

JAVANESE WOMEN MARRY AT THE AGE OF TWELVE.



"THAT BABY" ASTRIDE THE HIPS OF HER TWELVE-YEAR-OLD MOTHER.

A SWEET COCOANUT PEDDLER OF DJOKJA.

A PORTER OF THE BAZAARS.

Frank G. Carpenter Says the Little Brown Girls of This Rich Island Are Almost as Lovable as the Picturesque Maidens of Japan—They Act as Bankers, Druggists and Tailors—Both Men and Women Are Plump, Well Shaped and Very Straight.

Special Correspondence of The Sunday Republic. Weltevreden, Java, July 21.—I want to tell you something about the little brown people of Java. They are the most lovable of all colored races outside of Japan, and even more quaint than the Japanese.

as to matters of etiquette, and are universally polite and well behaved. This is so of both sexes. They marry young, and old maids are almost unknown. Among the poorer classes the women do as much work as the men.

They Marry Young, and Old Maids Are Uncommon. The women marry very young. Girls are often mothers at 11 or 12 years of age, and old maids are almost unknown.

They are a cleanly people. Every Javanese takes his bath night and morning, and the bright cottons they wear are frequently scented. The little girls down there in the water have baglike skirts or sarongs wrapped tightly about their plump bodies just under the arms, and the rich golden brown of their shoulders shows out as they bend down at their work.

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Business Women Do Much Buying and Selling. Come with me to the bazaars and take a look at the business women of Java. They do the greater part of the buying and selling, and they are as sharp traders as you will find anywhere.

Druggists in Java Are Curious Little Sheds. Leaving the tailor shops, we go on to the drug stores. These are in little sheds

stores and the bazaars is that in the latter each counter has its own merchant, who owns the goods piled about him, and that there are hundreds of merchants selling the same kind of goods in the same place. Sometimes the bazaars cover acres. At Buitenzorg they are in the form of a hollow square, the roofs being upheld by white pillars. In the center of the square is a court filled with market men and women who have temporary roofs to shield them from the sun.

One section is given up to the cloth bazaars. Here the gayest of callouses hang on poles about the walls. There are blue, red and yellow goods of all kinds forming a striking background to the brown-faced, bare-ankled, bare-footed women, who sit there and sell. Farther on are the tailors. There are dozens of shops, each owned by a male or female dressmaker, who is working away. How an American tailor would laugh at the sight! They are using sewing machines, but the machines are all worked by hand, and they rest flat on boards on the floor, and not on stands, as with us.

Interesting Bazaars in the Markets of Djokja. Some of the most interesting bazaars I have seen in Java are those of Djokja. This is the capital of a state far in the interior, ruled by a Sultan, where the natives are much as they were centuries ago when the Dutch first came to the country.

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roofed with palm leaves upheld by poles of bamboo. In each shed is a table just about as big as a double bed and about as high from the ground. In the center of the table stands the druggist with her goods about her in little flat baskets. She sits with her feet under her, and in most cases chews tobacco or betel nuts as she sells. The baskets are of all sizes; they are filled with various kinds of roots, nuts and powders. One basket contains cotton bands, another has a white powder, and in others there are rose leaves, cloves, pepper, ginger, and every conceivable thing. As we wait a woman comes up with a baby who looks pale and sick. The druggist sizes the little one up with her eye and then gives the mother about a quart of various medicines and tells her to boil them up into tea for the sick infant.

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have nearly all of the stores which require money to operate, and they also are the pawnbrokers.

Women Porters and Laborers Have a Queer Cry. The Javanese women occupy a similar position to that of the women of Japan. You see them laboring in the fields, cultivating the rice, picking tea and coffee, and working at every trade along with the men.

The women are chief purchasers in the markets, and I venture to say the woman keeps the purse of the family. It seems odd to see women butchers, but there are scores of them in the Djokja bazaars. They squat cross-legged on mats behind tables a foot high loaded with mutton and beef in all sorts of chunks and slices. Each woman has a long, sharp-pointed knife, with which she cuts according to order. The scales are seldom used, and the meat is sold at so much a slice, little regard being paid to the part of the animal from where the meat comes.

Five Cents Will Buy a Meal for a Family. The purchases are everywhere exceedingly small. A nickel will buy a meal for a family, and a cent is the cost of many single articles. I stood one day and watched a woman buy some dried fish of a Chinese. The fish was cut up in pieces no larger than a postage stamp and about half an inch thick. The woman had picked out five of these pieces, examining them carefully to see that they were good. She finally put her hand on them and offered the merchant a cent. The Chinese took up the fish and wrapped it up in a banana leaf, leaving out one of the pieces. The woman refused to take it, and she fought for ten minutes in her efforts to get that extra piece, the value of which, reduced to our money was just one-fourth of a cent.

