

# WHAT WE CAN LEARN FROM THE DUTCH

FRANK G. CARPENTER POINTS OUT JAVA AS AN OBJECT LESSON FOR DEVELOPING THE PHILIPPINES.

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BATAVIA, Java, July 30.—In this my last letter from Java I wish to mention a number of curious little things I have heard and seen in this out-of-the-way part of the world. I might write for a year and not describe half of the colonies the Dutch have in the East Indies. I hear of new people and new islands every day, and such as I visit are more strange than the stories told of them.

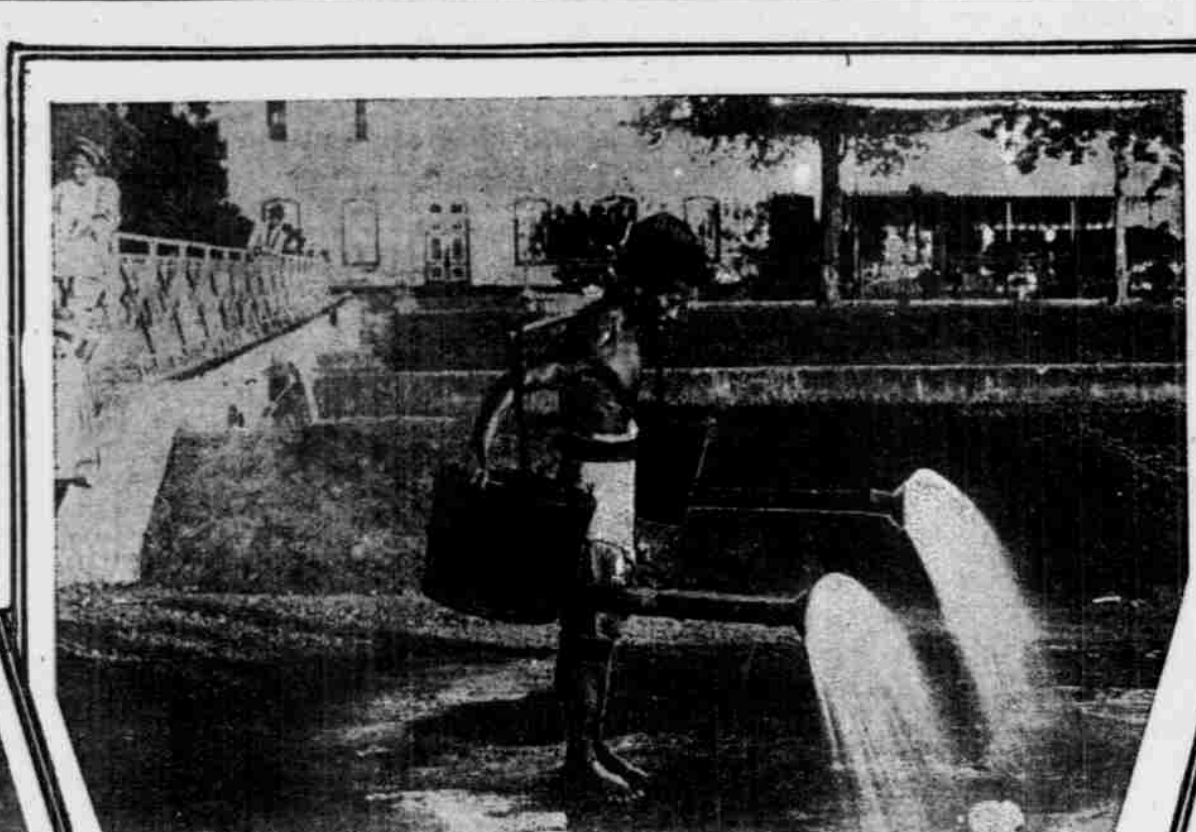
A ship which has just arrived at Batavia has brought a New Zealand mining engineer from the Celebes. He has been in the employ of the Dutch government, and has spent the last few years in investigating the mineral possibilities of different Dutch islands. He tells me he finds traces of gold almost everywhere, but so far none in paying quantities.

