

Queer People of the Great Rift Valley in Heart of British East Africa



MASAI WARRIORS ARE PIERCE LOOKING.

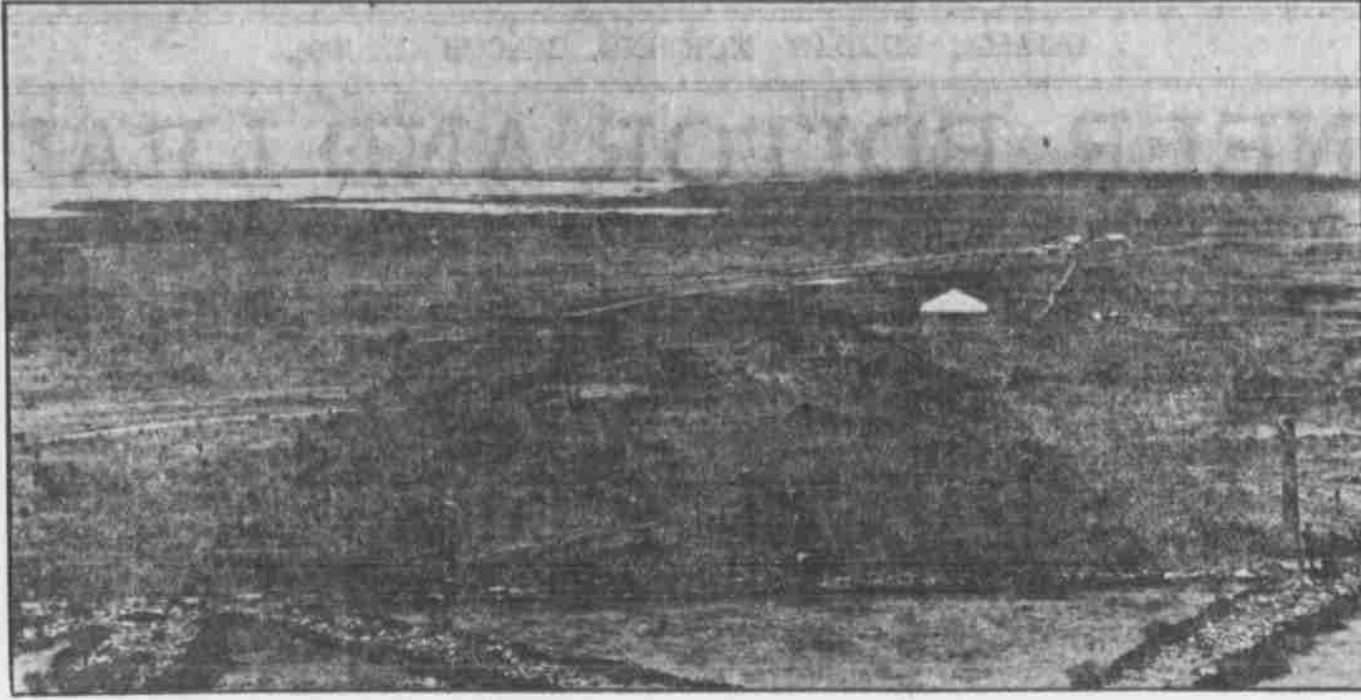
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NAYASHA, British East Africa—(Special Correspondence of The Bee.)—In the heart of the East African highlands, as far south of the Mediterranean sea as New York is distant from Denver and as far west of the Indian ocean as Pittsburgh is west of the Atlantic, I am writing this letter for my American readers. I am in the Great Rift valley, a mighty trough, which runs almost north and south through this part of the continent. It begins at the Zambesi and traces of it are still to be found in Palestine. It is supposed to be formed by the earth half folding up after a mighty volcanic eruption, which left the craters of Kilimanjaro, Kenia and Elgon, mounding the clouds at altitudes of from 14,000 to 20,000 feet.

The great valley narrows and widens it rises and falls, and it has many great lakes. Broadly speaking, all the great lakes of East Africa are in it or in its spurs. North of here are Lakes Baringo and Rudolf, and still further north, in Abyssinia is Lake Tana, the source of the Blue Nile. As I write I am looking out on Lake Nalvasha, a beautiful sheet of blue water over which white cranes are flying. I can see zebras and antelopes feeding not far from the water, and with my glass can watch the ugly black head of three hippopotami bobbing up and down like giant fishing corks upon the surface. The shores here are swampy and are lined with masses of reeds. Just back of them the ground rises into rich pastures, which are protected from sportsmen by the reservations allotted to the Uganda railway and fairly swarm with big game.

