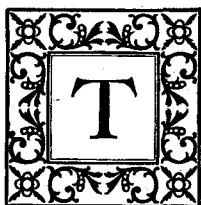


Queen Wilhelmina of the Netherlands

BY HENRY VAN DYKE



THE invitation to write something about Her Majesty, the Queen of the Netherlands, in connection with the twenty-fifth anniversary of her coronation, is one which I welcome as a personal admirer and friend. Yet it carries with it a certain embarrassment arising from the fact that I have been American Minister at The Hague.

Diplomacy, to be successful, must be open and frank. But it ought not to be inconsiderate. Even after a minister has retired from his post he has no right to publish confidential matters. The rule of "the mahogany-tree" and the rose which hangs above it, still should bind him. Otherwise his successor will not be received into that confidence which is necessary to a real understanding of human affairs. Yet within these limits of propriety there may be room for me to write what I honestly think and feel about the reigning sovereign of Holland, the country of my forefathers.

She is a true scion of the liberty-loving House of Orange, a lady of the finest Dutch type (which is both simple and highly accomplished), democratic in her principles and refined in her tastes. Moreover she is, in my opinion, the ablest and most intelligent crowned head in Europe. (This statement covers also the time before the crowns began to fall.)

Wilhelmina - Hélène - Pauline - Marie, Princess of Orange-Nassau, Duchess of Mecklenburg, was born on August 31, 1880, at The Hague. In 1890, on the death of her father, William III, she succeeded to the royal title, under the regency of her mother Emma, Princess of Waldeck and Pyrmont, a lady of pure gold,—simple, wise, and sweet as a Puritan mother,—beloved by all the people.

In 1898 the little Queen, being then eighteen years young, with a profile like a Ghirlandajo portrait, had her coronation in the *Groote Kerk* of Amsterdam. The royal girl took the crown in her own hands and put it on her fair head, vowing to render true service to God and to her people. That vow she has kept.

The coronation, with its double homage to an ancestral crown and to a pure and beautiful girl, was an occasion of immense enthusiasm in Holland, and general romantic sympathy throughout the civilized world. Everybody who believed in womanhood sat up and took an interest. I remember that the Holland Society of New York sent a long, historic-sentimental address, (in which I had a hand,) to congratulate the Queen on her accession to the throne.

Then began, for this young girl, the twofold task of a real queen: first, to hold the helm of the ship of state, and guide her country in peace and safety; second, to provide an heir of the House of Orange-Nassau, to which the people of the Netherlands were attached by such historic, patriotic, indissoluble bonds.

Married in 1901, to Henry, Duke of Mecklenburg, four years her senior, the young Queen was faithful to her double duty as ruler and as woman. Of the extraordinary series of accidents—an attack of typhoid fever, a runaway pair of horses, a fall on a steep stairway—which time and again frustrated her maternal hopes, there is no need to speak. Women understand the perils and the heroism of motherhood. If men forget, so much the worse for them.

During this period the Queen was necessarily somewhat withdrawn from public life. People said she was getting proud, exclusive, aristocratic. Shallow public judgment! In reality she was suffering for them.

When the Princess Juliana was born on April 30, 1909, and began to grow as a healthy, normal, buxom child, the Queen was released from her ordeal. She could ride horseback and walk among her people as of old. Her popularity, temporarily obscured by the intimate causes which the populace will never take the time and trouble to understand, returned again, full-orbed, and made her distinctly the best-loved person in Holland.

It was thus that I first saw her, at her country home of Het Loo, in October, 1913—a handsome, happy mother; a naturally shy, but gracious and dignified Queen.

Interviews with royalty seem awful at a distance. In reality they have a singular, almost homely simplicity. After my letters of credence were presented, the Queen's first questions were, (in excellent English:) "Your name is Dutch; when did your ancestors go to America? Are you married, and how many children have you? Are you comfortable in your new house at The Hague?"

This was in the last autumn of a fallacious peace in Europe. Now let me write a few words of personal observation in regard to Holland and her Queen during the dreadful World War—peculiarly dreadful to Holland because its horrors were so close, so daily threatening.

Separated by only a hair's breadth from the chosen path of the devastating Potsdam war-lords through Belgium, the Queen, and her trusty counsellors, Premier Cort van den Linden and Foreign Minister John Loudon, were resolved by every honorable means to save the Netherlands from the ruin of war. This is the purport of the Declaration of Neutrality issued by the Queen and Parliament on *July 30, 1914*. "Within the jurisdiction of the State, comprising the territory of the Kingdom in Europe as well as the colonies and possessions in other continents, no act of war is permitted, nor may that territory be used as a base for warlike operations." (Article I.)

