking noise and the king of the jungle disappeared from sight.

Once in the pit the captive struggled furiously. Again and again he tried to get out. I could hear the pegs torn away, and angry spitting was intermingled with the noise of falling lumps of sand. At last I heard him begin to feed.

During the night a number of other animals approached the traps. As soon as they heard the tiger, however, or came near the pit where he was imprisoned, they fled away.

When my men arrived at daybreak and I wanted to leave the *machân*, they gesticulated wildly and put their fingers to their lips, to attract my attention; I gazed round astonished. At the foot of the tree-trunk a huge female bear lay asleep on the ground and would have welcomed me with an embrace which would not have been exactly good for my health.

I sat up on my *machân* and was annoyed at the behaviour of my men, as they might have made the bear aware of my presence. Strange to relate, the animal lay quite still. I waited while they fetched a net. At last they came back. They had to be careful, as if the net were not properly thrown, Mrs. Bruin might have taken it into her head to pay me a visit on the *machân*, and that would not have been very pleasant. Bears are excellent climbers. I got out my rifle, ready for emergencies. My men were also in great danger of being discovered and attacked first by the bear. I lay down flat and cocked my gun ready, so as to shoot the beast if necessary.

They succeeded in throwing the net over the bear and we were all astonished to see that the prisoner did not

stir. She was dead, and when I, climbing down from the tree, examined her, I noticed a deep wound in the animal's neck and her right hind-quarter also was gored by a buffalo's horn.

I cannot understand to this day why I did not hear the arrival of the mortally wounded beast in the night.

Then we set to work to get the tiger out of the pit. It was a fine specimen, certainly the biggest I ever caught. (An exception was the Bengal tiger which fell into one of my traps on the borders of Nepal some years earlier, and was certainly the most magnificent tiger ever kept in captivity.)

I caught five more tigers in the next few weeks, and then we had to move on ; but hardly had we set up our new encampment when I had a severe attack of fever, and I was obliged to give up my work and make for the coast. There were still many difficulties in our path in connection with the transport of all the captured animals.

I must once more speak of these difficulties.

It is extraordinarily difficult to penetrate trackless regions. We had to use large, sharp knives and axes to hew our way through the creepers, underwood branches, and other impediments which elemental forces, if one may so describe them, had placed in the way.

If there are any partly navigable streams, the journey can be made much more easily by boat or rafts which can be quickly put together.

In order to catch shy, rare animals which keep to the depths of the forest or jungle, impenetrable forests must be made passable.

It often takes weeks, even months, to reach the place which has been selected for the traps. It is true that one only has to keep straight on to get there, as the men, in single file, with their packs on their heads, only need a narrow path. It is a different story, however, when the expedition comes to an end and wider paths must be made to allow the passage of the cages and the roughly constructed means of transport. The path which had been used for the inward journey will long ago have been overgrown by the rank tropical vegetation.

It must also be remembered that all the captured animals have to be looked after during transport. The beasts of prey are at first kept on rather short rations. It is easier to cater for the vegetarians of the animal world. If they are physically capable, they are allowed to poke their heads out of the cages, which are pushed close to the trees and bushes.

There are a thousand and one difficulties which crop up during the transport, and one must have more than ordinary patience and not complain when every day, and often every hour, brings new hindrances and inconveniences in its wake.

We went as far as the Kali-Sindh river along miserable roads; from there on rafts upstream through ugly rushing waters, then again by land to the Harbada river, and from there a ten days' journey through dangerous currents to Broach, in the Gulf of Cambay.

I waited to hear that the animals were safely loaded on to a coasting-vessel for Bombay, and to give instructions to several agents, and then I was unable to work for five months and went to the island of Jersey in the English Channel to gain fresh strength for further trapping expeditions.

CHAPTER V

PANTHERS

HUNTERS and travellers in the tropics often confuse panthers, jaguars, and leopards ; and yet all these beasts of prey have definite, easily recognisable characteristics which are unmistakable.

All these smaller cats are nocturnal animals, but if need be they do not hesitate to hunt food by day.

The most dangerous and daring among them is the panther. Many of his impudent raids and misdeeds are often wrongly put down to the tiger ; for instance his attacks on domestic animals.

The panther likes to haunt the neighbourhood of settlements, where he takes toll of the grazing herds of sheep and goats. He will also venture to attack calves if they stray any distance from their mother's side, and sometimes even in the mother's presence. If the mother attacks him, he takes to flight.

The boldness of the panther exceeds that of any other of the wild cats, big or small. He will even attack women and children, though this does not occur so frequently.

When wounded, or driven into a corner, the panther is not to be despised, though a strong hunter should be able to deal with him. The wounds, however, which this redoubtable fellow inflicts are painful and often fatal. From time to time it is the panther which comes out the victor from a fight with a man, especially if in springing he can strike his teeth or claws into his victim's throat.

The panther's bite is terrible ; his fangs are long and

sharp ; and the piercing claws also make a dangerous weapon.

The panther is very difficult to hunt and is less easy to capture than the tiger.

His haunts cover a very wide area. He is to be found all over India, Nepal, Bhopal, Burmah, and Ceylon, as well as in certain districts of China. As he bears a strong resemblance to the leopard, inexperienced hunters often confuse these two animals, and this explains how panthers come to have been reported in Java, Sumatra, Borneo, and Celebes. In these latter cases the animal seen is really the leopard, or—though in this case the hunter's knowledge of zoology would have to be very defective—the clouded leopard, which is fundamentally different in appearance from the Indian panther.

The panther does not cross the Himalayas. He fears the snow. In summer, however, he ventures high up into the mountains, and he may happen to be surprised by winter setting in earlier than usual. In this case he hurries away from the snow area, making for warmer districts in the valleys.

It is a common mistake among laymen to suppose that the panther, and indeed the large cats in general, are peculiar to tropical climates ; a theory which is at once contradicted by the existence of the Siberian tiger. The large beasts of prey, which are exclusively carnivorous, have only resorted to the hot zones because these are overrun by wild animal life which provides them with easy prey. Were there large quantities of wild animals in the colder regions, the migration of the large members of the cat tribe would not have been long delayed.

These animals, which are known to us solely as inhabitants of the hot countries, quickly acclimatise themselves. Nature helps them by providing them a winter coat before the beginning of the cold periods ; and they would soon find protection if they were driven into new surroundings.

Zoological gardens provide an illustration of this, for there animals which have grown up in tropical climates quickly accustom themselves to the winter of temperate

zones. As early as their second winter, the animals have grown a winter coat to protect them from the cold, and year after year their fur grows thicker.

Once the panther has discovered that he can easily satisfy his appetite in a settlement, he abandons the uncertain and difficult hunting in jungle or forest. At night, at dawn, and often even in broad daylight, he will fetch himself a dog, a sheep, a goat, a calf, or a child.

Shepherds, generally youths, drive their sheep or cattle from the meadows to the village long before the fall of darkness. The panther lurks in some sheltered spot on the route, suddenly springs into the middle of the herd, and makes his kill. The other animals stampede in terror, and it costs the shepherd a great deal of trouble to follow and collect them before he can bring them home.

This bandit never attacks a herd twice in the same place. He knows well enough that there will be a look-out for him.

It is no uncommon thing for the panther to attack solitary children working in the fields. He will even enter the huts at night, and, if no dog or other four-footed victim is at hand, will creep up to a child and carry it off. If, however, men of courage and good dogs are present this formidable fellow can easily be driven away.

As I have said, a wounded panther is a dangerous adversary. The natives never pursue him, especially if he has reached the protection of the forest, for they know his cunning way of slinking back by a wide detour and springing on isolated pursuers from ambush.

A strong man can deal with a panther. I have known cases of these wild cats being strangled by a man's hands, though I have also seen the terrible wounds inflicted upon the man in the process.

One of my bearers, who was unacquainted with the behaviour of this animal, caught a panther which had attacked one of my dogs. I was on the march with my men, and Beni, as this boy from Madras was called—he had been born in the port and had never seen the



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jungle—had remained behind to look after the camp. I had chosen him for this duty because he was strong, reliable, brave, and familiar with fire-arms.

Beni's one passion was coffee. He could drink it in gallons and spent a not inconsiderable part of his wages in buying the green coffee beans. He had undertaken on his own account to carry an extra load of twenty pounds of coffee beans, of which he roasted a portion every few days and then at once brewed some strong *mocha*. Often, when his own supply had run out, he would help himself to a handful of beans from my stores ; but I took no notice because he was otherwise extraordinarily honest and very willing.

Beni was busy roasting the coffee beans and the pungent smoke got into his eyes. He was no doubt smacking his lips over the thought of a can of the brown beverage, when a loud howl from a dog startled him. I can still see, in imagination, Beni's brown figure, and the way he rolled his eyes as he related his adventure. I will let him tell the tale :

“The smoke was making my eyes water. It was pretty quiet all round the camp. The animals in the cages were sleeping. Only the monkeys were quarrelling from time to time.

“Then suddenly I heard Prince give a loud howl. With one bound I was on my feet. Wiping my eyes, I saw behind the sahib's tent a big cat crouched over the dog, holding him in his claws. At first I thought that one of the leopards had broken loose, but then I noticed that the animal was bigger, and different.

“I seized a piece of wood from the fire, rushed at the robber, and hit him with the burning end. Like lightning the animal turned on me, and before I could give him a second whack with the stick, he sprang at me and knocked me over. He had dug his claws into my shoulder and chest. Lying on my back, I could feel the panther's hot breath, and tried to protect my face.

“Although Prince was badly wounded, with the skin of his back hanging in shreds, and was bleeding badly, he dug his sharp teeth into the panther's paw. And the

little fellow too, the fox-terrier, got hold of the panther's skin with his teeth.

"I felt very angry and forgot the pain. I managed to get my hands round the big cat's throat, and then a fight to the death began. I could feel the blood running down my back and chest, but I didn't leave go. I squeezed my fingers tighter and tighter together, and the dogs had got a good hold and wouldn't let go. Red circles danced in front of my eyes and I thought I was going to faint, when the claws loosened. With all my strength, I threw myself forward, got on top of the panther, and didn't let go until he was lying there quite still.

"It was a difficult job to get the dogs away from the dead body. They were like mad things. I fetched a rope, twisted it round the animal's throat, and fastened it to a tree. Then I ran down with Prince to the water, forgetting the crocodiles. Luckily there weren't any there. After I had washed my wounds and the dog's, I went back to the camp."

Of course, Beni's report was not so fluent as this, but he was not lying. The claw wounds on his body and on the brave dog were unmistakable evidence of the terrible struggle. It was weeks before the brave fellow recovered from his deep wounds. Prince was quite all right again after ten days, and Beni received from me a big jug of strong coffee every day and an extra reward in the shape of a pound of coffee beans. Dogs are plucky animals, and I am sure the two dauntless watchdogs saved Beni's life.

What a dangerous animal the panther is may be seen from the story of Mr. Lu Anderson, the big-game hunter. He killed a panther which in one year had killed over two hundred women and children of a single village.

The native's fear of pursuing a panther into the jungle is fully justified. This marauder is cunning, and an excellent climber.

He will escape through the undergrowth and trick his pursuers by suddenly turning and running back, and

concealing himself in the bush or in a tree from which he can spring upon his pursuer, or conceal himself so deep in the foliage that he cannot be discovered.

Sometimes, again, when he feels himself being cornered, he will climb into a tree with his prey—provided it is not too heavy—and hide it there on a safe branch.

Lu Anderson once shot down a panther from a thick branch and, with it, the partly devoured body of a girl of seven or eight years old fell at the hunter's feet.

Personally, I must say quite frankly that I have had few unpleasant experiences with the panthers I have captured or met. Only once was my mount sprung upon from a tree. The pony lashed out with both his hind legs, and I and the bold bandit were thrown through the air. The panther was so terrified by this unusual reception and by the flight through the air and the fall, that he took to his heels.

THE BLACK PANTHER

It is wrong to suppose that there is a separate race of black panthers, or that the black panther is untamable.

In my collection of twenty-four smaller animals of the cat tribe, consisting of leopards, jaguars, pumas, and panthers, there was included one black panther. He was less tractable than the others, and somewhat wilder in his behaviour, but he was by no means as bad as the many stories of this rather rare beast of prey would lead one to suppose. Two of the leopards, a jaguar and a spotted panther, were much more unmanageable, and I always had to be careful in dealing with them.

I have four times found a panther's lair and twice I found black cubs among the litter.

My view that the black panther is the offspring of normally coloured parents has been confirmed by many sportsmen. I do not know whether black cubs have been born in captivity. The best proof that the

dark, almost black colouring is not normal, came to my notice on the estate of a nabob in Banswara, who kept a pair of black panthers in a large courtyard. The young of this pair, then a year old, were light in colour. Furthermore, the black panther is marked in the same way as his fair brother, but the marking is only noticeable on close examination.

The panther is hunted with the gun, the spear, and from the *machân*. The hunters—who never go alone—hunt on foot, on horseback, and also on elephants.

When at bay, the panther rarely attacks the hunter, but frequently attacks his mount. As soon as he feels himself hard pressed, or wounded, he often springs upon a horse, or even an elephant, and whereas he always springs on the horse from behind, throwing himself on to the croup or a hind leg, he always attacks the elephant from in front, knowing well enough that the trunk is a sensitive organ. In such cases the elephant is almost sure to come out the victor. He hurls his assailant high into the air and is clever at getting at him after he lands on the ground, and then, unless the panther is quick enough to get away from the crushing feet and make his escape, or is dispatched by the hunter's rifle or spear, he tramples him to death.

Hunting with the spear, when it is in skilled hands, causes the victim less pain than with the rifle. The spear driven deep into the body quickly renders the animal incapable of any movement. The wound bleeds fiercely and the death-throes are short.

A bullet will frequently fail to reach a vital spot, and will even pass right through the animal without killing him. The wounded animal then often manages—generally by his clever climbing—to break through the line of hunters or make his escape ahead, and then, if the loss of blood is not great, he bounds away and finally vanishes among the branches of a tree, where all trace of him is lost.

The following incident will show clearly what these animals can stand.

On board a transport bound for Europe—the weather

was very stormy and the animals suffered a great deal—one of my female panthers died of sea-sickness, and when the captain asked me for the beautiful skin I gave it to him.

On cutting the animal open, I found three bullets in the carcase. One was lodged in the thigh of the left hind leg, another between the ribs, and the third to the side of the stomach. This last must have grazed the heart, which showed distinct traces of it. In addition I found, embedded in the bowels, a small silver ornament such as Indian girls wear in their noses.

So she had been an eater of human flesh. Who knows how many children she had killed and devoured?

Parental affection is confined to the females. The father troubles himself little about his children.

The panther is not difficult to capture once one has discovered the den in which he lives with his family. These lairs are not, however, easy to find and it is generally by chance that one comes upon them.

When a panther is being pursued, he never heads for his home. He realises that it is an easy matter to force, or entice him out of it.

In some cases several families live in the same lair; but this only happens in districts where there is little rock and hiding-places are difficult to find.

Long before the fall of darkness, the panther comes out of his home and lies in front of the cave sunning himself. The young ones also come out and play with the older animals or alone.

Although the panther takes a considerable amount of exercise in the course of his foraging expeditions, he seems to find it necessary to practise gymnastics in order to maintain his agility. He sleeps during the day and is assuredly the inventor of early morning exercises. "How to remain young, beautiful, and lithe," is a slogan that may well have been taken from the panther.

He stretches his body and limbs, stands with his forepaws reaching up high against the rock, and indulges in all kinds of amusing games. Sometimes the father will condescend to play with his offspring, and then

there are sham battles which will be useful to the young ones in their career. But the education of the cubs is chiefly in the hands of the mother, who begins her lessons long before her little ones are weaned.

A not too difficult tree in the neighbourhood of the home is used for climbing. The mother playfully draws on the little ones, suddenly springs on to the trunk, and then draws herself up just sufficiently for the children to be able to reach the tip of her tail.

The cubs rear up against the trunk and try to climb after their mother, who then draws herself up higher. The cubs keep tumbling down and try to push each other out of the way.

Climbing trees is soon learned, and then the mother has difficulty in getting her children back when she wants them. If they do not obey, she boxes their ears, as cats will do; and the little pupils soon learn to fall and spring cleverly without hurting themselves.

The cubs show a desire to eat flesh at too early an age, but the mother watches carefully and sees that they do not swallow anything.

They are allowed to lick the blood, and suck large pieces of meat, but they must not eat it.

A few weeks later the mother takes the children hunting with her and eggs them on to attack small animals. She teaches them how to do it, and if the pupil is clumsy and lets a hare or other animal escape, she goes after it herself.

The little animals are extremely peevish, spiteful little fellows.

The mother also teaches them how to tear up the kill. After she has brought a quarry down, she drives away the cubs, which attack the captured animal from every side, and rips open the belly. Then she offers the children the intestines and such internal organs as the heart, lungs, and liver.

The young ones also have to learn how to carry off the animal they have killed and how to hide it in trees or thick bush if anything unusual approaches.

The apt pupils soon reach the stage when they can

provide for themselves. Often they remain with the mother until they are fully grown, and not until the mating instinct develops do they begin to leave their parents.

To capture the panther, the trap, a cage, is dressed in foliage and placed near the lair. An animal is tethered inside as bait and a simple balance arrangement brings down the door once the panther is inside.

I have also caught panthers in pits, but this was by chance, the pits being intended for other animals.

As, apart from a few hours in the daytime, the panther is continually in search of food, and hardly ever passes the same way twice, it is extremely difficult to set pit-traps for him in the jungle.

One panther I caught in a pit in Ceylon obstinately refused to enter the cage which had been lowered into the hole dug beside the trap. For three days we tempted him in vain with all kinds of delicacies ; until at last I was compelled to lasso him and pull him in.

I have captured only a small number of panthers but have bought many.

Taken all in all, the panther becomes a plague as soon as he appears in the neighbourhood of a settlement, and the inhabitants suffer severely from his exploits.

CHAPTER VI

THE CLOUDED LEOPARD

THE clouded leopard is shrouded in mystery. Its home is South-eastern India, but it also appears in Borneo and Sumatra, and I once even caught a splendid male in North Cambodia.

Anyone who has experience of the clouded leopard is astonished at the docility of this beautiful creature, which is mistakenly reputed to be savage.

The natives know this animal, and it is amazing that they should fear and kill it. Only in Sumatra is the docility of the clouded leopard recognised; yet even there it is killed, because it causes great havoc among the poultry.

My first encounter with the clouded leopard in Siam was a matter of pure chance. Leaving the camp before dark, to make sure that my men were gathering green bamboo sticks as I had ordered, I came to a clearing, or rather a little creek on the bank of the Me-kong. Near the water's edge stood a strangely twisted, almost leafless tree, with leaves only at the crest. A thick bough overhanging the river attracted my attention, but the sun was shining in my eyes and I could not see clearly what was on the bough. Below, some birds were stalking about, bathing, drinking, and quarrelling.

Then I noticed a long, round, spotted object moving up and down on the branch. At first I thought it was a snake, but as I had never seen a hairy snake, I continued to watch it, and soon saw that it was a large member of the cat tribe. I at once realised that I had before me one of the mysterious clouded leopards.

I made a wide detour round the creek, without taking

my eyes off the animal ; and soon I was standing concealed behind the bushes only fifteen yards away from where it was lying, quite still, only its tail slightly moving, waiting for one of the big birds to come nearer to the tree.

The upper part of the body and the head were grey-brown with a yellow marking, while the tail and outside of the legs were the same, but the neck and forward part of the back were covered with dark fur. The belly and inside of the legs were a lighter colour merging into grey-white and light, tawny yellow.

The legs were short, and the thick, spotted tail, closely covered with hair, was comparatively long.

The spots were larger on the sides than on the legs and were of strangely irregular shape. The head was nobly formed and the eyes very large. There was nothing in their glance which suggested savageness.

That the clouded leopard is no ruthless destroyer I was able to see clearly at the outset. The good-humoured fellow waited patiently until the big birds were under his tree ; then, without causing any movement in the branch, he sprang on one large hen, and immediately disappeared with it in the bush. Fortunately he passed me at a distance of only a few yards, without seeing or scenting me. Then, holding the bird tight, he tore open the neck and sucked the blood, and only then devoured it, cleverly spitting out the feathers. Strangely enough, he lay with only his forelegs and the forward part of the body resting on the ground, the hind legs, as one often sees with dogs, being erect. I have never since had the opportunity of seeing big cats feeding in this position. I noticed that the contented purring which these beasts of prey usually indulge in during this operation was absent.

I shall never forget the look of the clouded leopard when I stepped out of the bush with my gun pointing at him. He gazed at me in astonishment, rose to his feet, and stood for a few seconds motionless, but showing no intention of attacking. Then, with one bound, he disappeared into the bush.

Two days later I caught him—I feel certain that it was the same animal—with the lasso, when he was once more crouching on a stripped bough.

I had made the end of the rope fast round a tree-trunk. I was afraid he would spring when I threw the rope, for I had been compelled to emerge from my cover. He saw me at once, gazed inquisitively at me, and seemed to be following the movement of my arms with interest, even raising his head a little when the lasso flew at him. His curiosity was unmistakable ; he had no idea that the business was serious and might cost him his freedom.

It was very difficult to throw the lasso, as this time the objective had to be taken not from above, but sideways. One circumstance helped me. I myself was sitting on a branch higher than the one on which the animal was perched, but I had to lean over sideways to reach my target.

The rope curled round the branch and round the animal's back, but not until he felt the rope around him did he make any attempt to get down from the tree. I then pulled the rope tight and jumped to the ground.

Then the leopard began to struggle, and the branch to which he was bound broke and remained hanging only by the bark. The rope slackened, and the animal would have escaped had we not at once drawn it tight again.

The cage which had been prepared was then hurriedly brought up and placed in position. Timidly, and without any appearance of resentment, the clouded leopard, hanging head downwards, watched us and quietly allowed himself to be shut in the cage. He was obviously cowed, and more frightened than the men, who remained at a respectful distance, leaving the work in the limelight to me.

I had no idea how quickly the clouded leopard becomes tame—his playfulness was most marked.

In Ben-Tiara I had hired a depot, an old, disused monastery, and in a big courtyard surrounded by high walls the clouded leopard was a few days later running about, playing all sorts of pranks. He was continually

teasing the dogs and wanting to play with them. He struck up a close friendship with two young bears, and the trio would play together for hours. He was also on very good terms with his keepers, and particularly with me. If, however, one of our hens gave way to excessive curiosity or gluttony and ventured into the yard, it immediately fell a victim to the robber.

I was once presented with a young female clouded leopard by a well-to-do native. This one was equally tame, but she could not stand the little dogs, one of which she killed. This crime might have cost her dear, for the big dogs fell on the murderess and would have lynched her had not my men intervened. A strange thing was that the male leopard did not take part in the fight, but passively watched the attack on his wife.

Clouded leopards play with their prey before killing it, as domestic cats do, but this only happens in the case of small mammals; birds they kill immediately, knowing that winged victims may easily escape them.

I caged a male clouded leopard with a female leopard in the hope of crossing the breeds, but although they got on very well together the experiment was not successful.

I have seen clouded leopards kept in captivity on estates in Siam, where they are allowed great freedom, and I have never heard of one of these animals turning vicious. It is surprising that animal trainers do not use these apt animals in their performances. The clouded leopard is superior in intelligence to the panther, leopard, jaguar, or puma.

I once had an opportunity of seeing that this rare animal knows how to defend itself in a fight with other beasts of prey.

A male leopard, a fractious fellow, who always picked a quarrel with anything that came near him and could not even tolerate two female leopards which shared with him a large section of the animal yard, escaped from his prison while the attendants were off their guard for a moment. He killed a young panther and then attacked my grown male clouded leopard.

The latter got up as the vicious animal approached him. He certainly realised the danger that was threatening.

Without any preliminaries the leopard attacked. But he had not reckoned with the agility of his enemy, who skilfully slipped aside and crouched.

Before the leopard could repeat the attack, his adversary had leapt on to a tall transport cage and from there sprang on the leopard.

I am unable to judge which of the two would have been the victor, for as soon as the fight began I and my men intervened and separated the two combatants. It is certain, however, that during the brief scuffle the leopard had suffered more severe wounds than his enemy.

After that, whenever the leopard showed himself behind his bars at the other end of the yard, the clouded leopard would immediately prepare to fight.

CHAPTER VII

THE CHEETAH

LIKE the clouded leopard, the cheetah is surrounded by a great deal of mystery. Many fairy stories are told of this strange animal, which is neither cat nor dog.

One of the best known and most widely believed stories is that the cheetah does not propagate itself, but is a cross between two wild animals, one of the cat, and the other of the dog family. Indeed I have frequently confirmed this fable in reply to stupid, insistent questioners, for it is hopeless to try to rid their minds of this nonsense.

I have come across the cheetah, sometimes also called *tchita*, in both Africa and Asia. It is a really rare animal, and at first I was in doubt whether I had before me a lioness or some animal unknown to me.

Coming out of a forest, I saw, lying about fifty yards away from me on a moss-covered stone, with its head turned away from me an animal which looked like a lioness. I crept up, choosing deliberately the windward side, and with my rifle ready to fire, intending to waken the apparently sleeping animal.

I had not advanced more than thirty yards when it turned its head and stood up. I at once realised that this was no lioness, but that I was being favoured with my first opportunity of seeing a cheetah in the wild.

This long-legged animal, with its head quite differently shaped from that of any other of the larger wild cats and also rather longer, produces an effect of strangeness when seen for the first time. The traveller accustomed to recognising lions, tigers, leopards, and panthers at sight by their external appearance and the slinking nature of

their movements, is for a moment completely taken aback by the distinctive appearance this animal presents.

I had already seen cheetahs in captivity and also trained for hunting, but it is quite a different matter to see one in freedom.

The cheetah is a wonderful hunter, and is superior in cunning to most wild animals. He can creep forward like a cat, dragging himself flat along the ground, or advance upon his quarry crouching like a dog. If he is to windward, he will make a wide detour round the animal he intends to strike, to prevent his victim from scenting him.

With consummate stealth he crawls or creeps forward, unseen, to within twenty or twenty-five paces of the grazing gazelle. Then in a few powerful bounds he swoops down upon his quarry and strikes it down.

Unlike the other wild cats, which always tear open the throat of their quarry, the cheetah drives his teeth into the neck, greedily drinks the steaming blood, and only then does he begin to feed. His hunger is soon satisfied. He is not nearly so voracious as the other beasts of prey, and he only carries off the whole carcase, or pieces of it, when there are young ones to provide for. He takes little trouble to provide for his consort, who, even when she is nursing her young, has to hunt her own food.

The speed attained by the cheetah when he is dashing over the plains is astounding; he alternately gallops and bounds forward with great, wild leaps. He is a wonderful sprinter, but not a great stayer. His vigour soon flags, with the result that, though for a few hundred yards he is swifter than the swiftest gazelle, fleet-footed quarry often escape him.

In his youth the cheetah is also a good tree-climber, but with increasing age he has to rely solely on his amazing jumping powers. It is quite an easy matter for him to reach, with a flying leap, a branch three metres from the ground. In his early years his claws are sharp, but in the fourth or fifth year they become blunted, which makes tree-climbing more difficult.

The cheetah has for centuries been used as a hunting animal in the East, and particularly in India. He is easily tamed, and has a passion for his work.

With his eyes bound, he is brought up to the game on a car, or often perched behind his master on a horse. Then the hood is removed from his eyes and the four-footed nimrod brings all his skill to bear, with the result that his quarry very rarely escapes.

The animals are often trained simply to strike the quarry, open his neck, and then wait for the hunter to come up. In these cases the blood of the slain animal is drawn off into a large skin container and given to the cheetah after he has been put on the chain again. He drinks the thick red fluid in slow, voluptuous draughts, purring contentedly. Indeed, purring is one of the chief occupations of this beautiful animal, which is well worthy to be preserved.

It seemed to me cruel to train this gentle-natured animal systematically to slay animals, and after I had twice witnessed such a hunt, I decided that I would see no more.

I had many opportunities of seeing the cheetah hunting in freedom. At the end of the last century he was frequently to be met with on the Athi plains, which are a veritable animal paradise.

Gazelles are the cheetah's favourite food. He has a special weakness for the Grant gazelle and the steinbock, but he does not scorn other animals of this species or young antelopes. He is also known to hunt ostriches, but, unfortunately, I never had an opportunity of witnessing this.

The cheetah is no fighter. He will try to defend himself against a single dog, but when he is driven into a corner he gets frightened. He prefers to evade an encounter by flight, but that, in extremity, he is capable of giving a good account of himself, I once witnessed when one was savagely attacked by a large dog. Finding himself at bay in the angle of some rocks, he suddenly threw himself upon his assailant and buried his teeth in its throat. Speaking generally, however, the cheetah rarely defends himself when he is attacked or baited.

I have also seen cheetahs hunting in couples. Shortly before they come up with their prey, the pair separate and attack from two sides. There is a certain method in this, one appearing to drive the quarry towards the other.

When the cheetah has come up sufficiently close to his victim, he springs from behind, strikes the hind-quarters with his paw, and puts it out of its stride. A few more long bounds and two or three short ones, and he is fastened on the animal's neck.

Anyone who has seen a steinbock flying over the plains is struck with admiration of this animal's tremendous speed, and the fact that a cheetah is capable of overtaking the swift gazelle will give an idea of his speed.

I have heard on good authority that male cheetahs fight for their mates.

As I have said, the cheetah is already a docile animal even in a wild state ; with attention he can be made into a regular house pet.

I once caught with the lasso a full-grown male which I ran down after pursuing him for three miles on a fast pony. The animal was exhausted by the race and seemed to look at me appealingly with his big eyes. He made no resistance when the rope was drawn tight round his body, and quietly allowed himself to be bound.

After a week the prisoner was quite tame. He seemed to be a fire-worshipper. As soon as the camp fire blazed up in the darkness, he would try at once to get to it, and if he were allowed to do so, he would lie down beside it and stare straight into the glow. When, some weeks later, I took him with me to my bungalow near Nairobi, he would always lie before the fireplace when the wood logs were alight.

He was very astonished when on warm evenings no fire was lit. He would run from the chimney to me, and back again, lie perplexed for a short time in front of the empty fireplace, purring softly, and then turn his face towards me in reproach. But if the boy came and began to lay the fire, Flint, as I had named him, showed what a fire-worshipper he was. He would



almost knock the black boy down, and when I came up would place his paws on my shoulders and seem to say: "Yes, that's what I wanted."

Once the fire was alight, Flint would utter a gratified purr which he kept up for hours, and gaze into the flame, getting up occasionally and turning round several times in front of it. His tail would lash the ground, killing all kinds of vermin.

I have only known one other animal with an equal love of fire, and that was a small terrier, which, like Flint, would stare at the flames for hours at a time.

Flint was constantly making war on the hens. Not that he always killed them, but it amused him to see the feathered inhabitants of the poultry-yard fluttering about in terror.

I had Flint with me for months, and when I moved, he came with me on a long lead. I did not want to part from this affectionate playfellow.

One day Flint disappeared. He had slipped out of his collar, and although we searched for hours, calling his name thousands of times, and giving the whistle he knew so well and had always obeyed, we could find no trace. I was afraid one of the lions which had been disturbing us had seized and dragged him off. I felt very sad about my pal and even an excellent supper failed to cheer me up.

Late that night, I crept into my hammock, and must have been asleep quite an hour, when it seemed as though a tree-trunk had fallen on my body. I tried to raise myself, but the weight lying upon me prevented me from even moving my arms. I then realised with horror that a great animal was lying upon me in the darkness. Bringing all my strength to bear, I seized the throat of the lion—I had made certain that it was a lion—when a familiar purring reached my ear. I breathed again. Flint had come home.

I do not know which of us was the more pleased, Flint or I; anyhow we were both delighted to be together again.

And yet the time came for us to part and I had to give

up my pet. My next journey was to be in South America, so that it was impossible to take my friend with me. He was shipped to Europe, and, as I heard long afterwards, was sold to a zoo in North America.

Cheetahs do not live long in captivity if they are shut in cages. They require great freedom of movement, and must have open spaces in which to play and exercise themselves.

I do not know whether cheetahs propagate in captivity ; no case has come to my knowledge. In freedom, the female gives birth once a year to four or even five young ones.

It is a pity that in many places this noble animal is being exterminated. Unless the blood-thirstiness of sportsmen is soon restrained, and preventive laws made, the cheetah is doomed to extinction.

CHAPTER VIII

STRANGE PHENOMENA AMONG EXOTIC ANIMALS AND THE EMOTIONAL LIFE OF ANIMALS

FOR hundreds of years science has persistently refused to admit that animals have, like men, an emotional life, but this view has recently undergone a change.

Why these creatures should be denied any emotional experience is beyond explanation, since proof of the existence of such feelings in animals is proved by thousands of examples.

Progress in investigation has been uninterrupted. The scientists have been compelled to reconsider their views, and the inadmissible fact of the animal soul has had to be recognised. Fresh proof of obvious emotional life among animals has been brought forward, publicity has been given to the question, and at last even the scientists have been induced to change their opinion.

Brehm, the German authority, has collected an enormous amount of material, and in many ways his work will remain a classic in the science of zoology. But the very abundance of the material has prevented this scholar, great as he is and possessed of incredible enthusiasm and industry, from devoting his attention to the individual animal in order to study its psychology.

Brehm has often had to rely on second-hand reports which he has included in his work without being responsible for them.

Many naturalists, and even more hunters and sportsmen who have observed individual animals have generalised their experiences. This is quite unjustifiable. Had these somewhat precipitate and superficial gentlemen taken the trouble to continue their investigations

for years with several hundred species of the same kind, they would have arrived at quite different conclusions ; for with individual species of animals character and behaviour are as fundamentally different as is the case with human beings of the same family.

Nature harbours secrets which she only reveals to the attentive observer who conscientiously pursues his investigations with unremitting patience for years, and even then but rarely.

Phenomena which often appear portentous will startle him, and make him think.

Organic life reaches back for thousands, perhaps millions of years, and out of these grey ages animal life has inherited ideas of battle, fear, horror, and love. The instinct of self-preservation brings perpetual warfare in the animal kingdom ; one lives on the other ; the circle of life, the *perpetuum mobile* in Nature.

Fear of the erect animal, man, who since his creation has been the hunter of all forms of animal life, has bridged periods and endured, making the animal cautious. It has taught him to protect, conceal, and defend himself.

Under this compulsion to defend life, the two-, four-, and more-legged creatures have developed instinctive powers which have taught them to match cunning with cunning. This force often gives rise to the strange phenomena, which man has noted superficially as being contrary to Nature. That this *is* Nature is shown by the evolution and behaviour of man and the animal.

But the animal had not only to seek ways and means of eluding, or often of fooling, man ; it had to protect itself also against its own species or other types of animal.

That right is might has always been Nature's firm law in the world of life. The weak members of the animal kingdom sought means of protection, and in this Nature helped them, although it certainly often took thousands of years before the evolution was completed. Natural protective means fulfil their purpose, even though not quite perfectly, and mislead the pursuer or the enemy.

For unimaginable ages animal has fought against

animal, and in their brains a special cell has been formed which regulates fighting, attack and defence. The animal mother does not need to teach everything to her offspring ; this, in view of the complicated stages of development—as for example among insects—would be impossible, though among other forms of life, particularly mammals and birds, the mother is an excellent teacher.

Animals which have never seen man generally take to flight when he appears ; and it is not only the unusual appearance of this strange, erect animal which is the cause. No, the brain cell of defence begins to function ; warns, reveals the danger, met perhaps thousands of years before by an ancestor.

Many mammals in the tropics will not attack the ape when he stands erect ; and in this attitude the bear also is less exposed to the attacks of the larger members of the cat tribe. But leopards, jaguars, panthers, and other smaller wild cats do not allow themselves to be frightened by the upright posture of the enemy.

