

Wilhelmina. Under the shady trees of the Plein is a statue of the Dutchenman's greatest hero, Stadtholder William I, who lived towards the end of the sixteenth century, and was known as William the Silent, on account of his reputation for never speaking a careless or misguided

miration for the father of their nation.

On the other side of the Plein is the Maurits-huis, where is treasured a good collection of pictures by Dutch and Flemish artists. Having stood in one of the rooms, and from looking out of the window at the Vijver lake that laps the

This calls to mind an incident illustrating how necessary it is when visiting a city to make a point of seeing, as far as possible, all its most notable possessions. For, if you fail in this, someone is certain afterwards to declare that the one thing you missed was

Jones confessed that she had not seen it, because it was away for cleaning, or some such reason, her friend exclaimed that it was the only picture in the Hague worth looking at. What is more, she harped on that bill to such an extent that poor Mrs Jones felt as



ON THE BEACH, SCHEVENINGEN.

word. During his lifetime this brave and generous prince beggared himself to help the Dutch against the power of Spain. No wonder they reverence his name; no wonder that in their anger at his cruel fate they tortured to death the dastardly coward who had murdered their prince in the hope of winning the reward offered by Philip of Spain for the death of his noble rival. Even in this twentieth century there are Dutchmen who raise their hats as they pass this statue, and women who place a flower on the pedestal in token of an undying ad-

outer walls of the gallery, turned back to the representations of Dutch scenes, I felt that here these somewhat sombre pictures are at home, as they never seem to be squeezed into a gallery of sunny Italy. The very people in the rooms have faces akin to those painted by Frans Hals, and Israels, and Rembrandt. Paul Potter's famous Young Bull, which, being a life-sized representation of this truly Dutch animal, might indeed be sheltering under a tree on anyone of the tow-paths we had passed on our way up from the Hoek.

of supreme interest and importance. When sitting in the lounge of our hotel one evening, I overheard the following conversation between two American ladies:—"We went to the Maurits-huis this afternoon," said one of the ladies.

"Did you see Paul Potter's Bull?" inquired the other.

"I guess I just did," the first speaker replied. "Why, when Mrs Jones returned from the Hague last year I heard a lady say to her, 'Did you see Paul Potter's Bull?' And when Mrs

if her whole visit to the Hague had been a failure. So, I guess, I just made up my mind that I would not return to America until I had seen that identical picture."

The attitude of Mrs Jones' friend seems very narrow-minded and absurd, but it is one that has to be reckoned with among the minor irritations of travel, for one meets with it continually.

Continued on page 53.



A TYPICAL COUNTRY SCENE IN HOLLAND.