

# How the British Are Developing a Jungle and Remaking a Nation



GOVERNMENT OFFICES AT KUALA LUMPUR

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**S**INGAPORE, 1910.—(Special Correspondence of The Bee.)—I want to tell you of the new movements among the Malays. A generation ago this peninsula was a savage and the country a jungle. It had neither roads nor railroads, there were no resting places for travelers and the wilderness was inhabited chiefly by wild beasts and wild men. Today the English have taken hold of it and are making it blossom like the irrigated lands of our west. They have brought order out of chaos, and are building roads and railroads, establishing schools and laying out towns. In the Federated Malay states, which contain something like 1,000,000 inhabitants, more than 500 miles of railroads have been built and more than 2,000 miles of cart roads and bridge paths. There are hotels at the capitals and outside them new government rest houses, where travelers can stay overnight. Thirty-five years ago the people of the country had never seen a postage stamp. Today the post offices are handling more than 10,000,000 pieces of mail every year, and the post office savings banks have deposits running into the hundreds of thousands of dollars.

## Law, Courts and Schools.

The population is rapidly increasing. It has more than doubled since the English took hold, and it is being transformed from savagery to civilization.

The laws have been established and courts have been established. There is a good police force, and the British government has a battalion of Sikhs, known as the Malay States Guard, who keep excellent order. Schools have been started, hospitals erected and public works of various kinds are well under way.

In the state of Perak more than 150 miles of canals and irrigation ditches have been dug, and at the close of last year in the neighborhood of 100,000 acres of rubber trees had been planted. There are now something like 20,000,000 such trees on the various farms, and tens of thousands will be set out this year. The forests are being exploited, mines opened and the country prospecting for tin, silver and gold. From one state alone as much as \$30,000,000 worth of tin has been taken, and in all something like 12,000 ounces of gold are mined every year. In addition to this, as well as finding lead, iron and copper, as well as mercury, bismuth, silver and zinc. The country is said to be very rich, but no one knows yet what it contains, although a rude sort of mining has been going on for ages. The Malays are noted for their work in the "precious metals," and the rulers of the past had goldsmiths and carvers of silver, ivory and wood. Some of them demanded gold and silver trees and flowers as a part of their annual tribute, and the Malay spears and kris blades with gold have always been noted.

## Malays of the Peninsula.

But before I go further let me tell you something about the Malays as they live here in their own home on the tip end of Asia. They are the first cousins of our Filipinos and belong to the race which has overrun the Dutch East Indies. There are something like 5,000,000 of them in Java, a large number in Borneo, and millions in the Philippine Islands. The natives here are better looking than the

Moros, but they have the same brown skin, the same sturdy form and swagging ways. They are clean-limbed, well made and by no means bad looking.

Down here at the straits they dress in a bag-like skirt known as the sarong, above which is a jacket which falls to their hips. The sarong reaches from the waist to the calf; it is a gray-colored calico bag, often of plaid, which is open at both top and bottom, and is of the same width throughout. When the Malay puts on his clothes, he steps into his bag, raises its top to his waist and by a twist of the wrist, fastens it there in a knot. Under the bag he may wear calico drawers, or if poor he may be naked. The rich wear pantaloons of bright colors or white duck, but the sarong is always over the rest of their clothing. It seems to be the badge of the race, as are also the handkerchief turban and sandals or slippers.

Here at the Straits of Malacca the Malays have been contaminated by foreigners. The Europeans have taught them to drink and through the Chinese they have become opium smokers. They are not so good consequently as the people of the wilds. They are naturally lazy and have become the loafers of this part of the world. Some of them act as coolies for the rich Chinese or Europeans. Others do light work about the towns, and a few live in villages scattered over the islands, laboring only enough to keep soul and body together. Now and then one meets a rich Malay from the mainland, the son of an official or perhaps a sultan, but as a rule the Malays of the straits are shiftless and poor and they grow worse off every year.

