

# The Independent

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## Survey of the World

**Parker on the Philippines** It was noted by many papers that Judge Parker in his speech of acceptance used the phrase "self-government" instead of "independence" in referring to the future destiny of the Philippine Islands, and it was questioned whether by that he meant territorial independence. In a letter dated August 22d, in answer to an inquiry from John G. Milburn, Judge Parker explains his meaning more fully in the following words:

"You are entirely right in assuming that as I employed the phrase 'self-government,' it was intended to be identical with independence, political and territorial. After noting the criticism referred to by you, I am still unable to understand how it can be said that a people enjoy self-government while another nation may in any degree whatever control their action. But to take away all possible opportunity for conjecture, it shall be made clear in the letter of acceptance that I am in hearty accord with that plank in the Democratic platform which advocates treating the Filipinos precisely as we did the Cubans; and I also favor making the promise to them now to take such action as soon as it can prudently be done.]

**Taft on the Philippines**

The Secretary of War, William H. Taft, addressed a Republican rally at Montpelier, Vt., in which, after discussing the other issues of the day and defending the acts of the President from the charges of rashness and unconstitutionality, he devoted special attention to the Philippines question. He denied the statement of Judge Parker that the Philippines had cost us \$650,000,000, saying that "by no pos-

sible calculation can their cost be made to exceed \$250,000,000 down to the present time." With the exception that Judge Parker thinks that the Filipinos ought to be told now that they will be independent when they are fitted for self-government, it is difficult to tell how the Democratic policy will differ from the Republican policy if carried out. But it would be unsafe to entrust the management of the Philippines in the hands of the Democratic party, for the war in the Philippines by the insurrectos was carried on for more than two years beyond the time when it would have been carried but for the encouragement received by the insurgents from the anti-imperialists and the Democratic party, as is demonstrated by the proclamations issued by the insurrectos at Manila. He finds it quite remarkable that a statesman like John Sharp Winter should be so sensitive

"that the Filipinos are not given complete self-government at once, and yet should be willing to represent the Yazoo district in Congress, elected thereto by a vote of 1,463 persons out of a population of 190,000."

"It is said that we are enslaving the Philippine people. The Philippine people never had such liberty in the history of their country as they are now enjoying. It is said that we are upholding nothing but a despotism. With an autonomous municipal government, a partially autonomous provincial government, a central government of a commission in which are three representative Filipinos, and with a popular assembly which is to take full part in the legislation of the country as a co-ordinate branch of the legislature in two years, the Filipinos may be under a despotism, but if so the word has lost its usual meaning."

# Bringing the Pygmies to America

BY THE REV. S. P. VERNER

[Mr. Verner was commissioned by the Louisiana Purchase Exposition to bring a company of the Batwa pygmies from Africa to America for exhibition at the Exposition. He completed this undertaking a little over a month ago. It is the first time, so far as is known, that these smallest people in the world have ever been seen in America. Mr. Verner, during a missionary life of many years in Central Africa, made close observation of the different tribes and of the country through which he traveled, and he is familiar with the Batwa and other native African dialects. He is the author of several books, among which are "Pioneering in Central Africa," "Among the African Pygmies," and "The Development of Central Africa." This article was obtained from him as an interview.—EDITOR.]

THE interest in the African pygmies dates back to the time of the ancient Greek poets and historians. Homer makes reference to a tradition about fights between the cranes and the pygmies in Africa, and Herodotus, Aristotle and other Greek writers, besides some of the Roman writers, also refer to the same tradition. But the existence and special character of these people were not thoroughly investigated until late in modern times.

