

# IN THE JUNGLE REALMS OF PYGMIES AND SPIRIT CHIEFS

## James Barnes, the Explorer, Recounts Some of His Mental Notes Made While Wandering in the Interior of the Dark Continent.



THE ORCHESTRA OF THE KAHABA. THESE HORNS ARE OF IVORY

By ROYAL DIXON.  
"I DETERMINED years ago to take an expedition to Africa," said James Barnes, the explorer, while in this city the other day, "but I had to wait until I could find the right person to go with me. When I met Cherry Kearton, of London, I knew he was the man. And it would have been impossible to have found any one else who could have aided in carrying out the proposed work as successfully and as thoroughly as he did.

"We did not hunt to kill, but to photograph. To be sure, any one properly armed may do all the killing he desires of big game in Africa, but our chief desire was to take pictures of animal life with its natural surroundings.

"In the northern valley of the Ruwenzori, especially in the Lower Semliki Valley, we found very large elephants. The province of Toro, in Uganda, is famous for its big elephants. In many places these enormous animals are becoming very troublesome. They will enter a small village at night and practically destroy acres of cultivated crops. The government protects these elephant herds, and it is for this reason they have become so numerous. Something will have to be done in the near future to thin them out.

BEAUTIFUL SCENERY IN THE MOUNTAINS OF RUWENZORI.

"Perhaps the most beautiful scenery was in the Mountains of Ruwenzori. We arrived here in September, and I shall never forget our first sunset. These mountains were first climbed by the Duke of the Abruzzi. As we came out of a valley

of heath we ascended the mountains—such a glorious view of mountains and snowfields! To the west the sun was setting like a great autumn moon. Great snow-capped glaciers pushed their noses clear into the valley, and huge black peaks silhouetted against the white snow arose from somewhere. Only a short distance away could be seen the Semliki River Valley. And yet, with all this snow and marvellous scenery, it was hard to realize that we were right below the equator.

"What about the sleeping sickness?" Mr. Barnes was asked.

"Well," said he, "it was one of my regrets that I did not get to visit the laboratory of the Royal Commission at Entebbe (the old administrative capital of Uganda). Here the disease has been studied for some time, and the lieutenants in charge hope eventually to learn not only the nature but successful methods of treating this terrible plague.

THE SLEEPING SICKNESS THE TERROR OF THE NATIVES.

"This plague is invariably fatal. Yet it must be said that a great deal has been done to check its spread. More than two hundred thousand natives have died of this disease in Uganda within the last fifteen years. The natives have a terror of catching it, and as a result many strange superstitions have arisen among them regarding it. One of the most interesting was told me in one of the villages, where I found strange recumbent figures of men which were made from clay and mud and placed before the house of the medicine man. It seems he had been warned in a dream to keep a sleeping man continually before the door of his hut, and that the sleeping disease would be driven away. Many unsuccessful experiments had been made with living men, but they refused to continually sleep. Finally it was decided to make a clay man, for much to the pride of the medicine man the clay man never wakes up! Some of the more superstitious natives were a little afraid that I might disturb his slumber by photographing him, but I did not. And the photo is good.

MR. BARNES STANDING BEFORE THE HUT OF A MEDICINE MAN. A CLAY FIGURE OF A VICTIM OF SLEEPING SICKNESS MAY BE NOTICED

"Another equally interesting photograph I have taken is the house of a spirit chief. At Mupile