In nature, however, there are also contradictions so strange that the observer, despite all his knowledge, stands helpless before them.

Not often, only by chance, can these strange phenomena in the animal kingdom be observed.

Where animals have been living with man in captivity and security for thousands of years, they degenerate ; their natural capacities fall from them. For instance, when domesticated animals are giving birth to their young they often have to be watched and helped : a sure sign of degeneration, for females living in freedom do not require assistance.

In the wild, the forest, the jungle, and the plains, everywhere where the animal lives undisturbed by men, it retains its faculties, and there the careful observer who has feeling and understanding for animal psychology, may be fortunate enough to observe the strangest phenomena ; phenomena which, had fortune not intervened, would have remained for ever unknown to mankind.

It is impossible to generalise about the emotional life

of animals. The best is to submit examples. Those I give here are based on personal observation and years of study.

The animal knows love, but not hate. Cases do occur of animals, both wild and tame, being unable to tolerate one another, but they are strangers to the mean-spiritedness which so often characterises men.

If we investigate the stories of mother-love among animals, we shall find that there is a great deal that these reports misrepresent. Yct this so-called mother-love—and here I am speaking chiefly of wild animals in freedom, for, as I have said, in captivity the animal loses much of its individuality—is in many cases confirmed in an astonishing way.

Naturalists, hunters, and particularly irresponsible globe-trotters, tell us of the great maternal affection shown by the lion. The devoted courage of the mother lion is in reality a myth.

I have watched many lionesses with their young, and in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred could not help seeing how in situations of real or imagined danger these mothers will make off, callously leaving their cubs in the lurch. In cases where the cubs were protected by a female lion, it was always an hysterical animal without young of its own which accepted battle.

A great deal of ink has been wasted over the marital life of lions. But when one comes to examine these reports one cannot but be astonished at the way in which they contradict one another.

It is not true that the lion is monogamous, though cases do arise of the lord of the animal kingdom being seen with only one consort. Generally, however, several females run with each male. I have often seen as many as ten lionesses with one lion. But it must not be assumed that all these ladies enjoy the favours of the maned monarch. This is entirely wrong. Generally there is only one favourite in the harem, and Leo takes little notice of the rest, only occasionally bestowing his favours upon them. He allows himself to be courted, tolerates the

females about him, provides for them, even protects them if he is in the mood, but otherwise these voluntary companions leave him cold. I am also definitely convinced that in many cases the lion forces these courtesans to kill for him and then satisfies his hunger on the quarry.

It is also these maiden lionesses which undertake a good deal of the duty of tending the young of the matrons, and always it is one of these which accepts battle with man, and protects the cubs, when mother, father, and aunts have long taken to their heels.

I have several times seen even female elephants forget their young in serious danger, though as a rule at the slightest sign of it they drive them before them out of the danger zone with blows from their trunks.

It may be inferred from this that the fear-complex is not unknown among animals.

Once, with the help of a number of natives and tame elephants, I was driving a herd of wild Indian elephants. Three babies were being looked after by their mothers and several old nurses with swinging trunks. We were more than 500 kilometres from any large settlement and 150 from the nearest inhabited village.

We had been driving the animals for days to the kraal where they were to be captured. I was already sure of my bag, and was reckoning up my profits and looking forward to soon having the arduous work behind me. We halted in a narrow valley to give the animals time to feed. We were then only 60 kilometres from our goal.

Then—how often have I cursed that day—at a height of 50 metres, God knows from what military station, came a balloon, with a long thick drag-rope trailing over the tree-crests, seeking a landing-place. This was the first free balloon ever used in the Indian Army; there were at that time no aeroplanes or airships.

When the balloon appeared over the elephants' heads, loud trumpeting from the old leader of the herd startled them. With raised trunks, and ears standing out from their heads, they looked up in horror. Then panic seized them, and, ramming down with their mighty skulls and trampling under foot everything which stood in their

way, they fled in all directions. Even our tame elephants were terrified at the spectacle and began to stamp and trumpet, and we found ourselves in a very dangerous situation.

The herd of wild elephants had quickly vanished, and from the distance we could still hear a terrified trumpeting and the cracking of branches.

Of the three elephant babies in the herd, two had been abandoned by the mothers and nurses. This was a poor result for weeks of labour and privation.

The strange thing was that the mothers did not return to fetch their young ones. Terror must have struck deep into them.

But on other occasions I have repeatedly seen that when a shot was fired and one of the animals mortally wounded, the young elephants would be driven first out of the danger zone by the mothers and nurses.

I have often noted that bears of all kinds refuse to abandon their young; but even with them there must be cases where mother-love fails. It all depends on the situation. Unusual, sudden events produce in the mother animal feelings which run counter to its normal nature.

Do we not find plenty of examples of the same thing among human beings; cases of cruel, unfeeling mothers? They occur daily in the reports of the police and law courts.

Female monkeys are attached to their children by a bond of deep, almost exaggerated affection to which many heroic deeds bear witness.

The emotions of both wild and tame animals manifest themselves most effectively in love and grief. Anyone who still disputes the existence of an animal soul is making a mistake. Animals mourn loss like human beings. Animals weep. Animals laugh. Animals go out of their minds when anything unusually dreadful suddenly rushes down upon them.

I have seen incredible examples of the love of one animal for another. Such strange and rare occurrences leave one wondering, as though before a miracle.

My years of experience of wild animal trapping in



LEOPARD IN THE JUNGLE

the tropics, and the subsequent period as a director of animal films in the United States, have provided me with sufficient proof that there is innate in animals an emotional life which men might well imitate. Unfortunately, most men are either blind to these manifestations, or, as is generally the case, pass by without noticing the miracle; or what is worse—and typical of the thoughtlessness of the lord of creation—shrug their shoulders with a smile.

Most astonishing friendships between animals are formed in the wild. This is remarkable enough when it happens between animals of the same species, but when close affection, or even self-sacrifice, suppresses all in-born enmity or antipathy, astonishment gives way to the awe one might feel in the presence of some great unknown power. Here the Creator speaks to us in language which cannot be mistaken.

In zoological gardens and menageries bitches are often to be seen suckling the cubs of beasts of prey. In these cases, however, mother-love is obviously absent, even though the foster-mothers fulfil their duties devotedly, appear to play with the young ones, and allow themselves to be pulled about and tormented by them. An in-born, not merely instinctive, feeling of aversion, indeed of fear of these offspring of another species keeps true love in abeyance. But this is not the case when bitches suckle young wolves and foxes.

I once put a young cheetah to a bitch among her own litter of six puppies after first rubbing the stranger in the excretions of the puppies to kill any characteristic smell. The foster-mother certainly allowed the cheetah to suck at her teats, and also washed and tended him, but she never played with him as she did with her own offspring.

One searches the year-books of zoological societies (which are edited in the most conscientious manner) in vain for matter dealing with the individual lives of exotic and Arctic animals living in freedom; and in particular the influence of the emotional life remains completely disregarded, though it is just this point which offers

naturalists, scientists, and zoologists such a wide field for study.

The animal soul—it is contested that the animal possesses a soul at all. On what do these people base their theory—for mere theory it is and remains?

Apparently on the assumption that the idea of “remorse” is lacking in animals! How do the champions of this theory know that animals do not feel remorse? What proofs can they bring? What has the animal to feel remorse about? It does everything solely for one reason, to satisfy a compelling need: the instinct for self-preservation. The animal slays to obtain food or to destroy its enemy in battle. No animal kills from pure lust of killing.

Owners of dogs and cats can produce unlimited proof that the domestic animal does feel remorse.

The animal has a soul! The Creator gave it to him, as He has given one to man.

Convincing examples follow, which not only illustrate, but prove the emotional life of animals. These are not superficial conjectures, but fundamental studies of facts which speak for themselves.

CHAPTER IX

THE "ITANNIA" OR HORNED FROG AND THE ANTS

ANIMALS are continually providing the interested observer with fresh material for study, and there are no limits to the surprises revealed by lifting merely a corner of the veil.

A strange, probably unique, experience occurred to me in my first encounter with the Brazilian "Itannia," or horned frog.

We had, by dint of two and a half months of laborious effort, cut a way through the forest of Southern Brazil.

From San Pedro de Alcantara, in the province of Parana, we had crossed the Cola Militare and were working our way along the Rio Ivany, which is only navigable in a few places, through the densest, almost impassable virgin forest.

Once more it was evening, and before sundown we called a halt. I ordered camp to be pitched in a sheltered place at the forest edge, not far from the bank. Then everyone set to work with a will, pleased that rest was at hand.

Soon tents were standing; fires burning for my cooking-pot and those of my men; the muddy water of the river was dripping through the filters. A bathe was too much of a risk, so I spent a quarter of an hour being douched out of the animals' drinking buckets. The dirty Indians never thought of washing. I knew that after supper there would be a great business of ridding one another of vermin.

The horses were set free to graze, and were crushing the succulent stalks of flowers and grass between their teeth.

The wind was rustling the age-old trees with a ~~rustle~~ which soothed our overwrought nerves and limbs. Gay, brilliantly-hued birds, disturbed and excited, screamed over our heads; great lizards scuttled away as the fire-light penetrated their hiding-places. No doubt somewhere in the neighbourhood a jaguar or puma was lurking. Giant snakes were also plentiful in this district.

A strange, fairly loud croak, that might have come from some hoarse raven, sounded not far behind my tent and awakened me from my dreams. It seemed to come, not from the air, but from the thick grass. It roused my curiosity.

Could it be some bird lying in distress somewhere among the grass, or had one fallen into the claws of some beast of prey and was crying for help? But the tone was too loud, too lusty.

I went out in search, and only had to go a few yards and part the branches of a bush to have my curiosity satisfied. Before my eyes was one of the most remarkable and rare creatures among the lower exotic animals.

A frog, about twenty centimetres long and quite as broad, of extraordinary, quite grotesque appearance, with irregular horn-like formations on its brilliantly colored body, was sitting on a smooth path strewn with a few leaves, uttering the misleading cries, which now sounded like the wailing of a small child; and my astonishment was great when I saw that the frog was surrounded by two armies of giant ants engaged in desperate battle.

And yet, within a radius of twenty centimetres from the frog I estimated the distance pretty accurately - the ground was free of ants; and not a single ant ventured into this area. Even the wounded and crippled in battle, which happened to reel feebly into the free space, turned back after a few steps, choosing rather to return to the turmoil of the fight than to approach the shrieking and distended batrachian.

The end of the grim struggle was at hand. I saw how a great portion of the ants fighting behind the frog began to retreat and were pursued only a short distance,

amazement the skill with which the individual *divisions* are led and manœuvred. Whenever a large number fall before the formidable nippers, new units at once replace them.

These insects all look identically alike, and it is marvellous how the opposing warriors can recognise one another. There must be differences of smell in the different swarms, for outwardly there are no distinguishing marks, even under the most powerful microscope.

What followed now was even more interesting. The free space round the itannia became alive with the victors, and then with a couple of leaps the frog went through and over the ant-armies towards me and I caught it.

Was it fear and horror that caused the frog to make so much noise ; were his cries intended to spur on the fighters, or keep them away from his body ?

The riddle is a difficult one to solve. On the following days I set the prisoner in places where ants were busily swarming, but he paid practically no heed to them ; and once I saw him even pick some up with his tongue and taste them ; but he soon spat them out again.

I afterwards had many opportunities of observing horned frogs, and also the lettered-frog, which is closely akin to the itannia. I once placed another prisoner between two armies of fighting ants, but he at once escaped with a great outcry ; nor did the giant ants take the slightest notice of him.

CHAPTER X

STRANGE FACTS ABOUT FROGS

ONLY the specialist pays any attention to frogs ; in general these loud-voiced disturbers of the peace cause more irritation than pleasure.

In nearly all inhabited areas these enthusiastic but unmelodious vocalists are known. The frog is never regarded with the same horror as the toad. They are in many ways amusing, but what few people realise is that they are also extremely useful and interesting. Children have hardly any fear of frogs, especially boys. Green frogs are universal favourites, and even ladies have no objection to them.

In the African bush the smooth frog is very common in the dry season, living together with all kinds of other animals. There I once found in a tree-trunk a hole closed up by spiders' webs. I was curious to see what was inside, so I cautiously loosened the fine threads and looked in with the aid of a torch. To my great astonishment, there were two smooth frogs hibernating with two mice ; while above them, in a hole where a branch had once been, but now closed with hard resin, a small owl was sitting beside a large spider.

I was greatly surprised to see frogs hibernating in a completely dry district, but was even less able to understand the behaviour of the mice, which as a rule have little affection for the frog. The peaceful companionship of owl and spider also gave me food for thought.

In later years I have often examined the places in which owls live, and always found that the spiders keep away from these nocturnal birds and never spin their webs in their immediate neighbourhood.

I was puzzled. Could the winter, or the dry season,

which in those parts represents the winter, suppress all enmity between such sleepers, wipe out all antipathy?

Once more I was in the presence of one of nature's many mysteries.

As our camp was close at hand, I decided not to lose sight of the inhabitants of the tree. I cautiously lowered the firm spider-net covering the hole, but it was not until several days later that I remembered the strange fellowship, as other work had kept me continuously busy.

Carefully I raised the webs and looked at the owl, spider, mice, and frogs.

The owl gazed at me, wise and mysterious, as I lit up the abode; it looked to me as if she was trying to whisper something in the ear of the spider, which was rolled into a ball with legs drawn in. She bent her head a little sideways, and threw me a questioning look.

The eyes seemed unnaturally large. What wisdom they contained! Had she been able to speak the language of men, what wonderful things she would have told me about the animal world.

What was she living on? Had the trunk an outlet somewhere which I had not discovered; a door by which she could go out hunting at night? Why did she leave the sleeping mice—which would be delicacies to her—in peace, instead of eating them? And then the two frogs: how did they come to be lying cosily together in the downy mouse bed?

Mouse and frog; what a contrast! Oh, how little you know! I said to myself.

We searched, and one of my boys did in fact discover, by a strong bough about six metres above the ground, a hole as big as a fist which the owl was using to pass in and out. The branch was dead and lay supported on a high piece of rock. This giant rock, an isolated block in the thick African bush where rock is rare, drew at night a certain amount of moisture from the earth and mossy plants that surrounded it, and of this a certain amount ran into the interior of the tree; and that was the sole reason why these frogs remained. But that mice should like damp was new to me. Or was it

perhaps dry in the frogs' bed, and were the frogs hibernating there abnormally in dryness? Who can solve this riddle for me?

Three weeks later the company woke up, and I was very anxious to know what would happen now.

The two mice were the first to awake. They pushed the frogs aside and began to make their toilet. It was amusing to see the care they bestowed on cleaning themselves.

The frogs were still asleep, but four days later they moved and stared at the mice. They began to realise in what unpleasant company they found themselves. But the communal life of this strangely assorted company was now at an end.

Squeaking in fear, the mice also backed away from their neighbours. Whenever the frogs moved, the mice squealed in obvious terror, the hair on their necks standing on end.

I now thought that the owl would make short work of the mice; but nothing of the kind happened, and my astonishment increased when I saw the night bird emerge from the upper hole, swoop down on a small mouse that I had captured and allowed to run on a string, kill, and devour it.

This was again a riddle. Why did the owl leave the mice undisturbed in the tree-trunk and capture the first mouse it saw on leaving its winter quarters?

Had the owl, in animal language, made a compact with the two mice to spare their lives? Certainly there was some form of agreement, for the owl eats spiders too, and yet this one had tolerated the presence of the spinner of the door-curtain at her side and did it no subsequent harm.

I was, however, bitterly disappointed in the frogs. They, whom I took to be the most harmless, had forgotten their friendship with the mice and spider; or were ungrateful, spiteful, gluttonous fellows who could not wait to catch their prey outside in the open.

Scarcely had Mrs. Mouse, who had just given birth to five babies, wrapped them up warm and gone off with

her husband in search of food, when the two frogs fell upon the pink, naked little things and ate them up. I arrived just in time to see these treacherous assassins finishing off the last baby.

On her return, the mother mouse ran round the nest squeaking, looking in vain for her children, while the two villains assumed an expression of innocence.

To what crimes will not hunger lead? Even men will commit murder to satisfy it.

The next day one of the frogs had disappeared, and when I looked again twenty-four hours later the second had gone too.

The owl was sitting in her niche with a completely innocent expression, but I have a strong suspicion that she had played the part of avenger of the mouse's honour and dispatched both the frogs.

And, not satisfied with the five-fold murder committed by the impudent frogs, she had also eaten up the hall porter, the spider.

The following day the mice left; no doubt feeling that a curse had fallen on their home.

CHAPTER XI

FROGS AND WHITE ANTS

THE small white ant is one of the most terrible plagues of the tropical countries of the old continent. Travellers, and particularly inhabitants of areas in which these little pests live, have a good deal to say about them.

White ants are certainly the meanest little creatures on earth. When they are not in particularly large numbers, they show great cunning and play pranks which drive to despair people whose dwellings they have surreptitiously entered. But when they appear in large swarms, man is completely helpless against them and compelled to evacuate the field, speedy flight being the only resource.

Frequently the damage caused by these vandals is only noticed when one picks up an object whose external appearance shows no sign of anything wrong, but which is completely eaten away inside and ruined.

Nothing remains hidden from these marauders, whose sense of smell must be developed to an extraordinary degree. I am inclined to believe they can scent things for miles, and even through steel plating.

In places hidden from human eye these insects will cut away, or pierce through any object or receptacle, and destroy the contents.

In Somaliland I had taken a small house which had previously been cleared of all vermin. On a shelf stood a damp- and dust-proof case containing important maps, documents, some books, and a telescope. I may mention that the shelf was made of hard wood and stood at a height of two metres from the floor.

No one in the house had noticed the least sign of the

presence of white ants. Even under the building, which rested on strong wooden piles, no trace of them was to be discovered.

After several weeks, we had to move off again into the interior and everything had to be repacked, including the contents of the box.

I was furious when I opened the box and found the contents reduced to shreds and fibre, among which lay the lenses and brass tubes of the telescope, eaten bare, and a few wire fastenings from the books and manuscripts.

When I explain that the walls of the box were lined inside with lead and that all cracks were soldered, it can be imagined what trouble it must have cost the little vandals to penetrate this receptacle before beginning their work of destruction. One soldered place was slightly defective, but the crack was not more than half a millimetre wide on the outside, and it took me a long time to discover in the lead lining the tiny aperture through which they had entered.

Then I began to try and discover how the ants had entered the house.

They had exercised the most consummate cunning. Only after hours of search did I discover the way they had taken, and the nest in which the raid had been organised.

The nest was neither in nor under the house, but twelve yards away from it, under an old box mounted on two wheels which had once served as a cart and round the edge of which the soil had silted. It was overgrown with all kinds of weeds and formed an ideal hiding-place.

This was where the community lived. They had dug a tunnel twenty centimetres below the ground leading in the direction of my house. They had not entered the house by one of the piles on which the building rested, for then they would have been discovered. No, the burglars had worked their way through a corner post and had climbed up through a wall above it by a corridor having a diameter of three millimetres, cut out clean and smooth with their sharp teeth.

One would have expected them then simply to eat their way through the triple floor, which was filled in with clay, and so find their way up to the shelf. But again no ; these cunning rascals knew that people entering the room by day would have seen them there and driven them away. They therefore made their way through one of the supports of the shelf. And here they showed their extraordinary intelligence. They did not choose one of the forward supports, but one which was fastened to the wall. The millimetre-wide hole was very cleanly cut. Through this they climbed up, and burrowed a way from the upper end of the wooden bracket through the metal cover by the almost invisible defect in the soldering, and then had to make a forty-centimetre corridor through the wood to reach the defect, force their way through the lead with which the chest was lined, and set to work to destroy the contents of the map box.

They did their work thoroughly, leaving not a single piece, but simply threads of the stout cardboard maps. Even on the sharp edges of the brass tubes of the stripped telescope there were traces of the ants' sharp jaws and the corrosive formic acid.

After they had completed their work, they had withdrawn again to their nest. I decided to take a terrible revenge and destroy the ant horde. The destruction of the valuable maps was a serious loss to me. It might mean months before I could replace them, and the loss of time could not be made good. My whole being cried out for revenge. Never again should these vandals do more damage.

First I had the long tunnel leading to the house destroyed and the earth round the nest dug to a depth of one and a half metres, to cut off all possibility of escape. Then quicklime was thrown into the nest and channel round it, and water thrown over it. When the lime began to seethe, the little bandits came out of the many passages from every side seeking to escape. I had fresh pieces of lime and fresh streams of water constantly thrown in, and drowned, or rather burned, the whole

community. Not one was left alive. Death in the boiling lime was very rapid.

When, that same evening, I visited the crematorium of the ants, I was very astonished to find, round the place, several brightly coloured toads with their faces turned towards the lime-filled moat. They were engaged in a discordant concert and fled when I came near. When, however, I withdrew and hid myself, I soon saw the frogs return, take up once more their positions round the grave of the ants, and begin their concert afresh.

My musical ear is not sufficiently developed for me to say whether this was a funeral chorus or a song of joy, but I think I can assume that it was joy that had moved the singers.

And it was interesting to see that for several successive evenings this musical society came up to sing over the ants' grave.

After this I observed closely places in which exotic ant-peoples lived, and realised to my astonishment that toads and frogs never lived near the colonies of termites or other ants, although one could see them hop unhesitatingly over ants which were away from their nests.

Yet, I have never seen prowling swarms of ants attack living frogs or toads, and they would even leave the dead bodies of these creatures untouched, just as they would never eat the bodies of salamanders, though they would eat dead snakes.

I do not know the reason for these strange phenomena, but the aversion between these fundamentally different creatures seems to be mutual. I have often tested it.

I once threw a large frog into a heap of driver ants which were swarming across country laying waste everything before them. Terrified and perplexed, the frog remained sitting where it had fallen, and the ants passed round him to right and left, only very few crawling over him.

Anyone who has spent a considerable time in the interior of Africa and Asia among the forests and plains will have stories to tell of these irrepressible little pests,

compared with which the big ants, the termites, are quite harmless.

We were often hurriedly forced to break camp or leave a bungalow when the countless hordes of driver ants approached. They destroy everything that comes in their path so completely that often no trace is left.

It is no rare thing for them to eat away in quite a short time the foundations of wooden houses resting on piles so that the houses collapse.

The constructions in which the ant people live, and the activities of these small but very intelligent creatures are always interesting.

All kinds of ants are clever robbers and fighters, their victims being often twice the size of the attackers. There is, for example, the African red ant, whose jaws are extremely sharp and powerful. The rapidity with which it bites through an obstacle in its path is astonishing. I will quote an example.

We had pitched our camp at the edge of the forest. It was too hot inside the tent, so I had a zebra skin stretched on the ground for me, after the earth had been cleared and beaten down with sticks and feet, and all ant-holes stopped up. But I had not been lying down a minute before the red ants had eaten a way through the closed entrances of their edifices and through the tough zebra skin.

The moment they came into the light, they sat up and stroked their proboscides with their forelegs, looking like Hungarian Honvedo officers twisting their moustaches.

An attack by a horde of red ants on twice the number of black ants is an extremely interesting spectacle. As though at a word of command, the reds rush upon their enemies, and with lightning rapidity each attacker throws a black ant on to its back and takes it as a slave. They will also seize and subdue large beetles and spiders in the same way.

An equally formidable bandit is the lion ant. From its hiding-place it watches and waits for its victim, and woe to any insect, even a winged insect, that settles in

the vicinity. With one bound, the ant is on its back boring its fangs into its head.

The naturalists say that the termites, which construct the wonderful ant-hills, often as much as two and a half metres high, are blind. I doubt this, though I cannot bring forward any proof to confirm my view. If this animal has no eyes in its head it must see with the short proboscis, nippers, or some other part of the body. I have often watched the industrious little creatures at work, and could not help noticing how surely they find their way and carry their task through.

I agree that the termites erect their edifices as fortresses and to provide a secure hiding-place, but I am doubtful why they often desert their refuge suddenly, even though there is no enemy in the neighbourhood. In such cases they never return to the hill, but begin to erect a new one not far from the old.

It is curious to see often twenty or more of these hills, which are as hard as concrete, close together.

On my expeditions, if I wanted fresh bread and there was an ant-hill near the camp, I would, if it were still inhabited, have it smoked out and it would provide us with a splendid oven.

In Africa I came across many natives who regard the white ant as a delicacy.

But these highwaymen of the insect world do not exclusively inhabit edifices of their own construction. They often take up their quarters in hollow tree-trunks, where they keep unceasing watch for their prey from the cracks and ridges in the bark.

It is well known that the African black ant uses the plant-louse as a milch cow, but a fact that is not known is that if the plant-louse is weak and gives too little milk they simply kill it.

CHAPTER XII

THE ADOPTED CHILD

IT may strike the reader as a wide jump from the tiny ant to the biggest of the animals, the elephant. In the jungle and forest a feast of interesting things offers itself to the attentive observer of the animal and vegetable kingdoms. There is the realm of strange phenomena before which a man stands amazed, often seeking an explanation in vain.

And I repeat : it is well that we cannot penetrate all these secrets, cannot lift the veil. If it were possible to investigate everything there would surely be no illusions left to us.

The maternal instinct, and in this respect of course the intelligent quadruped, the land mammal, is most conspicuous, is much more strikingly apparent in animals than in human beings. The animals know nothing of any of the cares which oppress us, least of all the animal mother. All her thoughts and senses are concentrated upon her young.

I have never been able to understand why the various civilised countries do not maintain permanent observers, particularly zoologists and biologists, in the distant countries to collect precise data concerning phenomena among exotic animals.

Only occasionally do scholars and investigators undertake journeys to distant countries, where they remain for a year or two, and then return with a confusion of material which is for the most part incomplete. And it is incomplete for the reason that these scientists spread their studies over too many things at once, and so are never able to devote their whole attention to an individual

species. The time they spend in the area under investigation is too short.

Now and again one hears of a naturalist having spent years in a particular area of the tropics ; and what is the result ? A host of details which are valuable to science, but which the layman cannot follow because the reports are filled with Latin names and phrases, and the whole thing is laid out in such a dry, indigestible form that it is a burden to read.

It would be of much greater benefit to science if the different nations would keep specialists permanently in particular areas, where years of constant observation would provide valuable material ; and side by side with the scientific reports, a popular, easily understood, and entertaining version should be published.

A scientist who undertakes a journey of investigation lasting one or two years, could certainly study in this brief period individual species of animals ; but to do so he must confine himself to a strictly limited sphere, and should not wander from place to place sketchily observing many things. All data obtained in this way are incomplete. Only many years devoted to the observation of individual species can provide an exact picture of phenomena, particularly the more unusual phenomena, in the realm of zoology.

A year or two is not, as I have said, enough to study individual species, and as the envoys of the scientific societies always concern themselves with several, even a large number of forms of animal life within the area of their investigation, there is no chance of their being able to record authoritative notes about certain extraordinary or abnormal characteristics of the animals.

An enormous amount of material has been collected with regard to the wonderful maternal affection shown by animals, and also about the adopted children of the animal world ; both fact and imagination ; particularly when the animal is living in captivity and has had placed under its charge, or forced upon it, young animals of a different species. A mother animal rarely adopts voluntarily the offspring of another animal type.

The love of mother elephants for their young has often been described, though not always truthfully. But I have never heard of these solicitous, affectionate, trunk-swinging mothers voluntarily adopting strange animals in the Wild and suckling them.

Yet I did have the privilege of seeing with my own eyes the following, possibly unique, instance :

Severe days of marching, which had made great demands both on myself and my blacks, lay behind us. We had crossed the plain of the Athi diagonally during the dry season, which that year had set in much earlier than usual, and had to wander for days without water, tortured by thirst, through the dreadful thickets of thorn ; pathless forests where the long thorns tore our flesh.

For nine terrible days we had only come across one water-hole, with evil-smelling, slimy water which would not pass through the filter and which kept its smell even after it was boiled.

Thirst, thirst ! No one who has not experienced the pangs of thirst in the heat of the tropics can ever imagine the tortures the body has to endure. The feeling, the certainty of not being able to obtain a drink of water increases the agony a thousand-fold, drives men to madness, and finally into an apathetic state in which the mind wanders and they long for death. Even in temperate climates thirst is not a pleasant feeling.

I once experienced the most dreadful days of torture and thirst in the Gobi desert. We were eleven days without water, eleven endless days, each day divided into twenty-four hours, each hour into sixty minutes, each minute into sixty seconds. No one can describe the horror of it.

Second after second the desire for water becomes more agonising, and agonising is the salty sand of the Gobi which penetrates every pore, burns the eyes, irritates the gums, cracks the lips, makes the tongue dry as straw. The dust is not really salty, but one imagines one can taste pure salt everywhere.

Man and beasts trot forward pathetically. I lost four

of my best dogs, the most faithful and plucky companions in days of hardship. I saw them slowly dying, but could not make up my mind to kill them and put them out of their misery. Finally, on the seventh day, I dispatched two. My men drank the blood of the poor animals, but I could not. The following day I had the two others killed by one of the Mongols.

I shall never forget, on the eighth, how Sax, the spotted Dalmatian, lay exhausted, looking at me dismally with his faithful eyes, as though begging for release. I was beyond tears, and I felt a clutch at my heart when I heard the crack of the revolver. Without looking round, I plodded on. An hour later the sheepdog, Kusmar, was killed.

On the eleventh day we reached a river. I had lost half of my men and all my pack animals, including even a camel, in the deadly Gobi desert.

The result of the expedition was nil. I was out to capture wild camel, but nothing came of it. We had completely lost our way.

And then, after eleven days of cruel suffering, once more . . . water! We dashed in up to our knees, up to our hips. Take care! Wet only the lips and tongue; no drinking.

A handful of water. Slowly the liquid trickles down the throat. It will fare badly with anyone who drinks a lot of water after such a period of thirst. He may be sure of agonising colic and death. The shrivelled body must accustom itself to water slowly.

But to return to our journey across the Athi plain.

Finally, on the tenth day, we reached a place where water was plentiful. A large proportion of the captured animals had died.

I now ordered a few days' rest to enable the men and animals to recover. Our spirits revived, and my captives quickly recovered.

For eight days we remained by a broad river-bed through which a thin thread of water trickled. It was the Towaki river.

In spite of the rest, we did not spend our days in the

hammock or on the bearskin. Every day, accompanied by some of the men, I wandered about for a few hours in the neighbourhood on the look-out for animals worth capturing.

One evening two of my best niggers returned from visiting a negro village some miles away and reported excitedly, with staring eyes, what they had heard there.

It appeared that a small herd of elephants was prowling about by the thickly wooded banks a long way up stream and that one of the elephant babies was a freak, for it had no trunk.

I was used to the fables of the black men and paid no particular attention to the statement, but I was anxious to see the elephants. Perhaps I might have an opportunity of capturing a young or grown specimen. Deciding to try my luck, I set out the next morning with six of my men.

So long as it was practicable, we made our way along the dry parts of the river-bed. Hour after hour passed ; the sun rose higher and higher, and became scorching hot. It was fortunate that we had water within reach and could refresh our wearied limbs whenever we liked.

After we had been marching for nearly six hours, I was brought to a halt by a noise with which I had long been familiar : the flapping of elephants' ears, and the distinct rumbling, like the sound of a faint thunderstorm in the distance, which often betrays the haunts of elephants ; it is caused by the gases inside the animals.

The wind was favourable ; we made our way into the bush and with two men I crept up to the place from which the noise was coming.

Caution was necessary, for if anything were to startle the animals panic might seize them, and the giants dash out of the forest in all directions. To be involved in such a stampede means certain death.

Luck was with me. The animals did not notice our approach.

From a small rise in the ground I could observe the herd, which comprised eleven elephants, but no grown bull. As is almost always the case, the stern leader of the herd kept aloof from the family, deep within the forest.

One corpulent lady elephant was busy uprooting a stout tree, and as she was not succeeding in spite of vigorous effort, another elephant came up, and together they dragged the stem out of the firm soil. These pachyderms often indulge in a little amusement of this kind after they have eaten their fill.

At this moment, one of my men called my attention to a female elephant with a young one under her tremendous body, between the hind- and forelegs, where these elephant babies always stand.

This young animal looked quite different from the usual baby elephant; it was much lighter in colour. Then it turned its face towards us, and I almost forgot the necessity for caution and uttered a cry of astonishment.

As far as I could see, the trunk was actually missing; but it was so dark under the broad body of the mother that I could not clearly distinguish the shape of the head. Raising my glass, I continued my observation, and now recognised, to my amazement, that the young animal was not an elephant at all, but a baby rhinoceros.

It seemed to me impossible that the elephant could have suckled this adopted child. The teats of the elephant are small and are situated almost between the forelegs. No rhino baby, with its enormous lips, could suck elephant teats.

And yet, the elephant had adopted this little stranger, was mothering it, drove it forward with her trunk when she wanted to move on, never took her eyes off it if it strayed a few yards away from her.

It was waste of time to try to find an explanation of how this strange tie had come about. It must always remain one of nature's strangest riddles.

Perhaps the rhino orphan had lost its mother when it was very young, and the elephant lost her baby at the same time. The little rhino may then have fallen in with the elephant herd while searching for its mother,

and its natural instinct not to be left alone had induced it to remain.

Perhaps ; perhaps !

I shall never be able to fathom such secrets of nature as this ; never ! All hypotheses in these strange cases remain hypotheses and are miles away from the truth.

CHAPTER XIII

THE CHAMELEON

THE lower animals, by which zoology understands the batrachians, insects, fishes, and all other water animals, are not as a rule credited with any emotional life.

Among the creeping animals are included lizards of all kinds, tortoises, snakes, ephemera, voles, toads, and frogs.

It must be admitted that all these animals stand much lower in the scale than the mammals, but to deny them all emotional life is much too sweeping.

Although the field is narrow, being confined to physical needs and chiefly propagation, there remains plenty of scope for the attentive observer to investigate the inward nature of these generally despised creatures.

Apart from a few exceptions, the life of all these animals is enacted in mysterious obscurity, indeed for the most part in the actual darkness of the night. All these creatures, except a few special types, seem to interest only specialists.

Man's thousand-year-old aversion to the creeping animals is a difficult thing to eradicate, and I am definitely of the opinion that it is impossible to eradicate it. And it is not only man who recoils in horror from snakes, toads, lizards, and frogs; many birds and mammals do the same.

There are many birds which have no fear of creeping animals. These birds are their enemies and destroy them in masses, and so contribute towards preventing the numbers of these uninvited guests of the earth from increasing to infinity. The elements also help to keep down these unpopular creatures.

Brehm, Darwin, and many other naturalists tell us that the usefulness of these creatures never outweighs the harm they do.

This I venture to doubt, for nothing in nature is purposeless.

It is difficult to observe the emotional life of the lower creatures, if such there be, for the reason that a great majority of them spend the daylight hours hidden in holes or under stones and sand, and only leave these hiding-places after the fall of darkness.

These animals do certainly possess an emotional life, even though it may be very rudimentary and only become apparent at the mating season.

But it is easier to study the creatures of daylight ; and here the watchful and conscientious observer may learn, if he has the time and the patience, that there are among the creeping animals species which, in proportion to the small amount of brain they possess, manifest a definite, if limited, emotional life.

For example, I have observed that members of the chameleon family warn one another of an enemy's approach.

True, no animal has so many enemies as the chameleon. It is a titbit, and its name is certainly heavily underlined on the menu of all animals.

Every animal that lives near the chameleon, or merely catches sight of it, hunts and devours it. Birds of prey, but also harmless birds which do not count as birds of prey, and creeping and other animals which are regarded as equally harmless, are enthusiastic hunters of the chameleon. It is for this reason that it has been endowed by nature with the defensive power of changing colour ; changing its coat to match the object upon which it happens to be settled at the moment of danger.

