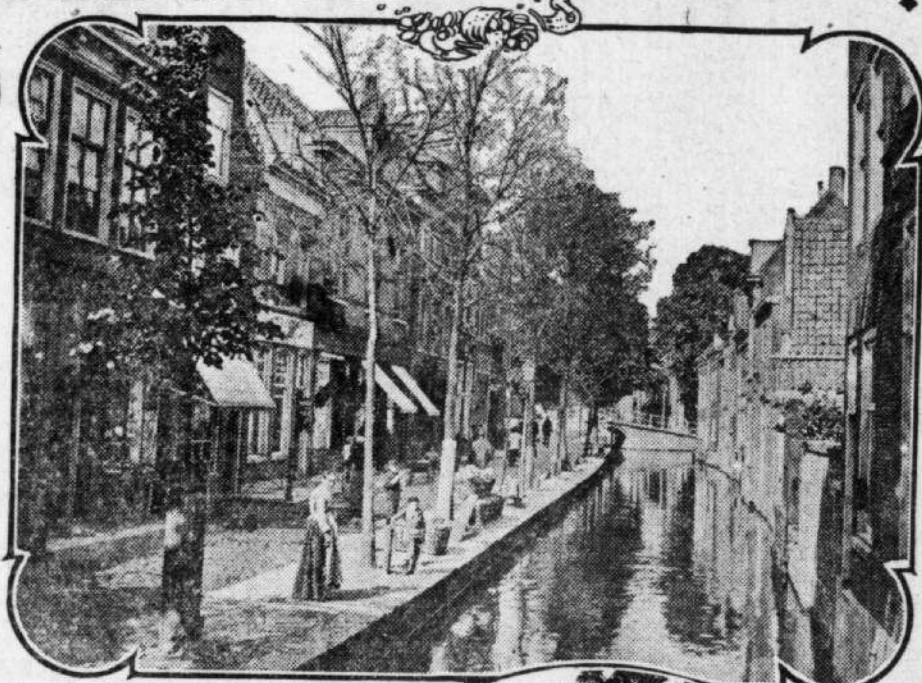
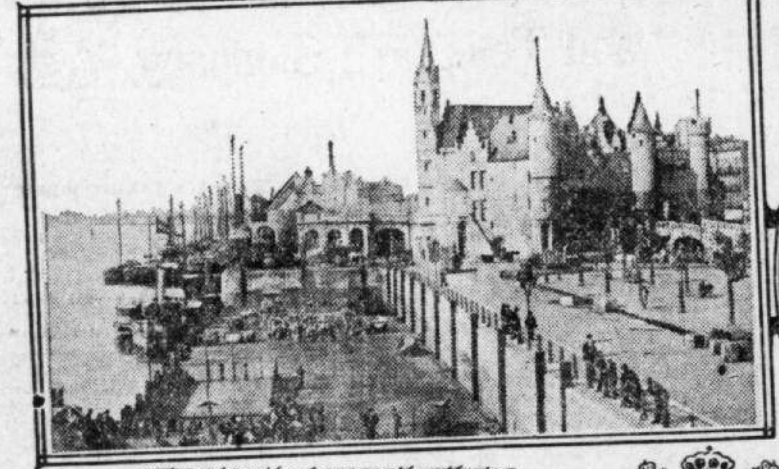


