

MAKING A NATION FROM

HUMAN HASH



Tagalog Fisherman Earning his Living



An Igorrote Pack Train

THE MANY ELEMENTS OF PEOPLES TO BE HARMONIZED IN THE PHILIPPINES

By Eleanor Franklin Egan

IT IS a stupendous—and most interesting—task to take a lot of human hash and make a nation of it. Yet that is the task on Uncle Sam's hands.

So much misinformation—or, perhaps, it might be better to say so little accurate information—has been circulated in the United States with regard to the Philippine islands that most Americans are genuinely surprised when they are told that there is no such thing as a Philippine people, or a "Filipino people," as you will.

A Filipino may be anything from a crinkly headed, naked, forest-dwelling Negrito savage to an educated, refined and extremely attractive gentleman.

The man of fine mind and splendid education whom one meets and likes in everyday social existence, and to whose abilities one must yield the most sincere admiration, may be a Filipino, but so also is the unchristianized and uncivilized Bontoc Igorrote of the northern Luzon hills, who has been wont to fare forth on annual man-hunts and to bring home the reeking heads of his enemies with which to decorate his doorposts.



Mangyan Boy Mindoro

Iligao Igorrote Children

Bogobo of Mindanao

Manila Visayans at Port

Looking into the Face

Subano Woman Mindanao Province Must Be Bought the Value of Citizenship



Bontoc Igorrote Girl



Ceremonial Dress of the Iligao Igorrote

SHALL we give the people of the Philippines political independence? Yes, by all means, when we have created "a people of the Philippines." Just now there is no such nation extant, and this is what makes Uncle Sam's Philippine problem so difficult of solution.

I know that this statement will be bitterly resented by such Filipino gentlemen as I might name, who are among our ablest judges and legislators, who are business men of large means and good abilities. It will be resented by professional men in Philippine medical, legal and educational circles, and by the thousands of good Filipino citizens who look upon themselves as amply able to decide for themselves what is best for the country whose affairs they are so anxious to administer.

However they may resent it, they cannot gainsay the truth of the statement. There is no "Filipino people"; therefore, under the circumstances, we must shoulder the responsibility and assume the divine function of creation in order to justify a national altruism. Nobody has, as yet, satisfactorily explained the high-class Filipino. In comparison with his origin and his opportunities he is an anomaly, but his three centuries old environment accounts for him to some extent

and then, too, he is seldom without the jealousy of foreign blood.

If all the Philippine islands were inhabited by such people as one bows to on the Luneta on golden Manila evenings, together with such ordinary work-day citizens as one knows and respects in the daily routine of Manila life, then would there be no "Philippine problem"; then could we with a clear national conscience and with infinite satisfaction make ourselves immediate sponsors for a new republic which we could depend upon to fully justify its own lofty aspirations.

Of the approximately eight millions of inhabitants of the Philippines there are not enough moderately educated men and women to fill one fair-sized city, while the highly educated and wholly refined pure-blooded Filipinos are so scarce that they cannot be said to even form a "class."

Among the eight millions of people there are at least one million who are non-Christian, and a third of these, to be safely conservative, may be said to be quite uncivilized. There are a half million or more Mohammedans, called by the Spaniards, Moros, or Moors.

First in American consideration come "the people," merely "the people"—the five or six millions of human beings who have arrived at a point where they possess the capacity for most satisfactory development, but who, as yet, have never had the opportunity to rise above a plane of ignorance and literal slavery to the most elementary of human demands.

told that it might not be wise to publish them, because the people in Manila would resent—in fact, have always resented—having types of the uncivilized Filipino shown to the world. This, to my mind, proves conclusively that these people know as well as anybody how little prepared they are for really "national independence."

This is not meant as a criticism of the better class Filipino. As a matter of fact, it is the most natural thing in the world, and if I were a Filipino, gentleman, educated and refined, living my life in accidental comfort and cleanliness, and feeding my mind on good modern thought, I, too, should object to having a naked little Negrito or a filthy Ilongot savage brought forward and presented to the world as my own kith and kin, if not my own blood brother.

