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Children  
*of* Holland  
By GRACE KINER



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CHILDREN *of* HOLLAND



To My Niece  
ENID EMOGENE KINER

CHISHOLM



*Big families are popular and the baby may have seven or eight brothers or sisters*



CHILDREN OF  
HOLLAND

*By*  
GRACE KINER

*Drawings by*  
CHRISTINE L. CHISHOLM



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## CHAPTER I

### A DUTCH CHILDHOOD

WHEN a new little Dutchman is born in Holland everyone knows about it. If it is a boy a red silk ball is hung by the door; if it is a girl the ball is pink. In Haarlem, a city in central Holland, the family hangs a piece of lace at the door of the house where there is a tiny baby. This is a custom carried on since the time when the city had to surrender, after a terrible battle, to the Spaniards. The general who was in charge of the Spanish troops said that if a bit of lace was hung at the door of the house where there was a little baby his soldiers would not enter that house.

Then the father and mother of little Jan, or Betje, or Wilhelmina, or Annetje, or Aartje, or Tryntje, or Pieter, send the aanspreker to the homes of their friends to tell the glad tidings. He is an announcer who goes about to tell the news of births and deaths.

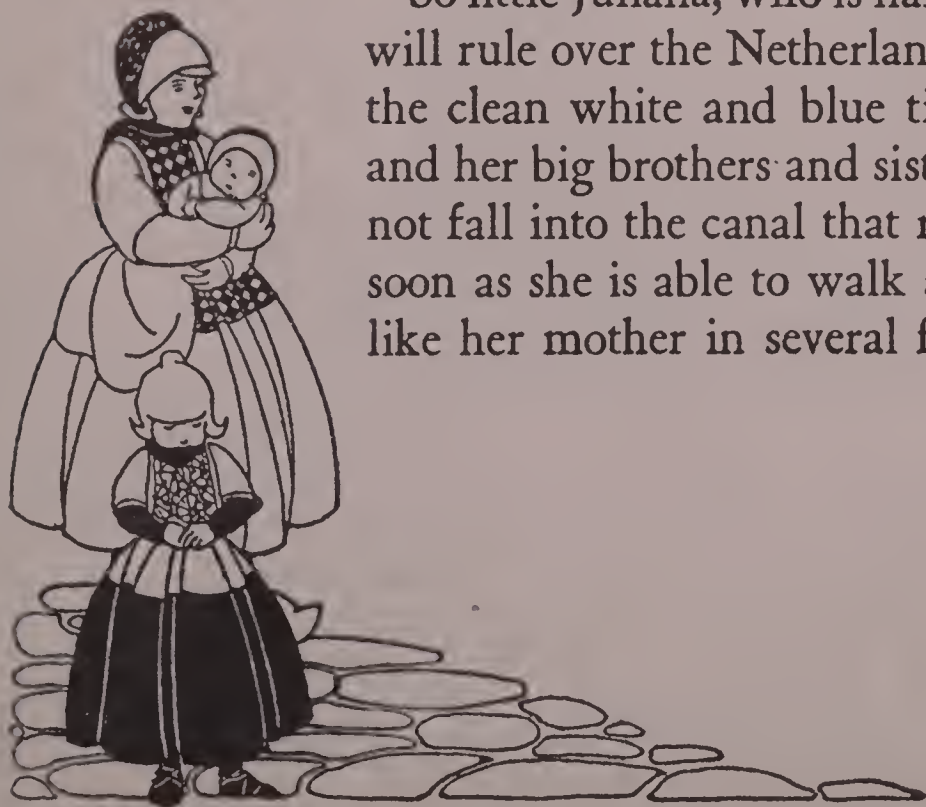
The friends of the baby's mother come to see her as soon as they can, bringing a large tart, almost as big as a pie. These are laid out in the room. If she has a great many friends there are often as many as thirty tarts. They are not eaten, because they show

how many friends the family has. When the guests have presented the tarts and admired the baby they are served with little cakes and a kind of wine, called "brandewyn," which is handed around in a special silver or gold cup.

In Friesland, one of the northern states of the Netherlands, the older girls go with the baby when he is taken to the church to be baptized. They take turns carrying him, which is supposed to bring them good fortune in later life. Every girl is proud to say when she is married, "I helped to carry Jan, and Aartje, and Juliana, to their christening."

The people of Holland like big families, so that the new baby may have seven or eight brothers or sisters. They are all well taken care of because nobody is very poor in Holland. Dutch babies have round fat faces, blue eyes, and yellow hair. They have lots of good milk and butter and eggs to eat and grow fast. They are seldom sick because no germ can live in the shining cleanliness of a Dutch home, where the women are always scrubbing.

So little Juliana, who is named for the princess who will rule over the Netherlands some day, crawls over the clean white and blue tiles of the kitchen floor, and her big brothers and sisters see to it that she does not fall into the canal that runs near the house. As soon as she is able to walk she is dressed very much like her mother in several full skirts with an apron

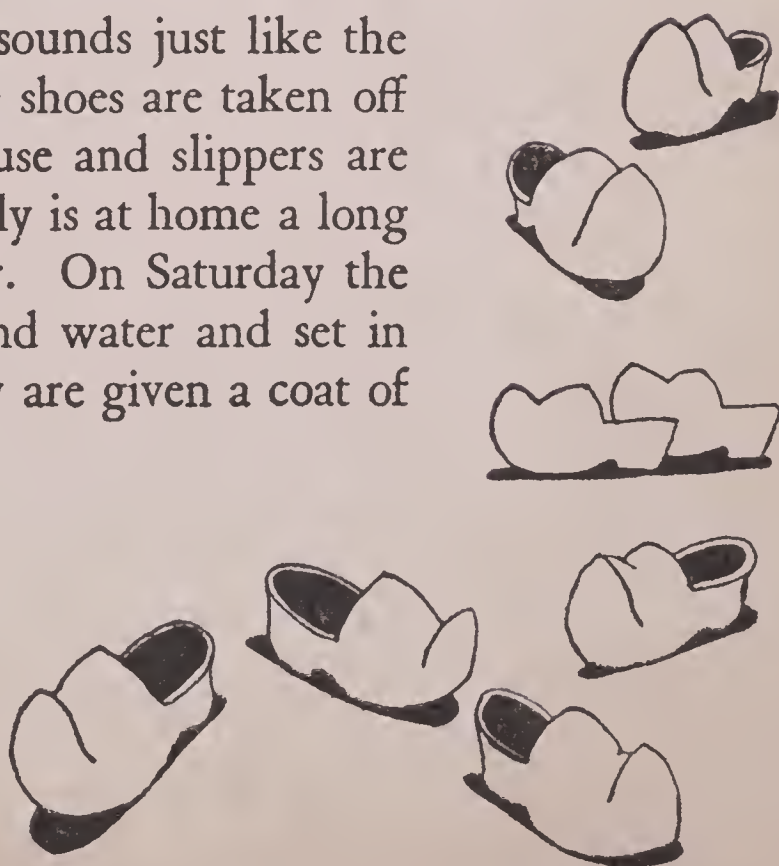


over them, a tight waist with a white collar, and a white cap.

Every different part of Holland has a special kind of cap for the women to wear. Some of them are tight to the head with wide flaps over the ears; some are lace and worn over a close-fitting cap of gold coins; some are very large and stand out all around the head. Little girls start to wear caps as soon as they can walk.

Juliana's little brother wears a little black cap, a blue or black sweater, and full trousers held up by four big silver buttons that are his very own, and that are used on all of his trousers, even after he is a grown man.

Everybody in Holland wears wooden shoes, carved out for them by the father of the house or by a shoemaker. The land is often wet and the roads and streets are of rough cobblestones, and wooden shoes are a cheap protection against stones and dampness. When a group of children are going home from school they make a great clatter. The name for the shoes is klompen, a word that sounds just like the noise they make. Of course the shoes are taken off before anyone goes into the house and slippers are put on instead. When the family is at home a long row of shoes stands by the door. On Saturday the shoes are scrubbed with soap and water and set in the sun to dry. Sometimes they are given a coat of

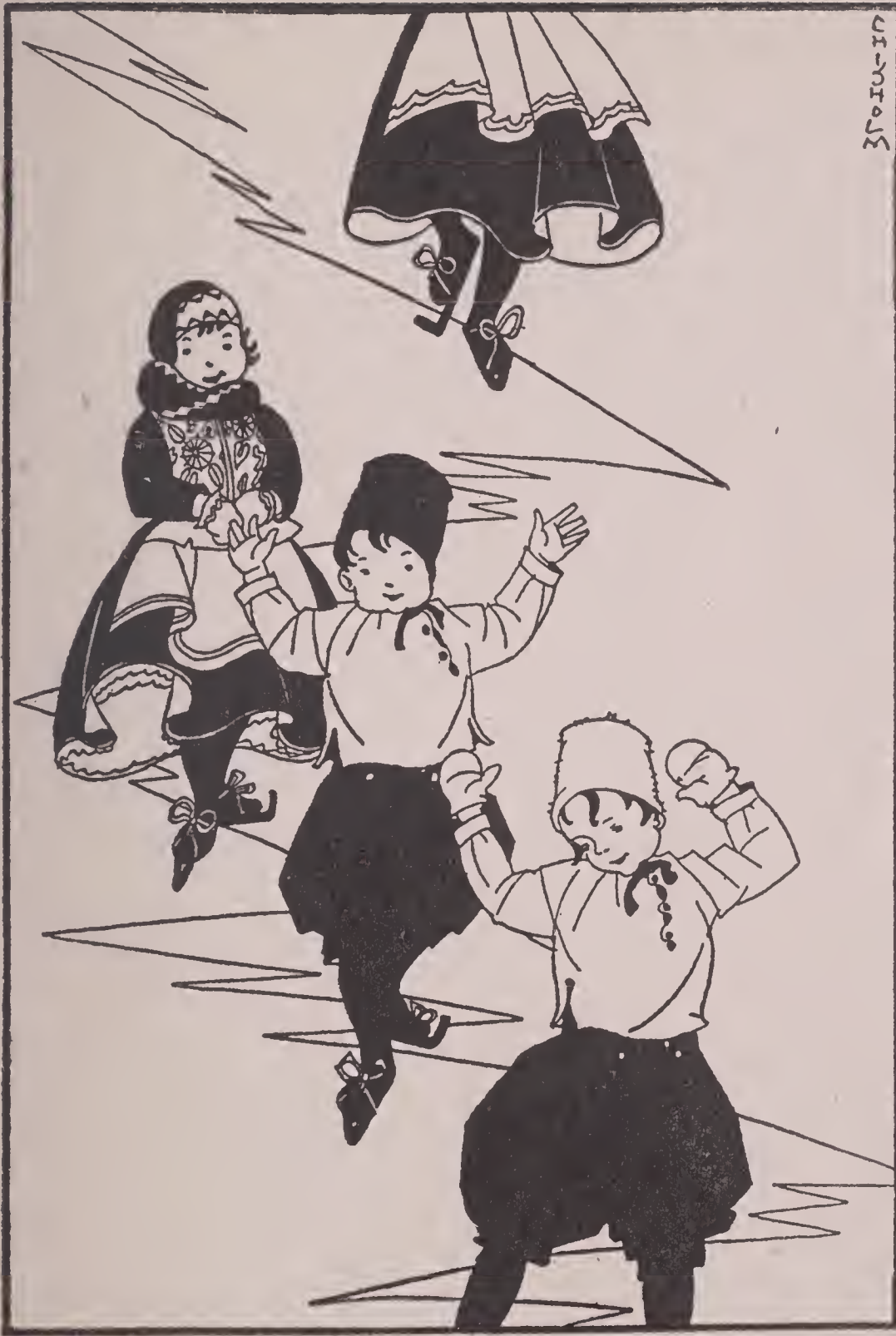


whitewash to make them look even cleaner. Jan may have a pair of leather shoes to wear for Sunday; if he lives in town he probably does, but he wears his klompen for everyday.

