

# The PLAYGROUND of HOLLAND



AN ANCIENT HOLLANDER



A YOUNG HOLLANDER



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**D**OWN the broad pike leading into Centerville came, all arrayed in rusty blue, the bent, wizened figure of a little old man. An old-fashioned soldier's cap was perched jauntily on his head and from beneath this fell a scattering locks of gray. The aged veteran leaned heavily on his cane. Time had robbed Ezra Hathway of much of his endurance.

The ears of the old warrior were no longer keen, and he did not hear the honk-honk of a motor behind him. The touring car that swept around the sharp curve thrust him aside so roughly and suddenly that he was thrown unconscious to the ditch at the side of the road.

With barely a perceptible swerve, the great machine kept to its mad way. The knocking down of the gray old soldier was but an irritating incident to the pleasures of a record-breaking ride. The chauffeur was not one to flaunt the number of his car in the face of a victim.

Fred Corliss, in his wheezy little runabout, came in the wake of the flier to the inert mass of mangled blue by the roadside.

"Why, Uncle Ezra!" he exclaimed, "what's the matter?"  
Uncle Ezra Hathway, as he was familiarly known to all residents of Centerville, was a popular favorite. "Who'd a thought," came from the recovering octogenarian, testily, "that I'd a lived to come through th' horrors an' evils of war to be downed at last by one of them pesky benzine buggies?"

Young Corliss gave a relieved laugh. With his own handkerchief he carefully stanching the blood emanating from a slight cut in the old man's forehead and assisted the reluctant veteran toward his own little machine.

"You shouldn't do this," remonstrated Corliss, seating himself beside the old gentleman and starting the machine. "There is no sense in it. You have horses and a buggy, and the walk is too much for you—let alone the liability of accidents. The roads are not what they were ten years ago. These touring cars keep a pedestrian's life in danger, unless his sense of hearing is wonderfully acute."

"Huh," snorted Uncle Ezra. "I see myself riding into town after walkin' it all these years."  
In front of the Horton domicile, just skirting the town, Uncle Ezra succumbed to a sudden fainting spell, and crumpled against his companion with closed eyes and pallid countenance.

This was doubly unfortunate. The Hortons were the last people in the world of whom Corliss cared to ask favors. Since the engagement

stirring rhythm of drum, and fife. The comrades of the old man were gathering to do honor to their hero dead.

On his way to the nearest doctor's the brain of Corliss was a mad jumble of riotous thoughts, all thinly veiling the deep sorrow he felt at Uncle Ezra's predicament. It had suddenly come to him—and with startling emphasis—that this fluff, furbelowed girl with the gold in her hair was vitally essential to his future happiness. His black eyes took unto them selves a tender light hitherto unassociated with thoughts of the maid, but his knowledge of her would not allow him to believe that she would come back to him without a struggle. In fact, he was sure that she did not love him at all. It was she who had suggested that the life-long engagement be broken.

The doctor, a fussy little person with straggly mutton-chop whiskers, steel-bowed glasses and a double chin hurriedly entered the machine and the return trip was made in record time. From behind came onto them the music of muffled drums, and the plaintive minor of the fife. The march to the cemetery had begun.

"He is badly shaken up," diagnosed the little doctor. "He wants rest and quiet, otherwise there is nothing morbid about the matter with him—no fractures, nor anything in the nature of bruised bones. However, he must not be moved for several days."

"An' to think," complained the octogenarian, who had now recovered consciousness, "that, after all this trouble I'm goin' to miss the doins today for the first time since the war."

"Don't feel bad," soothed Dolly, a tender note in her voice, as she placed a cool, soft little hand on the brow of the old soldier. He was now in bed in the Horton home.

Corliss gazed at the girl wistfully. Every moment it was being brought home to him that he had lost a jewel. "Darn such luck!" grumbled the discontented Uncle Ezra.

The eyes of the repentant loved one sped a telegraphic message to the brain of the maid and, responding to this, she turned her head and looked at him and—blushed.

On the broad veranda, as the young man was taking his leave, he suddenly turned to the pretty girl who had accompanied him.

"Must the engagement remain broken?" he asked plaintively.

"Why, I—I thought you wished it so," she replied, eyes cast down, "but if you don't, why, of course—"

To the ears of the jubilant Corliss speeding homeward some moments later, came the stirring notes of "The Girl I Left Behind Me." The veterans were coming back.

angle. "I am not here, however, to call"—he could not resist the thrust—"but to ask a favor. Uncle Ezra Hathway has met with an accident, and seems to be seriously hurt—how seriously I don't know. He fell into a faint, or stupor, just as we were opposite this house, and so I must ask you to care for him while I go for a doctor."

As the explanation progressed, the expression on the girl's face underwent a change. The coquetry died from her eyes to give a chance to a womanly look of grave concern.

"Father," she called, suddenly. "Come here."

An elderly man came leisurely out of the house, and, in a second, the situation was made clear to him. The unconscious veteran was lifted carefully from the runabout and taken into the house. From afar came the



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MILL AND STREAM



FISHING BOATS



VOLENDAM GIRLS

OBJECTS TO AN UTLANDER'S CAMERA

extravagant breeches and ceremonious hat. If this is a fact, the Havenstoombootdienst of Amsterdam, which has a very tender and not altogether disinterested affection in these "buried cities of the Zuider Zee," would find it worth while to run an excursion to the scene of his labors.

