

Beads and Telegraph Wire Fashionable Attire in the Wilds of Africa.

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HAVAIHA, Special Correspondent.
 "There are more than a million of them in this part of Africa. They live on the big lands just east of here and about Mount Kenya, which is more to the north. I reached their country shortly after leaving Nairobi, the capital of British East Africa. That town is at the end of a series of highlands. It is on the western edge of a plateau and the land rises beyond it. We marched over 2,000 feet in twenty-four miles and then found ourselves among the villages of these curious people. We could see their little farms everywhere. They take up patches of woodland and burn off the trees. After that they work the ground to death for a few years, and then go off to take up patches somewhere else. Some of their farms are no bigger than a field of 4.14, others cover a quarter of an acre and some twice as much. The fields are not fenced, and now and then a rhino or hippo is in and wallows while near the woodlands the monkeys pull up the crops. The chief thing raised is Indian corn. I saw the women everywhere working the fields. Half naked, they bend low, pulling weeds and digging the ground over with hoes. In most places the men squat around on the ground and keep them up to their work. The more wives a man has the richer he is; and the more he drives his wives the better his farm. Indeed, the cheapest cattle here are human cattle."



SCENE AT STATION-AT KIKUYU.



WAKIKUYU NATIVES-AND BUA.

Wear Grease, Clay and Wire.
 The chief dress of the Wakikuyu consists of grease, clay and telegraph wire. The grease makes their brown skin shiny, the red clay gives it a copper hue, and the telegraph wire loads their arms, necks and ankles. The grease is usually mutton fat and the clay is the red soil found everywhere. The more rancid the fat the better they seem to like it. The average man of woman smells high to Heaven, and can distinguish a native's existence before he gets to him. They wash their hair with this grease, and under the tropical sun you can almost hear the stuff sizzle. They stiffen their hair with clay so that it can be put up in all sorts of shapes, making their headgear a pale brick-red color. I examined one man's head the other day. It was covered with something like 100 individual curls which stood out over his pate like the snakes of the Medusa. Each curl was an inch long and it had been twisted by a professional hairdresser.

ally has an apron or skirt of skin, which is tied about the waist and reaches to the knees and sometimes below them. A good lusty girl can carry as much as 30 pounds of wood in this way and her husband does not scruple to load her with all she will take. I made some inquiries as to the prices of such women and am told that a girl is supposed to be ready for sale at 15 years and that \$50 in cattle or sheep is an average price. For his own woman should be large, well formed and fairly good looking. Ugly girls and lean girls go cheap and some such are often unmarried, in which case they have

trouble with them because they steal bolts and rivets which hold the telegraph poles and even climb the telegraph poles and steal the wire. The women I saw had coils of brass wire around their necks and arms and long coils of similar wire tied to strings in their ears. In their own country telegraph wire brings as big a price as jewelry, and they look upon the strands of iron stretched from pole to pole along the railroad just as our women look upon gold and silver jewelry. If the wires along our tracks were made of gold and silver, so that one could snip off a section far out in the woods and make a gold necklace for

his girl out of it, you would have about the conditions that prevail here as to the telegraph. The native men are crazy for iron. They can use the bolts and rivets for slung shots to brain their enemies, and all the iron they have had in the past has come from digging up the ore and smelting it. The Nandi live northwest of here on a plateau which contains iron deposits, and they make a business of mining and smelting. Since the railroad has been built they have come down from time to time and raided the tracks, and the British have had several little wars with them to keep them off. They had one in 1900 and another in 1901.

These Nandi are among the bravest of the African natives. They are much like the Masai, delighting in warfare and ready to fight at the least provocation. They are more civilized than the Wakikuyu and do considerable work in iron and leather. They have cattle, sheep and goats and they bleed their cattle and drink the blood, sometimes mixing it with their porridge. After bleeding they close the wounds, so that the cattle grow well again. They are good hunters and have large dogs, with which they run the game down

so that it can be killed with spears. They also trap game by digging wedge-shaped pits and covering them over with grass. They have donkeys, which they use to carry the iron ore from the mines to the furnaces, where they turn it into pig metal. These people have about the same customs of marriage as the Masai. The young girls live with the warriors until they reach a marriageable age, and the marriage is always a matter of bargain and sale. The price of a good-looking girl is three goats, a cow and a good fat hen, and the bride of the tribe may bring twice as much. Among the Nandi the woman who bears the most children is considered the most valuable. She who has twins is a mascot and is given a cow, the milk of which goes exclusively to her. The younger women of this tribe wear small aprons of leather, ornamented with beads, and the young men go practically naked. The married men dress much like those I saw on the track.

