

# HOLLAND AND HER COLONIES

A Magazine devoted to Closer Relations between the United States of America  
and Holland and Her Colonies.

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*Distant View of the Tower of Arnemuiden  
where used to hang the oldest carillon in the Netherlands*

# Tower Music of Holland

by

WILLIAM GORHAM RICE

Author of "Carillons of Belgium and Holland", "The Carillon in Literature", etc.

MIDDELBURG — Bright blue carts with green wheels and white canopied tops, or with yellow bodies striped in gay colors we saw on the roadway all the way from Flushing to Middelburg. Each cart was drawn by a sleek, heavy, jog-trotting, contented horse. Peasants in local costume filled every seat. The elders looked straight ahead, dignified, serious, unmoved. But the little children, in dress miniatures of their parents, were quick in discovering strangers. The boys gave us shy and downcast looks, but the little girls in their whitest of white caps were ready with most enchanting smiles.

Middelburg's Great Square we found filled with booths where household articles, practical and cheap, and cakes and candies and tobacco were on sale. We had glimpses of peasant women holding tight by the hand one or two and sometimes a string of three or four children. These mothers cautiously glanced at the tempting wares and then prudently examining desired articles, bought with great discretion.

At the side of the square nearest the beautiful old Spanish City Hall were groups of men, sinewy and sedate. They had unharnessed their horses, put them in stalls adjacent to the yards in which now scores of carts were collected and were gathering to smoke and exchange words of which they seemed most frugal. The gilt filagree buttons on their short round coats and the silver belt clasps at their waists gave a picturesque touch with which the square cut hair and long cigar, protruding from almost every solemn tanned face, did not exactly harmonize.

My wife, always my companion in carillon search, and I had left Bruges of the historic belfry early in the morning. By tram car and canal boat we had come to Breskens and then by ferryboat across the broad Scheldt had reached Flushing. Before seeing Bruges we had spent some days at Antwerp at a little hotel where there floated down constantly to us notes from the carillon which hangs close by in the spire of the Cathedral.

And before that we had taken part at Malines in the first carillon congress, had aided in the inauguration of the carillon school and had listened to the playing of the renowned carillonneur Josef Denyn in one of his superb Monday evening recitals. And now we had come to hear the bells of the Netherlands.

It is but a few steps from the great square at Middelburg to the small court near the Abbey where the Thursday Butter and Egg market is held. Towards noon the street leading thither began to be crowded. Women in costume and children likewise were everywhere seen. We joined the morning throng prepared to enjoy all that went on. Such a market is the social meeting place for all the country people. Dressed in their best all of the family come to town. Good spirits prevail, the jingle of silver coins is everywhere heard, and the satisfactions of selling and the joys of shopping are made a weekly holiday which redeems hours of arduous work on the isolated farms.

In the center of the court where the Butter and Egg Market is held is a large linden tree. Around three sides of it a sloping roof protects the sellers and their wares. The peasant women who have brought from prosperous farms their finest butter and eggs, sit on benches with large, shallow stout-handled baskets placed before them on long tables. A clean white cloth covers the contents of each basket.

While the market preparations are going on, the music of folk-songs and national airs comes floating down from the carillon of forty-three bells hanging in the nearby tower of Lange Jan. This feature, belonging to the markets of the Low Countries alone, gives a unique liveliness to the scene.

At the stroke of one o'clock the buying and selling began. When a sale had been made and it became necessary to reach her treasury, the seller would rise, lift her ample black wool skirts showing another and under which were apparently at least three or four more, and unclasp a large silver topped beaded bag hanging from her waist. Then

without haste or self-consciousness she would attend to the money part of the transaction.

These peasant women seldom spoke even to one another. When they did it was in rather strident tones. They have very large hips and walk with a slow swing because of the quantities of petticoats they wear.

Those who had little children allowed them to walk about under the shadow of the great linden tree. These tiny people, several often hand in hand, were enchanting in their combination of sedateness and liveliness. Many fascinating pictures do the cameras of travelers always carry away of this scene.

The Thursday market and the carillon are not the only attractions of Middelburg. About it runs an encircling canal, the moat of ancient days, giving delightful walks and the neighboring drives are most enjoyable. The wearing of costume all through the Province of Zeeland is not a pose. We looked into a school and all the children wore peasant dress and the teacher was in costume also. In the churches the same custom prevails. The milking is done and the fields are tilled, all in the dress of centuries past.

Certainly if time allows no one should fail to go to this Thursday Middelburg market when visiting Holland. And he should spend a full twenty-four hours in that ancient city, if possible, so that he may hear not only at noon on market day but from hour to hour the carillon's melodious play. Could there be finer tribute than that of E. V. Lucas who says in this carillon's praise: "At Middelburg it is no misfortune to awake in the night."

