HOLLAND'S YOUNG QUEEN.

There is one sure way of making the phlegmatic, taciturn Hollander unbend and grow communicative, and that is to talk to him about his little Queen, who has just been betrothed to Prince Bernard of Saxe-Weimar. At least, that was my experience during a trip through Holland this summer, writes a correspondent. The loyalty and devotion of the vast majority of Dutchmen to the House of Orange in general and to their young ruler in particular was one of the first impressions I gained on arriving there. I had already admired her picture hanging in a prominent position on board the liner which carried me over to Rotterdam, and had heard various Dutch passengers expatiate on her personal traits and charms, but I was little prepared for the many evidences of affection and attachment to her person seen on every hand in the land of dikes and windmills. You cannot speak to the average Dutchman on the subject of his Queen without evoking expressions of tenderness and admiration, and you cannot find a private house, or, for that matter, a place of public resort, which does not contain her portrait. The Dutch have been ruled from time immemorial by middle-aged individuals of the sterner sex, and they exhibit in their fondness for their present or rather future ruler something of the child's enthusiasm for a new and pleasing toy.

Queen Wilhelmina attained her sixteenth year on Aug. 31 last. Two years from that date she will formally ascend the throne of Holland and replace the regency of her mother, Queen Emma, the good German Princess whom her father married in the evening of his life. I cannot help drawing a parallel between the prospects opened up by the coming event and the circumstances attending the accession of Queen Victoria to the throne of England fifty-nine years ago. Victoria at the age of eighteen found herself mistress of a court the moral atmosphere of which had been thoroughly vitiated by George IV., but her youth, her grace, her innocence, soon purified the air, and it is certain that her entourage has ever been above the breath of suspicion. History, I think, will repeat itself. The young Queen of Holland will also find herself amid surroundings tainted by the demoralizing influence and example of her father, William III., one of the most reckless debauchees of his day, but, thanks to the careful training she has received from her mother, she will doubtless overcome this and inaugurate a regime worthy of the noble house of Orange.

I had heard so much about Queen Wilhelmina while at The Hague and Amsterdam that I decided to make an endeavor to obtain at least a good look at the little lady, and if possible to learn something of her daily life. It was the end of June and the two Queens had already left for Soestdijk, one of the many palaces belonging to the house of Orange. Soestdijk itself is a small village situated a few miles from Utrecht, but it is more easily reached from Amsterdam via the town of Baarn. I arrived at the station there about 11 o'clock one fine sunshiny morning after an hour's journey past a most [illegible] of alternating flat and hilly land. The proximity of royalty was apparent already at this stage, for a number of women were to be seen at work preparing the special waiting room at the station for the reception of one of the young Queen's aunts, who was expected the next day with several children and a retinue of servants. The room adjoined that of the first-class passengers and was handsomely furnished.

"This room is never used," said the red-capped station master to me, in response to a query, "excepting by princes of high degree. Ordinary guests, invited to Soestdijk, counts, barons, and the like, have to wait in the first-class passengers' room."

He said this with the air of a man who had no use for anything below the rank of a duke. Frequent contact with royalty had evidently enlarged his self-esteem along with his sense of proportion. A quarter of an hour's ride along an alleyway of stately chestnut trees brought me in front of the Soestdijk palace. It is a three-story building of box-like form, with a one-story wing on each side, the whole forming a distended half circle. Everything about the structure is white, save the green window blinds, and of ornament there is next to none. An ordinary four-foot wooden fence separates the grounds from the highroad along which runs the highroad car between Baarn and the village of Soestdijk. For my own part I did not at once realize that I had reached my destination when my carriage stopped in front of the palace.

"Here you are," said the coachman, "this is the palace and you are in good time. See, their Majesties are sitting on the balcony."

