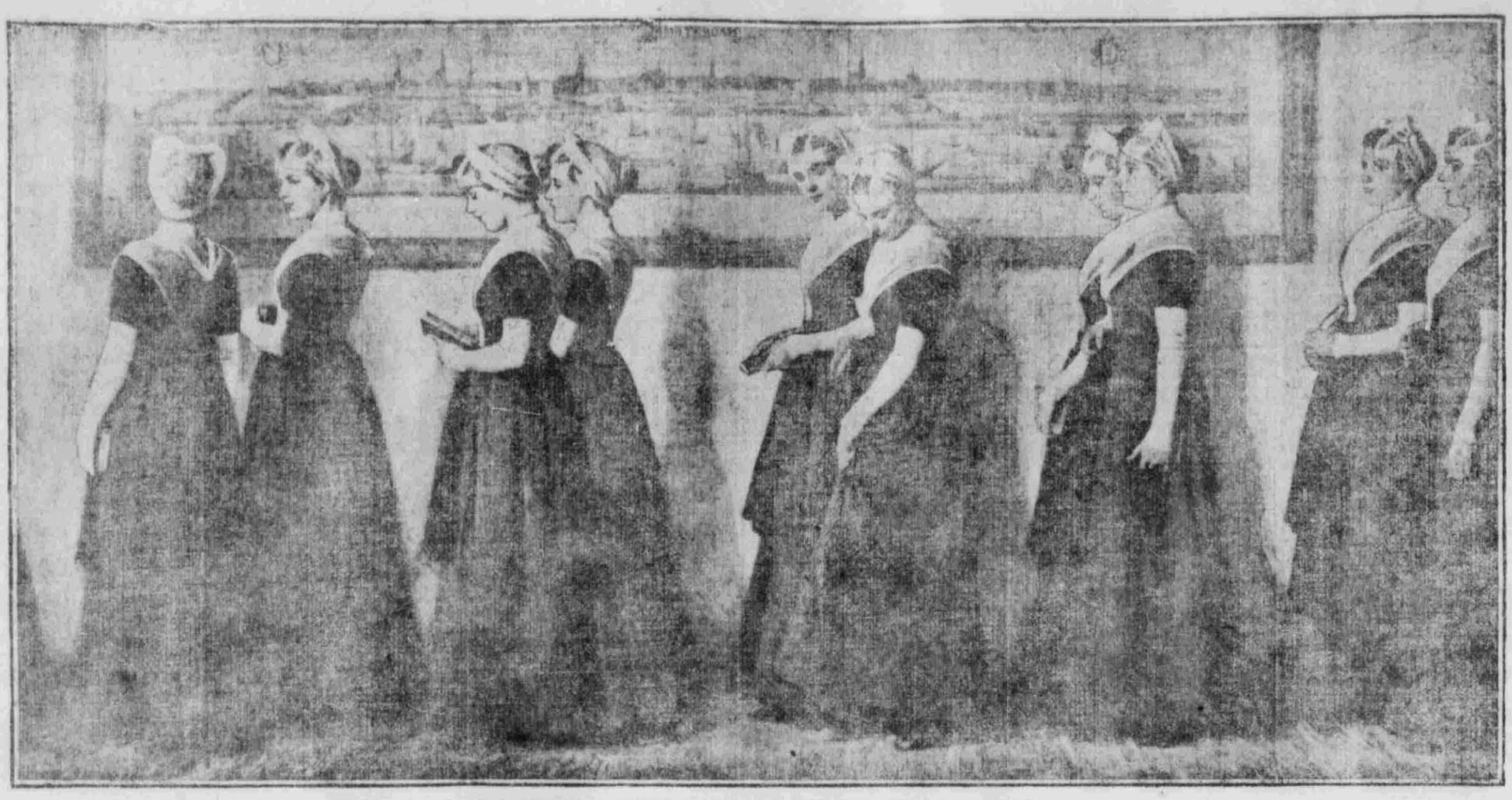
DUTCH WOMEN AND THEIR AMERICAN DESCENDANTS



INMATES OF A DUTCH ORPHANAGE ON THEIR WAY TO CHURCH.

