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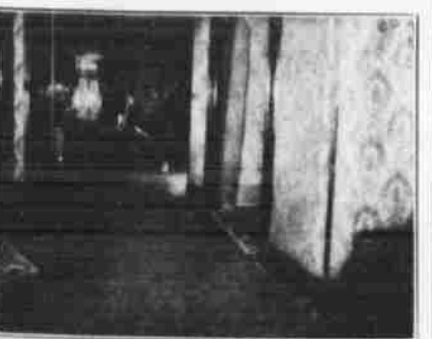
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Corridor Leading to The Millard Dining Room.



The Millard Buffet.

Carpenter's Letter

(Continued from Tenth Page.)

stricken nation. They have many millionaires among them and they are gradually building up great financial institutions which will enable them to compete with us. They are good financiers and their banking system is modeled on ours. Marquis Ito, who organized it, came to Washington and spent some time studying our government finances and then went back and formulated the policy of the empire. Today Japan has a paper currency which is at par with its silver and the country is nominally on a gold basis. It has one bank which acts as the agent of the government, having much the same place here as the Bank of England in Great Britain.

This is the Bank of Japan. It has a capital of 30,000,000 yen, divided into 150,000 shares, and its dividends range from 15 to 16 per cent per annum. The shares are all registered and can be owned only through the consent of the Japanese secretary of the treasury. The bank has \$500,000,000 of deposits and its loans amount to about \$300,000,000. Its bank building in Tokio cost more than 1,000,000 yen.

Another large bank is the Kokuritsu Ginko, which has a capital of about \$24,000,000 in gold. It has deposits amounting to about \$500,000,000 in gold and loans of more than half that amount. The Specie bank has a capital of less than \$3,000,000, but its deposits amount to \$170,000,000 and its loans run high into the millions.

Tokio Stock Exchange.

I have spent some time in the stock exchange watching the Japanese bulls and bears. The exchange is right in the heart of Tokio. It is a three-story building, more like a great barn or warehouse than anything else. It has a cement floor and about the walls are great galleries. As you go in you have to take off your shoes and there is a room at the right of the entrance where the brokers check their clogs and where they are given straw sandals in exchange. Everyone in the house dresses in gowns, although some of the more swell brokers wear overcoats as well.

When I entered the exchange there were at least 100 Japanese yelling and pushing each other as they crowded this way and that, betting on the various stocks. They were all bareheaded and their hair stuck out like the black bristles on a shoe brush. The sleeves of their gowns were loose and their arms showed bare to the shoulders as they swung them and shook their fists, shouting their bids. Their almond eyes were full of anxiety and their mouths of noise. I was interested in the signs which they used in bidding. Putting up one finger indicates an advance of 10 cents, two fingers 20 cents and a closed fist 50 cents.

The president was an old Japanese in a black gown, embroidered with a white coat-of-arms. He stood on a rostrum in the rear of the chamber and directed the selling. The quotations were written in Japanese on black and white strips of wood. The white strips gave the face value of the stocks and the black strips indicated the selling prices.

The president tells me that the stock exchange has a capital of 1,250,000 yen and that it is now paying dividends of 25 per cent. He says that seats are worth about \$12,000 each, and that the daily sales approximate 50,000 shares. Most of the business is small. There is no such watering of stocks as in the United States and the result is that some shares pay high dividends. The Tokio tram cars, for instance, pay 35 per cent, the Yokohama Iron works 25 per cent and some other stocks equally well.

FRANK G. CARPENTER.

Man-Eating Savages

(Continued from Seventh Page.)

bit of the roof left. It is one of the few old customs remaining. They say it is to give the spirit free egress. As no Carib will live where any one has died, and the pieces carried away can be used for a new house, this custom has a practical side to it as well.

From the high woods the soft thud, thud of an ax comes floating down the trail. It is Talaate and Curlin cutting timber for a boat; clever axmen, as all these Caribs are. Presently, with a long sigh, you hear the tree fall, tearing the countless long lianas that hang like serpents from every limb. Fine specimens of men are Talaate and Curlin. From the fallen trunk they will hollow out a boat some twenty feet in length and eight inches wide. This they will soften with fire and spread with wedges, or perhaps paddle it as it is, over thirty miles of open sea, to Martinique, where those who buy it will spread it to suit their tastes. Last week they were swept far out to sea and picked up by a schooner. The captain, not wishing to be hindered by a tow, slyly cut their boat adrift. It was two miles away before they found it out, but without waiting to complain they both plunged overboard. Reaching their precious canoe, they clambered in and paddled safely home. This is a true tale, and was not told me as anything extraordinary, but as a joke on Talaate and Curlin. They are very glad to see us when we approach, but smile—a Carib never laughs—at the idea of their being any the worse for their experience.

