

# Holland's Method of Governing in the Orient

**I**T IS odd that no senate or congress investigation committee has perceived the necessity of taking a trip through Java, the Pearl of the Orient, and its sister island, Sumatra, or at least through such parts of the latter island as are in condition to be visited without fatal consequences.

In these possessions of Holland many of the problems that face the United States in the Philippines have been under process of methodical and cosy, if not brilliant, solution for almost a century.

For a century the Dutchman's burden in Achin has amused itself by flouting his authority and also cutting his head off, whenever possible, and smoking it to be preserved. Every few months the patient optimistic Hollander announces to an indifferent world that the last fight has been fought, and that within a day or two thereafter the Dutch troops will enter victoriously into the capital of the Achinese. But somehow one never hears of that final victorious arrival, and the suspicion is all ways in the air that what percentage of the Dutch troops does at last enter the Achinese capital does so in the form of souvenirs of the occasion.

The Achinese sits in simple ease and with cheerful readiness to do murder in his country of Achin, which lies in the northern end of Sumatra. When the Dutch send troops out from Batavia they face about the same proposition as if they had to send troops through wild and mountainous country from New York to Chicago, for that is about the length of Sumatra.

Beyond the fact that the Achinese are exceedingly industrious in their national profession of killing persons who invade them, little is known about them. They do not encourage visits, and Achin is pre-eminently a bourne from which no traveler returns.

Consequently the most accurate and reliable statistics that even the statistician Dutchman can produce about this brother of our own Tagalogs is that more than 10,000 stout Dutch soldiers have departed this life and about one hundred million stout Dutch dollars have done the same, in efforts to make the Achinese a good Dutchman. And the net result is that the Achinese is identically as free, murderous and native as he was before the first Dutchman landed on Sumatra.

South of Achin are several millions of kindly savages who are the result of an ingenious mixture of the blood of Malays from the Malay peninsula, head-hunting Dyaks of Borneo and gentle Hindoos. This mixture, which is known as Battak, is highly successful in its own way. Some of the tribes have the fad of cannibalism; others have chosen the Dutchman's "square face," and under the soothing influences of his gin and his money they labor in the pepper and tobacco plantations and are model citizens according to their dim lights.

As in the Philippines, the dattos, or native chiefs, have been, and are, the most serious of the many factors in the tangled problem of colonial empire.

The Dutchman has treated the datto with placid and truly Dutch ponderosity, sitting

upon him in state, with constant assurances that he is sitting somewhere else entirely.

So it is that the Javanese is happy in the conviction that his holy dattos or kings still rule him. The "emperor" of Surakarta still holds his gorgeous imperial court in beautiful Surakarta, whose landscape looks as if it were chiseled out of lapis lazuli and emerald. The twenty-one other kings and princes and dattos have their grand palaces and their dancers and their ministers. Their people and their officials still crawl toward them on hands and knees.

So careful is the placid Dutchman not to hurt the feelings of his burden that the Dutch resident who is stationed in each of these twenty-two provinces of Java is not even known as governor, although he is the great boss, with almost all powers of a king. Instead, his title is that of elder brother to the king or datto.

The Javanese prince is a holy person, indeed, to his subjects. They approach him only with awed veneration, and his wish is sacred.

Almost all of the twenty-two native rulers are immensely rich. Indeed, if it can be said that any human being can have without stint whatever he desires, be it what it may, it may be said of these Javanese greatnesses, whose divine authority is recognized by the majority of the 23,000,000 people who dwell in the Dutch East Indies.

There is only one exception to the list of what they may have. That one exception is freedom. The Javanese ruler is a pre-

scious bird in a golden cage. To do him honor, a squadron of square-shouldered Dutch cavalry never fails to escort him when he goes out.

To make sure that he shall not incur illness or fatigue by going out too often, the elder brother has so arranged it in each residency that his royal highness shall never venture from his golden palace until that good elder brother shall have considered the wisdom of it. Neither may his royal highness be annoyed by improper persons. The elder brother takes care of that, too, by scanning the names of intending visitors before permitting them to call.

To do still further honor to the Javanese princes, the affectionate Dutchman has built very pretty forts, so situated that every Javanese palace is commanded neatly and completely.

Once the Javanese princes started to move their palaces, or kratons, which is the native name of the big groups of buildings that are necessary to the majesty of the brilliant life, the princes declared that it was a religious law that the kratons must not remain on the same site for more than a century, and the century was about up.

Whatever the Dutchman may have thought about the religious part of the explanation, he did not wink an eyelid, but agreed cheerfully. Only, he remarked, of course he would feel it incumbent on him to honor the princes by moving the Dutch forts also, so that they should still protect the kratons in their new site. And, of course, said the Dutchman, the expense would, no doubt, be borne by the princes.

