

# Visit to the Sultan of Djokjakarta



DJOKJA NOBLE IN COURT COSTUME.

revolution or conspiracy against the Dutch rule without.

## Going in State.

Our procession was, I judge, at least a half mile long. The resident, surrounded by his guard, rode at the head in a splendid carriage drawn by four high stepping fawn-colored Javanese ponies. His coachman was in livery and his footman stood beside him, carrying the great golden umbrellas which formed a part of his state. Behind came the assistant resident, a fine looking Hollander, in a coat of gold braid, but with more modest umbrellas. He had also four horses. Further back were other four-horse equipages and then came the more modest two-horse carriages, each with its swell coachman and footman, containing the planters and visitors and among them myself.

I wish you could have seen the natives dropping down to the earth and looking up at us almost with reverence as we dashed down the long avenue of wide-spreading trees which leads from the home of the resident to the kraton, or palace, of his majesty. We went through a great gate by a crowd of native soldiers and officials, who straightway squatted until our procession was by. We drove across a great court inside the walls and finally stopped before another gorgeous gateway, the entrance to the palace grounds proper.

Here there were officials wearing high white and black sugarloaf caps not unlike those worn by the Persian and Korean gentlemen at home. Each cap was about eight inches high without visor. It was the exact shape of a sugarloaf with the top chopped off and was made of some transparent material which looked to me like paraffine wax. From the ears to the waist the officials were perfectly bare, for, according to court etiquette, no man must wear a jacket or anything around the upper part of his body while in the palace of the sultan. Each official had a gorgeous waistcloth belted about him falling from his waist to his thighs and under this a pair of tight pantaloons. Each man had a great knife or kris with gorgeous handle of silver or gold in his belt and the richly carved metal showed out against the highly colored calico waistcloth. We saw thousands of these men as we went on inside the palace. They squatted in salutation as we passed and later on squatted in front of the great pavilion where we were entertained by the sultan.

## The Sultan at Home.

This pavilion had a vast roof, upheld by many wooden pillars, beautifully carved and decorated with red lacquer and gold. The sultan was sitting upon a throne within it as we came up and the crown prince stepped down from a lower seat and came out to the Dutch resident and shook hands with him. As the sultan saw the resident he arose and stepped forward, the Dutch resident moved toward him and the two of them shook hands and sat down side by side. We merely bowed to his

as they went. The operation was performed behind the curtains, while the Mohammedans prayed and at its close the thousands outside broke out into songs of rejoicings. The ceremonies ended with the serving of tea and cakes to the party in the pavilion. The sultan, the Dutch resident and all Europeans took part in this feast. We drank tea grown in Java out of cups of beautiful china and at the same time the sultan and the resident drank out of cups of gold. Then we said goodbye to the sultan and the crown prince and the Dutch resident, with their retinues, marched out together, we following behind.

As we took our seats the sultan's band played. It was stationed at the back of the court and its musical instruments were

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## City of the King.

On the day after this reception I spent some time in exploring the palace city. Djokjakarta has over 100,000 people, I

to show that he wears it only as a slave he turns the visor of the cap to the back of his head instead of the front.

In the United States when a great man comes into a house or hall the audience, out of respect, rises up; in Djokjakarta, as a mark of respect, they squat down. This squatting position is called the dodok. As I have said before, it is not considered humiliating by the people and they do it as a matter of course. The kiss of reverence is always on the instep or sole of the foot or on the knee, as I have described in the case of the young prince.

As to the people crawling along on their heels squatting, this is done by the lower classes in the presence of the chief and always by the chiefs when in the presence of the sultan. When the sultan first got his European carriage the servants were horrified to find that the seat of the coachman

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**D**JOKJAKARTA, Java, Sept. 24.—(Special Correspondence of The Bee.)—I am taking a trip through a land of the Arabian Nights. I am in the native states of Java and the scenes about me are stranger than those of the days of Haroun al Raschid in Cairo and Bagdad. Princes and nobles in gorgeous costumes strut through the streets with their women servants and slaves following them. Some go about under huge umbrellas of gold, silver and cloth of bright colors. The common people squat down on the ground as they pass and look up in reverence. This city is the capital of one of the native states and it has a sultan who has a great palace city within it.

