

# SINGAPORE, A World Port



A Traveling Restaurant in Singapore.

Prepared by the National Geographic Society, Washington, D. C.

Singapore is a tip of Asia. That greatest of all continents, seemingly not satisfied with its own great bulk, stretches out fingers to every other continent except South America. The thinnest finger is the narrow Malay peninsula reaching for Australia. Singapore, which is an island as well as a city, is the nail of the finger. Though the grasp falls short of Australia it is long enough to gather at its tip the ships of the world.

S'pore, its languid, perspiring residents call it. The reason for their abbreviation is only 80 miles away—the equator. Any man who can bring himself to live "on the bump" is entitled to his whims even if he insists on squeezing the essence out of one of the most poetic names ever given to a city. But S'pore must have its amenities, for more than 300,000 souls now call this great turnstile of commerce their home town.

It has amassed this population, the greatest to be found in any city near the equator, in just 100 years. About 1820 Sir Stamford Raffles discovered Singapore and decided to make this tiny fishing village a world port. Raffles was a British administrator in Java during the five-year period of British control in that tropical domain wrested from the Dutch. He died a broken and disgraced man, but his vision was sound, as Britain has tardily discovered. The two early competitors of Singapore, Penang and Malacca, have become satellites of the great port, which may be fortified as the Gibraltar of the Pacific.

On the Singapore wharf is a market of models and a life-class for a hundred painters and sculptors, too, may study there all the tones of living bronze and more of repose than of muscular action, perhaps. Japanese, Chinese, Siamese, Malays, Javanese, Burmese, Cingalese, Tamils, Sikhs, Parsees, Lascars, Malabars, Malagasy, and sailor folk of all coasts, Hindus and heathens of every caste and persuasion, are grouped in a brilliant confusion of red, white, brown and patterned drapery, of black, brown and yellow skins. Behind them, in ghostly clothes, stand the pallid Europeans, who have brought the law, order and system, the customs, habits, comforts and luxuries of civilization to the tropics and the jungle. All these alien heathens and picturesque unbelievers, these pagans and idolaters, Buddhists, Brahmans, Jews, Turks, sun and fire worshippers, devil dancers, and what not, have come with the white man to toll for him under the equatorial sun, since the Malays are the great leisure class of the world, and will not work.

Well-Built and Clean City. Singapore today is a well-built and beautifully ordered city, and the municipal housekeeping is an example to many cities of the temperate zone. Even the untidy Malay and the squalid Chinese, who swarm to this profitable trading center, are held to order cleanliness and strict sanitary laws in their allotted quarters. The stately business houses, the marble palace of a bank, the long iron pavilions shading the markets, the splendid Raffles museum and library, are all regular and satisfactory sights; but the street life is the fascination and distraction of the traveler above everything else. The way of turbans and sarongs gives color to every thoroughfare; but the unique pictures in Singapore streets are the Tamil bullock drivers, who, squat and stately, and in splendid contrast with the white oxen and the flour-bags they carry, are a primitive sight.

Within the last few years a swift-moving drama of commerce has focused attention on Singapore. The school geographers in America describe the method of obtaining the ginseng roots of the Amoy river as a matter of fact that has moved over

of the world, and the trees that produce the sap that makes cord tires that carry millions over city streets and country roads are found in ordered rows of a neat orchard. In eight years the Malay archipelago has captured the rubber trade, lock, stock and barrel, and now produces nearly 95 per cent of the world supply, two-thirds of which comes to the United States. The Amazon valley is now only a supplemental source of rubber. Singapore, as the central shipping point of the sprawling archipelago, sits proudly in the spotlight thrown on the romance of rubber.

It is to the prompt action and resourcefulness of Sir Henry Wickham that the British empire is indebted for shifting the world source of raw rubber from Para to Singapore. As the result of long and careful study of rubber trees in the Brazilian forests he formed the theory that these valuable trees could be cultivated and that the eastern tropics would prove particularly suitable for their adoption. He brought his experience to the notice of the director of Kew gardens, London, and in 1876 the Indian government agreed to finance the introduction of the rubber tree into India. Sir Henry Wickham was entrusted with the difficult task of procuring a quantity of hevea seeds and delivering them to the Indian government. The greatest problem was how to get the seeds out of the country, because their exportation was prohibited by Brazil.