Future Stock Country.
The weather here is delightful. We are so near the equator that one can almost straddle it, but the altitude is such that blankets are needed at night, and it is never excessively hot during the day. Nayasha is a little higher up in the air than the top of Mount Washington, and the climate of the whole Rift valley is said to be suited for white men. This matter is being tested by settlers. Large tracts of land have been taken up in different places, not far from the railway, and there are many English who are going into stock raising. Right near the lake the government of British East Africa has started an experimental farm and there are large ranches in the immediate vicinity. There are no tsetse flies here, and the zebras, which one sees by the hundreds in almost any ride over the valley, are an evidence that horses will thrive. There are also many ostriches, and in time we may have ostrich farming here as they have in South Africa. The average height of the valley is something like 6,000 feet, and the grass is said to be luxuriant everywhere.

Land of the Masai.
This is one of the strongholds of the Masai race, who have always been noted as warriors and stock raisers. I see them about Nayasha, and not a few still carry spears and shields. They have many little towns nearby, and their settlements are scattered throughout the Rift valley. They live in huts about four feet high, six feet wide and nine feet long. The huts look like great bales of wool. They are made of branches, woven together and plastered with mud. Sometimes they are smeared over with cow dung, and that material often forms the floor. When it rains, skins are laid over the roofs to protect them. The houses are usually built in a circle about an inclosure, in which the cattle are kept at night. The sheep and goats are allowed to run in and out of the houses. Some of the towns have fences of thorns around them to keep out the wild beasts.

Masai Women.
I wish I could show you some of the Masai women. They are as vain as peacocks and are loaded with jewelry. Some of them have great rings of brass wire coiled around the neck in concentric circles, wire after wire being used until the material often forms the floor. A cloth is wrapped around the body and falling to the knees or below them being about their only clothing. Sometimes this cloth is fastened over the shoulders, sometimes



ON THE SHORES OF LAKE NAYASHA.

wears a lion's head and mane in addition to the circle of ostrich feathers about the face. His arms are a sword and club. He has a spear with a very long blade and an oval shield bearing figures which indicate his clan.

Queer Customs of Marriage.
These people by their wives. Girls are looked upon as merchantable commodities and are paid for in goats and cattle. After the cattle are handed over the girl goes to her husband, and she may not come back to her father's house alone thereafter, but must always have her husband with her. A Masai can have as many wives as he can pay for, and if he is rich he has a hut for each one. If not, he may keep two or three in one hut. The first wife is always considered the chief wife, and is supposed to boss the establishment, although the favorite sometimes supersedes her.

Such marriages, however, are not supposed to take place until the Masai becomes an elder—that is, until he reaches the age of about 37 or 39. This is after his warrior days are over and he is ready to settle down, as it were. The warriors and the young girls of the tribe live together up to that time in a separate establishment apart from the rest of the people.

In order to marry, a warrior has to ask permission of the elders of the tribe. This is given by straightway buys his wife, and if she is a fine looking girl she will cost him two cows, two bullocks, two sheep and some goat skins. This money goes to the nearest relative of the woman he has selected, who may lower the price if he will. Divorces may be had for laziness and bad temper on the part of the wife, and in such cases a part of the marriage fee is sometimes returned. Widows cannot marry again. If her husband dies the woman goes back to her mother, or to her brother if her mother be dead.

Old Women Do the Work.
As far as I can learn these Masai girls

have a soft snap. They are required to do nothing until they are married. Before that they play with the warriors, spending their time in dancing and singing and looting about. The unmarried girl often does not do her own cooking. This condition continues for a long time after marriage and up until all the babies of the family are fairly well grown. As soon as that is accomplished, however, the hard-working period begins. Almost all of the hard labor of the tribe is done by the older women. They collect the fire wood. They build the mud houses and gather the cow manure with which their walls are smeared. When the villages are moved from place to place these withered dames take the parts of the donkeys and bullocks in carrying the burdens. They erect the new huts and they are, as a rule, mere hewers of wood and drawers of water.

Nation of Stock Raisers.

