

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 brimmed Americans.

And why not be bromide? The greatest bromides of all are the people who are afraid of being a bromide and scream emphatically, "I did not kiss St. Peter's toe!" "I did not bring home a piece of lava from Vesuvius!" "I did not take a Dutch windmill!" "I did not climb Mount Blanc in Alpine costume!"

Mauritshuis. 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 huggers, wagons and milk carts.

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But the wonderful excellence of the Central hotel does not lie in its beautiful garden, but in the dining room beyond. 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 table. The man in the room below were milk boys with dogs below 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 skirts and wooden shoes; there were the hardy looking middle class dressed in a unique style, between the Holland and the French; and the young girls arrayed in white, and last of all were the snobs.

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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 Hagger 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 Mauritshuis, the art gallery that contains many wonderful paintings, among them many Rembrandts. Farther on is the royal palace. It is a low white building, which looks like an old-time, worn out public building.

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.

Schevingen, the fashionable watering place, is just outside of The Hague. The Schev i ngen Beach is one of the widest stretches in Europe, and I assure 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 the ever interesting fortune tellers. However, Schevingen has one fea-

ture 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 wildness is posted on the sand dunes the quaint little fishing village of Schvingen. 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 the people on the island of Marken. Their dresses are of sumner blue and gray, and their faces have a certain look to match their costumes.

And this is 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. 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, pulled 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 side, 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 at the 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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HELPS FARM VALUES

GOOD ROADS INCREASE SELLING VALUE OF RURAL PROPERTY.

LARGE AND SURE RETURNS

Improvement of Highways is Not Matter of Expense, but an Investment—With Good Roads the Farm Will Produce Greater Revenue.

By HOWARD H. GROSS.

There is one very important factor that people are apt to overlook, and that is the influence of good roads on the value of farm property. There is no fact that is better established or of which there is more abundant proof than that a good road leading from the farm to the market will increase the selling value of the farm far more than the amount of taxes required to be paid by the farmer to build the road. Hence when the matter is analyzed, it will be found that the building of good roads is not a matter of expense, but an investment that pays a larger and surer return than anything else one can name.

A progressive farmer will expend money on building good fences, his land, erect wind mills, barns, sheds, covers for his machinery, plant trees, and do many things to make his farm more attractive, more valuable. When a man has spent several hundred dollars on some of these improvements he figures his farm is worth more than the amount expended over what it was before. He is willing to expend money in this way to ascertain, after a world wide study extending over 20 years, was the building of hard roads begun without the strongest opposition from those who were really to receive the largest benefit. Direct predictions were made that property would be confiscated by the taxation, that the building of the roads would ruin the tax payer. But every community that has had the experience of building hard roads, using them and paying for them, has continued to build more and more from year to year. They found that while it called for the expenditure of money to meet the bills that it lightened their burdens in many other ways, that it made life better worth living, that there was more social life in the community, the children were better satisfied to stay upon the farm, and they could go to market any day in the year they liked, and thus take advantage of the market instead of the market taking advantage of them.

It is within the experience of millions of farmers that they had grain or live stock on hand ready to sell; the price was right, but the roads were so bad they could not reach the market. A few weeks later when the roads improved, perhaps there was a drop in the market.

The secretary of agriculture (and that is the high authority) says that good roads, usable every day in the year, so the farmers can take advantage of market conditions, are worth two or three cents on every bushel of grain, and ten to thirty cents a hundred for live stock. The result is that good roads the farm will produce a larger revenue, it is a more desirable place to live and it is worth more money.

If one were to go out to buy a farm, and when he alighted at the railway

road to my farm I can come in the ten miles with my produce easier than I could come in five miles with bad roads. Therefore to build a good road moves my farm in half way to town."

The writer has traveled in many states and foreign countries and studied the road problem. In every locality where good roads have been built the people are enthusiastic; they say they do not see how they ever could have gotten along so many years without them, for they have better schools, more social advantages, that the people live better, dress better, and that people in town are strongly attracted to rural life; that where there was an opportunity to sell a farm once with the bad roads, there were several opportunities with the good ones.

If any state or community will take up the building of good roads upon the right basis, and spread the payments over a series of years, they will find it is the best investment they could possibly make. More than one-half the states now are assisting the townships to build good roads, by paying anywhere from one-third to three-fourths the cost. To aid road building the state of New York issued \$50,000,000 of bonds, and will spend \$5,000,000 per year for ten years upon the highways, assisting the counties and the states in permanently improving the main thoroughfares. This is a step in the right direction. Scores of states are doing the same thing in a

road in the road was nearly a foot deep. No fair minded man will say that a crop can be marketed under such conditions as cheaply as when the roads are good, and a single team can haul the same at twice the speed.