WHEN Miss Ethel Roosevelt, the president's daughter, makes her social debut in January we may expect to hear her exploited as the typical American girl, just as her half sister Alice was before her and as young women of the White House have been whenever there was an attractive young woman in the executive mansion. Miss Ethel differs much in appearance, manner and character from her half sister. The Roosevelts are Knickerbockers of the Knickerbockers, and she seems to have inherited a large strain of their Dutch blood. Seen on the streets of The Hague or Amsterdam or Leyden, she might readily be mistaken for a loyal subject of the house of Orange-Nassau.

The Dutch girl is one of the most delightful creatures in the world. If you do not believe it, glance at the accompanying picture, which represents ten young women of the Netherlands arrayed in their best caps and kerchiefs on the way to church of a Sunday morning. A more delightful method of securing conviction is to embark in one of the great Atlantic steamships that land one at Rotterdam and investigate the Dutch girl as she is at home. Restful and pleasing enough you may find her in the large cities like The Hague, Amsterdam, Rotterdam, Haarlem, Utrecht, Leyden, Groningen and Arnhem, but if you would know her in all her charm you must venture out into untrodden ways where the plump, shy maidens are still clad in the same picturesque caps, gay short skirts and bodices that were the fashion when Hendrik Hudson piloted the Halve Maen out of the port of Amsterdam or when the pilgrim mothers spent their peaceful exile in the Low Countries.

Where to Find the Type.

Yet even in slow going Holland the leavening force of fashion is at work, and now it is only in country lanes and bypaths that one may hope to hear "the clang of the wooden shoon." If you take boat for some of the quaint and unexploited islands that hug the shore of the North sea or penetrate into the remote fastnesses of Zeeland or Friesland, then you may see life as it was lived by the foremothers of America, for it is well to remember that those who came over to New England in the Mayflower and Speedwell lived so long in the land of dikes and windmills that they must have acquired some of its habits and points of view. Remember, too, that from such gabled cottages or farmhouses came originally the sturdy ancestresses of our Knickerbocker stock.

The Ideal Dairymaid.

Seen at close quarters, one is impressed with the admirable poise, the wholesomeness, of the Dutchwoman. Nerves she has none, even into a green old age, after a life of incessant toil, she preserves the strength of mind and body that makes her as one apart among womankind. The Dutchwoman marries less early than the women of many nations, but she makes a devoted mother and is no advocate of race suicide. When one counts the townsend's about every Dutch cottage door it is obvious whence our Knickerbocker president derives his prejudices in this respect. Her house is generally small, but it is scoured and scrubbed and polished to an awe inspiring immaculateness. The smallness of the Dutch house and the largeness of the Dutch family make outdoor life popular.

The original "Spotless Town" is said to be a tiny village on the North sea, where even the cobblestones of the street are washed up by the indefatigable householders. The Dutchwoman is a notable provider of dainties, she bakes, highly sweetened preserves, dainty cheeses, cakes and pies of every sort and description fill her pantry. She is mistress of all the arts that pertain to the dairy, for in Holland almost every family with a grass plot as big as a pocket handkerchief keeps a cow and receives it under the domestic rooftree even as one of the family. This does not mean that the Dutch are unfastidious in respect to their neighbors, but it indicates that the Netherlandish cattle have been educated to a refinement in matters of personal cleanliness that would do credit to many a self respecting American. The cow dwells in a tiled room, which is daily swept and scrubbed and garnished. In front of each stall is a tiny window, and to protect the animal's eyes a lace or muslin curtain is generally daintily draped over it to tone down the light. Every day her sleek coat is brushed and curried and combed. The cow's bath is a matter of the most vital importance, no matter how indifferent her owners may be to their own ablutions. So far as the family is concerned, very little of the precious milk is stored for its consumption. It is poured into shining cans and loaded upon one of the dog carts drawn by dogs and carried to the nearest town for distribution among customers, or it may be the good vrouw is a champion cheese or butter maker and converts it into golden rounds or rolls which are sold at the next market or to some itinerant merchant who gathers them for shipping to Staves, England or even America, for Holland is the Vaterland of the redolent Limburger and the appetizing Edam and the highly appreciated Gouda cheeses.

