

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 hustle and bustle, and they are crowded with Hagners, wagons and milk carts.

We stopped at the Central hotel, and in all Europe I never saw such a place. If you ever get doped 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, glibest set of Dutchmen on earth.

I know. I have a little straw hat with five green fluffy do-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.

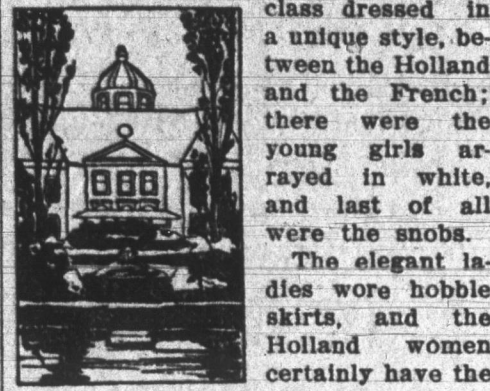
We arrived at this place late on Saturday night, and I decided to go to bed at once. We could not sleep for the clatter of the cafe below, which kept up until 3 a. m. Hardly had this noise died down until other sounds commenced.

There was the shout of the milk boy and the unmusical 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



The House in the Woods.

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 bolsters 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 Hagner 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 consulate. Look at the picture. Did you ever see such a queer little dinky 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.

Scheviningen, the fashionable watering place, is just outside of The Hague. The Scheviningen 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, fake shows and even the ever interesting fortune tellers. However, Scheviningen has one feature 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 Scheviningen. 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 Marken. 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. Wind-mills are scattered along—great strong wind-mills 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, poked up by a fair haired Dutch lad. Lazy Holland cows dotted the landscape. They are supposed to give the finest milk on earth.

Of 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 one 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 I., scourge of Europe, feared, and never overcame or conquered, but killed by atrocious guile."

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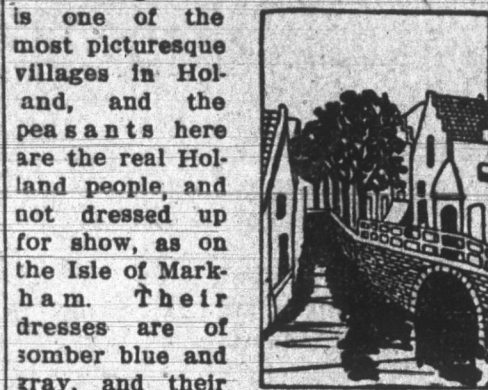
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A Street in Delft.

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MAKES TOUGH STEAK TENDER

Meat Pressed Between Two Corrugated Metal Surfaces Is Rendered More Palatable.

The toughest piece of steak that ever loosened a boarder's teeth will be made tender by the machine invented by an Oregon man, who probably occupied a hall bedroom at some time in his life. A corrugated metal base is mounted on a roller, also of corrugated metal and adjustable at different distances from the base. The roller is loosened and one end of the steak thrust under it. It is then tightened



Roller is Adjustable.

till the meat will be well mangled when passing under it and the base portion is slid back and forth several times. The result is that the steak is crushed between these two ridged surfaces and all the spunk taken out of it. After it has been through this process it can be cooked and eaten without fear. The blood that is squeezed out can be made into delicious gravy.

USES FOR OLD NEWSPAPERS

Good Housekeeper Finds Many Ways of Utilizing Discarded Weeklies and Magazines.

I make use of all my newspapers, says a contributor to Suburban Life. First of all, they are good to wipe the bottoms of saucepans with, thus saving the grime of dish towels generally used for this purpose. I spread them on the shelves, both in the pantry and in the cellar, and it is very little work to change them when soiled. All papers that have become soiled, if not too badly, are twisted into a hard ball, then used as kindlings, with a little kerosene.

When the carpets are taken up, smooth papers are the very best thing to put under them when relaying. I line the barrels with newspapers, with several layers on the top, and apples keep enough longer to pay for the trouble. Papers are better than a brush to polish stoves with, and will "shine" the lamp chimneys and window glass better than a cloth. In fact, I find so many uses for them that I cannot think of them all at one time. Save the newspapers!

Fruit Omelet.

Separate six eggs and beat very light, add a half teaspoon of salt and three tablespoons of milk. Put into the pan one tablespoon of butter and when hot pour in the omelet. Shake on the hottest part of the stove and when it begins to thicken set it on the grate of the oven to set. Remove and add a small cup of shredded pineapple that has been dusted with sugar, and a teaspoon of sherry. Fold the omelet and serve on a hot plate.

