

The HOLLAND of TODAY

HOLLAND and Switzerland are the two most favored resorts of the American tourist in Europe, for Dutch shoes and snow-peaked mountains never fail to interest the bromide Americans.

And why not be bromodic? The greatest bromides of all are the people who are afraid of being a bromide and scream with emphasis: "I did not kiss St. Peter's toe!" "I did not bring home a piece of lava from Vesuvius!" "I did not take a snapshot of a Dutch windmill!" "I did not climb Mount Blanc in Alpine costume!"

A bromide always wins out in the end, for he is allowed so many pleasant and useful pleasures a sulphide is debarred from.

The Hague is by far the most interesting and up to date city in Holland. It seems almost like a cosmopolitan center. Many languages are spoken and the people are very gay. The people of The Hague try their best to imitate the French, both in dress and customs, even speaking French in their home circles.

In the streets everything is bustle and bustle, and they are crowded with Haugers, wagons and milk carts.

We stopped at the Central hotel, and in all Europe I never saw such a place. If you ever get dopey and sad and need excitement, go to the Central hotel at The Hague. It is a little hotel with a semi-circle beer garden in front, which you have to pass through to get into the hotel. In this cafe, morning, noon and night are assembled the jolliest, happiest, giddiest set of Dutchmen on earth.

I know. I have a little straw hat with five green feathers to daddies on one side that wave back and forth when I walk. I always thought the hat rather nifty, and so did the patrons of this beer garden. Every time I passed through the garden I caused a great sensation. The men tried to be polite and stifle their giggles, but one day a real fat one lost control of himself as I was passing, and almost choked over a mouthful of beer. I turned around and gave him a grin like a Cheshire cat.

But the wonderful excellence of the Central hotel does not lie in its beer garden, but in the dining room beyond, for in this room is served the most delicious food cooked on earth.

We arrived at this place late on Saturday night, and I decided to go to bed at once. We could not sleep for the clatter of the cafe below, which kept up until 3 a.m. Hardly had this noise died down until other sounds commenced.

There was the shout of the milk boy and the unusual sound of scrubbing. I looked out of the window. Day was just beginning to break. In the street below were milk boys with dogs hitched to their carts, filled with glistening milk cans. The scrubbing was being done by the women of the house opposite. They were polishing the windows, the sills, the steps, the pavement, and even the street in honor of the Sabbath.

I saw the reason for all this cleanly showing when the people commenced

to go to church, for they all passed down this street.

This parade to church meant The Hague in all its glory. There were the people from the villages in their voluminous shirts and wooden shoes; there were the hardy looking middle class dressed in a unique style, between the Holland and the French; there were the young girls arrayed in white, and last of all were the snobs.

The elegant ladies wore hobble skirts, and the Holland women certainly have the most unattractive figures in the world. Done up in hobble skirts they look like ungainly blisters sliding along. Rough green cloth is all the rage here for summer. The favored kind was rough and prickly looking like a peach skin. It made me hot just to look at it. Of those sticky, graphic dresses!

Whenever you wish to go anywhere in The Hague, you must go to the Plein first. It is the square from whence lead all roads. Even when a Hauger dies the funeral starts from the Plein.

Around the corner from the Plein is the famous "Prisoners' Gate" through which you must pass to the Mauritius, the art gallery that contains many wonderful paintings, among them many Rembrandts. Farther on is the royal palace. It is a low white building and not the least imposing. It looks like an old-time, worn out public building. Lazy guards stand around in front of the palace holding their guns as if they weighed a ton. The Queen is very much beloved by the Holland people, but Julian, the little princess, is worshipped. They say Wilhelmina has the true Holland thrift, and is a wee bit close about money matters.

On one of the principal squares is the American concourse. Look at the picture. Did you ever see such a queer little dingy building to represent such a big nation as ours? However, the younger members of the legation make up for the lack of a beautiful building—at least so think the Holland girls and tourists. Every tourist to The Hague visits the "House in the Woods." It is a beautiful villa surrounded by trees and flowers.

Here in 1899 was held the international peace commission. Twenty-six nations were represented, and the Orange room, where the delegates met, is even now a sacred relic.

Sch eveningen, the fashionable watering place, is just outside of The Hague. The Scheveningen Beach is one of the widest stretches in Europe, and I am sure the lady visitors to this place will be glad when the harem skirt comes into use.

The whole place is very much like Atlantic City, for there are post card stands, candy booths, fair shows and even the ever interesting fortune tellers.

However, Scheveningen has one fea-

ture that Atlantic City lacks, and that is, the hundreds of wicker chairs standing on the beach. These chairs have a round top to them that forms a fine protection from the sun and wind.

Beside all this array of fashion and worldliness is posted on the sand dunes the quaint little fishing village of Scheveningen. It

is one of the most picturesque villages in Holland, and the peasants here are the real Holland people, and not dressed up for show, as on the Isle of Markham. Their dresses are of somber blue and gray, and their faces have a serious look to match their costumes. And this somber and quietness comes from the bitter experience these peasants have lived through, for they are fisher people and the sea has swallowed up many of their men and boys. Visitors are not welcome here, and they eye the stranger with cool disdain, as much as to say: "Why do you come here to bother us?"

It is but a short journey from The Hague to Delft. The stretch of land between these two places is very typical of Holland. Windmills are scattered along—great strong windmills that look capable of any amount of work. The flat, well kept roads are bordered by trees. They are fine roads for bicycles. The canals are very much used in Holland. On our way from The Hague to Delft we passed many a towboat loaded with hay and grain, towed by a slow old nag, pulled up by a fair haired Dutch lad. Lazy Holland cows dotted the landscape. They are supposed to give the finest milk on earth.

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Course, the first thing one expects to find in Delft are little blue teacups and little white plates decorated with little blue windmills. And the funny part is, they are the first things to be seen arranged in the store windows and even in the windows of some of the homes.

The streets of Delft are nearly all canals with side paths along each edge, and little arching bridges at every crossing.

The principal sight in Delft is the Church of St. Ursula. It stands at the end of a long, open cobble-stoned

square. On the outside of the church and printed in different languages are elaborate directions of how to gain admittance to the church on week days. The key must be got from the warden, who lives in the third house from the left of the church, the house with the yellow

roof. The inside of the church is very plain compared with most churches, and at the back is a splendid mausoleum erected to William the Silent. It looks like a small temple done in white and black marble. At the feet of William is a statue of the little dog that saved his life at Malines. The dog awakened the prince by barking just as three assassins were approaching the prince's bed.

The Latin inscription on the monument reads: "To the eternal memory of William of Nassau, whom Philip, scion of Europe, feared, and never overcame or conquered, but killed by atrocious guile."

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