There were visitors from town at the tiny police station last night who brought with them staked and delicious things to eat, all packed in little cans with gaudy

THE ILLUSTRATED BEE.

labels. In the morning two boards were missing from the station floor. The gaudy-labeled tinned things were missing also. When you tell this bit of gossip to Talaate he finds it strangely funny. It is past eating time, but they profess no hunger. After a while you leave them; it occurs to you that perhaps they have no food; ought you to return and offer some? No, you would better not. If you could creep back so softly that they could not hear you, which you can not, you would see Talaate and Curlin seated on the log enjoying hugely strange delicacies out of tin-bearing gaudy labels.

To Sell Her Baskets.

On the journey home we are accompanied by little Duphine, bearing baskets into town to sell. Straight as her own black hair, she strides before the horses, her huge burden on her head. Duphine is a half-breed, and represents in more than one way the link between the Carib and civilization. This fatal admixture of negro blood has sounded the death knell of the Carib race. The negro wife is more and more in evidence. As yet the negro husband may not, with comfort, dwell amongst them.

But slowly, one by one, that strange race who flattened their skulls to odd shapes, and bound cloths around their arms to make the muscles swell, who painted their faces red and ate their enemies, is dying off, and in the near future the Carib will be but a name.

Omaha the Center of Industry

That Omaha is proving itself the center of industry and steady growth is constantly being illustrated by the number of new concerns that have been started during the last year. One of these is the Grand Electric company, Messrs. Ashmussen owners and proprietors.


These young men strated their career in Omaha.

Mr. Chris Ashmussen, the older brother and senior member of the firm, going to Chicago at the time of the fair, was one of the electrical decorators of the Ferris wheel, later going to New York City, where he received the appointment of chief electrician for the New York State hospital at King's park, Long Island.


Mr. Henry Ashmussen, the manager of the firm in Omaha, is quite an extensive traveler, having gone to Paris in the fall of 1899, working for a firm on the electrical exhibit at the exposition, and also having been sent on different expeditions in northern France. While traveling in Germany he was employed with the well known firm of Schuckert & Co., which had the searchlight at the Chicago fair. Mr. Ashmussen returned to this country in 1901.

Her Good Business Head

Brooklyn Eagle: "You say she is a good business woman?"
"Oh, splendid, incomparable. She lets absolutely nothing drive business out of her head. Why, just before Harold started for Europe he proposed to her by letter and asked her to telegraph her answer."
"Well?"
"Well, most people would have telegraphed 'yes' or 'no,' but she had enough of a business head to wire 'It affords me great pleasure to say yes to you,' thus preventing the telegraph company from getting any advantage of her in charging for a ten-word message."



A Rat
in the coffee bin—not a pleasant thought, yet when coffees are kept open in bulk who knows what different "things" come climbing and floating in?



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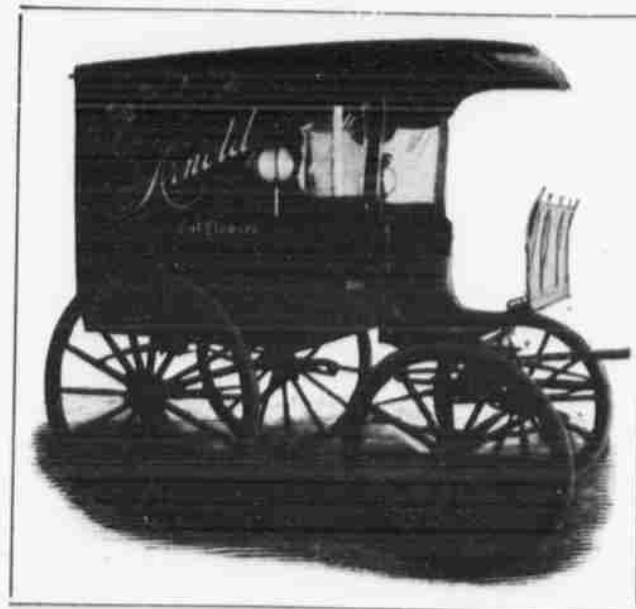
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