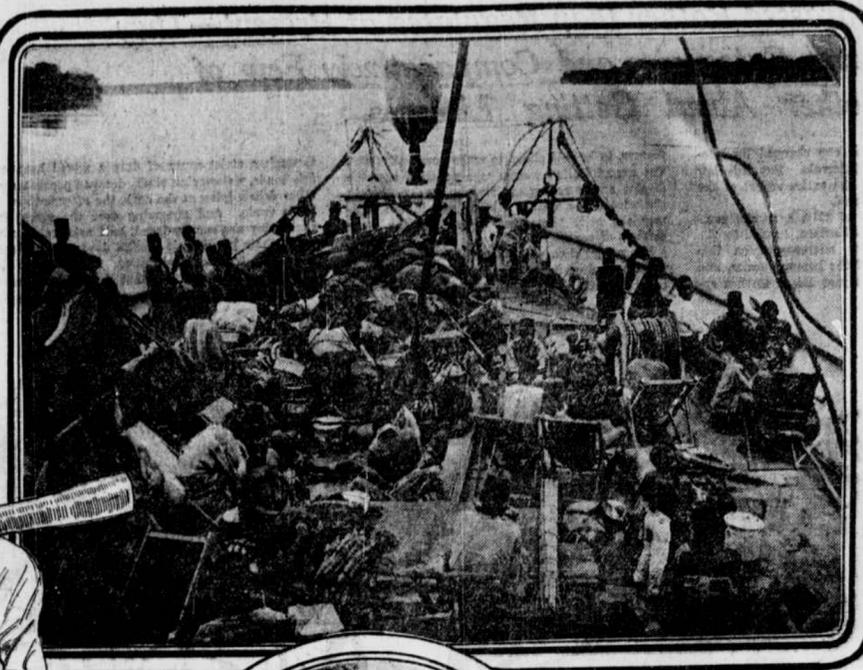
where this was taken, there is the best known of the spirit chiefs. His house is supposed to contain all the spirits of his servitors. The old heathenish custom of destroying all the slaves of a spirit chief at his death has long ago been done away with. The women come out of the forest every other night and place in receptacles near the door of the spirit house various kinds of food—usually chicken and rice. If this food disappears the spirits have feasted and are pleased. No doubt the medicine man or spirit doctor grows fat on these offerings.

"Did you see any pygmies?" the interviewer asked, "and where?"

Then you descend to the half cellar below. If there lingered any doubts they are now fully removed, for the ceiling of the half-damp apartment, with its bar inclosed in a box, is supported on giant whitewashed beams—they are at the very least a foot in cross section. Sisson cracks run through them, and fastened in them are a dozen or more of the hammock

hooks of the crew that gave so freely of its numbers on the altar of war. And the boards resting on the burly timbers are palpably old. They are the original deck, says the robustly plump woman who appears to be the power in control. They have been covered over to form the roof above. Her voice is surprisingly mild and pleasing in tone, when her bulk is taken into consideration. Somehow one does not expect so fresh and youthful a voice from a person who shakes when walking, nor one so free from the suggestion of guile in a person conducting a seaside resort with drinks on the side, or in front, whichever point of view one takes. Her genial hospitality, as free from edge as her form, wins one. No destroyer of physical and mental comfort is she. "Make yourself at home" is her motto. She explains how her father a generation ago received the old relic from a Captain McClellan, who had used it as a floating resort. He had towed it across from Cow Bay. It was now set up on shore, and, with the aid of a helper and wheelbarrow, seven years were occupied in making the place what it is now. The pair piled up the rough bowlders that retain the earthen platform about the building. With their wheelbarrows they filled in with earth and sand the area behind the wall. Now the heirs are squabbling over the heritage which Jacob Smith left. All this she explains as she hunts through a dark closet in search of a rusty rapier with a big basket handle and an old gun which, she believes, were used on the Macedonian.

Two butternut trees, monuments of the untiring energy of the founder of this seaside institution, hang over the high wooden canopy covering the earthen rectangle and its long tables. They are the only trees of real unbragousness so close to the water. The shifting shadows of the shaking leaves mean a great deal to those occupying the long tables. They help to explain why one should choose a humid day for the visit. You accept the invitation to step outside the relic and sit where you can watch the shadows and the shimmering water beyond the two trees and smell the salt air. The throng of the distant motor boats serves as a background to your reveries and to the remarks of a half-bodded parrot hung in the lower branches of the right hand tree. The parrot is moulted. Down the beach to the right the tall hull of the old cup defender Columbia blocks a further view