I looked up and without straining my eyes could spy, under an awning two hundred feet or so away, two women, one middle-aged and stout, the other young and slight. The former was engaged in needle work, the latter painting on a large water color pad. What with the general appearance of the building and the evident unpretentiousness of the inmates, I could have imagined myself for a moment in front of a wealthy Southern planter's home, except perhaps for the fact that the planter would be likely to take better precautions for insuring the privacy of his family by shielding them against the curious gaze of passers-by. But privacy in the sense that it is understood by Anglo-Saxons is unknown in Holland, and the royal family are no exceptions to the general rule. The two Queens seemed well accustomed to being watched from the roadway, for the balcony is their favorite place during hot hours of the day.

Although I had attained one of the primary objects of my visit, that of seeing the young Queen, there remained more to be done. Knowing well that court etiquette would render a personal interview with the Queen out of the question without previous introduction through diplomatic channels, I decided to bend my energies on obtaining leave to sketch and photograph within the palace precincts themselves. This proved a harder task than I had expected for Jonkherr S.M.S. de Ranitz, Queen Emma's private secretary, was absent for a few days and Jonkherr L. W. Groenveldt, the Court Intendant, seemed averse to creating a precedent of the kind. So the matter was referred by him to the Queen's Adjutant, Jonkherr W. F. H. van de Poll, who, not wishing to burden himself with any more responsibilities, turned it over to his colleague Jonkherr P. Zegers-Veeknes, who in turn consulted with Mevrouw Baroness Hardenbrock van S. Heeraartsberg en Bergembrocht and two other court ladies with similarly unpronounceable names. The result of it all was after an hour's wait I received the desired permission.

The little girl Queen of Holland, as she is known from magazine or newspaper articles, is a thing of the past. The Whilhelmina I saw at intervals on this particular occasion has definitely shelved her legion of dolls and has relagated her Shetland ponies and miniature turnouts to the stables at Het Loo, another summer palace. She is now a graceful, well-formed girl of medium height, blossoming fast into womanhood, erect of carriage, yet supple as a willow. There is laughter in her voice and laughter in her dark blue eyes, and a mischievous twinkle withal which bears out her reputation for being fond of practical jokes. Indeed, although a great portion of her time is taken up with studies which include nearly every branch of knowledge within the range of man, and that, too, under the supervision of the leading Gradgrinds of the country, her disposition is of the merriest that can be imagined. Beneath it all, however, there is also a strain of sentiment which shows itself on occasion, especially when her patriotism is appealed to. I will cite one incident. Outside of the palace grounds, by the bridge, stands a rude monument erected to the memory of Christopher Pullman, one of the soldiers who defended the road to Utrecht against the advancing Prussian army in 1787. His comrades had either fled or been killed, but Pullman remained at the bridge, refused to surrender, and received his mortal wound with the cry of "Oranje boven!" (Orange above all!) His remains were gathered together some years later and interred on this spot, his skull and two crossbones being adjusted into the monument slab itself. The young Queen heard this story two years ago and seemed affected by it. On the following anniversary of his death she quietly ordered a handsome wreath, and, without acquainting any one of her purpose, betook herself to the monument and deposited the token at its base. She also gave orders to decorate the grave on each succeeding anniversary. These facts leaked out somehow and gave rise to much enthusiastic comment in the Dutch press.

It is a quiet life that mother and daughter lead at Soestdijk. They rise about 7 in the morning and breakfast in the large five-windowed dining-room on the second floor. Miss Saxon Winter, the English governess, a close personal friend of both Queens, occupies one end of the table, Queen Emma the other. Among the ladies in waiting and maids of honor often present on these occasions are the Baroness E. G. Van Ittersum, a great favorite of Queen Emma; Baroness Rengers, Baroness Schimmelpenninck van der Oije, and Jonkvrouw, F. H. L. Van de Poll, superintendent of the young Queen's education.

The conversation, thanks to Miss Winter's influence in the household, is carried on for the most part in English, the company only occasionally lapsing into Dutch. Although the Queen mother is a princess of Waldeck-Pyrmont, German is seldom spoken at court, and French but occasionally. Still, the young Queen's favorite teacher is a Frenchman, D. Salverda de Grave, and his visits to the chateau are very frequent throughout the summer. The young Queen's studies occupy two hours of the morning and two of the afternoon. The balance of the day is devoted to rest and recreation.