Besides being a way to keep feet dry and out of the mud, wooden shoes make the best of playthings. They can be used for boats to sail in the canal with a paper sail and a piece of string tied to the heel to pull them back. They make good cradles for little dolls, and they are set by the fire for St. Nicholas to fill with cakes and coins on Christmas Eve. Perhaps the reason why Dutch children never quarrel is that they might get badly hurt if someone started throwing wooden klompen.

The sea is so 'close to every part of Holland that everyone can go there in the summer for swimming. The fine sandy beaches slope so gradually into the water that they are safe for even tiny children. The water in the canals stands still and in the summer smells very badly, but in the winter it freezes over and everyone, from little Jan, who can only just walk, to his grandmother, puts on long skates that curve up at the front, and goes like the wind. Ice boats with sails to catch the wind go faster than the fastest automobile. If Juliana is too little to skate her father pushes her in a chair on runners. Girls skate along with a yoke over their shoulders and a basket in each hand carrying butter and eggs and cheese to town.





*In the winter time everyone puts on long skates that curve up at the front and goes skating*



Fat men sail along with their pipes in their mouths; nobody minds the cold and everyone has a good time.

When Juliana and Jan are six years old they must go to school. The schools are much like those in America. They sit on benches and study reading, writing, arithmetic, grammar, history, and geography, and when they have learned enough they go on to a higher school. Then if they wish to study more they may go on to the University of Leyden or one of the four other great universities.

They learn very nearly the same things that an American child does in all the subjects but history and geography. These are very different because Holland is a land that has been taken away from the sea and because the Dutch people had to fight for eighty years to get their freedom from Spain.



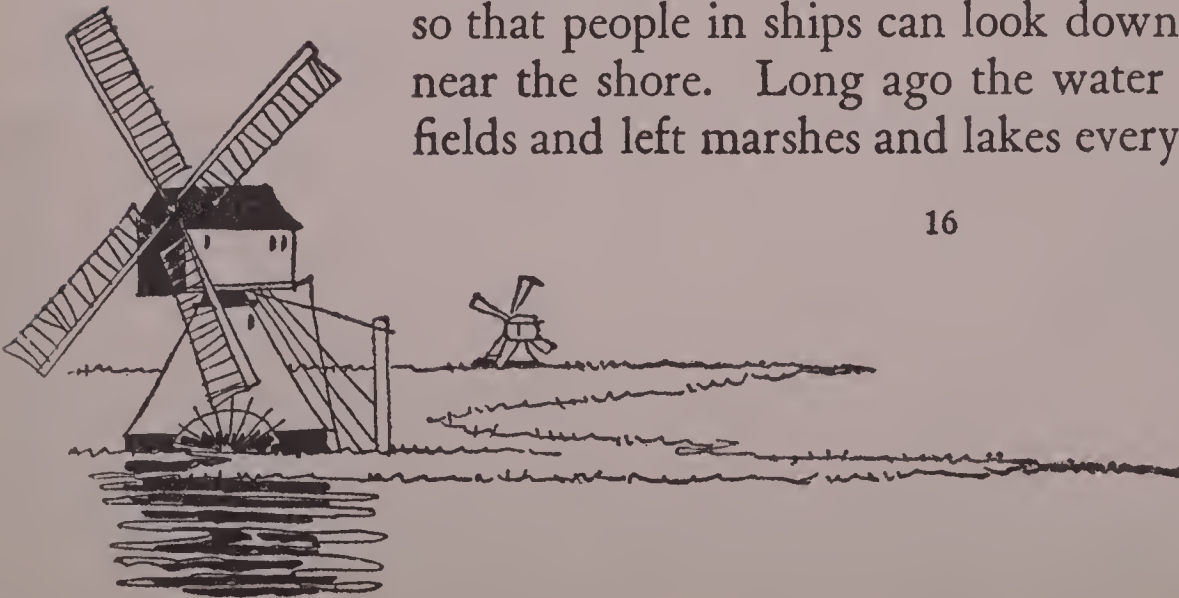
## CHAPTER II

### A LAND BELOW THE SEA

WHEN a child of the Netherlands goes to school he learns a great deal of history, but very little geography. His country is so small that from one of the tall church towers in Utrecht, a city in the central part, he can see the whole of it. All together it is about one-third as large as the state of Illinois.

In his geography lesson he learns that his little country is just across the water from England and is bounded on the north and west by the cold North Sea, on the east by Germany, and on the south by Belgium. The country of Belgium was once a part of the Netherlands. A sea eighty miles long and forty miles wide cuts into the northern part of the country. This is the famous Zuider Zee, or Southern Sea, so called because it is south of the North Sea.

The first people of the country named it *Nederland*, or Low Land. And it is low land. Much of it is twenty or thirty feet below the level of the ocean, so that people in ships can look down on the houses near the shore. Long ago the water came over the fields and left marshes and lakes everywhere, but the

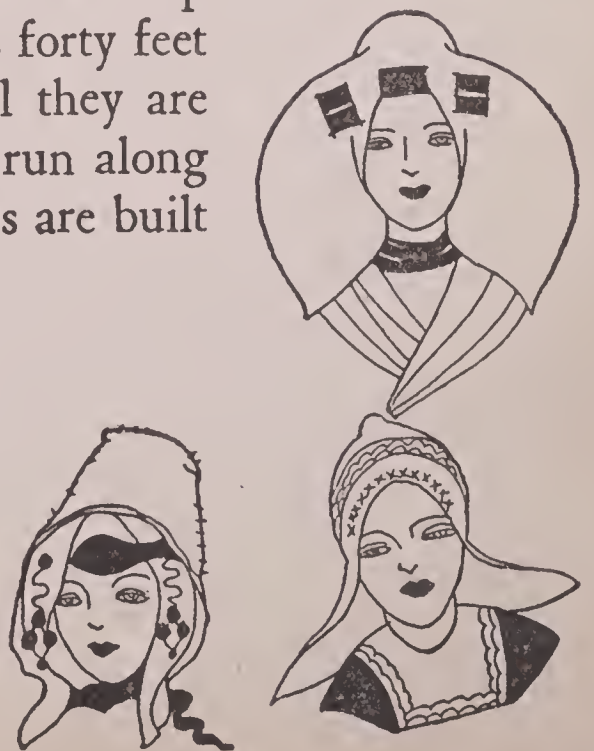


sea itself helped the people to keep it out by throwing up high ridges of sand along the shore. These long hills are called dunes.

When the Dutchmen saw that the sand dunes kept out the sea they tried making ridges of their own along the shore out of earth and rocks and logs. They called these man-made dunes dykes. Then they dug canals and ditches to carry off the extra water, put up great windmills to pump it out, and planted the land that had once been the bottom of the sea to grass or grain or flowers. Then they brought in the black and white cows to eat the grass and grain and give the large pails of milk to use in making cheese.

There are not many fences in Holland, nor very many roads. The little ditches full of water act as a dividing line between one farm and another, and the canals and rivers are used as highways. Gaily painted orange and blue and green boats carry the farm crops to market. Three big rivers run through the country, the Rhine, the Waal and the Lek. Four large canals and hundreds of small ones connect all parts of the land and give a way to the sea.

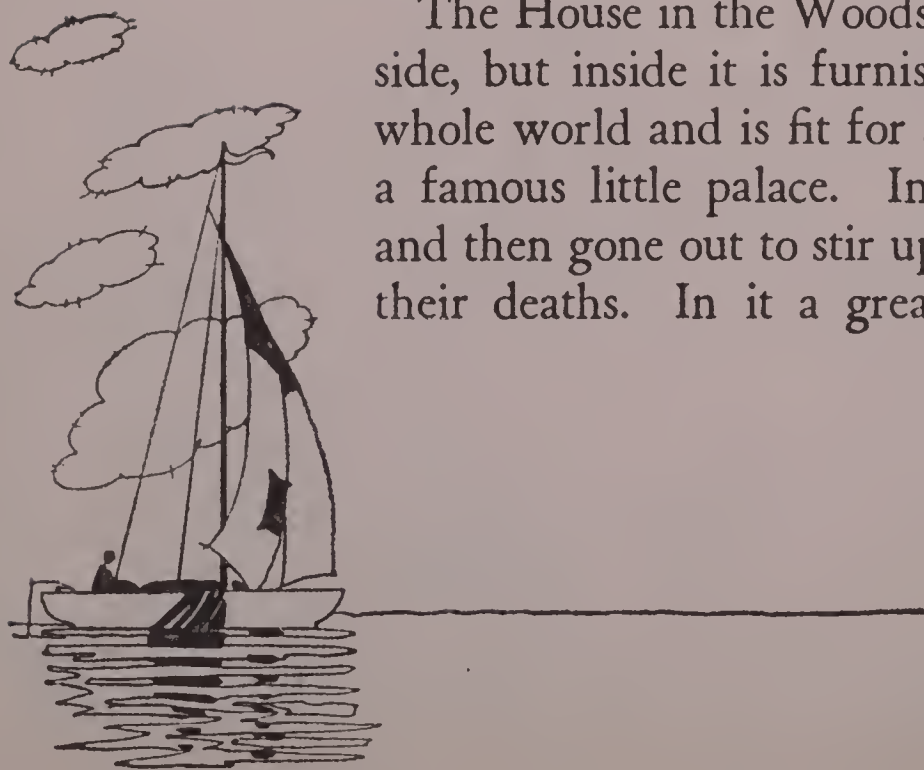
It is an enormous job to make dykes that will keep out the roaring sea. They are great walls forty feet wide at the bottom and sloping up until they are thirty feet wide at the top. Roads often run along the top of the dykes and sometimes houses are built high above the town there.



They are made of earth, packed close, of rocks brought from England, because there are no stones in Holland, and of mats made of willow branches which catch the sand washed up by the sea. Logs used to be used, but trees are scarce in the country now, so that the trees are carefully saved. There is almost no coal in the Netherlands, so that for a long time trees were cut down for fuel until they were almost gone.

One forest is the pride of the people of The Hague, the city where the queen lives. They call it the Bosch, which means the Woods. It is made up of great oak trees, which are not clipped and trained, as are most of the trees in Holland, but allowed to grow as they please. One of the Counts of the province saved this forest so that he and his friends could go hunting for deer in it. A long time after he died the Princess Amalia, the widow of the Prince Frederic Henry, who was the youngest son of the first ruler of Holland, built a home for herself in one end of the Bosch. She called her house the Huis ten Bosch, or House in the Woods.

The House in the Woods is very plain on the outside, but inside it is furnished with gifts from the whole world and is fit for any king or queen. It is a famous little palace. In it princes have danced and then gone out to stir up revolutions and to meet their deaths. In it a great American scholar, the

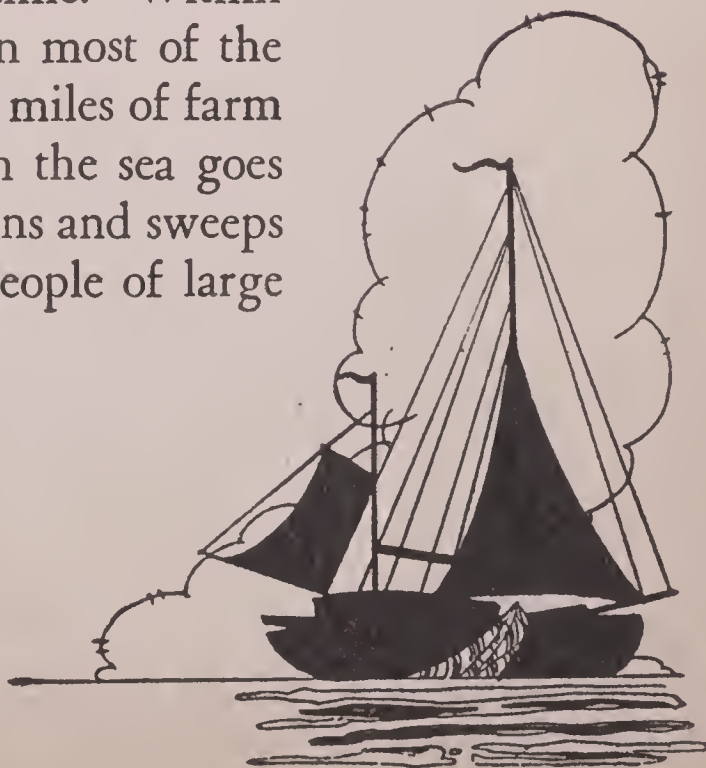


friend of the Princess, lived while he wrote a famous history of Holland. He was John R. Motley and his history was *The Rise of the Dutch Republic*. A picture of him hangs on the wall of the palace along with dozens of the pictures that the lonely Princess had painted of her husband and of the battles he had fought and won.

