

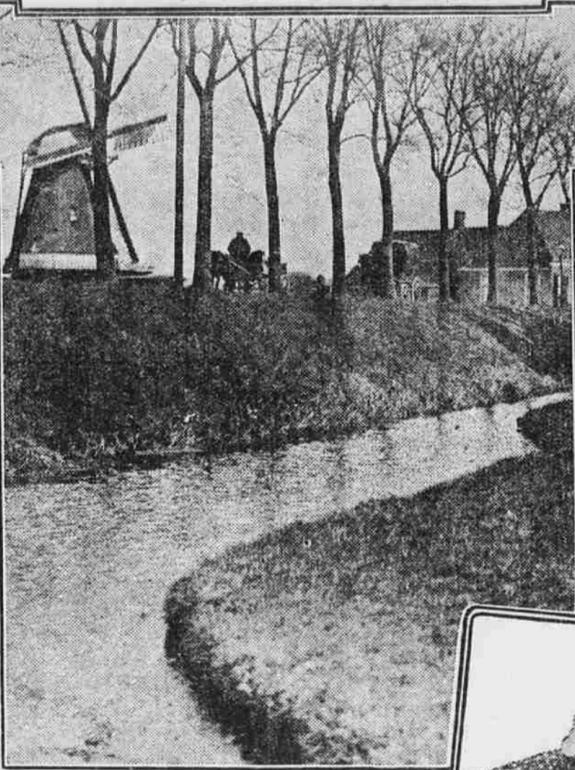
The PLAYGROUND of HOLLAND



AN ANCIENT HOLLANDER



In some ways "the playground of Holland" is quite a good name for the islands of the Zuider Zee. The stiff, shining trees, the black and white cows, the natty and vividly-painted wooden houses, might all have trooped out of some very new and splendid nursery Noah's Ark. The people are dressed in a more gay and unpractical fashion than elsewhere, and their vocation in life, like a child's, is to make a pretty and pleasing impression on their observers. The cheese-making and fishing at which they make believe to toil are, or anyhow appear to be, as unimportant to the general weal as the productions of a child's cooking stove. What they have to do is to look, dress and behave so that they appeal to artists wanting models and Americans wanting excursions. Two-thirds of the tourists and half the guide-books actually seem to imagine that this mode of life has left them quite guileless and childlike. Of course, they are really becoming, thanks to the tourist, the most canny and long-sighted people in Holland.



WINDMILL AND STREAM



A YOUNG HOLLANDER

is, one is positively dragged into their dwellings, introduced to all the household goods, especially—if one is an American or an amateur antiquarian—to some decrepit old clock or cradle, from which the owner vows never to part. But she yields so readily to persuasion that perhaps one does not wrong her in thinking that she solaces herself for the loss with a little expedition to Amsterdam in search of a substitute. The Marken fishing fleet makes a brave show, but one feels that a really prosperous concern would not spend so much time in harbor. However, on weekdays the men certainly disappear somewhere, perhaps only to make their rare appearance the more impressive. As is the case all over Holland, man has the monopoly of all the quaintest devices in life. The Markener is said to do his fishing in his

CAMP FIRE STORIES

BATTLE IN CYPRESS SWAMP

What Happened in Flooded Louisiana Region When Gunboats Fought Is Told by Chicagoan.

Theodore H. Eschen, who lives at 1748 St. Michael's court, Chicago, took part in engagements between union and confederate naval forces in the latter years of the war. He accompanied the expedition made by Gen. Nathaniel P. Banks into the network of swamps and bayous of Louisiana and known as the Red river campaign. An incident on the journey was the blowing up of the confederate ram Queen of the West, of which Mr. Eschen tells.

"The St. Mary was the boat I was on," said Mr. Eschen. "She was a transport and was one of the fastest steamers we had. She was one of a number of gunboats and unprotected river boats that made their way into Grand lake to land troops in General Banks' red river campaign. "The lake was a mudhole, formed by overflow from the Mississippi. In low water it was a cypress swamp, and timber had been cut from a large area. In high water the stumps of the great trees, standing perhaps eight feet above the ground, were covered



Boiler Room and Magazine Blew Up.

with water, and there was no current to mark their presence. It was high water when we landed troops on the shore of the lake.