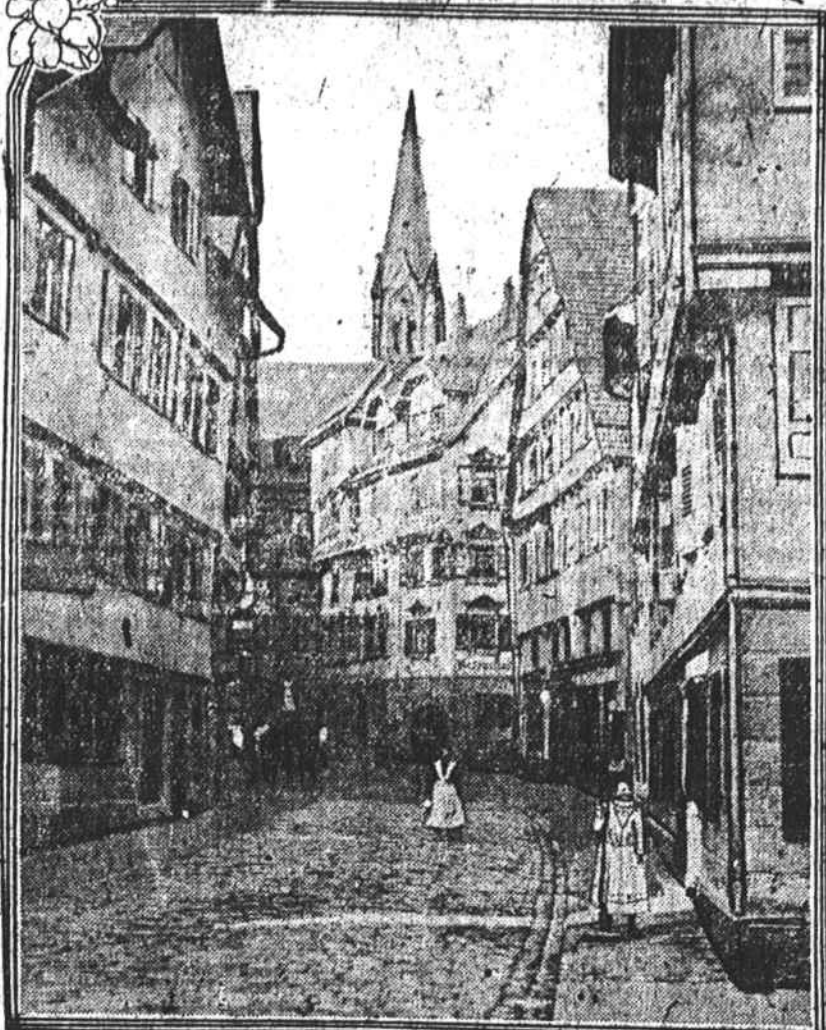
How They Got Rubber Trees. While engaged in carrying out his researches on the banks of the Amazon, Sir Henry Wickham was one day surprised by the arrival of an ocean liner, the steamship Amazonia. Wickham seized his opportunity and chartered the ship on behalf of the government of India. He arranged to send it up the river to an appointed spot—the junction with the Tapajós—where he succeeded in meeting it with a good supply of seeds gathered in the interior. The seeds were shipped, and the vessel headed its way down the mighty river.

The seeds were planted at Kew and a fair number germinated. The young plants were packed in special boxes known as Wardian cases and dispatched to India. But India could not afford to adopt them, so they went to Ceylon and eventually to the Malay peninsula and other parts of the East. The failure of the coffee plantations, due to a leaf disease, some thirty or forty years ago, forced planters to look around for some other culture, and small acreages were planted from the seeds of the trees which had sprung from Wickham's original Brazilian plants. More than 300,000,000 rubber trees in British and Dutch possessions are products of the parent seeds smuggled by the English knight.

Singapore has become a substitute Paris for the tropic Far East. Nabobs and the more prosperous of Polynesia esteem this metropolis just as Americans and Europeans do the French capital. Sultans of the tiny states composing the Malay Federation make long sojourns in Singapore. They exchange freedom from responsibility and luxurious living for British control in their tiny kingdoms. Since the British do an infinitely better job of administering than the sultans could do, no one is loser. To this tropic Paris also come British officials of the empire on short vacations from their trying posts. If they seek relief from tropic climate they can profitably forget about S'pore. The thermometer there never goes above 82 degrees, it is said, but it never goes below 72 degrees and the dampness is insufferable.

