

# KENYA and ITS PEOPLE



One of the Natives of Kenya.

(Prepared by the National Geographic Society, Washington, D. C.)

THE first link of the proposed British air service from Cairo to the Capt of Good Hope in Africa will soon be established with the beginning of an airplane line from Khartoum in the Sudan to Kisumu in Kenya colony. Kisumu is on Lake Victoria, the "Lake Superior" of Africa.

Kenya, which will thus be brought into much closer touch with England, is one of the most fascinating regions of Africa, geographically speaking. It presents a relatively new name to world maps, for before the World War it was known as British East Africa.

At the southeast corner of Kenya is Lake Victoria, second largest freshwater lake in the world. Along its shores dwell a people whose nudity is a symbol of their modesty, and whose men are as beautifully formed specimens of their sex as are the Marquesas women of their.

Just across Kenya's southern border is Kilimanjaro, highest mountain in Africa, and near its center is Kenya peak, also volcanic, which o'ertops Mount Whitney by some 3,000 feet.

Cutting across the colony is the famous Rift valley, here from 20 to 40 miles wide, and generally several thousand feet below the plateau's general level.

However, it is as a zoo and a luxurious botanical garden that Kenya makes its chief appeal to the nature-loving visitor. Perhaps its most amazing single spectacle is the flamingo colony on the northern shores of Lake Hannington. The banks are dazzling white with the birds' guano, and their nests are mounds of mud spread like mole hills on a flat plain.

The adult bird has a rose-pink neck and body, the beak is purple and scarlet, the wing feathers are crimson. For a mile or so before one reaches their haunt he can hear these birds—the splash and the swish of a million or so becomes tumultuous as he approaches.

Hippopotami swim in the shallow waters of this bay; antelope and gnu infest its shores. Its port, Kisumu, is the terminus of the Uganda steamship line, which lands rubber, ivory and hides here for railway shipment to the coast.

**Government of the Colony.**  
A few years ago Great Britain had an uncomfortable racial problem on her hands in Kenya, but the matter has now apparently been smoothed over. The native population numbers about 3,000,000 and there are in addition whites of European origin, East Indians and Arabs.

From the time when British influence made itself felt in East Africa, during the last quarter of the Nineteenth century, until 1920, the then British East Africa was a protectorate, a form of government which the British empire generally makes use of when there is practically no white population other than the administrative officials. Under this system there was scarcely any popular phase to the government, affairs were administered for the most part as the officials thought best. A start toward popular institutions was made in 1906 when executive and legislative councils were established.

By 1919 the white population had grown to the point (nearly 10,000) felt to demand greater governmental participation. Provision was made for the white settlers to elect 11 members to the legislative council. Two were appointed to represent the East Indian population, and one to represent the Arabs. A sufficient number of official members was then appointed to give the government a majority. The final step of creating the newest British crown colony from the old protectorate was made July 23, 1920, when Kenya colony came into existence.

The emigrants from India and their descendants, who outnumber the Europeans two to one, were dissatisfied with their small representation on the legislative council and demanded equal suffrage. There also existed in the background the question of what part if any the 3,000,000 black native residents of the colony should take

eventually in the management of affairs. The whites of Kenya and of the much more important Union of South Africa asserted that if Great Britain abandoned the principle that her people have the obligation to maintain her institutions among the less advanced peoples of her colonies, it would mean the death of the British empire and of the civilization which she has developed in Asia and Africa.

**People of Many Races.**  
The land which is now Kenya colony has had its mixture of races for a long time. Phoenicians, Arabs, Indians, even Chinese, skirted its coasts in very early times and traded with its natives. Later the Arabs came in numbers; and now there is a population of about 10,000 of them in addition to a large number of people of mixed Arab and black blood. The Indians began to go to this region before British influence began, and now number some 25,000.

Of the blacks there are numerous tribes. The Suks belong to the Nilotic race group. The Swahilis are the hybrid people formed by the union of Arabs with the Somalis and Gallas. There is also the Bantu-speaking population, many of whom dwell in the regions around Mount Kenya, which was for a time believed to lie in the fabled regions of the "Mountains of the Moon," as well as more of the Nilotic group, consisting of the Masai, the Nandi and others.

Though Kenya calls itself the newest of the British colonies, it is one of the oldest lands of the earth. Colonel Roosevelt, in speaking of his African hunting trip, said that the Masai often reminded him of the pictures of the soldiers of Thothmes and Ramesses made by the ancient Egyptian sculptors, in that their faces were resolute and had clear-cut features. The same noted traveler said of this tribe that though the women were scrupulously clothed, "the husbands brothers very ostentatiously wear no clothing for purposes of decency."