In the matter of her pleasures Queen Wilhelmina is not very hard to please. She has two ardent passions—animals and drawing from nature. Her love for the former is shared by her mother, and between the two they own a perfect menagerie and aviary combined. The young Queen will often spend hours in company with her pigeons, her swans, and a large variety of curious birds imported from the Dutch East India possessions. Her favorite dog is a red Irish setter named Swell, who accompanies his mistress in all her outings. Her out-of-door exercise consists mostly of horseback riding, while her mother is satisfied to drive in an open carriage. Every afternoon at half past 3 a victoria with two coachmen in blue livery drives into the palace grounds and takes Queen Emma out for her daily trip through the shaded roadways around Soestdijk. Exactly an hour later a cavalcade of handsome horses, led by grooms in blue and gold lace, arrives at the front piazza, and after a few minutes' wait the young Queen with three or four ladies and as many gentlemen, emerge from the front entrance. The party mount their steeds and start off at a slow canter. As they pass the palace gates the crowd of tourists and people from the neighborhood who invariably gather at this time salute her Majesty with effusion. On the day of my visit the Queen wore a light-green riding habit and a straw hat. The cavalcade rode two abreast, the Queen and Jonkherr van de Poll in the lead. In spite of her royal prerogatives, Wilhelmina is a bashful girl. The sight of the saluting onlookers brought a blush to her cheeks and her eyes were cast nervously to the ground. But the embarrassment was only momentary, for she soon turned to the crowd with a smile and a bow of grateful appreciation. Outside of the palace grounds the canter changed into a gallop, and an opportunity was afforded me to witness her excellent horsemanship.

Between these various recreations, her studies and her sketching and painting, of which latter accomplishment I saw several examples that proved her to be no tyro, the young Queen's time seems to be pretty well occupied.

Although the royal maiden's life is one of sunshine, a dark cloud will now and then obstruct the horizon, if only momentarily. Socialism, not to say anarchism, has been rampant for years in the larger cities of the country. It is less than a decade ago that the rattle of musketry was heard in the streets of Amsterdam and that men, women and children were shot down by troops of the line. Prosperous though the country be, as a whole, like all countries it has its discontented, and this body has been permeated with the teachings of social agitators. Not satisfied with attacking the legislative body and the Ministry, these people have hurled their anathemas at the royal house itself. Things have come to such a pass that the two Queens hesitate to visit Amsterdam for fear of being insulted on the open street, such occurrences having been frequent of late years. Even in aristocratic The Hague they are not safe from occasional abuse of this kind; witness the arrest and imprisonment, six weeks ago, of two young workingmen for flinging vulgar epithets at the royal carriage while the two Queens were driving around on a shopping tour. Still, I repeat, the nation as a whole is thoroughly devoted to its youthful ruler, and never in its entire history has the house of Orange had a warmer place in the hearts of the great mass of the people than at the present day. The general indignation following on outrages of the kind referred to prove this sufficiently.

A PRINCESS' LOVE ADVENTURE.

An Improbable Story About the Princess Maud Through An American Source.

In a recent number of the Paris Figaro, the English-French Journalist, Carlos Wallis relates the following romantic story of Princess Maud of Wales, who was married to Prince Karl of Denmark:

The Princess of Wales had secured for Princess Maud as a companion the daughter of an English clergyman, Rev. Harold Beauchamp of Bellericay rectory, Devonshire. A strong friendship existed between the young women, and when Miss Beauchamp, a few weeks before the wedding, went home on a visit to the rectory, Princess Maud secured permission from her parents to accompany her friend. It was agreed before starting that the princess should be introduced to the rectory family, as Miss Maud Willis, and under this name she remained several weeks, living the plain life of the rectory family, assisted in the household duties and was treated as one of the family. The rector had a son, a clergyman, belonging to the English foreign mission church, who was at home for a visit. Between his sister's friend and himself sprang up a strong friendship. The young missionary related to his charming friend the incidents of his missionary experience and found in her a sympathetic listener. One afternoon the two found themselves alone. The young missionary spoke of the need of an assistant in the new field in the Chinese mission to which he had been appointed, and that it was almost an absolute necessity for a missionary to be a married man. He laid all his plans before her, mentioned incidentally that a young woman of robust constitution, not spoiled by life of ease and contact with the world of pleasure and fashion, would be the sort of wife he wanted. The princess entered heartily in his plans and spoke in praise of the work that the English missionaries were doing among the heathen, when to her horror the young man then and there made her a formal offer of his hand, heart and missionary fortune, and stated as his opinion that his dear sister's still to him dearer, friend would make a most suitable wife for a missionary. The princess in her astonishment, could only answer "that it could never come about."

The young man urged that, although she certainly had no experience in missionary work, he would be patient, etc., and that she would soon learn. The princess finally managed to say that she would give him an answer that evening and requested him to be absent from the rectory until then. The young missionary, with kind consideration and in a rather encouraging manner, said "that would be all right and that in the meantime he would go away and pray for them both."

Princess Maud was no sooner alone than she ran to her friend and explained the situation. Her baggage was at once made ready, and after an exchange of telegrams with the Marlborough House in London, a special train was at once dispatched for the princess.

A few hours after her departure the young missionary returned to the rectory. His sister told him that Miss Maud had left forever and that her friend was Princess Maud, the daughter of the Prince of Wales.

Carlos Wallis intimates that the prince himself has told the story, and that an American friend of the prince brought the story to Paris.

NOT A BAD REPORT.

The Hon. W. T. Reeves, Agent-General for New Zealand, in a speech in London, declared that the passing of the act giving a vote to every woman resident over 21 years of age had not been productive of domestic discord. In 19 cases out of 20 wives voted with their husbands, or rather, he said, glancing at the ladies present, husbands voted with their wives. Daughters nearly always voted as their fathers did, and sisters often for the same candidate as their brothers, though in the latter case he did not speak so confidently. Women suffrage has been instrumental in bringing temperance and licensing questions to the front, and had had the effect of excluding from public life men whose characters would not bear scrutiny.

A PLEASANT PROSPECT.

She—Ma says she knows that when we are married we won't live so like cats and dogs as she and pa do.

He—No, indeed. Your ma is right. Yes, she says she is sure you'll be easier to manage than pa is.

YOUNG FOLKS.

A FIRST ATTEMPT.

Wifie tired of reading books,
Swinging hammocks, shady nooks,
In the little kitchen looks,
Watches Mary while she cooks—
(There's going to be trouble in that household.)

Little wifie thinks she'll try
All alone to make a pie;
First attempt, and proud, oh, my!
Bakes it brown, and puts it by—
(There's going to be trouble in that household.)

Hubbie hurries home from town,
Gone his cares and office frown,
Kisses wifie; both sit down.
Mary brings the pie so brown—
(There's going to be trouble in that household.)

Twelve o'clock, and all is still,
Mousie roams about at will;
Suddenly two shrieks so shrill
Night's empty silence more than fill—
(There is a lot of trouble in that household.)

ANTI-SWEARING LEAGUE.

"Hurrah for our side! Three cheers for Hilton High School!" shouted Ray Wilder as he burst into his mother's sitting room one Saturday evening in May.

"Why, Ray! you deafen me. Can't you be a little less noisy, my son?" said his mother. "Moderate your raptures a trifle," said sister Nell, putting her hands to her ears.

"I think lacrosse is jolly, Ray, and I'm glad your side won. I wish I were a boy instead of a horrid girl. I'd wear long pants and play lacrosse every Saturday," put in little Julia, who, everybody declared, ought to have been a boy, because of her predilection for boyish sports, and her hatred of girl's garments. Every one laughed at Julia's outbreak, while Ray patted her on the head and said: "You would have made a jolly boy, sis, and no mistake," which was sweet praise to the child.