THROUGH A LAND OF CANALS

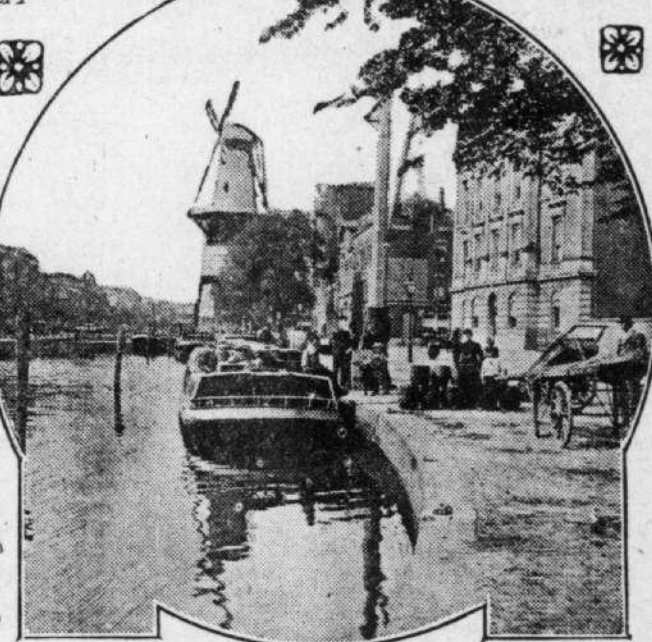
FROM Antwerp to Rotterdam is less than three hours by the rails, but on the little steamer which crawls through the creeks, canals and lakes of Zealand it is a full day. Come, steep yourself in sober luxury in an atmosphere of self-respect and much peace and dampness. The steamer starts in the cold half dawn with all the Antwerp stretch of river lights burning an orange yellow. After two hours of tonic shivering you see the sun across a flat and fertile land, a big red sun which you may look at without blinking. There is a mighty river flowing full and broad between low banks with scattered trees. You glide into canals lined to the water's edge with grass and buttercups, enlivened with groups of fishers in trousers of the strangest cuts, who stand chatting with the keepers of the locks and drinking healths in schnapps. The trousers are bloomers, not unlike the knickers of the fair when full built (speaking of the knickers), and they wear round knit caps of vivid green. Others, more sober, wear bomb-shaped casquettes of orange velvet embroidered with black silk.



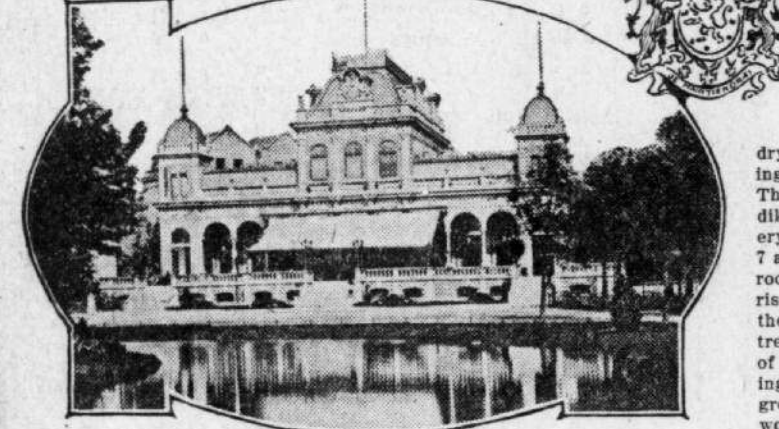
STREET AND CANAL AT DELFT



VIEW OF PART OF QUAY AT ANTWERP



BIT OF OLD AMSTERDAM



VONDAL PARK, AMSTERDAM

The captain promised breakfast in five minutes. That was an hour and twenty minutes ago. The second cabin passengers are drinking gin. The captain says the breakfast only waits for some cow to be milked near a lock. The boat is still in a canal between high banks, which thrust on the view the ankles of the village girls who stand along the edge and look down philosophically, knitting; for their skirts are very bell-shaped. The village girls are silhouettes against the sky. Then a one-horse gig, with yellow wheels and a green box, flits by mysteriously and disappears behind the ridge. And there is nothing more. Ah, yes, it rains. The steamer crawls through the canal, impeded by the locks and dams. Here is another Dutch girl. She is standing on the bank above our heads as we descend, a Dutch girl in a white starched percale cap, cream-colored kerchief crossed upon her breast, with a black bodice, a blue skirt, wooden shoes and blue stockings. The boat is in a narrow river once again, with scenery green and clean, with sweet effects of light in this peculiar air—a milky, velvety light—near a comic opera village. More village girls, the milk and blush blondes of Zealand, with their silky masses of pale golden hair, immaculately clean. They look so solid, tight and tidy, do these little Dutch girls in their stiff bodices. Out in the open Ooester Skelt, three miles across, the yellow brownish water scarcely marks itself against the banks of yellow green, low dikes, with long, long lines of trees, whose roots assist to hold the soil together. We hug the edge. Along the bank there coughs and snorts a dinky little ancient automobile. As it nears we see it is conducted by a pretty girl in white. She looks like a bride! The villagers run out, rejoicing. Who is she? What is it? What is he? Mystery. We steam onward. Now, there are always these long lines of trees that stand like a grim regiment to defeat the floods of the encroaching sea. It is the Verdrongen Land, where thousands perished—villages and towns and all the countryside—in 1532, when a dike burst. There is a short Canal de Keeten. At a village where the captain stops to get his hat cut a fair bumboat girl sells us schnapps. Then the little steamer quits the subdivisions of the Schelde, meanders through the mazes of the Maas, comes through the Krammer and the Volkerak to the wide Hollandsch Diep, which has rough water and looks almost like the sea. Once this bay was land, but long ago, in 1421, a tidal wave wiped out a hundred market towns and villages, and upward of 100,000 people perished, and the water stayed. Then soon it is the little Dorsche Kil, a very narrow stream (where the Prince of Orange was drowned in 1711), which takes us to the broad and lovely Merwede, a double river, where the windmills of the landscape and the busy villages proclaim the land of Holland one has read of. Now it is raining. Dort, or Dordrecht is the first fine town. It is the cleanest land! The very cows are scrubbed down with soap and rubbed