This strange creature, which is generally set down as stupid and voracious by the zoologists, has, despite everything, an emotional life, as I have had the opportunity to observe.

I once discovered five dozen chameleons in the home of a priest in Ceylon. It took a great deal of persuasion



A UNIQUE AND INTERESTING PHOTOGRAPH OF A FOSSIL

to induce the holy man to part with them, and it was less the money that won the day than my promise to find a place for the rare creatures in a European temple.

Darwin says, and Brehm confirms, that : " A chameleon seen is a chameleon lost." This is true, for, as I have said, almost every animal living in his neighbourhood hunts it. I have not been able to discover what delicate substance in the flesh of the chameleon forms the attraction, as I could never bring myself to kill one of these animals, and still less eat it in a raw state. Nor have I ever seen natives eat the chameleon, even cooked.

Chameleons are quarrelsome and often fight fiercely among themselves; once, when one of these animals was seriously wounded in battle, and not likely to recover, I had it put out of its misery, and had one part of it roasted and another boiled. I had to overcome a good deal of revulsion before I could bring myself to eat any of it, but I managed it, and can only say that it tasted horrible. My servants would not touch it.

Nature has provided the chameleon with a means of defence against the attacks of its enemies by enabling it to change colour quickly and assume that of its surroundings, so as to become actually invisible.

They can even assume three, or as many as four, colours at one and the same time. One side of the stripe running from mouth to tail along the belly may be dark green like the bough on which the animal is resting, while the other side is brownish like the trunk, and the head yellowish like a flower-bud.

I can state definitely from my own experience that this animal, whatever the zoologists may say, does possess an emotional life. In the animal house at Kalutara, in Ceylon, I had plenty of leisure time in which to study it.

In one corner of the large area, I had had several young trees enclosed and covered with wire netting, and in this aviary the chameleons were kept. They were surrounded by their enemies, the animal house being a veritable Noah's Ark filled with an enormous number of creatures, which included not a few gourmets

who devoted far more attention to my protégés than the latter found pleasant. Day and night the hungry animals besieged the enclosure, hung from the netting ; but the chameleons were on their guard. They did not venture on to the tips of the flowers, usually their favourite place, but kept to the centre of the tree-crest, on boughs which the marauders could not reach.

A spider-monkey, which is not really a carnivorous animal but for which the chameleons formed a great source of interest, put life into what are the laziest creatures I know.

Except the crocodile, I know no animal so lazy as the chameleon. It can remain motionless on a branch for many hours, with its four feet and tail gathered close in, the body completely still, and only the eyes in constant movement, apart from the incredibly long tongue darting out to catch food.

The spider-monkey had torn open the netting of the roof, and I caught him in the act of forcing in the upper half of his body and stretching his long arm towards the chameleons. I should never have believed that these animals could move so quickly. Like lightning they evaded the threatening hand and crept close together, deeper in towards the trunk of the tree. One female, however, was not quick enough, and the monkey caught her by the tail. She remained sitting unmoved, changed colour only slightly, blew herself out, but made no attempt to defend herself. I noticed that she was wounded under the tail. Then I came up and drove away the tormentor. The chameleon lay as though paralysed, and after a few minutes the others came up, collected round the terrified creature, and as far as I could see showed no sympathy for her misadventure.

I hid behind a bush to see whether the monkey would return to the assault, and whether the wounded animal would remain where she was.

Very soon the spider-monkey, cautiously looking around him, approached, and when he thought that no one could interfere, he clambered quickly up the netting and forced his hands and head through the opening.

And now came a surprise. Once more the wounded animal refused to get out of the way ; but the others were aroused, and I could distinctly see them urging the stubborn creature to leave her place and get out of the danger zone. In this, one rather small chameleon was particularly prominent. It crept up to the lethargic female from behind and I saw him force away her tail, which was firmly fastened to the branch. Before the monkey could reach the group with his fingers, all, with the exception of the rescuer, managed to escape out of reach, but the gallant little chameleon was crushed to death.

I have also established with certainty that chameleons learn to know people who have to do with them, and particularly those who give them food.

For instance, I often used to catch large flies, butterflies, or beetles in a drop of syrup on my hand and go up with them to a male chameleon settled on a cupboard in my airy room. Like an arrow the tongue would dart out and snatch the prey.

I noticed that whenever I approached his resting-place, the animal would raise himself a little and turn his eyes in front of him ; but if anyone else came up, he would not stir, and would hesitate for a little time even when the stranger held a living insect in his outstretched hand.

CHAPTER XIV

A STRANGE FRIENDSHIP

ON the southern slopes of Kilimanjaro I caught a kudu to whose stumpy tail a dwarf gnu bull was hanging by his teeth. When the lasso coiled itself round the kudu's neck, the animal struggled wildly, and the gnu let go of its tail, ran about as though lost, and slipped down the bank of a stream. When at last I caught it, I found that it was blind and had a huge scar running across the eye-sockets. It was impossible to discover how this scar, which must once have been a terrible wound, had been inflicted. I assume that it had been caused by the claws of a lion. It is probable that in springing the animal had slipped, and in the fall the claws had torn open the gnu's face and destroyed both the eyes.

The moment the kudu noticed that his friend was at hand, he quietened down, ran up to the other animal, and pushed his hindquarters towards him. The blind gnu sniffed, bleated once or twice, ran his mouth along his guide's back, and then took hold of the stiffly outstretched tail.

How this friendship had been formed remained a puzzle. Both were of the same sex, and yet so fundamentally different. I stood still before the two quivering animals, seeking to realise this wonderful phenomenon. I stroked my hand along the kudu's back ; and all the time he turned his head towards the blind gnu.

The end of the kudu's tail was quite stripped of hair, mangled and thin ; it had been eaten away by the gnu's teeth.

Who knows how many years this animal had been leading his blind friend about? And it is a marvel that when galloping the gnu had never lost his guide and been eaten by a lion or leopard.

CHAPTER XV

THE LAMB RENDS THE WOLF

THIS story is not concerned with master Isengrin, but with his distant cousin the wild dog, or dingo, which lives at an apparently infinite distance away from him in the plains of Australia.

The zoological books say that the dingo was not originally an Australian animal, but was imported into that country centuries ago. No proof of this statement is, however, given.

The fact is that in the distant past the Australian negroes, and the inhabitants of the many islands more or less near, carried on an active commerce by means of extremely primitive craft. There are many indications of this even to-day. If, as Milner and other authorities maintain, in the course of this trading dogs which were not native to the Australian continent were imported, it seems doubtful that they could all have been animals of one distinct breed.

The primitive natives of the different parts of the earth which I have visited pay little attention to the breeding of thoroughbred dogs. The only places in which I have seen any interest taken in dog breeding were at Sachalin, in the Philippines, and among a few Eskimo tribes; and even in these places it is only within the last fifty years that this has happened. In none of the three cases quoted was stress laid on points of beauty or utility for sport. The reasons were of a purely economic nature.

On Sachalin and in the Philippines, breeds of dogs are cultivated which can be fattened and used for food.

On Sachalin it is a large breed descended from the Great Dane and the American bloodhound, and developed into a distinctive breed. The Igorrotes in the Philippines breed a type of mastiff, the flesh of which is of excellent flavour and very tender.

The Eskimos have been compelled by the Arctic cold and snow to breed a tough, long-haired, short-legged type. Short-coated animals could not stand the low temperature and long legs would be a handicap in running over the snow.

The Australian dingo is alike in size, external marking, and colour all over the continent. That slight differences of colour do occur is no indication of mixing; this can come about in the litters of the most purely bred dogs. The build is always the same.

The island niggers certainly imported every possible kind of mongrel, and perhaps also some purely bred dogs, and yet these animals could not have produced the dingo.

It is so easy to put forward a theory, but so much more difficult to prove it.

The dingo is a pure-bred animal, certainly the origin of similar breeds which are not known in the wild state. He has nothing in common with the wolf, but possesses some slight affinity with the jackal, and perhaps it may be possible to prove that the dingo is pure bred and the jackal a cross between the dingo and some other long-extinct member of the dog family.

Many thousands of years ago, the continent of Australia was joined to the great islands and the continent of Asia, and who to-day can know what evolution the many forms of animal life have undergone; whether great upheavals have not caused the submergence of just those areas upon which traces of development might have been discovered?

Australia was cut off, and rare animals were left to struggle with conditions of life which were previously unknown to them, because, like the animals of Africa, they had been accustomed to being able to change their quarters with the oncoming of the dry or rainy seasons.

The sea cut off their path and they had to adapt themselves to the changed conditions without possibility of migration.

Incidentally, Australia is the most interesting country in the world for zoologists, as individual animals still display exact indications of the evolution from one species to another.

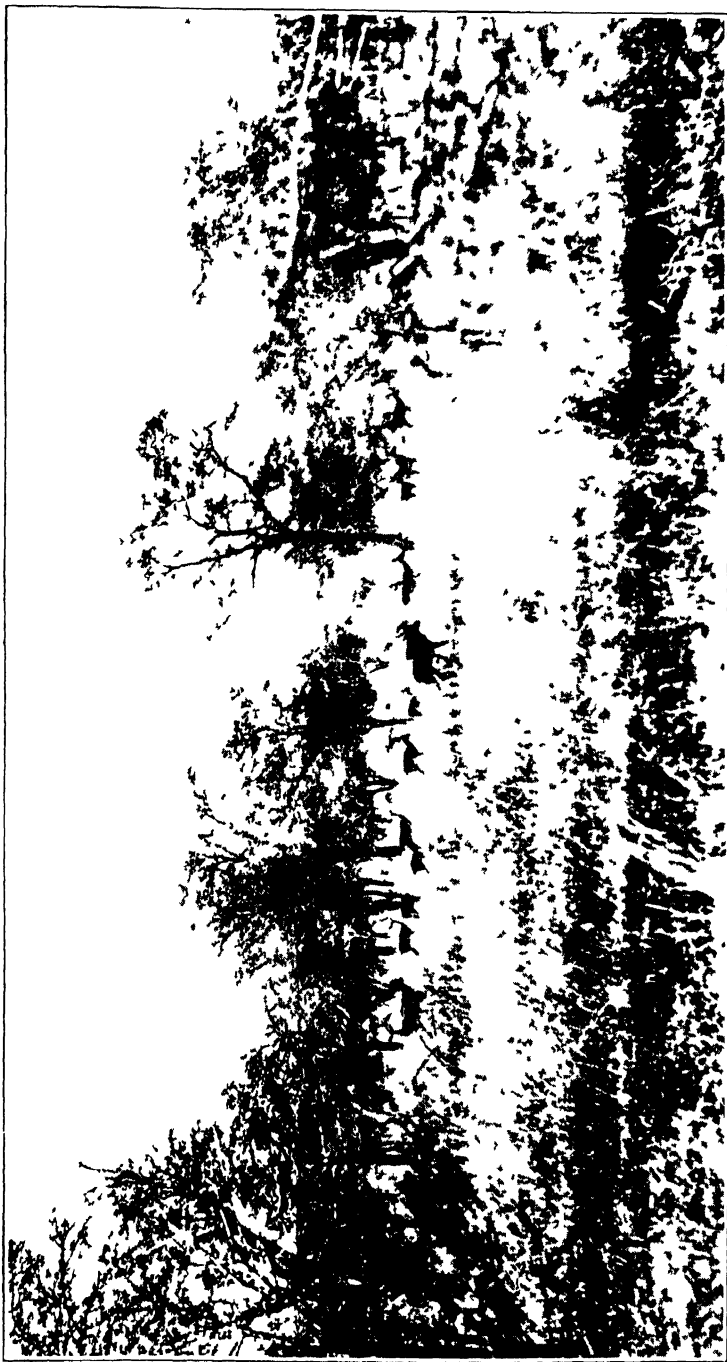
But to return to the dingo.

This robber of the plains hunts in packs and causes tremendous havoc. The animal-like, dull-witted natives often kill dingo mothers and capture the young. When they have grown up among men these animals attach themselves to their masters so long as they are young and so long as no pack of dingoes comes into the vicinity. When they grow older, they have only to hear the hoarse bark or shrill howl of their wild brothers out on the plains to bolt away from man and join them. But the wild dingoes will have nothing to do with the stranger, and, appalling as it may sound, the animal which has been brought up by man—a particular smell must cling to him—is first of all sniffed at in astonishment by the wild dingoes, who then on a silent word of command draw back. Shortly afterwards they fall upon the intruder, tear him to pieces, and devour him.

A trader in Windorah once presented me with a dingo which he had had in his possession for three years. He had shot the mother when her babies were a few days old, and still blind. Of the three puppies he had given two away, and brought up the third with a bottle. The animal had never since been in contact with wild dingoes.

The dog was very playful from the first and soon became very attached to me. When I had had him for nearly six months I was in the north after kangaroos, when one night I was awakened by the howling of dingoes. I jumped up and picked up a leash.

My dingo was standing with heaving flanks. His eyes changed colour, and a sort of wail came from his throat.



A FIELD OF PINE TREES IN THE MOUNTAINS OF THE WEST. FACTS OF THE AMERICAN FOREST.

From this moment he was a changed animal. He would play no more, ate little, and apparently wanted to have nothing further to do with me. When, one night, the howling broke out again, I loosed my dog and he bounded off into the darkness. I hurried in pursuit, but he was soon lost to view.

The following day we found his collar in a mass of blood and shreds of skin. He had paid for his yearning for his brothers and sisters. They had torn him to pieces and eaten him.

Much has been told of friendships between animals of the same species, and also between those which are different—often enemies waging war upon one another—and yet have come together. I have myself often seen animals, known by laymen and zoologists to be the most relentless foes in the animal world, make friends, protect each other, and defend one another to the death. In many cases external circumstances also play a part.

Yet there are also cases of nature running completely counter to herself. Pranks which become grim earnest and show that even the apparently immutable laws of nature have their exceptions. Only the man who has spent long years as a watchful observer of nature and all that lives in the wild, whether animal or plant, can record certain phenomena which are hidden even from naturalists. There are cases of the gentlest animals of the wild not only slaying their enemies, but even subjugating them and forcing the blood-lust out of them.

Once, for example, I was greatly astonished to find an Australian dingo among a flock of semi-wild sheep.

The Australian dingo, the wild dog, is greatly feared by sheep. He steals their lambs and has no fear even of fully grown rams. These bandits attack a flock in tens or twenties. Each individual dingo knows its job, and while several engage the sheepdogs in battle, the rest carry off the booty.

Stupidly, with lowered heads resigned to their fate,

the flock huddles together and leaves the attack to go on, allowing the innocent lambs, their brothers and sisters, to be murdered. The shepherds shoot dingoes in large numbers; but this animal will not become extinct, or one of man's degenerate followers, until the vast stretches of grassland and the inaccessible mountain ranges of Australia, now only partly cultivated, are made accessible.

It often happens that large sections of a flock of sheep will separate from the main flock, stray away, and be lost, after which they become completely wild. Herds of twenty thousand are not uncommon, and are guarded by small numbers of often careless shepherds; but there are herds running up to 500,000, and then a thousand or so of the animals may easily stray without being noticed.

As these countless flocks usually graze over vast expanses, a bell-wether may stray into a gorge and be followed passively by thousands of sheep, rams, ewes, and lambs. If two or three nights elapse before the shepherds discover the absence of the animals, they may wander far into the mountains, over crests and through valleys, pressing further and further forward until they reach areas which no white man has ever entered and where not even natives are to be found.

Before very long, these dull-witted animals forget man and turn wild, an instinctive feeling, an unconscious urge towards freedom driving them further and further away from civilisation.

But to return to the wild dingo in the herd of wild sheep.

For days I watched the animals, without their seeing either myself or my men. The herd was completely wild and must certainly have been many months alone in the mountains.

The dingo was constantly encircled by rams. Whenever he tried to break through the flock, which often scattered as they grazed, the cordon tightened round him, and even jumping over a number of sheep availed

the prisoner nothing. His guards always barred the way.

I saw the wild dog bite round him in despair, attacking individual sheep; until the rams would charge him with lowered head and force him away from his victim.

Through my powerful glass I could see that the animal was wasted away, being now nothing but mere skin and bone.

The dingo is exclusively carnivorous. In case of need he goes after fish, but for this he has little opportunity. Nor does he despise snakes, but he will only eat them when he is hard driven by hunger and no other food is within reach. However hungry he may be, this animal, whose voracity vies with that of a wolf, never succeeds in eating a whole snake, whether small or large. I several times saw a hungry dingo disgorge undigested pieces of snake, and even pieces which he had just swallowed. Loathing would conquer hunger.

There could be no doubt that this dingo was a prisoner of the flock and doomed to starvation. It is hardly credible that these supposedly stupid animals knew that their enemy must perish; but that they deliberately intended to prevent any further opportunity for violence to their herd was certain.

Such abnormal occurrences as this cannot be explained. Enigmatic forces of nature are at work.

In order to watch the grazing flock more closely, I went down to a plateau standing only twenty metres above the valley. The dingo was standing with hanging head in a group of rams, and whenever the group moved forward he was forced to go with them. I decided to free the wild dog from his painful situation and fired a shot over the heads of the flock to frighten them. They were panic stricken, and scattered.

But I was mistaken. The prisoner did not intend to lose this favourable opportunity, and dashed with wild leaps between and over the stampeding animals; but long before he reached the edge of the flock, which was a thousand strong, the rams had regained confidence,

and it was amazing with what firmness the fugitive was driven back into the circle of the rams.

Two days later I found that the dingo could only move with difficulty. I wanted to make his end easier, and when a good opportunity offered I shot him dead.

It was interesting to observe the effect on the rams. On hearing the shot they bolted in all directions, but soon returned, and stood dumb and stupid round the dead dingo. When they were driven forward by the flock, they waited for the dingo to rise, but the pressure from the sheep was increasing. The guards then loosed themselves from the other animals and again collected round the body, stupidly bleating as the herd drew away. For hours, deep into the darkness of the night, they remained, and not until the following morning did I find the place round the dingo empty and the flock grazing far away.

The dead dingo had not an ounce of flesh on his bones, and must have been many days, perhaps even weeks, without food. The skin was sunk inches deep between the ribs, the breast was hollow, and the paws showed ugly wounds. The robber had suffered severely and atoned heavily for his sins.

I could not explain how the dingo had come into this situation. What a fight must have taken place before the wild dog was encircled! Possibly he had blundered during an attack on the sheep, been unable to procure his booty, and so been caught in the middle of the large flock. Perhaps some ancient warlike spirit had awakened in the rams, a spirit which had been latent for thousands of years in these animals which through contact with man had become totally intimidated and stupefied. Ages of suppression had stifled this instinct, but now it may have reawakened and driven the sheep to avenge themselves for ages of slavery, and exact a terrible reckoning from their mortal enemy.

Such phenomena as this leave one bewildered. The theories of the learned do not help at all; they are a mere helpless stammering of the truth, of the mystery

of the animals whose soul and emotional life are infinitely far away.

And so I can offer no plausible explanation for this unique incident, can give no hint of where such explanation is to be found.

CHAPTER XVI

FAMILY MOURNING

DURING transport by sea, the monkeys require the closest attention, especially in heavy weather or when transition into a colder climate occurs too quickly as the result of a sudden change in the weather.

Monkeys suffer from sea-sickness like human beings. In fact all four-footed animals are poor sailors.

The layman has no idea of the difficulties which attend the transport of a large number of animals, often constituting as they do a large proportion of the ship's load.

Towards the end of the eighties, and in the early nineties, traffic to Eastern Asia was not nearly so well developed as it is to-day. There were a number of mail and passenger steamers serving this route, but the transport of large consignments of animals presented extreme difficulty, and although the shipping agents were very anxious to get hold of freight, they refused to accept two- and four-footed passengers from the jungle and forest on board passenger ships.

For this reason we used to collect the animals we had trapped and bought in the animal houses we had in Madras, Singapore, and Bombay, until we had enough to justify hiring a cargo or tramp steamer for our exclusive use.

We would then hire such a steamer and arrange with some agent to provide cargo for the space which was not suitable for the housing of animals, so reducing the expenses.

As the wages and maintenance of the keepers and cleaners did not amount to much, the animals could be kept in the animal houses for months at no great cost ;

but the prisoners were liable to become too fat and overfed to be in good condition for selling.

The ships had to be specially prepared to receive the cages and the animals which would be carried without cages, the latter including elephants, rhinoceroses, hippopotami, buffaloes, and the larger animals of the ox family. Particular care had to be taken with elephants. Large stout rings were riveted to the bulkheads and the elephants made fast to these by leg chains. Thick fenders, ropes, and nets were used to protect the animals in heavy seas as far as was possible.

The cages of the beasts of prey had to be kept away from all gazelles, antelopes, and oxen.

Each cage was lashed with ropes to the bulkheads to avoid their slipping in a storm and being smashed.

The cases of different types and species had to be individually considered. It was necessary to provide sufficient air, and in many cases plenty of light also.

Snakes, monkeys, and various exotic birds must not be exposed to cold or draughts. Metal containers full of warm water were kept continually near the cases containing the snakes. An even temperature had to be maintained if they were to be kept alive.

Monkeys are particularly sensitive. So long as the ship remains in a tropical climate, there is not much cause for anxiety, but caution has to be exercised when passing into temperate zones.

In continuous bad weather sea-sickness claims many victims among the animals. Many refuse their food, while some types become very restive and cannot be approached with impunity.

When there are several animals in one cage, and one dies, it is generally very difficult to get the body out. It is necessary to remember that only small cages can be used on board ship, as the space available has to be very closely reckoned and it is necessary to carry as many animals as possible.

Sea-sick animals which have to be kept in cages or boxes, or chained up, are greatly to be pitied when the ship rolls and pitches for days on end. The poor

creatures cannot keep their footing, or do anything to defend themselves, even if they knew what to do.

Particularly pitiable is the situation of the large cats. Tigers, leopards, jaguars, panthers, and lions suffer constantly, and I have lost large numbers of these animals from sea-sickness.

Members of the dog family also become sea-sick. Hyenas, jackals, wolves, and foxes all suffer in a rough sea, but they do not so often refuse their food. They vomit, but soon begin to eat again.

I have never known bears at sea suffer from sea-sickness, but in a storm they eat much less than at other times.

In the year 1893 I was travelling to Europe with an enormous cargo of animals. The ship was like a Noah's Ark.

The great East Asiatic liner *Glengow* had twenty-three days of storm behind her when she ran into Southampton.

On board was an imposing array of animals, including more than a hundred monkeys, Java macaques, rhesuses, baboons, and spider monkeys. Some of the rhesus mothers and several female baboons had come on board with babies, or had given birth to them during the voyage.

The storm took a heavy toll of the animals; lions, tigers, and even elephants had died; but the monkeys had suffered most.

The blame did not all lie with the high seas, but also with the inadequate feeding, attention, and accomodation for the monkeys. Everything had been rushed, and the result was that the housing of the animals was not as I should have liked to see.

I was down with a high fever and could not supervise the loading, and on board the liner I had to leave the care of the animals entirely to my keepers. These lazy Orientals neglected their charges during the days of storm, leaving them without food for days on end.

In Liverpool the poor exhausted beasts had to spend another two days on board, as the railway trucks which we ordered for them were not available.



ALFIAN FALONS M HILL AND LAMY

In addition to this, the explosion of a bottle of ammoniac in the hold caused many monkeys to fall sick. On arrival in London all the baby monkeys and nineteen grown monkeys were dead.

When we tried to move the bodies, the survivors broke out into loud lamentation and clung round the dead. The baboons dragged the carcasses into the centre of their big cage, formed a circle round them, and refused to be driven away.

The mothers carried their dead babies in their arms, and shrieked and bit when anyone tried to remove them. It took hours of struggle before the bodies could be got away.

Nine mother monkeys had lost their children, and of these eight followed them within a week or fortnight. The majority refused all food after their dead children had been dragged away, and died of grief and hunger.

The baboons remained mournful and downcast for a long time without a trace of their usual activity and high spirits. Not until many months had passed and babies were once more clinging to their mothers' breasts did the cage become lively again.

CHAPTER XVII

THE WIDOWED ORANG-OUTANG

I WAS travelling in Sumatra, with letters of recommendation from the governor of the island, up the Moesi river from Palembang. The final preparations were made at Sekajoe, at the estuary of the Rawa. There I was awaited by old Ghoba Ramah who had performed such excellent service on my previous expedition.

My Indian boy, a thorough scamp but quite honest with me, stuffed the old Malay with all kinds of yarns to draw money from him in return for more.

Competent guides are the first essential for a traveller in an unknown district, and particularly among strange tribes. I always kept this in mind and never spared money to obtain efficient men for this purpose. I then not only gave them higher wages than the bearers, but also a certain authority over the latter and over the other hired members of the expedition.

An overseer was generally appointed to each ten men. He had to supervise those under him and see that the loads were fairly distributed, that there was no carelessness in the packing, and that each man did his share in pitching and striking the tents.

When it came to the capture, that is to say when the preparations for digging or erecting the traps, hanging the nets, driving, or other preparations for trapping animals were being made, I exercised sole command, although I often found extremely clever men, or trained, intelligent natives to represent me in special cases.

Ghoba Ramah, who was with me for years, was very capable. I could rely on him in any situation. I was

not only his instructor, but I will frankly confess in many cases I was his pupil.

The brave fellow had often helped me through a difficult hour, and the fact that I am alive to-day I owe very largely to this old man, who over and over again dragged me out of danger or prevented me from committing stupidities. Ghoba Ramah twice saved my life.

Not only did he understand several Asiatic languages and idioms, but he also had a gift of reading men's faces. Slight glances which meant nothing to me he could understand. For many years he had acted as guide to hunters and explorers, and had had a great deal of experience with bearers, and as a Sumatran he hated all Indians, whom the island people look down upon.

It would not have been easy to induce the Indians to accept a Sumatran as their superior, but in this I would stand no nonsense. I made it quite clear to the men that unless they were willing to obey Ghoba Ramah they would at once leave my service.

The brave fellow, who was already over fifty, was not in the least intimidated by the Indians' oaths of revenge. Several times he was wakened at nights to find a knife at at his throat or body.

The Colonial government allowed me power of life and death over my men, if my life were in danger far from any settlement where justice could be obtained.

I rarely had occasion to make use of this right: only twice in Africa, and once in India. On the occasion when an attempt was made on my life in Indian territory, I had the culprit tried by the leaders of my men.

The men were only armed when there was serious danger of an attack, and even then rifles and ammunition were only served out to trustworthy men. I was strictly prohibited from allowing natives to carry fire-arms.

Ghoba Ramah was—often justifiably—filled with constant distrust of my companions on trapping expeditions. Several times I was to realise how well founded this mistrust was.

To a twenty-year-old Bengalee, who was apparently

very devoted to me but whom Ghoba could not stand, I had promised a Turkish coffee mill; one of those cylindrical brass tubes with ornaments and quotations from the Koran engraved on the outside. These tubes are very handy for travelling. It is interesting, by the way, to know that these original Turkish contrivances are for the most part made in a Vienna factory.

Beni, the young Indian, had been begging for the coffee mill, which he regarded as a priceless treasure, since the beginning of the journey. Whenever he had to grind the fragrant coffee beans he would gaze at the machine with covetous eyes.

“When we get to the end of our journey, you shall have it,” I promised him.

Apparently the youth had already received promises from white men which had not been kept. He doubted my word, and was continually pestering me to hand over the present at once, which I always refused to do, telling him to look forward to the end of the journey. I was prepared to keep my promise, but it is not advisable to fulfil the wishes of the natives too readily.

Towards the end of the expedition Ghoba noticed that a change was coming over Beni and he warned me against the young man.

Four days before we reached our destination, Beni one night broke into my tent. He had a sharp knife in his right hand and was just about to strike, when, in the nick of time, a heavy kick from behind threw him to the ground. As he fell, the weapon struck my leg and made a deep cut. With one bound I was out of my hammock, where I had been in a deep sleep. Ghoba and Beni were struggling on the ground.

The youth was soon overpowered. Hatred glowed in his eyes as he stood before me, bound.

I was in favour of taking the would-be murderer with us in irons and handing him over to the nearest court of justice. Ghoba, however, and also the leaders of the Indians, were strongly against this. They formed themselves into a court, and I was compelled to draw up a protocol. Beni was condemned to death. I had great

difficulty in persuading the "judges" that it was not necessary for me to be present at the execution. These ceremonies are terrible to witness.

When the delinquent was led away, his hate-filled eyes met mine.

The execution was carried through by throwing the prisoner, bound hand and foot, face downwards on the ground, whereupon three or four men knelt upon him and two others passed a rope round his neck and pulled on both ends until he was dead.

Ghoba saved my life a second time, in China. He got wind of a conspiracy in a village near which we had pitched camp. At the last moment we armed our most reliable men, and received the assailants who attacked our camp with a rain of bullets which put them to flight.

I was very pleased at having again succeeded in obtaining the services of Ghoba Ramah for my expedition through Sumatra. He enjoyed great esteem among his fellow-countrymen, and his task was much easier there than in India.

He told me that this time I should find all the forest and jungle teeming with animals. Orang-outangs and giant snakes were what I most wanted.

Ghoba explained that the orangs had increased to such an extent that they were even attacking the fields of the natives.

From Sekajoe we went further down the Moesi towards Moear-Bhti, at the foot of the Barisan mountains. In Ghoba Ramah's village I was everywhere greeted with "*Tabegg Tuan*" (if I am not mistaken it is written differently, but this is exactly how it sounds). *Tabegg Tuan* is the "*servus*" of south-west Sumatra.

Ghoba conducted himself like a general, treating even the elders of the village with condescension. When he walked at my side through the village street, he carried his head high and assumed an air of great distinction. Young and old looked after him with envious glances.

On the day following my arrival, bamboo cages were constructed for my prospective orang captives; that is

to say, the walls, roof, and floor were made. They would not be assembled until we had reached the place of capture. The traps were also made according to my instructions. I commissioned twelve—though as it turned out the whole expedition of four weeks produced only five specimens. We made no preparations for panthers or small animals.

Four days later we proceeded up-stream in three boats, and after three days of hard rowing, through wonderful tropical scenery, we reached a clearing on the bank which Ghoba had indicated as an ideal place in which to pitch the camp. We had started at three in the morning and now it was nearly half-past eight.

The camp was soon ready, and the boats were unloaded. Two boats at once started on the homeward journey, their crews receiving orders to return in four weeks' time.

During the morning, several traps for apes were set in position.

Shortly after entering the forest we had seen an orang mother rushing away with her baby clinging to her.

The forest was full of every kind of animal, savage and otherwise, and was an ideal place for a trapper. But this time I only wanted orang-outangs. An orang fetched many times the price of a panther.

The drop cages were set in different places.

The mechanism of this type of trap is very primitive. Inside, in the middle of the cage roof, whose forward and back walls can be raised and lowered, a large fruit, or bundle of small fruits, is firmly fastened. Over this there is a board resting on a roller. Running over the roller are cords which hold up the drop doors. When the animal bites at the fruit, the board is moved, the cords pull on the roller, the drop doors fall, and the iron catches snap shut. There is not much room in the cage, so that the captured animals, which struggle like furies in the darkness, cannot injure themselves.

On the following morning I experienced my first disappointment. Every cage contained a prisoner, but there was not one orang-outang among them. In five of them

sat silly monkeys which were useless to me ; in the sixth hung a large bat whose presence I could not account for ; but the greatest surprise was awaiting me in the seventh cage.

A leopard ! How this beast of prey had come to be enticed into the cage was a mystery. Could the fellow be different from all the others of his race ; could he be a vegetarian ?

What had apparently happened was that the leopard, hunting for food, had mistaken the durian, which in this case smelt like decayed meat, for a toothsome bit of dead meat, pulled at it, and released the drop door. I could imagine his terror and rage at being fooled by a false bait and caged while still hungry. The cage was only just big enough to contain an orang-outang.

Before I came up to the cage, I could hear the captive's efforts to free himself. He was tearing with his claws at the bamboo doors, but the confined space allowed him no room to bring his full strength to bear.

As quickly as possible, the outer walls of the cage were plaited with green reed ropes to prevent the leopard breaking his way out. I had not reckoned with leopards, but as one had allowed himself be caught in this way we could not let him go. The silly monkeys were set at liberty and the cages placed further inside the forest.

On the following day I had better luck : a male orang and a mother with her baby were in the first two cages. Two other cages had closed without capturing anything. Probably another band of these quarrelsome little monkeys had passed and executed a war dance on the roofs.

After this we had little luck, and I penetrated deeper and deeper into the bush with my men.

In these glowing hot days we rested in the mornings and worked in the evenings. Some of the men were constantly out fetching food for the captive apes. For the leopard, and for our own food, I shot animals.

Throughout the day a marvellous stillness pervaded the forest, broken only from time to time by the hideous screech of the rhinoceros-bird, or, at rare intervals, by the soft twittering of small singing birds. We were

often startled from sleep by the passing of a troop of monkeys, which would make a short halt and chatter vigorously at one another, or hold a court of justice on one of their number : a convincing imitation of a European parliamentary session.

An interesting adventure awaited us when one morning at four o'clock we caught a tiger working at a cage which stood some distance away from the camp. A large orang-outang was caught in the cage, and in its struggles had loosed its prison from the tree and fallen down.

The tiger was so absorbed in his work that he noticed our approach too late. The first shot went through his neck. He staggered, turned round, and tried to utter the cry which strikes terror into man ; but the shot must have torn his vocal cords. Before he could spring, a second bullet laid him low. A splendid specimen lay before me which the natives began to abuse and spit at ; it seemed that they could not curse him enough.

Inside the cage sat a well-built orang-outang, still very excited about his adventure with the tiger. He was the finest male orang-outang I had ever seen. Unfortunately he died an hour later ; a dreadful loss, but one always has to reckon with such eventualities.

I had had the cages, with their captives, collected and had moved on with my men.

Without anyone noticing what was happening, the mate of the magnificent orang, which had been sitting hidden in the tree, had followed the cage bearers. Only one man, or rather one youth, had been left behind with the animals.

Suddenly the female orang attacked the cage in which her spouse was confined. As a result of the heat, the guard had dozed off, and now awoke with a start.

The female tore one bamboo bar from the door opening and so made a breach in the cage.

The youth, who had at first been bewildered by the noise, soon regained control of himself, and ran to the cage. Picking up a cudgel from the ground, he managed to keep off the attacking female. The male stuck his

head through the opening which his affectionate wife had torn in the door, and at the same moment received a blow from the cudgel which struck him on the nape of the neck and broke his spine.

The female now repeatedly attacked the man, biting great gaping wounds in his legs, arms, and chest. She refused to be driven off, and finally forced the guard to take to his heels.

The young man came rushing after us, howling and covered with blood. I at once turned back, as I could not understand from his excited speech what had taken place. Ghoba was some distance away.

With a few men, I ran back to the camp.

The female orang was sitting in front of the cage, trying to pull out her dead mate. She hissed threateningly as we came up, and looked as though she was about to attack. It took several shots fired over her head to drive the frenzied creature away.

I opened the cage, watched from a tree by the widow.

The dead orang-outang was made fast to the cage, the damaged door repaired, and the drop made good, so that the moment the widow entered the cage the doors would shut. This time the "balance" (the mechanism) was connected with the floor of the cage.

Then we retired.

We had not long to wait. Hardly were we out of sight than the female orang, looking sharply round her, came hurriedly down from the tree, and after a short hesitation ran into the cage. The doors shut.

The luck of this capture did not hold. The widow mourned in the fullest sense of the word. I had to remove her mate's body. She ate nothing, and sat dismally in the larger cage which I had had prepared for her. I gave her a new mate, but she at once began to quarrel, and inflicted ugly wounds on the male: a unique case, for a female never dares to attack a male. I had to leave her alone again. I had had the dead male skinned, and prepared the skin myself. I gave it to the widow, who was sitting in the furthest corner of the cage. I laid the skin of the ape before her.