"Our boats were of different drafts. The large ones could not go near shore, and the smaller steamers lay between them and the shore, so that the soldiers could walk over them somewhat as if they were a pontoon bridge. We had several gunboats there, two of them, the Colorado and the Matagora, ironclad, and there were river boats and ferry boats. The Clifton was well armed and so was the Calhoun, a ferry boat from New York; with a heavy gun at bow and at stern and two broadsides of four smaller guns each.

"We were not allowed to stay in the lake without a visit from the enemy. A fleet of confederate boats came down the bayous from the Red river and disputed our position. The Queen of the West was the most formidable of them. She was a ram, though not ironclad. The other boats were river steamers, with bales of cotton around their sides and with guns pointing through apertures in the cotton guard. They were floating forts.

"The Queen of the West came steaming down at us and in her path was one of our ironclads. They told us afterward that the pilot had called out to the captain that they were headed for an iron boat and that the captain had sworn to sink the boat even if it was iron. They put on full steam ahead. The water was like glass. They cut through it at a great speed and ran on a lot of submerged stumps. The bow was thrown high into the air and there hung the Queen of the West.

"The Calhoun and the Clifton took position, one on each side, and shelled her. The Calhoun, a sidewheeler, was kept swinging about without moving away from her position and firing broadsides or stern or bow guns as they came into range. The Queen of the West was game to the last and she returned the fire until her boiler room and magazine blew up. There was nothing left of her except a pile of wreckage. As soon as she blew up the rest of the confederate fleet, which had been doing a little firing, turned about and made for the bayous. They knew the channel and so escaped, but some of them were captured after our boats had made their way north."

A Benediction.
Gen. Pendleton, who was a clergyman before the war, but who, having graduated at West Point, joined the army and commanded a battery at Bull Run. He stood by the guns, and when ready to fire he would say: "Now, boys, made ready! May the Lord have mercy on the poor sinners. Fire!"

Going Some.
"How fast did McCarty run when the rebels opened on our ranks?"
"Oh, purty fast."
"As fast as he could run?"
"Faster! As fast as two of his could run."

To Revive House Plants.
Charcoal and a small quantity of potash mixed to a fine powder and fed to the roots twice a week for a few weeks will revive a drooping or dying house plant. This seems to act as a tonic and has been tried several times with good effect. In less than a month's time the plant will take on new life and flourish vigorously if all the necessary elements are not out of the soil.

BABY'S ECZEMA AND BOILS

"My son was about three weeks old when I noticed a breaking-out on his cheeks, from which a watery substance oozed. A short time after, his arms, shoulders and breast broke out also, and in a few days became a solid scab. I became alarmed, and called our family physician who at once pronounced the disease eczema. The little fellow was under treatment for about three months. By the end of that time, he seemed no better. I became discouraged. I dropped the doctor's treatment, and commenced the use of Cuticura Soap and Ointment, and in a few days noticed a marked change. The eruption on his cheeks was almost healed, and his shoulders, arms and breast were decidedly better. When he was about seven months old, all trace of the eczema was gone.

"During his teething period, his head and face were broken out in boils which I cured with Cuticura Soap and Ointment. Surely he must have been a great sufferer. During the time of teething and from the time I dropped the doctor's treatment, I used the Cuticura Soap and Cuticura Ointment, nothing else, and when two years old he was the picture of health. His complexion was soft and beautiful, and his head a mass of silky curls. I had been afraid that he would never be well, and I feel that I owe a great deal to the Cuticura Remedies." (Signed) Mrs. Mary W. Ramsey, 224 E. Jackson St., Colorado Springs, Col., Sept. 24, 1910. Although Cuticura Soap and Ointment are sold by druggists and dealers everywhere, a sample of each, with 32-page book, will be mailed free on application to "Cuticura," Dept. L, Boston.

