

### 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 proces-sion 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 JOKJAKARTA, Java, Sept. 24.— those worn by the Persian and was about JOKJAKARTA, Java, Sept. 24.— those worn by the Persian and was about (Special Correspondence of The eight inches high without visor. It was those worn by the Persian and Corean genthe 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 Each official had a gorgeous waistsultan. cloth beited 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 has a menageric of tigers, lions and other pavilion where we were entertained by the

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 province, they do so solely through him, making the people believe that they are obeying the sultan. resident he arose and stepped forward, the

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 most 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

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. 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 necktle 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 minmings, 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- is a tall, fine-looking old man, now slightly observed by all natives who approach the two. They were mounted on fine, black Aussultan when he goes out of the palace. They blazed with diamonds and medals, and a ministers do the same. are stationed inside his city notainally for gorgeous sarong, below which shone out his protection and nominally under his

box and another a cigar box and others ar- rejoicings. ticles of the toilet. Near him sat the crown prince, who also had five slaves about him. and a gorgeous sarong. He had on a black cap and his long hair hung down his back. He had a great kris in his belt and as he came up to the pavilion his bare-backed servants carried an umbrella over him. 1 of gold. got a closer view of him going out. He is of a light yellow color, having very bright the crown prince and the Datch resident, black eyes. His teeth are jet black and filed to a point, as are those of most of the women and men in the palace. As we took our seats the sultan's band

revolution or conspiracy against the Dutch be well educated and to be a man of abil-rule without. Ity. Just behind him stood a number of formed behind the curtains, while the Mo-female slaves, each holding a certain thing hammedans prayed and at its close the of his head instead of the front. in case he might need it. One had a betel thousands outside broke out into songs of

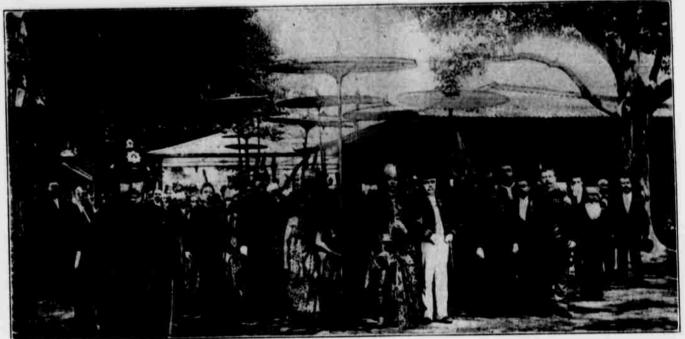
> of ten end cakes to the party in the pa-The crown prince wore a blue silk jacket villon. The sultan, the Dutch resident and all Europeans took part in this feast. We drank ten grown in Java out of cups of millating by the people and they do it as beautiful china and at the same time the a matter of course. The kiss of reverence siltan and the resident drank out of cups is always on the instep or sole of the foot

Then we said goodby to the sultan and we following behind. city of the King.

In the United States when a great man comes into a house or hall the audience, out The ceremonies ended with the serving 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 huor on the knee, as I have described in the

case of the young prince. As to the people crawling along on their with their retinues, marched out together, 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

On the day after this reception I spent played. It was stationed at the back of some time in exploring the palace city. European carriage the servants were hor-the court and its musical instruments were bjokjakarta has over 100,000 people, 1 rifled to find that the seat of the coachman



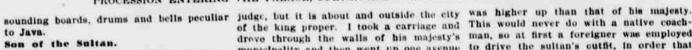
PROCESSION ENTERING THE PALACE, SULTAN AND DUTCH RESIDENT IN THE CENTER.

## Son of the Sultan.

to Java.

