

AMSTERDAM, HOLLAND, HAS A PRIVATE NIGHT POLICE FORCE; BICYCLES CALLED A PERIL

(New York Sun)

One of the joys of traveling abroad is seeing ordinary everyday things from another angle than our own and noticing the little differences that exist between the way we do things and the way they do them elsewhere, says F. B. Bradley-Birt in the London Post.

Traveling recently from England through France, Germany and Holland, though most things are so much the same in each of the four countries, a variety of minor things done differently in each provided some amusement, much admiration, and considerable food for thought. Curiously enough, though of the three the Dutch have perhaps the most in common with us, it was in Holland that one was most struck with the things they do differently there.

Mention Holland to an Englishman and he irresistibly thinks of Schnaps, clogs, cheese, butter or canals, with bulb fields, windmills, and a wide flat landscape for setting. They are all there just as he pictures them, and most of them, if not all, up to expectations. But of some of them you must go in search.

To find schnaps you will not have to go far. If you are fortunate enough to be the guest of a Dutchman in Amsterdam the same thing will probably happen to you as it did to me within a few hours of your arrival. You will be taken to Wynand Pockink, a picturesque old house dated 1689, situated in a quaint little alley just off the Dam Square, where you get some of the best varieties of schnaps to be found in the world, including the fous "half on half."

Where Bicycles Threaten

It is a tiny shop, the only part of the house one sees, lined from floor to ceiling with bottle of all shapes and sizes, some of them dark blue, beautifully painted with scenes and figures. The glasses in which you are given the schnaps are small ones on long stems, with curved lips, and they are filled so full that it is almost impossible to raise them without spilling some of the precious contents. So it is the custom to stoop down, without touching the glass with your hands, and take the first sip before raising and draining it.

There is a much greater danger on the roads in Holland than the motor cars. The first day I went out alone from my Dutch friend's house I was solemnly warned on the doorstep: "Be sure you are very careful not to get knocked down by a bicycle."

It is bad enough crossing Piccadilly and avoiding a dozen cars and half a dozen omnibuses, but it is nothing to trying in the Koningsplein or the

Leidschestraat to make one's way through fifty bicyclists pedalling relentlessly all round one. On many of the country roads there are special tracks for them and they are a great convenience not only to the bicyclists themselves but to other wayfarers by car or on foot.

Old Dutch Costume

Once on road out of Amsterdam there are no fewer than six ways of travelling side by side. There is the train, then the electric tram, separated by the canal from the main road, with a bicycling track and a footpath on the other side of it. It is an interesting sight to see all in use at the same moment, the train and tram running, barges proceeding along the canal, motors on the road, bicyclists on their track and pedestrians on their footpath.

Clogs you can see worn almost anywhere, but if you want the old Dutch national costume you must go afield. You will see it at its best on Easter or Whit Sunday morning, as the villagers come out of church at Volendam, on the Zuider Zee.

Then they are at their sweetest and most spotless, the girls in their white lace caps with the starched peaks in front that half conceal their cheerful, fresh-complexioned faces, and the men and boys with their baggy trousers and fur or felt caps and silver chains and buttons. It is one of the most picturesque survivals in Europe. The British Isles have become almost completely standardized as to costume. They do things differently, to great effect in Holland.

One evening my Dutch friends said they would take me to the B. Park. I was more than a little doubtful as to what a B-Park was, but I was careful to conceal my ignorance and we set forth.

About two miles out of the town we came upon it and I knew what a Bee-Park was. To an Englishman it was a most unusual sight. It consisted of a large number of tiny gardens ablaze with flowers and dotted all over with bee hives. Here the owners resort in the evenings and tend their gardens and bees, making their hobby a very profitable undertaking. Dutch honey is delicious. Why do we not have Bee-Parks in England?

Curious Hidden

Yet another thing they do differently in Holland struck me very forcibly the moment I arrived to stay in a delightful country house in Gelderland. There were three glass-fronted curio cases in the drawing room, beautiful specimens of Flemish work, but each of them had blinds carefully drawn behind the glass, effectively, hiding the contents. It gave a curious-

ly shut up look to the room even though the flowers and books and bright fire burning showed that it was in use.

