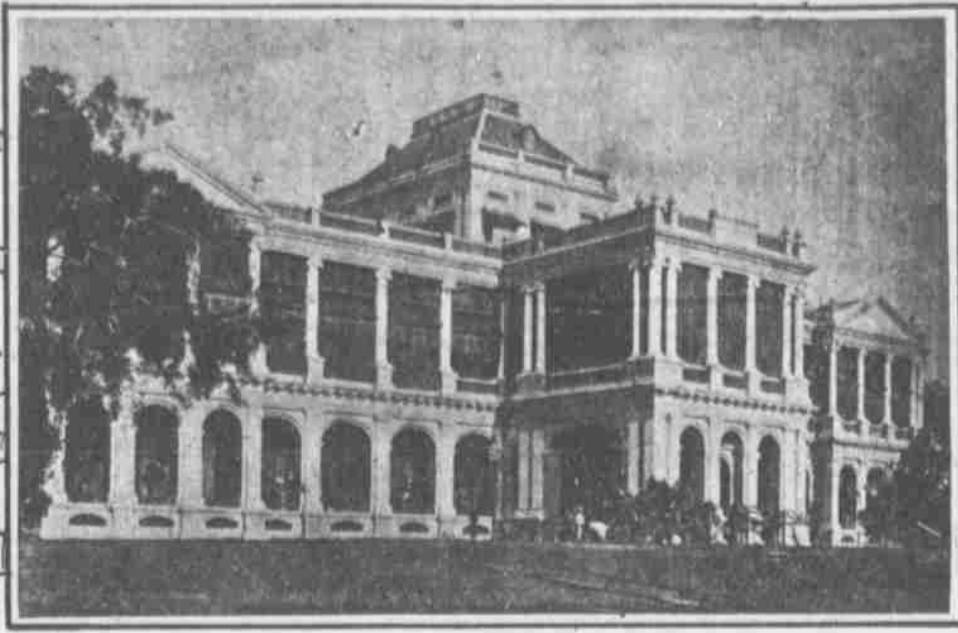


Pleasant Features of Home Life in the Land of Snakes and Tigers



CLUB HOUSE AT SINGAPORE.



THE GOVERNOR'S PALACE IS FINER THAN THE WHITE HOUSE



THE JUNGLES ABOUT SINGAPORE ARE INFESTED WITH TIGERS

SINGAPORE, 1910.—(Special Correspondence of The Bee.)—This Malay peninsula offers some live opportunities for Theodore Roosevelt and his son Kermit. Its jungles are infested with tigers, and the Singapore government is now offering rewards of \$20 each for every full grown tiger killed, and \$15 apiece for tiger cats. Just outside the city are tracts of dense vegetation in which such beasts are sometimes shot. They swim the old channel north of the island, coming out of the Jalore jungles and now and then pick up a Malay baby for breakfast. Just the other day the young sultan of Jalore, who is a great sportsman, killed a big tiger. It is the nineteenth he has shot since reaching manhood. As he showed its claws, which he had cut off as a trophy, he was asked if he expected to bag his twentieth. He replied: "I most certainly shall if he does not bag me."

The Tiger Island. The word Singapore comes from two native terms meaning "Lion City." It should be called "Tiger City," for in the past the island upon which it stands has been the lair of these beasts and it is said that as many as 300 natives have been devoured by them in one year. The animals came here first at about the time the colony was founded and some years ago one was discovered choking to death in the fishing nets off the shore facing the mainland. He had started to swim the channel and got caught in the nets.

As I sat in the Singapore club the other night one of the English officials told me how a man-eating tiger recently slaughtered a Malay, his wife and five children, leaving only the sixth, a little boy, who related the story. This family was living on the edge of the jungle not far from the channel in a hut covered with thatch. The tiger sneaked up and sprang upon the roof. He scratched open a large hole and the Malays within as they looked up and saw him were so frightened that they were unable to move. They were huddled together just under him and before they reached the senses he sprang down and struck the father with his right paw and brained him. He then proceeded to kill the other members of the family with the exception of the boy above referred to, who was lying in a bunk raised high above the floor and thus escaped discovery. The boy says the tiger first killed his father, mother and the four children, leaving his little sister, a baby of 3 years. After he had killed the first he began playing with their bodies, watching the little girl as she ate a mouse. If she attempted to creep away he would wait until she had moved just outside the length of his paw when he would reach over and drag her close to him. He would then go on playing with the dead bodies, sucking the blood and taking a bite now and then until the child attempted to move, when the same proceeding was re-enacted. This lasted until the little girl expired of fright and exhaustion. The tiger then bit her in the back of the neck and saved her blood. After a long time he finished his feast and walked out of the hut, leaving the boy overhead undisturbed.