Down at the quays great steamships are fed with coal by Chinese coolies, who toil silently and expeditiously. A well-groomed Chinese on the pier superintends the lading of queer-looking cases containing birds' nests, consigned to epicures in Hongkong and Canton. The Chinaman's prized delicacy is soup made from ginseng birds' nests found in Borneo caves.

# WURTEMBERG



A Street of Old Buildings in Kalw, Wurtemberg.

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A German state that has made little noise in the world either before or since the World War, but which in proverbial fashion has "sawed wood" until it has become one of the most important regions of the old empire and new republic, is Wurtemberg, middle member of the South German triumvirate: Baden, Wurtemberg, Bavaria.

Wurtemberg with its 7,500 square miles is not large. It would make only a fair-sized island in huge Prussia; and its near neighbor Bavaria—though indeed is usually erroneously thought of as very nearly making up "South Germany"—has an area four times as great. But throughout its history Wurtemberg has been aggressive, and like an aggressive individual, it has got ahead. A century ago it was predominantly an agricultural region, but by the time of the World War it had probably passed all non-Prussian states save Saxony in industry and commerce.

In both geographical and political spheres Wurtemberg is a sort of fountain-head of the German-speaking world. In its territory are head streams of both the Rhine and the Danube. It was the heart of old Swabia, a dominant duchy in the early German empire. The Hohenstaufen family, which ruled over the empire in the twelfth and thirteenth centuries, sprang from a hill-top castle in what is now Wurtemberg; and the ancestral home of the Hohenstaufen who swayed the destinies of the latest German empire is in truth geographically a part of Wurtemberg, though politically it is a tiny island all but surrounded by Wurtembergian territory.

There are two distinct phases to Wurtemberg geographically: nearly half the famous Schwarzwald or Black Forest covers the western half of the state, as though it had flowed over from Baden; while the eastern two-thirds of the country is cultivated hill, valley and plateau land, dotted with villages and cities that retain the flavor of the Middle Ages, and, with castle-topped hills that awaken memories of robber barons, whose descendants became mighty rulers. It is in the Black Forest that Wurtemberg's quaintest atmosphere is found. The forest takes its name from the dark-colored species of pine that cover its mountains. This heavy growth of timber lies over hill and dale like a huge, somber blanket save on some of the highest eminences which protrude above the local timber line. These unforrested places are covered with a scanty growth of grass and herbs which affords pasturage. The climate is severe, snow lying on some of these exposed heights for nine or ten months of the year.

Customs and costumes of bygone days lingered longer in the Schwarzwald than in almost any other place in Germany. But in recent decades tourists in growing numbers learned of its charms, and modernity has chased some of its quaintness away.

Old Peasant Customs. Black Forest peasants, however, have not been pushed into unfamiliar ways of life, but on their hillside and in their valleys continue to follow the ways of their forebears. One unusual custom makes the youngest son of the family the heir, while the older brothers must seek their fortunes beyond the ancestral roof-tree. The heir comes into his patrimony during the lifetime of his father, and the latter continues to live in the home as a patriarch and Nestor.

The houses of the Black Forest are a story in themselves. Almost invariably they are built on a hillside. Sharp-sloped roofs spring high into the air to the observer from down hill. On that side there may be five or more stories; and they sit solidly, covering a considerable plot of ground. One

might fancy at first sight of these most commodious Schwarzwald edifices that each peasant numbered his children and retainers by the dozen. Large families are the rule in the forest to be sure, but the hotel-like homes of the peasants do not owe their size to this fact alone. The secret is that these are not merely residences; they are at once dwellings, stables, granaries and barns. Many of them have entrances from the hillside at three or more levels. On the ground are quartered the farmer's animals. On another level is stored the grain or vegetables and hay; and loaded wagons may be driven directly into this portion of the house over a short bridge from the hillside. On other levels are comfortable family quarters—a vastly superior plan to the sharing of the same apartments by pigs, chickens and people, found in some parts of the world. The portion of a Black Forest house set apart for family use can always be told at a glance by the picturesque little balconies that cling to the walls outside the doors and windows of the living quarters.