## The Celebes Islands.

I chatted with him for some time about the Celebes. These islands lie almost directly south of the Sulu Archipelago, so near, indeed, that they might be called our neighbors. The Celebes, which is the name of the largest island, is bigger than

meas here in Java, but the best trees are found in Ambonia. In the Banda Islands, the Moluccas and other parts of the Dutch East Indies. There are also plantations in Sumatra and Borneo. The trees in the Moluccas are planted and cultivated. They grow in the shade and require somewhat the same care as our apple trees. Indeed, the nutmeg tree looks just like an apple tree and its fruit is not unlike an apricot or peach.

The tree does not begin to bear until it is ten years old, but after this, if it is properly cared for, it may last a century. A good tree should produce about three pounds of nutmegs and one pound of mace, and at this yield the business is profitable. The fruit ripens several times a year and you sometimes see blossoms and fruit on a tree at the same time. As the nutmegs ripen the pulp, which is about half an inch thick, breaks and shows the nut encased by a network of mace. In preparing the fruit for the market the pulpy outside is thrown away and the nuts are dried slowly in ovens. There are about a million and a half pounds of nutmegs exported from the Dutch East Indies every year and something like \$50,000 pounds of mace. I have investigated the chances for Amer-



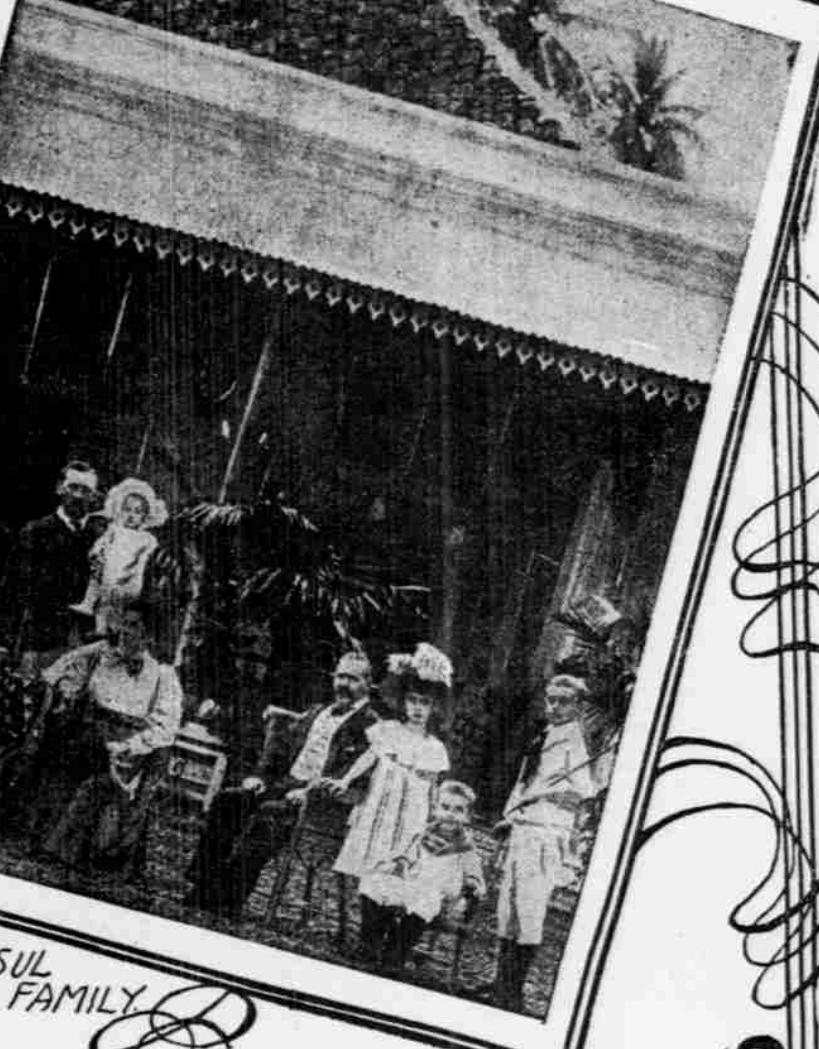
THE WATER-WORKS OF BATAVIA, JAVA.