The palace city has white walls twenty feet high all around it. It contains magnificent buildings, the homes of the princes, and the poorer houses of the nobles of the court. It contains an enormous harem. It has a menagerie of tigers, lions and other wild animals as well as state elephants which go about in his majesty's processions. There are more than 10,000 people connected with the court of this Javanese monarch and he has soldiers, slaves and treasures galore. He maintains the same state now that his ancestors had hundreds of years ago, for though the Dutch rule the province, they do so solely through him, making the people believe that they are obeying the sultan.

It is the same with the great state adjoining, that of Soerkarta, where the sultan of Solo lives, of whom I shall write later on.

In the past these sultans ruled the whole island, and they are still looked up to by the natives. The Dutch appreciate their power and keep the hand of iron concealed in the velvet glove with which they handle them. Right in front of the palace enclosure there is a barracks filled with Dutch soldiers and about the whole is a moat with drawbridges which can be lowered or raised. The palace is fortified and there are cannon on the walls, nominally to protect the sultan, but so arranged that they could be turned on his palace and shatter his imperial city to pieces.

## Visit to the Sultan.

The Dutch resident governor has the same standing as the sultan. He sits beside him on public occasions and is on a level with him. The sultan sends word to the resident every morning asking how he has rested and the resident replies in turn. When the sultan goes out in state he has gorgeous gold umbrellas above him, held by his servants, and when the resident calls on the sultan it is in a coach with four horses with similar umbrellas held over him.

Through my letters from the governor general of the Dutch East Indies I was invited by the resident to attend a great function at the palace of the sultan. It was the initiation of one of the sultan's sons into one of the rites of the Mohammedan religion and all the court and the highest of the Dutch officials were invited to attend. Before my invitation was tendered I was asked if I had a dress suit and white necktie and was told that I must be in full evening dress, although the ceremony was to take place at 7 o'clock in the morning.

We started from the palace of the resident at 6:30 a. m. Our party was all in full dress. There were a dozen rich Dutch planters, several officers of the army, each of whom was resplendent in gold lace and tassels, and also the civil officials who wore evening clothes. The party all told was more like a group of the best-dressed men taken from a diplomatic reception at the White House than what you would expect to find on this island, generally supposed to be a jungle of savages, rhinoceroses, tigers and snakes. We rode to the palace in state escorted by the European guards of the sultan. These number thirty-two. They were mounted on fine, black Australian horses and always accompany the sultan when he goes out of the palace. They are stationed inside his city nominally for his protection and nominally under his control, but in reality as a guard to prevent



PROCESSION ENTERING THE PALACE, SULTAN AND DUTCH RESIDENT IN THE CENTER.

sounding boards, drums and bells peculiar to Java.

## Son of the Sultan.

Next the chief actor of the day appeared. This was the son of the sultan, who was to be made a full-fledged Mohammedan through certain ceremonies, which were performed by the Mohammedan priests in little pavilions of white silk in front of the pavilion where we sat. The boy was just 15 years old. He came into the court bowing low and sat down cross-legged in front of the pavilion facing his majesty. He was gorgeously dressed, all in green and gold. He wore a jacket of green silk, a scoop shovel hat of green satin and a sarong of green and silver. He sparkled

with diamonds. His arms were bare and also his legs from the knees to the feet, but his skin was dusted with a yellow powder, which glistened like gold as the rays of the rising sun fell upon it. After he sat there a moment the sultan raised his hand and the boy started to go to his father. He first took off his kris, or sword, and laid it down upon the ground, for no one dare approach his majesty with arms upon his person. Next he folded his hands in an attitude of prayer and bowed low before the sultan. He then crawled forward a few steps and again bowed, as in worship. He kept on crawling and bowing until he at last reached his father's feet. Here he knelt again in reverence and then kissed the instep of the foot his father held out and then the knee. After this he crawled back to his old position, never rising to his feet. This custom must be observed by all natives who approach the sultan. The nobles have to crawl along on their haunches and heels and the prime ministers do the same.

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judge, but it is about and outside the city of the king proper. I took a carriage and drove through the walls of his majesty's municipality and then went up one avenue and down another, going through hundreds of acres covered with the houses and huts of the nobles and servants of the court. I passed by great trees trimmed in the shape of umbrellas. They had a foliage like boxwood, but their branches and leaves formed an umbrella-shaped mass as big as a haystack. Imagine the biggest haystack you ever saw trimmed to the shape of a wheel of green 100 feet or more in diameter, twenty feet thick, resting upon a great round trunk, perhaps twenty feet high, and you have one of the waringen trees of the sultan's palace grounds. The palaces proper are enormous structures of one story, with many rooms. The sultan has a big harem. He has the right to take any woman in his kingdom to wife and when the daughters of the nobles reach a marriageable age they are brought to him and he picks out such as he chooses and directs that they remain in the palace. The nobles are anxious to have their daughters in the palace, for a pretty girl is sure to get her father and brothers good, fat jobs, as well as to elevate the standing of the family.