A GROUP OF NATIVE SOLDIERS OF THE BELGIAN GOVERNMENT GOING DOWN THE CONGO ON STEAMBOAT TO BRING TO TERMS A REBELLIOUS CHIEF



THE HOUSE OF A SPIRIT CHIEF

"Yes, we saw a great number of pygmies in the Ituri forest. They are a strange little people, and very hard to approach. After repeated efforts we failed to get desirable photographs of them. It is easy enough to find one's self surrounded by these curious little dwarfs, whose skin is jet black and whose kinky hair hangs in small twists over their head, but at the snap of a camera—lo, they have all disappeared. They seem to come from nowhere and depart at the twinkling of an eye.

FACTS ABOUT THE PYGMIES—NATIVES LOVE OF MUSIC.

"The clothing of these little people, when any is used, consists of a small leather belt around the loins. His dwelling may be under a bush, in a cave, near an anthill or on the top of a high rock. But wherever it is he shows a certain amount of skill in its arrangement. The general intelligence, however, of the pygmies does not compare favorably with the other inhabitants of the regions we explored.

"Do the natives take an interest in music? And what are their chief musical instruments?" Mr. Barnes was asked.

"They are a very happy, care-free people, and as such much enjoy and produce music. The orchestra as shown in this picture is known as the Orchestra of Kahaba. Each man plays a separate note in turn, and it is astonishing how melodious certain pieces they produce sound. These horns are made out of the choicest ivory and are much valued by the natives. These musicians did not like to be photographed while they were playing. We had to entertain them first with toys and by means of slight-of-hand tricks. All these most amusing things were done when we tried to record their voices with the graphophones. One much objected to their voices being recorded, but he returned early the next morning much disturbed and wished it returned to him. He thought we had got his soul into the phonograph, and to hear his own voice reproduced was horrifying to him.

"One of the most characteristic things about these people is their absolute disregard for all forms of suffering. Perhaps their cannibalistic

traits are to blame for this, and strangely enough cannibalism seems to be on the increase rather than decrease. But they are very secretive about their dead and their manner of disposing of them. Some villages even sell their dead to neighboring tribes. The scarcity of food, especially in the inland districts, may have something to do with this, for as we approach nearer the Congo it grows less and less, and from the Congo their chief food is obtained.

"Are the white settlers there safe?" asked the interviewer.

"Yes and no," replied Mr. Barnes. "Under the present conditions they are perfectly safe, but if for any reason the natives were to become allied it would be a matter of only a very short time until the few whites would have to have more protection.

STATE OF CIVILIZATION AS ONE APPROACHES THE CONGO.

"This is plainly demonstrated by the advanced state of civilization one encounters as he approaches the Congo. Here they depend upon the river for food supplies, and the continuous contact with civilization which the big steamers makes of them a different class of people. The picture here shown is of one of the larger steamers going down the Congo. There were two cases of sleeping sickness on this vessel. As the boats depend entirely on wood for fuel, and, as on account of this terrible sleeping sickness the natives fear to go inland, the fuel supply is rather scarce at present.

"But as to the future of these people, I cannot tell. If they are given greater opportunities they may develop as no one can foresee. The time may come when they will have become a splendid race or races of people. My mind is in no way prejudiced in these far-off problems."

"Did you find any one who remembered Stanley?" Mr. Barnes was asked.

"Yes; it was not uncommon to find some old chief who either claimed to have remembered or heard of Stanley, and some even asked about Livingstone.

"The expedition was very successful, but we were glad enough to get back to the Congo from the inland regions, and actually see a boat which meant home."

# YOU MAY EAT CLAMS IN CABIN OF BRITISH SHIP CAPTURED IN 1812

COMPARATIVELY few persons know that New York city possesses a unique relic of the War of 1812. It is the cabin of the British frigate Macedonian, captured on Friday, October 25, 1812, after a most bloody struggle, by Captain Stephen Decatur, U. S. N.

