



Wilhelmina

FROM HER LATEST PHOTOGRAPH—BY A. J. M. STEINMETZ, OF THE HAGUE

THE LITTLE QUEEN OF HOLLAND

By Arthur Warren

ILLUSTRATIONS BY T. DE THULSTRUP AND FROM PHOTOGRAPHS

HOLLAND is a little country, but it is a remarkably prosperous one. It is a sleek, fat, well-fed country, fabulously washed and brushed and combed and "tidied-up." Everything is relentlessly spick and span; even the tails of the stabled cows are tied up with knots of brilliant ribbon. It is a comfortable country and it is a marvelous one. It has an importance altogether out of proportion to its size. It is considerably less than a third as large as Pennsylvania, and its population is only about three times that of New York City, yet it has great colonial possessions, which are nearly twice as large as the German Empire, and within them dwell over thirty millions of people. The sovereign of this vastly interesting country and its huge dependencies is a charming little girl not sixteen years of age.

The Queen of Holland is a bright-faced, blonde little lassie who passed her fifteenth birthday on August 31, 1895. She is rather pretty and has a slender, graceful, young figure. I have seen her dressed in the peasant costume of Zeeland, and she looked for all the world like one of George Boughton's dear, delightful Dutch maidens, except that her cheeks were not ruddy. She has a very delicate, clear complexion; her hair is pale brown, and long and wavy; her eyes are blue and there is a delicious twinkle in them which suggests that the young girl has a fair sense of humor. Her Christian names are Wilhelmina Helena Paulina Maria. Her father was the late William the Third, King of the Netherlands; her mother, who was the second wife of that monarch, is the daughter of Prince George Victor, of Waldeck-Pyrmont, and sister of the Duchess of Albany, the widow of Queen Victoria's son, Prince Leopold. King William the Third, of Holland, died in November, 1890, and his little daughter, who was then just past ten, succeeded to the sovereignty, her mother being made Queen Regent. I suppose that if Wilhelmina the First were asked by some staunch democratic maiden of her own age whether in the dignities of Queenship there is much satisfaction for a little girl she would answer "No." To be sure, there is some amusement to be got out of her position, but not so much as if the girl were the daughter of a rich Dutch burgher, or of a farmer in that wonderful country where the peasants are like walking jewelers' shops, and where the land flows with canals and honey. For one thing, the playmates of the child Queen can be very few, and, as there is no bevy of brothers and sisters in the family, the girl's life has so far been spent almost entirely among persons much older than herself. She has to study hard and upon subjects which do not usually come within the range of a girl of her years—political economy, for example, the national constitution, and the legal relation of Royalty to the State.

Although the Dutch Court is a comparatively small one the members of it see little of the young Queen, and know less about her. She is very closely guarded by her mother, her governesses and her professors, so that she may be kept beyond the reach of partisan influence and Court intrigues until, at least, she is old enough to act upon her own judgment. So because she is a child Queen

she lives in a fashion more secluded than is the custom with young girls even in the Netherlands. Queen Wilhelmina is a clever girl, and, like most Royalties nowadays, an excellent linguist. She knows four or five languages besides her own, and of these English is her favorite. She reads English easily and speaks it fluently. Her education has been chiefly in the charge of an English lady, Miss Winter, of whom the girl is very fond, and who is more like a friend or elder sister in her attachment than a professional companion or instructor. The Queen is very frank and engaging in her manner, and she can also be unusually dignified for a child when she has occasion to be.

The little Queen of Holland rises at seven o'clock every morning through the year. She breakfasts at eight, and at nine o'clock punctually her lessons begin. The study she likes best is history. Her principal instructor is Dr. Salverda de Grave, a French scholar of repute. The morning studies are stopped at half-past eleven, and then the Queen goes for a drive. No matter what the weather is nor what the season, she drives in an open carriage. At half-past twelve she has luncheon with her mother. After luncheon she takes another short drive accompanied by the Queen Regent, or by Miss Van der Pall, one of the superintendents of the child's education. When the Queen returns from her second drive she has lessons again until four o'clock. At half-past four there is tea in the English fashion, the latter an innovation dating back but a couple of years or so. Then until dinner-time the Queen is free to amuse herself as she pleases. She roams in the palace gardens, or with her ponies, or perhaps she plays with her dolls. At half-past six dinner is served. Once or twice a week when the Queen is at The Hague the gentlemen and ladies of the Court have the honor of dining with her. Always, if the weather be fine, Queen Wilhelmina gets into the open air again for half an hour's drive or walk. Her hour for retiring is as regular as the hour for rising. She is in bed by ten o'clock each night, and the lights are out. This part of the daily regime is the one which pleases her least of any. Few interruptions to the child's studies are permitted. Whenever or wherever she goes a portion of each day is given up to her books and to her tutors. Wilhelmina is an assiduous student of music, but has little taste or talent in that direction, consequently she will never be much of a vocalist nor a very skilled performer. From her mother and from the Dutch Court chaplain the little Queen receives religious instruction.