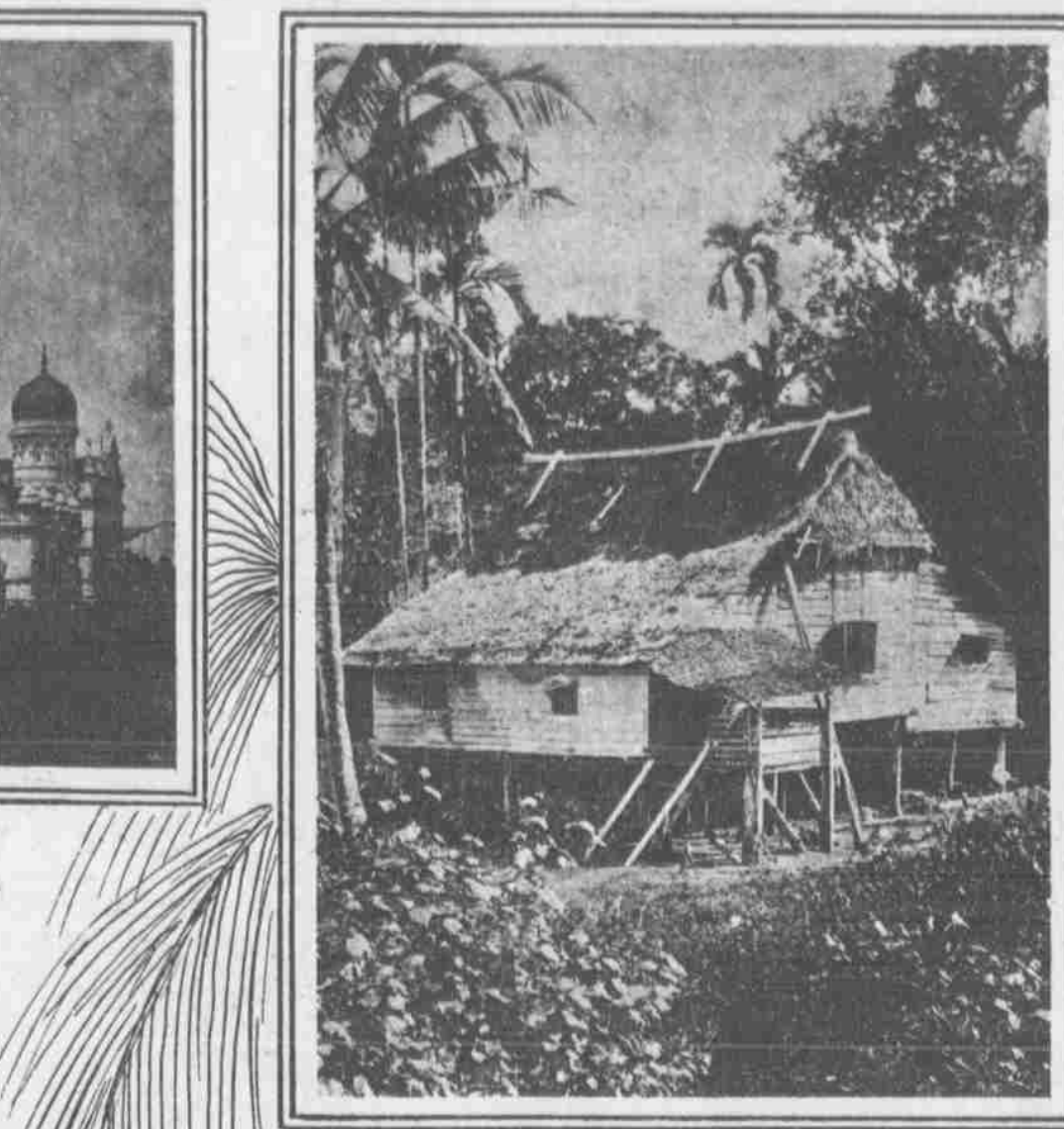
## Federated States.

If one would see the race at its best, he should go to the peninsula and travel through the British states. There are other provinces belonging to Siam and Johore where the progress is by no means so great, but in the federated states he will find towns which have sprung up in the jungle and public buildings equal to those of Japan and India.

But first let me tell you what these states are. If you will take your map of Asia and look at the Malay peninsula, you will see that it begins on the equator and runs 1,000 miles or so northward, the upper part belonging to Siam. About four or five hundred miles from the straits these British possessions begin. At the top is Perak, not as big as New Jersey, and farther down the coast, Selangor and Negri Sembilan, which combined, are of about the same size as Perak, while east of them lies the big province of Pahang, which is almost as large as Massachusetts and New Jersey combined. The four states altogether have more than 20,000 square miles, or about 2,000 more than West Virginia.

Each state is ruled by a native sultan with a British official as resident adviser. The sultan is merely a puppet, and the British pull the strings. Under the sultan are numerous native officials, the most of whom have English agents to help them, the whole government being similar to what the Dutch have in Java. The common people think they are ruled by Malays, but the better classes know that the British are the real power behind every office and that John Bull is king.