These Masai do no farming. They are a nation of stock raisers and own herds of cattle, sheep and goats, which they drive about from pasture to pasture. The cattle are of the humped variety like the sacred cows of India, many of them being fat, sleek and fine looking. Some of the animals are branded, and not a few have ruda bells of iron in order that they may be traced if they stray. The most of the cattle are watched by half-naked boys, who drive them about with sticks from place to place. Every morning and evening the cows are brought into the village to be milked, and nearly every town of mud huts has its cow house. The women do the milking. This is contrary to the custom in some parts of Africa, where it is thought the cows will go dry if any female touches them. The milk is caught in gourds which are afterward cleaned with handfuls of burnt grass. The calves are brought alongside their mothers at milking time, and the cows will not let down their milk without they are present. If a calf dies it is skinned and stuffed with straw and then placed under the cow's nose for milking. The

people always drink their milk fresh, but this method of cleaning the gourds gives it a smoky flavor.

They Drink Blood.

The Masai are blood drinkers. Their country has practically no salt, and I am told that they keep in health by blood drinking. They consume all the blood of the animals they kill and sometimes bleed their cattle in the neck and then tie up the wounds so that they grow well again. Sometimes a strap is tied around an animal's throat and an arrow is shot into the jugular vein. As the blood gushes forth it is caught in gourds and drunken warm.

The people eat but few vegetables and they do no farming whatever. Their cooking is usually done in pots of burnt clay, varying from eight to twenty inches in height. The larger pots are not placed over the fire, but at the side of it, and are turned around, now and then, in order that they may be evenly heated.

A Talk with Sidney L. Hinde.

The most of my information about these Masai comes from Captain Sidney Langford Hinde, the famous explorer and lion hunter. He is now subcommissioner of this colony, and I met him at Mombasa on my way here. Captain Hinde was born in Canada, not far from Niagara Falls. He received an excellent medical education in Germany and England, but began his life as a captain in the Belgian colonial service. During his stay there he explored the upper Zululana and other rivers, and wrote a book entitled "The Fall of the Congo Arabs." About ten years ago or so he came over into British East Africa and took part in the subjugation of this country for the English. He lived with the Masai and other natives and made a study of them. When I met him he was acting as governor of British East Africa, in the absence of the chief, and his home was one of the official residences, a beautiful cottage outside



MASAI WOMEN IN PARTY DRESS.

Mombasa on the rocks overlooking the Indian Ocean. The house is decorated with trophies secured by Mr. Hinde and his wife during their stay in Africa. Upon the floors are the skins of lions and leopards, on the walls are the heads of giraffes, antelope, gun and other big game, and there are native spears and weapons of every kind standing about. A large number of the skins are from animals shot by Mrs. Hinde. She has herself killed several lions, no end of antelopes and zebras, and one huge rhinoceros.

In my talk with Mr. Hinde, he told me much about the Masai, saying that they were now quiet and are becoming semi-civilized. They are now paying the annual hut taxes of about 3 rupees each to the government. Three rupees means \$1 American. It seems but little until one remembers that it takes a native about a month to earn that much, when it becomes a great deal.

About Mount Kenia.

A great part of Mr. Hinde's work has been near Mount Kenia, in a country which he says is phenomenally rich. He tells me that the Uganda railway goes through some of the poorest land in British East Africa and that the Kenia territory has great possibilities. He predicts that the railway which is now to be built from Nairobi to Fort Hall, under the shadow of Mount Kenia, will pay from the start and that Kenia will eventually be covered with rich farms. Said he:

"When Mrs. Hinde and I first came into the province the country was in the same condition it had been for ages. We found that it contained about 1,000,000 people, who lived in little villages, each containing about ten huts or so. There were no great chiefs. Each village was independent and almost constantly at war with the neighboring villages. The citizens of one settlement knew nothing of those of the other settlements about. A man dared not venture more than ten miles from his home, and he had little knowledge of the country outside that radius. There were no roads whatever, excepting trails, which wound this way or that over the land. The only meeting places were at the markets, which were held at certain fixed points on certain days of the week or month. It is a rule throughout Africa that warfare and fighting must be suspended on market days, and no one dares bring arms to a market or fight there. If he should engage in fighting and be killed his relatives cannot claim blood money.

New Roads Made by the British.
"When we took possession of the Kenia province," Captain Hinde went on, "we had to fight our way in. As soon as we had subdued the people we made them work at making roads, and usually all the rights of the territory were connected all the villages by roadways and gave each town so much to take care of. As a result we now have in that province alone 40 miles of good wagon roads, each ten feet in width. We have also made it the law that every road shall be considered as having all the rights of a market place. This means that no native can assault another while walking upon them and that all feuds must be buried when traveling over the roads. Many of these roads connect villages which were formerly at war with each other, and the result is that the people have become peaceful and that the citizens can now travel safely from one town to another. They are really changing their natures and are going through a process of travel-education. As I have already said, five years ago they never left home. Now thousands of them travel over new roads down to the sea coast and we have something like 1,500 natives of Kenia here at Mombasa."