Land of Snakes. As for me I am more afraid of the snakes than the tigers. The latter are cowardly beasts, and will attack one only in the dark or when they can sneak up behind and catch him off guard. The snakes are so many that one is liable to step upon them as he goes through the jungle, or, if he sleeps in a native hut,

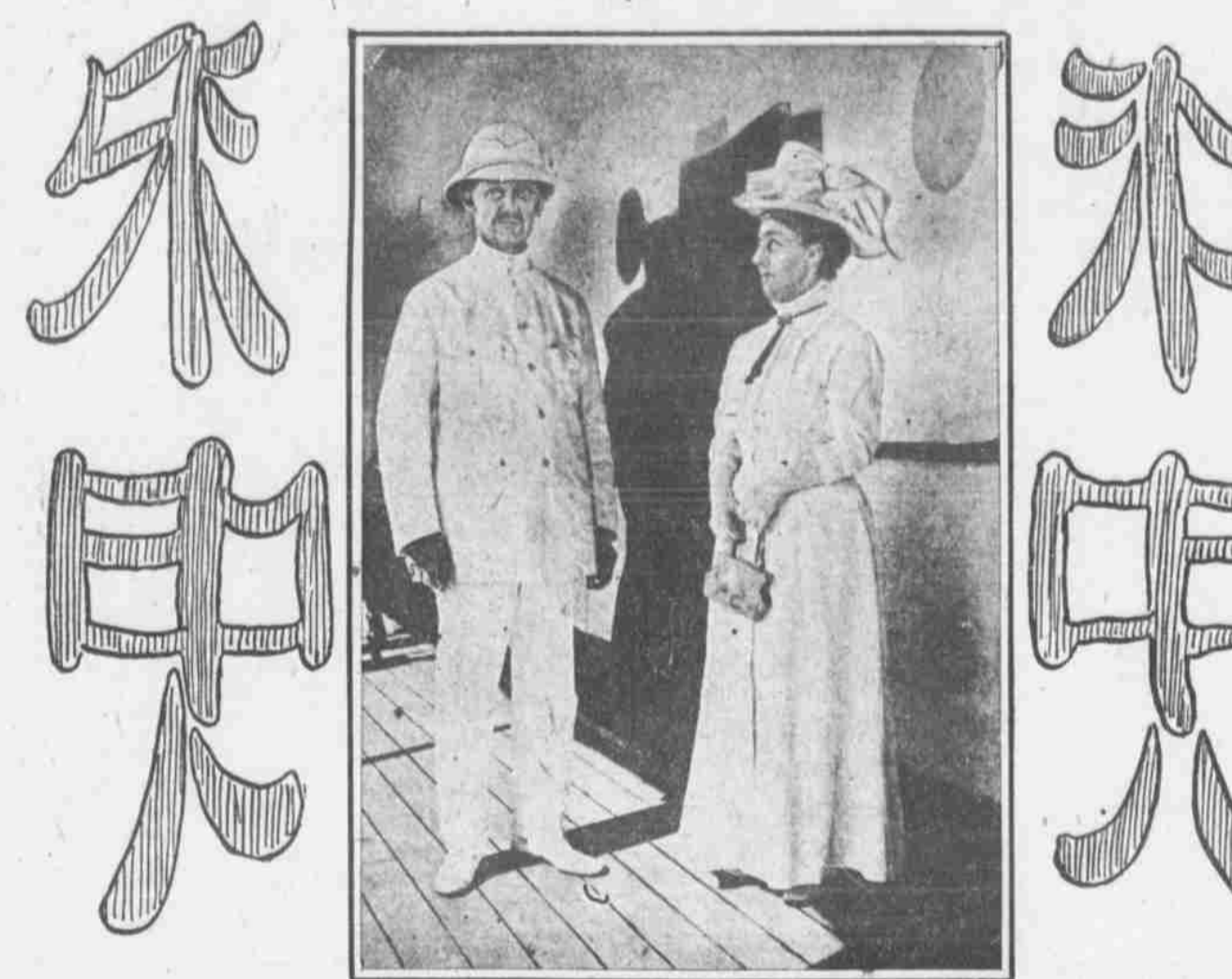
one may perhaps drop down from the roof. There are forty-four kinds of snakes on this little island, which is not half as big as some Texas farms, and of these there are fourteen varieties which carry poison bags under their tongues or at the roots of their teeth. The worst, perhaps, is the cobra, which spits venom. The Malaysians tell me there is no cure for its bite. When attacked it erects the body and dilates the skin on each side of the head so that it seems to have put on a hood. At the same time it makes a noise like an angry cat, and if attacked it will throw its distance of six or eight feet a poisonous fluid which, if it touches the eye or a sore, means sure death. It is this snake that the jugglers all over the far east use to show their skill. They handle it with impunity, laying it on the ground and playing upon a flute, which seems to charm it. They also wrap cobras around their necks and fondle them. The other day a traveler who was watching one of these Hindoo jugglers made a bet that the cobra's poison glands had been extracted, and offered to prove this by handling the cobra himself. He grabbed hold of it and the snake sank its fangs into his arm. He died within a few hours.