These sultans live in great state. Their uniforms are decorated with gold leaf. They have gold-limbed swords, and when they go about they have servants who carry gorgeous umbrellas to shield them from



THE HOUSES ARE OF BOARDS WITH A THATCH OF PALM LEAVES



EACH STATE IS RULED BY A NATIVE SULTAN

the sun. They have as retainers, men with spears and swords, and the common people bow down to the ground in their honor. Each sultan has his palace and a certain amount of money allotted to him by the British. The taxes are levied and collected under the direction of the British, and the revenues are expended as they prescribe.

## In Kuala Lumpur.

The chief city of these states is in Selangor. It is Kuala Lumpur, and it has a population of about 40,000 people. It is there that the head offices of the British government are, although the states are ruled by the governor of Singapore. Kuala Lumpur may be reached by steamer from Singapore and by rail from the coast. It lies some distance inland, and has railroads connecting it with the other states. The town has magnificent government offices, several clubhouses, a hotel and numerous stores. It is a rich tin mining district, and it has a large population of Chinese, who are either interested in or work in the mines.

Outside the city plantations of coffee, pepper and cocoa have been started and the state has recently been granted lands on special terms for the planting of sugar, pepper, gambler and rubber.

The government consists of the sultan, his highness Tihah-Ei-Din-Suleiman-Shah, and the British resident, H. Conway Bedford. There is a council of state connected with them and there are separate offices for the secretary of Chinese affairs, for lands, mines, revenue, treasury and public works. The English clerks number several hundred, and in addition there are other foreigners engaged in mining and exporting.

The town has a park, a native bazaar and a gambling farm licensed by the state. The British claim that the Chinese will gamble anyhow, and that the best way to restrict the vice and to make money out of it is to tax it.

## Gambling and Opium.

Sir Frank Swettenham, who was the resident general of the country for a long while, claims that the gambling habit is ineradicable among both Malays and Chinese, and that it would take one policeman to every Chinese to stop it. He says the Malay rulers object to having public gambling forbidden, and that they refuse to give up the revenues which come from it. According to law, gambling is now licensed only in places and in buildings approved by the police, and that

within certain hours. It is provided that it must be for ready money and in the halls open to all. The players are nearly all miners. The men who own the gambling houses aid in the suppression of lotteries. The opium curse is handled in about the same way as the gambling. It is farmed out to the highest bidder and he alone has the right to deal in raw opium and to make it into the chandu in which it is used for smoking. With the consent of the government he gives out licenses for the sale of this stuff and sells it at the price fixed by his contract. A chest of Indian opium costs about \$750 and upward. When it is turned into chandu it is worth \$250 and perhaps \$300. So, you see, there is a big profit in the business. The selling of liquor is farmed out the same way, as is also pawnbroking. It may be questionable whether such things are creditable to a Christian government. They seem a blot on the British administration, which is otherwise almost beyond criticism.

## States Without Debt.

These federated states are among the few colonies of the world which have no public debt. They take in more than they spend every year and none of them owes



THE GUARD OF THE SULTAN

a cent. The revenue of Perak amounts to something like \$15,000,000 and its expenditures are less than \$10,000,000. Selangor takes in over \$10,000,000 per annum and it costs only about \$7,000,000 to run the state. Negri Sembilan has receipts of \$2,300,000 and spends about \$2,000,000. The only state which runs at all behind is Pahang, and it is yet on the edge of its development. The governments are managed for the people and the money raised goes back to them.

The new railways are almost self-supporting. Their receipts last year were \$3,300,000 and their expenditures just about \$300,000 more. This, in connection with the public works, which they are building, and the fact that railroads are practically new to the country, is surprising. The customs receipts last year brought in over \$12,000,000 and licenses almost \$5,000,000, the latter being largely made up farm gambling, opium and pawnbroking receipts. The government spent last year over \$5,000,000 on public works, and it is encouraging the development of the country along the lines of agriculture. In all the colonies plantations are being set out and large agricultural estates started. I have before me a list of those now under operation in Selangor. They embrace such crops as rubber, coffee, coconuts, cloves and pepper and they are largely owned by syndicates and other associations. Many of the estates are of 1,000 acres, and some of 10,000 and 20,000 acres each.

Among the chief crops of the Malays are rice and coconuts. The Chinese grow sugar, and the government has started pepper plantations, and there are many good pepper farms. The British have also introduced silk worms and have expended large sums on the introduction of Arabian coffee, rubber and tea, as well as cinchona. The cinchona failed, but the tea and coffee succeeded, and eventually plantations of this kind will be set out. I have already written as to rubber. Many of the new plantations are of para trees, which begin to yield a profit of \$100 per acre per annum at 15 years old, one recently gave twenty-five pounds of rubber at a single tapping. That tree was ninety feet high, and at three feet from the ground it had a girth of eighty-eight feet.

