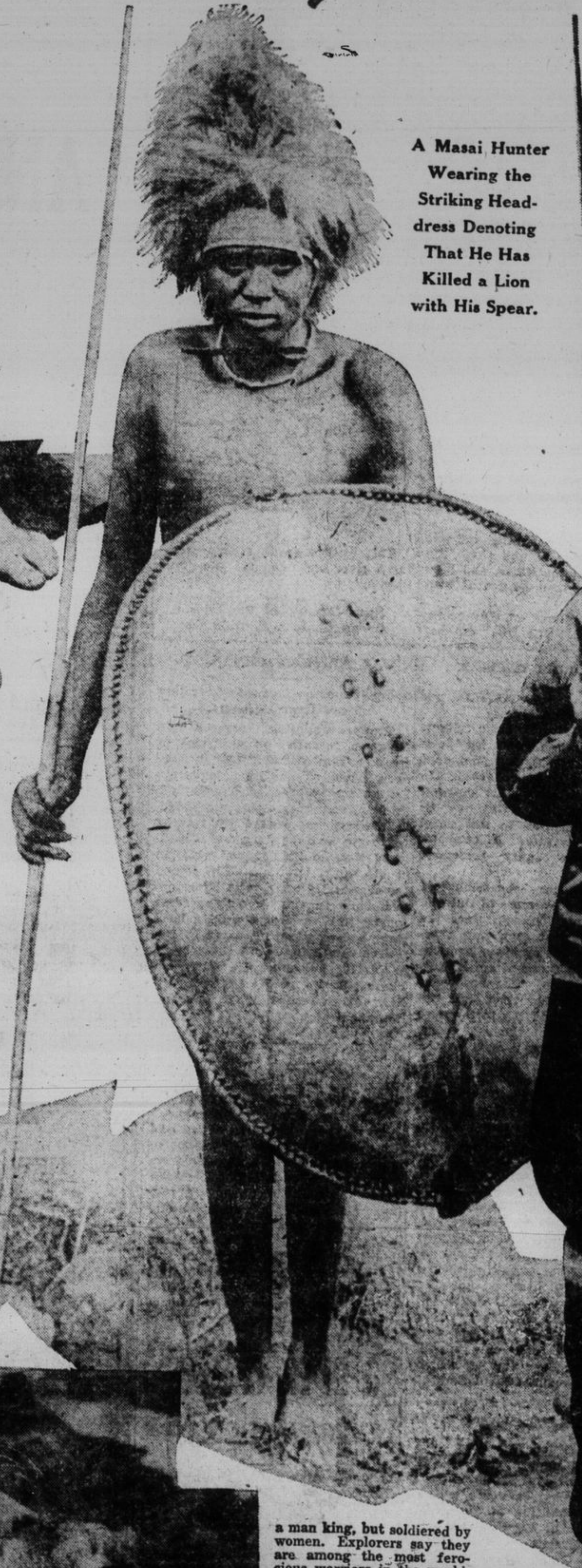


Our Lion-Hunting Honeymoon Among Africa's Wild Women

Thrilling Adventures of the Rich Young Mordens Amidst the Cannibals and Savage Amazons in the Jungles of the Congo



A Masai Hunter Wearing the Striking Head-dress Denoting That He Has Killed a Lion with His Spear.



Two Wild Women of the Masai Tribe Who Accompanied Mrs. Morden While Lion-Hunting. Note the Steel Wire Puttees and Arm Bracelets Which They Consider Highly Ornamental and Which They Never Take Off.

THE best test of true love, according to pretty Mrs. W. J. Morden, of Chicago, is a jungle honeymoon. After a bridal tour through Africa, Mrs. Morden faces married life in the civilized United States serenely. For—

"When you've killed lions shoulder to shoulder with a man, and fought swamp fever and snakes and insects and thirst and sun-stroke together, you get to know him rather well!" says she.

"I'm sure of my husband. Why, the country we went into was inhabited by the wildest women in the world! They were so wild they ate their enemies. That's a fact! You don't think I'm afraid of America's 'wild women' after that, do you?"

And Mrs. Morden laughed as she exhibited a photograph of a dusky Amazon. "Our guide!" introduced Mrs. Morden. "Do you like her?"

There have been honeymoons in air-planes, and honeymoons under the sea in submarines, and honeymoons to Greenland and honeymoons to the South Seas. But never has the history of romance a honeymoon that parallels the Mordens' honeymoon.

Mr. Morden, who is one of America's famous sportsmen and a social and financial figure in Chicago's exclusive South Shore colony, met Mrs. Morden in France during the war while both were in uniform. Their marriage was a prominent social event. Everybody wondered where the Mordens would go on their honeymoon.

Mr. Morden is rich. He might have taken his bride anywhere on earth. They might have shopped in Paris, or loitered on the Riviera, or opened a town-house in London, or gone yachting about the West Indies, or "seen America first," or even, as Mr. and Mrs. Harold McCormick didn't, spent a day or two at old-fashioned Niagara Falls.

