

**LETTERS OF  
GILBERT LITTLE STARK.**

**JULY 23, 1907--MARCH 12, 1908**

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mon mode of covering ground is in the *sado* (dos à dos), a low dog-cart drawn by a rat of a pony. The élite, however, use huge "my lords," drawn by great Australian horses, and there are several big French motors in town.

The wonderful Chinaman has come here in great numbers, and come to stay. He is the Java capitalist, and there is one at Surabaya worth \$15,000,000 gold. He dresses himself in European clothes, and his wife in Paris gowns (and very sweet she looks, too); he drives every evening along the Noordwyjk in the best turnout in Batavia, and in some cases he drives his own motor-car; his children are Oriental Buster Browns, with bare knees, and he sends his grown-up sons to Oxford and his daughters to a Parisian convent. Some day I believe the Chinaman and the Anglo-Saxon will understand each other, and share the world between them.

Love to all,

GILBERT.

BUITENZORG, December 8, 1907.

DEAR ONES, — On Saturday, yesterday, we came to Bogor, Buitenzorg, Sans-souci, or Free-from-care, as you may choose to call it. It is about eight hundred feet above Batavia, and can be reached in an hour by express train. It is Java's

color, not on the ground alone, but everywhere, even to the highest tree-tops; and against the dark background flashed the living jewels that make every clump of leaves in Java musical. Two snakes only has it been our fortune to see, one a yard long, green as grass; the other a living chain of rubies, but much smaller than our green friend.

From the summit of the pass, Poontjak it is called, we looked down upon a new regency, the Preanger. New and larger ranges of mountains greeted us, and the same terraced fields we had left behind were at our feet. The Preanger is a mountainous country, full of game, and famous for the best tea and the prettiest girls in all Java. More of the Preanger later on, when we have visited the Baron at Sinagar.

From Poontjak, where there is a little lake which completely changes its color from time to time, so the natives say, we rattled down a steep road, and an hour later drew up at the Sanatorium Sindanglaya, a quiet, comfortable, pastoral place, with beautiful views of the Gedeh and several fantastic mountain ranges. The Governor has a quiet residence here.

Tuesday morning we again rose betimes, whatever betimes may mean, and drove, still

downhill, to the railway station, Tjandjoer, where we caught the through express towards Surabaya and the uttermost ends of the earth. The scenery through the Preanger is varied and beautiful, especially the fertile, mountain-enclosed plain into which we peered as we rushed along a lofty hillside. A little time after noon we descended from the hills, and all the rest of the day we travelled through a gloomy jungle-swamp, where the tiger and rhinoceros and python lived in grumpy majesty, until the railroad drove them into still deeper recesses.

Towards evening we reached Maos and all alighted for the night, as the excellent Java trains do not run at night. We found a government hotel here, a big marble-porched pasangrahan, where we lived in luxury overnight for the modest stipend of four florins, about a dollar and sixty cents. The host was a young Dutchman, very fond of hunting, and he told us that so far this year he has bagged one banteng or wild buffalo, — an animal more dangerous than the tiger, — eight stags, twelve deer, and sixty wild pigs. His hunting-ground is within half an hour of the hotel. A few months ago, a friend of his came from Europe to get a Javanese rhinoceros, which is reputed very rare, but after six weeks in the

country, he bagged an excellent specimen of the ferocious one-horned type.

At six on Wednesday our train continued. We travel second-class here, and find that every one who lives here does the same, unless he is traveling at the government expense. The road-beds are good, the cars very comfortable, and the trains run a little ahead of schedule time. At shortly before ten we reached Djokjokarta, capital of the largest of the protected Native States.

Love to all, GILBERT.

DJOKJOKARTA,

Monday, December 18, 1907.

DEAR FAMILLE, — At Buitenzorg and in the Preanger we saw the Soeudanese people, about whom I will write you later when we return to their district, but from Maos on, we have been in the Java of the real Javanese. Djokja, as this place is called, is the centre of real Javanese life, and we have certainly enjoyed our visit here.

The city is a beautiful one, with avenues shaded by the immense trees that are such a feature of every town on the island. Most of the three hundred foreign inhabitants live on the main streets, where the hotels and government buildings are gathered, leaving the rest of the