Reports concerning this particular people have constantly made their appearance in the civilized world because they persistently pillaged neighboring tribes, having decided that they no longer cared to till their own fields, but would get their sustenance by taking the cattle and supplies of weaker tribes, and in this way have been responsible for the depopulation of large districts of British East Africa. Today, however, they are doing excellent work in cultivating the soil.

The greater portion of the Masai now live in the districts around Nairobi. They have perhaps the most definite religious beliefs of any of the East African tribes, praying to two gods, one black and benevolent and the other red and cruel, but they believe that when they die, they go out like a puff.

**Women Who Wear Tails.**  
Though unclothed the Kavirondos are much bedecked, every circumference the human form affords, from chest and stomach to ankle and wrist, is wire-wrapped. The women add one other decoration, a tail-like tuft suspended from the waistline in the rear. Sparse population of a region where the altitude offsets the equatorial heat and the fertility invites farming is due largely to these warrior Masai who formerly lived largely on their neighbors. Many of them have settled down to tilling the soil.

Another native tribe, the Andorabos, formerly lived largely upon flesh of the Colobus monkey. The skin has a market value because of its silky black and white hair and the tail with an immense bushy plume at the end. They, too, turned to the soil as the British imposed restrictions on monkey killing to save the animals from extinction.

The Gallas, though they are now of little importance either politically or economically, take great pride in their past. They say that they once had a sacred book, like the Bible or the Koran, but a cow ate it, and not being certain about the particular animal, in their search they are still opening the stomach of every cow that dies.

## Improved Uniform International Sunday School Lesson

(By REV. P. B. FITZWATER, D.D., Dean of Day and Evening Schools, Moody Bible Institute of Chicago.)  
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### Lesson for December 26

**REVIEW**  
REVIEW—Moses to Samuel.  
GOLDEN TEXT—Surely His salvation is nigh them that fear Him, that glory may dwell in our land.  
PRIMARY TOPIC—Favorite Stories of the Quarter.  
JUNIOR TOPIC—Stories of Israel's Leaders.  
INTERMEDIATE AND SENIOR TOPIC—Great Men and Women of the Quarter.  
YOUNG PEOPLE AND ADULT TOPIC—Great Teachings of the Quarter.

Three good methods may be used for this review:

I. Assign to the members of the class a week ahead the task of preparing a description of the outstanding events of each lesson. The length of such descriptions will depend upon the number of pupils in the class and time allowed for the lesson.

II. Assign to the pupils the outstanding personalities of the quarter the task of making an analysis of these characters, pointing out the strong and weak points thereof. The principal persons appearing in the quarter's lessons are Moses, Joshua, Caleb, Gideon, Ruth and Samuel. Two pupils may be assigned to report on the same character, the one on the strong points and the other on the weak points.

III. Ask the members of the class to bring a written report on each lesson, giving the principal fact and the leading lesson thereof. The following suggestions are offered:

**October 3.** Moses sought the help of Hobab in guiding Israel through the wilderness. Though Hobab was a shrewd child of the desert, the Lord God was a better guide than he. Like Moses, we should acknowledge the leadership of the Lord, even though it may mean confession of our own failure.

**October 10.** Through unbelief spies were sent to Canaan. The majority report was brought by the ten spies. Joshua and Caleb recognized the difficulties equally with the ten, but because they had faith in God, counseled taking possession of the land.

**October 17.** Because of an act of disobedience Moses was debarred from entering the promised land. Though he had to suffer this loss, the Lord gave him a place in the very front rank of His prophets.

**October 24.** Upon Moses' retirement and death, Joshua was appointed as a new leader of Israel. Though God's servants die, His work goes on because the Lord has always in readiness capable leaders.

**October 31.** Six awful woes are pointed out as coming upon those who indulge in wine. The only safe attitude toward the intoxicating cup is not to look at it, not to come into its way; total abstinence is enjoined upon all.

**November 7.** Jericho, the key to the land of Canaan, fell prostrate through faith in God. Spiritual victories are won upon principles and by means which are utterly foolish in themselves.

**November 14.** Because of Caleb's sterling character and his loyalty to God, he came into possession of the inheritance which God had chosen for him.

**November 21.** In Joshua's farewell address he brought to the attention of Israel God's providential dealing with them and appealed to them to renew their covenant with His God. The people entered into a formal covenant at Shechem. In order to clinch this obligation Joshua wrote down their agreement in a book, and as a further help set up a large stone as a witness.

**November 28.** Gideon's army was reduced to 300. All who were cowardly were permitted to withdraw. Others unfit were likewise permitted to withdraw. A small company trusting God can win the victory over a mighty host.

**December 5.** Ruth chose to be identified with the people of the Lord. Because of this choice she came into possession of the blessings of the true God and her name has become immortal.

**December 12.** Because God gave to Hannah a son in answer to her prayer, she gave him up to service in the house of God.

