



Seventeenth century interior of an Amsterdam house.

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wealthy, rather inartistic people, who ride in luxurious German motor-cars. But The Hague is a fine residential place, with wooded parks and wooded avenues wherever you go.

Yesterday afternoon we walked through Scheveningen Wood to the Palace of Peace, behind which we saw a beautiful little monument to the Maris brothers—the artists. Beneath the two bronze heads sits a female figure, whose pencil has just finished the words: "Artists worthy of the country of Rembrandt."

* * *

AMSTERDAM yesterday. Now I've seen something worth coming to Holland for. We set out in the car at 7.30, and the morning was perfect. The meadows were filmed with dew, and the windmills formed shadowy silhouettes. I caught one exquisite bulb picture: a long rectangle of bright patchwork, in which purple predominated, had a windmill immediately behind it, as if placed there for a picture post-card. I saw a tall, tall pole with a sort of basket at the top—for a stork to build its nest in.

We reached Amsterdam at nine. Everywhere maid-servants were beating carpets at open windows or on the streets. The wear and tear on the carpets must be tremendous.

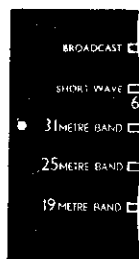
I fell in love with Amsterdam at once: I could never take my fill of gazing at the tall brown and yellow sloping houses that exhibit every variety of quaint gable. The Palace of the Queen that fronts the "dam" is very fine, something in the style of Versailles. The guide showed us the "Eighth Wonder of the World"—the largest room in the world without pillars—a lofty ballroom, with a mighty figure of Atlas over the doorway. We visited the Rijks Museum, and sat in the room that contains nothing but Rembrandt's "Night-Watch." We had barely a peep at the Jews' Quarter, and then had to hurry back to the garage. We came home by Haarlem Mere, which was once the great sheet of water on which the Dutch and Spaniards fought. For miles and miles and miles we followed an absolutely straight road (I had not known such straightness before), with the straight canal always on our left, and the church spires on the horizon. The villages we passed through were

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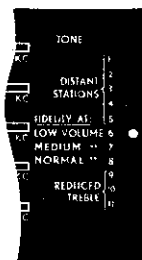
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