Where is it? Choose a morning when a listless haze prophesies a humid day and you want a holiday beside the water. Board a Third av. "L" train, and, transferring at 125th st., go to the Harlem River station of the N. Y., N. H. & H. R. R. Ask for a ticket for City Island station. A choice of forms of transportation to the island is open to you when you dismount, the tender monorail line having disappeared with the snow. The choice now lies between the ancient, faded horsecar with a fare of 10 cents and a jarring motor bus that informs one promptly of the holes in the road, but mollifies the hurts with a 5-cent fare. Inform the man at the receipt of customs that the Macedonian Hotel is your destination. You rumble along the macadam road, or trundle at a snail's pace, according to the choice of vehicles which you made at the station, through a leafy land to a bridge which carries the road across to the island. Myriads of boats swing at their buoys, boats of all kinds ranging from just ordinary craft propelled by oars to schooner yachts and cup defenders. Shortly the conductor points out Ditmars st. "It's down there," he says.

LEGEND TELLS OF THE CAPTURE OF OLD FRIGATE.

Tramping down this street, you soon come within sight of a drab-colored building of a geometrical style of architecture. It consists of two oblong cubes attached, the roof of the one nearer the road being much the lower in height. The road terminates at the end of the smaller cube. A legend in black letters catches the eye. It covers the whole end of the cube and reads: "This house is the remains of the English frigate Macedonia, captured on Friday, Oct. 25, 1812, by the United States frigate United States commanded by Capt. Stephen Decatur, U. S. N. The action was fought in Lat. 24 N. Long. 29.30 W. That is 600 miles n. w. of the Cape de Verde Islands, off the W. coast of Africa. Towed to Cowhay in 1874."

which the sanguinary encounter occurred. It is self-evident that the upper half of this cube was once the cabin of a ship. Climbing the flight of wooden steps and looking in at the door of the 15 by 30 compartment, it is manifest that this once was the meeting place of the officers of that ill-fated ship. In the roof is the peaked skylight so typical of the sailing ships of the

last century. It is boarded up now, for the glass long since disappeared. You look for bloodstains, but the floor is comparatively new. There is nothing here to make the roasted clams less appetizing, assuming that those who come hither in search of this kind of sea food know anything about the details of the battle referred to on the exterior.

Then you descend to the half cellar below. If there lingered any doubts they are now fully removed, for the ceiling of the half-damp apartment, with its bar inclosed in a box, is supported on giant whitewashed beams—they are at the very least a foot in cross section. Sisson cracks run through them, and fastened in them are a dozen or more of the hammock

hooks of the crew that gave so freely of its numbers on the altar of war. And the boards resting on the burly timbers are palpably old. They are the original deck, says the robustly plump woman who appears to be the power in control. They have been covered over to form the roof above. Her voice is surprisingly mild and pleasing in tone, when her bulk is taken into consideration. Somehow one does not expect so fresh and youthful a voice from a person who shakes when walking, nor one so free from the suggestion of guile in a person conducting a seaside resort with drinks on the side, or in front, whichever point of view one takes. Her genial hospitality, as free from edge as her form, wins one. No destroyer of physical and mental comfort is she. "Make yourself at home" is her motto. She explains how her father a generation ago received the old relic from a Captain McClellan, who had used it as a floating resort. He had towed it across from Cow Bay. It was now set up on shore, and, with the aid of a helper and wheelbarrow, seven years were occupied in making the place what it is now. The pair piled up the rough bowlders that retain the earthen platform about the building. With their wheelbarrows they filled in with earth and sand the area behind the wall. Now the heirs are squabbling over the heritage which Jacob Smith left. All this she explains as she hunts through a dark closet in search of a rusty rapier with a big basket handle and an old gun which, she believes, were used on the Macedonian.

along the bowlder and clam shell strewn shore. As you sit over a plate of clams fresh from the whitewashed stone outdoor oven over at the right just beyond the parrot your thoughts are divided. You try to picture the part played by the old deckhouse in the savage battle which was so disastrous to British life and limb. The picture of the English surgeon at work, saw in hand, while the battle was in progress, so graphically delineated in the histories, does not hold the attention. The surroundings discourage physical and mental activity.