All through the month of May the carillon of Middelburg plays on this carillon "Meideuntjes", Little May Songs of rejoicing that winter has departed and that spring has come. Gouda and Utrecht and other cities celebrate the coming of May in the same way. Marie Boddaert, a well known Dutch poet of this century, has written some charming verses entitled, "Onder 't Klokkenspel", which once as we crossed the ocean, we thus translated into "English:

'Twas early on Sunday at dawn of the May-day;  
High over the yet sleeping city rang out,  
From Lange Jan's tower, a gay tinkling chorus,  
A jubilant May Song; and listening about  
The meadowlands dewy, the rivulets drowsy,  
The great blue of heav'n, heard the spring song:

"Kling-klong,"

"Again May is here with its song and its sunshine,  
"O, again May enchanting has come."

"Kling-klong . . ."

"'Tis May-day! O, linger not. Open your window!"  
Then loosening the casement, gay Brown Eyes

peeped out,  
The first of the five; then all sprang up to join her;  
Like wind, feet went flying to wide-open sash,  
On knees quickly climbing to see the old belfry.  
Small noses uplifted, glad May in their eyes,  
And bright laughing faces; so eagerly listening  
To the carillon's quaint, merry tune.

"Kling-klong . . ."

How joyful this clangor, this sweet jangling music  
Of bells gaily ringing, o'er street and o'er dune,  
O'er gateway and gable, in sunshine of morning!  
Before they quite knew it their ears caught the tune,  
And five happy youngsters, pressed close in the window,  
Burst forth into singing; each soft rosy body  
Now covered but half by the down-slipping gown  
. . . . . It was May greeting May with a song!

VEERE.—Six miles north of Middelburg is the quaint seaport of Veere. There we drove the next morning after our enjoyment of the busy market day. Veere is the consummation of Walcheren, as Walcheren of Zeeland, and Zeeland of the whole Kingdom, declares William Harmon Van Allen, whose "Travel Pictures" contain many delightful descriptions of this island part of the Netherlands.

In past centuries Veere was the centre of the great wool trade between Scotland and the Netherlands. Now it is a quiet village of steep red-tiled roofs over old brick cottages, with a little harbor full of brown-sailed fishing boats. But a carillon of thirty-three bells, two hundred years old, inaccurate of tone and rhythm, yet always soft and enchanting, still plays. Sleepily tinkling at the proper intervals day and night, it makes a romantic background and accompaniment to the present day picture.

Not far away Arnemuiden gives revelation of such dreamlike scenes as the frontispiece shows. The carillon of twenty-four bells, its four-hundredth birthday passed, that long crowned the church tower there, now sounds above the great Ryks Museum at Amsterdam, carefully preserved as Holland's oldest carillon.

THE HAGUE.—From the island province of Zeeland we took our journey to Holland's cosmopolitan capital, the Hague. Arrived there and our luncheon finished, we started forth to renew happy recollections of earlier visits. Our first thought was the Maurits-huis, that most peaceful and attractive of European picture galleries where two of Vermeer's loveliest pictures, the "Head of a Young Girl" and the "View of Delft" made us realize we were indeed again in Holland.





ST. MARTIN'S CHURCH, GRONINGEN

*In this notable tower is a carillon of 37 well attuned, chromatic bells. It is played by a carillonneur every Tuesday from 10.30 to 11 and Friday from 1 to 1.30. During Holy Week it is silent.*

And from the windows there we looked out on the Vyver, that placid sheet of water which Lucas in "A Wanderer in Holland" describes as "a jewel set in the midst of the Hague, beautiful by day and beautiful by night, with fascinating reflections in it at both times, and a special gift for the transmission of the sound of bells in a country where bells are really honored."

It was one morning about ten years ago during an earlier visit to the Hague and before I had discovered carillons existed, that while walking along the path by this same tranquil pond I saw reflected in the water the distant tower of the Groote Kerk and heard the notes of its carillon. As I stood listening I gradually realized that there was something intangible uniting the very different towns of the Netherlands that I had lately seen. What was this bond? I asked myself. Then as I meditated came a decisive answer: "It is the bells" At once my interest was awakened and I set out to learn about the origin of these carillons which seemed to have a distinctive place in the history of so many cities and to be deep in the affection of those who dwell there.

The tale in brief, as it slowly unfolded in my search, appears to be that in Holland and Belgium in the distant years, when clocks and watches were much more rare than now, and the people were much more dependent upon the town clock for knowledge of the time of day, or night, it became the custom to precede the striking of the hour by a short automatic chiming, on three or four small bells, in the clock tower, as a premonitory signal.