In the Orange room with its eight walls the first world peace conference was held in 1899. Here sometimes the queen of Holland and her family come to spend a few summer days.

But it is not enough to build a dyke. It must be kept in repair all the time. Thousands of men work every day of the year on them. A kind of grass that makes matted roots is sown on them to hold the sand from blowing away. No child of Holland would think of pulling a single blade of that precious grass. The Dutch rabbits are not so patriotic, however. They make burrows in the sand and eat the roots of the grass. The children hunt the rabbits, and when they catch them, the family has rabbit stew for supper.

New dykes are being built all the time. Within the next forty years they plan to drain most of the Zuider Zee and get hundreds of square miles of farm land from the bottom. The war with the sea goes on every day. Sometimes the ocean wins and sweeps away whole islands and drowns the people of large



villages. In many places people keep a boat fastened to the house so that if the sea comes in over the street the family will have a way to escape.

Every child is told the story of the little boy who kept his hand over the hole in the dyke all night until help came, although he nearly died of cold. The little province of Zeeland at the north has as its crest a lion rising out of the water, and its motto is, "I struggle, but I emerge." Most of Holland has struggled, but emerged.

It is cold in Holland most of the year, for chilly winds blow in from the North Sea. It rains a great deal and there are heavy fogs. The people raise and milk their great black and white cattle, make their cheese, grow crops of flowers and grain, manufacture cloth and cut diamonds in the cities, and fish in the Zuider Zee and the North Sea. They have many large towns because they have for hundreds of years been a trading nation, building ships and carrying goods from one country to another.





### CHAPTER III

## A BRAVE COUNTRY

**I**F JAN and Juliana do not have much geography to learn they make up for it when it comes time for history. No country in the world has had a more exciting past than has the little land of the Dutch.

Long ago the Romans owned the Netherlands and Belgium, which they called the Low Countries. A great many people of Rome moved up to the lands near the North Sea and started the building of canals and dykes that has continued to this day. They made roads there, too, as the Roman soldiers did everywhere, because they must have a way for the army to get from one place to another. The Main Street of many a Dutch town is the old highway of the Roman legions. When they plow their fields the farmers still find Roman coins, and little dolls that the Roman children played with, and jewelry that a Roman lady wore.

Christian teachers came from England to Holland and taught the Dutch their faith. In 730 the first church was built in what is now the city of Utrecht. Then it was an old Roman ford across a river.



Charlemagne, the great ruler of the French, lived in a palace he had built at Nymegen, along the Waal river, when he was not fighting. He and his descendants ruled in Holland for three hundred years.

A great many famous men named William walk through the pages of Dutch history. The first one of that name was one of the Counts of Holland. He went on a crusade to free the Holy Land from the Turks, but he never got to Palestine. Instead, he became very famous for his help in the fighting in Egypt.

After a long time of warfare and changes of rulers Holland came under the power of Charles the Fifth, who was emperor of most of Europe. In 1544 he made a little boy eleven years old, ruler of the Dutch. The boy's name was William, too. Because he could keep still when he needed to they called him William the Silent. But his people, who loved him, called him Father William.

William the Silent was a prince of the House of Orange, a family that has been a part of Dutch history for four hundred years. The Princess Juliana of Holland today was named for the mother of this William. She and her mother, Queen Wilhelmina, belong to the House of Orange.

When William the Silent was a grown man war broke out between Spain and Holland, a war that lasted eighty years. Spain claimed Holland as her



property because Charles the Fifth had given it to the king of Spain. The king of Spain, Philip the Second, was a Catholic, and many of the people of Holland were Protestants, that is, they did not belong to the Catholic church. Philip sent the terrible Duke of Alva and his son, Don Frederic, with a great army to put to death everyone who was not a Catholic in all of Holland.

When the people of the Netherlands heard this they got together an army under Duke William and said that they would rather die in battle than submit to the rule of the cruel Spanish king. They fought for Dutch liberty just as the American army under George Washington fought for American liberty two hundred years later.

The war started with the great seige of Haarlem, which lasted for months. Time after time the Spaniards stormed the walls, and time after time they were driven back by the brave citizens who threw down stones and boiling water and hoops of fire on their heads. The women fought side by side with the men. But their friends outside could not get food to them and the people of Haarlem had to surrender after many of them had starved to death. Then thousands of them were killed by the Spaniards, although the general had promised to let them go free if they gave up.

There is a good story told about a milkmaid of



the town of Dort. One evening she went out to milk her master's cows and saw Spanish soldiers hidden beneath the hedges. She kept on singing her song and did not show that she saw anyone. When the milking was done she went home and told her master. He went to the mayor of the city with the news and the mayor had the water turned in over the meadows and all the soldiers were drowned. The people of Dort were so grateful to the little milkmaid that they gave her a sum of money every year for the rest of her life, they put up a statue of her in a public place and put a picture of her with one of the cows on all their money, where it is to this day.

Many times the people of Holland have made the sea that is their greatest enemy help them in war. The second great battle with the Spaniards was at Alkmaar. This town today is the greatest cheese market of all Holland. It was surrounded by so high and strong a wall that the Spaniards could not break through. They tried to starve the town out, as they had done at Haarlem, but the citizens of Alkmaar cut the dykes and let the sea in on the Spanish camp.

The most famous siege of the war was that of the city of Leyden, a town south of Haarlem and Alkmaar. There the people held out for months when they were so starved that they ate the leaves of the trees and the grass in the parks. William, who was



*Milkmaids carry their pails of milk with a wooden yoke across their shoulders*

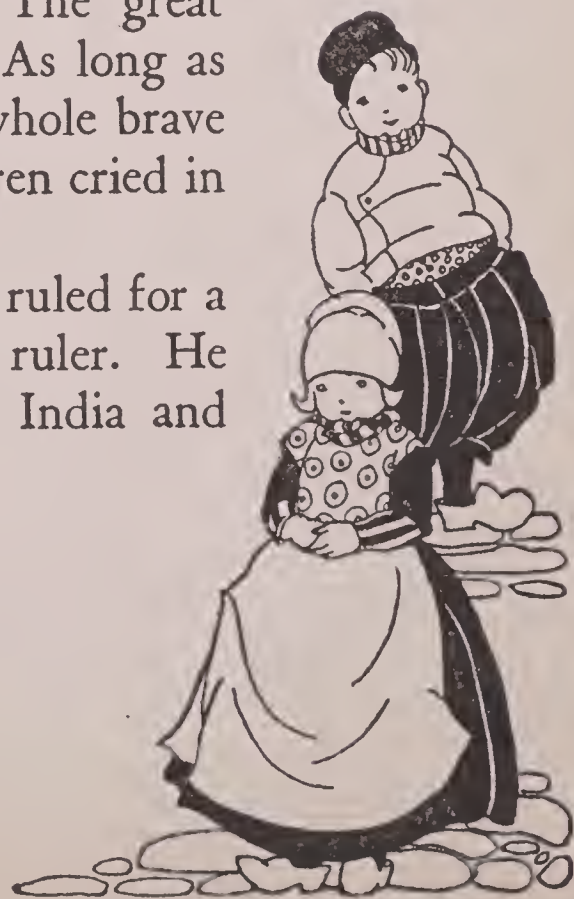


in the north of Holland, tried to send food to the Leydeners, only to have it fall into the hands of the enemy. The citizens went to the mayor and asked him to surrender, but he refused saying, "You may kill me and eat my flesh rather than surrender to the Spaniards."

Finally William cut the dykes and the waters poured over the Spanish camp and boats loaded with food sailed up to the gates of the city. Before they would eat they went to the church to give thanks. The seige had lasted more than five months and more than half of the people had died of disease and starvation. As a reward for their courage William promised to Leyden any gift that they might ask. They asked for a great school to be built there. This was done and today Leyden University is one of the finest in all Europe.

William the Silent was killed when he was fifty-one years old by a man who had been hired to do it by the king of Spain. He is buried in the church at Delft, the city where he was killed. The great American writer, Motley, said of him: "As long as he lived, he was the guiding star of a whole brave nation, and when he died the little children cried in the streets."

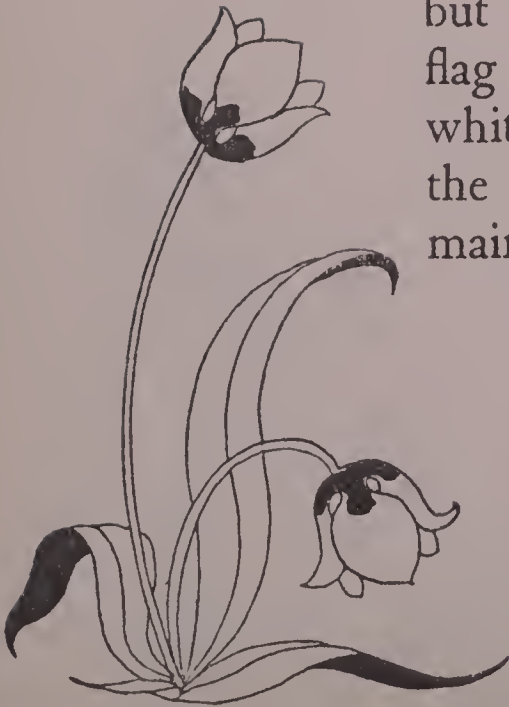
After William's death his son Maurice ruled for a long time. He was a wise and good ruler. He helped ship owners to start trade with India and



China. He sent Hendrick Hudson to explore in the new country that Columbus had discovered. After Hudson had found the great river that has his name Duke Maurice sent a colony of Dutchmen over to make a settlement along that river. They called this colony New Amsterdam.

After the Dutch had helped to drive Napoleon out of Europe in 1815 another William of the House of Orange became king of Holland. He was the fourth ruler of that name, but he was the first one to be called king. The others had been called Prince or Stadtholder. Therefore, this William was called William the First. His son was William the Second, and his grandson was William the Third. Then came the present Queen Wilhelmina, who has ruled a long time and very well. She has a daughter, the Princess Juliana, who will be the next ruler of Holland. The people are very fond of their Princess and they celebrate her birthday on April 30th, by the little girls wearing orange colored sashes and the boys wearing orange neckties and putting up orange streamers in the streets.

They say in Holland: "Our Queen is good to us, but she should be, we are very good to her." The flag of The Netherlands is three broad stripes of red, white, and blue. Their motto is the one used by the first great William, called The Silent: "I will maintain."





## CHAPTER IV

### A LAND OF FLOWERS

**I**F JAN and Juliana live in the city they will surely go out into the country in the spring. When it is tulip time in Holland it is the loveliest country in the world. And the best place to go would be Haarlem, the city of the dreadful seige.

The great lake near the city has been drained. A place that has been drained is called a polder, and the Haarlem polder has a kind of sandy soil that is especially good for growing flowers. About the year 1300 the knights of Holland went on Crusades and brought back with them bulbs and seeds of the flowers that grew in Persia and Turkey. They found that the tulips grew better around Haarlem than anywhere else. Ever since the farmers in that part of the country have been growing tulips.