Chicken Kentucky Style.

Take a nice chicken (not too old), place in your kettle with just a little water. When tender put in baking pan with water it is steamed in. Cover with cracker crumbs and bits of butter, salt and pepper to taste and place in oven until a rich brown, basting every little while. Before removing from oven pour in a little cream. Garnish with parsley. Chicken must be opened down the back with wings turned so as to lie flat in the pan.

Teapot Secret.

The real secret in choosing a teapot, be it made of silver, crown derby or even the humble but useful brown "mug," is this: Never buy a teapot with the root of the spout low down in the body of the pot. Let the spout be set high in the body, then you can fill the pot well up without the tea dribbling over, as it never fails to do when having a low-built spout close to the teapot's foundation.

Scrambled Eggs and Sardines.

Remove skin and bone from a box of sardines in oil, add juice of half a lemon, pepper, salt, a teaspoon of olive oil and mix to a soft paste. Prepare six eggs for scrambling, leaving out the white of one. Beat the white very stiff and add it to the paste to lighten it. When the pan is ready and the eggs are turned into it, add the paste and scramble in the usual way.

Care of Woodenware.

Wooden utensils should always be washed directly after they are used, because if dirt and grease are allowed to soak into the substance of the wood it will be impossible to entirely remove them.

To Set Colors.

Before washing any article that will fade wet in strong salt water and let it dry—two coffee cupsful of salt to ten quarts of water. After washing once in this way they can always be washed without this precaution.

RECLOTHING OF UNCLE SAM'S ARMY



NEW "DOG TENT" WITH A RIFLE FOR ITS SINGLE POLE



NEW STYLE OLD STYLE NEW STYLE OLD STYLE

UNCLE SAM'S infantryman—who has to walk as well as fight—may well bless the year 1911, for the weight of his kit is to be lessened by almost one-half. The regulation 56 lb. is cut to 46 lb. with everything on, and stripped for real work in the field the foot soldier will carry but 30 lb. now, thus fitting him the better for marching and fighting. When a soldier goes into a fight there are certain things which he must carry if he is going to be of any use to his country. These are, first of all, his weapons—rifle or revolver—and the proper ammunition, the first-aid packet, one entrenching tool, water—a thirsty soldier cannot hit a flock of barns—a mess kit, and then more ammunition. Nowadays 210 rounds are not considered any too much for the first dole of ammunition. What he does not need in a fight is his shelter—the "dog tent," overcoat, blanket, and poncho.

Today the entrenching tool is regarded as next in importance to the weapon. Each man carries either a pick mattock, a shovel, or an axe. Certain men also have wire-clippers. With shovels a whole regiment can hide itself in little holes in thirty seconds, and dead soldiers are no use to a government. The old days of standing up in the face of the bullets are gone now. The only time a soldier shows himself to the enemy, if he can help it, is in the final rush. Advances are not permitted until superiority of fire is assured.

But there are a score of marches to every skirmish, and the tabulated list gives the essential things that each infantryman must carry with him, all of which are distributed more or less evenly about his person.

Here is the tabulated list of the United States infantryman's kit:

One rifle	One entrenching tool
One gun sling	One haversack
One bayonet	One bacon can
One bayonet scabbard	One condiment can
One cartridge belt	One meat can
One hundred rounds of ammunition	One fork
One first-aid pack-age	One spoon
One first-aid pouch	Towel articles
One canteen	One pair socks
One canteen cover	woolen
One cup	One haversack ration
One entrenching tool	One emergency ration
And the pack, which consists of:	
One pack-carrier	One shelter half
One blanket	Five shelter tent pins
One poncho carrier	

Scores of further suggestions from officers have been received by the United States war department, which is responsible for this new departure, to make the soldier more efficient in time of war. An ambulant kitchen—a range on wheels which can cook a meal on the march—is one of the newest wrinkles proposed. Automobiles for a mobile army are demanded now. The blanket has been cut to weigh 3 lb. It is proposed to abolish the coat in the field and substitute a sweater in its place.

Other recommendations are that the sergeants carry no rifle in the field but have revolvers and bolos instead. Likewise the cooks are to be relieved of the rifle and have revolver and bolo, thus enabling them to carry sufficient utensils to cook for the company when other transportation has been abandoned.