I understand that the Nandi live about the same as the other natives about here. They have circular huts of boards roofed with thatch. Each hut has a fireplace in the center and on each side of this a little bed consisting of a platform of mud built along the wall of the hut. The people sleep on the mud and use round blocks of wood for pillows. The children sleep with their parents until they are 6 years of age, when they are moved off into a smaller hut outside, built especially for them. They believe in witches and medicine men, and they have a sky god to whom they pray every morning and to whom they sacrifice when times are hard.

New Version of Noah's Ark by Hermit Indian Tribe

A NEW version of the story of "Noah's Ark and the Deluge" has been brought up here from Mexico by Carl Lumholtz as a result of a visit which the liberality of the late Morris K. Jesup enabled him to make to the Huichol tribe of Indians. Mr. Lumholtz also obtained an interesting collection of articles illustrating the domestic and religious life of these Indians, and it has been installed

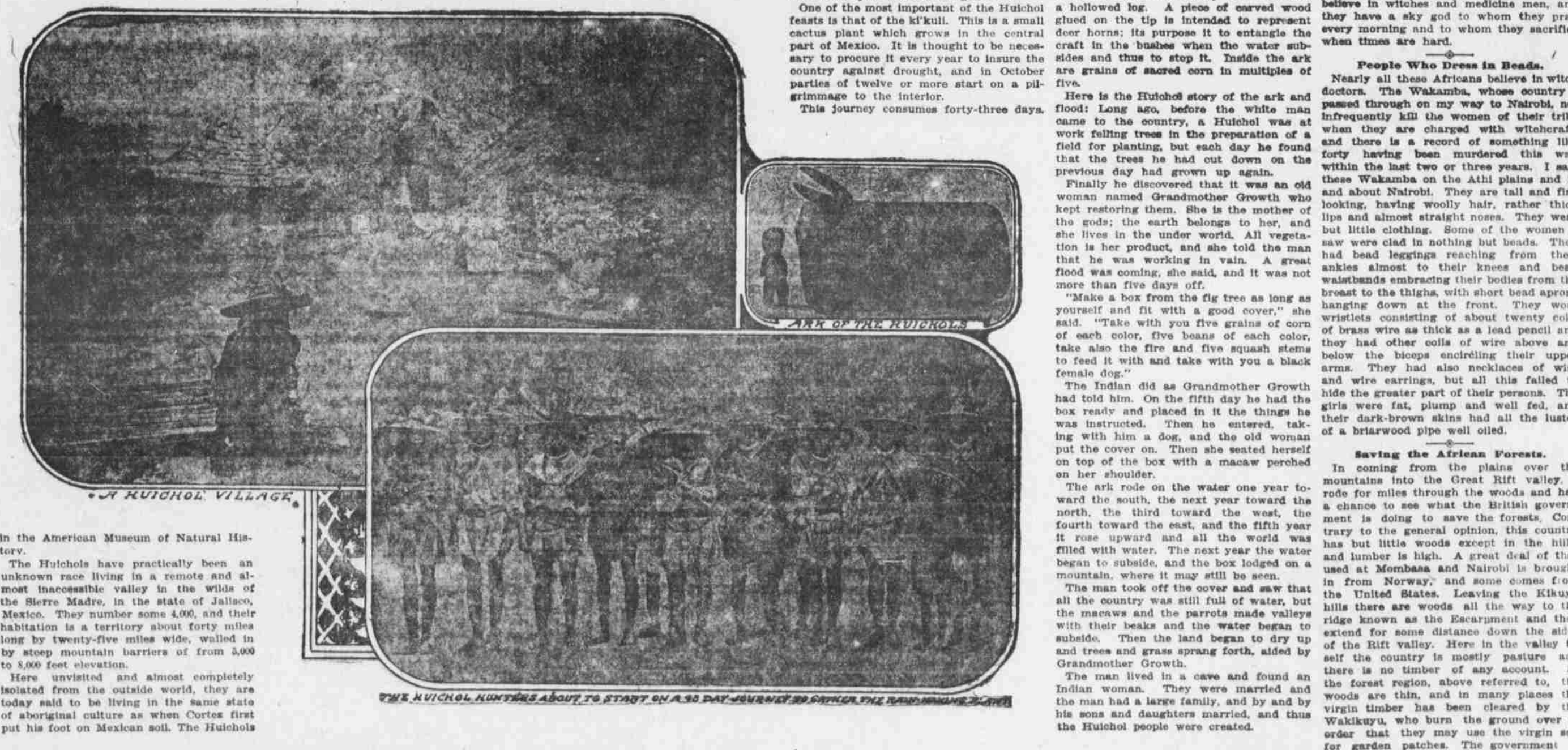
afford, therefore, a fresh and untrodden field of anthropological research. They live mostly in circular houses of huts made of loose stones and mud, covered with thatched roofs; their sacred god houses are of similar shape, but much larger. They dress in garments of their own manufacture. Mr. Lumholtz was the first white traveler to visit and dwell for a year or more among this hermit race.