She looked at the reddish skin, drew the air sharply in through her nose, and opened her eyes wide. Then at last she came forward, stooped down, and touched the skin; rubbed it with her hand, and sniffed at her fingers. This she repeated several times, moving her lips as though speaking to herself. Then she raised herself erect, took a step forward, and with one motion pulled the skin against her. Then she behaved like a mad thing, lifted the skin again and again into the air, rubbed herself against it, spread it on the ground and danced upon it. Finally she withdrew to the extreme back of the cage, laid her dead husband's clothing over her shoulders, and wrapped herself up in it.

I was glad the spell had been broken, even though that evening she again refused her food.

The following morning I found the widow lying dead on her mate's skin; dead of grief.

CHAPTER XVIII

THE TSCHAKMA NURSE

ONCE in Cape Colony I caught a female tschakma, a baboon belonging to the family of dog-headed apes, which quickly become accustomed to man and extremely friendly. She was in an interesting condition, and therefore I treated her with particular care. Two weeks later she gave birth to a weakly little ape. She did not pay the slightest attention to her offspring, but left the little thing lying on some rags in a corner, without even looking at it ; strange behaviour in an ape and to me unprecedented. It made me think.

When I forced the mother to take her little one to her breast, she struggled violently, bit me, and then, while I was off my guard, she strangled her baby.

My mind became obsessed with one thought : what was the reason for this apparent aversion, and this unnatural act ? There could be no doubt the mother knew her baby would not live. An animal mother only kills her child when she knows that if left to itself it is incapable of maintaining the struggle for existence. But how did she know this ? There was nothing in the outward appearance of the murdered baby to suggest any defect. In my opinion, however, man is in some ways far behind the animals. Animal mothers, and fathers also, have a definite, highly developed understanding of their offspring which is entirely lacking in human beings.

When I came to examine the dead baby, I discovered that its eyes were covered with a grey film, and that the spine, level with the third rib from the top, showed a slight curvature towards the right. There was no sign that this deformity was due to an accident.

The mother knew that her child was blind and deformed, and it was for that reason that she killed it.

Doctors say that no one is born deformed, but that curvature of the spine develops after birth as the result of some accident or illness.

The veterinary surgeons have taken up this theory, and maintain that no animal can be born with a malformed spine.

I do not venture to dispute that the doctors' view is true of men, but it certainly is not true of monkeys.

Naturally, pregnant women take every possible care of themselves, and even hard-working women are careful at these times. They never climb trees, or swing from bough to bough. Monkeys, however, do ; and it may happen that they slip, miss their objective, and fall. Such an accident can easily occasion an injury to the embryo.

The strange behaviour of this female ape was soon made clear to me.

I was greatly surprised, on the day following the infanticide, to see a small kitten a few days old peacefully sleeping in the arms of the tschakma. One of the keepers had given it to the agitated mother, who had been found very difficult to handle, to console her for her dead child.

The ape, which had only held her own baby in her arms under compulsion, refused to give up the kitten, and I was greatly astonished to see the blind little animal for days afterwards sucking at the ape's breast.

It was touching to see how she tended her adopted child ; fed it, washed it, and kept it free from vermin. The kitten's posture when she carried it about in her arms irritated her. Baby monkeys cling to their mothers with all four arms, and the ape could not understand why this infant could not adapt itself to this position. She would continually place the little paws round her body, press the kitten firmly to her ; and the astonishing thing was that after a few days the little animal did adapt itself to what for a cat was an extraordinary attitude.

Nor could the mother get used to the claws of her adopted child. She kept examining the paws ; pushed aside the soft hair, and gazed in astonishment at the strangely formed toes. She would try to pull the claws, and once even made an attempt to bite a claw off. Probably the kitten had stuck it too deep into the mother's skin. In this case, however, the baby would stand no nonsense, but defended itself resolutely and even attacked the older animal.

The ape's behaviour when the little animal opened its eyelids was interesting. Again and again she licked round the eyes, felt the lids, and pushed her face close to the kitten's. She seemed to find the shape of the eyes strange.

It was fortunate that the kitten suffered no harm from its many falls. While drinking, it now clung ape-fashion to its mother's skin ; but when it was asleep the mother would begin to jump up on to the verandah, and then the kitten lost hold and fell to the ground. With one bound the ape was at its side, feeling it all over to convince herself that it was not hurt.

The kitten's method of sucking also caused the mother constant irritation. Perhaps the kitten sucked too strongly, or perhaps its teeth, developing too quickly, took too tight a grip.

But the mother ape endured everything. Her love was great and deep.

After some weeks, the foster-mother began to instruct the little animal in the art of eating nuts and other fruits. She was puzzled by the kitten's inability to hold anything between its forepaws. She would try repeatedly to press a nut between the paws. Again, the kitten would only eat pig-nuts when the ape had removed the shell. And another remarkable thing : the mother ape would not allow her baby to eat flesh, whether raw or cooked. I was compelled to take the kitten out of the cage once a day to feed it, and each time this caused a sharp struggle. In the end, the ape herself began to eat raw flesh, though she would have nothing to do with liver.

An unusual incident occurred when the kitten was three weeks old.

The real mother of the little animal, which belonged to a trader living a few hundred yards from our house, discovered her stolen child while on an exploring expedition. The ape was dashing about in the trees of the yard and from there saw the mother cat run across the road with her baby in her teeth. Screaming loudly, she dashed down, pursued the cat with long bounds, and tore the kitten away from her. Then, consumed with fury, she rushed at the kidnapper and would certainly have killed her had not my men hurriedly intervened.

The cat had given the ape several severe scratches, but in spite of the bleeding wounds it was difficult to pull the foster-mother away from her enemy. The cat too had suffered some ugly bites.

The real mother, who had been robbed of her child, then ran away, and during the next few days, as well as one night, she tried to approach my house; but the ape kept a sharp look-out. As soon as the cat appeared in the distance, she would raise blood-curdling screams and rush at her. The cat, however, was cunning, and made off as quickly as possible.

During the next few weeks, the foster-mother never left her baby alone. She carried the little animal about with her everywhere, always glaring about her in search of the kidnapper.

Then a further remarkable thing happened.

Mother and child were left together. The little kitten had now grown into a fine tabby cat. The ape sprang about freely in the yard, following the cat everywhere. The one thing she could not accustom herself to was the child's habit of wandering at night, which caused her serious anxiety. Often at night she would wake up in terror, and if the cat had disappeared, she would set out to search for it, chattering and scolding unceasingly. If she found the truant, she would drag it back to the yard in spite of all resistance, and take it into the sleeping-box. Curiously enough, the cat never scratched the ape.

The jealous mother once almost killed a sleek tom cat which came wooing her adopted child. And yet the inevitable could not be prevented. One day she was horrified to see her supposed child give birth, in great pain, to four kittens. The ape sat apart, staring at the little animals in amazement.

The ape never played with her grandchildren, but on the other hand she never interfered with them. She looked in sorrow at her daughter when the latter frolicked with her little ones. Her love remained concentrated upon her adopted child, and when, a few weeks later, the kittens were taken away, the ape was obviously overjoyed. She pulled the cat to her, and once more they were friends, sleeping huddled close together.

CHAPTER XIX

BATS

LET it be said at the outset that all the weird stories told about these strange nocturnal animals are founded on invention and in great part on unconscious boasting.

Bats are essentially nocturnal animals, although there are species which embark on short flights in the daytime for exercise.

Their reputation as blood-suckers and vampires is in most cases unjustified, for there are only a few kinds which indulge in this uncleanly way of feeding. That they attack men is also frequently stated, but in the course of my many journeys in the tropical countries of both hemispheres I have never come across an instance of this, although in Brazil and the Argentine I did my best to provoke an attack on myself. As in certain parts of these countries the leaf-nosed, blood-sucking bats occur in large numbers, I deliberately left my feet projecting outside the mosquito net in order to give a vampire the chance of tapping me. But I waited in vain, though bats flew about over my hammock. Perhaps my blood was not sufficiently tasty, or perhaps the uncanny creatures hesitated to attack an animal trapper.

My pack animals frequently had their blood drawn off. Once I watched a blood-sucker fasten itself on the chest of a mule, under the forelegs. With consummate delicacy, so that the sleeping mule could feel nothing, the blood-sucker settled; and only a very slight, almost imperceptible movement of the head betrayed its diabolical occupation. The bat sucked for nearly three minutes, and when I saw that it had drunk its fill, and was preparing to leave its victim, I caught it, and carried

it into my tent. I could see traces of blood on its snout and the upper part of its throat. The mule had not awakened during the process, which showed that the bat's teeth can have caused no pain. My conclusion coincides with that of Humboldt, who maintains that these vampires do not cause the wound in the first place by biting, but soften the skin by sucking, and only when the victim has lost all sense of feeling in the place attacked, do they insert their teeth.

That the bite must have been completely painless, was proved to me by the immobility of the mule, which did not awake even when I pulled the blood-sucker from him. The wound was very slight, and no ill effects developed.

On one occasion I lost a cow from the wounds inflicted by a vampire. The animal had been tapped in more than thirty places and had lost so much blood that in the morning she was completely exhausted and unable to get up. I dispatched her with a revolver shot.

Later, I often noticed that my pack animals, and even the small fox-terrier I had with me, showed traces of vampires, but the only ill-effect of the wounds was that they offered flies and other bloodthirsty insects an easy field for their sucking apparatus.

My men also showed traces of the suckers, and each time they told me they had felt nothing during the night and had only discovered on waking that they had been bitten and their blood sucked.

Beauty is only an idea, and to include bats among the ugly animals is a complete libel. A grotesque appearance is not ugliness, and anyone who will take the trouble to study these animals carefully will find that they do possess a certain beauty which would make them extremely interesting to the eye of the artist.

Seen singly by day as they hang head downwards with their heads hidden in the membrane of their wings, they remind one of old prints where the villain is seen with a cloak thrown over his face.

There are many kinds of bat and their haunts extend over a large proportion of the world. Their manner of

life is practically identical everywhere, with only slight differences in feeding and in the beginning and end of the flying periods. They are all, without exception, voracious feeders, and can devour incredible quantities of insects and fruit. The good they do far outweighs the harm, and for this reason bats should everywhere be protected. They are not peaceable animals, and the females are quite as quarrelsome and pugnacious as the males. I have often seen females open the attack and the males are not always the victors.

When fighting, they often bite one another so severely that both combatants are slain.

During these struggles, the bats emit shrill cries, punctuated by snarling and spitting; and the same sounds can be heard when they are flying in large numbers.

An interesting point is that after the birth of a young bat—often there are two—the mother hides her baby in the folds of her wings, and the little thing then immediately fastens itself to the teats and there remains until it is able to fly. Often, even after it has begun to seek its own food, it will return to the mother, who treats it with great affection.

In the course of my travels I frequently tamed captive bats, which in a short time became greatly attached to me, climbing over me as I sat in a chair or lay in bed, and never biting. They are very contented in captivity, grow accustomed to food which they never touch when they are free, and even become importunate beggars.

One kalong, one of the largest of bats, with a body measurement of 43 cm. and a wing-expanse of 160 cm., became so tame in its commodious cage, that at night, if it felt lonely, it would raise shrill screams, and refuse to stop until I came to its cage. It became such a nuisance that I had it shut up in a large thatched hut a long way from my bungalow, but still it forced me out of bed at night. If I left it longer than it liked, it would scold me when I arrived; but soon quietened down and nuzzled against me gratefully, talked to me, and refused to leave me until it had eaten the titbit I had brought

with me. I grew very fond of the noisy fellow and decided to set him free. One day I had half of one wall of the hut removed, and in the evening concealed myself to watch the bat. It was a long time before he went outside the hut, and then with wild screams he flew several times round the hut and disappeared into the darkness. I was sorry to lose the faithful creature. It took me a long time to get to sleep, though I had anticipated enjoying my first undisturbed night. But the animal's loyalty was greater than I had counted on.

At first I thought I was dreaming, but I soon realised that this was no dream. The kalong had torn the mosquito net of the verandah with his claws, had entered my room, and was crawling about my bed, scratching my cheek and arm. His cries were so piercing that I had to stop my ears. When I got up, the animal embraced me ; clung to me so closely that I suffered several painful scratches, and could not contain himself for joy at our reunion.

During the daytime, the kalong would remain hanging in its shed, or if it found its way into the house before daybreak, it would stay in my room, clinging to the poles which were used as hangers for dried skins, wrap itself in its wings, and sleep. Whenever it heard my voice, it would emit a low squeak, and if I approached it would open one side of its cloak, peer out blinking, loose one foot, look at me, and at once go to sleep again.

For months I carried this strange companion about with me. When it flew out at night it would always return to the camp in the morning.

I was to lose it in a tragic way. One of my dogs, a vicious animal, caught the bat in his teeth as it was hanging head downwards in the tent, and after a terrible battle, from which the terrier emerged victorious but bleeding from many wounds, the kalong received a bite in the face, which killed it.

When I returned from my ride that afternoon, I found my strange friend lying on the ground. He was still quivering, but had been unable to climb up and suspend himself by his claws.

I shall never forget the appealing look in his big eyes. He took hours to die, but though I immediately did what I could for him, I could not save him.

For a long time I missed my friend, and during the following weeks I often started from my sleep at night thinking I heard his call. Perhaps his voice was coming to me from the Beyond.

Wait, my good friend ; one day we shall meet again in the animals' heaven.

Bats have figured largely in superstition since the earliest times.

Among exotic peoples—and also in many parts of Europe—parts of these animals are used in the preparation of medicines and salves. A special power is attributed to the blood of these winged animals. In Ceylon young men try to smear bats' blood on the *sarong*, or loin-cloth of their charmer, to win favour with the fair lady. This custom is also practised in Siam, except that there the expedient is used by the girls. Rubbing bats' blood on the breasts keeps them small and firm.

Many different parts of the bat are used as talismans. The dried wing-membrane of the flying lemur and flying fox is said to be a protection from illness and evil spirits.

The superstition of the natives of Sumatra is interesting. The men try to collect a large bundle of bats' tongues, which they dry, then thread on a string, and hang up in the house. They believe them to have the power of checking women's chatter.

I have often tried these charms, but unfortunately without success.

CHAPTER XX

TRAPPING PACHYDERMS

FIRST, a few words about the hunting of pachyderms. Sportsmen declare that hunting in general develops manliness and is a noble sport.

It is not the aim of this work to dispute this. If I and millions of people hold a different view, I must at least be allowed to discuss the object of hunting.

In cultivated districts sportsmen are continually proclaiming that the damage wrought by certain animals is extremely serious. It is true that the damage done, for instance, by wild boars in cultivated country is not inconsiderable. But it is strange to read in sporting journals that the tearing up of the ground is very good for forest land, as it aerates the soil.

In other things, too, sportsmen contradict one another.

The hunting of foxes, hawks, kites, herons, martens, polecats, and other wild animals is in some parts understandable, but only in the case of good shots; not when clumsy sportsmen mangle God's creatures so that the poor things suffer from their wounds for days before they are released from their misery.

But what excuse is there, to mention but one example, for shooting the jay, which never does any harm and is a beautiful bird of the woods? I could mention hundreds of others equally harmless. The heath-cock, the black-cock, and the chamois are all beautiful animals. None of them does any damage; and yet they are slain.

There is a great deal of talk about the havoc wrought by all kinds of red and fallow deer, and the very gentlemen who make these reports know

well enough how little damage they cause. It must be admitted that these animals should not be allowed to get out of hand, but there is no excuse for exterminating them. "Thou shalt not kill," is one of God's commandments.

Red and fallow deer are becoming increasingly rare in the forests, and it is time that game laws were made to protect these animals and shooting prohibited altogether during certain years.

Sportsmen will find it difficult to explain why the chamois should be exterminated.

It will be contended that the animals I have named provide food for man. This excuse will not hold water, for we can get on very well with the domesticated animals which are doomed to the slaughter-house.

I would willingly except the hare from the list of protected animals, for if it were allowed to get out of hand it would do serious harm to fruit and young wood ; but in no case is it justifiable for unskilled sportsmen to take part, for these people wound many animals which only die after days of severe suffering.

It is strange that sportsmen so seldom make war on the wild rabbit, which does serious damage in field and forest. Can the real reason be that the rabbit is so difficult to shoot ? Or is rabbit shooting not included in the noble sports ? Yet the sportsmen are always talking of damage.

It is wasted effort to try to dissuade a rabid sportsman.

Have you, gentlemen, ever looked into the eye of a dying deer ? Does not a feeling of shame overcome you when you brutally shoot down these noble creatures ?

I shall be asked why I have spent years trapping animals, confining them in narrow cages, and handing them over to ruthless circus proprietors and animal trainers.

The number of trained wild animals is small in comparison with the number which lead a contemplative life in zoological gardens.

If there were once cases of animals being badly housed in zoos, this disgraceful state of affairs has been largely

remedied in recent years, since a successful attempt has been made to allow the captives plenty of room for movement and to remove from their quarters the characteristics of a cage.

The leader in this respect was Karl Hagenbeck and all zoological gardens have tried to follow his example.

Trainers, too, have become much more humane, and if there are still in some circuses and music-halls men who cruelly torture animals, it is the sadistic impulse in man that is responsible. Capable circus proprietors and trainers have long recognised that the animals are fitter and live longer if they are treated humanely. I will not dispute that there is still great room for improvement here, and the societies for the protection of animals would do well to investigate more carefully and not always believe the word of the trainer.

Moreover, there is no need to show trained animals at all.

But even if sportsmen in cultivated areas have the excuse that animals which do damage to crops must be hunted, there is little ground for the wild extermination of animals in the forests, plains, deserts, and jungles of Africa, Asia, Australia, and America.

Where serious damage is being done, steps must be taken to check it. But there are thousands of animal species in uninhabited zones which cause no damage of any kind, yet year in year out hunters are on the warpath satisfying their thirst for blood.

It is only necessary to think of the beautiful and graceful gazelles, antelopes, and all the other animals which live far from any human habitation, never damaging crops, and yet constant victims of this rage for shooting.

Beasts of prey which are a danger to men have to be destroyed; but there are so few of them that little excuse is afforded for the extermination of these beautiful creatures.

The British Government has checked the frenzy of hunters by the issue of hunting licenses and the establishment of vast protective areas—in Kenya to name

only one—where millions of wild and tame animals can live undisturbed. But in the Belgian Congo and in Italian and Portuguese colonies the ruthless murder still goes on. The animals are growing less and less in numbers, and it is only a question of time before many species in these areas are completely exterminated.

The hunting of pachyderms is a sport apart.

Here business plays a large part in the matter. The ivory of the elephant and rhinoceros is an article which fetches a high price ; and it is for that reason that these creatures are shot down wholesale so that before long they will be extinct.

The hippopotamus is a harmless animal and does no damage of any kind, but it is killed from sheer hunting-lust. The nimrods have to admit openly that the hunting of a hippopotamus can never be regarded as a sport.

Pachyderms include elephants, rhinoceroses, hippopotami, and tapirs, and we will now turn our attention to these.

THE HIPPOPOTAMUS

The hippopotamus, which does not only occur on the Nile, but is found also in many areas of Africa, can make little claim to intelligence. In comparison with the huge body, the brain is very small. Yet it is a grave mistake to regard the hippo as stupid.

This animal too, in the course of thousands of years, has learned to find the feeding grounds which suit it ; it knows how to defend itself against its natural enemies ; lets its feathered friends, the ox-peckers feed on its back and rid it of the irksome vermin which bury themselves deep in its thick hide.

The ox-pecker also warns the hippo against approaching enemies. I have often observed that these bodyguards leave the hippopotamus as soon as a man or other unusual object appears.

The great birds then wheel round in circles in



A HIPPOPOTAMUS BREAKS HIS FANGS

the air while the hippopotamus disappears under water. Only when the real or apparent danger is past do they fly down low over the surface and return to the back of the emerging pachyderm.

But this ungainly beast knows other tricks for deceiving his enemies about his presence in shallow water.

Hunters who are not acquainted with the habits of the hippo always think when they have hit one of a large herd in the water that they have missed, or only wounded him. They do not realise that a mortally wounded hippo at once sinks below the surface, the carcass only rising after many hours, when the gases inside the great body distend it.

The natives hunt the hippo for his meat, the flesh of young animals being of excellent flavour and very similar to pork. The flesh of the older animals is also quite eatable.

The great tusks of the hippopotamus are very valuable and fetch higher prices than those of the elephant and rhinoceros.

It is always a pleasing sight to see the young hippopotami on their mother's back in the water. The little animals perch there securely and seem to enjoy the ride. On land too the young are often to be seen riding on the mother's back.

On one occasion I had an opportunity of watching how carefully the parent animal lowers itself to allow the baby to slide off its back unhurt. The squealing, grunting little creature then crept under the mother's belly and ran its great red lips along the skin until it found the teats. The mother stood patiently and let it suck. The meal lasted more than twenty minutes and still she showed no sign of impatience.

After the baby had drunk its fill, the mother began to feed, with the young one running about her, whining and squealing. Then the old animal trotted down to the water, found a shallow place by the bank, and there let the young one climb on to her back.

I thought the mother would now remain in the water, but in this I was mistaken. She had not yet finished

her meal, and had only gone down to the river to make it easier for the baby animal to mount. When it had done this she returned to land and went on feeding.

It seems strange that the hippopotamus should live amicably with the crocodile. Probably the hide of the hippo is too thick even for this voracious animal to bite through.

The young hippopotamus learns to swim a few days after birth. I attribute this habit of riding to the mother's caution. A young hippo would certainly be attacked by crocodiles.

I was to find this theory confirmed.

While a herd of hippos, startled by my niggers, were escaping downstream, a baby slipped from its mother's back. At that very moment the head of a crocodile rose out of the water and tried to drag under the little screaming animal. The old hippo at once dived, and returned to the surface with its baby. The little animal was bleeding badly from its right hind-leg, and went on squealing after it was once more safely mounted on its mother's back.

There was a swirling of the water near the bank ; the tail of a crocodile lashing wildly round, dyeing the water red. The amphibian then dived and vanished. It was certain that the marauder had received a severe bite from the mother hippo.

The hippo breathes very noisily and can be heard for a long distance. When, however, it scents or sees anything that appears dangerous it plunges its nose deep into the water, to muffle the sound.

This pachyderm is commonly supposed to have very bad vision, but this is a mistake. The hippo sees better than the rhinoceros and at least as well as the elephant.

I had frequent opportunities of confirming this. Unusual objects attract the attention of the hippo very quickly and it at once tries to make its escape.

Natives, and also white hunters, camouflage their boats with foliage to enable them to approach the animals with greater security, but I have several times seen how the animals refuse to be tricked.

For instance, some niggers sent great branches drifting down the river to accustom the hippos to floating wood, and then glided after them in their narrow boats, which were completely covered in foliage. To my astonishment, I saw that while the animals, of which there were perhaps twenty or more swimming and diving quietly hither and thither, took no notice of the drifting branches, two of the powerful beasts attacked the camouflaged boat and overturned it.

I have often observed these heavy beasts, usually set down as stupid, swim up to boats under water and capsize them.

Hippos do sometimes attack men, but not often, and such attacks are made usually by nursing mothers who think their young in danger.

In remote lakes, rivers, and swamps, the hippos live together in large herds, often comprising as many as a hundred animals.

In districts where the animals are exposed to disturbance and danger, they remain under water during the greater part of the day, with only their nostrils above the surface, and always hidden under an overhanging branch.

Hippos are exceedingly clever at concealing themselves, and the eye of the most experienced hunter often fails to detect them. Generally, as has been mentioned, overhanging bushes form the cover.

Only in districts where they live undisturbed do the hippos show their heads above the surface. In these places the animals spend the greater part of the day out of the water and sleep in the burning sun.

Hippopotami can remain under water for a very long time, but they never go deeper than four metres.

I once watched a hippo bull walking along the bottom, not swimming, in clear water perhaps three metres deep.

Hippos sleeping in shallow mud use one another as pillows, and I have several times noticed that the young hippos, the calves, do not lie down when the old ones are resting. This is easily explained: the little fellows

do not want to run the risk of having to act as a mattress to some old lady or gentleman. Their weight, which runs into tons, would be overwhelming.

Hippo bulls often fight savagely and try to drive their tusks into each other's neck. They seldom succeed, but it does happen occasionally, and then the wound is terrible, often fatal.

As a rule, however, these battles end without bloodshed. It is amusing to watch how the animals try to force one another's head under water, and a very comic spectacle when the grunting victor chases his fleeing opponent, from whom come pitiable squeals.

Hippopotami do great damage to cultivated areas. They wreck, trample, and destroy whatever comes under their feet. But they seldom stray into inhabited districts, for they have long since learned that man is their greatest enemy and are withdrawing more and more into uninhabited zones.

It is no very rare occurrence for hippos to kill men. These animals too have their rogues.

One of my men, whose boat was capsized by a savage hippo, tried to escape by swimming, but was caught in a bush, seized by the pursuing hippo, and almost bitten in two.

It was on Lake Victoria Nyanza that I encountered the least placid and most dangerous of this species. Many reports of natives confirm this, and on one occasion my own boat only very narrowly escaped being overturned. In attacking boats, the unwieldy animals go to work very cunningly. They swim up noiselessly under water until they are under the boat, then come up suddenly and hurl the boat into the air.

Wounded animals, where the wound is not mortal, always come to the bank to find a resting-place in the bush. Bad shots are thus responsible for causing the animals to suffer for days, nay weeks at a time before they die.

Mother hippos are very devoted to their young and defend them heroically against all enemies. They are very alert and always on their guard against danger. At

the slightest unusual noise they at once hurry to find cover.

Hippos do not begin to play among themselves until they are half grown, and even then they remain for a long time with their mothers. The young animals play very clumsily and their games are always accompanied by grunts and squeals. Frequently they develop into squabbles, and then the mothers trot up and separate the antagonists. This often leads to fighting between the mothers themselves.

The grown bulls, on the other hand, never trouble themselves about the herd, even when it is in danger. They are too phlegmatic, and in fact too preoccupied with their own safety.

The capture of adult hippos is not a very difficult matter, while young ones are caught quite easily, if one leaves out of account the actual labour involved. The transport of grown hippos is difficult, unless there are navigable watercourses available.

What the English call a "pit," and the natives a "hopo" is the simplest means of capture. I was shown by the natives how a fully grown hippopotamus is enticed or driven into the trap.

East of Kilimanjaro, in the swamps of Lakes Naivasha and Baringo, I fell in with some large herds.

The blacks tell fabulous stories about the hippopotamus, with the exaggeration to which primitive men are always prone. One must always reduce what they say by half or more to get anywhere near the truth, even supposing the whole story is not pure invention.

A Melindi chief pointed out to me a herd of goats and cattle, hundreds strong, and tried to convince me that the hippos lived in similar numbers in the waters of the *ziwas*, as the natives call the swamps. To my astonishment I did actually count herds of from eighty to a hundred within the next few days.

The hippo, if not repeatedly disturbed, is not easily roused from his torpor. I have often seen these giants return quickly to the surface after a single shot, though showing a little more caution than before. If a second

shot follows they dive under ; and then they show their cunning. The great nostrils alone appear above the surface from time to time to take breath, and immediately disappear again. In such cases they escape, if they can, to the neighbourhood of the bank, where they emerge in the shelter of overhanging bushes or branches ; and it is characteristic that they now breathe inaudibly, whereas when they know themselves to be safe, their breathing can be heard at a great distance.

A trustworthy English big-game hunter told me that he had once seen a hippo bull, standing on the river bottom, raise himself from time to time on his hind legs until his nostrils just came above the surface, and then, after taking a quick, silent breath, lower himself again on all fours. The hippo seems to know that the hunter never takes the snout as his target. It would be useless to hit him in the snout, as a wound there would not make the slightest impression.

It is a mistake to suppose that the hippopotamus never strays far from the water. I have often tracked single animals wandering by night to distances of from six to eight kilometres from the lake, river, or swamp, to feed. In the course of these excursions the voracious beasts destroy entire plantations, trampling down a hundred times more than they are able to eat.

These dull-witted animals can be very resourceful when they realise that they are being pursued. They have been hunted for thousands of years, with the result that a defensive and protective cell has formed itself in their small brain, and this immediately comes into action when they feel danger.

With consummate cunning they fool the hunter both in the water and on land ; though in the latter case only when there are good hiding-places at hand. When they suspect that they are being pursued on land they break into a sharp trot, and no hunter can keep up with them for any length of time.

The hippo is a comparatively easy prey to a sure shot. In a good wind one can creep up quite close to the animals as they wallow sluggishly in the shallow swamp

water, swim in large numbers on the surface, or lie huddled in thick groups near the bank.

The safest and best mark is the eye, between the eyes, the ear, or the fleshy part of the neck between the ears. An explosive bullet is not necessary, for a steel bullet will pierce either eye, ear, or neck, penetrate the skull, and destroy the brain.

The safest method is to shoot from the bank, hunting from a boat being not free from danger. Even among the hippos there are exceptions which attack men. A boat is easily capsized; and to fall into the jaws of a hippopotamus means certain death, for the jaws of these primeval giants are tremendously powerful.

I once found a leopard with his head and neck completely crushed, and there was sure evidence that the leopard's skull had been between the jaws of a hippopotamus.

The stories of travellers in the tropics that the hippo devours the animal or man he has killed are admittedly untrue. The hippo is exclusively herbivorous.

The nightly excursions of these pachyderms provide the opportunity for capture. It is a question of noting their route and setting the trap on the trail, which is easily discernible. Naturally, special methods must be adopted.

Unlike the traps set for tigers in Asia, which have to be covered with a layer of foliage, the pit used for the hippo is left open above, and only disguised at the sides with half-grown bushes.

The pit must be big enough to receive the gigantic beast, but need not have the depth which is necessary in the case of a tiger. The hippo cannot jump. It struggles about in the pit for a time, but soon settles quietly down.

It must not be thought, however, that the pit has only to be dug on the right trail for the animal to fall into it immediately.

Patience is the chief requisite in the animal trapper. Unless he possesses this he will spend a lot of time to no purpose.

It is also necessary to act quickly and work at even greater speed if one is to reckon on succeeding once in five times.

When one of the giants has been observed following the same path for several nights, it is time to make everything ready so that the pit can be dug in a few hours ; and every detail that is to contribute to the success of the capture must be thought out.

In North Kavirondo, on the Nzoia river, I had found great numbers of hippo. The river had formed deep creeks running far into the land, and there the herd had lived for centuries undisturbed.

We pitched our camp on some high ground, and from there began my observations. The district was rich in fauna. It was towards the end of the nineties, and big-game hunters were not nearly so numerous as they have since become. As early as the second night I sighted three animals straying inland. Strangely, they were all three bulls. Could the gentlemen be more fastidious or more gluttonous than their women-folk ? The rest of the herd, which numbered over eighty, were grazing close to the bank.

I clung to the heels of the largest of the bulls. He was in a hurry and trotted rapidly across country. For a long time his path led through appalling thorn bushes.

As my skin is not as thick as that of a hippopotamus, I suffered severely. Arms, legs, and face were torn to ribbons, and the wounds smarted terribly. I rubbed gin from my flask over the worst of the scratches and this stopped the bleeding.

Without pausing, the hungry bull ran on for nearly four hours. He was far ahead of me, and when, almost exhausted, I at last caught him up, I saw what damage he was doing to the young plantation. With incredible greed he tore up whole trees from the earth, spat out a large part of the foliage, and at once made a fresh onslaught. Meanwhile he trampled down several acres of land.

He continued his meal for more than two hours with-

out interruption, then turned round and trotted hurriedly back to the river by the way he had come.

I had the animal watched for four successive nights, and during the fifth, after he had run off to his feeding-ground, I had three pits dug in his path in order to make sure of trapping him on his way back.

We had to work quickly and dig the pits between thick undergrowth so that the bull could not turn off to right or left.

My men were posted in trees and were served out with crackers which they were to let off when the animal was near the pit. The explosions were intended to frighten the animal and spur him on to greater speed. He would then throw all caution to the winds and dash panic-stricken into one of the pits.

The story is easily told, but a hippo bull is liable to upset the trapper's best-laid plans.

My bull did not return at all that night from his foraging expedition.

However great the disappointment may be in such cases, one cannot allow oneself to lose courage. Such things often happen to the trapper of wild animals, and the work of days, and even weeks, goes for nothing. You have to set your teeth, curse, and begin work afresh in another place.

What had happened to my bull? The following evening two scouts brought news that the glutton had wandered farther afield and found fresh feeding-grounds. Between the two grounds there was a small pool, and it was there that the fellow I was so eagerly awaiting must have spent the hours of daylight.

I was sure that he would return to the herd, but the portly gentleman did not do so until the fourth evening; and then he went by a different way. In vain I had waited. In vain my niggers had perched in the trees like monkeys. Almost a week had been wasted. But I did not give up hope that one evening the animal would set off again, and then perhaps I should be able to get him on the outward journey.

I was not mistaken. Spies brought news that the

animal we were waiting for was setting out. The men were quickly sent up into the trees. I myself climbed into a tree quite close to the first pit, armed with a small-bore rifle. If my plan succeeded and the frightened animal began to run, I had decided to fire a shot at him just before he reached the pit, to spur him on. The small bullet could not damage him much and would only increase the terror caused by the crackers and drive him into the trap.

Things always turn out differently from what one expects. Two hundred metres from the first pit, the first party were perched in the trees, and scarcely had the bull passed this place than the blacks lit their fireworks. The frightened animal rushed forward as though possessed. But the second party in the trees, who were only fifty metres from the pit, let off theirs before the animal had passed them. The bull turned and ran back.

Fortunately one of the negroes in the first party saw the animal retreating, quickly fired two crackers, and threw them down, so that they exploded as the hippo rushed up. Once more the bull turned about.

I was now afraid that he might leave his usual path and turn off into the bush ; but the terrified animal had completely lost his head and bounded past my tree straight into the pit. There was no need for me to fire.

Though the capture is a troublesome business, it is a thousand times more difficult to get the animal out of the pit. This is where the real hard work begins.

It is not difficult to transport young hippos. If they are quite small, two stout ropes are passed round the neck and body, and between the forelegs. Two or four niggers hold the four rope-ends, and the animal, after a first resistance, soon realises how it is expected to conduct itself.

One young female hippo that I caught was quite tame after a week and ran along with us led by a single man.

On the waterways the young animals are often lowered

into the water on the ropes and held away from the boats with poles. If they are docile, they can also be fastened on to rafts and so carried to the place from which they are to be dispatched. Navigable streams, however, are not always available, and then it is difficult to know what to do. Indeed, no one who has not had experience can realise the difficulties this transport involves. It is even more difficult with fully grown animals.

The lifting of the animal from the pit is in itself a matter of tremendous effort. To quieten it, I left it for a few days in the pit without food, and meanwhile a stout cage was built. The poles were not fitted close together, but a space of an inch was left between them. The floor of the cage consisted of a double layer of thick boards. The cage was only just high and wide enough to allow the animal to stand upright and lie down, but not turn round: a precaution necessary to prevent the prisoner being able to bring his tremendous strength to bear and perhaps burst his prison.

In one side of the cage a sliding door was fitted and the cage was lowered into a pit which had been dug alongside the trap.

After a week, the powerful bull had quietened down somewhat and the starvation diet had reduced his spirit. It was now time to tempt him into the cage. With long sticks the earth was laboriously removed from the side behind which the cage stood, a task which occupied ten hours. On the side of the cage furthest from the door, I had placed a heap of green food, to tempt Mr. Hippo.