Many people have asked me whether Holland was not pro-German during the war. To this I have answered by asking: "Did you ever hear of a lamb being pro-wolf?" For a century the Dutch people have known that the Pan-Germans

wanted the mouth of the Rhine. That means Rotterdam. Thyssen tried to get it by a trick before the war. But Zimmerman, the Mayor of Rotterdam, foiled him.

Five-sixths of the plain Dutch people during the war sympathized with France, —not so much with England, because England has been Holland's commercial rival for centuries. But the Queen herself, (I beg her pardon if I misinterpret her,) was absolutely and only pro-Dutch, entirely determined to defend her native land against invasion and devastation, resolved to use her mobilized army of four or five hundred thousand against any aggressor, at the drop of a hat, from whichever side of the border the hat might come. I heard her say this more than once. To me it seemed a sane attitude for a small country situated as Holland was.

The hardships and losses inflicted upon the Netherlands during the war were the same as those suffered by the other northern neutral states which were not invaded by the German army. These losses which the Dutch had to bear may be listed under the following main heads.

1. The steadily rising cost of keeping the Netherlands army on a war footing in order to protect the frontier both from hostile invasion, and from the transit of belligerent troops, which would have forfeited Dutch neutrality.

2. The sinking of many merchant ships and fishing-boats by German submarines and floating mines.

3. The interruption of foreign and colonial trade by the maritime blockade of the Allies and the consequent shortage of raw materials for the factories and of markets for the traders.

4. The disorganization of many industries and the consequent loss of employment among industrial laborers. (This caused great suffering among the poor, especially in cities and large towns. Once or twice food restrictions had to be imposed. I remember that once the sale of white bread was prohibited; but my wife gave our cook lessons, and she learned to make it very well.)

Upon the whole, my recollection is that there was little privation or distress in Holland during the war, among the well-to-do. There seldom is. That is one of

the devils of war,—the poor have to bear the heaviest brunt of it.

Per contra Holland had some gains in war time which partially offset the losses.

1. Her farmers and fishermen got very high prices for their goods and found no difficulty in selling all they could raise and catch.

2. The Netherlands Bank accumulated a large stock of gold,—larger, I believe, than ever before in its history. Hence the Dutch money did not depreciate in exchange value, though of course, like all other currency, it lost in purchasing power. At one time, as I knew to my cost, the guilder was at a considerable premium above its normal rate in American paper money or drafts. After the war it declined, but now it stands very steady within a small fraction of the normal rate of exchange. As financiers the Hollanders have never been boobies.

3. The commandeering of a couple of score of Dutch merchant ships by the United States, in 1917, under "the right of angary," looked like a loss, but was really a gain. The rent paid by our Government for the use of the ships gave the Netherlands ship-owners their most prosperous year, without risk of loss. The protest of the Dutch Government was not ferocious: it was a correct diplomatic gesture, made to avert German wrath.

During all the dreadful war time Holland was kept inviolate and peaceful, and suffered only those griefs and calamities which all mankind must share when the devil of war for conquest breaks loose in this close-bound world. With the safety of the Netherlands and their comparative freedom from disaster, the loyal wisdom, firm spirit, and Christian mind of the Queen had much to do.

Many false and silly sensational reports about the conduct of the Prince-Consort were broadcasted in America by the yellow journals. He did *not* run away to Germany. He was *not* called back by a midnight meeting of the cabinet. He was *not* imprisoned in the "House in the Wood." So far as my observation went, (and my opportunities were excellent,) he devoted himself like a good sportsman to his duties as active president of the Netherlands Red Cross, and had no more to do with politics or war than a salt-cellar.

To hear the gossip about him here has made me laugh in a way which I hope my all-wise informants will forgive.

As showing the personality of Queen Wilhelmina perhaps I may, without indiscretion, record two remarks.

At the state luncheon, given at the three-hundredth anniversary of the University of Groningen, where the Queen received the honorary degree of Litt. D., she turned to me and said: "One great regret of my life is that I could not go to college, to study Greek and Latin. But at eighteen,—well, you know what I had to do." I ventured to answer: "Madam, the work which you have done is worth more, by way of education, than any course that any college can offer." Jonkheer John Loudon told me that her chief joy was to attend a cabinet meeting and take part in the discussion.

