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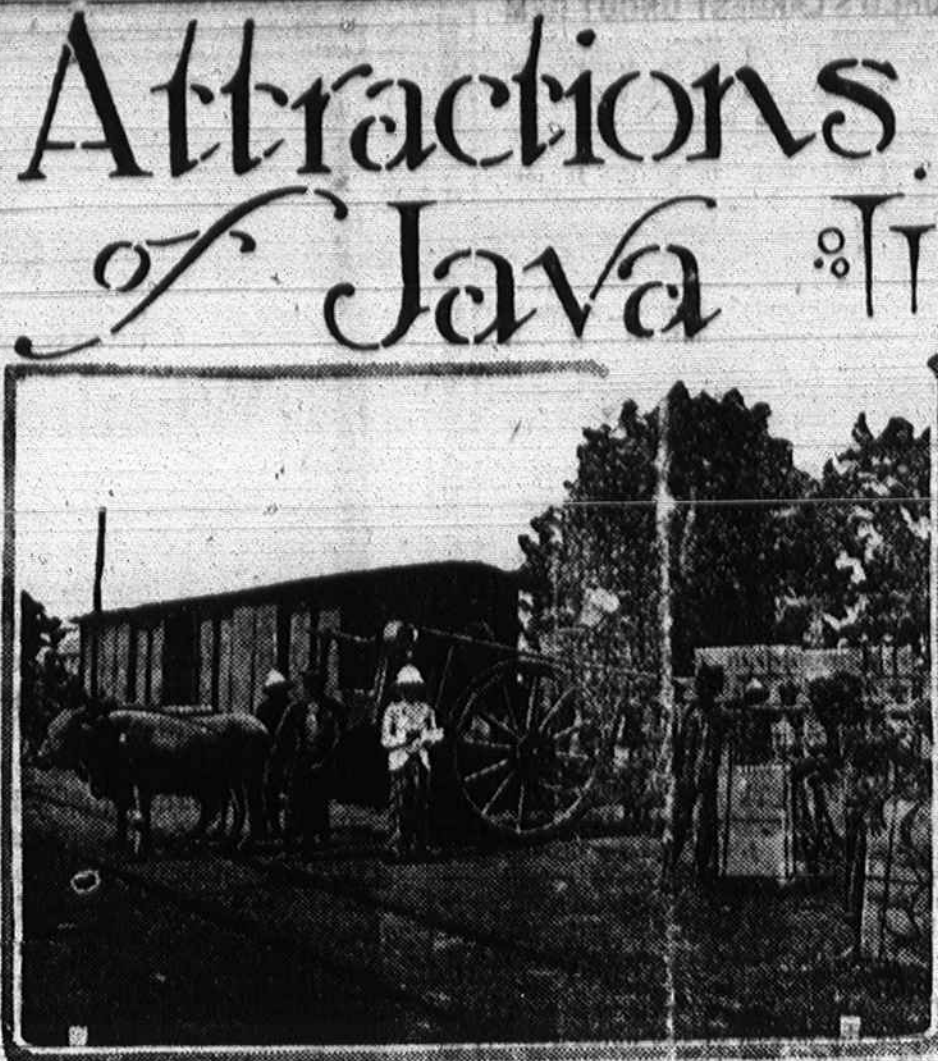
SEASON JUNE TO OCTOBER

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Personal Interview at The Kirkwood



Unloading Goods at Soerabaya.

IT IS very easy to enter Java, says a writer in the New York Sun. Tourists are welcomed cordially and the customs officials are efficient about it, so that the first impression of Java is pleasant. Some say that it is just as easy to get out of as into Java, hinting that the Dutch resent misbehavior and unfair criticism and that undesirable visitors are sometimes requested to leave forthwith.

Most visitors land at Tandjong Priok, the harbor for Batavia, about seven miles from the city. This harbor was built between 1877 and 1886, and was considered one of the finest colonial harbors in the world until some of the British harbors excelled, and now the Dutch are re-establishing their claim for this distinction with the harbor construction at Soerabaya. Despite the fact that there are two harbors, outer and inner, the commerce of Batavia has really outgrown the facilities offered by the present harbor works.

The outer harbor has a depth of 26 feet, and is protected by two breakwaters, each 6,000 feet in length. The inner harbor is some 3,500 feet long and over 500 feet wide, with quays on each side. The east quay has coaling sheds. The piers are of concrete construction, with spur tracks from the railway. The cost of this harbor was over \$10,500,000.

Protected From Crocodiles.

About a quarter of an hour's drive from Tandjong, in one of those funny antiquated hacks drawn by ponies, is "Pettit Trouville," where sea bathing may be enjoyed. The bathing pool is inclosed to keep out crocodiles and is probably perfectly safe, but I have seen fences on land give way before a rushing bull and a convenient tree provided the protection which the fence failed to give. So I refrained from enjoying the security of the fenced-in pool. A crocodile is fully as powerful and as fast as an infuriated bull, and he is just as immune to reason. The Dutch have not provided convenient trees as an extra safeguard, but most of them know the crocodiles by name and do not seem afraid of them. It is different with strangers.