The remainder of the earth having been removed from the cage side, the sliding-door was raised. It was some considerable time before the bull made up his mind to enter his prison. For hours he was driven round the pit with long sticks, and often he would remain standing in front of the cage entrance snuffling heavily in the direction of the food. With a pole I pushed forward a little of the green stuff. Hunger conquered. With a rush, the stubborn beast jumped into its prison, and the door dropped behind him. To pull up a cage, itself

weighing 500 kg. and containing a load of 2500 kg. vertically without motor power and often even without animal power, is no small task, but what a tremendous expenditure of force is required to transport this whole load for miles through pathless country to the water-course no one who has not taken part can realise. Not until the giant, swinging from chain and slings, is seen disappearing into the hold of a ship, can his captor and carriers breathe again.

In addition to the large bull, which had to make the journey to the Chicago Zoo, I captured three young animals, one of which died on the way.

Thus, in brief, is effected the capture of the hippopotamus, sometimes known as the river horse, or water-pig.

II

THE RHINOCEROS

It will probably be known to few people that in dim primeval ages the rhinoceros existed in Europe, where the remains of these great pachyderms have often been found, even in German soil. The climatic upheavals of many thousands of years ago banished to tropical countries this strange animal, which is to be included as little as the elephant among the fauna of the present age.

Innumerable stories are told about the rhinoceros, but a good half or more belong to the realm of legend. Hunters are especially prone to fable, and nothing is more unsafe than to base data on their reports. I have, in Africa, Asia, and in the islands of Java, Sumatra, and Malacca encountered large numbers of nimrods who all told contradictory stories about the rhinoceros. A clear picture of these animals is only to be arrived at by years of observation.

Several times I had the doubtful pleasure of the society of rhinoceros hunters. I found it interesting, however, to see how these animals are killed.

I did not once see a rhinoceros fall to the first shot ;

two or more always being needed before he was mortally hit. I have many times had to watch the quarry, wounded in the body—generally in the lungs—dash away maddened with pain. Often it would require days of search before the dead or still suffering animal could be found, and sometimes he could not be found at all, despite the easily recognisable trail. Who knows how far the wounded rhino had run or swum through forest, thorn-bush, and river before he died a miserable death?

An eloquent example of how terrible the death of a clumsily hit animal may be came to my notice by chance. I was on the march with my men, when my attention was attracted by the screaming of vultures and snarling of four-footed beasts of prey to the side of our path. A black, whom I had sent to investigate, soon returned in a great state of excitement and signed to me to come quickly.

I reached the spot in a few minutes and a terrible sight met my eyes. In the dry grass a colossal buffalo lay kicking frantically. It was defending itself against two great hyenas, which had torn lumps of flesh from its side and were again attacking, while long-legged birds stalked up and dug their sharp beaks into the ghastly wounds.

A shot drove off the assailants, and then the sky became almost black with flocks of vultures wheeling in the air. I walked round the raving, struggling buffalo, placed my rifle against its forehead, and put an end to its sufferings. An examination of the carcass showed that it had been hit in the spine by a bullet. As the vertebræ were not broken, but only dislocated, the wounded animal had still been capable of flight. He must have suffered for days before collapsing. The hyenas and vultures had not patience to wait for the end and had begun to devour the defenceless victim while he was still living.

A week later I met the bold sportsmen responsible, and from what they told me I was able to estimate that the poor buffalo must have been suffering for fully six

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days Such tragedies are of frequent occurrence in the
wilds.

Good shots with iron nerves and sure hands are rare. Even the best are often seized with nervous excitement in the presence of the quarry and lose control of eye and hand. Hence the frequent erratic shooting even by expert hunters.

It is, of course, a point of honour with sportsmen never to admit misses.

A wounded rhinoceros is an extremely dangerous beast, and many a big-game hunter has paid for his clumsiness with his life. To hit the tough animal once, even in a vital spot, does not by a long way ensure death. Often the quarry sights his pursuer immediately after the first shot, and then dashes upon him with lowered head. It fares ill with the sportsman if the second shot misses the mark, or if no opportunity for escape presents itself. He is lost. Death is certain. He will be caught on the horn, hurled into the air, and then trampled to pulp by the animal's hoofs. Many a big-game hunter has lost his life in this appalling way.

I have also heard tell that starving hyenas will attack a living rhinoceros. They sink their jaws firmly into the belly of the animal and go on repeating their onslaught until the rhino is brought to the ground with protruding intestines. As I never saw such a thing happen, it is impossible for me to confirm this. It is certainly difficult to believe, but in view of the terrific voracity of hyenas it is not incredible that they may be capable of such exploits. But I rather think the rhino would put up a very stout defence against such an attack.

When a rhino is standing facing the hunter, the two horns mask the middle of the forehead, which is the best target. In order to get the bullet into the brain, which is very small, it is necessary to hit the forehead exactly in the centre. Any uncertainty of aim endangers the hunter's life, for the smoke shows the rhino where the shot has come from.

I once hit in the nostril, at a distance of 10 metres, an attacking rhino which I had not already fired at, but

which suddenly discovered my presence as it raised its head above a bush. It fell back as though it had been struck by a lump of rock ; but it was not dead, only stunned for a moment, and I had time to clamber into a mimosa tree with my natives. I knew for certain that my bullet had passed through the wide nostril into the brain and that it could only be a matter of seconds before the animal died. Yet how easy it is to underestimate the toughness of such a monster !

With one bound, the animal was on its feet again, its little eyes glaring angrily towards the trunk below us. I do not know whether it had discovered us, but with the full weight of its huge body it charged the trunk, and, with the exception of one small nigger who clung to the tree like a monkey, we were all flung down into the grass.

I landed on my right shoulder and the right side of my head. Like a flash the thought shot through my brain that this was the end. Fortunately the onslaught on the tree-trunk was the animal's last effort. It lay dead on the roots not two metres away from me.

I was not hurt, and am obliged to believe the report of the little nigger who had remained in the tree. He told with excited gesticulations and rolling eyes how the master—myself—had fallen head first on top of the body of the fallen rhinoceros and from there into the grass. For several days I suffered from a very sore head and stiff neck, and my right shoulder was painful and turned black and blue.

The caprices of the rhinoceros when it has sighted a real or imaginary foe are incalculable. Sometimes it will rush round like a circus horse, make off at a tangent to windward, and then charge at incredible speed back at the enemy.

The rhinos of the Kilimanjaro district have the worst reputation, which must be attributable to the constant tormenting they have to suffer at the hands of the natives. But I have never succeeded in obtaining proof of these reports.

Like many other animals of the wilderness, the rhino

can stand a number of well-aimed shots without being brought down. At first I gave no credence to stories of rhinoceros keeping their feet in spite of shots in the belly, lungs, and neck, but I soon had an opportunity of convincing myself of the toughness of these animals.

Wadding, an old African who was a sure shot and had killed many lions, elephants, and other beasts of the wilds, fired at a rhinoceros cow in my presence. It was at once obvious that the giantess had been hit in the right spot in the neck. After circling round us several times, she stood for a moment with her side exposed to us, and Nadding gave her a bullet in the belly. Even then the animal did not come down, but, at last discovering her enemy, charged us. A third bullet struck her behind the left shoulder and must have penetrated the lungs; but still the cow came on a few yards before she fell.

As the meat had been promised to the natives, the rhino was at once cut open; and then I was able to convince myself that each bullet had reached a vital spot, and there could be no doubt that each individual shot had been mortal.

In connection with the pugnacity of these easily infuriated pachyderms, I may remark that not only the bulls, but also the cows are savage fighters among themselves. But what is even more interesting, and what I have myself observed, is that a cow and a bull will fight together; and it is not always the male who is the attacker. There are cantankerous ladies even among rhinos.

The rhinoceros is found over wide areas of Africa. It is quite wrong to suppose that they may be divided into several species. In reality there are only two species in the whole of the Dark Continent: the black and the white. But even here it is difficult to say whether these, living in widely separated areas, do not spring originally from the same stock. Animals living under different conditions do change in outward appearance in accordance with their power of adapting themselves to changed surroundings and modes of life.

It is a different matter when we come to the Asiatic



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rhino. For one thing there are marked diversities of outward appearance and scale between those living on the continent and those on the islands. Again, the former are distinguished from the African beasts by the number of the horns and many external features, whilst the island types vary strikingly in colour and size.

Up to ten years ago no naturalist mentions the scaled rhinoceros (*Schuppenrhino*) living in the inaccessible mountains and fever-swamps of South Java. It is only during the last few years that reports of this almost mythical monster began to be published. There were doubts, however, about its actual existence until two specimens were shot by bold hunters, and then stubborn denial of its existence had to be dropped.

The fact that, as I have already mentioned, the district in which the scaled rhino lives is almost inaccessible, explains why so little has been heard of this strange mammal.

As early as 1900 a Dutchman told me of the existence of this rhinoceros. This traveller had in 1894 equipped an expedition to bag one. He set out with a hundred natives and returned months later, seriously sick and having lost more than half his men. Of the rest, thirty-two deserted, and only three escaped the fever.

Jungle, swamps, and impenetrable wilderness were the obstacles upon which the enterprise was wrecked.

The first instance of a scaled rhino being shot was in 1921 ; the second in 1924 ; both by American sportsmen. All doubts were silenced by the hide of the second animal being brought in as a trophy. The men who killed the first had been so seriously weakened by sickness, which had attacked both themselves and their men, that they had been compelled to abandon the hide on the return journey.

With modern means of communication, and certainly with seaplanes, it should be possible to come down on one of the large lakes that lie among the swamps, and so, avoiding the long marches through the pestilential areas, reach more rapidly the haunts of the scaled rhino,

study him, and shoot him. Naturally several planes would be required to transport the necessary labour and supplies.

I doubt whether it will be found possible during the next ten years to capture a living specimen, as the difficulties of transport may prove insuperable.

The African white rhinoceros is a huge beast. Its length from the nose to the tip of the tail runs up to 4 metres, and its weight to 2500 kg.

Osborn once shot one which measured 4 m. 32 cm. and weighed 2630 km.

I do not wish to cast doubt upon the bold Englishman's measurements, but it puzzles me to know how he was able to fix the weight to the exact kilogram. My doubts are strengthened by the fact that Osborn gives the animal's height as over 2 metres, for I have never heard of a greater height than 1 m. 70 cm. The usual height of these animals is only 160 cm.

The ugliness and repulsiveness of the rhinoceros are of course a matter of taste. Anyone who, like myself, has had repeated opportunities of studying the animal closely will soon discover the attractions of this giant.

An imposing effect is produced by the two horns standing up one close behind the other from the skin of the nose and 50 to 90 cm. in length. But it is not only on the head that these horn-like formations occur; with older animals horny excrescences up to 10 cm. long are to be found distributed over the head, neck, back, and even on the legs. These are never pointed, but are blunt and highly polished.

In young rhinos the horns are quite straight. It is friction against tree-trunks and stones during growth that causes the horns to bend upwards.

It is wrong to distinguish species according to the length of the horns. I have observed rhinos with the two horns of equal length, and others with the lower horn longer than the upper (this is the general rule); but on the other hand I have frequently seen the posterior horn rather longer than the anterior. It is difficult to say what factor determines these variations, but un-

doubtedly play and rubbing contribute towards the stunting of one of the horns. The fact also that when charging the rhino tears up the ground with its horn also influences their relative size. These points can best be studied in the species known as the Kcitoloa.

The most incredible stories are current concerning the temperament of the rhinoceros; but here again we find lamentable generalisation. The reports of untrustworthy people find their way into newspapers and books and are accepted at their face value. The chief responsibility for this state of affairs, which often leads to the distortion of natural history, lies with the sensation-loving Press which does not care in the least whether such reports are the truth, exaggeration, or merely hunters' yarns.

The rhinoceros is not a herd animal like the elephant. It generally lives alone and is rarely to be seen in groups. Sometimes one sees pairs living devotedly together.

With regard to the temperament of the rhinoceros, it is first of all to be remarked that these animals, in spite of their unwieldiness, are extremely active. They run at a speed which one would never expect from their build. The swiftest runner cannot keep pace with them.

The spectacle of an attacking rhino is one that will never be forgotten. With its massive head lowered, and its horn ripping up the ground, it hurtles forward on its bandy legs, trampling down everything in its path. There is little chance for anyone who fails to get out of the way. The victim is gored by the horn, hurled into the air, and then trampled to pulp by the hoofs.

Rhinos live together peaceably as a rule, yet I have often witnessed battles between them. Usually there is no bloodshed, or very little. The hide is tremendously thick, elastic, and tough.

It is a quaint sight to watch one of these tussles between two bulls or cows—for the cows also attack one another. The noise they make sounds like a loud snorting; then they scream and grunt, and from time to time one hears high-pitched shrieks and a powerful

roar like that of a lion. The combatants hold their heads deeply lowered, and for a special reason. The only easily vulnerable spot is in the neck, where the hide is soft and thin. This spot must be protected, for if the opponent's horn penetrates it the wound may be mortal.

With their huge clumsy heads to the ground, the giants rush at one another. From the crash one would think the skulls had been shattered; but nothing of the sort happens. Sometimes, however, the infuriated animals inflict horrible wounds on one another's bodies.

I once found a female which I had watched fighting and which had succumbed to a severe wound. I found a gash nearly 70 cm. long on the left side of the belly. Her opponent had driven its horn into the body of the fallen foe just in front of the hind leg. It had penetrated to a depth of nearly 20 cm. and had ripped the belly open to the middle.

Such wounds, however, are rare, for the elasticity of the hide makes it so difficult to pierce and its folds help to turn a blow.

Fighting rhinos possess extraordinary powers of endurance. I once followed a fight which lasted six hours, and in spite of the length and stubbornness of the struggle the two bulls only showed slight, superficial injuries.

It has been proved that fighting rhinos often bite off one another's ears. I have twice seen specimens with maimed ears. One of these I caught, and was able to ascertain that two-thirds of one ear had been bitten off.

Big-game hunters report having seen fights between rhinos and elephants, but in spite of the fact that I have often seen meetings between these two giant animals, I have always found them take little or no notice of one another. I once saw two rhinos trot past a herd of elephants feeding in high grass, which included several young bulls and, although the elephants followed closely every movement of the rhinos, nothing happened. If cases of fighting between a rhino and an elephant do

occur, I think the attack could only be opened by the rhino.

Rhinoceros are very easily roused. The slightest thing will lash them into fury, and then they are extremely dangerous. Unless you get out of the way promptly, death is inevitable. Anything strange is sufficient to disturb these animals. Their vision is badly developed and their sense of smell is by no means so keen as has often been stated; but when awake they possess extraordinarily sharp hearing. They are very alert, and at the slightest unusual sound will stand motionless, their slanting nostrils distended, seeking to discover the direction from which the sound comes; and only then do their olfactory nerves begin to function. When standing in the wind they quickly scent danger, and particularly from men.

Their sentinels, which always warn them of danger, are the great rhinoceros-birds. These birds, which find their food in the crevices of the rhino's hide, are watchful guards and betray the approaching enemy with loud screeching. They then leave the rhino's back and flutter over him in circles, uttering incessant cries of warning, and from time to time dropping on to the beast's head to warn him with vigorous thrusts from their beaks; then rising again to indicate the direction in which the pachyderm is to escape.

Hunters curse these birds, which in this way often thwart them of a certain bag. I myself have often been exasperated at seeing them head off an animal just as it was running into the trap. The intelligence and loyalty to their hosts is astonishing.

The high grass hides the hunter, often reaching over his head, and affording him good cover as, bowed forward or crawling, he stalks his quarry. The wind is favourable and the rhinoceros has no suspicion of the approaching enemy, as the grass also blocks his view. This, however, only makes the birds all the more watchful. From time to time some of them rise from their table, the rhino's back richly laid with a feast of succulent insects, and wheel in circles round the stirring

grass which has aroused their suspicion. When they discover the hunter and his bearer they fill the air with their discordant cries. The rhino stiffens to attention, takes the wind, glares round, and soon follows his sentries into the protecting bush.

The rhinoceros is a very heavy sleeper and his loud snoring betrays his lair. At these times even the rhinoceros-bird does not succeed in arousing him. The loud shrieks go unheard. They dive down again and again on to the sleeper; but even the most vigorous pecks fail to interrupt the rhino's slumbers.

Re-echoing snores once brought me right up to a rhinoceros. The great animal, a female, was lying in the shade of an isolated dwarf tree and the warning cries of the birds had attracted my attention. Cautiously I crept closer, and soon realised from what animal the discordant concert was coming. When I emerged from the bush, the lady lay ten yards in front of me. I approached her from behind, my rifle ready to fire. She was performing music which had affinities with the modern fox-trot and over her head the wheeling rhinoceros birds accompanied Mrs. Rhino's solo with the harsh tones of the saxophone.

Two of my men had followed me with reserve rifles, and one coal-black fellow who seemed on very familiar terms with sleeping rhinos, kicked the slumbering animal heavily in the hind quarters, but without awakening it. As I never shot animals except in cases of compelling need, I spared the sleeper's life, for to capture a grown rhinoceros in open country is out of the question.

The white rhino, which occurs in South Africa, is a most grotesque sight owing to its gigantic head, which forms almost a third of the animal's total length. This animal attains a length of 5 metres. It is much more alert than its northern cousin, feeds only in open country, and so is compelled to keep on its guard. It is said to be more vicious than the other types, but personally I have not observed this, although I have had many opportunities of studying the animal.

Unfortunately, in spite of indescribable effort and great expenditure of time, I have rarely succeeded in capturing a grown specimen. It was against my principles to shoot a suckling mother in order to capture the baby.

It is a mistaken assumption that the rhinoceros is only to be found in the plains. I have seen these animals at heights of more than 3000 metres and have captured a grown specimen in such a place.

Although the rhino has the thickest hide of all pachyderms it suffers a great deal from various kinds of pests. The hide is full of cracks and folds in which all kinds of parasites settle, eating their way deep into the skin. It is to rid himself of these unpleasant guests that the rhino tolerates the rhinoceros-birds; but these birds are not sufficient, and so the tormented animal often seeks out pools and wallows in the mud to stop up the crevices in his hide; so killing the parasites already there and preventing the entry of fresh ones.

The neighbourhood of swamps forms the favourite haunt of the rhinoceros. During the day the animals mostly sleep in the shade, and the nights are used for excursions in search of food and water. The rhino is an excellent and tireless swimmer.

Once aroused, the rhino is quickly on the alert. Where other animals take to flight, or contrive to conceal themselves, the rhino often shows unique stupidity.

There is no truth in the reports that the rhino is always the first to attack. After many years of observation, I am convinced that the supposed attack is nothing more than a flight. Strange though it may seem, I have almost always observed that the rhino flees with the wind; and as the hunter always tries to stalk his quarry from this direction, this accounts for the false reports of the rhino's aggressiveness. The result of my own observations indicates that this aggressiveness does not come into evidence until the moment when something strange opposes the beast's flight or stands in his path. I have often seen frightened or wounded rhinos in full flight. They prefer to avoid a fight rather than accept it.

and hurling roots and stones into the air. But the animal had seen me, and now an exciting game began. The bull chased me round in a circle. Several times I only just managed to dodge behind tree-trunks; but he always turned about and discovered me immediately. It would have been all over with me had not Pirqueur brought the raging animal down with a second shot. It took a third to end the monster's life.

From that day I have had a very great respect for rhinos. I was anxious lest these swashbucklers should get wind of what I was after and all the rhinos of the wild conspire against me.

Anything unusual rouses the attention or anger of the rhino. I once saw one infuriated by a tree which had been struck by lightning. The animal emerged from the bush and stood still at a distance of about 20 metres from the shattered tree. The strange spectacle dumbfounded it. Suddenly it hurtled forward, emitted a roar, lowered its head, and charged down on the charred trunk. The tree did not display discretion. It refused to yield, and not until the attack had been repeated eight times did the rhino leave it in peace. The impact

each time was terrific, and each time I thought the rhino must have crushed in its skull and would collapse. Nothing of the kind happened. When its fury had cooled, it trotted on and after fifty paces began quietly to crop the leaves of a mimosa.

The capture of the rhinoceros is easier than that of the hippopotamus or elephant. Rhinos wander but little, and only when drought compels them to go in search of water do they leave their accustomed feeding-ground.

The grown rhino is best captured by means of a pit. They can also be caught in an outstretched net, but this method is not very reliable and is very risky. I only once succeeded in capturing an island rhino with a net, and as the process cost me the lives of two men I was prejudiced against the method.

The first step is to discover the path from the feeding-ground to the water. This is not difficult, as the rhinos after treading out a path always use the same one. The tremendous weight of their bodies crushes everything into the ground and a path trodden by a rhinoceros would make an excellent cycling track. I have noticed that rhinos frequently use paths trodden out by elephants.

Frequently small clearings lie along these paths and these were the spots I always chose to dig the pits.

It is curious that although these animals do not live in herds one path is used by several animals. On the other hand I have noticed paths being used by one animal only, or at most a pair, or by a mother with her young one.

Before I discuss the capture, I should like to mention that Indian, and particularly island, rhinos are much more easily captured than the African kind. This is chiefly due to the differences in the vegetation among which the animals respectively live. In Asia, and especially in the islands, the rhinos live on the edges of luxuriant jungle and seldom wander far from the forest, which provides them with protection from the sun and their enemies. Moreover, they are night animals.

They sleep through the hottest hours of the day, and in the early morning trot down to their drinking-places to quench their tremendous thirst, and perhaps also take a mud bath, after which they retire to rest. The island rhinos also tread out paths, but they cannot be relied upon always to use the same one.

I caught my first rhinoceros in Java.

Watching a female for several nights, when I was out after monkeys, I noticed that each morning she sought a particular pool, where she drank and then wallowed in the mud. She would come a distance of 500 metres from the east, and then, after her bath, followed a short path only 100 metres long which led into the neighbouring forest. I was not equipped for the capture of rhinos, but was reluctant to miss this favourable opportunity.

The pit was dug in the scorching heat of the day on the short homeward path, not far from the edge of the forest, and was covered with foliage. I had little hope that the animal would fall into the trap.

I intended also to use the trick I have adopted in the capture of hippopotami. Shortly before the frightened animal reached the trap, I decided to fire a shot in order that the explosion might spur her on. I took no notice of the mocking expressions of my natives, but was anxious that the capture should not miscarry.

I spent the night on my high perch and awaited the dawn. Hunting-fever and malaria shook me when Mrs. Rhino, rather later than usual, at last loomed up. On her way to the pool she repeatedly halted to bite off succulent titbits. I could hear the loud sucking noise she made as she filled her belly with water.

But, contrary to all custom, she did not take a bath; probably because the day was already far advanced and she was anxious to reach the protection of the forest as quickly as possible. Or did some sense, unknown to us, warn her of danger?

With clumsy tread, the beast lumbered along her accustomed path. I was filled with excited expectation. The moment had come. The rhino was on the right

path. She seemed to me to be going more cautiously and slowly than usual. Now she was only 10 metres from the pit. Slowly I raised my gun.

What was that? Suddenly the animal paused, and stood motionless. She had detected something strange in her path.

Now was the moment to act, before she backed and turned about. She must have felt suspicious, must have noticed the strange green covering and the short branches scattered over her usually smooth track.

I fired both barrels in quick succession. The rhino dashed panic-stricken ahead and landed in the trap.

As in the case of the hippopotamus, it is very difficult to lift the rhinoceros out of the pit, and in addition the rhino is far wilder, more stupid and refractory. It takes a long time to quieten down.

I left the prisoner in the pit for fully a fortnight, giving it little food and even less water, in order to bring it to reason and accustom it to the sight of men. Only then did I dig a hole by the side of the trap and lower the extremely strongly constructed cage with its drop-door towards the trap.

It was three days before the rhino entered the cage. Here again hunger conquered. How great its thirst must have been is shown by the fact that it drank more than twenty buckets of water.

It took the full strength of a dozen zebus to raise the cage, and the transport to the coast occupied six weeks.

In the course of my expeditions I have enticed eleven rhinos into traps and caught one in a net. Three died, and nine found their way to the zoos and menageries of five continents.

The capture was not always effected so smoothly as was the case with my first. There were many more exciting, and also more tragic, adventures to be experienced, and several men lost their lives.

III

THE ELEPHANT

There are countless stories told about elephants, but side by side with genuine accounts many incredible legends are dished up. Observation of elephants in captivity provides an incomplete picture of the habits of these pachyderms.

I have never been able to understand why lions and tigers are regarded as the kings of the animals. The elephant is much more deserving of this title, for he is the true ruler of the animal kingdom.

His colossal dimensions alone, exceeding as they do those of any other living creature, give him the right to be called the king of beasts.

All creatures yield to the elephant the position of ruler. I had in Africa very many opportunities of observing how all animals, even lions, withdraw from the drinking-places and hide when elephants approach.

One single denizen of the wild remains : the jackal. This bold fellow withdraws only a few yards, sits like a dog on his haunches, and waits until the elephants have drunk, taken their shower bath, wallowed in the mud, and withdrawn.

No sound is to be heard so long as the titans remain ; but once they are out of sight, the other beasts venture from their hiding-places and have to content themselves with the now muddy water to quench their thirst.

In Africa even the lion gives way to the elephant. It is said that lions will sometimes spring upon young elephants, but I have never known such a case and I doubt it. There are also stories of crocodiles driving their teeth into the trunks of elephants at the drinking-places. One big-game hunter told me that he found the skeleton of a crocodile hanging from a tree near the bank of a river and that probably an elephant had hurled its assailant into the air.

Baby elephants never stray far from their mothers and

nurses, and a lion which ventured to approach one would come off badly. He would be trampled to death.

The elephant has now vanished from many regions in Africa where forty or fifty years ago it was to be found in great numbers. It has been harried by big-game hunters for ivory, and by the natives for both its tusks and its meat. In 1887 herds of from three to four hundred were counted in Kenya, and even to-day there are still districts in British East Africa where herds of fifty and more elephants are to be found. But their number is diminishing from year to year, and unless the other Colonial powers follow England's example and institute extensive natural parks for wild animals, like the one in Kenya, in a hundred years this highly intelligent animal will be merely a museum exhibit like the prehistoric mammoth. Nor do the blood-thirsty nimrods of the tropics confine their attentions to the grown bulls and tusked cows. Novices and the callous shoot even calves and babies.

It is a mistake to suppose that the African elephant is to be found only in the plains. This is only true in the rainy season, and so long as the plains provide food and drink. In the dry months he seeks the mountains, and I have met herds of elephants in the Elgon Mountains, on Kilimanjaro and Ruwenzori, and in other mountain forests at a level of 3000 metres. The Indian elephant, however, like those in the islands, keeps to the forests and jungle.

These ungainly animals are really first-class mountaineers, and negotiate steep places with incredible agility. Even more interesting, one might almost say miraculous, is their power of descending sheer slopes.

I once saw a herd of twenty-six coming down a bare, rocky path one and a half metres wide dropping at an angle which men would have found impossible. I heard them from a great distance and watched them come round a rocky projection which towered a hundred feet above me. The leader paused a moment to test the smooth rock of the slope. He only needed a moment to reflect, and then to my amazement the colossus

lowered himself on to his broad hind quarters, pushed his clumsy hind feet under his massive body, and, using his forefeet as brakes, slid down in a sitting posture, the other twenty-five following their guide's example without a single mishap until all were safely at the bottom. They appeared to me to have thoroughly enjoyed their toboggan run, though undoubtedly several had felt the friction on their hides, for when they discovered a stream they hurried to it and with loud trumpeting splashed about, spraying their backs.

It may seem strange to people not acquainted with the habits of these huge animals, which weigh several tons, that the elephant is an excellent long-distance swimmer. I have often met with incredulous expressions when I have described this. I should like to mention one specific case.

In 1906 a large bull elephant escaped from the Luna park on Coney Island, ran through the streets to the shore, and swam across the New Jersey Sound, a distance of forty-three miles. He was found the next day in a large barn where he had practically demolished the stores it contained.

The following story of the elephant's powers of endurance as a swimmer also provides an example of the maternal affection of this sensitive animal.

The famous elephant hunter Desforest once drove a mother elephant into a swamp and captured its young one. He gave me the following account, and his stories are no mere hunter's yarns :

“Richards' Circus in Cape Town commissioned me to provide them with a quite young baby elephant. A mother elephant in the circus had lost its young one, and it was feared that she, the best member of a turn in which trained elephants performed, would die or become unfit to work, for since the death of her baby, she had refused to perform in any way and had turned vicious. Mr. Richards, the proprietor, hoped that an adopted child might bring the elephant back to reason.”

Desforest shipped the little fellow hurriedly to Cape Town. The sorrowing mother at once adopted the baby,

and in a few days she was performing again, though she insisted that whenever she was working the baby should be with her. She did not want to experience a second time the pain of finding his place empty on her return.

Desforest went on :

“ I watched the mother, who had lost her child. For many days she ran about in the wilderness trumpeting and looking for her young one. An old bull and two female elephants came and tried to drive the despondent mother back to the herd with their trunks ; but it was no use. I shot the bull and one of the females, and the second female withdrew. The mother, however, remained. I did not want to kill her. A week later the despairing animal came up to my camp, trampled one of my black boys to death, and demolished the tents and many valuable things that I had collected. When I returned late in the evening, I found the remains of the unfortunate boy and the demolished camp. The mother had taken her revenge, and had not only killed the black boy but had destroyed all the gear and most of my weapons.

“ The following night I heard the animal passing quite close to us, trumpeting loudly ; and in the morning I saw that the mother elephant had found the trail of her child. She had headed southward and, according to reports I heard, after a journey of several days, she reached Lake Bangwiolo, swam across the southern portion which is nearly fifty kilometres wide, and then, after a further five days' run in an exhausted state, collapsed.

“ The natives released the poor creature from her physical and mental anguish.”

Only a ruthless hunter would be capable of such brutality as to rob a mother of her baby. Elephants, and also other animals, suffer very great grief at the loss of their young, and even if this grief is not so enduring as in the case of human beings it is certainly more acute. To be convinced of this it is only necessary to watch the way in which these primeval monsters look after their babies and try to make their childhood happy.

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Among elephants there are children's nurses as well as doting mothers. I often saw old ladies looking after the young while the mothers were feeding.

The grief of these mothers and nurses when a baby elephant is sick or dying is very striking. Panting heavily, they surround the little patient, try to induce him to suck, or, if he is old enough for this kind of food, lay young branches in front of his trunk. If he dies, the mother prods him with her trunk as soon as he lies still, and even tries to raise him to his feet. I have heard of mother elephants carrying their dead babies about for days at a time in their curled trunks. I doubt this, but with such deep mother love it is possible.

Father elephants take little notice of their young. The mothers carefully instruct their children in everything that is necessary for their future in the wild.

The elephant is also an expert road-maker. Elephant-paths in the forest are very welcome to hunters, explorers, natives, and animal trappers. The enormous weight of the bulky animals crushes down everything in their path. They break off shoots and even strong branches.

As they always move in single file the passage of a herd through the forest leaves a smooth track. The stoutest roots are pressed flat into the ground.

Steep river-banks offer no obstacle to elephants. They slide down on their haunches, flop into the water, and with their clumsy forefeet dig out a series of steps by which they can climb almost vertical banks. I several times watched this being done after I had already concluded that it was impossible for animals of their size to negotiate the sheer bank. In every case I had to yield to admiration of their incredible cleverness and agility. These activities can be frequently observed on Indian rivers.

The African elephants are also tireless travellers. They often journey from 60 to 70 kilometres in a night, and rarely appear more than once at the same drinking-places or feeding-grounds.



A HAND OF GIANTS STEPPING INTO THE WOOD AT THE FIRST HINT OF DANGER

It always gives me malicious joy to see hunters forced to pursue these animals mile upon mile to the point of exhaustion, scratched and torn by the thorn bushes, only to be compelled to abandon the chase in the end.

The Indian elephant is not a great wanderer, as the luxuriant vegetation enables him to find constant and generous supplies of food within a small radius.

During the rainy season and the weeks following it the African elephant descends from the hills and remains in the plains. The older bulls always form a group apart, or keep to themselves at a distance from the cows, though this is not so during the mating season, when the cows are to be seen in company with the old and young bulls. It is at these times that the terrible battles between the males for mates can be seen. I only once witnessed such a fight.

Two African bulls had attacked one another. At some distance away stood the cows, calves, half-grown elephants, and the other bulls. The two giants hurled themselves upon one another. The earth trembled, and so did my heart, to see the two great beasts struggling for mastery. The attacks were renewed again and again, and I heard the great tusks crash together. They lashed one another with their trunks, and the dry sandy soil was ploughed up around them. Each time they broke away for a moment they panted heavily, and then charged afresh. At these times the spectators began to trumpet. I saw many of the other bulls getting excited, but they kept away from the ring.

The fight grew more and more furious, and then the larger bull was brought to his knees. His opponent drove his tusks into the hollow below his shoulder and almost overthrew him, but—I could never have believed the huge animals capable of such agility—with one heave the other was on his legs again, made a rush at his enemy, and almost brought him down.

After the struggle had lasted an hour, the larger animal had to admit himself beaten. He made for the protection of the forest, pursued by his adversary, who,

however, soon gave up the chase. The victor then turned, trumpeting loudly, towards the herd, and I saw the waiting bulls move off in the direction of the forest.

The elephant is not such a confirmed lover of shade as the rhinoceros. He will stand, or trot slowly along in the glaring sunshine in grass up to two metres high. Now and again one will take stand under the flat crest of a mimosa tree, but he will not remain long.

The solitary elephant (these are mad elephants) spends most of his time in the forest, and his abnormal condition causes him to eat food which is despised by other members of his species.

It is by no means true that solitary elephants are weak, undersized specimens that have been driven out of the herd by the strong bulls. All the solitary elephants that I have seen were unusually powerful beasts. To what circumstances their mental derangement is due I am unable to say, but their extraordinary behaviour makes it evident that their brains are not normal. I have noted the same thing with regard to solitary buffaloes and Indian pigs.

I have often read and heard that the elephant will not attack more than once the hunter, or rather the man, who stands in his path. This is far from being the case. I have seen a wounded female elephant repeat her attack on a hunter seven times or more ; and had I not brought her down at the eighth time—when she offered me a sure target—it would have been all up with my companion.

This same man, who was a sure shot, was once attacked by a bull elephant. He was mounted, and the horse, thinking discretion the better part of valour, turned and fled, throwing its rider. The elephant charged over his prone body, but, miraculously, the man, who had already been assumed to be crushed to death, rose unhurt.

I once had a similar experience myself. I had ridden out of some thick undergrowth, and suddenly found myself face to face with a female elephant and her young

one. Here also the horse grasped the situation more quickly than I did, and galloped away, with the elephant in full pursuit. I flew out of the saddle into the bush and was saved. After the cow had sated her wrath on the horse, she trotted back to her screaming baby. I had been afraid that after finishing off the horse the angry beast would turn her attention to me, and as I had lost my rifle among the bush I should have been helpless.

As has already been mentioned, elephants can march tremendous distances without tiring, but they tire very quickly when they gallop. If one is well mounted, and the path clear, the elephant soon gives up the chase, stands exhausted, and is then an easy prey for the returning hunter. If in such a case the man is sufficiently callous to kill a mother, the baby, if it is still quite young, will often be seen to attach itself, crying bitterly, to the horse of its mother's murderer and follow it. An incident of this kind once involved me in a violent quarrel with a big-game hunter, which developed into a regular hand-to-hand fight.

I cannot understand how intelligent naturalists and big-game hunters can swallow the fairy-stories about elephants that have been current for so many years; and not only swallow them themselves but even pass them on. Both in Africa and India, stories are continually cropping up concerning the mysterious elephant burial-grounds. It is pardonable for poets, who have never seen the tropics, to give rein to their imaginations, but it is amazing that actual travellers in the tropics should write long articles on such subjects. Not a single example of these mysterious elephant cemeteries has ever been discovered.