The princes have not changed the location of their kratons.

The Dutchman is not always in absolute control of the situation, however. There is a Javanese Hismarck. He is so clever that the Dutch have given him the name.

His right name is more difficult to remember. It is Raden Adipati Soerodjini-grat. He is the husband of the sister of the soesoehunan, the "emperor" of Surakarta, and occupies a position in that grand court that is similar to the post of premier or imperial chancellor in European courts.

The importance of his office can be realized more clearly when it is understood that the rule of the native chiefs is direct. They govern the people under native laws and the Dutch hide behind them, so that, although they pull the strings of government, the Europeans, as well as the natives, are judged and ruled by the princes.

As it is the policy of the Dutch, in addition to this, to conciliate the native population by making it feel that its interests are protected particularly, the tendency is always to give the native the best of it in disputes between natives and white men. Consequently, the character of the imperial chancellor at Surakarta is of vast importance. All leases, contracts and other transactions connected with plantations come before him. He must stand between the princes and the Dutch government, and that is no sinecure, for the Javanese prince is an autocratic and haughty person, who is spilling for a scrap with his elder brother, and also the great father at Batavia.

## Gleams of Mirth Which Brighten Solemn Court Proceedings

**A**T FORT SCOTT, Kan., the other day a jury in the district court returned a verdict finding a certain accused person guilty of larceny. The verdict had not been prepared in the technical form desired and the judge sent the jury back to make the necessary corrections. The jury was gone for half an hour, and when it returned it brought in a verdict acquitting the prisoner. But a verdict even more amusing was perpetrated by a jury at Pittsburg last Monday. The case was a criminal one, and after a few minutes' consultation the jury fled into the box from its room. "Have you agreed upon a verdict?" asked the judge. "We have," responded the foreman, passing it over. "The clerk will read," said the judge. And the clerk read, "We, your jury, agree to disagree."

"The funniest episode that I have ever had in all my years of practice at the bar occurred during a murder trial," said a lawyer quoted by the Philadelphia Ledger. "An Irishman was to be tried for murder, and from what I had learned about the case I felt that my client would be convicted, if not for first degree murder, then surely for second degree murder. I was so uneasy about the matter that I went to an Irish friend of mine and deliberately planned to prevent conviction in either degree. This friend of mine was a jurymen and his chances of getting on the jury in the murder case were very good, so I urged him to stick until the last for a verdict of manslaughter. He said he would, and I knew that he would keep his promise.

"The panel was exhausted, and my friend Pat was one of the twelve men in whose hands rested the fate of my client. I was positive that he would not hang. The trial was an interesting one, and the jury retired after listening to the judge's charge. Seven hours passed before they returned.

"The poll of the jury showed that the prisoner was guilty of manslaughter, and

after the jurymen were discharged I walked up to Pat and said:

"Pat, you saved the day. It was a great piece of work for you. How did you manage to bring the other eleven to your way of thinking?"

"Oh, I had the devil's own time of doin' it. This is on the quiet. When we first began to ballot, eleven of them fellows was for acquittal, but I stuck to my job

until I brought them around to manslaughter."

Bert Norton of Macon, Mo., won a lawsuit in the federal court at Hannibal a few days ago in a way unusual among lawyers—by silence. Mrs. Martha B. Phipps of Macon sued the Atchison, Topeka & Santa Fe Railway company for \$15,000. She claimed that a spark from one of its en-