IN THE CELEBES SOME TRIBES WEAR BARK BRELO CLOTHING.

AMBOINA IS A LAND OF NUTMEGS.

OUR CONSUL AND HIS FAMILY.



any of the Philippines, and it has a coast line of enormous extent. It is shaped much like an octopus, with feelers reaching out in every direction. It has more land than the State of Missouri, and from end to end in its longest part it is about 500 miles. The natives are very wild in some sections and semi-civilized in others. The Dutch have coffee plantations in the civilized sections. They have had possession of the country for 200 years, but have done little with it.

The most prominent settlement is that of Makassar, at the southern end of the island. Here the Dutch steamers stop. There are several business houses and the chief exports of the archipelago come from there. I asked the engineer something about the town. He says it has many Chinese and Arabs, but very few Europeans. The people are Mohammedans and they have a way of running amok as they do in the Philippines.

Very little of the Celebes is explored. This engineer spent many weeks without seeing a white man and at times found it very dangerous. He describes the country as rich in the extreme, and says that the coffee plantations which have recently been set out in the north are doing well. He tells me that the natives have many tribes and languages, and the different tribes cannot understand one another. In one section the chief natives wear breech cloths of bark. They take the bark of a certain tree and soak it, and then beat it out with mallets until it is very thin. When dry it is glossy, and will withstand the rain.

This man spent some time in the Moluccas. He knows all about cloves and spices, and tells wonderful stories of the nutmeg plantations. There are some nut-

meas here and I should not advise the ignorant among our people to come to Java to live. The foreigners of this part of the world are men of fine education. They are usually college bred, and it is rare to find a man who cannot speak three languages. The Dutch officials in most cases speak half a dozen, and the higher classes of the natives two or more. There is no place where one so much needs to know the customs of refined society, and no place where matters of etiquette are more rigidly observed. It is impossible to travel comfortably and see anything of the people without dress suits and dinner gowns. This is so in every settlement of the far East from Yokohama to Hong Kong and from Singapore to Australia. In the most out of the way parts of the least known islands you are liable to find a planter who puts on a swallow-tail coat for every dinner and whose wife would rather resent your coming to the table without one.

## All a Matter of Custom.

Notwithstanding this, the same woman would think nothing of your traveling around through the house in the early morning in your pajamas or sitting on the veranda in your bare feet and a sarong. In fact, she would do the same thing herself.

This is so more in Java than anywhere else. The women come not only to early breakfast but to the noon lunches in a state of dishevelment that would insure their summary dismissal from any of our seaside hotels. I remember one stately dame who sat next me at dinner last night, and whom I met again this morning. As she appeared in the evening she made me think of a dowager queen. She was

clad in a soft gray silk, which looked as though it came from Paris. Her hair was a la pompadour, and her well-laced-in form, though a bit over plump, was not unhandsome. She wore diamonds in her ears, at her neck and in her hair. She was vivacious and her conversation was charming. Indeed, I came early to breakfast, hoping that I might see her again. I did see her and such a sight. If I had had a fan I really should have hidden my face behind it to conceal my blushes. The stately figure had disappeared, and in its place were the flabby outlines of a fat old woman hunched up on a chair. I could see the gross layers of adipose tissue plainly through her thin cambrio jacket, which was half open at the neck. Below the jacket a gorgeous sarong of bag of red and black calico was draped. I might almost say panted about her enormous hips and well-developed stomach. It fell within six inches of her bare ankles, which, as she sat there over her coffee and hard-boiled eggs, her bare feet resting on the toes of her heeled slippers, were plainly visible. They were not pretty ankles and the sight rather disgusted me. Such a costume may be all right for the tropics, but it is to be hoped that it will never be adopted by the American ladies of the Philippines.