reins with dexterity. The favorite among her ponies is a Scotch piebald named Gryselle. But as an equestrienne she has outgrown this smart little creature, and for riding she now has an Arabian horse, on which, every morning, she goes for a gallop accompanied by an attendant. But her most faithful attendant is her dog Swell. Swell is a red Irish setter. He sleeps at the door of his mistress' chamber; he keeps guard at the portal of her schoolroom until she is released from her lessons; he accompanies her on her walks and drives; goes with her when she moves from one of the Dutch palaces to another; and he makes one of the party on the annual visit to Switzerland. Swell, by-the-way, though always delighted to accompany his mistress on her drives, has a rooted objection to entering her carriage in the decent manner which becomes an attendant of a Queen. He has his own notions of deportment, and although he is ready enough to come to heel at other times, yet when invited to go for a drive he will not pay the slightest attention to his mistress' calls, but he waits till the carriage is in motion and then he takes a flying leap, alighting on the seat beside her Majesty, wagging his tail and sniffing with proper pride. When the afternoon lessons are over Swell is on the watch to escort the young Queen to the park where her playrooms are.

There is no other country in the world which gives such an impression of general prosperity as Holland. Everybody there seems well-to-do, and so, although the country is very small, and very fat, and very droll, and almost under water, you need not be surprised to learn that its Royal family is rather more comfortably housed than are most of the Royal families of Europe. There was a time when I began to think that there must be as many Royal palaces in Holland as there are windmills, and even now I am not quite certain how many palaces there are. But there are enough and to spare. There is a big palace at Amsterdam, and another at Het Loo, and there is a palace at The Hague, and a palace at Soestdyk, near

Juvenile sovereigns can be very trying to their elders. Notions of their own importance are apt to crop up rather rapidly in their young heads.

HER FIRST EQUINE PET

Wilhelmina is not an exception. She had held her Queenly title for scarcely six months when one morning, at an unconscionably early hour, she left her room and knocked at the door of the Queen Regent's chamber.

"Who is there?" asked her mother.

"The Queen of the Netherlands," was the grandiloquent reply.

"Oh!" said the Queen Regent, "I am afraid it is too early to receive the Queen of the Netherlands, but if my little daughter Wilhelmina is there she may come in."

Little Wilhelmina is as full of fun as any youngster of her age in any land. She is getting quieter now, but until a year or two ago she had a prodigious liking for practical jokes.

A girl of fifteen, even if she is a Queen, cannot be expected to wholly overcome her fondness for dolls. Queen Wilhelmina has a contingent of dolls which she dresses in every kind of costume known to the Netherlands. Among these is one which she calls the Queen of Doll-land. She dresses it in miniature robes of Royalty, puts it on a miniature throne and appoints a number of other images to serve attendance upon it. From one birthday celebration she returned home weary with the

continued bows she had made in response to the enthusiastic salutations of the loyal Hollanders. She brought out all the inhabitants of her Doll-land, set the sovereign of them in their midst, and made her bow and bow and bow till the headgear of the waxen creature was sadly disarranged. "Now," said Wilhelmina, "you shall sit in a carriage and bow till your back aches, and see how you like being a Queen!"

It is a custom on the Queen's birthday to invite the children of the Court people to the palace, where they spend a great part of the day romping in the garden and rowing on the lake. Then they go off for a drive in a long procession of vehicles with the little Queen and her mother at their head. Then, after picnicking and an amazing display of fireworks, the youngsters are taken to their homes, and their Royal hostess is sent off to bed. From time to time the Queen's young relatives come to stay with her for a few days. Then there is great sport among the small fry. They mount the Queen's ponies, and, setting all rules of Court etiquette at defiance, devise impromptu races, and go banging helter-skelter about the palace grounds, making as much noise as so many street urchins.

The Queen has six little Shetland ponies, and in her wagonette she often drives four-in-hand. She manages the



WILHELMINA'S SLEEPING-ROOM AT HET LOO



SWELL AND A TINY TURNOUT



HER FIRST EQUINE PET



FAMILY OF FAVORITE DOLLS



QUEEN REGENT

Utrecht, and there is the famous "House in the Wood" just outside The Hague. This is doing very well for a toy country with a toy Queen. The palace at Amsterdam is not externally beautiful; it is a big, barrack-like structure.