The reason for the drawn blinds, one learned later, is that there is a tax in Holland on objects d'art when in use or exposed, so that to evade the tax one puts them in glass cases and draw's blinds over them. But, low be it spoken, when you give a party you draw up the blinds and display your treasures, trusting that the tax assessor will not come round on that day.

If he should mingle with your guests or if one of your guests should prove a wolf in sheep's clothing and give you away, you will have to pay the tax. It seems a particularly annoying kind of imposition and one that can be easily evaded, though it must be very galling to have beautiful things and to have to hide them behind drawn blinds.

A Private Police Force

But of all the things they do differently in Holland perhaps the strangest from an English standpoint is the "Amsterdam sche gecontroleerde particuliere nachteveiligheids dienst." It is a delightfully sonorous designation and being interpreted means "the Amsterdam controlled private night safety service," which being simplified again means the Amsterdam private night police. It is an astonishing institution that one cannot conceive flourishing in England.

A private company runs a private police service, to which every household, apparently whether he wishes or not, has by force of custom to subscribe. The private police patrol the town after nightfall and personally visit every street and house. Householders in Amsterdam speak highly of their efficiency. The private policeman gets to know every house on his beat and something of the habits of the occupiers, and if a light is left on or a door unlocked the private police generally spot it and inform the inmates.

The subscription is small, but the income of the company must be very large since he would be a brave household who refused to belong to it. Why it should be necessary to supplement the official police in this way it is difficult to understand, but although to the Englishman it seems a strange imposition the Amsterdammers are content to pay it for the useful service it renders.

There's nothing in that French counsel's plea, "She's too beautiful to be bad." The Ben Davis is a quite respectable looking fruit.

We can't have sunshine always; into each base ball manager's life, some series with the Athletics must fall.

College students in the East are found to be narrower at the hips than formerly. It is probably also true of their father, due to the fashionable new flat wallet.

MRS. MARSHALL FIELD TO BE BOSS OF RANGE

Painter, Wyoming, June 14—Mrs. Marshall Field, top hand—boss of the range.

Instead of being a guest at the Dewey Riddle ranch near here, this year, Mrs. Field, who recently obtained a divorce from Marshall Field, 3d, will be the boss. She has leased the property from June until September.

\$1,000,000 A Year

Mrs. Field, social leader with a world-wide reputation, undoubtedly will be the wealthiest ranch boss in these parts or any other. She has an income of more than \$1,000,000 yearly through a property settlement made prior to her divorce.

As top hand to the outfit, Mrs. Field will oversee 150 acres and 200 head of cattle, many of them wild range steers with no more courtesy toward a woman than they have toward a man, which is very little at times.

Mrs. Field was in Denver after her Reno divorce and engaged in a verbal tilt with newspapermen, who sought to interview her. She ignored, then rebuked them. Field, her former husband, is a grandson of the late Marshall Field. He since has married a London beauty.

Will Have Satellites

While in Reno Mrs. Field leased a beautiful mountain home, living in seclusion until free from her martial bonds. Announcement that she intends to return to the Rocky Mountain West for the summer was made in New York by her present home.

The ranch where Mrs. Field will be in charge is in one of the most rugged and picturesque sections of Wyoming, a state noted for its scenic beauty and is only a few miles from Cody, just east of Yellowstone National Park.

A favorite haunt of wealthy eastern tourists, who seek a touch of the old West, this region is becoming more and more popular. Mrs. Field is certain to draw a group of satellites.

QUEER PLACE PLACE FOR A RICH MAN'S SON

A thrilling story of the rescue of Augustine Courtauld, the young British explorer, who was marooned for five months at a hut on the Greenland ice-cap, is told by Mr. Riley, one of the members of the Watkins relief party. Mr. Riley is not at Angmagssalik, Greenland, and his account as telegraphed to the Danish newspaper National Tidende, is as follows:—

"It was difficult to find Mr. Courtauld's hut as only a small flag marked the spot. We found the hut completely covered with ice, the only opening being a chimney. We shouted down to Mr. Courtauld, who immediately replied, 'Hullo, I'm all right!'"

"We took our spades and dug through the snow to find Mr. Courtauld perfectly well by unrecognizable. He had not had a wash for seven months and his hair and beard were very long.