dry with bath towel till they shine. The sloping stone dikes are mopped every morning between 7 and 9 o'clock. Tiled roofs of a soft red rise like flowers amid the foliage of the trees; thatched roofs of a dove tint go sloping down close to the ground as if they would slip off the cosy houses just as the dove-colored shawl slips off the shoulders of a Quaker girl—if there be any left who wear dove-colored shawls. I am thinking of Philadelphia and Penn's Manor. Here there are villages that do not know the railway and their daughters do not know the modern fashions. A village girl buys one fine gown and it will last her fifteen years. Do you thing she is not just as nice beneath it? These girls spare no expense on their best gowns. They have real linen and real lace and fine silk stockings if they choose to wear them, and each girl has a gold helmet, which is worth from \$90 to \$300. It begins to rain. This helmet is a thin and supple shell of gold which snugly fits the head. Sometimes it is scoop-shaped to let the back hair be coiled in a knot, sometimes they plait their back hair in two long queues, which hang down before the ears on each side of the face; but the gold helmet must be always there, though it be only seen to shimmer in the sunlight through the meshes of a kind of night-cap, also fitting snugly, which may be of linen or of lace, in which case it has ruffles. Each girl has her gold helmet, even those who go to service up in Rotterdam, though when they grow sophisticated, effaced and shame-faced they first put on city bonnets over their gold helmets and white nightcaps and then later on lock up their caps and helmets in their bureaus and take to smart pink cotton prints for gowns and wear coquettish ruffles of gauzy tulle on their heads, for all the world like London chambermaids. These helmets, horned on each side of the forehead with long twisted prongs of gold and dating back to when the Germanic tribes were struggling with the Romans, are, together with the bomb-shaped skirts, soon bound to disappear and figure only, like the peasant costume of the north of France, in charity bazaars on city girls instead of country girls, who are abandoning them for flimsy trash three years behind the current mode. The air is sultry, like a gentle steaming in the laboring noonday sun. Clouds rising above clouds around the whole horizon meet at the zenith like a dome. There is no end of peaceful hamlets, pretty, tidy, busy. We stop for the captain to make an afternoon call. Small girls pass in procession bearing tulips. Where to? What for? Mystery. We steam on. And there is nothing more. The river widens and the windmills and the sawmills give place to shipping. Then the squat spires of a city full of little unartistic churches show themselves, and we approach the seventh commercial port of Europe. The captain says it looks like rain. From boozey Belgian Antwerp to Dutch Rotterdam and its mild thoroughfares is all the distance from the continental system to our American respectability. The town is Puritan. The girls look at you with straight eyes, as innocent of coquetry as lambs; they are not like French girls walking with their mamma, casting down their eyes consciously. Would a French girl play