At present the planters find it hard to get laborers. The Malays are not anxious to work, the Chinese are miners and it has been necessary to go to India to find workmen for the plantations. These are brought here in large numbers and seem to thrive.

## Drones of the Orient.

Indeed, I doubt whether any civilization will make the full-blooded Malay an industrious man. This is true of the Philippines, and you will find few steady workers among the Malays of the straits settlements of the Dutch East Indies. These people do not believe in laying up money where moth and rust will corrupt. They want only enough to support life, to dress in good style and to give a feast when their children are married. Their needs are few, and when supplied they lay off until want comes. Some of the rulers tell me they cannot get their own subjects to work their plantations and the sultan of Johore, who governs the state of the mainland opposite

Singapore, says that he has to get Chinese coolies to do his work, for his own men will not labor.

I have visited some of the Malay villages. Their houses are scattered about under the trees near the roads. They are usually huts about fifteen feet square, made of bamboo or boards with a thatch of palm leaves. The average house has only one or two rooms, the people eating or sleeping where the cooking is done. Their kitchen furniture is an iron pan and a coconut ladle, with perhaps a pot and a mat spread on the floor, and the family sprawl there at full length while resting. The people of the interior live not unlike the poorer classes of our Philippine Islands, and their customs are much the same. Nearly every one chews betel nut, and men, women and children smoke cigarettes and cigars. I have seen girls of five and six with cigarettes in their mouths, and the babies are taught to smoke by the time they are able to crawl. As to the betel habit, this is universal. It consists of chewing the nut of the Areca palm mixed with tobacco and lime. As the people chew they spit, and their saliva is the color of blood. The habit turns the teeth black, swells the tongue and puffs out the lips and makes them crack. The chewing is said to take away hunger and fatigue, and the habit once acquired is seldom broken. I see old women pointing the nuts to a powder, that they may masticate them between their toothless gums. The better classes have betel spittoons, and betel boxes for the lime, leaves and nuts. Some high officials have their chewing maids—girls who carry about the betel sets, and offer the delicious materials to them from time to time, presenting the spittoons at intervals.

## Malay Women.

These Malays, like our Moros, are Mohammedans. They study the Koran, keep Ramadan, and they can afford it have several wives. The girls are especially fine looking. They have light brown skin, long black hair and beautiful eyes. Their noses are inclined to be flat, but their teeth are like pearls where they are not betel chewers, and they have high foreheads and good faces. Many have small waists and small feet with square toes. They are sometimes married at 14, but the more common age is from 17 to 20. The parents arrange the marriages, and the wedding is long, tedious and expensive. Wedding presents are usually in money, and it is expected that every guest will give what he can.

After the marriage the husband frequently leaves his wife with her parents for several months, and then takes her home. He is expected to have one house for each wife, and it is his duty to treat each of his wives alike, and to divide up his time equally among them. If he makes a present to one, he ought to give a present to each of the others, and if he does not there is trouble.

Divorce is quite as easy in Malaysia as in other Mohammedan lands, but the Malay woman has the right of her own volition to free herself from her husband. She need only wait 100 days before she may marry again. The married woman is to a certain extent independent. Many of them assist their husbands, and in some of the states offices with salaries are given to the ladies connected with the court.

FRANK G. CARPENTER.

# Short Sharp Snap Shots Selected from Several Sources for Sunday

## He Was Used to Them.

**L**INCOLN," said a veteran Chicago Journalist, "used to laugh skeptically over that scurrilous book, 'Mrs. Trollope's Travels in America.'"

"Lincoln used to say that if Mrs. Trollope's book were true, then the story of the senator and the place was gospel."

"This story—Lincoln often told it—was about a certain senator to whom a Washington hostess said at dinner:

"Senator, what kind of fish do you prefer?"

"Places, madam, thank you," the senator answered politely.

"A gentleman on the other side of the room then said, with a loud laugh:

"Oh, senator, still a place hunter, eh?"

"What's that to you, you dern stranger?" exclaimed the senator, indignantly, and, whipping out his revolver, he shot the punster dead."

"But afterwards, when the joke was explained to him, the senator had a good laugh, and confessed that he had been rather hasty; and, indeed, to show that he bore the humorist no lasting grudge, he went to the man's funeral."—Chicago Journal.