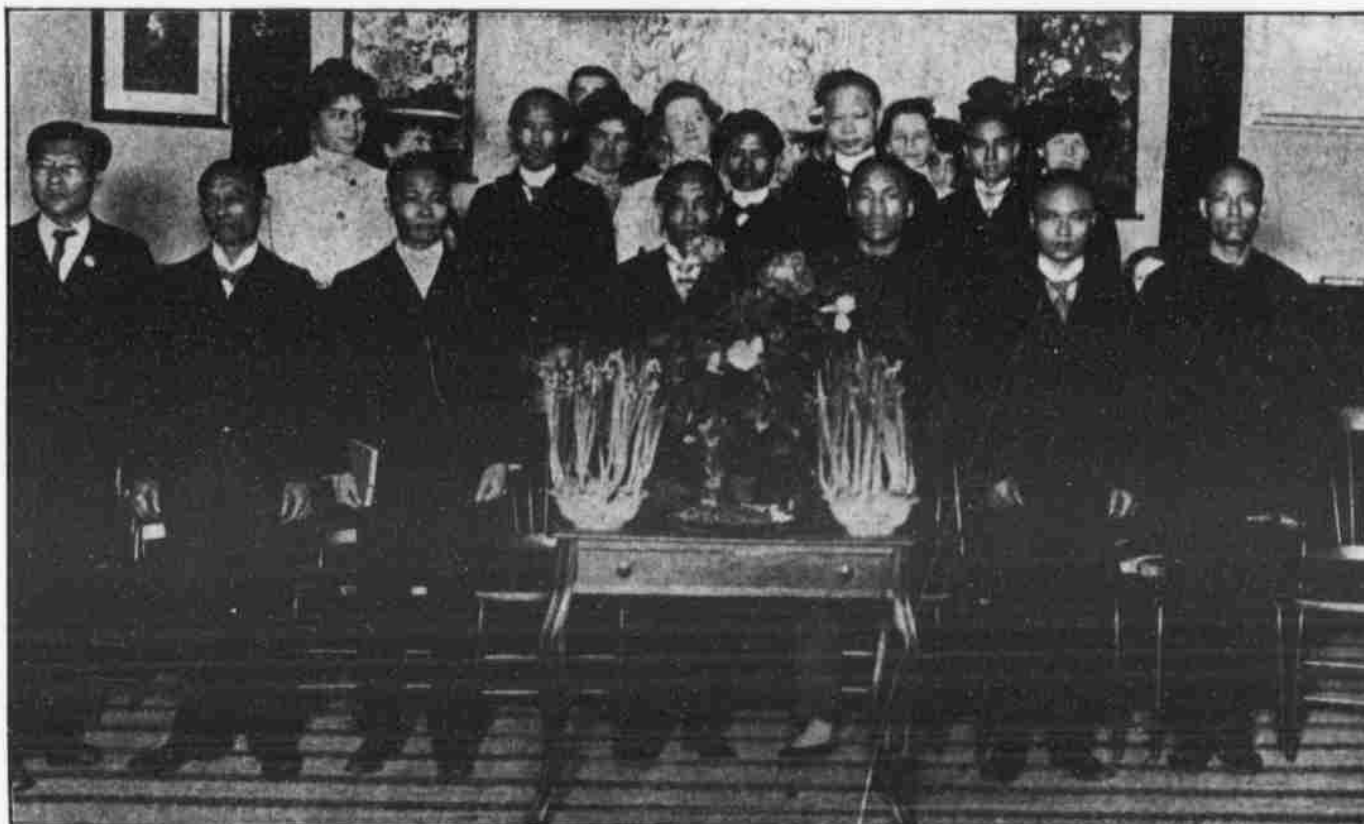
gines caused the burning of her deceased husband's business property at Ethel. The testimony showed that the Santa Fe train stopped at Ethel four minutes the night of the fire, but also that the fire was well underway before the train pulled out, and the road's attorneys argued that it was ridiculous to maintain that a fire could be started by a spark and get well under way in such a short time. Mr. Norton devoted

practically his entire argument to this point.

He said, says the Macon Republican, "if a young fellow was sitting on a sofa, 'playing hands' with his girl, time traveled like an express train, but if you dumped a lot of engine sparks on the pine roof of a dry building in summer time four minutes were ample to settle the fate of the structure in spite of all efforts to save it. There were some incredulous smiles at this. The attorney took out his watch and handed it to Jurymen L. S. Harlan, a banker of Clifton Hill, Randolph county, and requested him to signal when four minutes had passed. The jurymen leaned over and looked down at the watch. Then they got tired and settled back in their seats. Mr. Harlan lowered his hand and rested it on his knees. The attorney shifted his feet a few times, and sat down in a chair. Judge Adams looked at the clock and then out of the window.

"A deputy marshal put his head in at the door to see what was the matter and waited the result of the curious scene. Nearly every man in the room that had a watch was studying its face. The speaker was sacrificing four minutes of his allotted time, but he felt that it was well invested. At last Juror Harlan announced the four minutes had expired and handed the watch back to Mr. Norton. Only four minutes, and yet to every man in the room it had seemed, under the suppressed tension, to have been twice as long. The court remarked after the case had been decided that it appeared fully fifteen minutes. The wearisome suspense was an effective object lesson to the jury and was a startling exposition of what might transpire in that time. The jury found that the defendant's engine had ample time in four minutes to fire the restaurant building, and they brought in a verdict for the plaintiff for \$14,198.25—the exact sum her proof showed her loss to be."

The case had been pending in the courts ten years.



CHINESE SUNDAY SCHOOL CLASS OF FIRST PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH, OMAHA—Flashlight Photo by a Staff Artist.

## Players of Nebraska Whist League Who Took Part in the State Tournament at Omaha—Flashlight Photo by a Staff Artist