The circumstances of the Huichols make rain a matter of prime necessity and quite naturally their most important gods have some relation to providing rain enough to grow good crops. The Huichols are from the cradle to the grave more or less occupied with prayers for water, and much of their time is given up to the preparation and observance of rain making feasts and in the fashioning of various symbolic offerings, intended to

propitiate the gods who are thought to have controlled over the clouds and rain. Appeals to their gods are made largely with the aid of arrows to which are attached articles emblematic of the purpose of their prayer. When the Indian wants to hunt deer, till the soil, build a house or marry he has to make an arrow to insure success in the undertaking. The arrows are stuck into the seats of the ceremonial chairs in the god houses or into the straw roofs and places in sacred caves and spots where some god lives.

One of the most important of the Huichol feasts is that of the k'kull. This is a small cactus plant which grows in the central part of Mexico. It is thought to be necessary to procure it every year to insure the country against drought, and in October parties of twelve or more start on a pilgrimage to the interior. This journey consumes forty-three days.

On the return of the k'kull seeders with their loads of the plant a great festivity of dancing, occupying a week or more, is held. A group of the k'kull hunters in their ceremonial costumes are here shown. The tobacco gourd forms a conspicuous part of their outfit, each carrying a dozen or more of them. On their home-made straw hats plumes are stuck.



Curious and Romantic Incidents Brought About by Activity of Cupid

A Japanese Bride.
ARRIS MERTON LYON of New York, a magazine writer, formerly of Kansas City, Mo., announces that in May he will marry Hyacinth Tawana, a 17-year-old Japanese girl, who will come from Japan to San Francisco, where Mr. Lyon will meet her. The wedding will be there.

All Mr. Lyon's friends at once demanded details of the obvious romance attached to his announcement, and it appears that the meeting of the two was nearly two years ago. Lyon had been living several months in Japan when one evening he went to the Garden of Many Lights at Nagasaki. A festival was in progress, all the men wearing the hideous masks of Japan, and the women were playing upon samisen.

There was a sudden disturbance and Lyon saw a young girl being trampled by several men who were fighting. He rescued the girl, and in attempting to quiet the fighters was himself arrested. A friend at the American consulate secured Mr. Lyon's release.

The following morning the father of Hyacinth, the girl rescued, called to thank the American. Lyon was introduced to the girl and says they fell in love at sight. He began teaching her English. When he was called back to America he promised to return and marry her. Since then, business engagements have prevented his making such a long trip. The girl has been studying English at a mission school. Recently Lyon wrote the girl's parents asking if she might be permitted to come to this

country for the marriage and now she is coming. **Got There by Digging.** Undenied by eight miles of snow-drifts, which kept even the rural carriers indoors, Joseph Beaver of Sterling, Ill., a farmer boy, set out to claim his bride, and married her seven hours after the hour set for the ceremony. He had to dig through drifts from four to six feet deep. The snow ruined his clothes, and he arrived at the bride's home practically exhausted and with both feet frozen. It was necessary to go to the home of a pastor two miles away to have the ceremony performed, as the wedding guests would not come, and the preacher would not brave the drifts for the marriage fee.