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 Dutch resident moved toward him and the gold. He wore a jacket of green silk, a two of them shook hands and sat down scoop shovel hat of green satin and a side by side. We merely bowed to his sarong of green and silver. He sparkled



of acres covered with the houses and huts provided for. of the nobles and servants of the court. shape of umbrellas. They had a follage governor have golden umbrellas carried like boxwood, but their branches and over them. The queen and princes can have leaves formed an umbrella-shaped mass as big as a haystack. Imagine the biggest haystack you ever saw trimmed to the bines have the right to carry white umshape of a wheel of green 100 feet or more brellas. The nobles have green umbrellas in diameter, twenty feet thick, resting and red umbrellas, and some of the lowest 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 sun. 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 speak? 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 cup of coffee. solemnly, but sweetly. As I waited the smell of opium came to my nostrils and I bly. found that one of the band was taking a smoke during the breaks in the playing.

of the king proper. I took a carriage and This would never do with a native coachdrove through the walls of his majesty's man, so at first a foreigner was employed municipality and then went up one avenue to drive the sultan's outfit, in order that and down another, going through hundreds the matter of etiquette might be somewhat

The rank of a man can be told by his umpassed by great trees trimmed in the brella. Only the sultan and the resident yellow umbrellas, and the more distant relatives of the royal family and the concuofficials carry umbrellas of black. These unbrellas are not like ours. They are much larger and are borne on poles from ten to fifteen feet high, seldom facing the sun. FRANK G. CARPENTER.

# 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 toll 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."

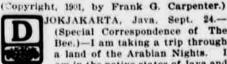
"Why, Adam!" exclaimed Eve, aghast. 'What do you mean?''

"Er-well," ventured Adam, "don't you think a figleaf is a trifle decollete, so to "No," said Eve, rather snappishly, "so





## DJOKJA NOBLE IN COURT COSTUME.



a land of the Arabian Nights. 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 Some go about under huge umbrellas them. 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 mag-nificent buildings, the homes of the princes, and the poorer houses of the nobles of the court. It contains an enormous harem. It and later on squatted in front of the great wild animals as well as state elephants sultan. which go about in his majesty's processions. The Sultan at Home. There are more than 10,000 people connected with the court of this Javanese monatch and he has soldiers, slaves and treasures galore. He maintains the same state now that his ancestors had hundreds of

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.

pieces

# Visit to the Sultan.

## SONS OF THE SULTAN.

majesty and were then conducted to seats with diamonds. His arms were bare and in the rear of him, which gave us an excel- also his legs from the knees to the feet, lent view of the court.

of us and to the left, extending on and on rays of the rising sun fell upon it. After to the walls, was a sea of these half-naked he sat there a moment the sultan raised nobles, each squatting on his haunches. his hand and the boy started to go to his with his white cap on his head. To the father. He first took off his kris, or sword, right, more in front of the sultan, was an and laid it down upon the ground, for no equally large collection of women, all bare- one dare approach his majesty with arms headed, bare-necked and bare-shouldered, upon his person. Next he folded his hands 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 rising to his feet. This custom must be

but his skin was dusted with a yellow

The scene was a curious one. In front powder, which glistened like gold as the 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

After this the boy was taken in hand by slippers of gold. He has fine features and the Mohammedan priests and carried to

In another palace I saw three old men sitting cross-legged chatting together. They your mother used to make." must have been high officials, for they had high, black stovepipe caps on their heads. There were servants about them and as drink lukewarm dishwater." often as one of the officials required anything a servant crawled in, stooping low that he might not be as high as his master and bowed his head to the floor as he received the command. He then crawled out silence,

on his knees or heels to get what was wanted.

#### Queer Ceremonies.

Everywhere throughout Djokjakarta these ceremonies of master and servant hold good. Every native official has an umbrella carried over him as he moves about and the streets are full of these processlors of nobles and slaves. A noble is not supposed to do anything. He will not carry anything in his hand and so a servant gown. must go along to carry the lead pencil stooped. He wore a black sugarloaf cap, sultan. The nobles have to crawl along or the paper of a high muck-a-muck of a tralian horses and always accompany the embroidered in gold, a black jacket, which on their haunches and heels and the prime scribe. When a noble calls upon one of the Dutch officials he is not supposed to

wear his official cap and he leaves it outside in the hands of his servant. The control, but in reality as a guard to prevent looks like a thoroughbred. He is said to the pavilion, the band playing a weird air servant often puts it on while waiting, but

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

"This coffee is too weak," he said irrita-

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

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

"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

# 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

"Yep."

"What was it?"

"Experience."

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

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