As this town and that sought to surpass its neighbors, the bells were increased in number, and the musical scale of tones, and half tones became complete. Brief melodies began to be heard at the hour and the half hour, and with the addition of still more bells, came at these divisions, whole tunes played upon three, or even four octaves of bells. All this playing was automatic.

Then came the adoption of the key board, similar to that of the piano. And soon pedals were devised, just as in an organ to play the heavier bells. Thus in the course of two or three centuries was developed the carillon, a musical instrument of distinct characteristics, and possessing wide possibilities for community inspiration.

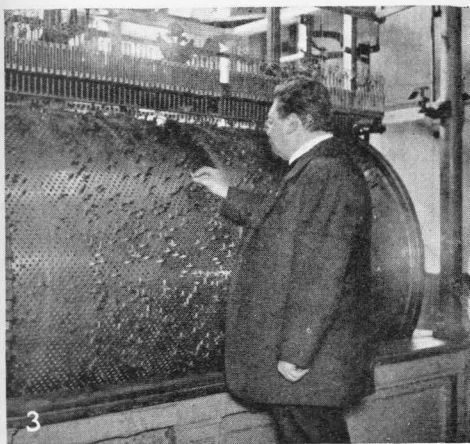
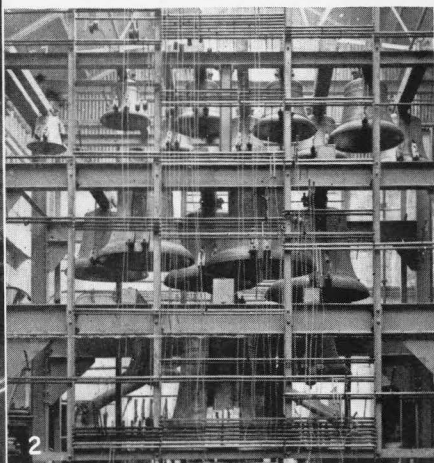
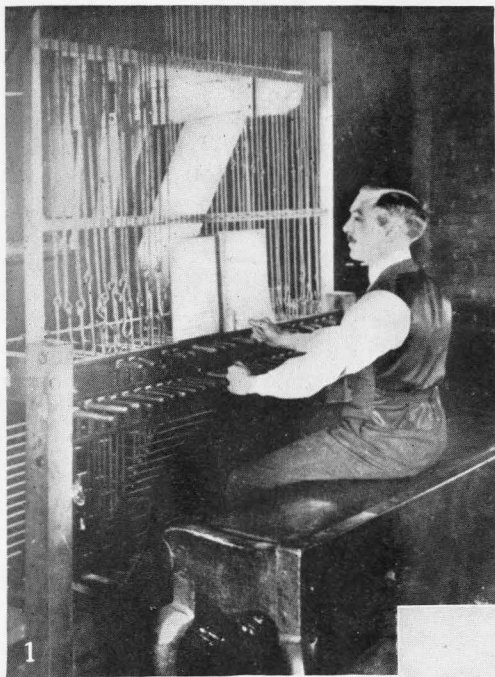
GOUDA.—One morning we went by train to Gouda where the carillon is in the sixteenth century Groote Kerk. As within the church we looked upon the glowing windows of Wouter and Dirck Crabeth, rich in heraldic and allegorical design, we could hear overhead the singing of the bells. Climbing the winding staircase and finally ascending a succession of steep wooden ladders we found the carillonneur, evidently a favorite, surrounded in his cabin by an admiring group of seven young boys and girls. One boy played now and then in duet with him. One selection was called "The Mill in the Forest" in which the water and the wheel were to be imagined as disporting themselves with greatest alacrity. Then, in our honor, the carillonneur played "America."

Painted on two of the great posts of the frame that carries the bells, are the names and dates of service of Gouda's carillonneurs from 1669 onward, a record for the past 254 years. The longest term was 63 years, the shortest ten years. In all the names of seven carillonneurs appear with an average service of thirty-four years each.

The present carillonneur had already twelve years to his credit. Carillon playing everywhere in the Low Countries is a matter not of pay but of pride. To be a carillonneur is to be a city official—a representative citizen of a town.

So when making early searches to find out about carillon playing it was sufficient to address letters or postcards to "Den Heer Klokkenist—Mr. Carillonneur." No name was necessary—simply the title and the town, and the person whom we sought was always reached.