## Land of Good Hotels.

The contrast between the hotels of Java and those of the Philippines is striking. Outside of Manila there is hardly a hotel of any size in all the Philippine Islands, and the hotels in Manila are uniformly poor. Here there are good houses everywhere, and where there are no regular hotels there are government rent houses where one can stay at low cost. The

average hotel rate is about \$2 a day, and never more than \$2. For this you have coffee or tea in the morning, as early as 5 o'clock, if you wish. A breakfast at 9 or 10, luncheon at 12:30 and dinner at about 8. No one dines early, and after dinner but few people go out.

The rooms at the hotels are usually good. All are on the ground floor and nearly all face verandas, each guest using that part of the veranda in front of his own room. The beds are hard—a desirable thing in the tropics—and every bed has an extra bolster or Dutch wife. The stuffed mattress is round, and she never kicks on cold feet. She is about five feet in length, about 12 inches in diameter, and so packed with cotton that she is perfectly hard. In the warm nights of the tropics this forms an excellent support for one arm and one leg, thus aiding ventilation.

Very few of the hotels have electric lights, and in the interior there is no gas in the rooms. Every guest has a night lamp, a tumbler half full of water with an inch of coconut oil on top. In the oil is a sort of tin whistle, with a wick running through it. The whistle floats and the wick burns all night without a smell, giving a light equal to that of a flickering candle. I usually insisted upon having a lamp in my room, but when I got it I had to pay 20 cents a day extra.

There are very few Yankees in Java. The Standard Oil Company has offices in Batavia, Samarang and Soerba. There are one or two large coffee-exporting firms, and now and then a commercial traveler or so. Our Consul, Mr. B. S. Ralston, has lived in Java for many years, and he is very efficient. He was long Vice-Consul, but President McKinley elevated him to the head of the Consulate. He has a wide acquaintance among the Dutch

and the better class natives. He speaks Dutch, and understands well how to deal with the people. He is at the same time an enthusiastic American, and is doing what he can to advance the interests of the United States.

## Samples of Dutch Inquisitiveness.

It is important that our Government be well represented here. The officials are highly educated, and they are, as a rule, able men. The people are inquisitive, and as the foreign colony is small every one knows all about his neighbor. Batavia is a large city, but as far as its European population is concerned, it is little more than a village, and the people are quite as village-like in asking questions. An American connected with one of our large monopolies doing business here gave me some of his experiences. Said he:

"When I first came to Batavia I was asked by a Dutchman how much salary I got. I told him bluntly that I thought that was none of his business, whereupon he replied: 'Well, if you won't answer I will ask the head of the house.' I afterward heard that he did so, and I am sure he eventually found out what I was getting."

There is little possibility of any one keeping such matters a secret. The government collects an income tax on all salaries, and even the government officials have to pay. The assessment is about equal to 5 per cent, and you have to declare your salary to the collector of taxes. Your declaration is filed in the recorder's office, and the government clerks allow the information to go out.

I am surprised to find daily newspapers away out here south of the equator. There are plenty of them. Every town of any

size has its big paper. There are 26 published in the Dutch colonies. There are six in Sumatra, three in the Celebes and 17 in Java, five printed in the Malay and Javanese languages, and 12 in Dutch. The largest circulation is that of the Batavian news sheet, which comes out every afternoon, and the most important, perhaps, is the Javasehe Courant, the official organ of the Dutch government, which is issued from the government printing office, where all the government books and papers are published. This establishment issues the school books, printing them in different native languages. It publishes notices in Chinese, Javanese and Arabic, as all proclamations have to be put forth in four or five different languages.

I have chatted with the official publishers, and also with the editors of the different newspapers as to how the Dutch are treating the natives. They have changed their policy during recent years. For a long time they ran Java exclusively for themselves, but they are now running it more for the Javanese. They are trying to educate the people and to give them modern ideas. Many fear that education will spoil the people as workers, but they say they must educate them notwithstanding. They look upon the Javanese

as part of the white man's burden, which they wish to carry as creditably as any of the other nations of Europe.