There was a time four hundred years ago when the Hollanders became so excited about their tulips and the new kinds that they were raising that they gambled with tulip bulbs the way people today gamble with money. A single bulb often came to be worth thousands of dollars. Of course, the Hol-

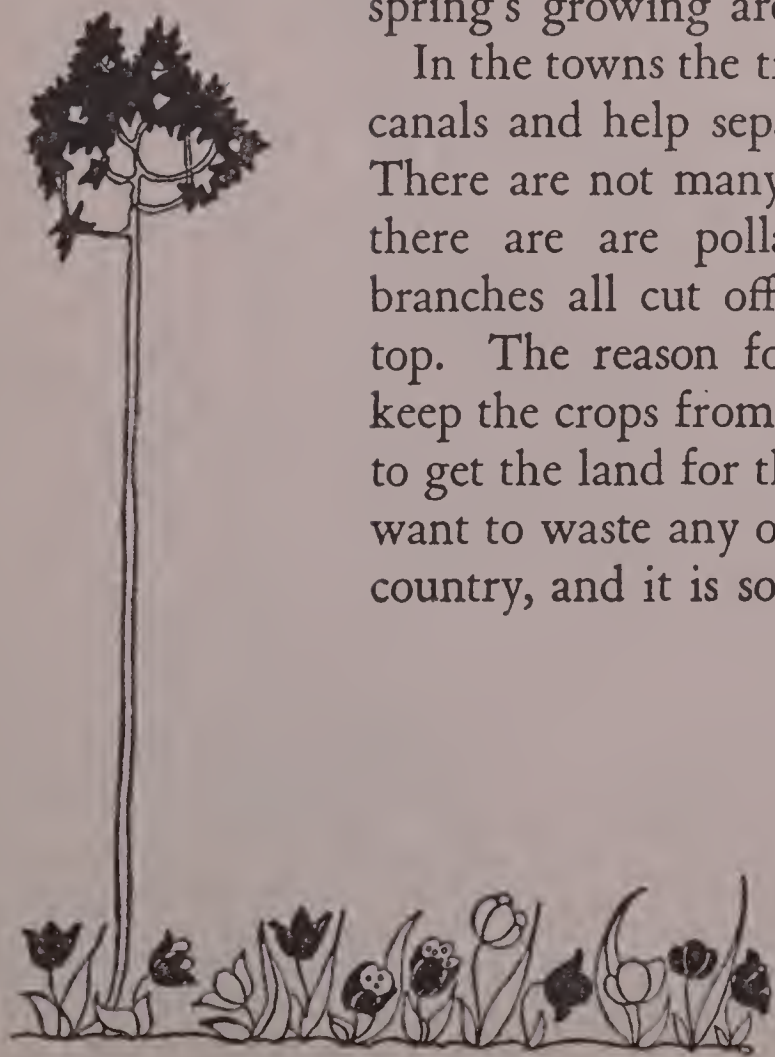


landers got over this fever, but the growing of tulips has made them rich without gambling.

In the spring the fields are gorgeous blankets of color. The beds are in straight rows of red, yellow, or purple tulips that reflect their bright colors in the black water of the canals. The boys and girls work in the fields with their fathers cutting the good blooms to pile in the canal boats to go to market, or breaking off the poor flowers to throw into a pile of brilliant mixed blossoms in the corner of the field to be used later for fertilizer.

The bulbs are dug up after the blooming season is over and sent to market, where most of them find their way to England and America. The fields that were a carpet of gay colors in April become a flat farm of cabbages in August. When the cabbages are harvested in September the bulbs for the next spring's growing are planted.

In the towns the trees grow along the banks of the canals and help separate the water from the street. There are not many trees in the country and what there are are pollarded, that is, they have the branches all cut off except for a little bush at the top. The reason for this is that the shade might keep the crops from growing. It is such hard work to get the land for the Dutch farms that they do not want to waste any of it. So there is no shade in the country, and it is so flat that there is never a hill to

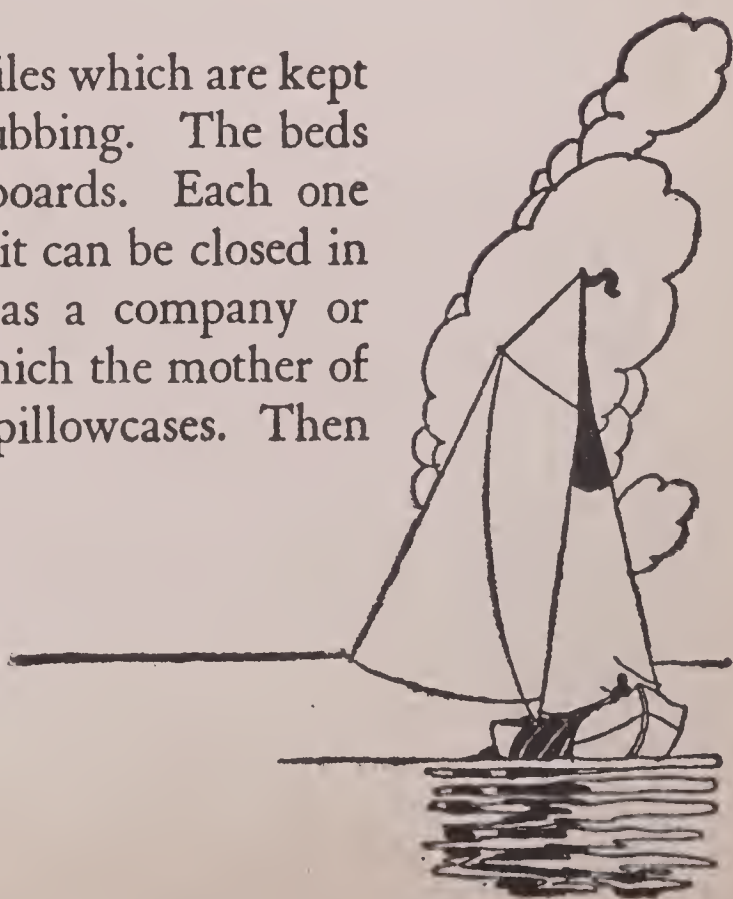


keep the sky from looking like the inside of a great blue bowl.

When Jan and Juliana stay all night with their cousins in the country they sleep in the big farmhouse that is forty or fifty feet high and is house, and barn, and haymow, and tool shed, and poultry house, all combined. The grain will be stored there, too. A door from the dining room leads out into the cow stables. But the cows' part of the house is kept just as clean as is the rest of the house. It is scrubbed every day, and often it has lace curtains in the windows just as the rest of the house has.

When the farmer and his sons go to milk in the winter time they tie the cow's tail up to the ceiling so that she cannot switch it into the milk pail. In the summer they do not bring the cows in, but go themselves out to the field with their pails. There they tie the cow's legs together so that she will stand still while they milk. In cold weather the cows are given overcoats to keep them warm, and in warm weather they are often washed.

The houses have floors made of tiles which are kept as clean as a plate by constant scrubbing. The beds are built into the walls like cupboards. Each one has a curtain in front of it so that it can be closed in the daytime. But every house has a company or guest bed that is never used, on which the mother of the house puts her best sheets and pillowcases. Then

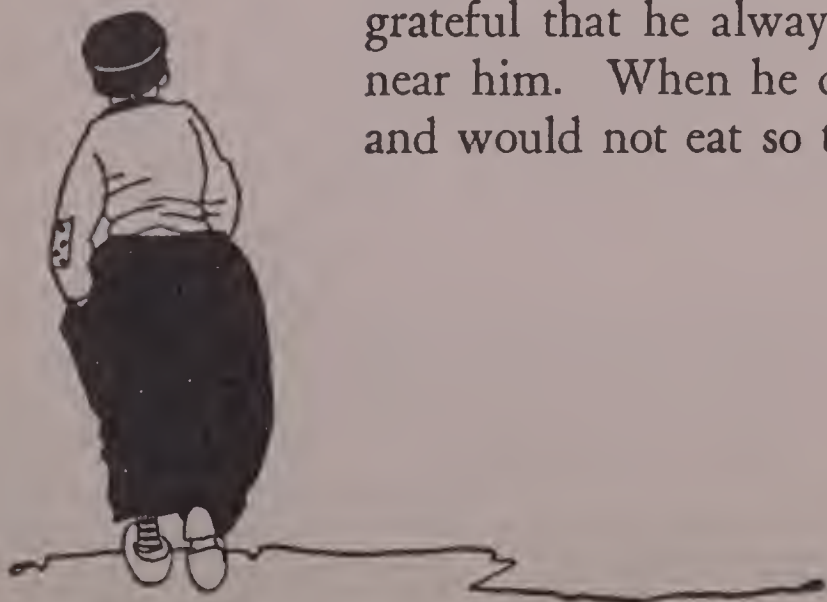


she leaves the curtains open so that everyone can see how pretty and white they are.

The children of Holland like pets and have a great many of them. They care for the chickens and ducks and geese that roam about the farm and swim in the ditches. They have little goats not much bigger than dogs that follow them about just like dogs. The story of Mary and her lamb must have come from Holland. Lovely white swans swim in the canals in the cities and the children feed them. Some of the biggest frogs in the world live in the low swampy places and jump off the dykes with a loud splash when anyone comes along.

The dogs are pets, but often they are useful, too. They draw the little carts that take the milk and vegetables to town. Sometimes only one dog is harnessed to a cart, but if the load is heavy two are hitched up to make a team. They do not seem to mind at all. Perhaps they are glad to be useful and they know that when they get home they may be taken rabbit hunting in the dunes with a young master or mistress.

William the Silent had a little spaniel who saved his life one night by scratching on his face and waking him when the enemy was near. He was so grateful that he always kept one of the little dogs near him. When he died his dog grieved for him and would not eat so that it died. A figure of the

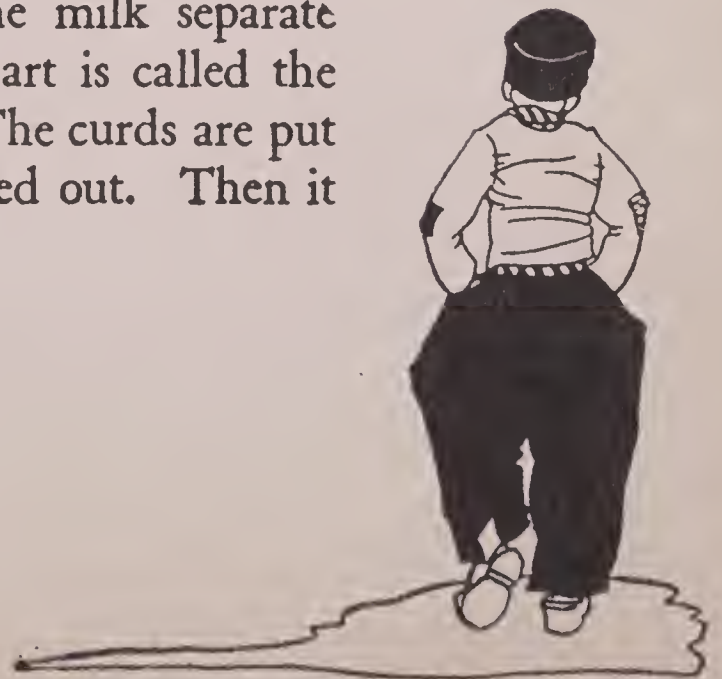


faithful pet is carved at his feet on the fine tomb in the church at Delft.