"But, mother," said Ray, more soberly. "I don't like the way the boys swear. They have an oath for everything. They are only about five or six who don't swear, and ladies are coming to these match games. I'm ashamed of the fellows."

"Do you never swear, Ray?" asked Mrs. Wilder, somewhat anxiously.

"Never, mother. None of our crowd does," he answered. Nothing more was said until the sisters had gone to the room for the night and Ray was alone with his mother. "Mother, I want to ask you something. Jim and I talked it over this evening. You know there are all sorts of clubs and societies. Do you think we could have an anti-swearing league?"

"Could you make it a success, Ray?" asked his mother.

"Well, momsy, it's this way. You see the boys let me lead mostly—I mean our crowd does. Jim and I think that if the half dozen who don't swear could form a society we might sort o' run things," said Ray.

"How, my son?"

"Well, we would get all the members we could. They can't have any kind of a game without our fellows. We are the best players, and you see if we won't play when there is swearing, there's got to be no swearing, or no game. What do you think, mother?"

"I hardly know yet, Ray. The crusade against swearing is right, but whether you have influence enough to hold your league together is doubtful," answered his mother.

Ray sat thinking a long time. Then, as he rose to go to bed he said: "I intend to try, anyway."

Ray was sixteen, large and strong, at the head of his class, and the most popular boy in the school.

He was not a perfect boy by any means. His temper was so violent that his mother dreaded to see it roused, and her daily prayer for Ray was that he might master his fiery temper.

He was brave and fearless, and when not provoked to an unreasoning wrath, most persuasive and persistent in accomplishing a purpose. Fortunately for his mates he had most excellent home training, and seldom led his followers wrong. His ability and willingness when aroused to "lick" a boy did not detract from his popularity, as he was usually that boy's best friend afterwards, for Ray was always ashamed and sorry after a fight.

On Monday morning a slip of paper was given to each of "our fellows," calling a meeting after school, in Wilder's barn, to transact "important business."

"Boys," began Ray, "did you notice the swearing at the game Saturday?"

"Yes," said Johnny Benton, "the air was pretty hot out there; smelled of brimstone most of the time."

"I guess father wouldn't let me go any more if he knew how the fellows swear," said Ted Cameron, the minister's son.

"Well, I swore once, but I never wanted to again," put in big George Simpson.

"Why?" asked Jim Gray.

"Dad heard me," said George, at which there was a general shout; for Simpson senior was renowned for his prowess at the end of a rod.

When the laugh subsided Ray spoke again.

"Jim, if I thought you fellows were willing, we'd form an anti-swearing league."

"What good would that do? We don't swear," burst in Ted Cameron.

"I don't care who swears so I don't," observed George.

"Jim and I thought," Ray went on, "we might break up the swearing at the game. We fellows about run them anyway, and if we refuse to play with the swearers, we might do it. You see we might have a club or society with a constitution and by-laws like the men, and take in members and 'blackball,' too. There would be no lacrosse for the fellows that swear see?"

"They'd call us Mollies and Susies," said Johnny Benton.

"Let 'em! I'll lick any fellow that calls me Mollie or Susie," and the keen eyes flashed at the thought.

"Well, but, Ray, suppose we fail?" said Ted. "Then they'd laugh and jeer at us. You know there is a crowd that call us 'goodies.'"

"Boys," said Ray, and a deep undertone of earnest purpose rang in his voice, "if we determine not to fail, we'll not. I have been ashamed of our school more than once. It is known as the most profane school in the county. There is to be a double match game in June against the Woodside high school. If we begin now we can't fail. We'll not go into this thing thinking 'fail;' but we've got to win or we are 'Mollies' or 'Susies.'"

"Hurrah for Ray!" burst out Ted Benton, and the others joined heartily.

Ray's speech carried the day. The Anti-Swearing League was formed with five members.

The crusade against swearing in the Hilton school began then and there. Thy boys drafted their by-laws, and then quietly canvassed for additional members among the better class of boys in the school.