Copenhagen or other promiscuous kissing games? Here they kiss all the afternoon, as innocent as little billing birds. They kiss in the rain; and it rains often. In speaking of the handsome quays they call the Boompjes (more like a park than any ordinary waterfront), the guidebook says that visitors may enter and inspect the vessels without objection provided they do not get in the way of the work in hand. We did not enter and inspect, but I can well believe we might have done so. We did walk innocently into the garden of the most aristocratic club of Rotterdam and mingled freely with the smart set who were holding tulip competition, where the heroine was a blonde, blue-eyed, fourteen-year-old girl who had grown an apple green variety! We were only made aware of our position when we drank curacao and bitters offered by a waiter in blue broadcloth and a yellow vest, who refused to take our honey, we not being club members. Rotterdam is so airy, open, bright, so shady, flowery and well watered that its citizens may sing. Canals are everywhere, and the canals are beautiful. They give a park-like look to all the streets, bordered by lawns, garnished by shrubs and trees and tulips. And the citizens, from out their kitchen windows or their parlor windows, when they have company for dinner, hook up fresh fish in profusion, which adds a labor-saving element to their blithe freedom. Should a list be made of continental cities which have no great sights, no monuments, no ruins, no collections—in a word, no treadmill tourist round—the town of Rotterdam would take a place of honor in it, although she has a maritime museum, a picture gallery and a statue of Erasmus. In the market you can make a study of the bodices and headgear of the peasants. Catching the Dutch taste for still life you may muse on symphonies of color in the produce. Here are the fish stalls, where all the shades of white—silver white, blue white, white shaded with bronze green, white with metallic reflections—unite in a clear scale of harmony. Here all the tints of green are heaped together in the vegetables, melodiously accompanied by the fragrance of the flowers, which sing together with the fruits in the most diverse color tones. Though Rotterdam is a great port and an important manufacturing center, my best impressions of the pleasant city are connected with a cafe chantant, a park, the markets and the residential streets. The great manufactures are shipbuilding, tobacco factories, sugar refineries and many great distilleries, especially of gins and Dutch liqueurs. The more important articles of commerce are coffee, sugar, tobacco, rice and spices. It is the seventh port of Europe. Again and again the vision of a well-known and beloved city rises up before the writer's docile imagination and affects him to the point of tears—the city of Philadelphia, Pa., which, I see, must be a faithful moving picture today of what New York was in 1750. It is the city of homes par excellence, and it resembles Rotterdam, and Rotterdam resembles it. The wearied tourist seeking for a snug retreat in which to raise a beard will find Rotterdam a second Philadelphia. And looking from the watch tower of St. Lawrence's church, down on the tranquil panorama; on the river and the suburbs; on the red brick houses and the streets so straight and self-respecting, where the children play jackstones on the front doorsteps, and their big sisters play ball in the ring and kiss the boys on the sidewalk; to look down, I say, on the slow but yellow trolleys whose faint jingle rises as from some secure blameless and fruitful sheep field; to admire the smoke of manufactories, and police wagons taking drunken factory hands to jail, he will cry, "It is Philadelphia—Philadelphia, for the outside of the platter is so clean!"

ALL LIVES AFTER ONE MODEL
Tinker and Smith Are Anxious to Appear Like Lawyer and Preacher.
Most remarkable of all the revolts is the revolt of the common man against the distinctions that once marked him. Chesterton deprecates the lack of color in modern life. He harks back to the middle ages, when a tinker was a tinker with pack and apron, and when a smith was as easily recog-

nized in a crowd as a sailor. But a first essential in the new art of being is, that a tinker shall not be a tinker when he is not tinkering, or a smith a smith when he is not at the forge. Your tinker of old was a tinker in his evenings and on his holidays. The modern tinker must not be out of place in the research library. Country people no longer wear peculiar styles. They are more distinguished for telephones and taste for opera. The modern smith, tinker, even laborer, has not stopped at imitating the

clothes of his master, writes Carl S. Hansen in the Forum. He is now living the life of that master. He reads the same papers, goes to the same church, votes at the same poll, criticizes the same drama. On his walls, as much as he can afford of it, he hangs the same pictures; he has carpets of the same pattern. His very table manners are as much superior to Chesterton's tinker's as were the noble's of that medieval day to his serf's. The truth is that in all this conformity there is a still greater noncon-

BRING DEAD TO LIFE

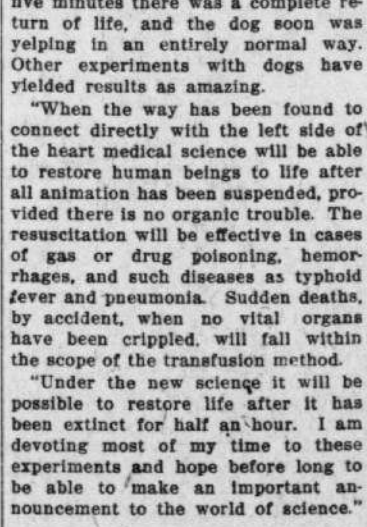
New York Doctor Claims to Have Performed Act.

Blood Transfusion Revivified Pneumonia Victim After Respiration Had Ceased—Dr. Sorel Talks of Operation.