Pigeons Which Whistle Are Sold in the Markets. I stopped in the chicken market and found that I could buy a good pair of whistlers for a shilling, and they went to a shed where there were hundreds of cages of pigeons of all colors. The cages were of bamboo, each about as big around as a flour barrel and a foot or so high. Each cage was filled with pigeons, which were selling for 2 cents and upward a piece. The man who was peddling them was selling whistlers with them, to be tied to the tails of the pigeons, so that they might make a whistling noise as they flew through the air. This is one of the customs of Java. I saw the same thing done in North China, the whistles being fastened to the tails of the birds to scare off the hawk. I bought four little whistlers for 10 cents, and the Javanese maiden who sold them to me took out one of the birds and fastened a bright red whistle to the roots of its tail feathers to show me how they were used. The whistle is tied round one or more feathers, so that it stands upright in the tail, catching the wind as the bird flies, and making a shrill whistling noise. In the Djokja markets the women act as cashiers and bankers. In every bazaar I saw them squatting behind little tables, with pennies and half pennies and all sorts of silver and copper coins piled up before them. The chief business of these women is making change. They charge one cent or more for each golden, so that the lowest rate is 1 per cent. They are backed by the Chinese, who furnish the capital and pay them so much a day for their work. The Chinese, as I shall show later, do a large part of the retail business of Java. They



THE KAISER AND THE SULTAN.

This photograph of "the Young War Lord of Germany" and "the Sick Man of Europe" shows two of the Continent's most important monarchs in a very friendly attitude. Just now the Sultan is the object of France's most distinguished anxiety, and the Kaiser has been called upon to act as a mediator. It is said he will urge the Sultan to "pay up" and end the trouble which, in the minds of some, threatens to develop into war.

Java is their custom of chewing the betel and tobacco. As for smoking, I have seen women doing that in so many parts of the world that I have grown accustomed to it, and rather like to see the blue wreaths flowing from the ruby lips up into the air. It is different with chewing, especially the betel. This discolors the teeth, giving them the hue of varnish; it fills the mouth with a blood-red saliva and makes the tongue black. Tobacco chewing as done in Java is fully as bad. The women use enormous quids. I have seen girls with wads inside their mouths as big as the fist of a thirteen-pound baby. Sometimes the girl keeps the chew in her cheek and sometimes she allows it to glide out to her lips, holding it there between the teeth, while at others, mixed with saliva in a sort of mush, it placidly rests between her lower lip and lower teeth. In such cases there is often a stream of yellow juice trickling down from the corners of the mouth, and altogether it is disgusting.

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FRANK G. CARPENTER. Copyright, 1901, by Frank G. Carpenter.

FREAK DINNERS AND THE DINERS.

Some of the Peculiar Gastronomic Preferences of That Peculiar Animal, Man.

WRITTEN FOR THE SUNDAY REPUBLIC.

There is positively no limit to the vagaries of the human appetite. Truly, "what is one man's meat is another man's poison," and vice versa. More people indulge in dinners "a la freak" than the world wots of. There was once an Irish Baronet of ancient family who was knowning about in the United States rather "on his uppers." At long intervals there would come from the other side one of those joyous things, a remittance, and the Baronet would be wealthy for a day or two. There was a well-known table d'hote restaurant in Fifth avenue, New York, near Fourteenth street, at that time, where the cooking was excellent. Upstairs there were rooms which could be engaged for private dinners.

the man in Holy Writ, and gather in his guests. And how he did enjoy himself living over again in imagination the days of his prosperity. It was, "How do you like this Perigord pie, Sir George? Do you remember what delightful ones Lord Tumtum used to have served on his yacht that winter we cruised with him to Constantinople?" And Sir George would be expected to remember and make some general and noncommittal remark on the subject. If the temporary Sir George stumbled and hesitated as he naturally would, the Baronet would cry out, "No, no, Sir George! It was this way," and he would talk to his heart's content and the satisfaction of his guests, who, being business-minded, were anxious to get the best of eatables and drinkables, made excellent listeners.