A cobra was recently found in a bath room where a little baby was playing. It did not offer to injure the child, and seemed inclined to play with it, and it was only when the other people came in that it elevated its head, swelled out its hood and began to spit. The other day three of these snakes were found at one time in the bath room of a villa near here.

Civilized Singapore. Stories like those I have just told seem strange in connection with the island of Singapore, which is perhaps the richest trade center of its kind. It is the great half-way station around the world, the chief city at the crossways of the hemisphere and our southern gateway to the Philippine islands. It has a harbor which cost millions and today something like \$30,000,000 worth of merchandise comes annually into it. It is the seventh harbor of the world in tonnage and seventh in the number of vessels which call. There are fifty-two different steamer lines which stop at Singapore, and the English government is now investing something like \$20,000,000 to make new docks and to improve this as a naval base.

Singapore is one of the most important of the commercial ports of the far east. It is the gangetic nerve center, or rather shipping center, for the archipelago of the Dutch East Indies, for Siam and, as far as the eastern trade is concerned, for Asia, for the pushing of American trade, and we are fortunate just now in having an experienced, active and up-to-date consul general. I refer to Mr. James T. Du Bois, who did such excellent service as consul to Leipzig and other parts of Germany and who saved the government millions of dollars by exposing the corrupt lake under-valuation while he was consul general to Switzerland.

Mr. Du Bois believes that our trade in this part of the world can be largely increased, and he suggests that if an American bazaar were established here by some of our big exporting houses, with branches scattered throughout the peninsula, it would be of great value. He tells me that the balance of trade is now much against us. We buy about \$20,000,000 worth of it, hides, gambler and other things of the Straits Settlements, and sell something



CONSUL GENERAL AND MRS. DU BOIS

like \$2,000,000 worth of flour, oils, machinery, drugs and tobacco in return. This region is steadily growing in trade and importance, and the English and Germans are nursing their commerce and pushing their goods in all possible ways. There is no doubt but that we should use Singapore as a center from which to work not only the surrounding islands and the mainland, but India and the far east as well. This is especially so since Singapore lies right on the main road to the Philippines and vessels from the eastern United States could call here on their way.

John Bull's Rich Colony. Indeed, it might pay our officials to study this colony with a view to the development of our Asiatic island possessions. The English seem able to tote the white man's burden better than any other Caucasians. They took hold of this island over ninety years ago, when it was a jungle, and they have now made one part of it the most important commercial center of the far east. They have cut down much of the tropical vegetation and have reduced it to profitable farms. They have built up on the shores of the island, one of the finest cities of Asia. Singapore has 200,000 or 300,000 people. It has big business blocks of several stories, with high ceilings, double walls and wide galleries, on account of the heat. It is a city of enormous hotels, which are lighted by electricity and cooled by electric fans. It has numerous banks with millions of capital, and also churches, libraries, museums and schools.

The white population, all told, numbers only about 5,000, the remainder being Asiatic of various kinds. But these 5,000 are the lords of creation and many of them live in magnificent villas surrounded by botanical gardens of the trees and plants of the tropics.

How it is Governed. The administration of the colony is in the hands of a governor, aided by an executive council, and there is a little legislature which makes the laws. There are Chinese in both council and legislature, and altogether the government is something of a democracy. Singapore has its own municipal body, some of whose members are elected by the taxpayers and some appointed by the governor.

The present governor of the island is Sir John Anderson, who is also high commissioner for the federated Malay states and for the British colonies in Borneo. He is a Scotchman, who was a member of the Bering sea arbitration staff in London, years ago, and who has held various other important offices.