**December 19.** As Samuel in his old age was retiring from the place of judgeship in Israel, he challenged the people as to the integrity of his conduct among them. Everyone in public life should be ambitious to leave an untarnished record at the close of his career.

**Our Souls' Craving**  
Our souls crave a perfect good; we feel the pull thitherward, we own the law that points in that direction.—William M. Salter.

**Measures Our Love**  
What we are willing to do for Christ measures our love for Him.—Echoes.

**The Heavenly Life**  
The heavenly life strives in the midst of trials.—Echoes.

## When Christmas Comes—

By B. B. in Baltimore Sun

A BABY coach, a doll that winks;  
Soldiers, soldiers, wood and lead;  
A windup toy that almost thinks;  
A little bureau and a bed,  
A kitchen made of tin, with all  
The pans and dishes on the wall,  
A sled with reindeer painted bright;  
A pair of shoes for boys with brains,  
A hat and ball, electric trains;  
A ship full-rigged and proud of mien  
To sail the briny deep serene.  
A doll house lit with scintillating light;  
A book of fairy tales sweet and bright;  
A fat balloon you blow and blow  
Until it will no larger grow.  
And then, released, the air comes out  
With funny whistling, till you shout,  
And dance and clap your hands to know  
What lovely Christmas things there are  
That only could have come from far  
Beyond the realms of ice and snow,  
And from behind the fairy star!

## Under the Mistletoe



by Martha Banning Thomas

IT WAS very annoying. Very annoying indeed! Marcia gave an irritated flip to the pages of her magazine, and set her pretty back more firmly in her chair in the car. The exceedingly fine looking man opposite was buried in his newspaper. If Marcia could have seen the corners of his mouth, she might have been even more upset. That pleasant mouth with the humorous twist, that mouth which opened wide with shouts of ringing laughter. That mouth she had so adored . . . a few months ago. That mouth now twitching with ill-concealed pleasure behind the curtain of the paper.

Well, accidents will happen! If two persons who have quarreled choose the same train on the day before Christmas to go home, what can be done about it? Nothing!

Marcia read the first page of a story fourteen times, and could not have told on a bet, a single sentence that passed before her eyes. She gave up



Marcia and Philip Stood Just Where They Were.

the attempt and glued a pensive gaze on the passing landscape. If her heart fluttered in uneven jumps . . . no one was the wiser. Marcia bristled with independence. She would carry this emergency through with a high hand. Besides, Philip got off at a station before hers.

The snowy fields whirled by. Even from the train she could see the fluffy bunches of white on the pine trees. There was a holiday feeling of excitement even in the stuffy car. The porter was gay with a sprig of holly in his buttonhole. In spite of her resentment she could not prevent a thrill of happiness running through her veins.

Home again after many months of hard work in New York! Home to the jolly fireplace, the absurd and lovable dog, and best of all, home with the rollicking family of younger brothers and sisters. And, mother!

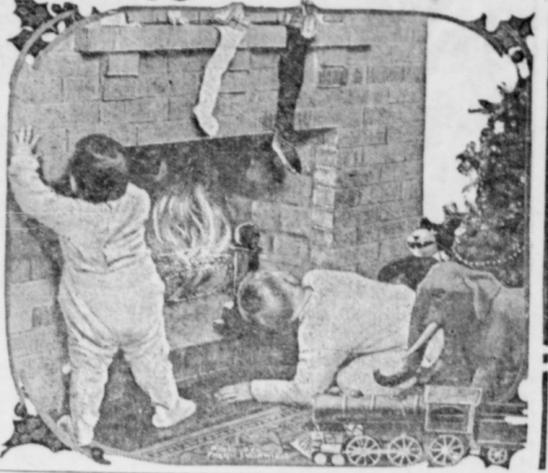
They had planned, Philip and she, to have this Christmas together at her mother's. Philip had always lived in New York. Of course he had known about the country and small country towns, but not as Marcia had. They had spent many delightful hours talking over the good times they would have sliding down hill, going about singing carols on Christmas eve, stuffing the stockings for the children, tramping through the woods. All the country entertainments which go so perfectly with the holiday season. And Philip had loved it all.

He had an aunt, an elderly creature who lived in the next town. Philip talked of her and said he had almost promised to spend Christmas day with her, but now he couldn't think of it. He must go home with Marcia, and Aunt Caroline could go hang!

Of course, reflected Marcia, that was where he was bound for now. Too annoying that his seat happened to be near hers.

The train ran smoothly on polished rails. A soothing lullaby seemed to click from the wheels. Marcia subsided into deep reverie.

## Looking for Santa Claus



It must have been an hour out of New York when there came the grating pull-back of the brakes. The train jolted and jerked. Marcia sat up in startled suddenness. She found herself looking straight into the dark eyes opposite. She stared at Philip and Philip stared at her.