Women's suffrage has not yet come in Holland, but, although she is a Dutchwoman to sure, and in these days in which she has dared, yet [illegible] her influence has been well nigh irresistible.

Thus through the centuries the Dutchwomen preserved their characteristics, handing down to each succeeding generation their simple, strong heritage, a sound mind in a sound body.

There are many who claim that the American descendants of Knickerbockers have lost much that was fine in their ancestry. It is not easy to recognize in the hard, worldly and [illegible] dames who blaze in the most expensive boxes at the New York horse show or opera the descendants of the white capped and aproned vrouws of early Manhattan.

EMILY RIDDING.

How They Spent Their First Day In London; Kate Clyde and a "Person" Do Some Sightseeing

OUR train arrived in London at 5 in the morning.

It was 6 when we reached our hotel, a large one on the embankment.

For practical purposes it still might have been midnight.

A sleepy porter was yawning his head off in the office, while the gorgeous Persian carpet in the entrance lay coiled up like a huge snake. In the distance one could hear the inhospitable sounds of sweeping.

We registered and began to yawn ourselves, in sympathy with the porter.

Could we have breakfast?

Oh, dear, no! Not for a couple of hours yet. Was there anything she could get to eat! (This from me.)

Absolutely nothing.

The men of the party asked if they could have a drink.

Why, certainly!

Is there any hour when a man can't get a drink? If there is, I wish some one would tell me.

So they had what they wanted and sat around and smoked.

I watched them.

I'm not temperance, but at that hour of the morning and on an empty stomach—ugh!

In a few minutes I forgot my hunger and the fact that I had been up all night, for the sun was beginning to shine in the streets—unusual good luck for London weather!

An English Hotel Bedroom.

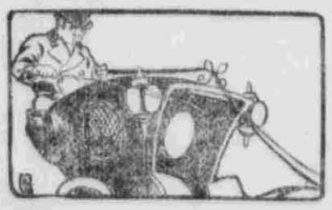
It suddenly occurred to me how foolish and unnecessary sleep is. If you just got over being sleepy, as I had, why, you were all right and eight hours to the good. I moved toward the door with the intention of taking an instructive and pleasant stroll when authority represented by the Person who was with me grabbed hold of me and sent me flying upstairs as fast as the elevator would go.

After all, it wasn't bad in that room. I snuggled down under the red silk quilt and took in its magnificence. Of course I would not go to sleep. I simply gave in for the sake of peace.

Why Not In America?

Everything was red and white, from the mahogany four poster of mediaeval

"A cab, sir?"



size to the tiny footstool under my dressing table. The latter was enormous, with candles and a three ply mirror. My pieces of silver were quite lost on it. There was a tiny dressing chair upholstered in red silk in front of it. The wardrobe was big enough for Ali Baba and the forty thieves to hide in. It had three full length mirrors. There were cunning side lights everywhere, and near the bed a huge rose colored affair. The paper was a continuous scenery pattern of birds, flowers and huge trees, so that it gave one the effect of being in a garden. After all, London was a lovely place. Why couldn't they have that jungle style of decoration in New York? That red bird over there, for instance—

Bang! Bang! Bang!

Merciful heavens! Could I have been asleep? Yes, and breakfast was at the door.

Come in!

The huge silver tray was put down at my bedside. This was real morning at last—about 11 o'clock.

There were marmalade and coffee. Being strong minded, I drank the coffee. The Person who is with me ate the marmalade.