The lordly wedding feasts of the peasants of the Schwarzwald are renowned, and again a queer custom is involved. Hundreds of guests attend, bidden and unbidden. A little army of bees and pigs and poultry are slaughtered and cartloads of loaves and cakes and sundry other articles of food are in evidence. One fears for the family fortunes of the host until he learns that an invitation imposes the obligation to send food and drink, and that the uninvited guests—who are most welcome—must pay for the viands they consume. The wedding, then, merely fixes the occasion and the place; the feast is truly a co-operative neighborhood jubilee.

Attracts Many Visitors. In the summer, the Schwarzwald competes with Switzerland as a pleasure ground. In recent decades numerous travelers on foot, on bicycle or in train have flocked to its cool shadows and babbling streams. Within its confines, both in Baden and Wurtemberg, are a number of well-known watering places, some of which have been frequented by those in search of rest and health since Roman days. Wildbad, toward the north of the forest not far from Stuttgart, is the most celebrated of the Wurtembergian health resorts, and to it the lords of the land have repaired since the days of robber barons.

Stuttgart, capital of Wurtemberg, is in the open country to the east of the Black Forest, in the valley of the Neckar, surrounded by charmingly dotted hills. Not far away is the site of an old castle-crowned berg from which the country took its name. Few European capitals surpass Stuttgart either in charm of surroundings or inherent beauty. The city even possessed a "Beautification society" which has painted the already handsome civic lily until its beauty is far famed. Beginning with the Schlossplatz where the one-time royal palace is situated, building after building of stately grandeur rises throughout the city. There is an architectural consistency not always found, most of the structures being in true Renaissance style. Large areas of the city are in scrupulously kept gardens and parks. In size Stuttgart is close to Indianapolis and Seattle.

In the extreme south Wurtemberg touches Lake Constance across which lies Switzerland. In Friedrichshafen, chief Wurtembergian port of the lake, Count Zeppelin developed his airship factory that turned out the great sky cruisers with which Germany hoped to destroy London. In this little city the last of the German-built Zeppelins is now being constructed for the United States.

## WISE SAYINGS

- Hated is ingrained anger.—Clere.
- Joy is the best of wine.—George Hot.
- Brevity is the soul of wit.—Shakespeare.
- Occupation is the armor of the soul.—Hillard.
- Politeness is the flower of humanity.—Joubert.
- Despair is the only genuine athletic weapon.—Livy.
- Necessity is the last and strongest weapon.—Livy.
- Ambition is but avarice on stilts and masked.—Lander.
- Eloquence is a painting of the thoughts.—Pascal.
- Fame is the fragrance of heroic deeds.—Longfellow.
- Labor is the Lethé of both past and present.—Jean Paul.
- Influence is the exhalation of character.—W. M. Taylor.
- Genius is nothing but a great capacity for patience.—Buffon.
- Censure is the tax man pays to the public for being eminent.—Swift.
- Kindness is the golden chain by which society is bound together.—Goethe.
- Moderation is the silken string running through the pearl chain of all the virtues.—Hall.

## WISE MEN'S WORDS

- A disputable point is no man's ground.
- The most faulty are most prone to find fault.
- If you want easier traveling mend your ways.
- Be not too quick to take offense. Anger is a foe to sense.
- Books are the windows through which the soul looks out.
- Every man's nature is concealed with many folds of disguise.
- Ever have an eye as to what and to whom you speak concerning any man.
- Nothing is more beautiful than virtue; nothing more fair, nothing more lovely.
- The great end of education is not information, but personal vigor and character.
- Books support us in solitude and keep us from becoming a burden to ourselves.

## LOST LINKS

- Chickens who get homesick.
- A backbone in a hammock.
- A tramp sleeping in the dog house.
- A bankbook in a circulating library.
- Landlords who give kiddie parties.
- Automobilists who ask you to stop in.
- A woman's bedroom without a mirror.
- A game warden for a mosquito swamp.
- A beautiful woman running a beauty parlor.

## PEPPYGRAMS

- Most men will feel deeply for their poor relations—although not in their pockets.
- Many a youth with the figure of an Apollo has the same kind of head of stone.
- Not every person engaged in the pursuit of literature is sufficiently swift to catch it.
- Variety may be the spice of life—but it's the terrible uncertainty that's the spice of death.
- Many a young man who asks for the daughter's hand succeeds only in getting the father's foot.