## Morgan's Tale of a Minister.

J. Pierpont Morgan, at the recent diocesan convention in New York, amused a group of clergymen with a story of a minister.

"It was as ignorant, this good man, of financial matters," said Mr. Morgan, "as the average financier is ignorant of matters ecclesiastical."

"He once received a check—the first he had ever got in his life—and took it to a bank for payment."

"But you must endorse the check," said the paying teller, returning it through his little window.

"Endorse it?" said the old minister, in a puzzled tone.

"Yes, of course. It must be endorsed on the back."

"I see," said the minister. And, turning the check over, he wrote across the back of it:

"I heartily endorse this check."—Cincinnati Enquirer.

## A Good, Straight Lane.

President Taft has just reappointed Franklin K. Lane to a full term on the Interstate Commerce commission, showing that President Taft knows a good Lane when he sees him. President Roosevelt put Lane on the commission in the first place to fill out an unexpired term, and put him on at just the time when the Hepburn bill came along and the Interstate Commerce commission was galvanizing into acute and arbitrary action. Lane arrived from California, grabbed hold with both hands and has been one of the most valuable, clear-headed, far-seeing and hard-working members the commission ever had.

There are those who think a government job is a snap, says a writer in the Saturday Journal. Some of them are, but most of them are not. The men who are put in the judicial and executive positions in the service of this generous government—which is said with all fingers crossed—the generous part of it, I mean—work hard. A large set of men of similar ability in the wide world. It is a great and dignified honor to be a justice of the supreme court of the United States. Also, it is a job of work that keeps the great and dignified justices laboring by day and by night nearly all the time.

So with the Interstate Commerce commission. Since our paternal executive has been plying the railroads the work that has been piled on the Interstate Commerce commission is appalling. There will be a stretching case, for example, with a principle involved, and along will come a few miles of opinion and a few tons of brief, and, after sitting all day listening to dreary talk about preferential and differential rates, and all that, there are nights and nights of dull toil, searching through books, construing opinions, examining evidence and doing a dozen dispiriting and deadly tasks. Work? Why, the members

of the Interstate Commerce commission work all the time.

Lane was born in Prince Edward Island, but was moved to California so soon after that event that, if one is not too critical about it, one can almost say he is a born Californian. In any event, he is a real Californian, whether he was born there or not, is the Pacific coast representative on the commission, and one of the biggest men, intellectually, we have in our pulsating governmental midst.

Lane is smooth and round, sort of cherubic. His face is round, his head is round and not embarrassed with any too much hair; his chest is round—everything about him is round. He is a student, a worker, an impressive orator, a corking after-dinner speaker, a pleasant companion and a big lawyer. A lot of the multitudinous and intricate work of the commission falls to him, and he handles it skillfully and expeditiously.

## The Pope and His Friends.

The pope remembers old friends and when he knows that some person he is acquainted with is in Rome he never fails to grant an audience, reports the New York Sun. A few days ago a sailing vessel from Malta was shipwrecked on the Roman coast. Four men of the crew were drowned and the remaining seven swam ashore and were rescued with great difficulty by some shepherds.

The master and mate were injured and they were conveyed to one of the hospitals in Rome. The pope read about the shipwreck in the newspapers and the name of one of the men sounded familiar to him.

"I think that I must have known this man," called Rugier in Venice, where he used to come on a schooner from Malta," said the pope to his secretary, "and I would like to see him."

An audience was arranged and Rugier, the mate, went up to the Vatican. The pope kept him over an hour in his private library, heard the story of the shipwreck and presented him with a gold medal.

"I saw your holiness in Venice once, years ago," said the mate.

"To be sure," answered the pope. "I remembered your name and the vow you told me about, the vow you made when you were shipwrecked once before. Do you still keep it?"

"Yes, your holiness, and I have increased it now," answered the man.

He then told the pope that he ascribed the rescue to a repetition of the old vow, namely, that he would fast on bread and water twice every week for the rest of his life.

"But you already fasted twice every week for the other vow and now you will have to eat bread and water on four days out of seven," exclaimed the pope, then he added: "You are an old man and it is cruel to starve yourself, so I prohibit you from keeping both vows."

The seaman expostulated. He said a bargain was a bargain, and as God had saved his life he was bound to fulfill his promises. The pope insisted. He tried to convince the seaman that the vow was not binding, as it was too hard for a man of his age, but realizing that it was useless of dissipation drawn out there and then, signed and sealed it in the form and he handed it to the seaman, saying:

"If you do not obey this you will be excommunicated, and this exempts you from fasting."

