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## INDUSTRIAL EUROPE SEEN THROUGH AMERICAN EYES

### Holland Packed with a Liberty-Loving People Who are Content with a Low Wage Plane.

By James Greenleaf

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Amsterdam, Holland, August 15.—This laughing land of windmills, water shoes, and dikes, is not an important manufacturing country. Yet Holland runs a considerable figure in the economies of Europe. Imports exceed exports, and she thrives on commerce, yet what comes in is very distinct from what goes out. With England on the west, separated only by a comparatively narrow sheet of water, Germany on the east, and Belgium on the south—all manufacturing nations, Holland flourishes by exporting her food products for almost every thing demanded by civilized communities.

Still there are at least 30,000 men, women and children even their living in cotton and woolen mills, 10,000 to 15,000 are workers in iron businesses that have grown up since the free import of raw material became the law of the nation, the weaving of linen is of importance; shipbuilding, rope spinning, and other trades subsidiary to the building of boats absorb the activities of many thousands of workers, and other but minor manufacturing interests bring the number of operations above the hundred thousand mark.

Holland's chief industries. It can readily be seen that this, after all, is but a small portion of the 4,000,000 Dutch living on the 12,700 square miles of land and water comprising Holland. Agricultural stock breeding are the chief occupations; and fishing and commerce come next. The soil is naturally rich, but the Dutch, are not content with just that, nature supplies, they give the pastures are fertilized, and I was informed that in the main the three crop system is followed.

So Holland supplies England with agricultural products, Belgium and Germany with fish, and other nations with manufactured goods, in way nothing of the trade with her colonies. She takes in exchange, that which each nation with the cheapest, low duties making her markets fairly profitable ones to which to trade.

The wage workers of Holland should fare as well as those of England in the matter of compensation for their labor. A low tariff country, with large maritime interests, and little interference by Government with trade—a condition of affairs which tends to the maximum of profitable exchange—on her docks and in her warehouses are to be found everything that civilized man desires in the way of luxuries and necessities; but wages are lower than in England, and in some cases hardly equal to those of France and Germany. Why this is so it would take both psychological and physiological investigation to determine. It is my opinion that temperament has much to do with it.

The average Dutchman is a self-satisfied person. He reflects so much and so constantly that he lacks action. "Slow as a Dutchman" would not be an inappropriate expression when seeking for a term implying the greatest possible degree of self-reliance closely bordering on doing nothing. There is no such chatter in Holland as is heard everywhere in France. The men and women speak seldom and laugh still less often. Even the children at play show no abandon in their games. I fail to remember at the moment hearing in Holland such shouts of joy as come from the throats of children in America when playing tag or any other game. The Jewish quarter of this city is an exception. There the over-population, the crowding, and consequent distress and other misfortunes that follow seem to be anything I have seen in any other continental city. On a warm evening the streets are crowded, the heat driving everybody out of the tall houses facing narrow lanes and foul canals, yet the children seem so happy amidst their menagerial surroundings as prizes and pinpricks in their palaces, if you and laughter mean anything.

Wages and Conditions. The average Dutchman is a liberty-loving individual. This is very plainly shown by his national history. He will go to the extreme in sacrificing everything in defending his home against foreign foes of against such rights. But his place of living is an law that a very little satisfied him, and in consequence wages hang closely his simple life; he never for any length of time rising much above a stinking mitch below, the Hollanders' estate point. He who is satisfied with

It is a mistake to suppose that all Hollanders wear the costumes that painters and photographers have made so familiar. Only occasionally a costume is found sticking to what has been described by most other people even in Holland. In the large cities these people dresses are almost as scarce as are High land costumes in the average American community. Certainly the mechanics and artisans are not dressed like the Dutchmen and women seen on the vaudeville stage. It is a fact, though, that the wooden shoes still persist. I saw laborers on the streets and in the fields clumping along apparently unconscious that there was any such thing as "fussiness" in leather. These shoes cannot be very reasonable on the hard city pavements, yet I know of no reason why they are not admirably adapted to the wet soil of a country that certainly never suffers from drought.

Amsterdam is Dirty and Ill-Smelling. Amsterdam is a dirty and ill-smelling municipality, at least in summer, surrounded though it is with water. The canals, which penetrate every part of the city, are filled with stagnant water, into which all kinds of refuse is dumped, and which the boatmen, with their long poles, laboriously pump their cumbersome barges along. The sewage in the old cesspools, and the refuse in the open sewers, the rest can be imagined. In the country it is different. Entering the "great dikes" for the waterways we see a better level than the sea just beyond, while the lake is lower than the sea level. The water is so clean and bright, though it is so dirty, like that of the great lakes in America, still it is bearable, and does not defile the pastoral landscape, where are to be seen windmills, herds of cows, and clusters of houses and other farm buildings at the intersections of these artificial water ways.