A tearing crash! The sharp splinter of glass! Frightened cries! The car was in an uproar!

The porter stood among them. "All right, everybody! All right! Don't you go to get skeered! We ran down the end of a freight . . . nobody hurt. Stay right where you am!"

Marcia and Philip stood obediently just where they were. Philip's arm was around Marcia's waist. Marcia's frightened face was pressed close to Philip's lapel on his coat.

"Thank God, you're safe!" whispered Philip. His voice shook. Marcia was swept off her feet by a surge of sweet comfort. Philip near in an accident! Philip holding her close, trying to save her from pain and distress. Before she hardly knew what she said, she heard her voice whispering in his ear! "Come home with me, please! I want you to!"

Philip thrust her away from him in pretended concern. "But what about Aunt Caroline? Dear, dear Aunt Caroline!"

"Oh, pshaw! Philip Henderson, you know as well as I do, that you never went there before in your life and are just doing it because you haven't any place else to go!"

The man grinned. "Well, of course, if you insist, and all that sort of thing, I'll do it to save wear and tear on the disposition."

After several hours of work by the wrecking crew, Marcia and Philip were again on their way towards her home. One of the boys met them at the station with an old-fashioned sleigh. A moon spilled silver on the hills. Mother met them at the door. Candles shone from the windows. A howling mob of youngsters hurried themselves on Marcia the minute she stepped on the threshold. It was all as merry and perfect a scene as you could find in a long journey.

But there was a moment of secret understanding between the mother of Marcia, and Philip. They stood together in the hall under the mistletoe. Marcia had been carried into the living room on the tide of her joyous reception.

"I got your letter," said Philip "with the seat number and train. It was awfully good of you to find out for me. How did you manage?"

"Oh, the way we mothers the world over manage things, when we want our daughters to be happy. It was such a silly quarrel between you two. I did not plan the wreck, however. That literally threw you together very successfully."

They laughed together. Then Marcia's mother called to her. "Come here a minute, daughter. I want you to see the decorations in the hall."

Marcia's mother was a woman of imagination. She left the lately arrived travelers in the hall under a friendly bit of mistletoe. And what that scrap of Christmas green saw and heard is nobody's business!

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## He Got His Share



IT WAS just a few days before the great holiday and a delightful snow storm was in progress. The wind as it whistled past whispered of the grand and glorious "Christmas Spirit."

The most prosperous Christmas in many a year had struck Cedar Junction. Happy, snow-bedecked crowds swarmed the downtown district, ablaze with glimmering lights and decorative displays.

Perhaps old Silas, who lived on the rural route just outside of town, was the only human being to whom Christmas meant nothing. He had become separated from everyone who had ever been dear to him, and as the

years slipped by he had grown strangely morose and indifferent. Children were afraid of him and grown-ups stayed clear of him.

Now, it seems there were several social clubs in Cedar Junction, and at Christmas time they all did their bit toward making everyone happy.

But Sil had always been forgotten. No one seemed to ever think of making him happy.

This year a new member had entered the Men's Card club, one Joseph Bartlett, an extremely fine fellow all round, who was always suggesting something new and original.

At their final meeting before Christmas, when all had been satisfactorily arranged, 'twas Joseph who smilingly arose, filled to the brim with the Christmas spirit and made the following motion:

"Say, boys! How about making 'Old Sil' on the rural route, happy this Christmas?"

At first there was a dead silence. Every one was too shocked to speak.

But when the idea finally dawned upon them, all seconded the motion.

In the midst of the other celebrations, the "Happy Twelve" of the card club were busy making preparations for the call on Sil. They trimmed a small table tree delightfully, with "Silas" inscribed on a huge star at its peak. Then they prepared a cherry punch, purchased a super-box of excellent cigars and sailed forth headed by Joseph, the brave, who was thoughtful enough to slip a deck of cards into his coat pocket besides.

'Twas about 9 p. m. and Sil had retired as usual, at an early hour, when there came a loud knock upon his door.

Jumping out of bed with a thump, he roared: "Who's there?"

"Merry Christmas," shouted the club.

"Well, what of it?" cried Silas.

"We have come to celebrate with you. Let us in."

"What do you mean, you band of scoundrels? Get out of here before I call the police."

The others were ready to flee for their lives, but Joseph was not to be put off so easily. Then came the big surprise.

"Sil, don't you remember your brother, Joseph, whom you thought to be dead? It is I! For God's sake open the door!"

With a crash, the door was swung open and the brothers were in each other's arms as tears streamed down the cheeks of Old Sil, but they were Christmas tears of joy.

Then followed such a celebration as Cedar Junction had never beheld. All who passed the little house wondered why the lights at Old Sil's place were burning all night. But the biggest shock of all was when they actually saw a sparkling Christmas tree in the window.

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