

Sultan of Solo, Java's Chief Native Ruler.

Great Mohammedan Potentate, Who Rules Over Millions of Human Beings, Who Believe Him Their Intermediary With God, and Whose Court Consists of 25,000 People, Who Live in a Vast Palace in the Heart of the Largest Native City in the Dutch East Indies.

SOLO, State of Soerakarta, Java, June 6.—Have you ever heard of the Sultan of Solo? I don't mean the Sultan of Sulu. The latter is a little six-by-nine nakh in the lower part of the Philippine Islands. The Sultan of Solo is the greatest native ruler of Java. He has millions of subjects in his own province of Soerakarta, and the most of the 25,000,000 Javanese people look up to him as the successor of Mahomet, and the intermediary between them and their God. I have written something of the Sultan of Djokjakarta. This Sultan is a much greater man. His capital city is the largest native city in Java, and it has in the heart of it a vast palace inclosure, containing thousands of nobles, servants and slaves. I am told that there are 25,000 people living inside the palace walls. These include the Princes and all the other relatives of the imperial family and their retinues. They also include a vast female population. All Mohammedans have the right to more than one wife, and the Sultan can have as many as he wishes. He has one head wife and numerous concubines, as well as many female slaves and servants. The ladies of the harem proper seldom come outside the palace, and they are not seen by the men who call upon his Majesty. The Sultans, or head wife, often takes a party with her when she goes out driving, but at other times the looser forms of Mohammedan seclusion are preserved. The most of the women in the palace are noblewomen. They are the daughters of the native chiefs, and they esteem it an honor to be chosen as wives of his Majesty.

How the Women Dress. I have described the dress of the ladies of the Djokja court. It is much the same in Solo. According to law the thousands of women inside the palace wear decollete dresses. All, except the Sultana and the princesses, are perfectly bare as to their shoulders and arms. They have a special pattern of dress which is not permitted to be worn outside the palace, and their sarongs, although made of calico, are very expensive, for they are all decorated by hand by the artistic printers of the kingdom. The women's dress is somewhat as follows: First there is a strip of calico, ornamented with original decorations, about three yards long and a foot wide, which is wrapped round and round the body just under the armpits binding the breasts so tightly that it is often injurious to health. The upper part of the shoulders and arms has no covering, and there is a strip of bare yellow skin, from three to six inches wide, between the breast band and the sarong-like skirt which forms the rest of the costume. The skirt is also bound very tightly about the body and the waists are considerably compressed. The Javanese girl is quite as proud of her small waist as her American sister, and she is very particular as to the pattern of her sarong.

She spends much time also upon her teeth, not in making them white, but in giving them the jet black hue which is fashionable among the natives of this part of the world. Both here and in the Philippines both sexes blacken their teeth, and almost every tribe has a different method of doing them. In Mindanao I saw hundreds of men and women who had their teeth hollow ground, just as though they had taken a rat-tail file and scooped out the front of their teeth.

Fashion in Java. In Java the men sometimes file their teeth to a point, so that the upper and lower jaw each contain a ragged saw, the teeth of which fit into another like a steel rat trap. The women file their teeth off straight, and sometimes cut them down at the sides so that they are almost square. They laugh at the white teeth of the foreigners, and say that we have teeth like dogs, for dogs have white teeth. They sometimes file off or pull out the canine teeth because these teeth resemble dog teeth. A well-filed set of teeth is a girl's badge of womanhood. It is her coming-out dress, as it were.

After a girl's teeth have been filed, she is supposed to be ready for marriage, and the boys begin to make sheep's eyes at her. The filing is a painful ordeal, and it is not all done at once. When it is first begun, it is in the presence of a family party, and a feast follows. After this the teeth are blackened with a mixture of soot and iron filings, which makes them shine like polished jet. In going through the palace grounds I found many women at work in their homes, printing the sarongs or skirts which form the chief dress of the people. Each sarong is about two yards in length and about a yard wide. It is merely a strip of fine white cotton, upon which the designs are sketched out for the printers. The designs are made with melted wax flowing from a little pencil with a bowl of liquid wax in the end. After the design is sketched the dye will only take in the unwaxed parts of the pattern, so that it must be carefully put on. Some of the designs require weeks and months to complete, and the skirts when finished are almost as costly as an American gown. The strip of cotton in the beginning is perhaps worth 30 cents, but in the hands of a fine artist it may be so printed that it becomes worth \$50 or more. The commoner designs sell for \$2 or \$3, but there are many which are very expensive.