It was while the battle of Gettysburg was raging, in July, 1863, that Paul du Chaillu was the first modern scientific traveler to discover the pygmies, about three hundred miles from the west coast of Africa, near the equatorial line. After him, Schweinfurth, in 1869, found them, 800 miles directly further east. Then Wissmann and Wolf together discovered others in 1886, a thousand miles south. Stanley found some on the Aruwimi River, not far from where Schweinfurth found them, and also some in the Semliki Valley, between Lakes Albert and Edward Nyanza, in 1888. These last are probably the descendants of those about whom the Greeks wrote, at the head-waters of the Nile, for the Nile River flows from Lakes Albert and Edward Nyanza. The present Governor-General of the Congo State found some not far from Stanley's Lake Kivu. They have been found at an altitude of nearly 10,000 feet, and also down in the lowest valleys. Those I found, in 1897, are in the same general territory as those discovered by Wissmann.

The anthropological character of all

the people discovered by all these explorers is so nearly the same that it is practically certain that they are all one people, tho divided into different tribes with different geographical locations. No group of them was ever gotten out of Africa until this party now in St. Louis, and no one has ever been here unless possibly he was sold in slavery.

The scientific interest in these people has been chiefly because they must be the lowest types of the human race yet discovered. This is not merely because they are the smallest people in the world, but because the simplicity of their culture is so great. They measure from four feet ten inches in height down to about three feet nine inches. Perhaps the average height is about four and one-half feet. The conception in the popular mind that they are Tom Thumbs is a mistake. The peculiarity in their size is not at all that they are abnormal types of individual cases, but that there is a whole set of tribes, or races, of that size, and, secondly, that they have maintained their unusual type through thousands of years. It is hard to say how many of the pygmies are in existence, but of the pygmies of Central Africa that are known by white men to exist it may be said that they number perhaps 10,000, scattered over a territory as large as the United States. The question of how many more there may be who are unknown is a matter of conjecture, but probably there are ten times as many.

On my return to America from my first trip to Africa I wrote a good deal about these people, with the result that



Bashoba and Luma, with the monkey of the community, brought with them from Africa. Bashoba, who has already learned to say "Nickel," is caught in the act of pointing and crying "Nickel" to a photographer, fearing he will take a picture without paying tribute.

when the Department of Anthropology of the Louisiana Purchase Exposition was organized by Dr. McGee, I was requested to try to get some of the pygmies to attend the Fair. I stipulated that they must come voluntarily, must receive the kindest treatment, and guaranties be given for their safe return to their people. The time when these negotiations were begun was so late as to make it extraordinarily difficult to accomplish the end desired. The total distance covered had to be greater than the circumference of the globe at the latitude of St. Louis, and most of the way was by slow ocean and river steamers, and some of it on foot. But for the fact of my pleasant relations with these people when I was there before, I would never have undertaken it.

On leaving this country I took with me a young colored man from Tennessee—Alonzo Edmiston—and a native African boy named John Kondola, whom I had brought over with me on my first trip. We left St. Louis the 11th of November, going by way of Washington to obtain the introductions from our Government to the Governments abroad. We arrived in Liverpool December 3d,

and spent the time until the departure of the boat for Africa in London and Brussels, securing supplies and arranging the necessary diplomatic negotiations. Then we left Antwerp, Belgium, on the 7th of January, arrived at the mouth of the Kongo River the last of the month, when our steamer went aground on a sandbank, and we necessarily missed an important connection at the Kongo Railway for a steamer on the upper river, which caused the loss of a month of our very precious time. This restricted our operations in the interior to less than a month, in order to get back to St. Louis in time for the Fair at all.

From Matadi, the port of the Kongo River at the bottom of Livingstone Falls, we went by rail through the Chrystal Mountains to Stanley Pool. Here the navigation of the Kongo is free for many thousands of miles along the main stream and its tributaries.

After some delay we obtained a steamer and went by the Kongo and its largest southern tributary, the Kasai, stopping at the junction of the Sankuru and Kasai rivers to wait for a second steamer, on which we went to the seat of government of the Kasai district, at

the head of navigation of the Sankuru River. It was necessary to explain our affairs to all the local officials, so that our expedition could go on without political suspicion or interruption of any kind. From this place we went down the Sankuru, and again by the main steamer of the Kasai River to the head of navigation of that stream, Wissmann Falls.