A very good division; I can't bear orange marmalade.

The Tower, of Course.

"A cab, sir? Yes, sir! Yes, ma'am! Where shall Hi take you, sir?"

"Er—to the Tower!" I ventured, taking direction of affairs. (It might rain the next day, and it would be no joke seeing the different towers in the midst of an English drizzle.)

"Very well, ma'am!"

Slam went the door. We were off!

Jig-a-lig! Jig-a-lig!

"Ere you are, sir. You buy your tickets at the 'eff!"

He had to repeat the remark three times, for we were both asleep. (So much for night traveling!)

At last we came to and descended. I am showing the Person the town, having been here before, and so I remarked very unnecessarily, "This is the Tower!"

"Well, for heaven's sake!" came the unexpected reply, and I heard him gasp.

I turned around to find the cause of all this. It was a beefeater guard of the Tower. It wasn't his red and black Elizabethan uniform that caused merriment, but the fact that he was Elizabethan to the waist and twentieth century from there down. Ah, well, I suppose slashed trunks and silk hose are too airy for the present day Englishman, but, still, black cloth trousers with a petticoat effect above them are rather—odd.

We were struck with the number of Americans—in fact, there were no English evidently who had the curiosity to see the Tower in summer time. You heard your countryman estimating with their usual shrewdness the value of the crown jewels. They stood open mouthed in front of traitors' gate and would have liked to carry away the coats of arms and inscriptions in the Beauchamp tower. Perhaps they might appropriate the coats of arms? I have heard of ardent republicans doing stranger things than that.

Caught In the Act.

Fortunately lynx eyed guardians are always on hand to prevent just such overenthusiasm, and a stout lady with two daughters suffered the mortification of having to "cough up" a piece of mortar she had appropriated from beneath Lady Jane Grey's autograph. She looked as if nothing would ever compensate her for its loss.

You can say what you will, the Tower is a peaceful place, with all its scenes of murder hushed and gone and the sunlight gilding its wise old gray towers and green stretches of English lawn.

Street up the number of Americans.

A peacock strutted its tail on the very stones where once the scaffold stood. Two enormous rooks flutter in chimney play in front of the Norman tower where the little princess died.

A regiment of "Tommies" drill back of the Wakefield tower.

We have progressed beyond cruelty at least, if we have not done with war.

What do you suppose we found our cabby doing? He was writing a letter, a love letter, too, judging by his expression and by the fact that we had to say Ps-st! three times. He used the top of the hansom as a writing desk.

"Where shall we go now?" I asked.

"Let's do Whitechapel. I want to see what the worst parts of London look like in the daytime!" the Person suggested.

Slumming In a Cab.

It was rather original to go slumming in a cab, but we were neither of us inclined to go walking.

We drove over old London bridge, and then back again over Tower bridge, with its wonderful turrets. The draw was up. The people, however, did not have to wait as they do in America, which shows that Londoners are not so slow after all. They went up to the top of the twin towers and crossed by means of a small suspension bridge, so elevated as to be out of the way.

Whispered a word to her husband.

On the other side the houses became meaner as we went along. Soon streets dwindled into alleys hardly wide enough for our hansom.

Here, beyond a green door, one of the Jack the Ripper murders occurred. There another grewsome tragedy filled the papers for a couple of weeks.

A Famous Locality.

We crossed Petticoat lane, with its queer pushcarts. It looked like Hester street, New York, only the women were of a different type, brawny and red faced, with slatternly dress and tousled hair. Gin mills stood on every corner. We were in the heart of the slums. But, my friends, the slums of great London, of London the wicked, of "Along In London" fame, are like paradise compared to the poverty stricken east side of little old New York.

"There, what did I tell you? Weren't we wise to do the Tower while it was pleasant?" I exclaimed as I felt a drop of rain.

