

IN HOLLAND'S BACKWOODS.

Special Correspondence of the Deseret News by Frank G. Carpenter.)

If you want to see the Dutch as they are you must go to the backwoods of Holland. You will find little districts where the people dress the same from generation to generation and where their customs are unchanged by the ages. This is so on some of the islands of Zealand, lying in the mouth of the Rhine and also in north Holland on the edge of the German ocean.

THE DUTCH TIE UP THEIR COWS' TAILS.

I was interested in the arrangements to keep the cows clean. Every cow is well bedded, and it has, in addition, a rope the size of a clothes line with a strap loop at its end to hold up its tail. One end of the rope is fastened to the rafters just over the cow, so raising the tail that there is no danger of it being dived through the milk or into the eye of the animal.

In a room adjoining this was the cheese room with a hundred balls of fresh Edam cheese on the racks. The cheese was of a rich yellow color and more delicious than any we have in the United States. I was shown the cheese presses and, as I examined them I noticed some American oil stoves on the shelves nearby, an evidence that the American invasion has evidently found its place in this out of the way factory. The old lady who owned the establishment explained the processes of cheese making, bobbing the gold horns over her eyes to and fro as she did so.

AMONG THE DUTCH FARMERS.

I like the Dutch country people! They are the quaintest of all the characters of the Netherlands, and they remind you of the pictures of Holland you see in the galleries. The people of the towns dress about the same as we do, but in the back districts are girls with lace caps and helmets of gold, silver and brass, and also corkscrew gold horns sticking out on each side of the eyes. The women working in the fields wear black hats and wide linen skirts, and I am not ashamed to find a young man with a silken mohair hair cut straight off at the neck, a richly embroidered shirt, a roundabout with enormous silver buttons and trousers of velvet which look like enormous bags tied at the knee.

The Dutch are plain and simple in their ways. They are sober looking; they can laugh upon occasions, and many of them are hospitable. I went out to Marken one day and, after photographing the people of the town, I had no trouble in finding pictures, for every man, woman and child was ready to pose for a picture as if an after-dinner coffee cup satirist. The trousers stop at the waist of the calf and below are wooden stockings and clogs.

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The houses of Marken are low, often single-story buildings with ridge roofs painted blue, built along narrow streets in little villages here and there on the island. I entered one at the invitation of the owner, an old Dutchman who wore a pair of trousers each of which was as big as a two-story house. His whole house was not more than 24 feet square, but it was evident that you could see your face in it. The floors were made of a ditch table on Saturday, and the plates on the walls were blue. About the room were several beds, each containing a bed, with a great number of pillows and the covers tucked under two brass candlesticks which shone like gold, stood on either side of the plate.

A DUTCH FARM HOUSE.

On my way to Marken I stopped to look at a little farming town in the heart of the mudflats, to see a cheese factory. The factory was house, stable, cheese-making establishment, all joined together. This is so throughout the dairy parts of Holland. The hay is stored in the garret, and one-half of the house is given up to the cows, which are brought in doors during the winter and kept there.

The stable part of the house had accommodation for 30 cows, two for each stall, and it was cleaner than the average American kitchen. The cows were strong and healthy, and I walked without fear from stall to stall, making out of the arrangements. The walls

of the stalls are painted black to the height of the cows and white above that. In front of each stall there is a window with lace curtains over it, and at the back a drain six inches deep, which is flooded daily with water and kept so clean that there is little perceptible odor. But as for that the Dutch say that cow smells are healthful, and the farmers do not mind them at all.

A Visit to the Island of Marken in the Zuyder Zee—Dutch Farms and Farming—Small Estates and Low Wages—Among the Dairymen, Where the Cattle Live with the People—How Cows are Cared for

A Look at the Alkmar Cheese Market—The Tulip Farms of Haarlem, Which Make Money—Pictures in Pen and Pencil of the Thriftiest and Quaintest People of Europe.



Photographed for the Deseret News by Frank G. Carpenter.

A GROUP OF BLOOMER MEN.

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IN DUTCH DAIRY LAND.

The people are more devoted to stock farming and dairying than to tilling the soil. The country raises excellent grass, and there are now here something like 1,500,000 cattle, chiefly Holsteins. There are 1,250,000 hogs, more than 500,000 horses, and 750,000 sheep.

ALKMAR AND ITS DUTCH CHEESES.

Some of the chief dairy regions are in the north, and at Alkmar is a famous cheese market, to which the people from 70 or 80 villages bring in their cheese for sale. Each cheese is marked with the initials of its maker. The stock is spread out on waxed cloths, and is bought by wholesale merchants, who ship it to all parts of the world. Holland exported about \$5,000,000 worth of

cheese in 1900, the bulk of the product going to England, Belgium, Germany and France.

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THEY ARE THRIFTY.