Hard on the Eyes. The work is very hard on the eyes, and I noticed that many of the women had spectacles. Some of these sarongs are printed by machinery, but the hand-made ones are more beautiful and are in great demand. There are streets in the bazaars which sell nothing else. Those worn by the men are much the same as those of the women, and there are millions of such skirts sold every year. The Sultan of Solo controls all executions, and, to a large extent, all the punishments of his people. His control, however, is more nominal than real. There is a Dutch resident Governor here who tells his majesty how he should act, and the Dutch really run all the courts and impose the fines. I saw 20 men and women with ropes around their necks all tied together awaiting trial the other day in front of one of the government offices. They were in charge of native policemen and were surrounded by natives, but the judge inside the court was a Dutchman, and it was he who imposed the fines. It was a curious sight. The 20 were roped together in such a way that one could not run without dragging the whole crowd after him. On the veranda in front of them were native scribes in turbans and sarongs, with kris-like swords in their belts at the back. These were the clerks of the court. Each had a great pile of coppers beside him, the collections of fines and the funds for making the change. The veranda was filled with natives of various ranks. I made my way through the crowd and was admitted to the courtroom. The Judge was a good-looking Hollander, dressed in white duck, with a handsome young native in turban and sarong squatting on the floor near his feet. The native was the prosecutor and interpreter. As I waited a criminal was summoned. He was made to crawl in on his heels and he sat on his heels while he was cross-examined, the witnesses coming in and sitting on their heels about him.

More Father Than Judge. As far as I could see, the Dutch Judge did his best to get at the truth. He was looked up to more as a father than a Judge, and this is the relation that the Government tries to maintain with the people. The cases were petty ones. No fine of more than \$10 was imposed during my stay in the courtroom, and some of the fines were but a few cents. One man had been out without a lantern. A jealous woman was arrested for an assault upon her lover, and a very pretty girl was sent to prison for petty larceny. I watched the clerks paying the witnesses. They received 2 cents for each mile they had traveled in coming to the court, and were paid in coppers.

The Sultan of Solo has a large revenue. Everything in the country nominally belongs to him. He owns all the lands and rents out a large part of them to foreign planters. He receives 125,000 guildens a month from the Dutch Government, and a great deal from his own people. He can levy taxes with the approval of the Dutch resident, and he keeps up a little army of his own. He has a troop of 20 cavalry of Dutch soldiers, which always forms his escort, and which would, in case of trouble with the Dutch, promptly capture him and take him prisoner, for they are really the servants of the Dutch. The Sultan has vast treasures in gold and jewels. His women are gorgeous in silver and gold, and the Princes and

Princesses wear diamonds galore. He has his own zoological garden and his stables contain the finest of horses. The states of Djokja and Solo are in the richest part of Java, and they practically belong to their Sultans. The Sultan of Djokja gets 30,000 guilden a month in money rents. He leases his lands out to foreigners on 30-year leases. The same is done by the Sultan of Solo. In these leases the Sultans engage that the natives of the vicinity shall work for the planters one day a week without pay. This is on condition that the rice land, consisting of half the rented estates, shall belong to them.

According to custom, half the land shall be planted in sugar and half in rice and native food crops. These crops are alternated every year, so that there is a rotation, which is best for both planter and native. The contractor knows that he is to get but half the land at one time, and the rent is arranged accord-

ingly. The people work the lands as villagers and communities, dividing the crops. While cultivating rice, they have their own head men, but on the sugar plantations they are governed by the planters' overseers, and he uses them practically as he pleases. Each planter has his own watchmen, furnished free by the Sultan. In case of fault, he can only punish through the Sultan, or rather the resident. A large part of the labor is free at least one day in seven. This is due to the Sultan as a tax, and he transfers it to the planters. The hours of work are from 5 to 6, with two hours off at noon.

The planters live in great state, and when the Sultan visits them they spend large sums in his entertainment. I recently visited a sugar factory, the lands about which were leased of his majesty. The factor expected to have the Sultan go over his plantation, and he was anxious to make a good impression upon him.