"He told us that the terrible snow-storm had raged two months ago, completely burying the station. It was impossible for him to dig himself out without filling the hut with snow.

"All he could do was to keep the chimney clear so as to ensure a supply of fresh air. For the last month he had been without light, and with only a little petrol to melt snow for drinking water.

"He had passed the time in his sleeping bag, sleeping and thinking but in best of spirits."

A medium under arrest in Chicago has been ordered by the judge to produce a spirit in court. This is looked upon as giving the prosecution a shade the better of it.

The very first day that a fire insurance company was in business, a residence covered by one of its policies burned. The company has started out like a house afire.

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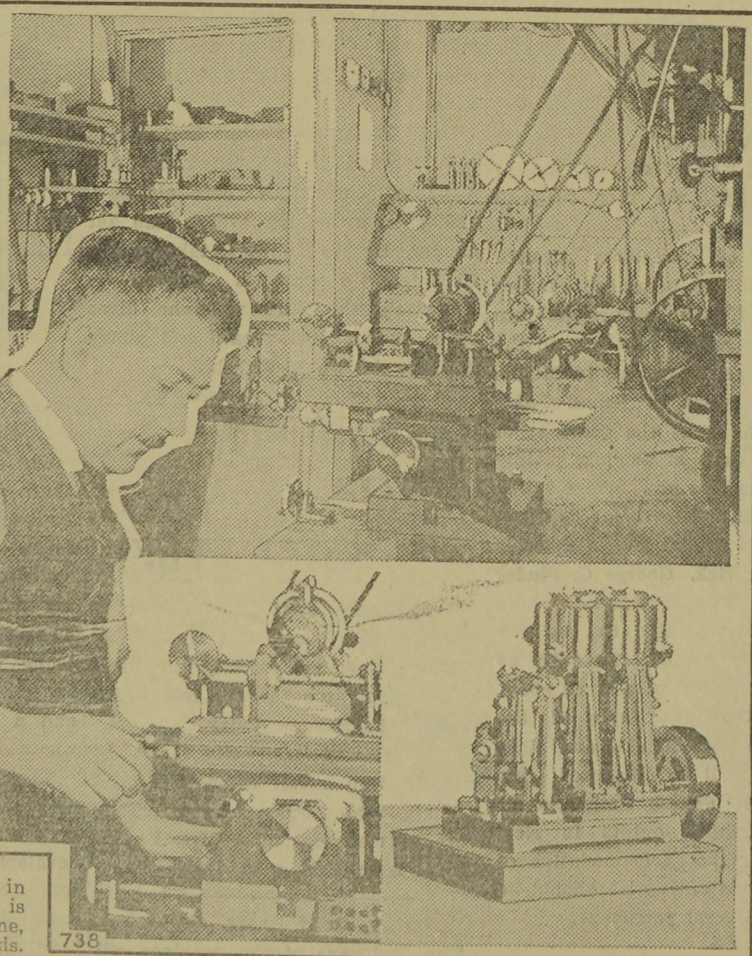
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Life's Work Is Hobby, Too

Mechanics are a hobby as well as the life's work of Henry Blane Bowen, chief of motive power and rolling stock, Canadian Pacific Railway, who has an up-to-date machine shop in the basement of his Montreal home. Here he has invented a number of tools now in use throughout the vast shop system of the company and built a series of model stationary and marine engines, to the great delight of his three sons. He came into particular prominence recently as the builder of the C.P.R.'s new giant, "8000" type, multi-pressure locomotive, the biggest and most powerful of its kind in the world and unique on the American continent, destined for heavy duty in the Rocky Mountains. The pictures show the workshop, in which so many of Mr. Bowen's leisure hours are spent. He prides himself that it is the most complete private plant in Montreal. Inset, Mr. Bowen is seen operating a milling machine, which he built with his own hands. The model marine engine, shown lower right, is the latest product of the hobby-shop. Although it is only four inches high and could almost be housed in a cigar box, it is complete in the minutest detail and can develop 4000 revolutions a minute. It offers an interesting contrast when considered in comparison with the newest mammoth locomotive. Mr. Bowen built them both.



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