New York.—The miracle of bringing the dead back to life, Dr. A. L. Sorel of Fordham university thinks, will be a scientific achievement of the future. Dr. Sorel, attached to the staff of Flower hospital, has for five years conducted experiments of transfusion of blood, with results, he says, that are amazing. Professor Sorel told of saving the life of a patient stricken with pneumonia by transfusion of blood to the left side of the heart after respiration had entirely ceased in the patient and the body was apparently moribund. After explaining his experiments with transfusion of blood in animals, Professor Sorel said: "An experiment with a pneumonia patient was perhaps not as spectacular. This patient was entirely without respiration from all known tests applied, and therefore actually moribund to all human knowledge, when I made a transfusion of blood from a normal man through the jugular vein of the patient. The return to life was prompt and recovery followed in due course. "If such transfusions could be made promptly the loss of life could be materially lowered. "In a recent test at Flower hospital I pumped all the blood from a dog until the animal lay absolutely lifeless. For fifteen minutes I allowed the animal to remain without a spark of life. The heart had stopped beating and every function of life had ceased. "I connected the blood vessels of the dog with those of another dog and permitted the blood to flow. Inside of five minutes there was a complete return of life, and the dog soon was yelping in an entirely normal way. Other experiments with dogs have yielded results as amazing. "When the way has been found to connect directly with the left side of the heart medical science will be able to restore human beings to life after all animation has been suspended, provided there is no organic trouble. The resuscitation will be effective in cases of gas or drug poisoning, hemorrhages, and such diseases as typhoid fever and pneumonia. Sudden deaths, by accident, when no vital organs have been crippled, will fall within the scope of the transfusion method. "Under the new science it will be possible to restore life after it has been extinct for half an hour. I am devoting most of my time to these experiments and hope before long to be able to make an important announcement to the world of science."

DRAKE IS CHAMPION FIGHTER
Pekin Duck Bull Dog of Barnyard—Has Whipped Every Fowl in the Neighborhood.

New York.—On a farm in Clinton county, N. Y., is a large Pekin drake that loves to fight. This drake is the bulldog of the barnyard and loves to fight. Once it gets its grip on its adversary it hangs there until pried



"Mr." Drake in Action.

loose. This bird has whipped every bird in the neighborhood and most of the dogs. So confident is the owner of its fighting qualities and its ability to hold its own anywhere, that he has at times offered various sums of money to any person who would produce a rooster, of any age, size or breed, that could whip the drake in a fair contest.

VOTE ON RIGHTS OF DOGS
Ordinance Barring Canines From Streets Subject of Referendum in Kansas Town.

Iola, Kan.—The right of a dog to run at large will be the subject of a referendum election to be held in Iola. The city commissioners passed an ordinance providing that no dog should be permitted to run at large and imposed a heavy dog tax. Owners of dogs appealed to the commissioners without effect. At a mass meeting a petition for a referendum on the ordinance was drawn up. It was returned with 800 signers, more than 25 per cent. of the voters.

Finds \$2,000 Pearl.
Long Branch, N. J.—A pearl, appraised by experts to be worth \$2,000, was found in a clam by a stranger to whom Captain Charles Casler, a fisherman, had sold a few at the wharf here. The stranger proceeded to open and eat them when he discovered the precious gem.

Dies at Age of 108.
Bryan, O.—Mrs. Elizabeth Maugherman, who died here at the age of 108, was the mother of 17 children. She was an inveterate smoker.

SUBMARINE BREAKS ALL RECORDS



The submarine Cage broke all records for submergence when, at Long Beach, Cal., it remained at the bottom of the Pacific for thirty-six hours. During this time telegraphic communication was maintained with the shore. In the photograph the inventor, John M. Cage, is seen standing on the vessel's deck.

MAKES PESTS WORK

Ship Cook Tells Mosquito Story of San Blas Coast.

Double-Headed Dutchman Relates How Natives by Their Ingenuity Were Able to Load Vessel With Coconuts Quickly.

New York.—The cook of the British schooner Carib II, which was at the foot of West Twenty-fourth street, while in port, said that he was a "double-headed Dutchman." When questioned as to the meaning of this phrase the cook explained that a "double-headed Dutchman" was a sailor man hailing from Amsterdam, Holland.

It is necessary to come from Amsterdam in order to be addressed by the above name. A man who came from Rotterdam, the cook said, would not be a "double-headed Dutchman," nor could the native of any other city but Amsterdam use this title.