Wherefore fashionable Chicago gasped when cables from abroad announced that Mr. and Mrs. William Morden, after buying an outfit of guns and shells and camping equipment in Paris instead of the usual frocks and frills, were off for Port Said and—Africa! "Africa!" blinked Chicago. "Africa! What an amazing retreat for a bride and groom! A little bungalow on the Congo, perhaps?"

The newspapers duly chronicled the arrival of Mr. and Mrs. Morden at Zanzibar, which is all the way across the continent from the Congo, on the eastern coast of Africa, near the Indian Ocean.

Here begins one of the wildest and least explored territories in the world. From the port of Mombassa the railway winds a tortuous course through thick forest and thicker jungle to the hot shores of Lake Victoria, just below the equator.

To the north is impenetrable Uganda, to the west is the hinterland of the mysterious Belgian Congo, and to the south is Tanganyika Territory, a wilder-

ness of morass and tropical glade and jungle. The late Colonel Roosevelt, when he retired from the Presidency, chose this dark and forbidding land for his most famous hunting trip. Lions abound here as in no other part of the continent. Save for wild beasts, reptiles, scorpions, tarantulas and other deadly poisonous insects, there are no inhabitants but native tribes.

One of these is the Dahomeys, ruled by Mrs. Morden and Her First Kill; a Full-Grown Lion Which She Brought Down at Eighty Yards After Missing Him with Her First Shot.



a man king, but soldiered by women. Explorers say they are among the most ferocious warriors in the world. Black, brawny, with the strength of Hercules, they grow to the tremendous height—for women—of more than six feet. And their temperament is the temperament of the she-tiger on the blood trail.

"Many of these Amazons eat their enemies," writes one historian. "A favorite amusement is to put prisoners captured in battle into a stockade of thorns. The unfortunate is tied to a stake. Then the Dahomey women line up like so many runners on a mark and, at a given signal, rush the stockade. The sport is to see which woman shall break through and kill the prisoner at the stake. The contestants are shockingly torn by the thorns, but they do not seem to mind. It is a great lark to them."

The Masai, another tribe, also boasts because of its "wild women." They wear carvings of brass, necklaces of bead and tough steel wire, coils of wire on their arms for bracelets. As spearmen they are as skillful as the men. No American girl is as proud of her golf or tennis trophy as the Masai woman of her head-dress made of a lion skin. She must kill a lion with her own spear before she is allowed to wear such a turban.

The King of the Masai is Lenapa. He called on Colonel Roosevelt while the ex-

President was at Nairobi. Correspondents who were introduced to the King were startled and somewhat peeved when the monarch, on departing, spat deliberately into the palms of their hands. Later they learned that this was considered a mark of affection and respect among the Masai.

With some of the Masai female spearmen for their guides, and with the prospect of encountering the Amazonian Dahomeys before they had ventured many days' journey, the bride and groom from Chicago plunged into the interior, along the trail Roosevelt made famous. For months the world heard nothing from Mr. and Mrs. William Morden.

And then, at last, they came out of the jungle again, each of them a little thinner, a little browner, a little scarred where briars and bushes had gouged at their faces and hands, but just as much in love with one another as ever—more so, if anything, say the dispatches from Nairobi. Mrs. Morden had killed three lions to her husband's two. And more astonish-

ing than this record was the way she killed them.

Lions generally are hunted from a "boma," or blind. The native beaters locate a drinking pool or place a decoy in the form of a live bullock. Then a screen of bushes is arranged for the hunter. It is so placed that it is practically as safe as shooting from a club verandah. When the king of beasts lopes down to slake his thirst or pounce on his prey, the hunter draws a bead on him and lets go with both barrels.

But Mrs. Morden, the bride, and Mr. Morden, the groom, bagged their lions in the open. They shot with nothing between them and the leaping menace but a keen eye and a speeding slug of lead. And the lead went true. When she met her first lion, Mrs. Morden missed with one barrel, but killed him with the other charge at a distance of only eighty yards.

The Mordens tramped through the undergrowth for hundreds of miles. They slept in hammocks slung under "pup tents" to shelter them from the dangerous tropic mist. Mrs. Morden cut her husband's puttees like her husband's.

Mrs. Morden's Unusual Trouseau Included This Practical Hunting Outfit and Lion Spear for Her Jungle Honeymoon.

Plenty of food, medicine, clothes, canteens, blankets and other essentials were carried by the native bearers, yet life at no time was a luxury. "But it was the most wonderful experience I



The Belle of the Wild Women Accompanying the Wedding Party. "They Are Really Awfully Nice," Says Mrs. Morden. "After You Get to Understand Them."

ever had!" the accounts from Nairobi quote Mrs. Morden as declaring. "Wild beasts? They were perfectly thrilling! Wild women? They were really awfully nice after one got to understand their peculiarities and some of their language." "Really, you know," concluded the heroine of the African honeymoon, "I don't see how I can settle down to a tame life in Chicago. We are going on to China and Japan by way of India. And I hope, by the time I see the States again, I will have a tiger or two for my belt of scalps!"