Emma



THE PALACE AT HET LOO

It was a town hall in the great days of old. It has streets on each side of it, and not so much as a blade of grass nor an inch of gravel between its outer walls and the traffic of the thoroughfares. It is in the busy centre of a busy city, and it is so badly adapted for a Royal dwelling that the Queen Regent and her daughter remain there only one week in the year. While in residence at Amsterdam the Royal family keep open house for their relatives and friends, and festivity is the order of the day. The etiquette is not then so strict as at most other European Courts, and the sovereign is more accessible to the people. Eligible persons who wish to pay their respects to the Queen Regent call at the palace and write their names and their errand in a book provided for the purpose. Five days later, all

palace at Amsterdam has not yet felt the pressure of her pretty form. Nor has her Majesty, Wilhelmina, yet been crowned. She has still nearly three years to wait until she reaches her legal majority (eighteen), before the ceremony of coronation can take place, before she can become officially the chief personage of her kingdom. Meanwhile a Regency reigns in Holland, if a Regency can be said to reign, and Wilhelmina's mother is the Regent. Although the girl is still in her minority she has recently begun to appear at public festivals; she has responded repeatedly to the salutations of her loyal countrymen, and latterly she has been present at a few ceremonial dinners. She is a remarkably intelligent talker for so young a child. She has, indeed, taken a great fancy to these Court dinners, and, naturally enough, she likes, as one would say, to feel her Queenship.

Queen Wilhelmina is a patriotic little party. She is quite sure that in the Netherlands she has the finest kingdom in the world, and that the Dutch are the bravest and best of peoples. All this is as it should be, and the Dutch themselves share the amiable belief. Clever little linguist though she is, the Queen speaks only in Dutch when conversing with her mother, to whom, of course, the language is a foreign one. Wilhelmina likes to

tree to tree hung festoons of evergreen, and from the festoons there swung Chinese lanterns and bunches of artificial flowers. The queer little town, with its odd little houses and its droll little people, made the daintiest holiday spectacle I have ever beheld. Everywhere one saw busts, photographs and prints of the little girl set in banks of flowers; everywhere the legend, "Orange en Nederland." All the children wore orange-colored ribbons inscribed "Welcome to our little Queen," and from all over the prosperous Province trooped the peasant folk in their best bibs and tuckers.

You should watch the Dutch as they cheer their little Queen. I saw her young Majesty arrive at Flushing, and pass from the railway station at the docks to the steamship "Nederland," which was to take her out to the men-of-war lying in the Scheldt. The girl Queen, dressed all in white, and carrying a bouquet with white streamers, walked down the quay with her mother, followed by a large company of officers in brilliant uniforms, and by dignitaries in Court dress. There were crowds of peasant folk and townspeople to witness this Royal progress. And how they cheered their little Queen! When she had

reached the upper deck of the vessel, where the throng could see her plainly, they all set to, with perhaps more energy than harmony—but that did not matter so long as the spirit prompted them—singing a national air. It was a pretty sight to see this pretty child welcomed with an ovation by crowds of the plain people. And

when the steamer paddled out to the Scheldt the cumbrous men-of-war, flying all their bunting and with all their yards manned by sailors cheering, shook the air and the waters with their



BACK FROM HER DAILY DRIVE

things being equal, they are requested to present themselves for audience.

The palace at Het Loo is the favorite residence with the Dutch Royalties. It is the young Queen's summer home in Gelderland. It is, I believe, the oldest of the Dutch palaces. It is a large, comfortable-looking building, with a quadrangular court which is profusely dotted with beds of flowers. A great wood of superb trees comes up to the very walls of the Royal mansion. The place is near Apeldoorn, and a fair journey from Amsterdam, as journeys go in tiny Holland. It is a secluded spot, and here the Royal family have all the advantages of country life, and are free from the persistent attentions of town-dwellers and sightseers. There is a large park at Het Loo, and it makes a capital playground for the little Queen. A portion of the park is set apart especially for her pleasures. Here she has her gardens, her dogs, her birds, her swans, and here the tame deer come and feed at the hands of the young Wilhelmina. In this little domain there is a Swiss chalet which serves as a kind of playhouse for the Royal girl. It is prettily furnished, and gives her juvenile Majesty the chance, which most young girls would appreciate, of "playing house" on a very realistic scale. On summer afternoons the Queen in the chalet receives her mother and one or two ladies of the Court, pours tea for them and plies them with cakes of her own baking. The chalet has become by this time quite a museum of toys which the Queen has outgrown. Here she keeps her happy family of thirty dolls, who ought, if they are appreciative images, to be very learned, since up to two years ago the Queen used to repeat to them her daily lessons. Near the chalet there is a little garden where her pretty Majesty cultivates flowers. There is also a miniature farm in which she takes a great interest, even working there sometimes with hoe and spade among the vegetables. This little girl, who is to presently reign over the kingdom, is thoroughly Dutch in her taste for flowers and farming. She would, indeed, make a model housewife one of these days, if she were not to be called to sit upon a throne, for she is as well-trained as Dutch maidens usually are in the practical details of housekeeping.