The governor of Singapore receives a good salary and he lives like a lord. His palace here is finer than the White House and he maintains a court somewhat similar to that of the viceroy of India. He gives a great ball upon the king's birthday, and to this everybody who is anybody gets an invitation. Indeed, it is said that every one who is not in jail at the time is invited.

These whites of Singapore are fond of society. They remind me of an old college friend who attended every funeral within ten miles of his home. When asked why, he said, "I always like to go to gatherings." That is the way with these Singapore people. They like gatherings, and they have clubs of all kinds to bring themselves into company. Some are for sporting, rowing, cricket and lawn tennis, and others are devoted to art, reading and education. There is a magnificent club house at the end of a wide stretch of lawn just next the harbor, and a country club three miles inland, at which dances and theatricals are frequently given. There are many picnics and outings of various kinds.

The city is semi-intellectual. I mean as far as whites are concerned. The Raffles public library contains 10,000 volumes, and has also a museum relating to the Straits Settlements. The city has four English newspapers, two Chinese dailies, a Malay weekly and two other journals published

in East Indian dialects. Altogether, the town is wide awake, and, I regret to say, in many respects wide open. Of the latter feature, however, you must come here yourself to learn.

Missionary and the Tiger.

And speaking of the wide openness of Singapore, such conditions are to be found without much searching in every center of the far east. There is more truth than poetry in the suggestion contained in this verse of Kipling: "Take me somewhere east of Suez Where the best is like the worst, Where there ain't no Ten Commandments, And a man can raise a thirst."

At the same time there are churches and chapels everywhere and as many good people as bad. We have an American Methodist Episcopal mission here with thirty of our own citizens in charge as teachers and preachers. I have found thriving American missions in every Asiatic country I have visited; and a big Christian work, supported by our people, is going on in Burma and India.

This question of missions and the universality of human depravity reminds me of a story I heard here illustrating that one finds what he looks for. The story might be entitled "The Missionary versus the Tiger." The incident occurred on a steamer going up the Bay of Bengal. A blustering, boastful Englishman on board was blowing about his feats of hunting in Hindustan. He monopolized the conversation and told thrilling stories of his experiences with the wild beasts of the jungle, and especially of his many adventures with tigers. At one point in the conversation a quiet, refined man in black happened to remark that he also had been in India and engaged in missionary work there. Upon this the hunter blurted forth with a sneer:

"A missionary in India! Why, man, I have been six months in India and I never saw a missionary!" "Well, as to that," rejoined the other,

"you have been talking all day about tigers. Now I want to tell you that I have been twenty-five years in India and in all that time I have never seen a tiger." "But perhaps you didn't look for tigers," said the hunter. "And perhaps you failed to look for missionaries," rejoined the dominion.

Well, there are missionaries down here in Malacca and in Java, Korea and Japan, and the globe-trotter who does not confine himself to the ports cannot fail to see them if he keeps his eyes open. I have already written about their work in Korea and China. They are doing much in Siam, and those of the Protestants alone in India have more than 1,000,000 natives who are professing Christianity. They have something like 5,000 Sunday schools going, and there are almost 400,000 pupils in their ordinary day schools. As to medical missions, they are doing great good everywhere, the number of patients treated last year in India alone being over 2,000,000. There are something like 900 mission hospitals in Asia, Africa and Oceania, and altogether there is a Protestant Christian population among those of the world's nations we consider as heathens of more than 6,000,000.

Fortunes in Rubber.

The enormous demand for rubber for automobile tires, bicycle tires and other things bids fair to enrich this part of the world. The jungle is being cut down and covered with rubber plants. The sultan of Johore has just sold his rubber crop at over \$2 a pound, and his plantations have yielded two pounds to the acre. I am told he has 100 trees to the acre and that he owns thousands of acres. At this rate his profit is over \$6,400 an acre per annum.

It is true, it is no wonder that capital is pouring into Singapore for rubber investments. Scores of plantations are being set out, and something like 300,000 acres of groves have already been established. Some of the companies have paid dividends of as high as 300 per cent, while 25 per cent is by no means uncommon. The plants used are those which produce the Para rubber, the trees coming into bearing at their fifth or sixth year. They are then tapped, and if carefully bled will continue to produce for many years.

Land of Pepper.

It is from this same region that the greater part of our pepper comes. There are pepper estates in Malacca and in Sumatra over the way. In fact, this country was first destined by England on account of its shipments of pepper. Plantations were acquired by some London commissioners, who demanded that more and more pepper be sent. They knew so little about how pepper grows that they asked their agents to see that the natives planted more white pepper in the future, as their customers preferred that to black pepper. Now every one who knows anything about pepper knows that the white pepper and black pepper come from the same bushes and that white pepper is merely black pepper well ripened.