On the way we passed a rubber trading station which had been burned down by the natives and the white men chased off. We found also that several steamers had been attacked by the natives from the adjacent woods and some white men and many of their native friends killed in the last few years. The four white men on board our steamer took turns at night as sentries when the ship was moored off the forest, and one can imagine that it was not a situation calculated to soothe the nerves when a poisoned arrow might fly out of the bush at any time or the yell of the savages be heard.

The last day of our steamer voyage was up a part of the river unknown to the captains of the Government steamers, and the river, as was told me later by the natives, was higher than ever remembered before, so that, owing to some of the rocks being covered up by the high water, navigation was extremely dangerous. At the foot of the Falls it was necessary to cross over the river above the mouth of a little mountain stream flowing into the Kasai, in order to discharge our expedition and cargo at the right place for our purposes. While the captain succeeded in getting the steamboat across, he said it was the most dangerous piece of navigation he had ever tried in his life. I crossed in a canoe before the steamer to sound the way, and was obliged to climb out on the other bank on the limbs of the trees.

We disembarked at the foot of the trail leading up through the forest to the town of my old friend Ndombe, the paramount chieftain of all this region, who was also the feudal lord, in a way, over the Batwa pygmies. It was Ndombe's personal friendship for me before that had made my stay possible and pleasant. I walked up to his town alone—about twenty miles—so as not to alarm

his people with a large following. I met with a most uproarious reception after they recognized me. They greeted me with the playing of horns, the beating of tom-toms, the shrieking of whistles, whooping and hurraing, firing of flint-lock muskets, and the whole town turned out for a big dance after the preliminaries were over. Ndombe sent enough people to bring up our cargo and party to his town, and the steamer departed.

The Batwa are a settlement of the small people already referred to who live somewhat as parasites on Ndombe and his people, who are unusually large men. Ndombe is six and a half feet in height and is large and well proportioned. I may add that his color is yellow, not black. He is almost as yellow as the American Indian, altho evidently descended from the pure blooded African.

The Batwa have one settlement on the outskirts of Ndombe's town, near the beginning of the forest, which stretches down the mountain streams to the Kasai. They also have rough, primitive settlements down in the forest where they reside for purposes of the chase. The pure Batwa live entirely by hunting, and raise no crops at all. They exchange their meat for the farinaceous food raised by the larger people, and they also live on roots and herbs in the forest. They kill and eat the antelope, buffalo, elephant, python, ant-eater, leopard, wild-cat, lynx, wild boar, hippopotamus, besides rats, locusts, grasshoppers, ants, wood-worms, and caterpillars, which they dry in the sun. Their principal weapon is a bow with a bamboo arrow tipped with a very fatal poison. Besides this they have metal weapons, spears, knives and metal-tipped arrows, which they obtain by barter from the other natives.

There has been some little intermarriage between these people and the smallest of the surrounding larger tribes, but it is easily possible to distinguish the pure pygmy from the mixed.

Their houses are built of a hemispherical shape, consisting of hoops covered with leaves and being about five feet high, with a diameter of perhaps six feet. They are the most timid of all the natives, and, of course, the great difficulty before me was to get sufficiently into

communication with them in a short time to be able to talk the matter over.

I took the advice of Ndombe and the wise old men of his town, and his oldest son, Mianye, a magnificent young fellow, whom one would pronounce an aristocrat on sight. In order to begin the negotiations Ndombe advised me to go down to the pygmy village and give the children some salt, nearly all of the men and most of the women being away when I did so. The pygmies crowded around me at once, yelling and whooping for joy, until every living being in the little town was out, holding out their hands for salt. Salt is more precious than gold in the Central African's eye. I told them that if the rest of the town would come up to my bungalow next day I would give them some more salt, and next morning there was no standing room in my yard. This was the breaking of the ice, and subsequent operations, tho attended with many difficulties, terminated in my being able to persuade some of them to come with me.