It is proposed to do away with the old campaign hat and to substitute the mounted police hat, which has a lower crown and a wider brim and is more comfortable. With it goes the individual "housewife." The company will carry at kit for mending for the entire outfit. A neckerchief is to be made part of the uniform. Officers will not carry their sabres in the field, and tobacco and soap will be

made part of the ration. The foot soldier's little tent has been made much lighter. Nowadays each man lugs half a shelter tent, with five pins and one jointed pole; his "bunkie" lugs the other half. Now the poles are abolished. The rifle acts as a front pole and a rope takes the place of the rear pole. In case of a surprise the rifles are even handier to get at. But even better the lessened weight will be carried in much easier fashion.

The illustration shows a front view of the new equipment of the United States foot soldier with cartridge belt



Infantryman in New Equipment.

and water bottle as compared with the old equipment showing how the man's chest was bound in by straps and suspenders. Everything is now lighter; the fighting and comfort equipments are separated from one another and easily detached. Rear views of the new and the old equipments are also shown. The new equipment shows the pack with the bayonet on the left, also the shovel, canteen, and condiment can, as compared with the old, showing how the bulkier weight flopped against the back and pelvis, thus unduly and too quickly fatiguing the soldier.

Most of this great relief to the United States soldier who fights on foot is due to the untiring efforts of the officers who make up the United States Infantry Association which was organized some years ago. Its president is Lieut-General John C. Bates, Brigadier-General Clarence R. Edwards is vice-president, and Major George H. Shelton is secretary and treasurer.

NO REST FOR THE DOCTOR

Man of Medicine Must Always Be in Readiness for Alleviation of Suffering.

"Take a day off," said a friend of the doctor, seeing that the man of medicine looked fagged.

"What is the good?" was the reply. "Whenever I go off on a holiday some one is sure to be taken ill and call upon me for medical advice. I can't get away from my profession."

"Well," suggested the friend, "you profit financially; that's some consolation."

"That's the way it strikes you," grunted the doctor, and continued: "The summer before last I thought I'd go away for a few days with my wife to a camp I know of in the mountains. The morning we left town I got myself up to look as non-professional as possible, and we set out full of hope and as jolly as two schoolchildren. The express train on which we traveled had not much more than pulled out of the station when I saw a porter enter our car and come running post haste down the aisle. When he got alongside of me he stopped and said:

"Dar's a lady dyin' in de nex' car, sah! I see you is a doctor. Will you please come right along, sah?"

"In the face of such an appeal what could I do?"

"It's your horrid goatee, Albert," my wife whispered, as I rose and followed the porter

"The sick woman was in very bad shape, and it was two hours before I dared to leave her. As I bade her goodby she almost wept with gratitude—said she could never repay my kindness, etc., and asked what my fee was. I told her that there was no fee, but she insisted that there must be, so I named a small sum. Pulling a visiting card out of her satchel she requested that I would send my bill to her in New York. I agreed to do

so and went back to my wife just as the train drew into our station. "Have you seen your patient since?" asked the doctor's friend. "I often see her riding in her automobile."

"But did you send your bill?" the friend persisted.

"Eh—oh, yes, I've been sending it regularly every month for the last year."

The Same Old Show

On Saturday last nearly every prominent fisherman in Williamsport was fishing for trout in Lycoming creek. Flies, redworms, minnows and every kind of lure and bait was used, but no one seemed to be catching any trout—that is anything above six or seven inches. Finally along came a small boy, Willie Rogers, aged ten or twelve years, fishing with a crooked stick, a "penny line" and a big hook.

He baited it with an angle worm and threw it in just under the new Third street bridge. Hardly had the line gotten into the water before he had landed a big, fat trout 16 inches long. The boy never stopped to play the fish—just gave him one throw and flapped him out onto the bank. Around the lad were a dozen men fishing with expensive tackle and they were nearly

sick with envy. Every one cast into the same spot, lines got crossed and a general tangle resulted, but no one caught any fish except the small boy, who later landed a ten-inch fish further down the stream—Philadelphia Record.

Appreciation.

"Aeroplane costumes are hideous." "That's true, but they are not quite as ugly as diving suits." "Umph! The kind Miss Kellerman wears are all right!"

Unsympathetic.

"Over in France they are pouring champagne on the ground." "Well, I'm not going to feel a bit sorry. The ground has no head that will ache the next morning."