The drive from Tandjong Priok to Batavia is a fitting prelude to a tour of Java. In this short drive, seven miles or so, is found the happy combination of good roads, an unsurpassed luxuriance of tropical vegetation and a kaleidoscopic whirligig of peoples, native and foreign, dressed in their own peculiar manners and going about their business in their individual ways.

All the way to Batavia the road runs along the canal, and along the canal are rice fields, coconut groves, native settlements and a new surprise at every turn of the way. Tall coconut palms reach out over the canal from the great groves along the banks. Nestled among them are the picturesque native houses with their bamboo woven sides and thatched roofs; overhead is the turquoise blue sky so peculiar to the tropics, and to intensify its blueness are the cotton clouds as motionless as the palms.

The Goat an Institution.

All this beauty is shown both above and below, for there in the canal is the reflection of the whole scene, even to the cattle, the sleek humped kind, the buffalo and the goats. We must not forget the goats. They are as inevitable as they are innumerable. Goats are to Java what dogs are to America. They run at will—are everybody's friend.

If there is a fight or a fire, they scamper about on the edge of the crowd. If a fire blows out, there they are, eagerly awaiting any scraps of rubber or cloth which may be thrown away. They are the comedians of metropolitan Java. In the provinces there the monkeys are as funny as at the zoo.

Well, this brings us to Java—and what of this land to which we have come? Was it Stubbs who said something to the effect that we must know what the past was if we are to appreciate the present? Java contains so many relics of the past that even a drive through Batavia indicates past centuries.

For hundreds of years before Co-

lumbus discovered America, Hindu influence was dominant in Java, and then the bol-sheviki came over from Arabia and messed things up. This was in 1477.

The Portuguese peeked in at one or two of the ports in 1511 and said: "Sh-h-h! Quiet now, fellows. We won't do a thing to this place." But they did.

How Spoils Were Divided.

From then until 1529, it was nip and tuck between the Spanish and the Portuguese as to who could rob the natives the more efficiently. The contest ended in a draw and a treaty gave rights of robbery in the Indies to the Portuguese and similar rights in the Philippines to the Spanish.

The Spanish got the best of the bargain, because they were not disturbed until 1898, while the poor Portuguese were kicked out of their territory by the Dutch in 1596, before they had half time to skin the natives.

Then the Dutch took over the noble work and drew up trading treaties for presentation to the natives. To all questions raised by the party of the second part one reply was used—"sign here." When the natives showed a reluctance the blunderbuss or long sword made the fairness of the treaty perfectly clear, as was customary among the conquerors of those early days.

Dutch Rule Now Kindly.

From then until 1895 Holland and England fought like country cousins over possession of the islands, and they finally whacked up and called quits. England took parts of Africa, all of Ceylon and spots along the China coast, but left the Indies to Holland, after taking a slice off Borneo and an end of New Guinea.

So we find the Dutch in possession of Java and through their courtesy we visit the island. Here we are in Batavia, a community of many peoples enjoying peace and prosperity under the kindly Dutch rule.

The first thing to find is a hotel. The finding impresses us with the individuality of the country.

On three sides of a square is a two-story building. Each room has a spacious veranda in front, facing the walkway which runs along the entire length of the hotel. On the veranda is a table and a big chair. If the chair had wheels and a top it would look like one of those victorias so much used by old ladies and small-town doctors, when the latter drove horses, charged a dollar for house visits, 50 cents for office calls and furnished the pills as a sort of premium.

Instead of the wheels and the top the chair has extension arms about four feet long, which swing out to provide an elevated footrest. The higher the temperature the more willing you are to sprawl as per the possibilities. It is on the veranda that guests are received and sloopen and soda is served. Great life.

Sun Provides Hot Showers.

At the back of the veranda is the bedroom for coolness a rugless, pictureless, cheerless place, with a skinny iron bed, covered by a canopy of net, sort of fortification against the mosquitoes. Notice, I say "sort of."

In every bed is a Dutch whoopee, it's quite proper! This lady thing is merely an elongated pillow, hard and round, upon which to rest one knee. This position is cooler for sleeping than to rest all on a level.

Out back of the rooms is another walkway used by the boys. Batavia may be anywhere from sixteen to sixty as to age, but just so long as they are servants, they are boys.

"Boy!" is the "call of the East." Somewhere along this walkway is the bathroom, one of the most popular recreation rooms in the hotel. The water is in a pen built up in one corner. On the floor are duck boards. Somewhere around is a tin or wooden bucket. The bath is taken by dipping water from the pen and pouring it where most desired. Very satisfying and refreshing.

Some hotels boast shower baths, supplied from a tank on the roof. A shower in the early morn is all right, but as early by midday and certainly by night, the sun has made the water too hot for comfort.

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