Evolving a Civilization.
These remarks of Captain Hinde show how John Bull is gradually evolving a civilization in these African wilds. The Masai are about the most primitive of the natives, and as they are only a few miles who are much further down on the scale of barbarism than they. As I shall show in other letters, some go absolutely naked, and some are still as far back in the arts of civilization as were the people of the stone and iron ages. These increasing changes since slavery was common and cannibalism was more or less carried on. Then justice was unknown and life of no account.

The British are now gradually changing all these conditions. The Masai now know that he does not eat his neighbor, and he is gradually becoming a decent citizen. Both he and his fellows of other tribes are beginning to understand the value of labor. The Masai will not dig, but they are paid for herding stock, and some of the other tribes are doing actual work on the farms and on the railway. They are beginning to have money, and these increasing changes will work to supply them. Many of those who formerly went naked now wear more or less clothing. Cotton goods are becoming popular, and, strange to say, the American white cotton sheeting brings the highest of prices among the natives. It outsells the Indian and English goods and in some places it even passes for money. Another article from America that is in great demand here is coal oil. The natives buy it to light their huts, and the big chiefs almost universally own one or more kerosene lamps. Other foreign articles much desired are umbrellas. Knives and hardware of various kinds. A great deal of Indian stories is going up throughout the country to supply the natives. The Hindoo traders carry their goods everywhere, and in years to come a new people will take the place of the savages of the past.

As it is now the missionaries are doing considerable work here and in the most of such work is now in the hands of the English, but at Kilibe, within a few miles of Lake Nalvasha, there is an industrial mission school run by American Quakers, and that same denomination has another industrial settlement in the Kavirondo country, near Lake Victoria.

FRANK G. CARPENTER.

Disappearance of a Forty Thousand Dollar Chalice

ROME, Feb. 18.—Mystery surrounds the disappearance of a historical chalice from the Church of Santa Maria in Silvia, which forms part of the Abbey of Monticelli near Ancona. The church and abbey, once a fief of the della Genga family, was the favorite residence of Cardinal Annibale della Genga, who afterward became Leo XII. Here he spent many days away from the noise and bustle of the world trying to forget his adventurous life with its many disappointments in the pursuit of his two favorite occupations, hunting and teaching the peasants to sing Gregorian chants.

Occasionally he would return to the duties of the court, and he was often sent on delicate missions by Pope Pius VII. One of these was to the court of Louis XVIII of France.

It happened that before certain negotiations had been concluded the pope sent a second mission to the same court headed by Cardinal della Genga's political enemy, Cardinal Consalvi, with more ample powers. Louis XVIII, realizing Cardinal della Genga's chagrin at being superseded by a person whom he disliked, presented him with a precious chalice, which the cardinal took back with him to Monticelli.

When Pius VII died among the cardinals who hastened to attend the conclave for the election of his successor was Cardinal della Genga, who, much to his surprise, was elected pope. After his election he returned no more to Monticelli, but to the church he presented the precious chalice and appointed his heirs as its custodians.

The chalice is of pure gold studded with precious stones, rubies, topazes and incrustations of diamonds at its base, and its value has been estimated as high as \$40,000. It was the custom on feast days when mass was said in the chapel to use this chalice, and many priests in the district remembered having used it. The present holders of the land, Counts Pier Mattel and Pucel of Perugia, rarely visit Monticelli, as their lands have for several years been sublet to peasants and practically they have no interest in the church. For the last four years the peasants have noticed that the chalice was not used any longer, even on the feast of the patron of the church, and rumors were circulated that it had disappeared.

Owing to the recent rules issued by the fine arts department about the safekeeping of historical and artistic objects, an inspector entrusted with the compilation of a catalogue made an investigation and discovered that the chalice, as well as several sacred vestments and a heavily jeweled cope, also a gift by Cardinal della Genga, was missing. Other investigations are now being made.

It has been ascertained that as far back four years ago the authorities of Monticelli reported the disappearance of the chalice to the Ancona police, who paid no attention to the report. A curious circumstance in connection with its disappearance is the fact that neither the chalice nor the vestments figure in the inventory held by the present custodian, although it is well known that they belonged to the church.



SILVER GILT CHALICE OF THE UMBRIAN SCHOOL.



EMERALD AND SCULPTURED COPPER CHALICE OF ST. MARY MAJOR WOME.