Marken and Volendam are not the only buried cities in which the Havenstoombootdienst is eager to introduce the stranger. In fact, as far as one can discover, these places are not cities at all. But Monnikendam, on the strength of having fitted out a ship which did good service against the Spaniards at Hoorn, is described as "dreaming of its greatness in the past." Certainly the silent little town shows no desire to emulate its former achievements. If it dreams it dreams quietly, and not even the boisterous clang of the bell of a seemingly quite unnecessary tramway can rouse it from its reveries. It forms a striking contrast with Edam, whose cheese factories are extremely bustling but strangely unproductive. Edam has a huge church, which, having once acted as a shelter for men and cattle during a flood, is now afflicted with the cow-damp. The town also prides itself on its cleanliness, a fact that makes it horribly unsympathetic.

The Zuider Zee, which lives in the art of Anton Mauve, is off the beaten track of the tourist. His own town of Laren is visited only by artists. It is a pretty place and the environs are, for Holland, thickly wooded. Zaandam, the place where Peter the Great worked at ship building, pleases by its bright green houses and staid old windmills. In these last places the visitor feels inclined to stay, but for Marken and its fellows the few hours provided by the Havenstoombootdienst are quite sufficient.

### CURED.

"Does your wife often grieve because she threw over a wealthy man in order to marry you?"  
"She started to once, but I cured her of it the first rattle out of the box."  
"I wish you would tell me how."  
"I started right in to grieving with her. And I grieved harder and longer than she did."

Just as the remote and pagan Breton is getting hideously like the rest of the world as regards the itching palm. No; the folk of the Zuider Zee are emphatically not children, but they are not the less interesting because they must be taken as vastly engaging, ingenious and conscious frauds.

An exception must be made in the case of Volendam, a village which, although artist-ridden all the year round, lives a quite simple and unpretentious life. Its fishing fleet proves its prowess in the North sea, and its women are blushing and bashful. The wooden houses are really homes, and whatever treasures and heirlooms may lie within are not shown to the stranger or bartered for his gold. The costume strikes one as genuine. At any rate, the spirited little boys who are always swarming about the jetty prove by their romps and gymnastics that their faded magenta garments and round black caps are eminently practicable to play in. At first, one has fears for the costume. The coats are so breathlessly tight—an economy which, perhaps, counterbalances the absurd superfluity of material in the trousers—and the caps would be at the bottom of the Zuider Zee twenty times a day were it not that they have the tenacity of limpets. The men remain faithful to this artistic costume both when stalwart, serious fishermen—at which stage the visitor sees little of them—and when their working life is done and all that remains is to spend the day leaning up against the jetty wall, smoking and musing. Old age is very kind to the Dutch fisherman. His fine wrinkles, twinkling eyes, scant hair—his whole smoke-dried and sundried old face—have a shrewd, distinguished, quizzical look, which is very attractive and is not seen elsewhere in Holland.

The women, too, improve with age. In youth they are stout and buxom lasses, with sunburnt cheeks, bright but shallow eyes, and hair tucked away, all too neatly, under their light and graceful winged caps. In age they grow twinkling and thoughtful, and some of them, save the costume, are Cinderella's godmother to the life. Their gowns have not the gaiety of the men's habits, being generally a useful black, blue or purple, broadly checked or striped, and made in a tight and awkward fashion. Beauty comes with the

splash of color made by the apron and with the cap, which is as dainty and fragile as a flower.

The Volendamers are a placid people, with only one strong prejudice—against the neighboring island of Marken. The denouement is a community of beggars whose only excuse is their deficient mental capacity, due to the fact that no one on the mainland will marry with them. The guide-books put down this animosity to a difference of religion; but one feels that there is something in the Volendammer's contention when one finds that the Markenmer standpoint can only be ascertained by the application of hard cash. On that mainland-despised but tourist-beloved isle even conversation is chargeable. The children shriek plaintive and inopportune good-byes in exchange for a shower of copper, and the most casual photographer has willy-nilly to pay a fee to every unmanly urchin who chooses to dispose himself in front of his camera.

Really, the costume of the Markeners is not to be taken seriously. To begin with, the women's dress is largely made up of printed stuffs, a kind of shoddy substitute for embroidery which has surely not been so very long in the world. The dress itself is dark enough, but over it is worn an overall of the most gaudy and flaunting hues; the cap is chiefly print, and the fair hair is worn in long ringlets with a straight, bushy fringe across the forehead. Mr. E. V. Lucas, in his "Wanderer in Holland," calls these worthy dames "fine, up-standing creatures." One would like them better if they were less confiding and attentive. As it

long ago that dress was of importance, because she noticed that many of the cleverest students missed the heat posts in after life because they paid no attention either to dress or carriage. She herself had no taste for clothes, either, but she was wise enough to acknowledge it, and she persuaded a friend to undertake the care of her wardrobe.

So now, twice a year, she is thoroughly turned out with new toilettes, the result being that she has gained in influence and has not lost any of her serious character. She has even lectured to her students on the subject,

and made them see how important it is for a woman to have a pleasing appearance, even though she may have all the learning of the sages.

### WHAT SHOULD WOMAN SPEND?

Question Resolves Itself Into One of Income and Proper Regard for Appearances.

The other day a woman writer was condemning feminine vanities, especially the one of dress. To some extent she is right in her judgment on feminine vanities, especially when she condemns the woman who spends all her days and too much of her money on clothes. But the average woman does neither; in fact, who are the women who pay the enormous prices

the dressmakers ask for their dresses? Numbers of women want to know where to buy their dresses, and when they know how much they will have to pay at the big dressmakers they buy them elsewhere. These are women who dress well. They will not spend more than they can afford on dress, and everyone will agree they are quite right.

As to the time spent on dress, it is difficult to pass an opinion on such a matter, but one thing is certain, and that is that some women do not spend enough. One woman, high up in the educational world, realized not so very