Escapes Leap Year Woos. One unmarried man in St. Louis has been driven to matrimony by fear of leap year proposals and the penalty of having to buy silk dresses for all of the women he had determined to reject when they sought to marry him. "Women came to see me and invited me to call on them until I was afraid to stay in my office or go to their houses," said Dr. Morgner, who was married a few days ago to Mrs. Margery L. Moore of Nashville, Tenn. "I have been staying away from social gatherings because so many women wanted to marry me. Of course I was engaged to marry Mrs. Moore. I couldn't very well explain, and so I just had to avoid the women altogether. Only last Sunday a woman came to my office and when I told

her there was no hope for her she fell in my arms. I didn't know before how she loved me. "Another woman told me about a friend of hers who wanted to marry me. She told me to go see this woman, who is rich, but I didn't go because I wouldn't let her marry me, and I did not want to have to buy a silk dress for her. "But now that I am married, I am safe. Intuition told me that I had met my affinity when I became acquainted with Mrs. Moore. Everything came out just as it had been predicted. It was foretold. It was through a fortune teller and my horoscopes that I knew I was to marry this woman. Everything was described just as it is, and I knew I was to be married in January. For ten years I have been a widower."

love had passed between them. Then came Eakin's trouble. He was sentenced to five months in the county jail on the charge of appropriating \$100 which belonged to the International Text Book company. Unwilling to ask the woman of his choice to marry a man who had been convicted of crime, Eakin believed that he and Miss Steger would never be married. It was here that leap year entered the romance. Miss Steger visited Eakin in the jail, told him that she would marry him if he wished and when he had consented to the marriage she arranged the details of the jail wedding. **Call of the Wild.** "Will you meet and marry me in Denver Saturday at high noon?" wired L. E. Mackinnon, who travels throughout the west for a New York house. "You bet I will. Leave this afternoon with mother for Denver, reaching there Friday evening," was the answer from Miss Florence Green of Poplar Bluffs, Mo. They met in Denver and were married on scheduled time. The ceremony was the climax of a romance that began some months ago at Poplar Bluffs. Mr. Mackinnon said: "I got very lonesome at Grand Junction and the telegram to Miss Green was the result. Then came the answer, and I knew everything was all right."

Wanted to Be Surprised. Leigh Lynch was a happy man—the father of a family of children in which was centered his selfish hope. He used to carry his business cares and pleasures home, where he was always sure of ready and generous sympathy. For several years he was treasurer of the Union Square Theater in New York. One evening at dinner, in the presence of his little daughter, Marie, he mentioned to Mrs. Lynch that the gross receipts of the week had risen to an unprecedented height. The next day Marie asked to be taken to the matinee. "All right, darling," assented the fond father. "What seats would you like?" "Well, papa," she replied, "I'd like to have them grocery seats you talked us about."—New York Times.

Kind of Seed She Wanted. Fend Mother-Listen, Mildred, and I'll read to you about heaven and its beautiful golden streets. Small Mildred—I don't want to hear about it, mamma. I'd rather wait till I get there and be surprised.

Won Over the Wire. Through the crossing of telephone wires Attorney Walter E. Thompson, a Princeton graduate, with offices in the Williams building in Cleveland, started a flirtation with Miss F. E. Grace Wilson, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. H. K. Wilson. Next day they were married by long distance telephone, Rev. C. C. Wilson, pastor of the Christian church at Shelby, performing the ceremony by wire. On their first conversation over the wire Mr. Thompson was impressed by Miss Wilson's voice. She learned his name and subsequent conversations resulted in their meeting. The wedding followed a brief courtship.

Monkeys and Wood Lands. This forest manager tells me he is laboring under the greatest of disadvantages in his efforts to raise new trees. He says he has to fight not only the natives, but also the monkeys, baboons and other wild animals. The woods are full of monkeys, and among them is a dog-faced baboon, which grows as big as a 10-year-old boy. This animal barks like a dog and acts like a devil. It watches the planting and then sneaks in at night and digs up the trees. If seeds are put in, it digs them up and bites them in two, and if the trees should sprout it pulls the sprouts out of the ground and breaks them up and throws them away. As a result the nurseries have to be watched during the day by men with guns in their hands. If the men have no guns the baboons will jump for the nearest tree and make grimaces out of the branches, only to return to the devastating work as soon as the watchmen go away. If guns are brought out the animals realize the danger and run for their lives. These monkeys also dig up the Indian corn planted by the Wakikuyu, and they are said to be far worse than crows and blackbirds combined.