GOLD CHALICE OF LEO XII.



CHALICE OF ROCK CRYSTAL OF POPE GREGORY I. CH.

A few days ago a member of the Italian Parliament identified in an antiquary's shop in Paris the missing chalice of Monticelli and hastened to notify the Italian government, which is reported to have taken steps toward its recovery. It is more than likely that the chalice will be lost to Italy forever, first because it was not included in any government catalogue, and secondly, because its identity would be almost impossible to establish, as it has generally happened that a goldsmith having successfully wrought such a masterpiece has had a replica made of it for some rich patron, and therefore the chalice now in Paris might not be the original that is missing from Italy.

There is hardly a church of any importance in Italy that has not some valuable

chalice among its treasures, generally the gift of a pope or a cardinal, and yet the number of such chalices is daily diminishing. It is a well known fact that within the last twenty years several chalices of value have been missed. They have either been sold abroad, a comparatively easy undertaking considering that they are easily portable objects, or else they have carefully been hidden in order to prevent their being seized by the government and placed in museums.

Many substitutes have been resorted to in order to excite sacred vessels from the government catalogues, and in many cases valuable chalices are known to have been replaced by inferior imitations. Still the collection of chalices in the churches of Italy is important and complete, as it contains specimens of all styles and schools of work from the earliest glass vessels of the catacombs, which resemble ordinary drinking cups rather than sacred vessels, to the beautifully carved massive specimens of the Renaissance.

Prattle of the Youngsters

Teacher—Now, Elmer, spell chicken.
Small Elmer—I'm not old enough to spell chicken. Try me on hen.
Little Elsie (at the theater)—Mamma, is that man on the stage crying in earnest?
Mamma—No, dear.
Little Elsie—Well I don't see how he can cry for fun.
Small Bobby—Nurse, do you know where the doctor lives that brought the baby?
Nurse—No, Bobby.
Small Bobby—Well, if the kid loses an arm or leg or anything, how'll you know where to get new parts?
Teacher (at night school)—What is a sacred cow, and why is it so called?
Shaggy Hated Pup—Sacred cow? It's a corruption of "sack red cow." Its sickness being caused by a large lump on its shoulders.
Little Marjory, after having fallen from the sofa, got down on her knees and began looking about as if in search of something.

"What are you doing, dear," her mother asked.
"I lost my balance, and I'm hunting for it."
Teacher—Now, Tommy, can you tell me what "to-o" spells?
Small Tommy—Yes, ma'am, it spells "too."
Teacher—That's right. And what does "to-o" spell, Johnny?
Small Johnny—I guess it spells "one."
"Aha!" exclaimed the father, sternly. "You have been skating, although I told you not to."
"How do you know?" chattered the boy in his dripping clothes.
"Why, you're soaked to the skin!"
"Well, dat's a sign I been swimmin'!"
"So," said Tommy's father, "you took dinner at Willie Stout's house today. I hope when it came to extra helpings you had manners enough to say 'No.'"
"Yes, sir," answered Tommy. "I said 'No' several times."

Forgot Her Maiden Name

A poor memory for names is a common defect, and probably most persons have felt embarrassed by it occasionally. Certainly many a person has owed up to a queer sort of absent-mindedness, which, for instance, would cause him suddenly to forget the name of a friend upon whom he had gone to call. After the doorbell had been rung the unfortunate caller would discover that he did not know who to ask for when the servant should appear. But such performances as this have been completely cast in the shade by an exhibition of memory failure given recently by a Mrs. E., who lives uptown.

On account of the death of a distant relative she was obliged to go to the surrogate's office to send to some matters concerning the will. It was necessary, in the course of the proceedings, for her to sign to a certain document her maiden name. Telling her just where the signature was to be affixed, the clerk handed her the pen and waited for her to write. But to his surprise—for she had shown good business ability and understanding

Does It Pay to Be Good?

"Dad," began Tommy, "haven't I been real good since I've been going to Sunday school?"
"Yes," answered dad.
"And you trust me now, don't you?"
"Yes," said dad.
"Then," demanded Tommy, "what makes you keep your box of cigars hid the same as ever?"

She disappeared hastily, relieved to escape from the clerk's astonished eyes. In telling the story afterward to a friend she said that she spent fully ten minutes walking up and down the block in front of the building, trying desperately to recall the lost name. At the end of that time she gave up the effort and went home, as she had at first intended, to dig the necessary information out of an old book which she had owned when a girl.—New York World.