Shortly after that letter came the amount of silver belonging to the company in the Singapore office was short, and in writing about it to London the agent, presuming on the ignorance of the people there, said that the deficiency was due to the ravages of the white ants. With their next shipment the London commissioners sent a basket of files, and when the agent wrote asking what they were for, the reply was that they were to sharpen the teeth of those ants.

The exporters here say that there is still money in pepper, but that for the time the profits of the rubber industry surpass those of all other farming.

FRANK G. CARPENTER.

Quaint Features of Life

Fathers Will Be Fathers.

KANSAS man complains that since his daughter has taken music lessons, which he paid for, she insists upon playing the dog in exactly in tune with the metallic sounds that come from the church bell. At noon the collic makes tracks for a lumber plant, operated by his owner. Here the dog accompanies the whistle, which is blown at midday, and here, too, he always achieves perfect harmony. The dog also joins his voice with the town curfew bell at 9 o'clock at night. Persons who have studied the dog's performances say that in the beginning his voice was harsh and not attuned to the bells or the whistles, but devotion to practice and love of harmony have made him an accomplished animal vocalist.

Where Do They Get It?

Maine for a long time has had state wide prohibition, but many of its people get intoxicated and arrested therefor just the same. Arrests for drunkenness are in fact increasing much faster than the population, reports the Lowell Citizen. In thirteen years ending in 1908 they increased 45 per cent, while from 1909 to 1908 the growth of population was only 14 per cent. Arrests for intoxication are not an infallible criterion of the sobriety of a people, but they are often significant. For example, when records show that in twenty-five cities and towns in Maine there were 6,000 such arrests in 1906 and 9,637 in 1908 it is clear that the down-easters are drinking more rum of a worse character or that the police are more vigilant in taking them to the lockup, or both. At any rate the figures are not creditable to prohibition of the way it is enforced in the state. They certainly would not be so bad under a decent license system.

The "Staging Dog."

In Sammy, a handsome collic, owned by Ludwig Carlson of 64 Montgomery avenue, Montclair, N. J., possesses a self-educated canine tenor soloist. Every morning when he is found raring the newspapers, smothering up the window curtains, impeding progress—and paying the rent.

Beginning and Growth of the Brandeis Family in the City of Omaha

(Continued from Page One.)

new century the purpose of building an eight-story building to occupy half a block of ground and to be connected through subways with the stores on the north side of the street was announced, and much wagging of heads followed. But the buildings were removed from the new purchase and the work of construction of the big building, up to that time the heaviest contract ever let in Omaha, was commenced. It was an immense undertaking, but it was put through most successfully.

Hardly had the work on the new building got fairly started before the firm of Brandeis had purchased property on the west side of Seventeenth street and was moving to secure its improvement. It was this firm that took the lead in the effort to secure a first-class hotel at the corner of Seventeenth and Douglas. When that fell through other plans were set afoot, and at one time a contract with the Shuberts was all but closed for a new theater on the corner. The Shuberts did not make good on their end of the bargain and the matter rested for a time. In 1908 the plan for an eight-story office building and theater to cover the half block on Douglas, between Seventeenth and Eighteenth streets, was formulated and the Rosewater property was added to the Pundt corner. It was found impossible to buy the lot at the corner of Eighteenth street, so the building was cut down to 132x198 feet, eight stories high. This great structure is now nearing completion, the theater being ready to open and the office building being rushed along as fast as the untoward weather conditions will permit. The American Music hall, which is being built for the occupancy of William Morris, is another Brandeis enterprise that adds a handsome theater to Omaha's list of high grade buildings.

One other great Omaha institution owes its existence to Jonas L. Brandeis, and that is the Wise Memorial hospital. He was its most ardent advocate and its chief supporter during his lifetime, and that it is housed in a substantial and luxurious building, fitted with modern equipment and in every way established as a thorough and

successful hospital is due to the efforts of the Brandeis family more than to any other cause. The Young Men's Christian association received directly through the firm an impetus that made it possible to erect the splendid structure now occupied by that institution. It was the sale of its lot at Sixteenth and Douglas at a fine figure to J. L. Brandeis & Sons that furnished the nucleus on which the new home was built. Mr. Arthur D. Brandeis built for himself a handsome home, expending something like \$60,000 on it, where he lived until the business of the firm required that he take up his residence in New York. He has a summer home on a farm near Florence, where he actually raises corn and other grains for market.