Many of the natives are already well educated. I have written of the native schools. They are found everywhere, and the number of students steadily increases. The leading native officials speak the Dutch and Javanese languages. There are natives in private business who have had good educations. There are some doctors who have taken a medical college course and been awarded diplomas. They are licensed by the government to practice, and they do a great deal of work among the natives. Native doctors are used in all the hospitals, and they are to be found everywhere occupying different medical positions under the government.

## We Can Learn From the Dutch.

There is no doubt but that our Government can learn much here as to the development of the Philippines. The Dutch have scientifically developed Java. Within a few years they have increased its population from 6,000,000 to 25,000,000, and at the same rate the Philippine Islands could support a population equal to that of the whole United States. The Dutch have all sorts of experimental farms and gardens here. They have the finest botanical gardens of the world at Buitenzorg, and in it every sort of tree and plant that will grow in the tropics. They have some of the best botanists and agriculturists in their employ, and they are always testing the different varieties of soil for tea, coffee and other plants.

It was through the Dutch officials that the immense tea, coffee and quinine plantations have been built up. A hundred lippies. If this is done, it must be by

good salaries. The Dutch pay their colonial officials more than we are paying our men in the Philippines, and salaries of \$10 a week in the higher places are not uncommon. There are natives here who are getting \$25 a week, and school teachers who are getting \$150 to \$200 per month.

I don't know that the Philippines could be ruled through their own people as the Dutch rule Java, but I should think it might be possible on some of the islands, such as those of the Sulu Archipelago and Mindanao. The Javanese are not unlike the Moros in some respects. They are Mohammedans, and they are ruled by their chiefs. For a long time they had slavery among them, and it was late in the '90s before it was abolished, the government paying each owner a certain amount for his slaves. The prices varied according to age from \$20 to \$100, the latter sum being paid for able-bodied men.

A great deal has been published about the terrible oppression of the Javanese by the Dutch. This may have been the case in the past. It is not so now. The natives have to do police duty and work on the roads in lieu of taxes, and some of them are employed in the government plantations, but no one labors for any time without pay, except when doing work for his taxes. There is no doubt but that the people are far better off than those of India or China, and the island is more thickly populated than either of those countries. There is no poverty to speak of. I have not seen a score of beggars in my several thousand miles of travel in different parts of the island. There have been no revolutions for years, and, as far as I can see, the people are, from an Oriental standpoint, both prosperous and content.

FRANK G. CARPENTER.

## Substitute for Pockets • Artistic

and Practical Bags Carried by the Gentler Sex.

Heine's grave has a monument at last. Greatest of German poets since Goethe, idolized by his countrymen, his memory kept ever fresh in the hearts of Teutons by favorite poems, Heinrich Heine has no monument in all the Kaiser's dominion. It remained for the late Empress of Austria to erect a marble testimonial to the genius she admired, although he had humiliated her family by the person of Ludwig I of Bavaria. She purposed placing it in Düsseldorf, the natal city of the lyric poet, but the Kaiser frowned upon the project. The minister had varied his sweet songs with vitriolic outpourings that were caustic to the powers that ruled in Germany, and the wounds were still smarting. The royal admirer, who, though a woman, could forgive, set up the memorial in the grounds of her own palace. This tribute, according to the cable of the past week, has been transferred to Paris and placed over the lonely grave in the cemetery of Montmartre. Nearly 50 years have passed since death came to the relief of the poet who had been "nailed in his coffin" for eight agonizing years, and his glory has grown brighter with each flying year, but this is the only marble shaft erected to his memory.

Though an exile from his native land for 25 years, Heine poured forth an unceasing stream of prose and poetry that has shed lustre on the literature of his fatherland, and the children of his fertile genius are a more enduring monument than marble slab or granite shaft. Erratic was his career, stained was his life, bitter were his criticisms, but under the spell of his exquisite verse much is for-

given. Wherever Germans foregather there will the musical lines of Heine be heard and hearts melt under the influence of his spirit.