When the members reached fifteeen this notice was posted on the door of the high school building:

"Be it hereby understood that we, the undersigned, have formed an Anti-Swearing League for the purpose of stopping swearing at the lacrosse games.

"Be it further understood, that we will not play baseball with swearers.

"Any boys who will quit swearing can become a member of the league."

Then followed the fifteen names, headed by Ray Wilder's.

Consternation sat on the faces of the "swearers," for this would exclude them from the usual Saturday game.

Some of them bluffed, some of them sulked, while others hastened to sign with mental reservations. But Ray and his friends were on the alert, and when an oath was reported that boy was notified that his absence from the next game would be desirable.

The plan worked so well that it broke up profanity in the Hilton high school.

When the skating and coasting season came on the swearing boy was politely, but firmly, conducted away from the sport.

In the marble season the same rule prevailed.

So popular did the league become, so notorious for the good work accomplished, that other schools formed leagues to prevent profanity.

Ray had a few fights at first, I must confess; but, in controlling others, he learned the necessity of self-control; and thus "The Anti-Swearing League" was a means of grace to its founder.

INTERRUPTED.

I've jolted up against a great many hard-hearted and uncharitable people in my career, said the man with the shabby silk hat; but about the worst specimen I ever came across was one I called on this afternoon. He had advertised for a gentleman of literary attainments to act in a clerical capacity, and I called at his house to see about the situation.

Did he treat you rudely?

No. It was his silent sarcasm that wounded me. The servant ushered me into his library, and, while I waited, my glance happened to rest on a decanter on the sideboard. There was a glass beside it, and, as both were of a highly artistic pattern, I made so bold as to examine them."

You were quite alone?

Of course I had set the decanter down on the table with great care just as the gentleman came into the room. Then came the shock.

Had you spilled any?

Certainly not. But he had rigged the miserable bottle up with one of those music-box arrangements which start a tune whenever it is picked up and set down again. Just as I opened my lips to explain my errand it began to play, "Just tell them that you saw me."

It confused me so much that I picked up my hat and left without trying to explain, and the impertinence of that piece of bric-a-brac has probably caused me to lose one of the best positions I ever had open to me.

FAMOUS BOYS.

A Swedish boy fell out of a window and was severely hurt, but with clenched lips he kept back the cry of pain. The King Gustavus Adolphus, who saw the fall, prophesied that that boy would make a man for an emergency; and so he did, for he became the famous General Bauer.

A woman fell off the dock in Italy. She was fat and frightened. No one of the crowd of men dared to jump in after her; but a boy struck the water almost as soon as she, and managed to keep her up until stronger arms got hold of her. Every body said the boy was very daring, very kind, very quick, but also very reckless, for he might have been drowned. The boy was Garibaldi, and if you will read his life you will find these were just his traits all through—that he was so alert that nobody could tell when he would make an attack with his red-shirted soldiers; so indiscreet sometimes as to make his fellow-patriots wish he was in Guinea, but also so brave and magnanimous that all the world, except tyrants, loved to hear and talk about him.

A boy used to crush the flowers to get their color, and painted the white side of his father's cottage in Tyrol with all sorts of pictures, which the mountaineers gazed at as wonderful. He was the great artist, Titian.

FASHION'S ALPHABET.

Aprons now are worn low,
Boots are wide at the toe,
Common goods are very cheap,
Dress goods trimmed with lace quite deep,
Edgings are in great demand,
Fashion plates are at each stand,
Garments showing for each taste;
Hair oil has supplanted paste,
Indigos more favorites are,
Jute goods are much better far,
Knives for ladies are like toys,
Leggins made for little boys,
Muslin to match your bonnets buy,
Neckties made of silk are high,
Organdies no more for hops,
Poplars are in down town shops
Quilting for fall of all grades,
Rose colored silks for young maids,
Stockings of the brightest hue
Touch such prices few can buy;
Under garments are quite low,
Vests of lamb's wool higher go.
Waists are shorter than they were,
Xperts frizzle up their hair,
Young girls for the opera wear
Zephres mostly everywhere.