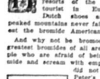
The Holland of Today

HOLLAND and Switzerland are the two most favored resorts of the American tourist in Europe, for Dutch shoes and snow-peaked mountains never fail to interest the bromide Americano.

And why not be bromides? The greatest bromides of all are the people who are afraid of being a bromide and scream with emphasis: "I did not like it!" Peter's answer: "I did not bring home a piece of lava from Vesuvius." "I did not climb Mount Blanc in Alpine costume."



Maurhuis.

A bromide always wins one in the end, for he is allowed as many pleasant and useless pleasures a syllable is debarred from.

The Hague is by far the most interesting and up to date city in Holland. It seems almost like a cosmopolitan center. Many languages are spoken and the people are very gay. The people of The Hague try their best to imitate the French, both in dress and customs, even speaking French to their home circles.

The House in the Wood.

In the streets everything is hustle and bustle, and they are crowded with strangers, wagons and milk carts.

We stopped at the Central hotel and in all Europe I never saw such a dozen. If you ever go dogie and get a need excitement, go to the Central hotel at The Hague. It is a little hotel with a semi-circle beer garden in front, which you have to pass through to get into the hotel. In this cafe, morning noon and night are assembled the loliest, happiest, giddiest set of Dutchmen on earth.

A Street in Delft.

I have I have with a little straw hat with five green ribbons floppy do-fiddles and need excitement, go to the Central hotel at The Hague. It is a little hotel with a semi-circle beer garden in front, which you have to pass through to get into the hotel. In this cafe, morning noon and night are assembled the loliest, happiest, giddiest set of Dutchmen on earth.

The Prisoners Gate.

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A Dutch Windmill.

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