Heine's best-known poem is doubtless "The Lorelei," and students of German may be glad to acquire this clever translation of it, which, so far as known, appears in the works of the numerous works of German translators.

I know not what it may mean today, That I am to grief inclined; There's a song of a stren, an old world lay, That I cannot get out of my mind.

The air is cool, and the twilight gray, And peacefully flows the Rhine; On the ridge of the cliff at the close of the day The rays of the sunset shine.

There sits a maiden richly dight And wonderfully fair; Her golden bracelets glisten bright As she combs her golden hair.

And as she combs her locks so bright, She sings a charming song; 'Tis sweet, yet hath a powerful might, And 'tis echoing far away.

A sailor floats down in his skiff on the Rhine, That carol awakes his grief; He sees on the cliff the last sunbeams shine, But they hang down their heads on the German frontier.

The news from their fatherland learneth.

For there they both heard the sorrowful tale That France was by fortune forsaken; That her mighty army was scattered like hail, And the Emperor, the Emperor taken.

Then there wept together the grandfathers, The sorrowful story learning, And one said: "Oh, woe!" as the news he hears, "How I feel my old wound burning."

The other said: "The song is sung, And I wish that we both were young, But at home I've a wife and child—they're both young."

On me, and me only, relying—"Oh, what is my wife or child to me! Deeper wants all my spirit have shaken, Let them beg, let them beg, should they hun-

My Emperor, my Emperor taken! "But I beg you, brother, if by chance You soon shall see me dying, Then take my corpse with you back to France—Let it ever in France be lying."

"The cross of honor with crimson band Shall rest on my heart as it bound me, Give me my musket in my hand, And buckle my sword around me."

"And there I will lie and listen still, In my sentry-cabin staying, Till I feel the thundering cannon's thrill, And horses trampling and neighing."

"Then my Emperor shall ride well over my grave."

Mid sabers bright flashing and smiling, And I'll rise all weaponed up out of my grave, For the Emperor, the Emperor fighting."

Heine is the poet of love. Though much of his work has a carnal taint, there is an abundance of pure sentiment expressed in the tenderness of terms, and his writings have exercised a great influence on German literature. Born of Jewish parents in 1797, he was trained to business in the bank of his uncle Salomon at Hamburg, but he detested business and in 1819 went to Bonn to study law. He left soon for Berlin, where he made the acquaintance

of many celebrated writers and studied literature and philosophy. He issued his first book of poems in 1822, but it attracted little attention, and he went to Göttingen, where he took his degree in law in 1825. Returning to Berlin he published two plays, both unsuccessful, and then took to traveling.

It was his "Reisebilder" ("Pictures of Travel"), published in Hamburg from 1826 to 1831, that first brought Heine fame. He ridiculed the social, political and literary weaknesses of his time with an audacity that amazed the public, while it was charmed by the vivacity, sprightliness and wit of the young writer. Very few works have caused such a sensation in Germany. Heine published a new edition of his poems, and the world awoke to their manifold beauties.

His free criticism of the institutions of the time won him the animosity of the Prussian authorities, and in 1831 he concluded it expedient to quit his native land for Paris. It has been asserted that the Prussian Government gave him a strong hint to leave.

In Paris Heine plunged into many excesses, but his pen was never idle. He sang of love, he dealt in satire, he denounced of German literature, and all he did was of a high order. For 12 years he received a pension of \$800 from the French Government, which was cut off by the revolution of 1848. In 1847 he was seized with the malady which ended his life in 1856. During those years paralysis, blindness and spinal diseases filled his days and nights with torture, but his pen would not be silenced. He dictated his poems, and he never let his mother suspect his affliction. It has been asserted that Heine was baptized as a Lutheran in 1825, but for many years he rallied at all religions. In his last years he seems to have resumed something of a religious faith.

## Tribute to Heinrich Heine • Monument to His Memory, but

Not in His Native Land.