I think I should say, "Back to your mountain back to your jungle and stay there until I have wrested from the world the right to rule you as I think you should be ruled."

Unfortunately the American people have gone themselves into the mountain and into the jungle and have brought forth the half savage and the non-civilized among Filipino peoples; they have gone into the highways and the byways, into the hovels and the homes, and have brought forth the unformed and the densely ignorant—the down-trodden millions among the Filipino peoples.

It is a great pity that the Philippine peoples should have been so unevenly developed. Considering that they are so few, and that they have been for three hundred years in contact with western civilization, it seems inexplicable. Somebody will be sure to say, "So have the American Indians been for three hundred years in contact with a much better civilization, and yet, behold!" Well, that, too, is inexplicable. But it does not justify any neglect of the problems presented by the Filipino, now that we have his destinies under our direction. And anyhow, he is made of more pliable material than our untamable Indian.

The only tribe in the Philippine islands which does not show any likelihood of ever responding to a civilizing influence is the Negrito. The Negritos are supposed to be the aborigines of the islands. The Spanish records show that they were at one time very numerous and were to be found in many parts of the archipelago. But their number has steadily decreased by death and inter-tribal fusion, until they may be said to be a rapidly disappearing people.

Like the fifteen or twenty other tribes in the islands, the Negritos speak a dialect all their own, and from the beginning they have resisted all efforts to civilize them or to even lift them above the plane of medieval savagery. The Negritos are the only absolutely hopeless among the non-Christian tribes in the islands that we have to deal with, and these people," says Commissioner Dean C. Wilson, the Philippine secretary of the Interior, "offer no more serious problems than those involved

in protecting them from abuses at the hands of their Christian neighbors and in restraining their own tendencies toward thievery and occasional malicious or revengeful acts of violence."

The various Igorrote and Negrito peoples, so familiar to most Americans because of the spectacular and picturesque propensities of some of them for decorating their doorposts with attached human heads acquired by violence, are not all uncivilized, by any means, but they are non-Christian—which means that their civilization is of a peculiar character, and of their own evolving.

They have good tribal laws, many of them; they live in houses, cultivate the soil and recognize most of the fundamentals of family life. But they are densely ignorant, and even among themselves could not erect a tower of Babel, since they speak various dialects, each of which amounts almost to a separate language.

There are Ilongot Igorrotes, Iligao Igorrotes, Bontoc Igorrotes, and other Igorrotes. They all live in different parts of northern Luzon, and they are all more or less lovable people.

The director of education will tell you that they do not rise up and clutch at enlightenment with unseemly eagerness, but the young generation is yielding to the efforts to educate them in a way that is at least encouraging, and there is more than one teacher in the hills of Luzon who can point with pride to a class of grateful naked Igorrote babies who can now speak English fairly well and do other things, too; who are fully clad and wholly civilized, and who are developing into useful young citizens who will help to guide others along the difficult way that they have traveled.

The Moros are, of course, a problem all by themselves. There are a half million of them, according to the latest statistics, and they are all Mohammedans, as their name implies. They, too, speak various languages, or dialects, and are not of one race, by any means, though they are generally supposed to be.

They will have one language within a generation or two, because English is being forced upon them with the same gentle insistence exercised by the educational corps in all other parts of the islands; with the same mild but unceasing pressure that is brought to bear upon the Visayan and the Tagalog, the Ilocano and the Pangasinan, the Pampangan and the Cagayan, the Bukidnon and the Zamboanga, the Bogobo and the Subano and all the other tribes which we are seeking to mould together into a "Philippine people."

This giving a people a language is a wonderful thing to do, and when we have approximately completed the task and find "the Philippine people" otherwise developed according to our expectations, I shall not be at all surprised if it hurts our feelings most awfully to have to keep our promises and turn our then truly "little brown brothers" loose to shift for themselves.