## WAYSIDE WISDOM

- Here's wayside wisdom from the Thomasville Times-Enterprise:
  - The business woman who advises folks to play poker probably has plenty of luck and sorry opponents.
  - The American girl who married a Turk pince must have been temporarily blind to her opportunities.
  - When she trumps your ace just smile and pretend that it might have been otherwise but not any better.
  - The heart may long for peace and quiet and yet it won't come unless hands are at work to bring it.

## MEN AND CLOTHES

Last year 48 American men in every hundred wore nothing but old hats and 93 out of each 100 got along without buying a suit of clothes. Statistics to establish this statement were presented to the Retail Clothiers' association by the president of that organization at a convention in Chicago, and presumably they are correct. A survey of the American crowd from day to day conveys a different impression. It seems to indicate that most American men blossom out at least three times a year in new togs, and that very few of them got along with less than two hats, but after all the city street is not the only place where men wear clothes. There are still to be found in some of the remoter parts of this country boys who never had a suit of "store clothes" in their lives, and it is not so very long ago that this was true of most country boys, says the Detroit Free Press. Nowadays the country comes to the merchant in town for wearing apparel, but the farm worker is still able to spend the most of his time in a shirt and overalls, and that doubtless is what brings the average to the low point noted at the clothiers' convention. But when the retail clothiers recall the fact that their business is, after all, only a thing of yesterday they need not feel so bad over the millions who go a year or so without a new suit. There are men still living who remember when the retail clothier was an unheard-of possibility of the future. They have lived to see homemade apparel for men disappear almost entirely, and the tailor backed into a position of relative unimportance by the once despised ready-made suit.

Much has been said about the wrath of Tutankhamen at the "desecration" of his tomb, and curiously many people have seen either possibility or probability in the theory that the Pharaoh, though so long dead, still is able to avenge his wrongs, even to the extent of inflicting the death penalty. As the penetration of the tomb progresses, however, and as the value of the king's treasures, considered merely as bullion, becomes more and more apparent, there is reason for suspecting that if a "curse" has been in operation since the discovery of the tomb, it has its origin, not in the occupant of the sarcophagus within the three gilded shrines, but from the long succession of grave robbers who for more than 3,000 years have been looking for just such opportunities to get rich quickly that would have been theirs if only they had been lucky enough to find this great deposit of easily negotiable wealth.

Leonard Day, forty-three years old, has returned to Berkeley, Cal., after hiking 10,578 miles. Two years ago Day wrote a book entitled "The Unsolicited Generosity of the American People." The publisher turned it down because he did not agree with the sentiments expressed in the manuscript. To prove his book contained right theories he walked across the continent without a hat or coat and without a cent in his pocket. He marched through temperatures varying from 120 degrees above to 20 degrees below zero and he was only seven times forced to sleep out and missed but sixty meals. Day found firemen throughout the nation the greatest friends of a man without money.

Angora's power is being challenged from all sides. The assault on the president of the Turkish republic, Kemal Pasha, is but one of the outcomes. It becomes more apparent that the government will have to transfer its seat of administration from the dismal realm of Angora to Constantinople. Most of the unrest is fomented by the orthodox Mussulman elements, who cannot reconcile the separation of the caliph or head of the Mohammedan religion from the temporal powers of a Turkish sultan. It is said that the amir is a direct descendant of the prophet and he is supposed to be a good friend of England.

Envy is aroused by the story of the sensitive plant which flourishes in the neighborhood of golf links in the Fiji Islands and which enables the owner of an elusive golf ball to trace its course through the rough by the leaves, which shrivel at its touch. Whether the envy is aroused by the good fortune of the Fiji Islanders or by the imagination of the story-teller will depend on the credulity of the audience; but there is no doubt that, as the tale is told in golfing assemblies, its course can be followed by noting the heaver who have shriveled as it passed along.

German workmen protest the scraping of the eight-hour day. But the German farmer, who works eight hours in the morning and eight in the afternoon, has the better of it when dinner time comes.

Emile Coue is coming back, presumably to see how his incantations have affected the country and to gather in a few more American dollars, which look very large in France just now.