Affairs were complicated also to a

very considerable extent by a miniature Trojan war which was going on between Ndombe and an adjacent town. A warrior of the town of Belinge had slipped into Ndombe's town by night and eloped with one of the wives of one of Ndombe's principal counselors. Ndombe sent a messenger to Belinge with the word to bring the woman back or fight. And so they fought. And this war, with some intermissions obtained by my efforts, interfered with my work the whole time.

There were also complications arising through questions of trade and government, but we managed to steer through them all, and altho I was attacked with the fever and had constant recurrences of it, we managed to get down through the forest in a pouring rain on the morning of the 11th of May, to a steamer which I had arranged to come for me to Wissmann Falls, with a party of those who were willing to go.

There were more than those who finally came. Some backed down at the last moment, practically because their cour-



Group of five pygmies and three native Africans of other tribes. The two on the left and the three on the right are pygmies, and are named, respectively, as nearly as written language can record the sounds of their dialect, Outabang, Bashoba, Schambe, Melinge and Luma. (The three other Africans are Kalamo, Satuna and Lumbang. Kalamo, the first in order of the three other Africans, is nicknamed by the pygmies Bedella, because he wears a dress, certain mischief-loving boys having taught them that Bedella means "lady." They are quick to catch sounds and already repeat many English words.

age failed them. Some were afraid of the steamer, some stayed to keep up the fight that was going on, being afraid to leave their families during the war; the old men said that if they were to die they wanted their bones to repose in their own country and not abroad, and the women were not allowed to come principally because they said that if they lost their women they would have no means of keeping up the increase of the town, whereas it did not make much difference if they did lose the men—a commentary on the system of polygamy obtaining in the country.

The trip from Wissmann Falls to St. Louis was unparalleled in point of time probably in the history of African exploration. We encountered terrific thunder storms going down the Kasai, which had fallen very much owing to the approach of the dry season, and the steam-

boat was sometimes almost blown away. We made our connections at the railroad and the ocean steamer at the very last moment in each case, and arrived in New Orleans on June 26th.

The impression which the pygmies have received of this country has not been altogether gratifying. Since they have been here they have covered me with confusion, over and over again, by referring to the fact that when I was in their country they met me with presents, with food and with palm wine and everything that could be desired, and gave me a great welcome, but since they have come here the white people do nothing but come out and stare at them and laugh at them. It would make them much happier, they say, if the white people would treat them with the same politeness with which they treated me.

ST. LOUIS, MO.

## A Middle-Aged Woman

BY REBECCA HARDING DAVIS

THE clock was pointing to six when Mrs. Shore and her son's wife turned into a shaded street on their way home. The air blew sharply up from the sea. Mrs. Shore buttoned her fur cape and quickened her pace. Maria, as usual, lagged a step behind her. Maria was a tall, willowy girl with delicate features and milk and rose tints in her skin. She had the conscious pose of the acknowledged beauty in a small town, for in her old home, Ford City, Kansas, newspapers had ranked her with Helen of Troy and Recamier. But her blue eyes were dull and evasive; she laughed at the end of every sentence, as if not sure of herself or her companion or of anything else.

When silent she always held her mouth a little open. John Shore had married her a year ago in Ford City and brought her home in triumph.

"Now, mother," he said, his round face red with delight, "you have a daughter at last!"

His mother looked at her and her heart stopped. It seemed for a minute as if cold water, instead of blood, rushed through her body. But she took the girl into her arms with some gay, loving words.

In this as in every emergency of life Frances Shore was sure to speak the right words.

More than that. She knew that she spoke them. She applauded herself secretly for her tact and nice feeling every hour of the day. Nobody ever saw a trace of vanity in the woman. But at heart she assuredly knew her own full value.

After that first day John always believed that his Maria was as dear to his mother as was his own stupid, honest self.

The two women had been together all day. The morning they had spent at St. Elizabeth's Hospital. It was the only hospital in this little seaside town, of which the Shores were the founders and