The farmers are everywhere thrifty. Nothing goes to waste. The haystacks are roofed with boards or thatched in such a way that the thatch can be lowered as the hay is fed out. All wood-work is painted, and rot and rust are not to be seen. Indeed, the only things that show signs of decay here are the windmills, of which there are hundreds. These are 200 years old. In some cases they are replaced by steam or oil engines, but they still do a great deal of pumping and grinding. You see them everywhere upon the Dutch landscape; some are huge affairs with arms 30 or more feet long, and great stone or brick towers rising high above the rest of the landscape. Many furnish the power for grain mills. Some saw lumber and oth-

ers grind flour food for the stock. It takes only two men for a large mill, so that the expense of running is slight. I am told that a large mill costs one or two thousand dollars, and that the smaller ones are much more expensive than the steel structures of a similar kind in America.

MONEY IN BULBS.

The Dutch make money out of gardening, and especially flower gardening. They raise vegetables and fruits for England, but their peaches and pears lack flavor, though they are full of juice. They taste to me much like the fruits of Japan, which has about the same climate.

There are parts of Holland, however, which are just right for flowers. Take the town about Haarlem, where more tulips are raised than anywhere in the world. The soil there is a mixture of sand and loam just fitted for the best of tulips, hyacinths and gladioli. There are syndicates and individuals at Haarlem who do a big business in bulb raising. They have patches of tulips, hyacinths and other bulbs acres in extent. The hyacinths lead the air with their perfume and the fields are of such colors that in passing through on the railroad at certain times of the year, you seem to be traveling over a crazy quilt more gorgeous than any ever put together in reality.

There are in all about 2,000 different kinds of tulips raised here; 2,000 varieties of gladioli and 1,700 hyacinths. The bulbs are planted in trenches with the large plants in the center and the small ones at the sides. The varieties are kept separate, each row being labeled with its own name.

The tulips, the bulbs exported by Holland are raised near Haarlem, and this means an amount equal to about \$3,000,000 annually, much of which comes from the United States.

THE SEAT OF THE TULIP CRAZE.

It was at Haarlem that the first tulip was raised during the great craze when such bulbs brought their weight in gold. That was about the only Dutch lost their heads and went wild over speculation. They

also took out most of their cotton

and wool on an investment basis.

During the tulip craze, along about

when Boston was started, one Haarlem

tulip bulb brought \$1,500, with a team

of grey horses and a carriage thrown in, and an Amsterdam bulb was sold for twelve acres of land. Both of these

bulbs were of the variety known as the

HOW THE PEOPLE DRESS AND LIVE IN THE DUTCH COUNTRY DISTRICTS.

Semper Augustus, of which there were then only two in existence. At the same time other varieties brought enormous sums. Tulip buying was a regular business and men grew rich and poor from the trade. Some Dutch mortgaged their houses to buy tulips, and the loss of a peck of tulips caused a man's ruin.

The Dutch tulips now sell for ordinary prices, but they are still handled on business principles and both cultivation and marketing have been reduced to a science. The tulips are set out in September and October. They are carefully cultivated by skilled workmen, the farms employing hundreds of hands. They are packed for the market just so and are shipped to seed and flower dealers all over the world.

LOW WAGES.

I doubt if the ordinary Dutch farmer makes money. Take the \$900 who have less than fifteen acres. They cannot at best produce more than a living. Indeed, some of these are selling their farms and renting others lands at \$5 per acre, the rents calculated at \$5 per acre for the value.

Wages are very low. A good farm hand can be hired for from \$8 to 40 cents a day, and a common price is \$60 a year, with a suit of clothes and a pair of boots thrown in. Many of the farm hands now go off to Belgium and France at harvest time, so that labor is scarce. There is also an exodus from the country to the cities and towns, where the wages are higher. Even in the cities the wages paid

PARIS BEAUTY IS HERE TO RIDE.