The origin of these rumours lies in the alleged fact that no one has ever found a dead elephant. As trustworthy hunters can confirm, there is no truth in this, for skeletons and remains of elephants have been met with, though not often. It is strange that these imaginative people do not also tell stories of sparrows' cemeteries or those of other animals, since in our mild zones dead

animals are rarely found either in town or in the woods. It is obvious that the elephant, the shrewdest and in my belief the most intelligent of animals, is not likely to seek out an inhabited area in which to die *coram publico*. Every beast of the forest when it feels its last hour approaching will seek out some lonely, inaccessible thicket where it can die in peace.

In the tropics, whether the country be steppe, jungle, or primeval forest, there live vast numbers of larger or smaller blood-sucking animals which feed on carrion. In addition to these there are the huge swarms of insects whose incredible voracity contributes to the demolition of carcasses. If one also takes into account prairie fires and the luxuriant growth of the forest flora, it is easy to understand why the remains of animal carcasses are seldom found.

Twice on my journeys in the Indian forest I have, by pure chance, come upon the skeletons of elephants. On the path which my men were forced to cut through the dense tropical forest, we came upon two mounds overgrown with rotting moss, liana, and other plants. As they were in our way, we had to clear them aside, and underneath I found elephant carcasses. One consisted only of bones, but the other skeleton still had hide and pieces of flesh clinging to it. Many days' journey from all civilisation, or any human habitation, the two pachyderms had withdrawn, each to find a peaceful spot in which to die.

It is known that in freedom elephants are of a very playful disposition. It may also be definitely accepted that they live for at least two hundred years. In Bangkok in 1900 I was once shown an elephant which could be proved to have already spent 130 years in captivity and had come to the Court as a fully grown bull, and was therefore somewhere about 25 years old. Five years ago I was told that the animal was still alive and in perfect health. Altogether then, this fellow must now be more than 180.

Elephants probably reach an even greater age than this. It is difficult to investigate such things, but it is

certain that in the depths of the inaccessible forest and jungle there are hoary old elephants of both sexes which already may have passed the three hundred mark.

Elephant herds in the wilds offer an awe-inspiring spectacle to anyone who sees them for the first time. Even a single animal is impressive. No picture, no film even, is capable of reproducing this effect. One stands spellbound, conscious of one's insignificance. Involuntarily thoughts arise of hundreds of thousands of years ago and one sees in spirit the titanic mammoths peopling forest, plains, and jungle.

It is an unpardonable blot on civilisation that these magnificent beasts should be wiped out of the animal world, not only for the sake of ivory, but out of mere dilettante sportsmanship. It is true that strict laws have already been issued, but they do not suffice. The area the pachyderms inhabit is too vast, and the penalties for breaking game laws too mild.

Granted that elephant herds are capable of committing great damage in cultivated districts, these intelligent animals have for many years, as a result of the activities of hunters, withdrawn to areas which are far distant from any human settlement, and they seldom stray into cultivated districts. It is false to allege that elephants indulge in destruction from pure perversity, though they do respond to a playful instinct. Why has it as yet occurred to no one to suggest that all dogs should be destroyed because in their youthful playfulness they gnaw up stockings, slippers, and other things?

It is necessary to follow an elephant herd for days at a time and observe them carefully, to realise that after they have eaten their fill, they feel a need for exercise. Marching alone does not suffice them. They must throw themselves about in various ways; and as, in addition to the clumsy forefeet, the pliant trunks, which are adaptable to every kind of use, and the tusks feel a need for activity, the huge animals cannot be expected to be gentle with the things they play with.

When a herd of elephants is feeding, it is to be noticed that they waste nothing. Every blade, every leaf, the

young twigs, and the young bark all serve their purpose. While they completely devour the foliage, they chew the bark thoroughly and then spit out the chewed fibres. Tree bark, in addition to vitamins, contains medicines which the elephant requires to help its digestion.

In the feeding-grounds they only uproot trees when the leaves and twigs within their reach are too dry and withered. The crests are often still fresh and green, and it is for this reason that they tear the tree out of the ground. I have passed places where a herd of elephants had grazed a short time before, and saw how everything edible had been devoured root and branch, while in other places the same herd had completely destroyed everything. It is incredible what a wide area these giants can trample down in a short time.

On close examination of one of these places, I came to the conclusion that they had not been seeking food there but had simply been indulging in a little play. A playground like this, however, presents a desolate sight. Wide stretches are stripped of grass down to the roots; flowers and bushes have been uprooted; everything is trampled down. Whole clumps of grass, with the earth and sand still clinging to the roots, have been torn out of the ground.

But this does not happen without an object. It is well known that elephants spray themselves with water and sand as a purely hygienic measure.

The elephant as a rule does not tolerate the rhinoceros-bird on his back; or perhaps it is better to say that the rhinoceros-bird avoids the elephant. The long trunk is too mobile, and the constant flapping of the ears frightens the birds away.

On, and in the hide of the elephant, which is closely wrinkled, many parasites swarm, and the pachyderms are greatly plagued by these lodgers. The same thing is true of the hippopotamus, rhinoceros, buffalo, and other beasts of the plains.

It is for this reason that the elephants spray themselves with water and dust, and wallow in the swamps, like the rhinoceros and hippopotamus, to drive away and destroy

these vermin. It is interesting to see how cleverly the elephants proceed, when instead of sand there is nothing at hand to provide their dust bath except tufts of grass. They only act in this way on sandy grassland.

With their trunks they grasp a clump of grasses, pull it up, together with the roots, to which, as I have already mentioned, earth and a great deal of dry dust cling. Then they skilfully throw the great clump into the air, and the weight of the earth causes the clump to fall root downwards directly on to the juggler's back, scattering soil and dust over his hide.

I several times saw the animals engaged in this, and my astonishment quickly changed to admiration when I saw that every clump landed on a different place until the whole back was covered with sand and dust. Not a single spot on the whole back or neck, or indeed on the head, escaped this strange powdering. Nothing happens without a purpose.

It is interesting to watch the tearing up of trees. When an elephant has found what suits him, he walks several times in a circle round it, and finally coils his trunk round the stem and begins slowly to pull. If the effort fails, he lets go and leans against each side of the tree in turn, trying to loosen it, and then tries again with his trunk. If he is successful this time, he lifts the tree high into the air, turns it over, and takes no further notice of it.

If every effort proves vain, the disappointed animal returns to the herd, confers with one or two of his comrades, then leads them to the stubborn tree, and together they carry through the task. The satisfaction the success gives them is expressed by joyous trumpeting. The long tusks are also brought into play in these efforts, for often it requires an immense expenditure of strength to perform the feat.

It must be remembered that in all these areas where rain is scarce, the ground is dry down to a considerable depth, so that the trees have to sink their roots two metres or more into the ground.

In spite of their clumsy formation, elephants' feet are

extraordinarily skilful and active. In the dry season, when the pachyderms set out on long journeys, they have to hurry through vast waterless areas. When the torture of thirst becomes unbearable, the elephants scrape up the earth with their forefeet in certain places where the vegetation is rich. If this meets with no success they try the same thing in other spots. Even if they do not hit upon water, they generally find tree-roots containing sufficient moisture at least to relieve the worst pangs. The elephant displays extraordinary divination in finding the place where water is probably to be found under the earth. The herd hurry swiftly to the spot, suddenly halt at the command of the leader, and without hesitation begin to dig up the ground in various places. Nor must it be thought that the holes they make are merely shallow. I have found pits as much as two metres deep.

It is wonderful how rapidly the clumsy feet will dig holes down to this depth. When they find water, they go on digging until sufficient moisture finds its way through to quench their thirst. When digging in one place proves successful, the news soon spreads, and the animals eagerly turn up the ground round the spot. The mothers make a path for their children so that they too may share the refreshing liquid.

I came across places where there were a dozen or more of these water-holes ; a sign that a very large herd had dug and quenched their thirst there. Some of the holes showed that the animals had tried to close them again. There can be no doubt that they knew that this would prevent the water from drying up.

One other curious thing I have noticed, and that often. Elephants are either enemies of the ants or their ant-hills, which rise to a height of two metres or more, and disturb them in some way. They probably know that man, the pursuer, can surprise them more easily from these heaps, which are as hard as cement, and can take surer aim from the raised stance. This is the only way in which I can explain why elephants destroy large ant-hills.

It requires a tremendous output of power to raze these

constructions, which, as I have already said, are practically as hard as stone. To accomplish the task, the elephant thrusts its long tusks into the mound, seeking first of all to make a breach. If it succeeds, it goes on without pausing until nothing remains of the ant-hill. It crushes the hard fragments with its clumsy feet, and uses the loose sand to spray its back.

I may mention also that even inhabited ant-hills are not immune from destruction by elephants. The ants never attack the destroyers, but escape before them.

The African elephant is difficult to pursue, and severely tries the patience of the hunter and trapper. Often fresh spoor, or still warm dung, leads one to believe that the animals are quite close, only to discover that the quarry have hurried off, and are out of sight, many miles away.

I only captured grown elephants at the drinking-places, and even there very seldom. Once, in Kavirondo, I succeeded in bagging a grown bull in a pit, but in this chance came to my aid.

This old fellow was the biggest specimen I have ever set eyes on. His tusks measured 2 m. 75 cm., and together weighed 170 kg. Unfortunately he injured himself by the fall into the pit and I was forced to kill him.

One elephant whose leg bones I saw at a Portuguese dealer's must have been of incredible size. I estimated that he must have stood five metres high.

Niggers in Bechuanaland told of elephants still larger, but little reliance is to be placed on the stories of natives. They always exaggerate, and undoubtedly base their estimates of size on the capacity of their own stomachs. It is difficult for anyone who has not watched a nigger eating to credit entirely true accounts of what a black man can stow away. I had men in my *safari* who thought nothing of disposing of twelve kilos of meat in a single day. Whenever an elephant, rhinoceros, hippopotamus, or buffalo was killed, I always handed over the whole of the meat to the natives, who finished it off in an incredibly short time.

My guide, Bhol Mungi, was capable, even on a full stomach, of stowing away between one and a half and two kilos of stewed or roasted meat. It was very comic to watch his stomach distending as the day went on.

Whilst in India, I was able to surround and capture whole herds of elephants, but in Africa it was only possible to take grown, solitary animals.

In the panic caused by the shrieks of myself and my men I once drove two animals together into the pit.

African bull elephants are extremely suspicious. They have been hunted for thousands of years, and in this almost limitless period they have learnt to know the tricks of their pursuers and a special defensive cell has developed in their brain.

With what caution do the bulls break new paths! Although elephants have been accused of having but poorly developed vision, this is far from being true. It is true, however, that their sense of smell is much more highly developed, enabling them very quickly to scent their enemy, man, and other dangers, at a great distance. I may mention one particularly interesting case.

I had been following a herd for days when the animals at last came to a halt. We pitched a temporary camp a few kilometres from them, near a watercourse. A creek where the water was deeper than in the almost dry riverbed struck me as a suitable place in which to dig some pits, which were to be covered with branches, foliage, and sand.

A steep ascent led from the creek to the top of the bank, and I was certain that the great beasts would in the early morning come down to the water by the easy, gentle way. My men were to take up positions in hiding on the opposite bank, and when the herd had collected to drink they were to raise a loud outcry. I felt sure that the frightened animals would not try to escape by the easy way but would rush in panic up the steep bank and that several would fall into the pits.

In the late afternoon four pits had been dug and covered in. These are never longer than three, or

broader than one metre, and widen towards the bottom.

They are also three metres deep. This leaves little room, and the animal once trapped can scarcely move. This is necessary to prevent any possibility of escape.

From the crest of a tree I kept watch on the herd through my glass. Shortly before dark, I noticed how uneasy the animals were becoming. They kept stretching their trunks into the air to westward. I wondered what was the matter, but could discover nothing, although I scanned the whole neighbourhood eagerly.

Suddenly an old female trumpeted and the troop moved off at a speed which rapidly developed into a stampede. They were fleeing eastward, and I knew that all my labour had been in vain.

I quickly climbed down from the tree, gave some orders to my men, jumped on to a horse, and galloped after the fugitives; but I soon had to give up the chase owing to the thick and deadly nature of the thorn bushes.

I turned about discouraged. My men were worn out and I could not rouse them to break camp. I decided to let them rest until morning and then renew the chase. It took me two hours to discover the cause of the elephants' flight.

While my men were cooking our meal a smell of burning reached me, which could not possibly come from the cooking fires.

I was soon to make a terrible discovery. The plain was on fire. Up to now the smoke clouds had only reached us from the distance.

Climbing the tree again, I searched the surrounding country. At least three kilometres to the west, grass, bush, and trees were ablaze. Already the wild animals were coming in large numbers through the high grass: buffaloes, antelopes, gazelles, zebras, and thousands of other beasts fleeing before the flames. They struggled and crowded their way forward, leopards running among springboks and herds of buffaloes, for in the hour of panic the hatchet had been buried. The earth thundered beneath the hoofs of buffaloes. I saw three lions

driving forward with powerful bounds. High above in the air vultures and other birds were wheeling. It might have been the end of the world.

Quickly camp was broken, and we hurried to an eminence on the opposite bank of the river, where we encamped behind some bare rocks.

The elephants' sense of smell struck me as uncanny, for they had scented the fire more than two hours before and had fled in time.

I have already mentioned that generally the most favourable place in which to dig the trap is near the drinking pools.

A bull will never go into a trap, as I have unfortunately often had occasion to notice. These weighty gentlemen are extremely shrewd and cautious. Whereas the females, when disturbed or frightened by a strange sound, will take to their heels in panic with their trunks in the air, the bulls keep their trunks low and test the ground carefully at whatever pace they may be travelling. This enables them to detect the traps, and when they find one they angrily tear up the branches, foliage, and everything else that covers it and hurl them into the air. In their rage they destroy the pits, tread in the edges, and, trumpeting and snorting, trample everything under foot.

The females are much less cautious, particularly when they have young with them. In their anxiety about their children, they constantly hold their trunks curled high in the air to take the wind, and so often neglect to test the ground. This makes them easier prey for the traps.

It is a simple matter to sow panic among a herd of elephants by making loud and strange noises. In the ensuing tumult the animals dash away, which is what the animal trapper counts on.

Not infrequently, however, the pits remain empty. I have known elephants drinking at the water's edge, instead of dashing up the bank at the outbreak of the din, obey the command of a bull or cow and simply wade out into deeper water and swim across the river. On one such occasion I saw the elephants disappear almost

completely under the surface, only the extreme tip of the trunk and a little of the head being left visible.

My first grown female was caught on the southern slope of Kilimanjaro, on the bank of the Pangani. Though no elephants had been seen there for years, they suddenly reappeared after the rainy season. After two days' journey I had reached the river with a hundred and twenty Masai warriors. The herd was easily found, and as it was travelling northward, I hurried on ahead with my men to set the traps in a likely spot.

As we had not much time, we were only able to dig two pits. Again I chose the most favourable situation : high over the bank at the edge of a creek were bushes which completely concealed the traps.

The elephants did not appear until late in the morning ; but they entered the water too far downstream and it would have been useless to start a clamour ; it would have driven the animals away for ever.

I could not explain why the thirsty animals should have selected such an awkward part of the river bank. The descent was steep and bristled with obstacles. I cursed my fate. Was all our work to go for nothing ?

We now had to wait to see if the elephants would remain another day. If, after drinking, they continued their wanderings, there was no object in our remaining. But if they went to the edge of the forest to sleep, it might be assumed with certainty that they would return to drink the following morning.

To my delight I saw that the big females showed no disposition to move on.

I quickly had four pits dug and carefully covered near the place where they had been drinking ; again a place where I thought that they would be bound to pass after we had disturbed them with our noise.

As I have said, things often turned out differently from what we expected. In the grey dawn the elephants came down to drink, but not in the place where they had drunk twenty-four hours previously. Instead, they made for the place where the first trap had been dug. Fortunately I had posted my men opposite both positions.

I first allowed the animals to attend to their thirst, and then fired off my rifle, whereupon the negroes, who thoroughly enjoy noise, burst into blood-curdling yells, hammered on cooking utensils, and clashed metal lids together. The elephants dashed off in all directions, most of them with trunks raised.

A heavy cow fell into one of the traps, while her baby ran round it screaming.

Such panic must be seen to be believed. Terror was apparent in every movement of the animals. The young, quite tiny baby elephants sought refuge under their mothers and were pushed aside by the usually protective legs, while, with trunks raised in the air, the monsters dashed on, mother love completely forgotten. Not until they had run some distance did they remember their young ones, call them up, and drive them ahead with gentle pushes from their trunks.

I always used to leave captured elephants in the pits for some days without food. Then came the difficult business of tempting the raging animals into the cage. The enormous, narrow, wooden cage was built on a kind of primitive sledge-runner and lowered into a pit dug alongside the trap.

As in the case of rhinos and hippos, the cage is made very narrow, short, and low, to deprive the imprisoned animal of any chance of using his strength.

It is always difficult to remove the earth at the cage side with poles, so that the sliding door can be raised. The infuriated animal has to be kept occupied from all sides and it breaks off dozens of stout poles like matches before the last clump of earth is moved from before the door. As a rule hunger soon drives the captive into the cage, but it takes a very great deal of hard work to lift the cage from the hole and carry it away.

Other elephants often try compassionately to succour the prisoner as he cries for help, and very often they succeed. The rescuers hear the roars of their captured companion, turn back to the pit, hold a short discussion among themselves, and then begin to trample in the edges of the pit along two sides, one longways and the other

across, until a slope has been formed obviating any danger of the rescuers themselves slipping into the pit. They then lower their trunks towards the prisoner and heave him out.

The animals always discuss the situation in their own language before setting to work. For a short time they stand motionless round the trap, and then, as though at a word of command, they arrange themselves round it and begin the rescue work systematically from all sides. When the animals are once engaged on this work it is extremely dangerous to approach them, for in such circumstances they attack in twos and threes.

The capture is not always accomplished so easily as the one I have just described. I need only mention that three months of effort in nine different places produced no result, and one half-grown bull was the only other capture. The cleverness, alertness, and highly developed senses of these animals, which give them timely warning of all dangers, make the trapper's work difficult.

In India elephants are never captured in pits, but are always encircled and driven. This method is more laborious, but has the advantage that a whole herd can be captured at once.

When they are being surrounded the animals often break away unexpectedly, and it is difficult to get them together again.

Drives carried out by clever trained elephants controlled by Indian mahouts are rather more certain of success, but there are elements of uncertainty with which it is difficult to reckon.

The encircling method can only be carried out with herds of not more than twenty, and in this method tame elephants are also used, these renegades indeed being the actual arresters of the prisoners. The successful encirclement of a larger herd is much rarer, and it annoyed me to see a film in which a herd of over a hundred was driven into an impossible corral. Few of the spectators realised that this scene had been filmed with tame elephants.

After a herd has been marked down, the encirclement begins with large numbers of natives on foot and mounted on elephants. The men are disposed in a wide cordon which is continually narrowed. The terrified animals do not know in which direction to escape for the enemy come up from all sides. It is not so much the men, as their fellow-elephants with men perching on their necks, which strike terror into them.

It is a strange fact that the wild elephant hardly ever attacks a man who is sitting on the neck of a tamed elephant, though it would be easy for him to pull down his human enemy with his trunk, hurl him into the air, and then trample him to death. Once the wild herd has been closely encircled, the difficult work of fettering the individual animals begins. The most turbulent are tackled first. Three, and often four tamed elephants are required to overcome a single prisoner fighting for his freedom. Two strong tame elephants, each with an Indian on his neck, squeeze the prisoner one from either side, while from the front a third thrusts him back with his heavy skull against a stout tree. Then the work of the men on foot begins. Unbreakable ropes plaited from the pith of green rushes are bound round one, sometimes both, of the hind legs immediately above the foot, and tied short to the strong tree-trunk. Then the tame elephants move away, leaving the captive to his struggles.

This tormenting process lasts a longer or shorter time according to the temperament of the prisoner. Hunger and thirst have also to play their part in subduing the animal. I have often seen individual elephants give in after a few days, whilst others allow weeks to pass before they are reduced to docility.

Should every other means fail, as occasionally happens with older elephants, drastic means are resorted to, and the prisoner is thrashed by his tame cousins with their trunks, or even knocked down. The executioners treat their prisoner with little mercy. They drive their great skulls under him, overthrow him, and on the word of command beat him with their trunks for from five to ten minutes. This process never re-



RAMS HEAD WITH HORN

quires to be repeated more than two or three times before the recalcitrant animal gives in.

He is then provided with plenty of food and as much water as he wants, and a few days later he is again placed between his two tame jailers, who squeeze themselves tight against his sides. In front of him stands a third elephant, and a fourth at his heels. The rope is then loosed from the tree, but left attached to the leg. The four elephants push and thrust him into the narrow corral which has been prepared for him, and here the subdued animal remains until the whole tamed herd is ready to be moved away. Every outburst of insubordination or attempt to escape is dealt with by blows from the tame elephants' trunks, until the captive realises that resistance is wasted effort, and yields to his fate.

The capture of wild herds by driving is distinct from capture by encirclement. A corral fenced in with tall stakes is built to receive the elephants at a carefully chosen place among strong trees. Of course it is previously ascertained that elephants are living in the neighbourhood.

In the Ban-Dara district of Siam I succeeded in obtaining my best bag in a corral. This I owed to the extraordinary skill of the natives. The preparations lasted for months, and when several large herds had been marked down, the drive began. I had at my disposal more than a thousand men and forty tame elephants. With each day the herd increased as the natives tempted and drove the animals out of the jungle. On it went through forests, and over rivers and lakes up to the great corral which had been made ready. It took us weeks before we reached our destination, had the herd through the skilfully concealed, funnel-shaped entrance, and were able to drop the heavy gates. It sounds a much simpler matter than it actually was.

Then began the arduous work of fettering and taming the animals. Forty-eight giants and eleven babies had been taken.

The elephant babies are easy to deal with. When their mothers are fettered they are left free, for suckling

elephants never stray very far from their mothers' side. They regard the troublesome fettering as a game, gambol comically round the men, and become not only confident but even a nuisance.

Nursing mothers are always more easily tamed than other elephants, as the little ones help greatly in the subjugation of their parents. Occasionally, however, they have to be kept in chains for weeks before they finally submit to their fate.

IV

THE TAPIR

Indian and island tapirs are very difficult to observe.

The most interesting of these small species of pachyderms is the Malayan tapir.

I succeeded in studying this rare animal in Malacca and Sumatra. In both cases fortune came to my assistance, and I decided to use the opportunity to capture the animal.

Tapirs are said by scientists to be something between an elephant and a pig. I found that the only resemblance to the elephant is the trunk. The tapir has much more in common with the pig, especially the wild pig. Like the latter it lives in the forest, loves shade, and rarely exposes itself to the rays of the sun.

Tapirs are extremely peaceable animals. Whether the males battle among themselves in the mating season I cannot say, as it is only by chance that one falls in with these animals. They possess extraordinarily delicate hearing and an even stronger sense of smell.

It is a comical sight to watch a tapir whose attention has been attracted by something unusual. Ears and trunk never cease moving, the trunk being waved rapidly in circles.

Tapirs are night animals, and only emerge from the forest at daybreak to take a thorough bath.

The Brazilian tapir also takes a mud bath after it ha

left the water. This covers it with a thick layer of mud which is undoubtedly a protective measure against insect pests.

But peaceable as the tapir is, the female is extremely savage when it thinks its young one is in danger. Then it casts all caution to the winds and will attack the largest animal. Mother love is unusually strong in these animals. They keep their young with them long after they are weaned, seek food for them, lay it in front of them with their trunks, and wait until the infant has eaten it. Only if the young one leaves something over does the mother take her share.

Indian and island tapirs live in solitude ; it is rare for two or three to be seen together in the forest.

The Brazilian tapir also is not a herd animal, but at the drinking-places groups of as many as thirty are often to be seen together. After the bath the animals scatter, each going its own way alone.

The tapir is accused of stupidity, but this is not in the least true. I have convinced myself of the opposite from observing the specimens I have captured.

A Sumatran tapir I caught, a female 2 m. 45 cm. long, gave birth a few weeks later to a young one. It was touching to watch the way in which the mother protected and looked after her child. She had been placed in a large courtyard with a number of tame animals. I had no idea that she was with young. The heavy body showed no unusual signs.

One corner of the yard was shaded by leafy trees. Here the tapir began to make a nest for her delivery, though we did not discover this until the baby was several weeks old.

One of my men reported to me that the tapir had been lying for days hidden in the undergrowth and had been behaving strangely. She would dash furiously upon any other animal which approached her nest, and had bitten off the hand of an inquisitive ape which had ventured too far into the undergrowth. The animal even attacked the keepers, and when I ventured too close she attacked me too, giving me a severe bite in

the calf. Fortunately I was wearing leather gaiters or the wound would have been fairly serious.

I gave orders that care was to be taken, and the food pushed up to the animal with poles.

The tapir remained in her hiding-place for three full weeks, refusing to allow anyone to approach. Whenever I went near, I would throw some titbits through the bushes. I was answered with snorts and shrill squeaking noises.

It was a great surprise to me when, late in the evening, as I was looking down at the yard, I suddenly saw the tapir coming across it with a little creature waddling at her side. This was the solution to the puzzle!

All the other animals that were still awake made way for the mother and baby. One small, quite young bear approached the two, but at once took to his heels as the mother flew at him snorting and screaming.

The young tapir soon became very tame, and indeed the affection he showed me became very troublesome.

As I always took some dainty with me when I approached the mother, she soon recovered her old trust in me, and after some time allowed me to pick the young one up in my arms. Whenever I gave the mother bread or fruit, she would bite up the food and lay the pieces in front of the baby. The little tapir took a great fancy to sugar. When it saw the white cubes in my hand it did not give the mother a chance, but with an agility one would never have credited, would leap up into the air and snatch the sugar from my hand.

Whenever I set foot in the court, the young one, as soon as it caught sight of me, would come dashing up, thrust aside the other beggars, especially the eager ape, the bear, and the musk-deer, and try to make me pick him up in my arms. It would keep up a continual piping, and when at last I picked it up, before I could do anything to prevent it, rub its trunk and tongue over my whole face.

The irrepressible little fellow—it was a male—would even come into the house, where he would commit serious damage if not immediately discovered. For-

tunately his continual screaming always betrayed his presence.

The keenness of his sense of smell was shown by the rapidity with which he always found me, even if I hid myself.

I often had to be away for days at a time, and at these times the little animal was quite miserable, causing his mother great anxiety. When I returned I always received an effusive welcome, and I could hardly protect myself against his caresses.

In the courtyard there was also a drinking-place and my little friend had no regard for my clothing. As soon as he had disported himself in the water and then in the sand, he would, on seeing me, run up and cover me with mud from head to foot.

I was not allowed to stroke any of the other animals if he was present. He was jealous and pushed aside any that came up to me. He even began to neglect his mother, preferring to be with me.

I found it very difficult to part from this attractive little fellow; but I could not give way to sentiment. Had I kept all the animals of which I grew fond and which became affectionate I should have had the largest zoological gardens in the world.

I deny emphatically the allegation that tapirs are stupid. This mother and her little one made it clear to me that these animals possess a certain intelligence. It all depends what attitude one adopts towards them. If one gives them attention, one can awaken their intelligence. One indication of the cuteness of this little animal was provided for me by his learning before he was much older that he could not destroy or play with anything he liked. He also made friends with the gibbons and was clever enough always to find the hiding-places in which the apes kept their food.

The island tapir is very difficult to capture, as he is an animal of the night, is always on the march, and never has any habitual drinking-place.

I had twice observed the female tapir I have been speaking of in a definite part of the forest at dawn, and

decided to catch her with a net. During the third night I was fortunate enough to hang my strong net in a favourable spot, and stationed my men, partly in the water and partly in a semicircle on the bank and forest edge. We intended, when the tapir came out of the forest and went down to drink, to startle her, hem her in, and drive her into the net. I had little hope that the capture would be successful, but I was anxious to leave no stone unturned to bag this rare animal. I lay in the wet grass and waited for my quarry. It was not yet daylight when she emerged from the forest.

Shortly before, my men had frightened away a leopard. Had this bandit remained in the neighbourhood, the tapir would certainly have been killed.

My gear was soaking wet. I was freezing with cold and took a strong pull at my gin bottle. I saw the silhouette of the tapir at the forest edge. In the semi-darkness she looked much bigger than she was in reality. The silhouette assumed gigantic proportions.

As a rule she only remained for a very brief moment at the forest edge, glanced round, sniffed the air, and then went down to the Moesi river. This time she stood hesitating.

Had she discovered us? Did she scent human beings?

Certainly her trunk was whirling round; the ears flapping back and forward.

Some wild pigs came out of the forest, and trotted without hesitation down to the water. This induced the tapir to go on.

I let her go down to the water and drink undisturbed. Then I slowly placed my whistle to my lips. The shrill notes were intended to startle the animal, and when they heard them my men were to leap up shouting and close the semicircle on to the net.

I could not see the river from my position, but splashings and grunts told me that the animals were in the water. I could only hope that the tapir was with them. Now was the time!

A shrill whistle rent the morning air. With loud shouts

my men sprang up and, driving the panic-stricken animals before them, ran to their places.

I was also quickly on my feet, running towards the net. Before I reached it a wild sow ran into me and knocked me down, dislocating my left arm. However, I at once rose to my feet and in two bounds was at the net.

Three wild pigs and the tapir had dashed into the meshes, and the net was quickly closed round the animals. One of the pigs escaped, and again I was unfortunate enough to be brought down. I hung on to the meshes of the net and the pig dashed off between my legs.

The tapir and the two pigs behaved like mad things inside the net. There was a wild boar among them, and as I was afraid he would injure the tapir with his tusks. I ordered one of my men, who were already smacking their lips over the prospect of roast pig, to kill the raging animal. The sow had also to suffer, and there must have been a great feast in the camp that night.

The tapir, held fast in the net, I gradually quietened, until only her eyes betrayed her fear. A cage was soon made ready and lashed to a raft. It cost us great effort to drag the animal down to the river and force it into the cage.

My second island tapir was caught some years later in Malacca by means of a pit which had been set for other animals. This was a strong young male, who also quickly accustomed himself to captivity and human beings.

In Brazil I had no need to spend my time capturing tapirs, as I was able to acquire three animals from the natives.

On my trapping expeditions through the forests of Brazil I often met with tapirs, particularly by water at dawn.

The behaviour of these animals when pursued in the water is very interesting. They dive, and even run along the river bottom, their noses only appearing above water from time to time, to disappear again at once.

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In this way they elude the hunter and often escape him altogether.

I prefer to say nothing of the brutal treatment of tapirs by hunters in Brazil. It is an unexampled outrage against civilisation.

CHAPTER XXI

THE MOST DANGEROUS BEASTS IN JUNGLE, FOREST, AND PLAIN

WHEN a layman hears speak of the most dangerous animals in the Indian jungle, or in the forests and plains of Asia and Africa, his mind always turns to the great beasts of prey—such as lions, tigers, panthers, jaguars, leopards, hyenas, bears, wolves, jackals, rhinoceroses.

Few people who have spent their lives far from the places mentioned know, for example, that one of the most dangerous animals of the jungle is the wild boar. And here again, only the solitary kind.

We hear the most remarkable stories about solitary elephants, rhinoceroses, buffaloes, and boars, though no actual proof of these has been furnished.

The story, for instance, that the solitary elephant is one that has been driven out of the herd on account of old age or weakness, does not hold water. During my long journeys in the tropics I frequently saw these animals, and I never noticed that they were weak. In most cases they were gigantic specimens.

I put down the isolation of the elephant and boar from the herd to a mental defect. I will even go so far as to say that all solitary members of these species are mad. There certainly are insane animals. I have met examples in the course of my long experience, and they have not always been solitary.

I have already mentioned the myth of the elephant's burying-ground. These stories are entirely imaginary. In Trengganu, the natives say that when an old elephant

feels death approaching he will go into the water and drown himself. This, too, is a myth, which may have arisen from the fact that once or twice dead elephants have been found in marshy pools. These must have been solitary animals, for had they been members of a herd, their brothers and sisters would have come to their aid when they walked into the morass. They must have been aged, dying hermits.

I have often observed that these abnormal animals—now and again an old female is among them, though this is extremely rare—feed to some extent on quite different food from that eaten by the normal animals belonging to the herds: additional evidence that their brains are abnormal. I have also noticed that the solitary animal goes much more often to the drinking-places than his fellows.

This constant thirst also drives dying solitary animals to a pool in the hour of death. He wades in, and his weight presses him down deep into the mud; until, no longer having the strength to extricate himself, he is condemned to end his life by drowning. It may be in this way that the legend of suicide amongst solitary animals has arisen.

But to return to the boar.

The Indian boar is a formidable animal. Bulky volumes might be made of the appalling stories told of him by the natives.

When the wild boar is with a herd, he is only dangerous if wounded or driven to bay in company with the sows.

I have often encountered Indian wild pigs, and in almost all cases the sows made off with their young, followed by the boar. It very rarely happened that the lord and master of the herd attacked us.

But the solitary wild boar, when old, is a very dangerous enemy. In case of an unexpected encounter, a novice would be well advised to use his weapon without a second's hesitation. But he must take careful aim, for the wounded boar is terrific in attack.

In order to give some idea of the savagery of this wild animal I will give an account of some adventures

that happened to myself, and some others that are vouched for.

While I was inspecting my pits on a trapping expedition in Central India, I suddenly heard a cracking noise in the bush. About a hundred feet away from me three natives were passing. All at once they turned about and ran towards me, and behind them, with tusks lowered, rushed an old boar. Before the three could reach me, the pig had overtaken one young man, driven its tusk into his calf, brought him down, and set to work furiously to rip up the body of the shrieking victim. I let fly and hit him once in the back and once in the head. It took the second shot to finish him off.

The youth was horribly maimed. Stomach and leg were cut open and his entrails were protruding from his body. In spite of immediate attention the poor fellow died in a few hours.

The tusks of the Indian boar—the German hunters call them his “Gewehre,” for he uses them for defence—are rather longer, and also rather broader than those of the European species. They are a terrible weapon, which may easily bring death to their victim. Their length outside the jaw reaches from 8 to 10 cm. From constant rubbing against the long tooth of the upper jaw, they become extremely sharp, both at the point and the edge.

When attacking, the animal drives his tusk with tremendous force into his victim's flesh, thrusts upwards, then slashes with incredible swiftness sideways, and so inflicts ghastly wounds.

From an elephant's back, I once saw a boar break out of the bush about a hundred metres ahead of me. Hurling himself with all his force on my mount, he ripped open several inches of the inch-thick hide of the left foreleg. The elephant drew back frightened before the attack and made as if to take to his heels.

For a moment, owing to the restlessness of my mount, I was unable to bring my rifle to bear. The situation was not pleasant, for there is no small danger attached to sitting on a frightened elephant. At last, however,

I fired without taking any aim, and hit the animal in the spine. It collapsed, but struggled to get on its feet again.

The mahout now came up and quietened the elephant, so enabling me to fire two further shots in quick succession which settled the boar. My elephant suffered for a long time from the wound in the leg, which appeared to have been poisoned by the boar's tusks.

Wounds inflicted by boars are often poisonous, but can generally be successfully treated. What makes them poisonous is the animal's habit of grubbing in the ground, so that the tusks frequently bring dirt into the wound.

The inhabitants of one village told me about a boar which was prowling about in their fields and had already caused great havoc. Among other things, he had, without any provocation, attacked a woman who was cutting grass at the forest edge, accompanied by her little girl of three years old. Mother and child were both horribly mangled and did not recover.

The boar had torn the woman open, and the child had the ribs of her left side broken and her neck and face torn to ribbons by the tusks. The people no longer dared venture into the fields.