The seaman then bowed his head and promised to obey.

## Only a Piece of Coral.

The two men had not met for years. The man from out of town looked the other man over.

"Same old Jim," he said. "Awfully glad to see you again. Strange how such old friends will drift apart. So you're married?"

The other man nodded.

"Three years ago."

"Well, well. And I never heard of it until I met Jack Ransim last week. What's that?"

He was still studying the other man's appearance and his eye caught sight of a segment of coral that dangled from his friend's watch fob. He lifted it and looked

at it more closely. The surface of the coral was roughened by slight indentations.

"Some sort of token, eh?" he rattled on. "You always was a great chap for picking up worthless trifles. That's a queer charm."

He looked up and caught sight of the other man's face. "Why, I beg your pardon, Jim," he cried.

"That's all right," said the other man, a little unsteadily. "Only, you see, the boy—whose teeth made those marks—has nearly 2-died—last summer."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

## Attorney Agreed with the Court.

A lawyer came into court drunk, when the judge said to him:

"Sir, I am sorry to see you in a situation which is a disgrace to yourself and family and the profession to which you belong."

This reproof elicited the following colloquy:

"Did your honor speak to me?"

"I did. I said, sir, that in my opinion, you disgraced yourself and family, the court and the profession by your course of conduct."

"May I—I—please your honor, I have been an attorney in—in this court for fifteen years, and permit me to say, your honor, that this is the first correct opinion I ever knew you to give."—Dundee Advertiser.

## Too Much Hustle.

Senator Tillman, discussing railway wrecks, said:

"There is, I think, too much hustle, too much hurry, about some of our railroads. This hustle, when we turn to the year's unpardonable casualties, seems as indecent as the St. Taylor case."

"At St. Taylor's funeral the doctor and the undertaker were conversing in low tones."

"Too bad," said the undertaker, "that poor St. Taylor's wife wasn't with him when he passed away. How did it happen?"

"Mrs. Taylor," the doctor whispered, "was uprooted at the time ordering her mourning outfit."

"The undertaker, with a bitter smile, turned away to supervise the funeral procession."

## Far Fetched.

George F. Martin, the tobacco expert, said, as he lit a Havana cigar:

"We Americans should be thankful for our tobacco. It is the best and the cheapest in the world. I have just returned from London, and there I found that a shining cigar scarcely equalled an American nickel one."

"The Londoners are indifferent about their tobacco—indifferent and blasé like an omnibus conductor I saw in Oxford

street. You know the London omnibus. It is a doubled-up old fellow who sits on top you must go up and down by a very steep stair."

"Well, this blasé conductor pulled up his bus at Regent circus, and the ladies board for Peter Robinson's eagerly got out. But one fat lady, who had been sitting on top, came to the steep and winding stair very slowly."

"But," he said, sighing, "I can't say criticism is in clarity and directness too cruel sometimes?"

"I remember a brother actor who played one night in a small western town. At the climax of the third act of his play the limelight was always thrown upon him. In this town, however, the limelight man shot the light nine or ten feet to the left and it was from the blackest shadow that my friend had to make his best speech."

"Naturally, at the end of the act he indignantly asked the limelight man why the device the light hadn't been thrown where it belonged."

"Why in the way," the limelight man answered, biting a chew from a plug of tobacco.

"Why didn't you move the fly, then?" shouted my friend.

"The limelight man rolled his tobacco to the other cheek, looked at my friend dreamily and drawled as he turned on his heel:

"If ye could act, I guess ye wouldn't want no limelight."—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

## An Unseen Bounce.

A certain Episcopal clergyman in West Philadelphia received a most inopportune reception the other night when he went to call on a member of his vestry. The vestry man in question was alone in the house, the servants being out, when he heard a ring at the bell. Going down stairs he found an intoxicated negro, who demanded money for a drink. Highly incensed, the clergyman went back upstairs, after ordering the man away, but hardly had he seated himself when the bell rang for a second time.

A second visit to the door found the same negro back again, and the vestryman, thoroughly aroused, asked the offender by the shoulder and pushed his down the steps.

While all this was going on the clergyman was walking down the street, and a few minutes later had mounted the steps of his vestryman's house and rung the bell. He stood with his back to the door, when suddenly, a man rushed out and he received a most painful kick, sending him flying down the slippery steps. It required a lot of explanation and apology to close the breach caused by the incident. The clergyman and his vestryman are still on rather cool terms.