Down it came, not in torrents, but in a persistent drizzle so characteristic that you would know you were in London by that alone. The cabby sat down the window, and we drove back to the hotel. It was much later in the afternoon than we thought. Lights twinkled in shop windows, and small children rushed under the horses' hoofs, escaping by a miracle, as they carried provisions home for the evening meal, for the most part bloaters and pickles, with indigestible ham and sweet buns.

It was good to be in the broad street again. Our hotel, with its spacious balconies facing the river, seemed a palace.

The Brighter Side.

That evening as I sat in the great white dining room, where every woman wore a decollete gown and no man was allowed to enter without an evening suit, the visit to the slums that afternoon seemed a bad dream.

An American woman, beautifully dressed in a pale chiffon gown and a beplumed picture hat, approached the head waiter for a table.

That pompous official whispered a word to her husband, and the lady went to the dressing room and removed her elaborate Persian headpiece.

No hats allowed!

She learned her lesson that way to appear in full evening dress.

Kate Clyde

London.

A HANDSOME AND CLEVER YOUNG ARTIST.

Mrs. Harry Leon Wilson has most of the girls young women envy. A glance at her picture shows that she has beauty in an unusual degree. She also has talent and is known to the art and reading world as Rose Cecil M. O'Neil. Her husband is the author of "The Spenders" and other successful novels, while she is not only an artist, but a clever verse writer.

MOST RECENT PICTURE OF QUEEN WILHELMINA.

This portrait of Wilhelmina shows her wearing one of the royal crowns not unlike the tiaras that fashionable New York women don on opera nights. The Dutch ruler has lost much of her youthful chubbiness, but since her reconciliation with her consort she is said to be looking much happier than she has since her unpopular marriage.

FOR AND ABOUT WOMEN.

If held upright, an ostrich feather will at once be seen to be perfectly even and equal on both sides, and the stem dividing it exactly in the center, whereas the stems of other feathers are found to be more or less on one side.

A capital dry shampoo powder may be made of eight ounces powdered orris root, two and three-quarters drams each of powdered bergamot rind and cassie flowers, and half a dram of powdered cloves. Mix by sifting many times. To use, rub well on the scalp and hair, and then brush out thoroughly.

The queen of Siam has a very remarkable thimble, which was given to her by her husband, King Chulalongkorn. It is made of gold, in the form of a lotus bud, and is thickly studded with diamonds, which are arranged to form her name and the date of her marriage. The form of the gift was appropriate, since the lotus is the royal flower.

The czarina of Russia dresses with the greatest simplicity. In the daytime her majesty mostly wears tailor made coats and skirts, and in the evening favors the purest white materials. The czarina has taken to making her own dresses, or, at least, to have them made in the royal palace by a seamstress. It was the etiquette of the court to send to Paris for the evening gowns, to London for the tailor made suits and to establishments in St. Petersburg for the everyday gowns.

Our history is full of strange happenings, especially as interpreted in school. Here is a curiously confused answer, given in class by an eight-year-old girl the other day. "The Hydra," said this interesting miss, "was married to Henry VIII. When he cut off her head another one sprang up in its place."

Here is a good face lotion for use by those distressed by pimples. To five ounces of elder flower water add one ounce of spirits of camphor and one dram of milk of sulphur. Shake thoroughly. Wash the face at night with tepid water and soap and after drying the face apply the lotion with a soft sponge or a puff of cotton. Let the lotion dry on.

A good idea is to have neat Indian matting put along the wall of the bathroom as a kind of dado. At the bottom it may be fastened under the skirting board or secured just above it by a strip of additional molding. Another narrow piece of beading or wood molding should be tacked along the top to hold the upper edge. The advantage of Indian matting is that it is not injured by splashing and always gives a light, clean appearance to the room.

A thing held essential to beauty in olden days seems to have been a set of curls. The beauties of a period one finds painted in many galleries all had their clustering, clinging ringlets that hung down over their ears and around their slender, graceful necks. Just as they all had domelike foreheads and an expression of mild melancholy.