The same evening I got ready to find the marauder with two of my men, but although we patrolled the danger zone for hours, we could find no trace of him.

The following morning I was startled out of my hammock by the shrieks of a woman. The boar had pursued her to the edge of the forest, and only the chance that the infuriated beast became involved in the clothing, which at the first attack had been torn from her body, enabled her to escape unhurt. The naked woman ran shrieking through the village and roused the inhabitants. I at once got up, roused my boy, and set out on the trail of the boar. It led through a large rice-field, and thence towards the neighbouring forest.

The trail turned aside, and then we saw the boar ahead of us trotting towards the forest. He must have heard us, for like lightning he wheeled round and charged without more ado. With lowered head he came at us :

but not far. In mid-course, my bullet struck him and threw him down. Death was instantaneous.

This animal's skin was covered with scars, the marks of other tusks. The gashes in some cases must have been 30 cm. long, for the scars, which shrink in course of time, measured 20 cm. and more. There were also traces of leopard, and even tiger, claws on the skin.

It is astonishing how these terrible wounds always heal, provided no vital spot has been touched. The scars are often to be seen in places which the wounded animal is unable to reach with his tongue to lick them, in which case they are bound to fester, and it is safe to assume that flies and other insects lay their eggs in the wounds. For these reasons I was always surprised when I saw these terrible scars, and could only explain their having healed by the fact that the animals resort frequently to the water to wash their wounds and so help them to heal.

It is a well-known fact that the boar will even attack the leopard, and often vanquish him. Only very rarely will a tiger attack a solitary boar. I am inclined to think he is afraid of him. This is confirmed by the reports of many hunters and natives.

I once saw an old boar that had been mauled by a tiger, but I often found the remains of young boars which tigers had eaten. This has convinced me that the tiger, which in general has no objection to pig's flesh, never ventures to attack a solitary boar.

The rifle is not always the best weapon against the boar. His skin is extraordinarily tough; his courage so dauntless, and his endurance so amazing, that even after severe gunshot wounds, which would account for any other animal, he will still go on struggling for a long time. In cases where the shot has been ineffective, it is usual to take the infuriated animal on the spear.

The use of the spear is not confined to natives. Sportsmen also use this weapon against the boar. A shot boar charges with such force that the outstretched spear is driven deep into his body. The hunter must stand firmly on his feet, bent well forward, and must find the

right spot. The impact is tremendous, and unless the man at once relaxes and springs aside, he will be thrown down, which, if the spear-thrust has failed to find its mark, may mean the hunter's death, unless help is immediately at hand.

The momentum with which the infuriated animal charges is shown by the fact that the spear-head often penetrates his body to a depth of 60 cm.

It is a curious fact that a shot-wound through both lungs, often throwing this organ completely out of action, may not bring down a boar, and that, even after such an injury, he is frequently able to continue the fight for another ten minutes. On the other hand, a spear-wound through one lung knocks him out immediately.

The danger that attaches to pig-sticking, even for an experienced tropical hunter, was impressed upon my mind once when an old friend of mine, Captain Phil Sullivan of the Irish Guards, stuck a tremendous boar almost completely through the body—subsequent measurement showed that the spear had penetrated to a depth of 54 cm. The shaft of the spear broke and Captain Sullivan was overthrown by the wounded beast and killed. The boar had thrust his tusk under the hip of the unfortunate man, cut through the ribs, and torn open the heart. Sullivan died within a few minutes.

Battles between boars and leopards are frequent, and, as has already been mentioned, the former are almost always the victors. The blood-lust of the solitary boar in these cases drives him to rend the carcase of his enemy to shreds.

It would be very interesting to see a slow-motion picture of an attacking boar. Anyone who has witnessed the immense force of such an attack will never forget it.

Monkeys are very much afraid of the boar and on his approach dash into the highest branches of the trees, from which safe refuge they scold and bombard their enemy like maniacs. Let me here quote a case where a large band of monkeys accepted battle with a wild boar.

A band of gibbons were surprised by a boar, and at once fled into the neighbouring trees. During this

panic a baby gibbon fell from its mother's body to which it was clinging in one of the trees. The mother, heedless of danger, climbed down to save her offspring. The boar at once attacked and wounded her.

From the trees the band of apes had watched the movements of the mother in horror, and when the boar made to renew his attack, all the grown gibbons, not as a rule regarded as courageous animals, dashed down from the trees and rushed angrily upon the enemy.

In the ensuing struggle three apes lost their lives and a number were wounded. The rest, especially the females, dug their teeth frantically into the raging boar and finally forced him to take to his heels. As he fled, two female monkeys who had locked their teeth in his body were still clinging to his neck and they did not return until after the boar had disappeared in the forest.

Some natives killed the boar the same day and found that in many parts of his back the skin was hanging in shreds. The animal had more than a hundred wounds over his body, including some very large ones.

At Haiderabad, in Central India, Major Stratton once witnessed a battle fought out between a wild boar, a solitary animal, and two leopards, probably a pair. The boar was the assailant. He attacked the female and tore open her loins with a blow of his tusk. The male leopard then attacked.

The unequal battle lasted over half an hour. The female leopard was disposed of in the first ten minutes. Her entrails were torn out and she soon succumbed. The male had fastened his teeth into the boar's neck, and the two animals fell struggling to the ground. The leopard was bleeding from a considerably greater number of wounds than his enemy, and the gashes inflicted by the tusks were bigger than those suffered by the boar.

The boar flung the leopard from his back, made a final attack, and fell dead. A bullet from Major Stratton's rifle finished off the leopard.

Eleven tooth and claw wounds were counted on the boar. One blow of the claws had ripped open the neck,

and a bite in the open wound had torn open the whole network of arteries.

The leopard's neck had been pierced through by a tusk and he had suffered a number of other terrible wounds.

There have been many cases where the boar has simply attacked, overthrown his victim, often without inflicting a wound, and then trotted off. Such cases are not, however, common.

For the hunter it is all-important to allow the solitary boar no time, and always to shoot straight. A wounded boar still capable of attack is a desperate, relentless adversary, who must not be underestimated.

It is characteristic of the boar that he fights in silence when his enemy is human, and emits deep grunts when fighting another animal.

It remains to be noted that the Indian boar never attains the dimensions of his European cousin.

II

Among the most dangerous of animals must be included the Indian bear, the solitary elephant, and the buffalo.

One peculiarity of the Indian bear is that he avails himself of a cowardly trick to attract his victim. The animals living in the haunts of this creature are aware of this and do not fall into the trap, but men and dogs, as well as other animals which are not native to the district allow themselves to be tricked by the howls of this creature and involve themselves in awkward situations the outcome of which may prove fatal.

The expression "howl" requires some explanation. The Indian bear knows how to make a whining noise that sounds like that of a small child which has lost its way and is crying for its mother.

Many a sportsman has been induced to follow this cry in order to help the "child" in distress, and found himself suddenly face to face with an Indian bear, which often attacks at once.

On the other hand, I have on several occasions had a bear take to his heels on catching sight of me, and sportsmen and natives have experienced the same thing. I believe that the black fellow recognises a rifle, even mistaking a stick for a fire-arm, and this is the reason he makes off. Small persons and especially children, however, he attacks and kills.

My first encounter with one of these howling bears was not without its comic side. I had long before been told of this solitary bear, and his tricks had been explained to me. I knew that he can imitate a human cry and seeks to deceive by this means.

I had among my men a fourteen-year-old Bengalee who had joined the expedition *en route* and could not be shaken off. Though he was at first willing and eager for any adventure that the trapping expedition might offer, after a few weeks he fell home-sick and wanted to return to his mother. There was of course no means of sending the boy home. To let him return alone through this pathless district was out of the question in view of the many dangers to which he would be exposed. It was explained to him that he would have to put up with things until we reached an inhabited place and then he could be sent back in safe company. There were days when the little boy consoled himself and behaved quietly, but at intervals he would throw himself on the ground and try the nerves even of the placid Indians.

We had pitched our camp on the banks of the Luni, on the edge of the 'Thar desert, and I made my way along the river to reconnoitre. The forest was sparse and bush stretched between rocky clefts.

It was at the end of a scorching day that sudden wailing caused me to stop and listen.

That Bengalee again! I thought. He was getting a bit trying. But how did he come to be here, so far from the camp? I had seen him by the fire when I came away. I thought I would give him a fright, and I signed to my companion to keep quiet and remain behind.

The man tried to say something, but I stopped him

and went in the direction of the wailing, which was coming from a confusion of rocks.

The crying now sounded quite close over my head, and, looking up, I saw to my astonishment, not the whining boy, but an Indian bear peering out from among the rocks. It was from him that the noise was coming.

With his hanging underlip the fellow looked more comic than dangerous. I threw up my rifle, and the fellow disappeared among the rocks as quickly as he had appeared.

Authenticated stories describe the dangerous nature of this bear, and there can be no doubt that this human wailing draws men and animals on to places where the bear can attack them from concealment.

The solitary elephant is a dangerous animal. He will attack furiously anyone appearing in his path, pursue them, kill them, and trample them to pulp. The only means of safety for a man finding himself in such a situation lies in a well-directed shot that will put the animal out of action, or at least cripple him. Many hunters must have lost their lives beneath the feet of this ferocious beast.

It is fortunate that the solitary elephant almost always remains in the heart of the forest, and I have only known of a few cases of its approaching settlements. The following story, which can be vouched for, illustrates the danger of this maniacal animal.

An expedition of naturalists had pitched camp on the Meo-Nam in northern Siam, and during the night a solitary elephant attacked the camp, destroyed the tents, killed three men and wounded eight natives, and trampled a pony to death after first ripping the wretched animal completely open.

A like fate overtook an Italian expedition in the Elgon mountains. They were attacked on the march by a solitary elephant, and only the fact that the majority of the expedition happened to be mounted enabled them to escape with the loss of one man and one horse.

The most dangerous and most untamable of animals

is the buffalo ; and the African buffalo is even wilder than his Asiatic cousins.

Buffaloes frequently attack and kill lions and tigers. A wounded buffalo is like a mad thing. It pursues the hunter, who has no chance unless he manages to find refuge in a tree, or finish off his pursuer with a second shot. I once had to spend a whole afternoon and night in a tree into which I had managed to climb at the last second with the maddened buffalo in pursuit. The buffalo did not leave its post under my hiding-place until dawn, when it rejoined the herd which was hurrying away in the distance to the drinking-place. I felt considerably relieved when I was able to leave my uncomfortable perch and retrieve my rifle, which was leaning against the tree trunk.

A single lion will never attack a buffalo, for he well knows that he would have no chance. Certain death would be the reward of his foolhardiness. When lions attack buffaloes, whether bull or cow, they are nearly always in threes or fours ; and even then the assailants make sure of being able to spring upon their victim from the side or from behind, carefully avoiding his horns. The buffalo will often kill one or two of his assailants, or at least wound them severely.

I once saw a powerful male lion fall upon a herd of *tame* buffaloes at night, and he was trampled to death.

The most furious of all in his attack is the Cape buffalo. When he is lashed into fury by a surprise attack, he will hurl himself about madly and even rush upon his own wounded brothers and sisters, tear them with his horns, and trample them with his hoofs.

Negroes who will follow the trail of a wounded lion, elephant, or rhinoceros, bluntly refuse to take part in the search for a bleeding buffalo. They know the tricks of this animal, which when wounded will dash away, only to wheel round and return from another direction. The animal will then hide behind a bush and dash upon the unsuspecting pursuers, who imagine the wounded animal to be far away.

It is interesting that whole herds of buffaloes will

venture to attack a group of lions. They assume a square formation, with the bulls and cows ahead and on the flank, so that the calves are in the centre protected from danger.

Such an attack is an unforgettable sight. With heads down, the heavy animals thunder over the plain towards the lions—even if the lions take to flight it avails them little—hurl themselves upon their enemies, and exact a bloody revenge for the treacherous attacks that have been made upon single buffaloes and calves.

Woe to the man or animal who becomes involved in such a stampede. A ghastly death is his certain fate.

In India the tiger almost invariably avoids the buffalo ; or if he does venture to attack, it is only when he finds himself faced with a single animal ; and even in these cases the buffalo is usually the victor.

A mortally wounded buffalo dies heroically. He struggles to the last breath, and even when completely crippled by a shot, he still strives to get at his enemy.

I saw a buffalo die standing, after three shots had failed to bring him down. Again and again he renewed the attack. The third shot had shattered his spine ; but he was still on his feet. His whole body quivered ; his flanks were heaving ; his nostrils snorting. His eyes held their fire up to the last second ; and then the brave fellow collapsed and fell lifeless.

There are several other animals I could include among the dangerous, but this is only true in their case at the special times I have mentioned in the chapter, "Are wild animals dangerous ?"

CHAPTER XXII

RARE ANIMALS

THEIR HAUNTS AND THE POISONOUS MISTS THAT PROTECT THEM

THE OKAPI AND SCALED RHINOCEROS (*SCHUPPLNASHORN*)

TO plumb the secrets of nature involves the overcoming of many difficulties. Even to-day there are in every part of the world inaccessible areas where there certainly exist wild creatures unknown to naturalists. Think of the okapi in the fever-haunted swamps of the dense African forest, or the scaled rhinoceros in Java. Once, a young okapi was caught alive, but it broke its forelegs in the trap so badly that there was no possibility of recovery.

A short time ago a young okapi was brought to London, the first time in centuries that this rare animal had been brought into captivity. Proved cases of the shooting of okapis by Europeans are rare, as the fatigue, expense, and danger involved are too great to justify a naturalist or hunter making the attempt. Weeks, even months may be spent in the impenetrable forest without an okapi being even so much as seen.

The firm of wild-animal dealers for which I acted as trapper for nearly twenty years received many commissions to secure an okapi. I was informed that at one time the London Zoological Society was offering a high price for a living adult specimen, but the cost of the expedition would be too high to make the enterprise worth while. Nor was it merely a question of expense; the firm also realised that it was extremely doubtful whether the rare animal would even be sighted.

The same thing is true of the capture of a fully grown gorilla. After the brutal murder of the parents, quite young gorillas have several times been shown in captivity; but these animals, accustomed as they are to a special forest diet, did not develop. They remained undersized, and died young. Though they are easily tamed and accustom themselves to people and other monkeys (particularly chimpanzees), after a certain time they languish in captivity.

The white scaled rhino lives in a region the entry of which for whites, and even natives, is in seventy-five per cent of cases suicide. It is necessary to traverse more than 200 km. of swamp which is deadly for any living creature not accustomed to such places. Natives living only a hundred miles away on the other side of the hills and accustomed to fevers of various kinds, fall even more quickly victims to swamp fever than white men, and refuse to take part in such expeditions even for high wages.

It is certain that in these swamps live animals which have never been discovered, having managed to elude the eyes of the few men who have ventured into these zones.

The legendary scaled rhino has twice been shot in the swamps of Java, but so far no living specimen has been captured.

The shooting of the first specimen—by two Dutch hunters—involved the death of twenty-one of the thirty natives who accompanied them. Four fled home; and the other five returned from the expedition seriously sick. In addition, one of the hunters died of fever. These dangerous districts harbour mysteries of nature which will remain for ever unrevealed unless the eye of some courageous man chances to fall upon them. Any man who ventures into these fever zones must be prepared never to come back.

My former profession compelled me to penetrate regions which, by reason of their miasmas and other almost insuperable obstacles, had in many cases never

before been trodden by the foot of a white man. Owing to the fact that I first came to the tropics at an early age, I was able to acclimatise myself more readily than most men, and resist disease.

Apart from nerve-racking expeditions through the ice-fields of Alaska and Siberia, most of my work was carried out in the tropics. I never became immune from fever, but even the many kinds of fever which most human beings find it difficult to resist, mobilised their bacilli against me in vain. Cholera and blackwater fever threw me on my back, but I always got on to my feet again. The most persistent of all was malaria, which was more faithful than any woman I have ever met in my restless life. It clung to me through thirty years and did not leave me finally until 1925, after a tremendous shaking up by way of farewell.

I have seen men of iron constitution come to the tropics whom, when I met them again years after—or often after quite a short time—I found reduced to physical wrecks. The finely built Scotch Highlanders, a splendid type of man, lost thousands of their numbers in the tropics. I often used to see these men on board transport steamers in Indian and other tropical ports, and it was an unforgettable sight to see these tall, stalwart soldiers marching through the streets. If they remained some time on the coast or joined garrisons in the hills, they more easily accustomed themselves to the climate, but transfer to the fever centres always brought disaster. That deadly poison, alcohol, in the form of whisky and gin, which boredom led them to consume in large quantities, undermined the system and left the way open to all kinds of fever germs.

How different these men looked when I saw them again in the great hospitals in the mountains and health resorts of India! They looked shattered, and stared death in the face with hollow eyes. Few succeeded in recovering their health; most remained human wrecks suffering for the rest of their lives from attacks of malaria.

Anyone with a sound heart and taking alcohol only in small quantities could hope for recovery, for the bacilli

then met with natural resistance. After one has suffered from malaria for many years, provided one is otherwise sound and strong, and so able to offer resistance, one's body becomes accustomed to it, and the consequences are not so severe. On one occasion even, when the fever kept away from me for several months, I almost missed it and thought I must be ill.

This power of resistance in my body, which from my earliest youth had been accustomed to the open air, sport, and physical fatigue, enabled me not only to penetrate the fever-stricken areas, but even to remain there longer than the natives themselves.

I do not blame explorers or hunters for avoiding the fever mists, but by doing so they are missing a great deal which is worth knowing in nature, particularly with regard to the habits of the living creatures to be found there.

Unfortunately I never had the privilege of visiting the jungle swamps of South Java in order to see, study, and capture the scaled rhino and other unknown animals.

Many reports by Johannsen, who once shot a scaled rhino, have credited these animals with sensitive feelings which manifest themselves especially in their love for their young. When these pachyderms swim across a river, or one of the many lakes in the swamps, they carry their young on their backs, and their one concern is lest the young animal should fall into the water.

Once, when Johannsen fired a shot to frighten them, a baby fell into the water and was drowned in sight of the panic-stricken parents which had swum on, but at once returned.

For days the grown animals swam round the spot, grunting and wailing, looking for their offspring, and when a week later the distended body of the young creature appeared on the surface, its sorrowing parents pushed the carcass to the bank, stood moaning in front of it, and with gentle pushes with their horns kept trying to induce it to stand up.

The feelings of the okapi show themselves most

distinctly in the way that they hide their young in the thickest thorn bushes until it is in a position to defend itself against the dangers of the forest.

A Belgian sportsman who spent months with a few natives in the thickest forests of Somaliland in order to capture a living okapi, reports that while following a female, he saw the animal suddenly make a rush into a thorn bush and disappear, regardless of the long, sharp thorns which tore its skin to ribbons. When, after hours of effort, the Belgian forced his way into the bush, he found a nest in which the young one had been lying, and quite fresh spoor, but both mother and child had disappeared. Days of search failed to reveal the pair.

The sportsman described the nest to me, saying that it was even roofed in with thorn, and constituted a regular fortress, which no enemy could penetrate.

CHAPTER XXIII

ANIMALS OF THE WILD AS DOCTORS

FOR thousands of years men have suffered from all kinds of internal and external infirmities, terrible and painful diseases ; and for an equally long time they have been seeking to discover means of curing or mitigating these ills.

The science of healing goes back for thousands of years through the history of mankind, and there existed male and female doctors long before Æsculapius.

And when we think that the science of healing stretches back so far into the past, it is surprising to realise that even to-day methods, medicines, salves, mixtures, and herbs are used which were known to men of the dimmest ages of the past. I have no desire to deprive those who practise this art of their due credit, but excavations of primitive men have provided proofs, in the form of crucibles and other vessels whose contents left no doubt, that even in their day there existed medicines and remedies.

Among the oldest remedies are included herbs and baths. It is unnecessary to insist on the healing and strengthening powers of either, and I have in the course of my years of travel in distant zones often had the opportunity of noting that savage peoples, who in reality are by no means savage, still treat diseases and wounds with herbs which first came into use five thousand years or more ago.

In the earliest ages there were quack-salvers, medicine-men, practisers of magic, exorcists. Man is credulous and accessible to all kinds of hocus-pocus, more especially when he is attacked by bodily infirmities and pains.

And although the so-called enlightened classes, officials, and scientists wage war on the abuse of medicine by ignorant practitioners whose one interest is to exploit the stupidity of their neighbours, it will always remain a struggle, for fraud is difficult to eradicate.

The suffering and oppressed are only too ready to believe that certain of their fellow-men are endowed with supernatural powers. In these they put their trust, and the factor which often, nay, almost always, turns the scale is the painlessness of the cure which these humbugs promise.

Whereas a certain class of doctor is only too ready to use the knife, the magic doctors employ massage, prayers, hypnotic influence, and similar means.

While the sects of Christian Scientists act in good faith, most of the others are conscious swindlers with their eyes fixed exclusively on the purses of their dupes.

There are, however, in the country many men who are in close touch with nature and know herbs which possess healing powers. But that, as townsmen are apt to imagine, the people in the country are themselves discoverers of these specifics, is only to a limited extent true. Certainly some know by tradition the healing powers of grasses and the like ; but the origin of this knowledge generally lies in the fact that centuries ago the apothecaries sent skilled envoys into the country, forests, and fields, to collect the necessary herbs with which to make medicines. These collectors often obtained the assistance of the country people, and as they could not obtain the labour of the young for this work, it was the old people who were mostly employed.

Shepherds and cow-herds became apt scholars. They had plenty of time to devote to the work, and collected everything that the apothecaries' envoys asked them for. In the course of centuries the shepherds developed into a guild of medicine-men. They were not quack-salvers in the true sense, so long as they devoted themselves only to healing herbs, but they became so as soon as they began to practise magic and faith-healing.

Many invalids swear that they have been freed from their sufferings by natural cures. This is often true, though in such cases faith helps a great deal. These patients never have faith in the doctor, whose science intimidates them; and the doctors themselves have in many cases been responsible for their patients resorting to faith-healers, shepherds, and similar people. They are often too much the slaves of routine, and resort to measures which, while relieving the pain, are harmful to the general health of the patient.

Surgeons, too, have always been ready with the knife, and a patient could hardly be blamed for preferring the quack who promises him a cure without the pain of an operation.

Let me give one example of the case with which such "famous" healers can be convicted.

Many years ago some friends in Hamburg told me of the miraculous cures effected by a shepherd in the Lüneburger Heide. Anyone who did not possess the necessary money to make the journey, needed only to send a lock of hair to the herbalist, who claimed to diagnose any disease from the hair and would at once send the required medicine.

At that time I possessed a chocolate coloured poodle whose coat was golden under the tail. I sent a lock of this light-coloured hair to the "nature doctor," wrote to him that it came from my own head, and asked for his diagnosis and remedy. A fortnight later he wrote to tell me that I was suffering from kidney disease, gall stones, and polypus in the nose.

I was tremendously tickled when he advised me, in view of my advanced age, to be less energetic, and also to be more sparing with alcohol. I was at the time twenty-nine years old, almost a total abstainer, suffered neither from gall stones nor polypus, and led a very steady life.

When will people become sensible enough to leave quacks alone and go to a genuine doctor, even though his methods may involve great discomfort?

It is not my intention to speak of the art of healing

and the use of its specifics among men. I must begin upon my theme: the way in which natural remedies have been discovered, and the extent to which men owe these to the animal, or as it is wrongly and unjustifiably called, the beast.

Anyone who, like myself, has for decades studied animals in freedom, in their natural surroundings, and who, like me, is a lover of creation, will also have had opportunities of learning an immense amount from them.

Even among domestic animals and animals in captivity there is a great deal to observe, although in cases where they have spent a long time among men, animals lose a great deal of their naturalness and certain characteristics drop from them.

The animal in the wilds never poisons itself, never eats what is harmful to it; indeed, with the exception of the hyena, it never over-eats itself—which cannot be said of the domestic animal, not to mention man himself.

I frequently watched the greedy way in which hyenas devour their food, gorging themselves until they are sick, only to begin again shortly afterwards. Brown hyenas especially swallow huge lumps of food in quick succession and then run off to some hiding-place, return again shortly afterwards, drive away the great birds which have attacked the carrion in the meanwhile, and begin to gorge afresh. When the stomach can hold no more, the greedy animal would vomit and then lie down and go to sleep. A few hours later the glutton would awake and devour the ejected pieces.

Domesticated animals which have been accustomed during thousands of years to being fed by man are often immoderate feeders, but for this man is to blame. Pets such as dogs, cats, birds, and even horses are often overfed and also brought up to eat dainties which do not suit them. Few people realise that animals are exposed to sickness in the wilds from other causes than those affecting men.

Animals are proof against the weather, and it might

be supposed that they do not suffer from chills or other ailments due to climate. This, however, is not the invariable rule.

Even in the moderate zones exceptionally low temperatures to which the animals are not accustomed try them severely, and the winter coat which they begin to put on in the late summer does not provide sufficient protection. Even if the too severe cold does not kill off the animals, the results are to be seen the following spring in many cases of weakness.

This cannot always be put down to lack of food, for even in forests where food has been scattered for the game by keepers and sportsmen, ailing specimens are seen. It is due to the cold which strikes the stomach and kidneys.

In the tropics, disease is chiefly due to the parasites which settle in the mouth and nose and ears, and from there penetrate into the animal's inside, where they attack the brain, liver, kidneys, lungs, heart, and intestines.

It is therefore not impossible for the internal organs of an animal to be attacked by disease. It even happens that such weaknesses are inherited. These afflicted creatures fall into decline very young and soon die off, which is the reason why ailing animals are so seldom seen in the wild. There are cripples to be found, animals with external malformations; but these are generally due to fighting or play, or to external circumstances.

Many animal mothers—although they are for the most part even more self-sacrificing than human mothers—eat their young when they are puny, diseased, or unlikely to live; or let them starve. To us this seems brutal and inhuman; but it is not instinct, it is the mysterious knowledge of the animals which leads them to act in this way. The mothers, and often the fathers too, know that the weak or crippled young one cannot hold its own in the fight for existence and is doomed to death. It is as though nature had endowed the animal with a gift that men lack.

I have also observed among numerous savage races

that the mother will kill, soon after birth, offspring which are born blind or crippled. We call this barbarous ; but I do not know which is the more barbarous : to allow a cripple to drag through years of suffering, or to relieve him of such a life, if it can be called one.

I do not know for instance whether the Masai, one of the finest African negro stocks, and of Semitic origin, kill their crippled or weak children at birth ; but it is certain that among them I have never seen a sickly or hump-backed person, nor a cripple. If there are bodily defects, they arise, as among the animals, from maiming in battle, play, or accident.

The Australian negro stocks of Queensland expose crippled children and leave them to starve. Among other stocks of Australian negroes the blinded and maimed commit suicide. I have observed the same thing also among some tribes of South Sea Islanders, while others of these kill men who have been severely wounded in battle.

Many negro tribes in Australia kill the aged members of their family, and the Maoris of New Zealand also used to rid themselves in this affectionate manner of their grandfathers and grandmothers.

The blacks of Australia and the islands evince great cruelty in the killing of their nearest relations, and it is incredible how stoically the victims face, and submit to their dreadful fate.

The men of the family gather together and decide upon the death of some old gentleman or lady of the family. These deliberations last for hours and often days. The medicine man or magic doctor of the tribe talks incessantly. He breaks all records of our parliamentary oratory, but resembles European orators in that in similar circumstances he always says the same thing and talks a great deal of nonsense. The relatives sit mute in a circle, one or other only occasionally interjecting a remark of which the speaker rarely takes any notice, at most leaping up in front of his interrupter, wildly gesticulating in his face, and screaming madly.

The witch-doctor keeps on repeating what a boon it

will be for the condemned man to be released from this miserable earthly existence. Such speeches always reminded me strongly of the consoling words spoken by devoted relatives on visits to the sick bed or visits of condolence.

The excitement of the speaker constantly increases, while his hearers become more and more apathetic. The great magician speaks mysterious formulæ, leaps round the circle like a lunatic ape, hurling himself now at one, now at another of the staring niggers and screaming in his face.

Meanwhile the *omama* or *opapa* squats at the outskirts of the village awaiting the son or son-in-law who is to dispatch him into the beyond. It must not be thought that any feelings of fear affect the condemned grand-parent. This is certainly never the case with the men, though I once had the doubtful pleasure of coming upon an old woman who was sitting wailing near a village. My interpreter explained to me what was happening.

The old woman stood in fear of death and when, to protect her from the dreadful ceremony, I proposed to take her with me, she refused point-blank. The relatives, too, and particularly the great witch doctor, were opposed to it.

When, some hours later, I saw the corpse of the old woman, I was appalled to see with what incredible cruelty these savages kill their nearest relations.

Once it has been decided that the old man or woman is to die, one of the men takes a thick stick, or rather club, and while the witch-doctor, painted with every possible colour, and even with human and animal secretions, dances in circles round the squatting victim, the executioner steps up behind his victim and brings his club down with terrific force on the skull.

The first blow stuns the victim, and then the affectionate relative goes on pounding his head until the skull is crushed to atoms.

The witch-doctor then smears his face and hands with the victim's blood, after which they bury or devour—the corpse.



THE MAN HAS BEEN THE CAT AND WE IS THE CAT SUN MEN

The islanders subsequently hold a feast lasting for several days, during which the Australian bush-niggers look round the circle to see which superfluous guest is to be the next victim.

An interesting characteristic of the Maori mothers of certain tribes is the way in which they try to remove any malformation or deformity in the head of a new-born child by gentle massage. From the day of birth there is during the first year daily massage of the nose, forehead, and chin. I assume that it is for this reason that the Maoris possess and inherit regular features. In the Carolines also I have seen mothers massaging their children's faces, particularly in the case of girls.

I have seen cases of the suicide of old people among certain tribes of Australian negroes and South Sea Islanders, and also among the Fuegians and one tribe of Eskimos in Greenland.

There is no such thing as self-destruction among animals. I have never witnessed the frequently recounted suicide of the scorpion, unless the insect is tormented.

Animals are endowed with sounder and much more highly developed senses than men. Nature gives the animal his armour which adapts itself to the surroundings and so makes it impenetrable to extremes of climate. And yet there are such things as sick animals, for nothing in nature is perfect.

What is it that makes animals fall sick when all their conditions of life are ordered to suit their environment ?

The World War showed once more what tremendous dangers men incur through vermin, which spread infection that leads to tremendous developments. And just as men found ways and means of countering these plagues, so thousands of years ago animals discovered methods of freeing themselves from these tormenting pests, or even using them in the interests of their health.

All animals, without exception, harbour vermin. It is even interesting to know that the vermin themselves are plagued by still smaller pests. For instance, the great

African tree-bug is infested with tiny, almost invisible lice.

In the plains of Africa, on the Nile, and other rivers, one constantly sees birds of varying size perched on the backs of animals, busily engaged in devouring the insects, mites, lice, fleas, and ticks which infest their skin. This duty is performed by the greater and lesser ox-peckers or rhinoceros-birds which take good care to keep the parasites in check.

The ox-pecker is a strange bird and is bound by close bonds of friendship to the great mammals of Africa. There are two kinds of this bird : the greater and lesser ox-pecker, which are distinguished only by their size. Wonderful things were told about these birds before I went to Africa.

It seems strange that even sportsmen and other travellers from foreign lands should always be tempted to tell more in their reports than they have actually seen, or than is in keeping with the truth. Even scientists are in many cases not immune from this tendency. To me this attitude is inexplicable, for it is just these fictitious accounts that lead to confusion, and in many cases to disputes in the Press, books, and the proceedings of scientific societies which are anything but enlightening. The reader becomes irritated and is in doubt whom to believe.

This explains the many contradictory stories that have been told and written about the ox-pecker ; and yet there is no difficulty about observing this bird and studying its strange habits.

As has been already said, the principal food of the ox-pecker is vermin. Yet this bird does not live entirely upon ticks. Any vermin that inhabits the bodies of the larger mammals of the African plains and waters serves it as food.

Although it is most common in Central Africa, I have several times seen ox-peckers far to the south, and fairly far to the north—on the Nile, for instance. They had probably followed their hosts when drought or the rainy season set them wandering.

Nor have I observed the ox-pecker exclusively on the hippopotamus or the rhinoceros, buffalo, eland, kudu, camel, zebra, horse, and other large beasts of the plains. I have seen him feeding perched high on the giraffe, and it was comical to follow his mountaineering feats as he explored the neck of his tall host.

The ox-pecker avoids the elephant. He occasionally strays on to this animal's back also, but the swishing trunk and gigantic, flapping ears always drive him away pretty quickly.

Animals which are not familiar with the ox-pecker are frightened when he perches on their backs. I have often noticed this in the case of my own horses, when I set them free to graze after pitching camp. If they strayed rather further than usual and were sighted by ox-peckers, the latter would fly up and would alight on the horses' backs, necks, or legs. The animals would then generally be terrified and take to their heels. But if they thought to scare the birds away, they were making a big mistake, for the birds would cling to them, continuing their search for insects in the horse's hide while at full gallop.

Strange horses and draft animals soon recognise what friendly services the ox-peckers offer, and not only allow the birds to rid them of the parasites inhabiting their skins, but do not even mind when the assiduous birds pierce the skin with their beaks—a process that can hardly be painless—to catch and devour the ticks, lice, and mites which had eaten their way in.

The way in which they warn their bread-winners of approaching danger has already been discussed in another place.

It remains to be remarked that the ox-peckers lead their young, almost before they are fledged, to the animals which act as their hosts, and train the babies in the art of searching for insects.

It is a mistake to assume that the ox-pecker only seeks food on the backs and necks of animals. They climb about everywhere where the parasites have settled, and are to be seen between the legs, under the belly, and even

on the animal's face. Were it not for the ox-peckers these animals would soon die out. Skin diseases and epidemics would perhaps completely annihilate them, though there are of course plenty of living creatures in the wilds which have no bodyguard at hand and have to look after themselves.

Nature has made nothing without an object. Animals of the wild which have little or no vermin in their hide or skin, fur, scales, or on the bare hairless skin, are sickly, and I often noticed that among such animals skin affections, scabs, or abrasions are common. It is a proved fact that vermin are poison to the eczema microbe. If, however, the scabs gain the upper hand, all other pests desert the afflicted skin. Ox-peckers avoid herds suffering from scab, and then swarms of winged pests attack the skin of the sick animals and torment them into fury.

How do these animals cure themselves? Nature never affords direct assistance in such cases.

I have seen buffalo herds covered with scab. Certain animals which I captured or killed offered terrible evidence of the extent to which this loathsome skin disease had taken hold. Large patches of the skin were completely naked of hair and were covered with scurf and festering sores, while in many cases the whole body was afflicted with the terrible disease. The poor creatures were completely wasted away, the bones sticking sharply out of the infected skin, and many subsequently died.

Ever more tormenting became the thousands and thousands of flies, which settled in their sores and laid their eggs, from which the mites develop, eat deeply into the flesh, and lay bare the bones.

I continued my observation of the herd I have mentioned, followed the sick animals, and often noticed to my astonishment that they avoided other herds. And these other herds were healthy. It was not the healthy animals which avoided the sick ones, but the reverse.

Flocks of ox-peckers accompanied the healthy herds. I noticed several times how a number of the birds approached the sick herd and flew low over the scab-ridden animals. I heard them screeching loudly, and

then saw them immediately return to the healthy animals ; not a single bird having alighted on the invalids.

It surprised me to see how the sick buffaloes halted at the approach of the ox-peckers and stood waiting with lowered heads. Undoubtedly they were hoping that the birds would alight on their bodies and relieve them of their torments.

