

A VISIT TO DELFHAVEN, WHERE
OUR FOREFATHERS WOR-
SHIPPED.

What bothers me most is the jaw-breaking titles which the people use for all sorts of firms. For instance, I saw a sign for "Nederlandsche-voor-Scheepvaart- en Werktuigbouw-Fijenoord" and wanted my trunk brought to the hotel. I was advised to get a man from the "Nederlandsche-Maatschappij-tot Algemeene-Dienstverrichting." I was almost stunned when the policeman told me that I was surprised to learn that it meant only to go with a push cart, and that notwithstanding his title his charges were but 15 cents for the service. About an hour later I found out to go to a machine factory. The "Nederlandsche-voor-Scheepvaart- en Werktuigbouw-Fijenoord" was one of the largest, employing thousands of workmen; and when I asked if I could not see the American consul general the same day, the landlord informed me I could for he lived on the "Schenloothstraat," and I could drive there on my return from the factory. Indeed, I can't remember the simplest of these Dutch directions, and I find the language almost as difficult as the "Houtzak or the Chinese" (PR. 17, 18, 19).