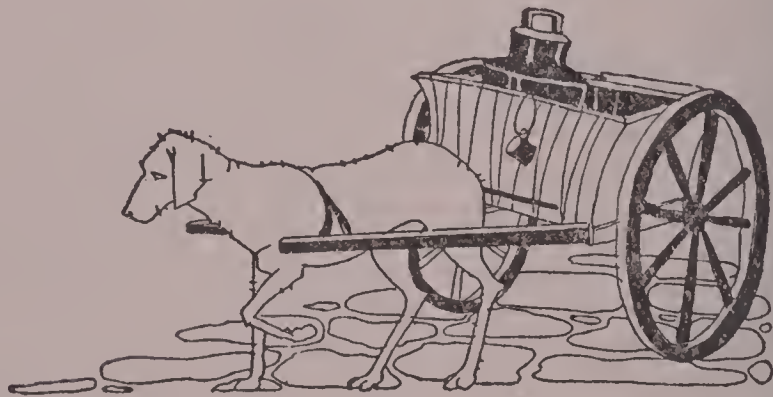
Storks are supposed to bring good luck and every child hopes to coax one to come and build a nest on his house roof. Since the big white birds like wagon wheels to build their nests on, many people put up a wheel either on the roof or on a pole near the house. There the stork makes a nest of sticks and straw and lays her eggs. When the little ones are hatched she feeds them on frogs and fish from the nearby canals. A stork in one of the parks in Amsterdam lost a leg in an accident and someone made her a wooden leg, which she wore very comfortably for a long time.

Nobody shoots birds in Holland, so that they are very tame. Hundreds of plovers, a bird that likes to live near the water, fly about the fields. Herons and cranes stand in the water in the ditches with their long legs and look for little fish, and thousands of larks sing all the summer long.

Nowadays there are factories in Holland to make cheese out of the milk from the big black and white cows, but many of the farmers still make their own. Cheese is made from the milk by adding a substance called rennet from the stomach of a calf. This rennet makes the solid part of the milk separate from the liquid part. The solid part is called the curds and the liquid is the whey. The curds are put into a bag and all the whey is pressed out. Then it



is salted and made into a round ball and put away to ripen. Ripening means that thousands of little plants that no one can see grow in the curds. They make it taste very different than milk does. When the plants have grown enough they say that the cheese is ripe. Sometimes that takes several months. Then the cheese is taken out and polished with oil and taken to the market to be sold.



## CHAPTER V

### GOOD THINGS TO EAT

JAN and Juliana saw pigs and sheep on the farms. The sheep were raised for their wool, not to eat, because nobody in Holland likes mutton. They do like pork, especially if it is made up into sausage. In some parts of the country there is a special kind of sausage cake made like a loaf of bread with a filling of sausage meat that everyone eats the day before Lent starts in the spring.

Children in Holland grow fat and rosy cheeked—and for a good reason. They get lots of good things to eat. It takes six meals a day to fill up a good little Dutchman. The first comes as soon as he gets out of bed. That is the “little breakfast.” Then he works for a couple of hours, milking the cows or scrubbing the doorstep, which must be made as white as milk every morning. By this time he is ready for the real breakfast, which probably has in it sausage and cheese and bread and pancakes and coffee. The coffee of Holland is the best in the world because they own the island of Java, where the finest coffee is grown.

After breakfast Jan manages to live until luncheon,



which may have many things in it, but is sure to have more cheese, plenty of butter, cream and milk, and eggs. The children especially like kaas, which is the soft, unripened cheese. In the afternoon he will have tea with little sweet cakes, and about five o'clock dinner is served, and, a couple of hours later, supper. His mother is one of the best cooks in the world. She makes dishes of stewed duck with apricots and of roast goose with spiced prunes. She cooks lots of fish, too. There are many fishermen in Holland and everyone eats fish and oysters.

Every good child of Leyden eats "hodge-podge" on the third of October. This is a stew of carrots, onions, potatoes and meat. When the Dutch opened the dykes to drive out the Spanish during the terrible siege of Leyden, a little Dutch boy found some of the enemy's camp fires still burning on a little hill where the water had not reached. Hanging over the fire was a kettle full of "hodge-podge" that the soldiers were cooking for their supper. It was the first food that the city had seen for weeks. Now all the good folks of Leyden eat it for dinner on that day in memory of the brave people who fought in the siege of the city.

Every town of Holland has its special kind of sweet to tempt the little folks. In the Hague it is "hopjes," a kind of butterscotch; in Haarlem it is "halletjes," a thin crisp molasses cooky; in Rotterdam the boys



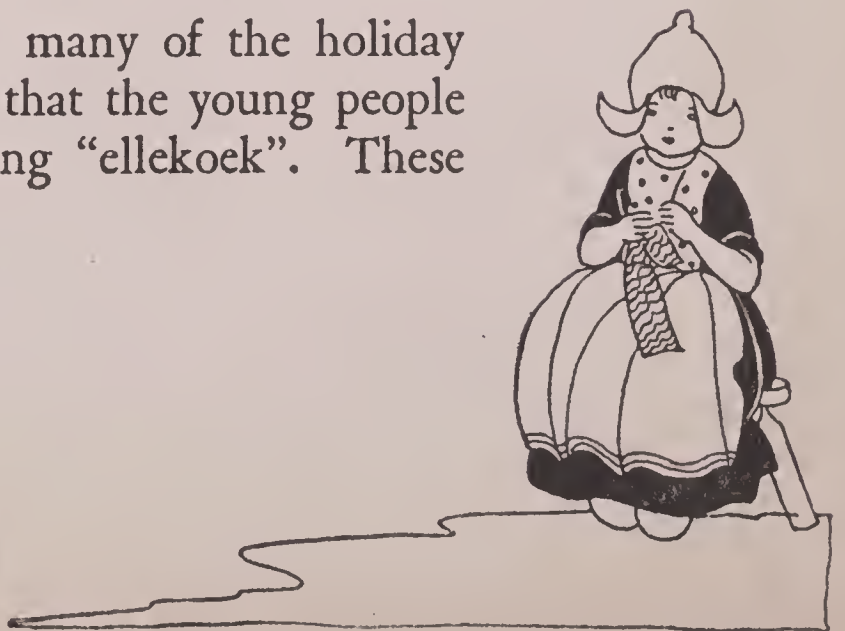


and girls eat "maastengels," or sweet cakes; in Gouda are "Goudsche-spirits," or spout cakes. They are called that because they are made with a spout. The children of Deventer have honey-cakes.

Since Holland owns an island where coffee and sugar cane and tobacco grow, all of them the best in the world, they are fond of good coffee and tobacco in the form of cigars or pipes. They get a great deal of molasses from Java. They use it to make gingerbread, which the children dearly love. Any good Dutch father, if he takes the children to town, will have a long roll of gingerbread in his pocket to give them when they get hungry.

They use the sugar to make candy. When a man and woman are married they provide themselves with a great bag of "suikers", or sugar-plums. As they ride home from the church the children stand along the road waiting for them to throw the candy. There is a mad scramble as they toss it out, and woe to the young couple who have not brought enough suikers to satisfy all of the boys and girls. They will always be thought stingy by the people of their neighborhood.

At the Kermis the children eat "oliebollen", a kind of little meat ball fried in oil. The fish stalls sell salted and dried fish, which many of the holiday makers eat raw. One game that the young people like especially is that of eating "ellekoek". These



cakes are made in long narrow ribbons that are hung outside of booths. The children buy them by the yard. Then they play the game of eating them toward each other. When their cake is all eaten they finish with a kiss. They must not break it or touch it with their hands. All their friends stand around to see how they will come out.

Another game at the Kermis is to see who can break a cake that is laid over a hollow place in a log. The men hit it with a stick to see who can break it. The cake is very hard and it is not easy to break. The man who succeeds in breaking it gets the cake, if there is enough of it left to be worth taking home.

Ever since the lovely blue dishes were made in Delft the Dutch have been very proud of having nice things to cook and eat with. The cooking pans are of copper polished so brightly that the children can see their faces in the bottoms. The spoons and forks may have carved handles with little windmills perched on them, or storks, or tulips. Even the churns will be painted over with flowers.



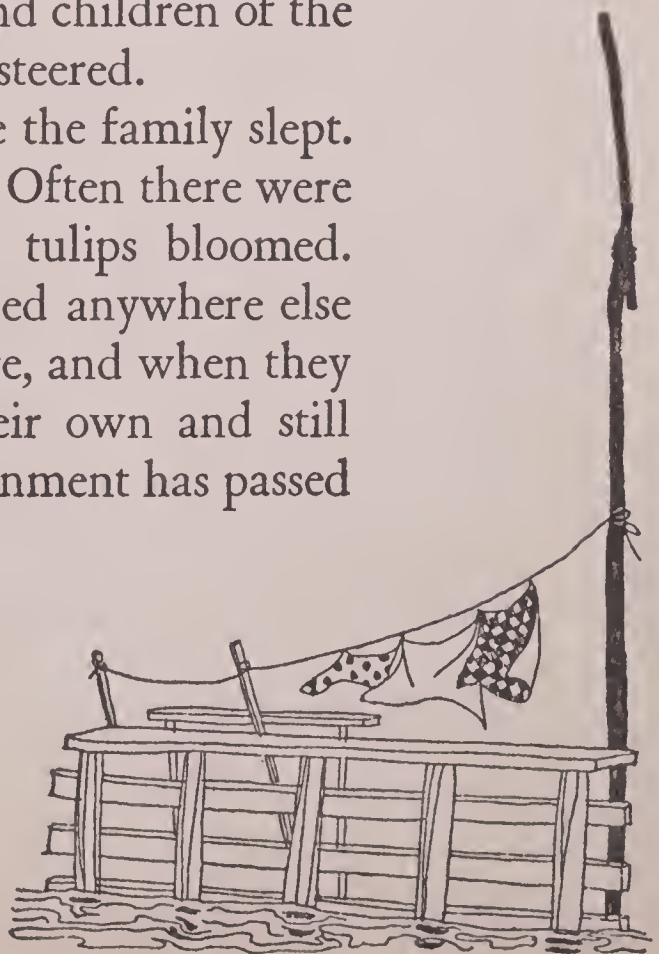
## CHAPTER VI

### BACK TO THE CITY

JAN and Juliana have a choice of three ways to go back to the city. They can ride in a farm cart drawn by a big horse, that will bump over the stony road on its two wheels, they can take a tram, a small car on an electric railroad, or they can ride on one of the canal boats. The canal boat seemed the most thrilling and they decided to take that.

The boat was painted bright green, a color very much liked in Holland, and it was filled with cheese and cabbages going down to Amsterdam to market. A big white horse was hitched to a rope attached to the front of the boat and pulled it along at the rate of about a mile in an hour. They passed others that were being pulled by the women and children of the boat while the father sat on it and steered.

The boats had little cabins where the family slept. They cooked and ate on the deck. Often there were boat-boxes along the sides where tulips bloomed. Many of the children had never lived anywhere else than on a boat; they were born there, and when they grew up they bought boats of their own and still lived on the water. Now the government has passed



laws that the children must go to school for four months out of every year, so that they may have to stop living on the boats.

Along the canals are the windmills, painted bright red, blue and green. They are fifty and sixty feet tall with four large flaps to catch the wind. The wheel of the mill is arranged so that it can turn whichever way the wind blows. At first the mills were put up to pump water off the land, but later they were used for grinding corn, for sawing wood, and for making paper. For a time it was thought that the use of electricity would drive out the windmills, but at the time of the World War the Dutch discovered that they were the most useful things they had, because they could not get the coal to use for making electricity.

Amsterdam is called the capital of Holland, although it has never been named by law as the capital. The Royal Palace, which was at one time the State House, is there. The queen is crowned in Amsterdam and comes there for a few days every year, but her real home is at The Hague. All the cities that end in "dam" in Holland were originally built where there was a dam in one of the rivers. Rotterdam and Edam, and Zaandam, all were named for a river with a dam in it.