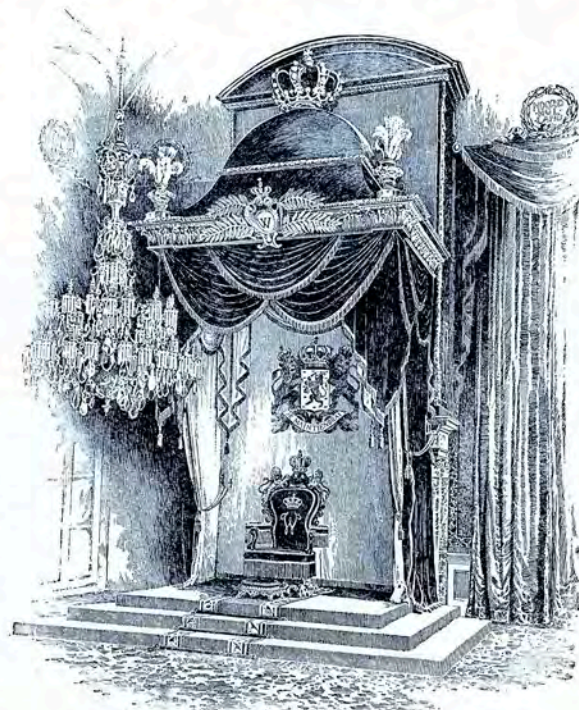
If you ask when a young Queen "comes out," I, for one, will find it difficult to tell you. The young Queen of Holland has been "out" ever since her father's death left her, five years ago, at the head of the realm. To be sure, she has not yet "come to the throne," as the saying is. The big throne under the ample canopy in the great

dress in peasant costume, and there she shows good taste, for the Dutch peasant costumes are much more picturesque and attractive than the fashionable gear which is usually furnished by the dressmakers of Holland. In most parts of the country there is a lingering fondness for the old styles of peasant dress. The wonderful golden trinkets which dangle at the temples of the women of Zeeland; the marvelous helmets of silver and gold worn by the women of Friesland; the prodigious silver buttons and buckles and breastpins, and the long chains of coral beads and silver links, with which the dames and damosels bedeck themselves, are precious heirlooms which in some sort are marks of importance and dignity. No people are more tenacious of ancient customs in dress and demeanor than the plump, domestic Dutch folk. So they applaud their little Queen's fondness for the time-honored fashions in gowns and headgear. Thus she becomes doubly dear.

They all call her in Holland "our little Queen." There is a genuine affection for her throughout the country, and with good reason, for she is a very lovable child. The sweetness of her nature shines out through her face. She has the most winsome smile that you could wish to see. She appreciates her position thoroughly, that is to say, as thoroughly as a girl of her years can appreciate such an exceptional condition as Queenhood, and she is amusingly particular about the dignities which encompass her. For all that, she is delightfully considerate of others. Her servants worship her, Dutch children adore her, and everybody who comes into contact with her speedily becomes very fond of her. Somebody has said that the Dutch are at heart Republicans, and that their loyalty is not so much to the throne as to the occupant of it for the time being. Be that as it may, they are unquestionably loyal to this little girl, partly because she is a little girl, and a very charming one into the bargain, and then again because she is of the House of Orange. To the House of Orange the Dutch owe their national life, and they are not unmindful of their debt.

I saw some very interesting evidences of Dutch loyalty when her small Majesty visited the Province of Zeeland for the first time. It was about a week before her fourteenth birthday. The Zeelanders were at great pains to welcome the bonnie girl. Every town she visited was decorated from top to toe. At Flushing, for example, every street and lane, every alley and back garden, every window, every door, had its bunting, its flowers, its lanterns or candles. Along the curbstones, at intervals of six feet, young trees were set out for the occasion; from

cannonading. Then did the loyal Zeelanders run as fast as their legs could carry them along the dikes, striving to keep pace with the swift steamer, and crying at the tops of their voices, "Long live our little Queen!" The sternest Republican that ever lived would have joined in the cry. He must have been moved by the spectacle of a people hailing Godspeed to a pretty child. With real enthusiastic pride the loyal Hollanders see their winsome little sovereign budding into lovely womanhood, and with patriotic fondness they discuss the probability of her early marriage, although Wilhelmina is yet fancy free.



THRONE OF THE NETHERLANDS