On another occasion she said to me that she thought there had been a fault in her education. "I was educated too much alone. Now my child Juliana shall be brought up with other girls."

Thus spoke the motherly Queen of the most democratic country in Europe. If by any chance you think of her as a formal and artificial person, you should see her on horseback visiting the camps of her soldiers, or on the ice teaching her daughter to skate, or footing it through the Lange Voorhout in the early morning to visit her mother.

Queen Wilhelmina has been fortunate in having at her right hand loyal and intelligent ministers of various parties,—like the present Foreign Minister, van Karnebeek, son of the famous international jurist. She has been the unifying intelligence of their councils. She inherits from William the Silent, who was, like George Washington, reserved, calm, an aristocrat passionately devoted to the welfare of the people.

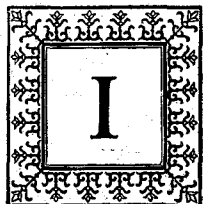
Many congratulations from all parts of the world will go to Her Majesty of the Netherlands, the fair girl-queen who has "made good," on the twenty-fifth anniversary of her coronation. I hope that one of the warmest of these greetings will come from the American Republic, which owes so much in its history to the luminous example, the constructive ideals of freedom, the practical help, and the steady friendship of the Netherlands.

Lobster-Creels

BY ARTHUR MASON

Author of "The Flying Bo'sun" and "Ocean Echoes"

ILLUSTRATIONS (FRONTISPIECE) BY GORDON STEVENSON



I was not by accident that Captain Jacobs invited Danny McCann to join him at O'Callahan's. It was the last crafty move of desperation. He was richly rewarded.

By the fourth drink he had it all. The reason why the *Morning Star* had been mysteriously, day by day, sinking deeper into the water. Lobster-creels! Puget Sound lobster-creels to fill an immediate and pressing want of the fishermen down South, whose expected consignments had been delayed when lobsters were earlier than usual, and thick as hops. Quick money and lots of it. Kitty's idea, imparted to Danny, her husband, under seal of the deadliest secrecy!

The *Morning Star* was about loaded, and everything held for a fair and uneventful trip south from Seattle. Captain Jacob's ship, the *Whang*, was also ready to sail the same voyage, and showed unmistakable intentions of getting away first. This was much to the disgust of Captain Dan McCann, who, after his confidence in Jacobs, was unable to find out what cargo was aboard, or why he should have spent both night and day in loading and unloading. As he boarded the *Morning Star* Captain McCann questioned the mate on these matters, but Mr. McHenry, being newly shipped, had no information to give him.

About noon Captain Jacobs came aboard and inquired for Captain McCann.

"He is in the cabin," said the mate; "playing with the canary-bird. Won't you step down and find him?"

"Oh, no, indeed," and there was a sort of quivering burliness about Captain Jacobs at the very thought, "Mrs. McCann might happen along. She is a

screech-owl. She is a man-tamer, I can tell you."

At this moment Captain Dan stuck his head out of the companionway.

"When do you sail, Jacobs?" he said, nodding.

"This evening, if all goes well. And when do you expect to get away?"

"If all goes well," snivelled Captain Dan, "to-morrow noon."

The two captains whispered something to each other which was not audible to the mate's all-too-ready ear. Then, descending the gangway, they shaped a course for the nearest saloon.

About two hours later the echoes were startled by a loud and masculine voice from the wharf: "Ahoy, the *Morning Star*!"

The size of the voice was no indication of the size of its container, for it proceeded from a small and inconspicuous woman neatly shawled and bonneted. But, as she approached, and the sunlight pierced the bonnet's gloom, a face was revealed whose gray eye brooked no contradiction, whose mouth was one accustomed to command. The right arm holding the ruffled skirt was sheer muscle, and the footwork as she bounded to the deck proclaimed that she could take a fall out of any man not specially trained to withstand her.

She was none other than Kitty McCann, master mariner in her own right, half-owner and sole boss of the coastwise schooner *Morning Star*.

"Where is McCann?" she asked, casting as she did so a gimlet gaze over deck, crew, and rigging.

"Gone," the mate answered, briefly.

There was a moment's silence. Then, "Gone wid that divil Jacobs, I suppose. Whin did they go?"

"About noon, arm in arm."

"That settles it. It'll be no less than