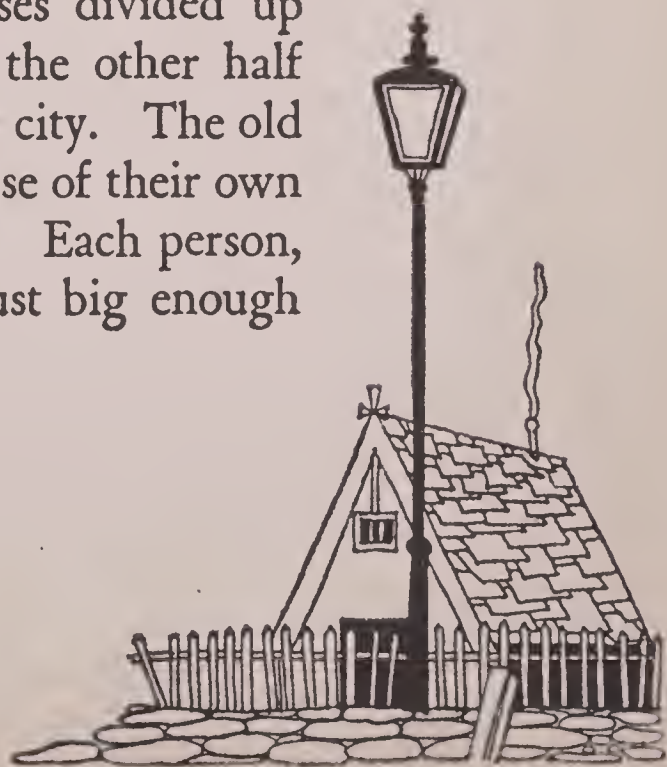
Amsterdam is a city built on islands—ninety of them—and it has three hundred bridges over the



canals. There are streets and sidewalks on either side of the canals and sometimes trees are planted along the banks, but there are no fences or walls to keep people from falling into the water if they are careless. Some cities have companies much like fire companies to pull people out of the canals.

The children visited the Jewish quarter where the finest diamonds in the world are cut and polished. The men who do the work are the children of Jews who were driven out of other lands by the Christians. They came to Holland for safety and took up their trade there. Every diamond cutter has a kind of badge of his trade; he lets the fingernail of his little finger grow long to use in scooping up the little stones. When the jewels are polished they are buried in a lump of clay with only the one surface that the workman is grinding exposed. The largest diamond in the world, the Koh-i-noor, was cut in Amsterdam. Every perfect stone must be cut to have fifty-eight sides, every surface exactly right.

The Dutch people take very good care of the orphans and the poor and old people who need help. The Amsterdam orphans wear dresses divided up and down, half of them black and the other half red, because those are the colors of the city. The old people who are too poor to keep a house of their own live in a little square like a tiny town. Each person, or each couple, has a small house, just big enough

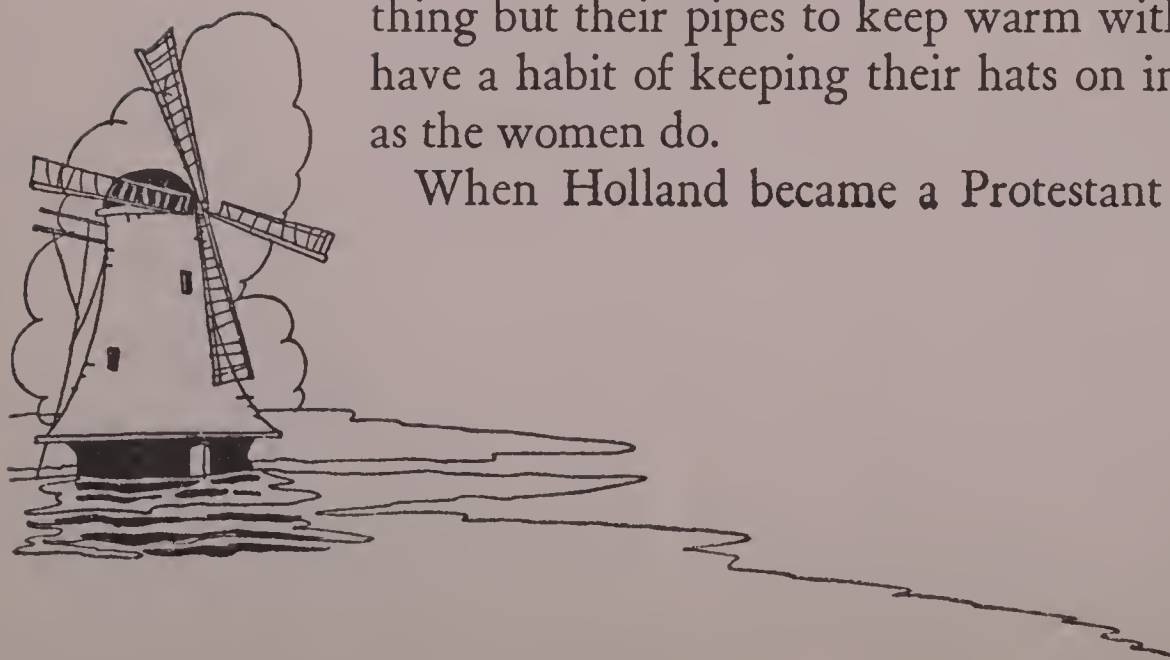


for a bed and stove and table. There are not many poor people, however, because the Dutch men and women save their money very carefully.

In the morning all along the streets are women and children out scrubbing the doorstep and the walks, the side of the house, and even the trunks of the trees. Pails of water, scrub brushes and soap are the first things that a child in Holland learns about. The inside of the house is even cleaner than the outside. The floors are of tiles, blue and white, or green and white. Often the walls are covered with tiles as well as the floor. A great, tiled fireplace often has the stories from the Bible in pictures on it and Jan and Juliana can learn their Sunday School lesson without going to church.

The fireplace is a warm spot to learn a lesson and a Dutch church is likely to be pretty cold. They never used to have any stoves in them. Then the janitor, or sexton, kept in a little side room hundreds of little boxes lined with tiles and holding a cake of burning fuel. These were given to the ladies to put their feet on when they came to church. These *stoofjes*, as they were called, are still used in many churches. The Dutchmen do not seem to need anything but their pipes to keep warm with. The men have a habit of keeping their hats on in church just as the women do.

When Holland became a Protestant instead of a





*Pails of water, scrub brushes and soap are the first things that a child in Holland learns about*



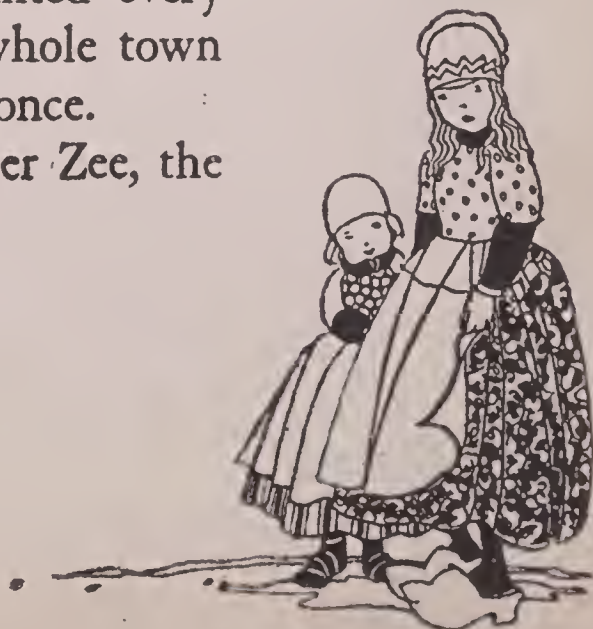


Catholic nation, they took out all of the pictures and images and altars in the churches and put in a plain pulpit and then whitewashed the walls up as far as they could reach. The churches that look so lovely on the outside are cold and unfriendly on the inside. In some of them are special little stands to place coffins on at a funeral. There will be a certain place for each trade. If the dead man was a plumber he was laid on one stand, if he was a carpenter he had to be placed on the bier for carpenters.

When Jan got the stomach ache from eating too many proffertjes at the Kermis his mother went out to the drug store to get some medicine. She knew where to find the drug store because every one has a big wooden head with an open mouth up over the door. Some of the heads were gilded to make them easier to see. There are lots of cow doctors, too, because it is a very serious matter when a cow gets sick. They all have bright brass plates attached to their doors.

In Amsterdam the houses are all built on piles, or stakes, that are driven far down into the sand. On top of the piles houses five and six stories are built. Each story is narrower than the last, so that the last one makes a peak. The houses are painted every year, all at the same time, so that the whole town seems to have had its face washed all at once.

In Marken, a small island in the Zuider Zee, the



people all wear the old costumes that they have worn for hundreds of years. The mothers wear the tight caps with a long yellow curl on each side of their faces, and the men, who are mostly fishers, wear the very full trousers that are so comfortable on a boat. The little girls wear dresses with many layers of skirts and often are embroidered down the front in gay reds and pinks. So many visitors come to Marken that the people have gotten into the habit of asking for money when someone takes their picture with a camera.

Many of the Dutch merchants live in country estates outside of the cities where they have their shops. These country houses have queer names. The one where Jan and Juliana live is called *Buiten Gedachten*, which means *Beyond Expectation*. One of the neighbors has a house that he calls *Lust en Rust*, which means *Pleasure and Rest*, and down the road is another called *Groot Genoeg*, or *Large Enough for Us*.

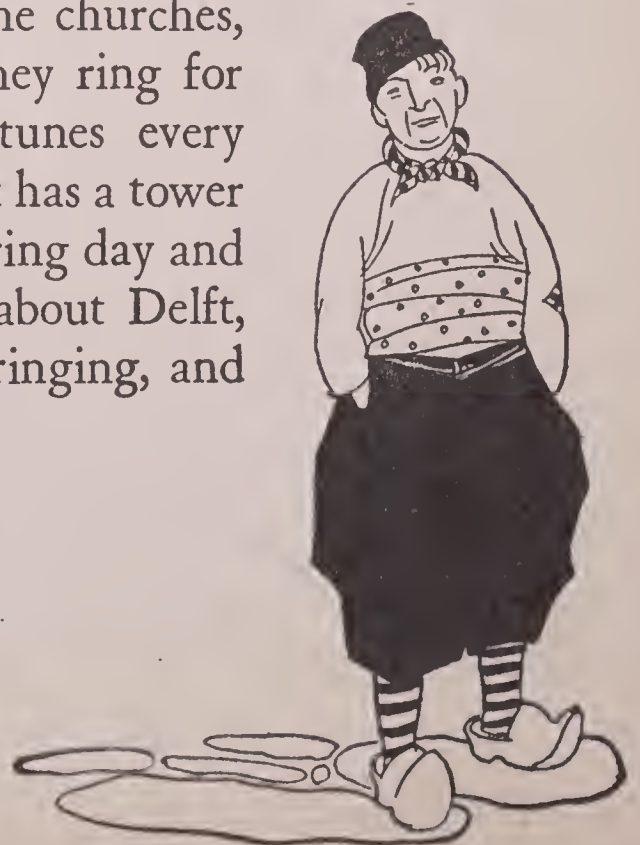
Every Friday a cheese market is held at Alkmaar, one of the cities that suffered in the long war with the Spaniards. Very early in the morning the boats and carts arrive with loads of big yellow cheeses which they arrange in piles in the market place, leaving paths between for the buyers to walk through. The piles of cheese are always covered until the clock in the Weigh House rings nine



o'clock; then the trading begins. The merchants pinch, taste and listen to the sound of the cheese when it is thumped, the way an American boy listens to a watermelon to see if it is ripe. The owner stands by his pile of cheeses. When a sale is concluded the owner and buyer strike their hands together as if they were shaking hands very hard. Then the owner calls a porter to carry his cheese into the Weigh House to be put on the scales.

The porters carry the yellow balls on big trays that take two men to hold. The men are dressed in white with blue or red or green ribbons in their hats, according to what union they belong to. They may not start to weigh the cheese until the clock strikes half past ten. The bells in the Weigh House tower play little tunes all the time, and every hour two little horsemen with lances at rest come out on the tower and ride at each other. At noon the horsemen hold a real tournament for half an hour.