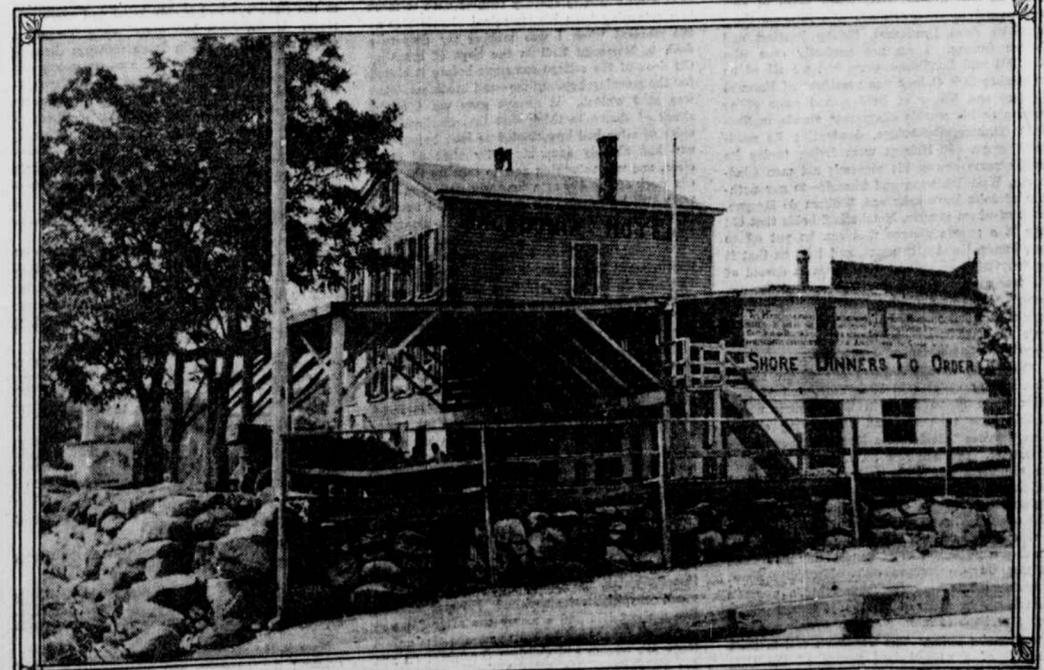
A bicycle policeman trundles in and disappears within the lower story. You can see him taking of his cap and—but when looking from a sunlit place into a comparatively dark room one can never be sure of what one seems to see. Pretty soon he emerges, speaks sociably to Polly, and then mounts his wheel. A fireman approaches on foot from the opposite direction. He also enters. It appears that on the day previous he went fishing and caught a fine mess of blackfish. He left them in the refrigerator of the Macedonian. He must needs look them over. They really are a fine looking lot.

A PARTY THAT BREAKS IN ON ONE'S REVERIES.

Then an automobile of the \$550 variety rolls up. Its occupants are two men, a woman and a five-year-old child. They order clams, and find fault with each other over mere trifles. The arguments are punctuated with unnecessary orders to the little girl, who is playing about in the most inoffensive manner. The latter is forced now and then by one member of the parental firm to take notice of the deficiencies of the other. Going on an outing means such strange things to some people.

"No, I won't take any clams," says the woman. "Thank fortune I had sense enough to eat a good breakfast before we started." So she turns to spite others by spitting herself. Of all things and places to wrangle an automobile picnic and the shore seem the least appropriate.

There may be no good reason why one should think it unusual, but the thought does run through the mind, while looking out upon the long strings of rowboats and pleasure sailing craft and observing the parties visiting the beach for clam roasts, that there are a great many more persons in New York who do not know their needs in the grindstone than can be supposed after a walk across City Hall Garden at 2:30 a. m.



The Macedonia Hotel - The Cabin of the Frigate is on the Right