I followed this sick herd for ten days, when the diseased animals reached a lake, the banks of which were extremely muddy. These animals, which in a healthy state are exclusively occupied with feeding, chewing the cud, and drinking, and which spend two-thirds of the day on the grass, now ate much less, laid themselves to ruminate in the mud, wallowed down in it, and stood for hours up to their necks in water. When, three and a half weeks later, I caught one of the buffaloes with a lasso and shot another, I could see that the afflicted places were beginning to grow hair again, only the neck still showing signs of scurf. The mites had almost entirely disappeared and were now confined to the neck and throat.

I was curious and anxious to see whether the animals would now give up their cure, for as such it could be regarded, or whether they would give the skin disease which still afflicted their necks an opportunity to spread again over the whole body.

I was greatly astonished to see the buffaloes, some days later, still eating but little and spending most of their time in the water. They were thinning obviously, and I suddenly discovered that they were frequently rolling their necks in the mire, and that in time a distinct ruff of hair was beginning to grow. In the case of one bull, which I shot some days later when he tried to attack me, I had the thick hard crust washed off the neck and saw that this strange salve had had a considerable effect. Not the slightest diseased spot was now to be found. I am convinced that the buffaloes took this mud-bath knowing with certainty its healing possibilities.

In the great English nature-park in Kenya, I once watched a great herd of zebras—there must have been several thousand of them—dash several times a day

through a thicket of thorn bush. My first impression that this was simply playfulness on the part of these extremely wild and spirited animals, or that they were trying to trample down the bush, was quite wrong, for they kept seeking out new bushes after rushing once or twice through the first one. I could see that the hides of many of the animals were covered with blood, but this did not cause these animals to abandon their game. It must be remembered that these thorns often grow to a length of from two or four centimetres and are as sharp as needles, so that to be flayed by them is no joke.

Zebras, in fact animals in general, are not masochists, self-tormentors, so this painful proceeding must have had some object; they would not tear their beautiful skin to shreds for mere pleasure.

I discovered that during the periods when they are changing their coats dead hair clings to the new hide and becomes matted, causing skin-disease to set in. The zebra, though not very intelligent in the ordinary sense, being of too wild a nature to reflect, knows that he needs a comb and as there are no suitable shops at hand, he makes the long thorns serve his purpose.

After the onslaught on the thorns, the zebras hurried to the river which was close at hand.

While we are discussing the subject of animals' external diseases, perhaps I may be allowed to mention another discovery I have made, and have already mentioned in my book *Wilde Tiere im Film*, the flying-fish. Naturalists have brought forward various theories to explain why these fish leave their natural element and undertake long flights or leaps above water.

Theory 1 says: These fish are escaping from their enemies below the surface.

Theory 2: That it is simply sportiveness.

Theory 3: That it is a relic from the evolution period between fishes and birds.

It is difficult for a layman to shake the faith of the literary and academic experts in what appear to be proved facts, but my observations on the coasts of

Cuba, Jamaica, and in the Caribbean Sea, have overthrown all stated theories. Science has now mastered the subject and allowed itself to be convinced of the truth of my observations. In a work on the diseases of fish, my theory, based on observation, that the flying-fish of the western Atlantic fly through the air, often for seconds, *for reasons of health*, is upheld.

On board the Atlas liner *Cap Hatteras*, from New York to Central America, I caught flying-fish in cloths and nets. I watched these slim denizens of the sea leave the water, where no danger threatened, for the air where they were killed in masses by the skua gulls.

As in the world of man, so in the animal kingdom, there is no Utopia where raw or cooked meat flies into the mouth, so I was forced to the conclusion that there must be some other reason impelling the fish to leave the water.

The animals I had caught were placed on the deck in two large tubs. One of these I covered at the water level with a thick net; and the second I left open. In both tubs the fish tried to get up into the air. The water was renewed daily.

All the flying-fish I caught had scaleless patches on their skin which could not have been caused by striking the water, or by the nets.

Within a week the bare, scaleless patches spread in the case of the fish which were kept under the net, and most of them died off; while the others, from which I lifted specimens several times a day and exposed them to the air and sunlight, were at the end of the week—with very few exceptions—already beginning to grow new skin and scales.

In general, the only reason which drives flying-fish to leave the water is that they may expose their diseased skins to the healing properties of the sun and air.

A few summers ago I made the same experiment in a pond in Germany with some carp which were suffering from diseased skin. It was completely successful.

That animals also know how to cure their internal

complaints, any countryman, indeed any dog-owner, will confirm.

All the internal complaints of animals living in freedom are to be attributed to the swallowing of bacteria, which, as I have already said, are deposited by insects in the mouth and nose, by worm-forming matter in food and drink, or by infection.

Dogs whose stomachs are out of order eat grass. All wild animals know herbs which purge the stomach, and it will perhaps surprise the reader to hear that many animals fast for days and even weeks to avoid swallowing matter which may increase their suffering.

I will now quote a few convincing examples of animals acting as doctors.

I once captured a splendid gibbon, which soon grew tame. When I examined him more closely I noticed a large swelling in the right side at about the height of the middle-rib. Touching or pressing the spot seemed to cause the animal no pain.

As this swelling was a blemish and reduced the value of the animal, I decided to remove the cyst, as I imagined it to be, by operation.

Bobby, as I had christened the anthropoid, was given an anæsthetic, the place was shaved, and then for the first time I noticed a shrivelled scar, long overgrown with hair and from 6 to 7 cm. in length. I opened the skin over the swelling with a single cut and was greatly surprised to find neither cyst nor pus, but a twisted ball of firm, stringy matter I was unable to identify. Under it the skin was thin and pink, and showed a dried zigzag wound. I washed the wound my knife had reopened and sewed it carefully, and after a few days Bobby was completely himself again.

I had the extracted ball chemically examined and it was found to be formed of thoroughly masticated young leaves of the Indian incense tree (*Boswellia serrata*).

Why did this gibbon after receiving this large wound, in a fight or some other way, chew these particular young leaves, which he does not eat in the ordinary

way and which have a very bitter taste, and stuff them into the wound ?

There can be no doubt that he knew the healing properties of the plant, which the natives also use for wounds.

And now two special cases I have observed of animals in the wilds displaying medical knowledge.

THE SICK LION

A tropical night in southern Africa—bitter cold. I can hardly say that the windows were frosted over, for my tent had no windows.

My inside full of quinine. A malaria temperature of between 39 and 40 degrees mixed with a dose of black-water fever and a slight attack of dysentery. Not a pleasant situation, but after intermittent similar attacks for years, nothing seriously to worry about. But the cold tropical night is very trying.

I am sweating with fever. The hammock is no bed of roses. The body lies crippled in the net. The perspiration soaks through the blankets in which one lies like a badly rolled cigar with a damaged cover. The body is as hot as fire and then teeth and bones chatter and shake in the cold, wet blankets.

Bonanga-Boohl-Nungi, my chief guide and interpreter, a giant negro possessed of Herculean strength, was in command of the *safari* of more than five hundred blacks. We had begun with five hundred, but the numbers were swelling weekly with the arrival of the transport cages.

I lay semi-conscious. Suddenly the dogs under the hammock began to growl. They were conscientious sentinels : an enormous mastiff, a mongrel terrier, and a diminutive, white Maltese poodle. My best friends ; loyal to the core ; almost human.

The growls increased when Bonanga entered, and with one bound the little Maltese sprang at the black's dirty loin-cloth.

“ Master ! Down by the water. The *simbas* ! ”

Forgetful of fever and malaria, I bounded out of the hammock and into my clothes and boots. Bonanga told off two men to go with me. The dogs were tied up. They were bad hunters and disturbed the game with their barking.

The night was fairly bright. In an hour would come the day ; very suddenly, with little twilight.

Contrary to all orders, a strong pull of gin. Let doctors go the devil, forbidding things which are a ready help in need.

We hurry in silence through the long grass. This dry, common grass, sharp as knives and with stalks which might with a little patience be used as razors.

Suddenly Bonanga called a halt. The niggers fell behind, waiting.

Down to the left ran a water-course. Cautiously we slunk along it through the short undergrowth. Vicious thorns tore my arms, hands, and face. The niggers seem to possess hides like elephants.

A splashing and snorting noise pulls us up. Then slowly, one foot before the other, we creep on. Now halt !

Bonanga holds aside the branches which block the view of the water. Meanwhile the day has broken.

A flat, characteristic dried-up river-bed. Little water channels and pools. Beyond, on the further bank, far away, animals of all descriptions : apes, antelopes, birds. The most interesting picture there below us, on the edge of the tawny, sluggish river.

A great lioness with her right hindquarters lying in the water. By her side the lion with gigantic head and nearly black mane. Not far away two cubs, four or five months old, playing.

The lioness is obviously very sick ; the lion trots around his mate ; goes up to her. The female lifts herself heavily out of the water. You can see that she is in pain. She tries a few steps ; falls on her other side in the sand. Her mate stands beside her all the time, watching her attentively.

Through my glass I now saw that the lioness had a

large wound, in the right side of the belly, large enough to thrust in three hands. She was trying to turn her head towards the wound to lick it, but with a short moan let it fall back into the water. The lion then went up to wash the wound. He licked it completely clean, then hurried to the water and drank. It looked as though he wanted to wash the unpleasant taste out of his mouth. Then he lay down, but he did not sleep. His eyes carefully scanned the surroundings. For five days I continued my observation. Malaria, blackwater fever, and dysentery were forgotten.

The lion family had taken up its quarters in a protected hollow under the slope of the bank. The male tended his mate most patiently. He brought her food, and I could see him push the meat right under the sick lioness's jaws. If the cubs became troublesome he would drive them away from the suffering mother.

On the fourth day the invalid was moaning continuously. She tried to reach the water, but was too weak and could not keep on her legs. Half-way there she collapsed. The lion stood by, at a loss what to do, wandering round her disconsolately. Finally he took her by the skin of the neck and dragged her in stages back to the lair. Once more he washed her wound.

As the family had eaten nothing for days, I assumed that the lion would go hunting at night. The cubs were whining pitifully. I was right.

All preparations were made for the capture, and a cage brought up.

We had to wait patiently. About one o'clock in the morning the lion left the lair and bounded along the river-bed. He seemed to be in a hurry.

The cage was now brought down to the bank, and I cautiously crept up to the lioness. She must have heard us coming, for her moans changed to low growls. Ten yards from the lair I halted, ready to fire in case of need. I could now see the greenish eyes shining in the darkness.

The young cubs dashed away screaming, but I knew they would return.

The lioness had half risen to her feet, crouched, tried to spring ; but fell over with a roar of pain. She was too weak.

There was no time to be lost. The niggers dragged up the double cage and pushed it towards the lioness, who was now striking wildly with her paws. Once more she rose, summoned all her strength, sprang about a yard forward, and fell sideways. The net flew over the wounded beast and she was quickly pulled into the cage.

The cage was now pushed against the slope of the bank and completely covered with foliage. The lioness was still struggling weakly in the net, trying to free herself. I was sure of her ; opened the trap-door, and we drew the net away from her. She was too exhausted to crawl out of the cage, and was now to act as decoy for her mate. Grown lions are seldom captured.

Higher up the slope a pulley was fixed over a pole. The end of the rope came down over the upper edge of the opened drop door. His Majesty might come now ; this time he would certainly fall into the trap, for was not his sick consort, whom he had nursed so patiently, inside. Perhaps a unique situation.

As I have said, it is a difficult business to capture fully grown lions and I did not want to let this opportunity of laying hands on such a splendid specimen slip through my fingers. I was also very anxious to keep the sick lioness alive. She would certainly die unless the wound were expertly treated, for her mate's attentions could only postpone the end, not prevent it.

For days vultures and other birds had been flying round the lions' lair. These birds, with their keen sense of smell, could doubtless scent the festering wound and were hoping before long to be able to fall upon the carcase of the lioness. All day the winged body-snatchers perched in the trees on both banks, their eyes never leaving the lions' lair. Now and again a squabble would break out among them and they would fly into the air with loud screeches, then settle again immediately.

The previous evening two hyenas had appeared on the

opposite bank. Their shrill, blood-curdling cry that is said to sound like a laugh came across to us.

These ugly creatures knew that the lioness was still alive, but they too anticipated that they would soon have to struggle with all the other carrion creatures for the booty. While they watched our movements they were joined by a jackal, and the whole group howled incessantly.

I thought I would put an end to their expectations, ordered every man to his post, and sent out a scout to report the return of the lion. We had not long to wait before the nigger reported that the king of beasts was approaching. He was not mistaken. In the distance we could see the animal coming on. He showed up clearly against the light sand and papyrus bushes.

The moon was clouded, but was bright enough for us to distinguish everything clearly.

Bonanga was sitting on a strong branch which overhung the high bank, from which position he was to give the sign that our quarry had fallen into the trap. The wind was in a bad quarter, but I was hoping that His Majesty would not get wind of us.

The lion doubled his speed. He was carrying a large piece of flesh in his jaws—he had killed an antelope. Then, as he came nearer, he slowed down his pace and about twenty feet from the lair he stood still. Something had struck him as strange. He was now standing motionless, a magnificent picture. Slowly he let the flesh slip on to the sand.

The cubs, which had laid themselves down to sleep away from their sick mother, had smelt the meat. They came out of the bush and ran towards their father. The lioness, sighting her mate and young ones, emitted a loud roar—probably to warn them.

With one bound the lion was beside the cage. Here he paused again. This was something new. Now we had to look out, curb our impatience. In spite of all our precautions he detected the smell of the human hands which had laid the trap. It took more than a minute

before he finally made up his mind to stalk slowly into the cage. Slowly, very slowly ; step by step.

Then Bonanga gave the sign ; the cage door dropped ; and Bonanga fell from the branch on to the bank.

It was fortunate for him that the cage was so strongly built. Had the lion got loose, Bonanga would have paid for his nervousness with his life.

Inside the cage, the prisoner was struggling strongly. He leapt about like a thing possessed, forgetting all his consideration for his mate. I was afraid that he would do further damage to the lioness's wound with his paws.

It was many hours before the lion quietened down, and I then ordered my men to return to the camp.

The following morning the two cubs, which were running round the cage whining, were also captured. On this same day the lion was transferred to a smaller cage and I was able to begin an examination of the lioness's wound. The sick animal was bound ; a strong rope being attached to each paw and all four legs pegged down. The animal lay defenceless, with limbs outstretched. A long, thick pole was laid over its neck and held down by two men at each end.

The wound was a ghastly one and had obviously been inflicted by a buffalo or rhinoceros. It was very deep, and the entrails were protruding. One corner of the wound was swarming with mites. Had not the mate cleaned the wound so often with his tongue, the lioness would have died long before.

The wounds of animals often heal with astounding rapidity and my lioness was completely herself again in four weeks.

It is a strange fact that the lion would have nothing more to do with his mate once she was well. Did it annoy him that she should have allowed herself to be cured by the great enemy, man ? I am not at all sure about this.

Strangely, too, the lioness paid no further heed to her young, and when I brought one of the cubs near the cage she would spit at it.

When the big wound was completely healed, the

stitches could be removed, and the hair grew quickly over the scar ; but there remained a mark of a darker colour than the rest of the coat.

DOCTOR ORANG-OUTANG

I had been for weeks in the south-east of the Sardong mountains in Borneo, trying to capture orang-outang, for my firm had received a commission to supply some to the menageries and zoological gardens where at that time these anthropoids were still rare.

The natives, the Dajaks, had an enormous respect for the orang-outang and the most terrifying and incredible stories were current about his strength and activities.

The legend that oranges capture human beings, particularly women and girls, and make them their mates or kill them, is always being dished up anew. When the natives, who possess a vivid imagination, spread these stories, it is excusable ; but it is a different matter when these stories of the kidnapping of human beings by apes are repeated in the newspapers, with travellers and story-mongers as their authors. There is no excuse for passing on admitted lies or legends which are known only from hearsay. No such case has ever come before the notice of the authorities or been actually witnessed.

The orang-outang is an unfriendly, unattractive, ill-tempered fellow. He is lazy ; not nearly so industrious as the chimpanzee. At the sight of man he almost always takes to flight.

A high Dutch colonial official told me the following story. The men of a native village heard that oranges will carry off women. They met together, conferred, and the following evening took their women into the neighbouring forest in which many orang-outangs lived. The following morning they found all the women were still there, but since that time not a single orang-outang has been seen in the neighbourhood.

The orang-outang live in swampy forests, a climate which is not very healthy for men. My faithful malaria returned and shook me badly for some days. My

supply of gin was seriously reduced ; the quinine pills lay—like moth balls in a fur coat during the summer—heavily on my stomach.

As I always won the battle against the armies of malaria bacilli—as my continued existence on earth proves—I swore to myself that in spite of a temperature of over 39 degrees, I would not give in and quit the place until I had at least half a dozen oranges in my transport cages.

I had bought two young oranges, but they were too small and delicate and did not seem likely to live long, for young oranges are difficult to handle.

Hunters have often shot suckling mothers from the trees and then captured the young, but I would never allow myself to be guilty of such brutality. Moreover, I knew that these small orphans rarely grow up.

It is an unpardonable crime to kill these harmless anthropoids. It is like murder. The orang-outang only attacks men when he feels himself or his young in serious danger, and perhaps also when he is wounded. I have myself never been attacked.

My fever abated ; the malaria bacilli were leaving my body and migrating to the intestines and blood corpuscles of an American who had long been a burden to me with his self-importance and lust for killing. The governor had forced him upon me and I was compelled to put up with him.

As the thermometer with which I had taken the American's temperature showed only 37.8, I quickly held it behind my back over the flame of a spirit lamp, and when the terrified man saw that his temperature was already 41.5, he left. When I saw his boat disappearing round a bend in the river I heaved a sigh of relief.

Now at last fortune was in my favour. I had done another two days' march with my men, and had smeared the tops of the trees with lime to keep the little monkeys away from the traps.

Then I noticed some big specimens, the quarry I was looking for.

One must see these man-like quadrumana in freedom, where they believe themselves unobserved and do not



suspect the presence of human beings, in order to study them. The behaviour of these animals—I almost hesitate to use the word animals in this connection—is quite different in freedom. Thoughts of primitive men, pictures from the distant ages of the earth, come into our minds.

Who can say for certain whether Darwin was right when he propounded the theory that men are descended from apes? May it not be the other way round, and apes perhaps be degenerate men? But are they degenerate? Is it not we who have fallen?

What an innocent, contemplative natural life the orang-outangs lead! Apparently there is no strife or contention among them. One has only to compare them with the primitive natives of the black tribes to admit at once that these man-apes have reached a higher stage of civilisation.

I should like to contest the theory that civilisation has brought man, who regards himself loftily as the perfect creature of the earth, happiness and contentment. I have only seen happiness and contentment among primitive races who cannot read or write. I have always envied these people whose sole concern is for their bodily needs.

I lived for many years among those children of nature who are unjustly termed savages. The influence of the whites is generally to blame when these simple folk resort to cruel means of disabling their enemies.

Has not the World War, and all other wars, shown how cruelly the so-called civilised races annihilate one another; how they destroy culture values (?), and human life? Such brutal onslaughts have never occurred among the anthropoids.

If two males do come to blows, it is always for the sake of a female. One will never attack another for the sake of his feeding-place.

Often on my travels I have seen how animals help one another. When a lion or a tiger has killed for food, the birds of prey sit on the trees and bushes, the pelicans and flamingos stand not far from the feaster, waiting for

whatever may be left by the big animal, which in reality is providing for the meal of the others.

Neither the lion nor any other beast of prey demands a tribute from his guests.

Does man ever give anything for nothing? Rarely, and if he does so it is for motives which are not always creditable.

In the wild, innumerable animals live together, and if self-preservation forces one creature to destroy another, it is extremely seldom that mere lust for bloodshed is the reason. Man, on the other hand, often plans destruction where no intelligent reason exists. Which is the nobler, man or beast?

I saw one giant orang, as he dashed from tree to tree among the whipping branches, look down at me with curiosity, then turn his head scornfully away. He had certainly never seen a man before, or he would have made off. A short distance behind her venerable husband, the female climbed up; and she too did not honour me even with a glance.

I silently invited the pair to pay a visit the next night to one of my traps, a visit which would surely lead to a long period under my protection.

A stage further on, by a little plantation, I again had the pleasure of meeting a splendid male orang-outang, and on the bank of the pool near which my camp was pitched a young orang had dropped from the boughs in pursuit of a coy maiden and was just swinging away again into the thick crest of the tree.

It is incredible with what certainty these great anthropoids move among the trees. They seldom come down to the ground, as they find all their needs provided for aloft.

To eat and drink, they do not need to come down from the trees. Fruits, young sprouts, leaves, and green juicy twigs satisfy the great appetites of the orang-outang, who devote from five to six hours a day solely to eating. The great leaves of rare kinds of tree hold water and the dew and the rain seldom allow them to dry.

Before the sudden on-coming of dark, eight traps were fastened to the trees and completely disguised with branches and leaves. As bait I use the durian nut, a tit-bit to the orang-outang, and a delicacy even for men. I myself could never have enough of this delicious fruit, each of which, strangely enough, has a distinct flavour of its own. These durians had to be brought a distance of over thirty miles.

In no other country have I found a fruit offering such variety, and it is not only in taste that they vary, but also in smell. I have eaten durians tasting like the most delicious fruit salad and yet strangely enough smelling of lilies and mignonette, while others taste like meat and smell like stale cheese and onions. Nature has here united in one fruit the qualities of so many different fruits that one might almost believe that a clever chef had been practising his art upon it. The strange thing is that one durian tree may bear fruits of varying taste and smell, while the fruit of another will be all alike. It is a pity that the durian nut will not keep. Nor can it be preserved, so that this wonderful fruit can only be enjoyed by the people who travel in the districts in which it grows.

The orang-outangs love durian nuts more than any other food, particularly those with a pungent smell.

On a *machân* (a high perch something like the *Anstand* used by our sportsmen), five metres above the swamp, I waited to hear the click of the closing traps. The night was bright, and from my perch fifty metres from the forest edge, I could, once my eyes had become accustomed to the twilight, overlook the whole neighbourhood. Wrapped in my blanket, and shielding with my hand the glow of my pipe, I listened to the voices of the night.

In the distance sounded the cry of a clouded leopard, and apes could also be heard, while moths and night birds fluttered round my perch. Often every sound was hushed as though at a word of command, and only my friends the mosquitoes maintained in splendid chorus the song of swamp fever and malaria. Then suddenly a roar like the bellow of a cow. But this was no cow; this sound came from the lungs of the orang-outang.

Some restless monkey or other inquisitive prowler must have come too near to an orang's sleeping place.

The orang-outang at dusk retires to the nest he makes for himself of twigs and leaves. He changes the position every night, and not till sunrise does he throw off his covers. The orang detests nothing so much as getting wet, and when it is raining he will use every possible means to keep dry.

Apart from men, the orang's greatest enemies are the leopards and panthers. Although these beasts of prey nearly always overcome the orang when they catch him, these attacks sometimes cost them their lives. The physical strength of the great anthropoids is enormous, and is many times multiplied when the animal is battling for his life. Once he has fixed his teeth into his enemy's body, he tears the flesh, inflicting appalling wounds. He is a peaceable creature, but in battle an enemy not to be despised.

It is a strange thing that if a male is attacked by one of the members of the cat tribe, no other male comes to his assistance even if he is quite near. The females, however, often intervene in the battle, and then the leopard or panther is quite likely to be killed, after which the body of the vanquished animal is torn to pieces by the teeth and hands of his infuriated victors. A battle between a pair of orangs and a large panther or leopard is a ghastly sight and not infrequently all three combatants are slain.

The orang can be very dangerous to men also, if he finds himself driven into a corner. He tries to drive his canine teeth into his enemy's throat, and if he succeeds, there is no hope for a man. The orang's jaws are tremendously powerful.

One imprudent fellow among my men had experience of this. He was loitering carelessly near the door of the cage and tried to catch hold of the orang. The animal sprang at the man's throat, tore it open, and bit through the arteries. The man bled to death before I reached the spot.

The grown orang has none of the playfulness of the

chimpanzee, gibbon, or other apes. He is a sullen fellow, and like many men his temper is at its worst immediately after waking. It is always interesting to watch this ape when the night is at an end. He keeps stretching his long hands out of the nest, and fingering the boughs and leaves within his reach. So long as there is any trace of damp, the orang refuses to leave his bed.

Shortly after the dawn had broken, I heard the door of one of the traps drop.

The sunrise put an end to the nocturnal concert, and the day performers were beginning to tune their instruments.

In front of me on the *machân* hung a stray cobego. I left the rare little creature undisturbed, as it will not stand carrying and quickly dies in captivity. A malay bear was wandering on all fours in the high grass ; while not far from him a tapir was grubbing up the earth. Some distance away I saw a wild pig occupied in the same way.

Great butterflies of marvellous colours were fluttering from flower to flower ; dragon-flies of incredible size darted through the brilliant sunlight ; rhinoceros-birds swept over the forest, uttering their discordant screeches ; monkeys squabbled.

The sun was mounting higher, and now I fixed my glass once more on the place where, the evening before, a male orang-outang had made his bed. He was settled quite peacefully, moving his head mournfully from side to side, and every now and again he would feel the leaves around him. The sluggard was not five metres from a trap, and several times I thought I saw him turn his head in its direction and snuff the air. At last he got up, lazily reached up his arm to a branch above him, and stretched his body. His mouth opened, his long rusty beard quivered, and he gave a loud yawn, omitting to place his hand before his mouth and showing his splendid but fearsome teeth, the teeth with which he can rend the panther.

Suddenly there was a crack in the undergrowth below and a rhinoceros emerged from the forest and made

slowly towards the pool below my tree. The little monkeys chattered in the trees, some falling from the boughs to struggle in the wet grass.

The orang had blown out the skin of his throat and roared at the rhino ; then, still angry, he made straight towards the trap, paused, rocking himself on a bough in front of it, and sniffed the air. Then he stretched out his head in front of him.

The mingled scent of durian and onion—I had hung some onions beside the durian in the trap because of their strong smell—had its effect. Mr. Orang only reflected for a short time, then tried to look into the trap, groping inside the opening with his long arms.

Again he sat and reflected, and then curiosity and appetite got the better of him and he crept in. My trapper's blood was stirred and I was trembling with excitement and malaria. Then I was overjoyed to hear the sound of the door dropping. Below, the rhinoceros was drinking at the pool. It sounded like certain people eating soup.

" You too, my friend, will soon find out all about it," I thought. " Early to-morrow you'll find a nice little pit in your path in which you can make yourself comfortable. Afterwards I'll pull you out of bed, though it's no easy job ; tempt you into a cage ; and pack you off to Melbourne, where they've been wanting a fellow like you for a long time and have a comfortable place waiting for you in the Zoo."

Three orang-outangs, two of them males—one of these the splendid specimen I had been watching—one female, two guenon monkeys, and—a priceless capture for me—one proboscis monkey, one of the most remarkable species and most difficult to capture, were the fruits of a single night's work. I was tremendously pleased with the result.

In four weeks I had taken five splendid oranges, the rhinoceros, proboscis monkey, and innumerable smaller denizens of the primeval forest.

Brehm is mistaken when he says that Borneo is the

only place where the proboscis monkey is to be found. The little animal appears, though rarely, also in Sumatra. He is one of the most grotesque sights that I have ever seen. The long, mobile nose, thickening towards the end, gives the animal the appearance of one of those dance-masks that the inhabitants of South Cambodia wear.

This monkey presents a droll sight when he is frightened or notices anything unusual. Squatting on a bough, with his hands supported on the finger-tips, he stares in all directions from which he thinks the sound may come. Head and body remain motionless, and the only movement is in his nose, which he draws in and shoots out again.

The proboscis monkey is extremely wild and cannot be tamed. Small though the animal is—it stands only from 50 to 60 centimetres—it is very fierce. When it is shut in a cage, it raves, and dashes itself against the bars.

I had the cage padded for my proboscis monkey, but did not succeed in quieting the infuriated animal. The most toothsome delicacies failed to placate it. It ate almost nothing, and broke its neck in its struggles inside the cage before we could reach our headquarters.

I brought my booty to the coast on three rafts and eleven large boats.

In my animal house I allowed the orang-outangs to run loose in a large courtyard which was fenced and *covered with netting*. For companions I gave them three tapirs and a number of small monkeys, a spectral tarsier, a young Malay bear, and a dwarf musk deer.

The big orang was the tamest of them all. For some reason he was very fond of feeling, sniffing at, and ogling the rest of the animals. The tapirs and wild pigs resisted vigorously, the dwarf deer submitted quietly, and the young bear did not seem to mind. The little monkeys had no choice in the matter. These the big fellow would seize and, caring not a straw for their screams, he would hold them firmly in his short hind legs and examine the skin, ears, nose, and mouth of the tormented animals.

He was particularly curious to find out what they had in their cheek-pouches and what their mouths smelt of. He would force open their jaws and stick his nose close to the open mouth. If one of them dared to bite him he would box its ears soundly.

With the keepers, Dick, as the orang-outang was named, was soon very friendly, and he would examine them too when they went into the yard. He was particularly attached to me, and was always at my heels. We sometimes allowed him in the house, though his manners were not always above reproach.

One morning I was brought into the yard by a tremendous noise. Dick had fallen foul of the tapir which had refused to allow the ape to stick his fingers deep into its ear. The fight was spreading, and soon all the monkeys, big and small, were involved in a general scuffle among themselves and with the other inhabitants of the yard. Douches of cold water soon restored peace, and the combatants then busied themselves with licking their wounds, which were in some cases quite big. First we had to bind up our own fingers, and then I proceeded to examine my charges.

One small gibbon had received such serious wounds that I had to kill him. The large monkeys had torn each other's skin and I was compelled to chain up some of them so that I could sew up the gashes. Even the tapirs and other quadrupeds had suffered to some extent ; in fact only the musk-deer had come out unhurt.

While I was sewing and binding the wounds, Dick never left my side. He assumed an air of great importance and kept seizing my hand, puckering his lips, and lecturing me on the way I should work, until I was on the point of having him caged up so that I could get on. As he had himself received a few scratches in his skin from the tapir, I bound his finger and shouted at him, whereupon he withdrew behind my back and seemed to be behaving himself.

A loud screaming made me quickly turn my head and I saw that Dick had captured a guenon monkey. He was holding the screaming, struggling animal with his

hind hands, had torn off the bandage, and was stuffing wet clay from the ground into the wound which had just been dressed. I had to pull away the patient by force.

During the following days Dick was extraordinarily busy. The big monkeys had continually to defend themselves against his efforts to treat them, and Dick was always in trouble. However carefully the keepers watched him, the orang-outang seized every chance to lay hands on a monkey and play the doctor. He even ventured to tackle the small bear.

I thought at first that this was only play and mimicry, but I was soon to learn better.

Dick went very systematically to work with his cures. He would wash the wounds with his tongue and with wet leaves of betel-nut. There were other trees growing round the yard, as well as bushes and grasses, but Dick never used any other leaves.

It is of course hard to believe that this anthropoid possessed any knowledge of herbs, or knew of the healing effect of betel-nut leaves on wounds; but carefully as I watched Dick, I never saw him take another leaf or grass. The following incident showed how right his instinct was.

I noticed one day that the orang-outang was sitting on his big log with his head lolling to one side. He was sick.

I felt his pulse. The hand was hot, the pulse very irregular.

"What's the matter, Dick?" I asked. And as though he had understood—but of course by pure coincidence—he opened his mouth. There was nothing to be seen. We gave him soup, castor oil, and codeine.

When I was making my evening round, I found the monkey's condition worse. I had him brought into the house as the nights were cold in the yard.

The next morning, however, Dick was sitting outside in the yard, sunning himself, and holding both his hands to his left cheek. When I came up to him I noticed, to my astonishment, that he had smeared the left half of his face with wet clay and was holding a big lump of

clay pressed to the left lower jaw. His mouth was also full of clay. He looked at me mournfully, glanced at my hand as though looking for something, and began to chatter, the clay running over his under lip.

I now noticed that the left half of the orang's face was swollen. He had a severe gumboil and was curing himself with cold clay.

Three days later he himself pulled out the ailing tooth and brought it to me beaming with delight.

Dick spent a good deal of his time reporting to me the ailments of the other animals. He was the first to discover that one of the orang orphans was very sick with tuberculosis. Dick carried the little invalid about the whole day like a mother. The sick monkey needed warmth and found it in the orang's thick hair.

After Dick had noticed that the patient received medicine three times a day, he tried to get hold of the medicine bottle to administer it himself. This was to prove fatal to the little patient. One day, in his excess of zeal, Dick stole the creosote bottle, and, apparently thinking that anything in a bottle would be good for his friend, he forced the little monkey's mouth open and poured the caustic disinfectant down his throat. An hour later the little monkey died. This incident recalls the old medical jest: "Operation successful, patient dead."

One thing was beyond all doubt: Dick knew at once when an animal was ill. If there was nothing at hand with which to dose the patient he would try and cheer him up with all sorts of jests.

Strangely enough, Dick also knew when one of the keepers or I myself was ill. He was then so attentive that he had to be removed by force. Although, unlike most of his tribe, the orang was not in the least given to pilfering, I once caught him swallowing a handful of quinine pills. He was very angry with me when I gave him an emetic and with a long feather forced him to eject the pills. A discourteous guest, a Belgian dealer, once gave Dick a bottle of arak.

The ape got drunk, fell heavily from a landing, and injured himself seriously. For weeks he hung between

life and death. The wound in his chest refused to heal.

It was an extraordinary sight to watch Dick being bound up. He helped as well as he could. Holding the edges of the wound apart with his brown fingers, he would quietly allow it to be cleaned and would never try to bite. He seemed grateful for our attentions. When he was completely recovered he at once resumed his medical activities and tried to be of service in all cases of illness.

Dick was sent to the zoo at Rio de Janeiro.

I wrote to the director of the zoo, asking him to allow the orang-outang plenty of freedom and to put him with other monkeys, as he would be an asset to any monkey house owing to his capacity for realising when an inmate fell sick.

Unfortunately my well-meant advice was not followed. Dick was shut in a cage by himself. After a few weeks he became melancholy, as no one took any notice of him, and died after three months, supposedly from intestinal catarrh.

My own view is that he died of melancholia, as he could not bear to be alone, and was deprived of any opportunity of occupying himself with other animals. On Dick's cage was hung a notice: "Caution! Very vicious."

Poor Doctor Dick, who never made the slightest attempt to bite anyone!

I could fill volumes were I to describe all the strange incidents and adventures which contact with animals has brought me.

In many ways Nature has placed an impenetrable veil before men's eyes. In spite of all investigations, very, very little is known to us of the inner nature of animals.

Many things will always remain hidden from us. All study and observation of animals in captivity give a false picture of their nature, and although the captive animal also has an inner life, it no longer manifests itself naturally.

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Out in the forest, fields, jungle, and plains ; everywhere where the animal is still at liberty and is little harassed by men, its real behaviour can be observed, and then men can learn much, for there the animals are sound, their natural instincts are readily displayed, and they provide an example for us.

CONCLUSION

I HAVE captured and handled thousands of animals during the years of my travels. Pits, nets, drop-cages, lassos, and every imaginable means have been used to take them.

My youth was hard ; life mercilessly demanded her tribute from me. There was little room for sentiment. My outlook was different from what it is to-day.

Pictures of splendour and power often rise before my mind. Jungle, forests, wastes, pampas, ice-fields, and seas emerge, and then I forget the labour, the sickness, and the danger. I think of the beauty, the beasts, the primitive men in whose company I travelled through distant zones ; and always the yearning seizes me to set out again, and spend the last years of my life in these places.

When I recall the years of wandering in the animal haunts of every part of the world, I am seized with remorse, to think that I have robbed so many animals of their freedom. I have learnt to love the dumb beasts, and never again would I capture animals, to imprison them behind bars.

I have never consciously tormented an animal, and this is my consolation.