Summing it all up, I have the impression that Holland is a very interesting country to visit, but not at all to my liking as a permanent residence. One desires the very best possible conditions when carrying one's living, and then Holland is not for him. However, those who, in this low country would be once more a slave of water, the home only of fishes.

In my journeyings I have paid more attention to those street car systems, tramways that are called on this side of the Atlantic—that are municipally owned. I have interviewed officials and employees, and have made inquiries generally as to the service given as compared to the time when such enterprises were private property. These observations will be the basis of my next letter. In my opinion the labor problem is closely interwoven with the question of the public ownership of monopolies created by the State, and therefore it is a fitting subject for this series of industrial letters.

## INDUSTRIAL REFORM

(By a Workingman.)

Our slogan is "The products of the labor of the toilers for the toilers." Christian Economy.

Quiet Dutch Customs. The fishing land of Marken, in the Zuyder Zee, a few hours by boat from Amsterdam, is one of the show places of Holland. Here everybody sticks to the quiet, Dutch customs, including wooden shoes and picturesque headgear; at least when boats loaded with tourists make a landing—but it is entirely probable that the workers in their fishing boats, always to be seen on the horizon, are dressed like ordinary folk. It is the head of the boatmen that they have but one eye, and that only one eye has never been permitted to invade the spot. Living from what the sea provides, the Markeners spin any occupation that is not connected with a seafaring life, yet I noticed in their houses clocks from Germany, platters from France, cloth from Great Britain, and furniture from Grand Rapids, Mich., besides other things, the product of workers on the mainland. After all, as community can live to the best advantage within itself—not even the Markeners of the Zuyder Zee.

The Greatest Security any person possesses is a Deposit Account in a Sound Bank. If you have not such an account now call on Mr. Cuthbertson, Manager of the Bank of Toronto, King and Bathurst Street Branch and ask him to open one for you. The Security is Absolute, the treatment courteous. Interest compounded half-yearly. Begin to Save Now if you have not already done so.

Another Slogan. "The products of the labor of the toilers for the toilers." Christian Economy.

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Church for his followers, who believed in the Christ standard. Wesley had to go outside the Church, and General Booth had to go outside Wesley's Church.

And the reformer who wishes to make manhood his standard in our industrial affairs will get a better hearing among organized labor than he will in the Church.

CHEER UP. Cheer up, toilers, and let us keep shouting for universal Peace, Brotherhood of Man, and co-operative commonwealth, and when the leader of the industrial reformation of the 20th century does come we may find him a man with the New Testament in his hand, with his finger on the text, "Love thy neighbor as thyself." This was Christ's standard, not property, not money, but manhood, and this is the only standard that will win.

A MODEL LANDLORD. I met a man the other day. Said he to me, "My son, I'm looking for a tenant and I think you're just the one."

He showed me then his property; it was a lovely place—

A bran new brick that stood apart, with lots of light and space.

In front of it a few fifty-foot trees stretched a velvet lawn.

And every blooming window had a pair of shutters on.

We went inside, he showed me then his paper on the walls.

The parlor had a mantle grate, two more were in the hall.

The bedrooms all were carpeted in shades of blue and green.

The bathroom was the sweetest one that I had ever seen.

The bath was marble finished and had nickel-plated taps.

A radiator in each room, a furnace fit and I was.

And from the parlor windows stretched a rare and lovely view.

The street cars passed in easy reach, at a distance of a block.

And to the back door there was laid a nice concrete walk.

The back yard was a charming spot, with numerous apple trees—

A lovely place to sit at night and take one's holiday ease.

The woodshed also was brand new, the cellar dry and large.

I said to him, "I like the house, pray tell me what's the charge."

He said, "How many kids have you?"

I answered, "Only three."

"I'll make it low on that account," what he said to me.

"I would have asked you twenty, but as you're a family man

I'll make it so much cheaper, as I like this family plan."

A fifteen-dollar check each month—I fell as in a dream.

I felt it more when he remarked, "Don't pay it in advance."

"If you desire," he smiled, "I'll give you a yearly lease."

"Your kindness overabunds me, sir," I with suitable grace.

"But, my friend," said he, "I'll have you to sign until you choose that it will be so."

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