The value of the farm does not depend upon what the soil will produce, but upon its accessibility to market, the environment and whether the farm is in every way desirable as a place to live. We spend money for pleasure and for comfort, and it is right that we should do so. Probably as a rule too little is spent for this. Whenever good roads have been built, in any community, there has been a sharp advance in the price of land, because the farms are more accessible. The writer has in mind a county in northern Indiana, where about ten years ago a system of 24 miles of hard roads were built, covering the main highways of the township. About \$85,000 were spent upon the improvements, the payment spread over ten years. Within a year after the roads were built the farmers were asking and getting \$15 to \$25 an acre more for their farms than they could have gotten before the roads were built. In some cases the advance was even more. The increase in taxation was hardly felt.

One of the prominent residents of the township, in commenting upon the improvement, said that the building of the roads exerted a powerful influence



Two Mules Drawing One Bale of Cotton Over Bad Road at Jackson, Tenn.

This shows the conditions down in the cotton belt, where at times the roads are almost impassable. The team and driver are in harmony with such surroundings. The next cut shows the same road a few better towns, after it has been improved.

upon the lives of the people of the township—everybody began to slick up, a new picket fence replaced the old tumble down board fence, the house was painted, walks laid out, and an air of dignity was apparent everywhere. Also following the good roads, a township high school was built, and arrangements made to carry the children to and from school. This was a great relief to the isolation the young people were placed under before the roads were built. The new school became the social center and they found that township that the building of a system of roads was the best investment they had ever made, and under circumstances could they be induced to go back to the old way. It is the same story everywhere, in every locality where any community ever began to build good highways, and had the experience of building, using and paying for them, the community was not only satisfied but kept on building more and more roads.

In the last analysis it will be found that the building of highways adds to the value of the farm served by them several times the cost, and this increase in farm values is only one of the many advantages that grow out of splendid highways.

Good roads will effect economies in many ways; they will make life more enjoyable; they mean better schools, more social life and more profit; they mean progress and civilization.

There is no reason why the present generation should carry the whole burden, and the future should be relieved thereof.

The plan of building a small piece of road every year by an annual tax, and extending the road a mile or two at a time is unobjectionable in result, the cost is considerable more than it should be, and it takes a long time to get the roads. If 20 miles were built at one time in a township, there would be strong competition among contractors and the tax payers would find they

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 fatigued.

"What is the good?" was the reply. "Whenever I go off on a holiday some one is sure to be 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 she was feeling as well 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, see, 'n' she's a doctor. Will you please come right along, sah?"

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

"It's your horrid goat, 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, and she never repaid 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 write out a bill for 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."

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MONARCH OF ANIMAL KINGDOM

Royal Geographical Society Lecturer Finds Fifteen-Foot Shark Among Debris in Whale's Stomach.

Mr. Frank T. Bullen, in a recent lecture to children arranged by the Royal Geographical Society, spoke of the marvels of deep sea life. The sperm whale he characterized as the monarch of the animal kingdom of the sea.

This is a road splendidly constructed built by a county bond issue. Before the roads were built there was little or no sale for farms, afterwards they were in demand at an advance of from 20 to 30 per cent, all on account of the good roads.

Two Horses Drawing Eleven Bales of Cotton Over Road Shown in Other Picture, After Improvement.

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THE SAME OLD SHOW

On Saturday last nearly every prominent fisherman in Williamsport was fishing for trout in Lycoming creek. Files, 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 thought 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."

A Maine Barber's Ivy. Skowhegan claims the largest house plant in the world. This is an English ivy in the barber shop of Mr. Reynolds on Water street. Starting seven years ago from a little earthen pot, the capacity of which is not more than three quarts, the small twig has grown to about 250 feet in length. It is still growing, rising again toward the ceiling. When it was about five feet high it wished to grow more, so it was trained to run along the ceiling, and out twenty feet or more it went, being

occasionally tied up. Back again it came to its home, the pot; but turning, it started again over the ceiling, and it has done this repeatedly until now there are the roots twenty feet long with branches.—Kennebec Journal.

Not Thrown Away. To top off an expensive education a young married woman of no particular ability in any one line took a course at a dramatic school. She never at-

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LAND AT AUCTION

At Pukwana, P. D. County, South Dakota, will be sold at auction to the highest bidder on June 15, 1911. There is to be sold a tract of 640 acres, more or less, situated in the northeast corner of Section 10, Township 13 N., Range 10 W., 6th Meridian, South Dakota. For further particulars, apply to W. H. WOODRUFF, Auctioneer, Pukwana, South Dakota, or to W. H. WOODRUFF, Auctioneer, Pukwana, S. D.

CELEBRATE JULY 4th

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Built the First Pavement

Cordova, in Spain, Was First City to Improve Its Roads—Streets of London Not Paved in 17th Century.

The oldest pavement of which there is any record in modern cities is that of Cordova, Spain, which was paved with stones by the Moors in the middle of the ninth century. The Moors caused water to be conveyed to the city in lead pipes.

Paris was the next city to pave its streets; but this civic betterment did not take place until the year 1180, on which occasion, says Rigard, the historian of Philip II., "the name of the city was changed from Lutetia which it had been previously called on account of its fithness." These old streets must have been very bad indeed, as it was the general practice of the citizens to keep swine, which roamed at large and wallowed in the mire of the public way.

The streets of London were unpaved in the eleventh century, and it is un-