In this skeletonized way the story of this firm in Omaha is epitomized. It has brought back to Omaha all it took. Its prosperity has been but a part of the growth of the city and its faith in the city has been shown by its constant endeavor to grow with the city. So far as is known all the holdings of the Brandeis are in Omaha. Their business is all centered here. And the substantial buildings that mark the progress of the firm since its real development began afford the best possible testimony of the enterprise and energy that have brought the result.

Seven years ago Jonas L. Brandeis died, after having been in poor health for several years. Not many of the newer generation among the business men of Omaha knew him, and few knew him well. His health during the last years of his life did not permit him to take a very active part in the public life of the city and for some time before his death he was all but retired from the business of which he was the head. Those who did know him, though, recall him as a kindly man, just and upright, industrious and devoted to high ideals. His philanthropy was notable, although not notorious, and he built for himself a monument of benefactions quietly done and charities without pomp that is most enduring. In this work he had the able assistance and encouragement of his excellent wife, who survived his death some time, and who kept up the work she and her husband started, even to the end of her days. Mrs. Brandeis will long be remembered as one of Omaha's real workers in the cause of humanity.

It is related of her that, long before they came to Omaha, and when they were in really modest condition as regards the gear of the world, Mrs. Brandeis was already an active worker in charity, and from their old Wisconsin home come stories that match in kindness and true generosity at least the deeds she wrought in Omaha.

The firm of J. L. Brandeis & Sons survives in the person of the three sons, each of whom was admitted to the firm on attaining his majority. They are well known figures in the business world of Omaha and to some extent in the social world. But attention to the great and always growing business has precluded their entering very largely into society, no matter what their personal predilections might be. The question is frequently asked, "Who is the head of the firm now?" It can be easily answered. The firm has no "head." Among the three brothers is a tacit understanding that all questions of policy or enterprise must be unanimously agreed to, the objection of one being sufficient to veto the project. In a general way each retains the supervision over that department of the business given into his charge in the growing days of the firm. This means that Arthur D. Brandeis is in charge of the dress goods and woman's wear departments, of whatever kind or description; Emil Brandeis has charge of the shoes and the men's clothing and furnishings and all things that come under the head of "men's"; and H. Hugo Brandeis has charge of the basement and the carpets. Since the business of the firm has attained its present extent it is not often that more than one of the brothers is present in the city at the same time. Arthur D. Brandeis resides in New York most of the time, his presence there being required by the interests of the firm, while the other brothers are called abroad from time to time by the business they have in charge. One or the other is always in the city, though, and has a general eye on the conduct of the great store. They vary to some extent in their personal characteristics, but have in common many traits. Among these is one that finds its expression in the beautiful theater that will bear their name. It is a love of beauty—a poetic imagination and a sense of the artistic that is not always associated with men immersed in business affairs that are running

well above a million and a half a month. A reticence that almost amounts to taciturnity is another common characteristic, although this falls away when they are with those who know them well. But, perhaps the most marked of all, is their great initiative. They are not bound by the same rules that direct the course of other men. New things, new ways, new achievements attract them. The erection of the great building for the Brandeis store, with its many innovations, is but an illustration of their way of reaching out for new things. The establishment of a bank in connection with the store, that grew so big they had to give it over because they could not find time to direct it, was another. And in countless ways they have shown that they are moving always along lines of their own choosing, and proving that what others think are rash experiments are really safe and profitable business undertakings.

It might not be out of place here to refer to another most eloquent evidence of the growth of the business of the Brandeis firm. At the time the Boston Store burned in February, 1894, the employees of the firm numbered 175. At present, sixteen years later, the number of people carried on the payroll of the Brandeis Store is above 1,000, and a few weeks ago, when the rush of the retail buying season was at its height, the store housed more than 1,200 workers. Many of these have been with the firm for years. Twenty-six heads of departments look after the details, under the general direction of a superintendent, and under them the responsibility is further divided, so that discipline is perfect and in the highest degree efficiency is secured. Wages paid cannot be stated, but it is violating no confidence to say that the people employed by the Brandeis Store receive pay far above that popularly ascribed to salesmen and girls. Some of the younger and less experienced of the help go as low as \$7 to \$9 per week, and against these are the great mass of experienced help, whose weekly pay ranges around \$20 to \$25, with the heads of departments and their assistants with salaries counted in the thousands per year. Excepting, perhaps, the Union Pacific Railway company, not another Omaha institution pays out in wages to employes as large a sum monthly as does the Brandeis store.