The Carib II is a white, three-masted schooner owned in Colon, and arrived with a cargo of coconuts from the San Blas coast. There were 390,476 coconuts in the schooner's hold when she arrived, according to the cook, whose name is Gerrit Gallandt, a truthful man, fifty years old, who has been, cook on many ships since he put to sea from Amsterdam 35 years ago. He has not been back there since.

He remarked that it was necessary to anchor about three miles off the beach when loading coconuts on the San Blas coast. He was asked how the cargo was got on board.

"Mosquitoes bring it out," replied Gerrit without the semblance of a smile. "The mosquitoes on the San Blas coast are so large and smart that the natives use them to help out in various ways."

"As soon as we anchored off the coast one fine morning we heard a sound like a brass band. We thought it was a native celebration after election or something like that, but soon the sky darkened and the ship was quickly showered by thousands of coconuts. It was the mosquito fleet bringing out our cargo and the noise we heard was their loud humming."

"We were very much frightened at first and ran below, but a native soon arrived in his canoe and explained matters. He said that another fleet would be along pretty soon and that we must be careful not to be struck by the coconuts as they fell."

"The native said that efforts were being made to train the mosquitoes to deposit the coconuts in the holds of the vessel, but he did not expect this could be accomplished without a good deal of additional training."

"There was a good deal of satisfaction among the chiefs, the native said, over the new use that the mosquitoes had been put to. Before they were so admirably trained the coconuts had to be transported from shore in lighters and canoes to the waiting ships."

Gerrit Gallandt concluded his tale by saying that the Carib II received her cargo on her visit to San Blas quicker than she had ever got one before.

Disperses Snakes With Fire.
Piedmont, W. Va.—Bound in the coils of a dozen snakes while fishing near here and unable to extricate himself, George Ensor of this city rolled down a hill into a fire built to cook his breakfast. The reptiles departed hurriedly and Ensor leaped into a nearby stream and extinguished his burning clothes.

IS PROTOTYPE OF "OLD ABE"
Kentucky Farmer May Serve as Model for Sculptor in Making Lincoln Statue.

Louisville.—There is a possibility that George Grey Barnard, the New York sculptor who has come to Kentucky in search of a living model for the statue he is to make of Abraham Lincoln, will find his man in Ben A. Lee of Lebanon, Ky.

L. Bernard Thompson of Lebanon, having seen Mr. Barnard's advertisements, addressed a letter to him, saying that Mr. Lee, who is fifty years old, is so like the martyred president in form and feature that he is familiarly known as "Abe Lincoln."

Of Mr. Lee Mr. Thompson writes: "He is a farmer by occupation and strictly of the Anglo-Saxon type with the physical features of centuries ago."

The oldest Spanish university is that of Salamanca, founded in 1244.

HASTY ACTION IS CONDEMNED

Underwood, in Address at University of Virginia, Advocates Political Uplift—Motto Is Caution.

Charlottesville, Va.—A plea for conservatism in politics, a "stop, look, listen" policy to guard against hasty adoption of ill-considered proposals, was the keynote of an address on "The Tendency of Our Times" delivered at the University of Virginia by Representative Oscar W. Underwood of Alabama, Democratic leader in the house of representatives.

It was a notable occasion at Charlottesville, with many of those who have gone forth from the university in the past reassembled to pay tribute to their alma mater.

Mr. Underwood is president of the alumni, and his son was among the graduates. He preached the doctrine of the political uplift.

"Only a few years ago," he said, "a political party that contended that



Oscar W. Underwood.

taxes on consumption should be abolished and that part of the government burdens should be borne by the wealth of the country was hailed before the bar of public opinion as being guilty of extreme radicalism.

"Yet even those who condemned the proposal have enacted a law taxing corporate wealth and have ceased to protest against an equitable income tax that shall fairly distribute a part of the tax burdens of the government on incomes derived from all classes of property."

"The tendency of our times undoubtedly is toward greater freedom of thought, uplift to humanity, abolition of governmental privileges, equalization of the taxation burdens and an open, honest administration of the laws."

What may be regarded as radical today may be the inner citadel of conservatism tomorrow.

Locates Sweetheart at "Movies."
Craig, Cal.—While watching a moving picture here, Norman E. Lowe, recognized one of the actresses as his sweetheart, Miss Thelma Lundsten, from whom he was separated three years ago by the wrecking of an excursion boat in the Hudson river. Lowe wrote to her in care of the producers of the film and received a request to come at once.