A pocketless woman is a peaceless woman. So much was settled long ago, although women have gone on meekly submitting to the state of Dame Fashion and wearing garments so cut as to render pockets impossible. Progressive women some time since decided, however, that they would neither be pocketless nor unfashionable any longer. So many and varied are the pocket substitutes brought out this season that women of every possible taste, opinion and income may be provided with an "automatic reminder" as a clever woman once called her pocket, with surely no trouble at all.

These pocket substitutes range all the way from the plain, time-honored leather chateleines or Boston bags to the distinctly "reception pockets" imaginable. The chateleines of crocheted beadwork which last winter took the hearts of innumerable women by storm, are more popular than ever; the designs brought out for these bags are remarkably handsome and attractive. The tops and clasps for the adjustable pockets of all kinds are fast becoming a thing of the past. The really good tops of gold, silver, oxidized silver, aluminum, or any of the standard metals, will last forever. Some of them are prettier enough to be handed down from mother to daughter as heirlooms. Many women are very careful of the designs and metals chosen on this account, and because a good top may be fitted out with innumerable bags one after the other. Nothing comes amiss with gold or silver of a good design, and the dainty monogram or center initial may be put to a variety of uses also; so the velvet opera bag of this season may be replaced by a bag of steel, aluminum, or jet beads later, and, later again, may shine forth bravely

as the exquisite finishing touch and complement of the silken receptacle in which it carries her fan and locket, and so on.

"When in doubt, buy a bead bag or chateleine, might be taken for a good pocket motto now. The 'silken woman' will take care to have at least one of these dainty trifles among her belongings, because they 'go with everything,' and are practically everlasting for wear."

Next to the out-and-out bags or chateleines come the new leather bags intended to carry, not to hang to the belt. These were popular in England several years ago, and are now becoming quite general in America. Chame bags may be met, round or of the old-time chateleine shape. They are roomy and have pockets for railway tickets, handkerchiefs and all the rest of the small articles which are lost so easily. These bags are sometimes made up of the tailor cloths and materials. They are very new, these latter, and are exceedingly neat.

Regular little chateleine pockets of the gown materials, with stitches, flaps, straps and finishings, are also new this winter, and may be heartily recommended for the occasions when a bright bag may seem too glittering. The trim little pockets are lined with silk to match the coat or bodice lining, and are finished by a small plain clasp or button.

Coin purses—with the word "pocket" attached to them somehow, in deference to the prevailing "pocket" idea—are numerous and attractive this winter. One of the prettiest shown is formed of two flat sides of chame or velvet, cut in the shape of a tall pitcher. The lower edges are sewed to a small circle of covered cardboard, so that the little pitcher might almost be induced to stand up. A silver

ring confines the top of the purse sufficiently to keep the coins from falling out. This ring goes under the top of the pitcher handle, which is made of the pitcher material. Through the handle is slipped the finger which keeps the purse with its owner.

The dainty "reception pockets" are made of the dress materials also, and very pretty they are. Some of them are beaded with beads and passementeries, some with gay embroidery. Some are made almost entirely of the fascinating beadwork. Sometimes these pockets consist of a simple bag, drawn up with delicate ribbons; sometimes they are literal pockets, shirred to a silken-covered cardboard foundation. Nearly always there is a flat pocket at the back for the railway ticket or invitation, which is sometimes so necessary yet so inconvenient to carry. Nearly all of these reception pockets are daintily perfumed.

Then there are the pretty pockets of soft leather or suede, in brown, green, gray, black, or any color fancied. Most of these bags have a little bright beading to relieve and illuminate them, and all have the gold or silver tops. Larger adjustable pocket bags are made of dressed leather or chamol skin with initials, monograms or other designs made by pyrography. And last, but not least, come the "travelling pockets" made of two plain, double circles of leather, stitched plainly together, and with the one slipped inside the other. Each double circle has an opening, and the plan of operation consists simply of twisting the opening of the inner or smaller circle around until it coincides with that in the outer circle, when the money or other contents of the pocket are needed, and twisting it back again when the pocket is to be closed.