Holland is a country of bells. Away from the cities where the noise of business hides them they ring and ring. Some of them are in the churches, some on the town halls. Sometimes they ring for the hours and sometimes they play tunes every quarter hour. The Old Church of Delft has a tower filled with bells, hundreds of bells, that ring day and night. Two things people remember about Delft, the wonderful supply of bells, forever ringing, and



the lovely blue dishes that used to be made there. A factory that makes dishes still is running in Delft, but the dishes are not as pretty as those that were made a hundred years ago.

In Delft they used to make the blue Bible tiles that lined the sides of the fireplaces in Dutch homes. Many houses still have them and the Dutch children still learn their Sunday school lesson from the fireplace. The story of David and his fight with Goliath may be on one side and the tale of Moses and his journey with the Children of Israel out of Egypt on the other. On the floor in front of the fire might be the picture of Rebecca at the well and of her wooing by Isaac.



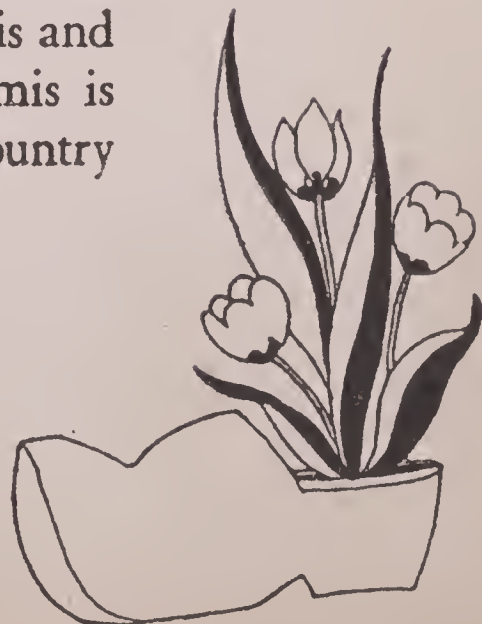
## CHAPTER VII

### HOLIDAYS FOR EVERYBODY

**N**O CHILDREN have more holidays to celebrate than do the little folks of Holland. The first day that the ice on the canals is strong enough to bear is declared a holiday from school and everyone puts on his skates and has a good time. This is called Skating Day. At night, if there is enough snow every family gets out a sleigh and goes for a ride with one of the boys holding up a torch so that they can be seen.

The third Sunday in April is Tulip Sunday. The flowers are out then and every window has a big bowl of them and every table has a vase full. In the churches the minister gives thanks to God for the flowers that have brought Holland so much good fortune. The day before Tulip Sunday the canals are full of boats bringing loads of flowers to the market, so that no home, however poor, is without a bouquet for the holiday.

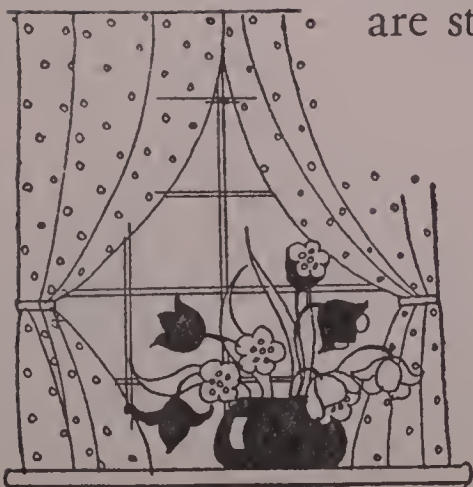
But the two holidays that Jan and Juliana look forward to with the greatest joy are the Kermis and St. Nicholas Day. In the big cities the Kermis is not celebrated so much any more, but in the country



it is the big fun-making time of the year. The Kermis was at first the celebration of the founding of the first Christian church in the village. The name means Kirk-mass, or church festival. Now it is the village fair time and sometimes lasts for a week. Booths for fortune telling are set up in the streets, games of chance, sideshows with fat women and skeleton men appear, booths to sell proffertjes and wafelen, and tables where ribbons and toys are sold, are set up.

Everyone who goes to a kermis must eat proffertjes. They are little cakes much like pancakes that are baked on a griddle with dents in it. They are made of a dough of wheat or buckwheat flour. Many are made at one time. One cook twists and bakes the bits of dough and another spreads them with butter and sugar. The customer sits in a little booth and is served on an American white cloth. He is expected to eat twenty-four proffertjes and two wafelen at the first sitting. The wafelen are very much like the American waffles, only they are not so big. They too, are covered with butter and sugar.

The Kermis is opened at noon by the ringing of the bells in the church tower and closed a week later when the bells ring again. On the roads outside of some of the towns white crosses are put up to show that anyone may come in and buy and sell. There are stalls with hard-boiled eggs and pickles for sale





*Everywhere you go there are boats of every sort, loaded  
with all kinds of things for the market*





and many fish stalls. Sometimes a special play is given during Kermis week.

In the large towns, before they stopped having the Kermis, one evening during the week was set aside for the servants to go to the Kermis. On that night the higher classes did not go to the fair at all and the servants went and frolicked and danced in the street between the booths and had a noisy time. If they met a stranger they would surround him and make him dance with them. The king and queen and the whole court used to open the Kermis at The Hague in the old days. Now the Kermis is no longer being held at The Hague because the town is too large for such a celebration. To repay the children of Amsterdam for taking away their Kermis the town council of the city allows them to play in the Bourse, a great public building, for one week, some time during the year.

Nearly every Dutch town has its own special holiday to celebrate some victory over the Spaniards or over the sea. On these days there are processions and feasting and thanksgiving services in the city churches.

But the great holiday of the year is the festival of Saint Nicholas. This comes on the sixth of December, the day dedicated to that saint. It is the time that the Dutch give presents to their friends and relatives and have family feasts, just as the English



and Americans do on Christmas day. For weeks before the shop windows are full of gifts. Special cakes are made in the form of a bishop and are called *Klaasjes* after St. Nicholas. Cakes are made, too, in the form of birds, animals and fishes. They are called *Klaasjes*, too. Large gingerbread men are baked and decorated with gilt paper. Special kinds of cakes are sold with heart-shaped candies on them for young men to send to their sweethearts.

On the days before the festival a man dressed to look like the good saint in a bishop's robes and hat, rides through the city streets on a white horse. After him comes a car driven by a negro boy and filled with packages. The children gather around and shout at the saint to bring them the presents that they want for Saint Nicholas Day.

The night before the day, Saint Nicholas Eve, the children put their wooden shoes down by the fire and put in them wisps of hay to feed the white horse that the saint rides over the housetops. In the morning they find pieces of money and sweet cakes and candy in the shoes. But that is only the start of the fun. At dinner there is a great feast with roast goose stuffed with sausages as the main course. Then, just before dark, the children spread a sheet before the house door and stand near it and sing a song of welcome to Saint Nicholas, who is expected to make them a second visit. They sing:

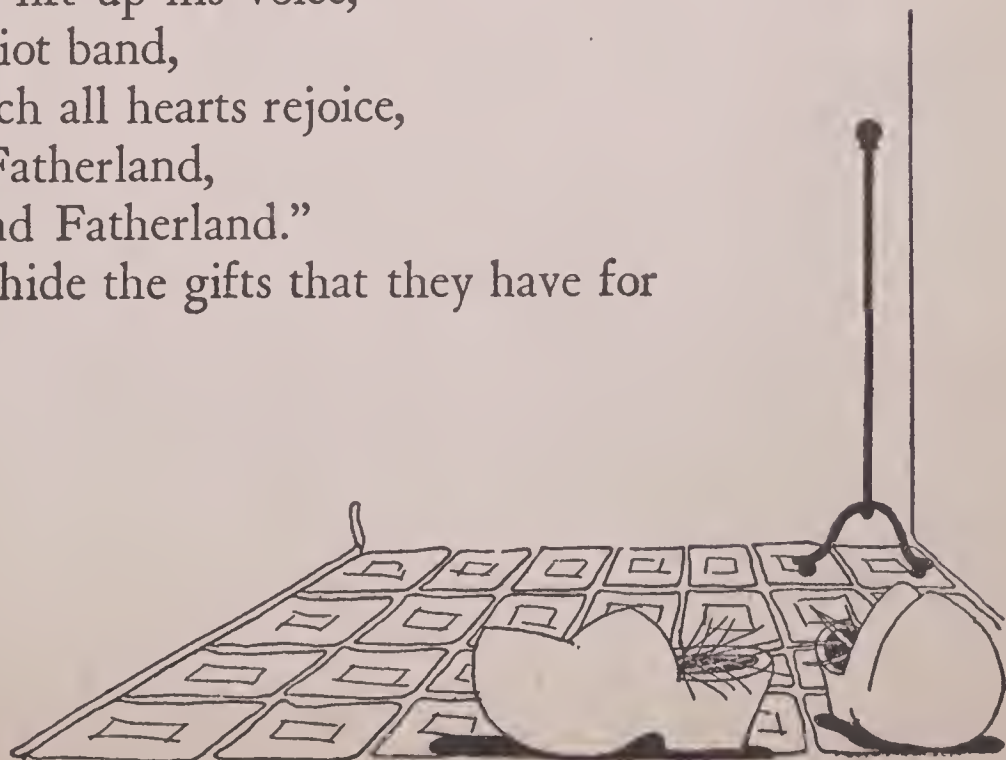


“Saint Nicholas, good, holy man,  
Put on your best gown;  
Ride with it to Amsterdam,  
From Amsterdam to Spain”.

While they are singing someone comes to the door; when they finish the door flies open and a shower of sweet cakes and candy falls on their heads, and in the doorway stands Saint Nicholas with packages for the children in his hands. Sometimes he has with him a negro boy with a stick to use on bad children and a bag to carry them off in, but nobody has ever heard of any children being put into the bag. Often Saint Nicholas stops and asks the children questions about how good they have been, and if they have learned their lessons in school. He may even make them repeat some of the verses they have learned. If he asks them to say the national song of the Netherlands, Jan and Juliana will stand up and repeat:

“Let him in whom old Dutch blood flows,  
Untainted free and strong;  
Whose heart for Prince and Country glows,  
Now join us in our song;  
Let him with us lift up his voice,  
And sing in patriot band,  
The song at which all hearts rejoice,  
For Prince and Fatherland,  
For Prince and Fatherland.”

The older people hide the gifts that they have for

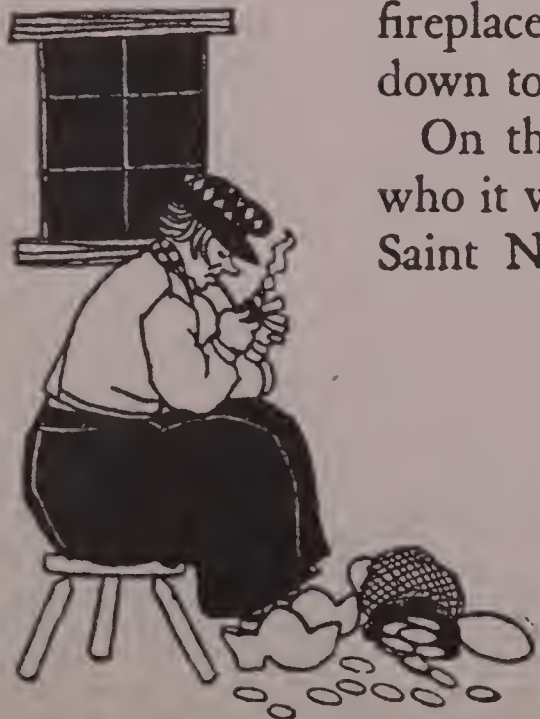


each other and have a great deal of sport trying to find them. They send the maid out with a gift and have her ring the door-bell, so that it will appear that someone else has brought the present, or they may give it to a neighbor to deliver. Tiny gifts may be wrapped in great packages so that the person who gets it may have all the fun of unwrapping it. It may even be baked in a cake, not to be discovered until the cake is eaten.

Saint Nicholas lived in the fourth century and spent all of his life in doing good. He started the practice of giving gifts on his birthday by giving money to a poor man. This is the story that all the children of Holland know.