The Suffragette's Answer.
"And where, by fellow citizens," appealed the political speaker, "can we find an instrument so fit, so delicate, so adjustable, and at the same time so unassuming and popular that it will unlock every department of state for the benefit of its readers?"
"The hairpin!" shrieked an enthusiastic suffragette in the audience.—Judge.

The Paxton Toilet Co. of Boston, Mass., will send a large trial box of Paxline Antiseptic, a delightful cleansing and germicidal toilet preparation, to any woman, free, upon request.

Paw Knows Everything.
Willie—Paw, what is a family circle?
Paw—A wedding ring, my son.

Beware of Spring's sudden changes; keep Gardlet Tea at hand. Drink hot on routing.
London is the healthiest capital of Europe.

His Face Entirely Filled With Pimples

And Blackheads. Was Ashamed Used Resinol, Skin Clear

A Jersey City man, Thomas Bruno, 170 1/2 Brunswick St., writes:
"Mar. 29, 1912.—"About four months ago a pimple broke out on my forehead, which pained me very much. I began scratching it and within two weeks my face was entirely filled with pimples and blackheads. They were not only disfiguring, but also painful. I was ashamed to walk on the streets and soon became discouraged. I tried many remedies such as salves, cold cream, etc., but all were a failure.
"I read of the Resinol Soap and Resinol Ointment in the papers, and soon sent for samples which I used. They proved to be excellent, and after using two cakes of Resinol Soap and a Jar of Resinol Ointment, it removed every pimple and blackhead in sight. This treatment lasted about three weeks, and now my skin is clear and healthy. I gave some Resinol Ointment to a friend and it cured him of syphilis (or barber's itch). My family use Resinol Soap for the toilet and shampoo; it stops dandruff and falling hair. I recommend Resinol Soap and Ointment for all skin troubles."
Resinol Soap and Ointment stop itching instantly, and quickly heal eczema and other skin and scalp eruptions, as well as sores, burns, and bleeding. Your druggist sells them. (Soap, 25c; Ointment, 50c and \$1). For a sample of each write to Dept. 6 K, Resinol Chemical Co., Baltimore, Md.

The Farmer's Son's Great Opportunity

Why wait for the old farm to become your inheritance? Begin now to prepare for your future prosperity and independence. A great opportunity awaits you in Manitoba, Saskatchewan or Alberta, where you can secure a fine home and a good start in life at a low price. **Now's the Time** to get a home in the West. The profits secured from the abundant crops of Wheat, Oats and Barley, as well as cattle raising, are causing a steady advance in price. Government returns show that the number of settlers in Western Canada from the U. S. was 50 per cent larger in 1910 than the previous year. Many farmers have paid for their land out of the proceeds of one crop. **Free Homesteads of 160 acres and pre-emption lots of 160 acres at \$3.00 an acre.** Fine climate, good schools, excellent railway facilities, low freight rates; wood, water and lumber easily obtained. For pamphlet "Last Best West" as well as full particulars and low settlers' rate, apply to **W. A. WILSON, General Agent, Can., or to Canadian Gov't Agent, H. M. WILLIAMS, 413 Gardner Bldg., Toledo, Ohio** Please write to the agent nearest you.



FISHING VESSELS

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 stowart, 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 sun-dried old face—has 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



VOLENDAM GIRLS

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 denounce it as 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 Markener 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 unmannerly urchin who chooses to dispose herself 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

OBJECTS TO AN ITALY-DEPENDING 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, although 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."

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

long ago that dress was of importance, because she noticed that many of the cleverest students missed the best 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 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. Then there is another plea for women who spend time and money on their clothes. They keep endless industries alive by what appear to many people to be extravagance, and the only thing with which to reproach them is that they so often accept hideous fashions from the dressmakers when their sense of the fitness of things should make them refuse to look at anything which does not express beauty and usefulness combined.