HIS MAJESTY THE SULTAN OF SOLO



DUTCH RESIDENT AND CROWN PRINCE AND TRAIN GUARD OF THE SULTAN



JAVANESE CRIMINALS LABELLED FOR JAIL

He had put up a pavilion at the railroad station as a sort of a rest house for the Sultan, and had erected triumphal arches along the line of march. I was told that his majesty's entertainment would cost at least \$1000, and that there would be parties, receptions and other gay doings. While I was on the estate one of the Sultan's officials came out to look into the arrangements for the imperial entertainment. As the official stepped from the railroad car one of his servants held a great umbrella over him to shield him from the sun. Another followed, carrying his sword; another with his spear, while the fourth came along bearing his cane. The official was in his bare feet, and the contrast between his gorgeous retinue and his own slovenly appearance was striking.

It is a striking commentary on the excellence of the Dutch rule in Java that the natives of the two states ruled by Sultans are much poorer than those of the states governed almost entirely by the Dutch. The most of the people here dress in blue cotton. They are so poor they cannot wear the beautiful printed goods they make, although their manufactures are sold in the other states. Indeed the women of the lower classes are very beasts of burden. I see them everywhere walking along under heavy loads. They carry fruits and vegetables to market on their backs and on poles over their shoulders. They work in the fields and they are the porters of the markets. The women do the most of the selling in the markets. They peddle about all kinds of wares, and have meat shops, dry goods stores, basket stores and vegetable booths. The druggists are females, the jewelers are females, and, in fact, the most of the business seems to be done by women.

Just outside the palace city in Djokjakarta there are a score or more booths where women sell jewelry and powder and paint to the women and others who go in and out of the palace. They sell also costly sarongs and other articles. I tried to buy a few specimens as curios, but found that the women were entirely too shrewd traders for my limited purse. The women are equally shrewd here at Solo. There are thousands of them doing business in the markets. These consist of vast sheds divided up into booths and of open courts covered with great umbrellas made of palm leaves with long handles driven down into the ground. Every market woman carries her umbrella to the spot she has rented and plants it. She then spreads straw mats about it, and arranges her wares upon them, leaving space enough for herself to squat among them cross-legged. The umbrella shades her and it is made so that it can be inclined to face the sun. There are hundreds of such umbrellas in the market place.

Field of Umbrellas. Stroll with me through the great court and take a look at them. We are in a field which seems to be growing umbrellas, and under each umbrella is a black-haired, yellow-faced woman surrounded

by piles of various articles. Here is one squatting down among green corn, string beans and other vegetables. There is one selling tobacco, and farther on is one who has nothing but corn husks to be used for cigarette paper. On the opposite side of me is a girl selling tea. Her stock is piled up on a mat in front of her and she is measuring it out with a little coconut shell. I point to the shell and ask how much and she replies 2 cents, using the Javanese language.

What a lot of fruit peddlers there is everywhere. Here is one at my feet with a heap of pineapples before her. The pineapples are dead ripe. They are just fresh from the fields and the rich color of the fruit fills the air. I pick up one of the largest and the girl tells me it is worth five Javanese cents, equal to 2 cents American. As she talks, I make a note of her dress. She is clad like hundreds of other women in the market and is a fair type of the maidens of Solo. Her complexion is the color of rich Jersey cream. Her hair is black, long and straight. It is greasy with oil, and is combed tightly back from her forehead and tied in a knot under the crown. Her ear lobes are filled with brass plugs as thick as my thumb, the outer end of each plug set with red and white glass to imitate rubies and diamonds. She has on a blue cotton jacket and a sarong. Her jacket is open at the front, and I see the blue breast band, which she, in common with all her sex here, wears bound tightly about the body just under the arms.

Another fruit which is sold is the papaya, much like a muskmelon, which you eat with a spoon. It is a great digestant and will help you with any other stuff you have eaten. Then there is the Jack fruit, a single pear of which would fill a peck measure and weigh from 20 to 40 pounds. There are pineapples, which look like rich red apples, but which are as white as snow on the inside, and taste like strawberries and ice cream. There are great pomelos, oranges of all varieties, watermelons and muskmelons, as well as every fruit of the tropics. There is no land in the world which has better fruit than Java, and the best of all kinds comes to Solo.