Passing his majesty's zoological garden, where a couple of the young princes were studying the lions, I stopped for a time at the bandstand, or rather music building, of the palace city. It was an open shed with a pyramidal brick floor rising in steps toward the center. Within it a score of musicians were sitting cross-legged on mats going through their exercises. Some had barrel-like drums on their knees, others had gongs and series of bells, upon which they were playing chimes. One of the gongs was as big as a bushel basket and gave forth a sound like a brass drum. The golden-faced musicians wore high sugarloaf caps, navy blue jackets and sarongs of peculiar patterns. They played solemnly, but sweetly. As I waited the smell of opium came to my nostrils and I found that one of the band was taking a smoke during the breaks in the playing.

## A Scene in Eden

Ohio State Journal: "How does it come dinner isn't ready?" demanded Adam impatiently as he arrived home after a hard day's toil in the garden.

"I am sorry, Adam, dear," said Eve, penitently, "but I have been embroidering you a new figleaf. There is really no reason why we shouldn't have more clothing when figleaves are so plentiful."

"Do you know," said Adam, tentatively, "I sometimes question the propriety of you wearing a figleaf."

"Why, Adam!" exclaimed Eve, aghast. "What do you mean?"

"Er—well," ventured Adam, "don't you think a figleaf is a trifle décolleté, so to speak?"

"No," said Eve, rather snappishly, "so long as I don't give any garden parties I think a figleaf is all right. Dear me! Do you wish me to wear a sealskin sacque this warm weather?"

Adam did not answer this last sally but sat down to the table and poured out a cup of coffee.

"This coffee is too weak," he said irritably.

"You are very touchy today, Adam," said Eve reproachfully. "Next I suppose you'll be telling me that I can't make coffee like your mother used to make."

"I wish I had my rib back," returned Adam. "I'd about as lief live alone as drink lukewarm dishwater."

"Well, if I had a mamma," sobbed Eve, in an injured tone, "you bet I'd go home to her."

Adam ate the remainder of his meal in silence.

## It Comes High Too

Chicago Post: He had just returned from the city and he was strangely uncommunicative concerning his adventures.

"Did you buy anything while you were gone, Hiram?" she asked.

"Yep," he answered shortly.

"Pay much for it?" she persisted, for she rather expected the material for a new gown.

"Yep."

"What was it?"

"Experience."

"I thought you loaded up with that last time," she said bitterly.

"Well, this was another kind," he explained.



SONS OF THE SULTAN.

majesty and were then conducted to seats in the rear of him, which gave us an excellent view of the court.

The scene was a curious one. In front of us and to the left, extending on and on to the walls, was a sea of these half-naked nobles, each squatting on his haunches, with his white cap on his head. To the right, more in front of the sultan, was an equally large collection of women, all bare-headed, bare-necked and bare-shouldered, and all squatting down on their heels. Each had a gay sarong wrapped tightly about her bosom, just under the arms, so that as I looked I could see only the bare shoulders, necks and heads of the women, the effect being that of a sea of naked, yellow beauties submerged to the armpits.

## Look at the Sultan.

The sultan sat within ten feet of me. He is a tall, fine-looking old man, now slightly stooped. He wore a black sugarloaf cap, embroidered in gold, a black jacket, which blazed with diamonds and medals, and a gorgeous sarong, below which shone out slippers of gold. He has fine features and looks like a thoroughbred. He is said to

with diamonds. His arms were bare and also his legs from the knees to the feet, but his skin was dusted with a yellow powder, which glistened like gold as the rays of the rising sun fell upon it. After he sat there a moment the sultan raised his hand and the boy started to go to his father. He first took off his kris, or sword, and laid it down upon the ground, for no one dare approach his majesty with arms upon his person. Next he folded his hands in an attitude of prayer and bowed low before the sultan. He then crawled forward a few steps and again bowed, as in worship. He kept on crawling and bowing until he at last reached his father's feet. Here he knelt again in reverence and then kissed the instep of the foot his father held out and then the knee. After this he crawled back to his old position, never rising to his feet. This custom must be observed by all natives who approach the sultan. The nobles have to crawl along on their haunches and heels and the prime ministers do the same.

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