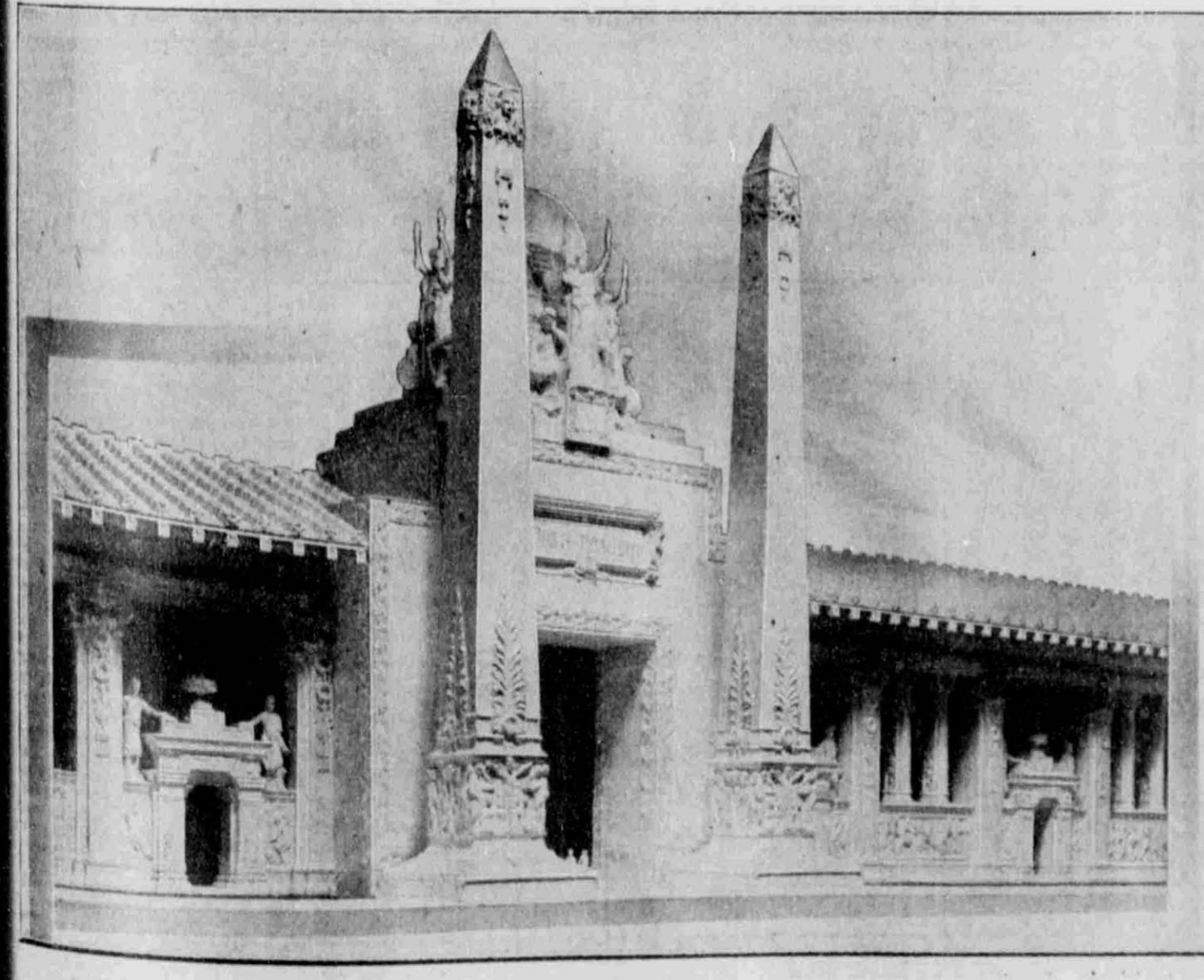
Mile Helene Gerard of Paris, famous throughout all France for her great beauty as well as for her wonderful skill as a horsewoman. She has been to several countries to give exhibitions of horseback riding. For several years she has taught the elite of Paris how to ride side saddle and astride.

EXILE FOR CHEATING GUESTS?



Society in England is still talking about the card scandal among the most exclusive aristocratic set which occurred at a party given by the Duchess of Devonshire. The guests of the duke and duchess caught cheating by their host may be forced to permanent exile on the continent. London is now too hot for them.

PALACE OF MINES AND METALLURGY, ST. LOUIS WORLD'S FAIR, 1904.



(Photographed from architect's model in miniature.) This building, in which will be placed the exhibits of mineral resources from all nations of the world, together with mining machinery and equipment and metallurgical processes and equipment, is 525 feet wide by 750 feet in length, with an exhibit area of nine acres. Its height to the cornice line is 90 feet, and the oeil-de-bois at the main entrance rise to a height of 150 feet. The building will cost approximately \$300,000. There are no galleries or the entire exhibit area is on the ground floor. Joseph A. Holmes is chief of this important department.

The design of the splendid Mines and Metallurgy palace at the Universal exposition of St. Louis in 1904, as well as its general and special proportions and arrangement, are peculiarly well adapted for an effective display of exhibits. There are numerous openings in the facades and roof of the building, admitting light and ventilation, and every foot of the nine acres of floor space is directly available. All of this space is advantageously situated, being compact, symmetrical, well lighted and well distributed according to aisles and entrances—there being not an obstruction column in the building. Most important of all it is all ground floor space. There is not a foot of gallery space in the Mines and Metallurgy building, nor in any other exhibit building of the exposition, a feature that will be welcomed and appreciated by exhibitors and public alike. This marks the first time in the history of the exposition that a facility of gallery space has been effectively recognized and its equivalent in proper ground floor supplied. Whereas there are no galleries covered by the buildings of this exposition approximates 250 acres, almost double that covered by the buildings in Chicago in 1901.