FRANK G. CARPENTER.

ERRATIC COURSE OF BULLETS AFTER ENTERING HUMAN BODY.

The inability of the surgeons who attended President McKinley in his last illness to locate the fatal bullet, is, to a great extent, explained in the following article by Dr. George A. Leech, on the erratic course taken by bullets after entering the human body, and which is reproduced from the New York Journal. Dr. Leech has just returned from South Africa, where he acted as surgeon for the wounded of the British and Boer armies.

Some surprise has been manifested that gangrene should have developed in the case of President McKinley. The setting in of gangrene is one of the most natural sequences of bullet wounds. In the South African War and also in the Spanish-American War there were no cases of severe wounds where death ensued, in

which gangrene had not first developed. When once a bullet strikes the human body and enters the flesh its course becomes a matter of mystery. So many things may deflect it, its progress is influenced by so many different forces, that one need not be surprised to find it anywhere but in the place it is most looked for. A bullet may be fired point-blank into a body and in such a manner that its course, to all appearances, cannot be otherwise than straight. Yet post-mortem examinations have shown that these very bullets have taken circuitous routes through the tissues, organs and even bones of the body. During my surgical practice in South Africa with the Boer and British armies, I came upon many anomalies in the courses of missiles. One

case which came under my attention was most remarkable.

A soldier was struck in the temporal region of the skull. There was a small entering wound on the right side of the head. On the left side, almost opposite to that on which the bullet had apparently penetrated the skull, was a large exit wound.

On close examination of this wound, however, a most remarkable condition presented itself. It was found that the bullet had not even penetrated the skull. Striking a bony part at an acute angle, the missile had glanced around the head in a circular track, keeping under the skin, until it reached a point opposite to its entry. It then broke through the skin and departed. The soldier got well.

Another remarkable head wound came under my notice after the Battle of Elandsdaggte. A soldier had his mouth open and was shouting an order. A bullet struck him in the right cheek, passed through his mouth between the jaws without touching one of them, and then passed out of the left cheek. The wound was clean and soon healed. Had, however, the man had his mouth shut, the whole of the lower portion of his skull would have been blown off and he would doubtless have died.

In my ward I had the case of a soldier who was struck by a bullet on the left side of the helmet. The bullet tore the helmet open, entered the muscles covering the temporal bone, was deflected by the malor bone and passed out through the skin beneath. There was no injury of any sort excepting at the points of entrance and exit from the muscular tissue. I showed this case personally to Lord Roberts, who was surprised at how little damage had been done. The erratic course of the bullet was due, no doubt, to the fact that the soldier was lying down, and the impact of the bullet against the curved dome of the helmet changed its course so radically that it was rendered harmless in its further course. Gunshot wounds of the limbs and head are not nearly so dangerous as those of the trunk. Penetrating wounds of the abdomen are usually attended with great mortality. Some authorities say that the mortality from penetrating wounds of the abdomen is about 50 per cent, while other

give a somewhat lower figure. According to the statistics of the Franco-German War, there were 575 cases of penetrating abdominal wounds. More than 75 per cent of these cases resulted in death. In the case of few soldiers who recovered it was found that the wounds had not completely penetrated vital portions of the abdominal region. In passing, it might be noted that there were more recoveries in cases which were not operated upon than in those in which an operation was deemed necessary. According to F. W. Stevenson, who has written a work called "Wounds in War," penetrating wounds of the abdomen are the most fatal class of injury known to surgery. Colonel Stevenson, who was principal

medical officer on Lord Roberts' staff and made a notable record in the British-Boer War in South Africa, is a well-known authority on the great fatality attending penetrating gunshot wounds of the abdomen. Speaking of the courses of bullets through the body, one would naturally suppose that where the tissues are so soft—as in the abdominal region—there would be very little deflection. As a matter of fact, however, it is here that almost as much deflection occurs as in parts of the body where bony structures predominate. In former times it was believed that bullets developed a natural poison. In modern times the poison idea has been scouted among the best surgeons.

PHOTOGRAPHS OF BULLETS TAKEN FROM THE BODIES OF WOUNDED SOLDIERS IN SOUTH AFRICA.