When the Baronet would receive his remittance he would collect with judiciousness and discrimination from the streets and squares of the city a half dozen or so of men who had failed to keep their heads above water in the swirling rapids of mercantile life and set them out in new clothes from top to toe. Then he would invite them to dine with him at this favorite restaurant of his, ordering dinner in a private dining-room. To each one he assigned the name of some one with whom he had feasted in his palmy days—Lord This and Sir John That—and they were required to play the part of that person for the evening. In his dingy lodgings the Baronet would make up his dinner list with the greatest care, giving considerable time to it. Should he invite Lord Tomnoddy to dinner this evening? No, he had him at his last dinner; and, besides, he had deigned to invite Sir George Thimthumb, and the two were deadly enemies. Finally, having made up his selections, he would go out into the highways and byways, like

A fashionable West End restaurant in London has a regular customer, a man of little, who, on an average of twice a month, repairs there for a freak dinner. He orders dinner for two, and just before it is ready to be served he sends out a waiter to invite the most respectable stranger he sees on the street to come and be his guest. The waiter—a special one, who is heavily subsidized for the purpose by the establishment—having corralled a guest, brings him in and gives him a half formal introduction to his host, who explains his little eccentricity and makes his new-found guest thoroughly at home, assuring him that there is no "catch" of any kind, that the expense is paid and that the acquaintance ceases at the end of the evening. All sorts of people—clerks, shopmen, tradesmen, etc.—have been the guests of this eccentric person of title, who, after all, has some excuse for his eccentricity. He declares that dinners with his stock friends bore him, and he finds by dining in this way an excellent opportunity to study character and learn something new—getting new ideas and a broader view of life.

Swim in the Canal.

See the men and women swimming about in the canal. There are scores of them, bathing together, all dressed in those thin cotton sarongs. There are grandmothers and granddaughters, old men and young men, children and babies, the latter in the arms of their mothers, being dipped in and out. Here come two girls of 16 for their daily swim in the warm flowing water. They are well dressed, wear the same style of dress, and wear a long cotton jacket over the sarong or skirt which forms the costume of both women and men, and each carries another sarong with her to use in the bath. Now they have stopped on the bank within twenty feet of where I am writing. They are letting down their hair. It is long and reaches to the waist. See! each girl is twisting it up in a knot and fastening it tight to the top of her head, so that it may not impede her while swimming. Now they take off their jackets and hold up the sarongs they have brought with them. These are bags of bright figured cotton about a yard wide and two yards in length. Each girl steps inside one and pulls it up under her arms and at the same time allows her dress sarong to drop to her feet. She is now pinned in, as it were, in this wide bag, with her arms and shoulders exposed. She pulls the bag close to her person, twisting it this way and that to tighten it, and fastens it by a knot at the breast. She now folds up her other dress and lays it with the jacket in a neat pile on the bank, and jumps into the stream. Her sister has followed, and the two are paddling about like two little brown ducks. They swim this way and that. Now you see only their heads and now only the soles of their little brown feet. They stand in the canal and scour themselves, and after a long time spent in sporting about walk up the steps, two dripping Venuses. I am interested in watching them get out of their wet dresses and into the dry ones, but they do it in the bright light of this tropical sun without the least exposure of person. They are modest withal, and as innocent as that little baby who stands there on that porch astride the hips of her 12-year-old mother starting for me.

Javanese Women Cannot Be Described as Beautiful.

The Javanese cannot be said to be beautiful, although you now and then see a good-looking man. The people are about as tall as the Japanese, their average height being a little more than 5 feet. Both sexes are plump and well shaped and exceedingly straight. They have slender limbs, small wrists and ankles, and long, slender fingers. They look not unlike the Filipinos, save that their foreheads are, if anything, higher, and they are of a more pronounced Malay type. Many of them have high cheek bones, and their eyes are a trifle slant, making you think of the Chinese. They have thick lips, though nothing like so thick as the negroes. The women as a rule are not as good-looking as the men, although many of the young girls are pretty. Those of the better classes are often fine looking, having high, narrow foreheads, fairly good noses and luscious red lips. They are particular

LITTLE ESTHER GRIMMER IS A BEAUTY OF TALENT.

WHITTEN FOR THE SUNDAY REPUBLIC. She is a candidate for honors in the international juvenile beauty contest. Her name is Esther Grimmer. Although an ideal type of the "golden-haired maid," she is also bright and intelligent. She could recite all of the Mother Goose nursery rhymes at 2 years of age. Since then she has improved wonderfully. Esther is now 4, and her repertoire of recitations includes most of the child lore written by James

Whitcomb Riley and Eugene Field. She has a clear pink and white complexion and a rosebud mouth. Always good-tempered, she is not like that "little girl who had a little curl right in the middle of her forehead. When she was good she was very, very good, and when she was not she was horrid." She was born and has always lived in St. Louis. Her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Amiel Grimmer, reside at No. 3200 Kennerly avenue.

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