A certain man lost all of his money. He had three beautiful daughters and he planned to get some money by selling the girls as slaves. Saint Nicholas heard of his dreadful plan and that night went to the man's house and dropped a purse full of money through a broken window. In the purse was enough money to pay for the oldest daughter. The next night he took enough money for the second daughter and dropped it through the chimney down into the fireplace. It fell just when the old man was stooping down to get a coal to light his pipe.

On the third night the old man watched to see who it was that was bringing the money, and when Saint Nicholas came to the door he ran out and



caught the good saint by the robe and held him fast.

“Good Saint Nicholas,” he said, “why dost thou hide thy good deeds?” Ever since then children know that it is Saint Nicholas who throws the money down the chimney into the wooden shoes that are set out to catch it. Because he saved the lives of the three beautiful young girls all girls of Holland think that he is their special friend.

There is another story that Jan and Juliana know and tell to each other on Saint Nicholas Eve. It is about three little boys who went out into the woods and got lost. They wandered about looking for a place to sleep when night came on. They were about to lie down on the ground when one of them saw a light between the trees. They went up to it and saw that it was coming from the window of a poor cottage on the edge of a clearing.

They went up to the door and knocked and an evil-looking old woman opened the door. She lived in the hut with her husband who was a farmer. The boys told her that they had lost their way in the forest and asked her to give them a place to sleep. She asked her husband what she should do and he, in a gruff voice, told her to give them a bed in the loft. The three little boys were so tired that they gladly climbed the ladder and went to sleep on the hay.

The old man and his bad wife thought that the boys looked as if they were the sons of rich people



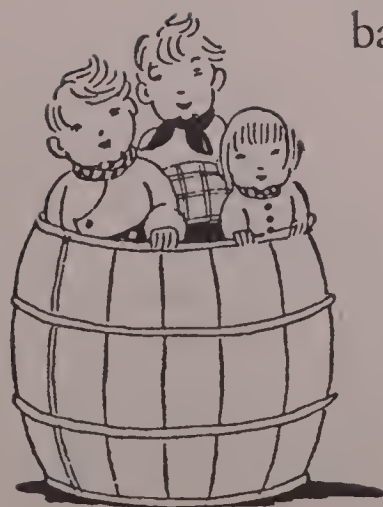
and would have money in their pockets. So after the boys were sound asleep the wicked old man climbed up into the loft and killed the three little boys. But when he looked in their pockets for money he could not find any. Then the old man and woman began to be afraid that someone would find out what they had done, so they carried the bodies of the boys down into the cellar and put them in the barrel with the pork that they were saving for winter.

The next day the farmer went to market with some vegetables to sell. While he was sitting in the market place Saint Nicholas came to him and asked, "Have you any pork to sell?"

"No," said the farmer.

"What about the three young pigs you have in the pork barrel in your house in the woods?" asked Saint Nicholas.

The farmer saw that he had been found out and fell on his knees and begged the saint to forgive him. Saint Nicholas told the old man to lead the way to his house. The farmer left his vegetables in the market and went home, with the saint following him. He showed the way to the cellar and the barrel of pork. Saint Nicholas waved his wand over the barrel and out jumped the three little boys as good as new. Then the saint took them through the woods back home to their own house.



In some parts of Holland the children go about to the farmhouses before Easter asking for eggs. When they have two or three apiece they take them home and boil them in beet juice or some other color so that they are pretty. On Easter day the boys and girls meet in a meadow and sit in a circle with their eggs. When they are all seated they crack their eggs together in such a way that only one is broken. The egg that breaks is given up to the owner of the egg that did not break.



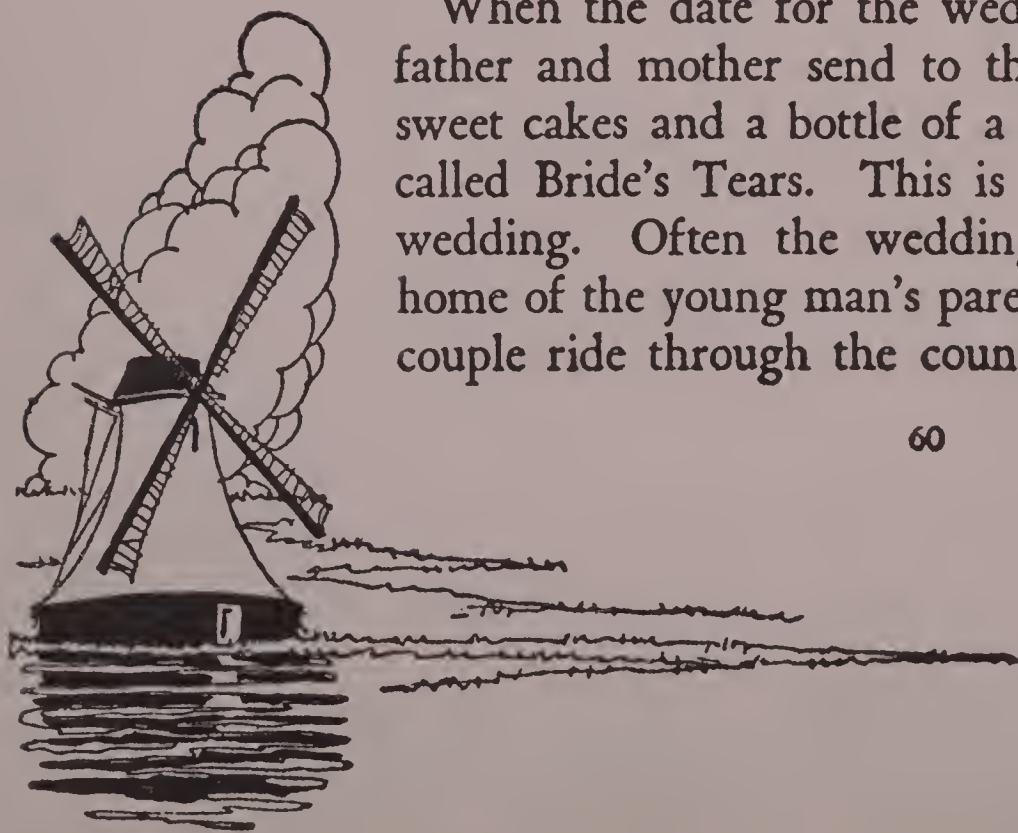
## CHAPTER VIII

### WHEN JAN GOES COURTING

**W**HEN a Dutch boy sees a girl that he likes he goes to see her at her house. Sometimes he brings a special kind of cake. He puts it down on the table and nobody seems to notice it. He talks to all the family. After a time the rest of the family go to bed and he is left with the girl of his choice. If she lets the fire go out he knows that she does not want him to stay, but if she puts more fuel on the fire he knows that he is welcome, and then they cut and eat the cake.

After they are engaged to be married he may take her to the Kermis and to other places of amusement. They can skate together in the winter. They may be engaged two or three years, for the girl must get together a chest of linen for her new home.

When the date for the wedding is set the girl's father and mother send to their friends a box of sweet cakes and a bottle of a special kind of wine called Bride's Tears. This is the invitation to the wedding. Often the wedding takes place at the home of the young man's parents and as the young couple ride through the country they scatter coins





for the children to pick up. They are often married on Thursday because the marriage fees at the churches are not so high that day.

If young Jan and his bride take a honeymoon trip they have a great many places to go. They might take a trip to Rotterdam to some of the famous picture galleries there. No country has had so many famous artists as has Holland.

After the land had settled down following the terrible war with Spain and there was peace for many years artists began to paint pictures in every town. This was the time, about 1550, when trade guilds grew up, and the burghers of the towns wanted their pictures painted, and the arquebusiers ordered pictures that would get as many of them in as possible. They were companies of soldiers who protected the town from all enemies.

Surely if Jan and his bride were going picture seeing they would go to see the famous "Night Watch" in the Ryks Museum in Amsterdam. A company of soldiers are going out on a parade. They wanted their picture painted and each one that got into the picture paid the artist one hundred florins. He got as many of them in as he could. The gallant captain is up in front with a wide hat and a wider lace collar; beside him is a gentleman with a yellow coat and a yellow hat. There are even some ladies in the picture. It is said that the picture is really of a day-

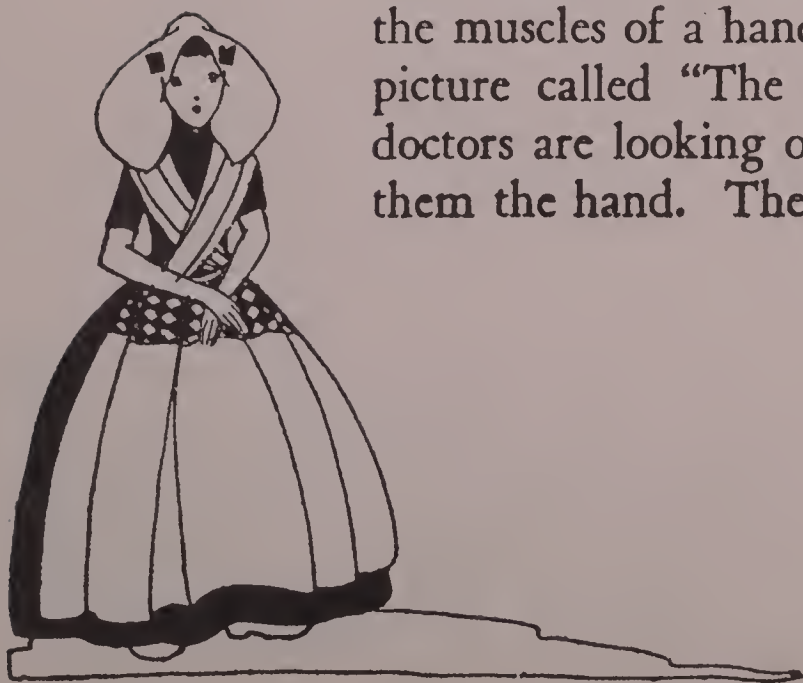


time scene, but it has been called the "Night Watch" for so long that no one will believe it.

In the same museum is one of the greatest portraits ever made, a picture of an old lady, Elizabeth Bas. It is also by Rembrandt, who painted "The Night Watch". She is all dressed up to have her picture painted, with a great white ruff about her neck and white cuffs on her black silk dress, and a white cap with flaps at the sides covering all her hair. She has a fine white handkerchief with lace on the edge in her hands. She looks like the kind of a grandmother that any Dutch family would be glad to have. She would see to it that none of them got into trouble.

The artist, whose real name was Rembrandt Harmenszoon van Rijn was the son of a miller of Leyden. When he first learned to paint he had his studio in his father's mill. He was twenty years older than another very famous painter of Leyden, Jan Steen.

Rembrandt painted many groups of men besides "The Night Watch." Six of the syndics, or rulers of the Cloth Guild, had him paint their portraits together, and a number of doctors hired him to paint them with one of their number showing them how the muscles of a hand worked. This is the famous picture called "The School of Anatomy". Seven doctors are looking on while the eighth one shows them the hand. They all are very much interested.



This picture is in the Mauritshuis, and Jan would have to journey to The Hague to see it.

Jan Steen was a jolly painter, whose father had been a brewer. He liked to paint happy families. One of them is of a group of fat, laughing children trying to teach a cat to dance to the music that one of them is playing on a flute, while the dog barks at them. This is in the Ryks Museum in Amsterdam, also, together with the "Night Watch."

Another artist who liked to paint happy people was Franz Hals. He was fat and jolly, like Jan Steen. He made a picture of a soldier all dressed up in fine velvet and lace, with his mustache waxed to little points, that he calls "The Laughing Cavalier". He painted soldiers and families, too. There were no cameras in the days when these men lived, so that if they wanted to keep a picture of their family they had to have it painted.

We know how all the artists look because they almost always made pictures of themselves. They hung a big mirror on the wall near them and painted themselves from their reflections in the mirror. Many of them became so famous that they were invited to go to England and Spain to make portraits of the royal families in those countries.











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