DELFT.—In the Fifteenth Century Church at Delft—called "new" to distinguish it from the church a century older nearby—we found one of the finest carillons in Holland. Here are buried William of Orange and Grotius. And upon a stone over Delft's most famous carillonneur, we read: "Here lies Dirck Scholl who for more than two and sixty years made the carillon in the Nieuwe Kerk to live." Pieter Hemony, a renowned bell-founder, published at Delft in 1678 a book entitled, "The Uselessness of C Sharp and D Sharp in the Bass of Carillons; Shown by Various Opinions of Skilful Organists and Carillonneurs". Vigorous and decided in its views, the book closes with lively verses by the carillonneur, Dirck Scholl, concerning a set of bells then recently obtained by the town



1. A carillonneur at the keyboard of his instrument.
2. How the bells are hung in a modern carillon.
3. The carillonneur of Middelburg changing the automatic tunes of his huge music box.
4. Lange Jan Tower at Middelburg.



of Gouda. These verses were directed against Quiryn van Blankenburgh, Carillonneur of The Hague, who, it appears, had justified the buying of a C Sharp bell and a D Sharp bell for the bass. Scholl's final quatrain is:

The city was cheated and wrongly induced  
To purchase what scarcely could ever be used.  
Each stroke of these bells cost a pound, so

['tis said;

Pretending they're living, in fact they are  
[dead!

And indeed these great bass bells are costly because of their great weight, and are perhaps but infrequently used. But what majesty of sound and nobility of tone when their voice is heard!

Of Delft's bells, Hilaire Belloc has given an extremely lyrical description which thus ends:

"Nor must you imagine that there is any obsession of noise; the bells are too high and melodious, and, what is more, too thoroughly a part of all the spirit of Delft to be more than a perpetual and half-forgotten impression of continual music; they render its air sacred and fill it with something so akin to an uplifted silence as to leave one—when one has passed from their influence—asking what balm that was which soothed all the harshness of sound about one."

It is important to remember that a carillon is played in two ways; first, automatically by a revolving drum in connection with a tower clock; and second, by a musician seated at a keyboard. The automatic playing is what the traveler constantly hears as he wanders through old towns in Holland. The keyboard playing takes place at a fixed time on the market day, and in the greater cities there is an announced program recital an hour in length given regularly on a week day evening during the summer. The automatic playing in connection with the town clock accompanies the passing time. It is chiefly on the smaller, the lighter, bells with now and then a deep note, and simple themes or short patriotic airs are repeated at the quarter hour intervals day and night. In keyboard playing compositions by Bach, Chopin, Mendelssohn, and Schumann are frequently used and effects are produced not attainable on any other instrument.

ROTTERDAM.—One of the most delightful experiences in the Low Countries is a voyage on the slow-moving canal boat. Such was the way in which we went from the Hague to Rotterdam.

There we wished to explore the three carillon towers of which the great sea-port is the possessor.

In the tower of St. Lawrence Church hangs the oldest of the three carillons, placed there over 250 years ago. Of this tower and its bells Hendrik van Loon writes charmingly in his preface to "The History of Mankind." The 39 bells of St. Lawrence Tower and those of the Beurs or Exchange Tower not far away were cast by Frans Hemony of Amsterdam. The third carillon at Rotterdam is in the tower of the fine new City Hall just completed. This carillon is the largest and heaviest made for Holland in the last hundred years. Its 49 bells were a gift to his native city from Phs. van Ommeren, Jr.

We climbed City Hall Tower one Saturday afternoon last August. As kindly arranged by Mr. A. Gips, a director of the Holland-America Line, the carillonneur accompanied us. We were thus able to become acquainted with all the details of this latest example of carillon art, as well as to hear later the carillonneur's excellent recital.

LEYDEN.—From the Hague it is but half an hour's journey by rail to Leyden. A carillon of 39 bells hangs there in the picturesque city hall spire. Mounting an electrically lighted stair-case of comparatively few steps we were soon in the carillonneur's cabin and most courteously welcomed by that official. The pilgrims without doubt heard this music, for many of them dwelt near by and Leyden has possessed a carillon since 1578, a date but four years after the ending of its historic and memorable siege by the Spaniards.

Thought of the pilgrims brings America and England to mind and a few words about modern carillons may well be said here. Gloucester, Massachusetts, last July inaugurated the first well attuned carillon in the United States. It has 31 bells and hangs in one of the twin towers of the Portuguese Church of Our Lady of Good Voyage. Recitals are given there on summer evenings. From all the country near listeners come, and travelers on their journeys by automobile find themselves well repaid in seeking some quiet spot in which to hear a music quite unlike any they have ever known.



Before carillon music can be fully enjoyed by such multitudes as listen to it at times in the Low Countries, public sentiment elsewhere must be stirred sufficiently to seek of city authorities such regulation of noise and diverting of traffic during the time of the recital as will insure quiet in the street in the vicinity of the carillon tower. Such a result is secured in great cities abroad, notably Antwerp and Malines. Coöperation among those interested can do much in this direction in cities of the western world.

In Canada at Toronto, in the tower of the Metropolitan Methodist Church, there is an excellent carillon. It was installed in March 1922 and recitals occur on Sundays at noon and sometimes in the evening. There are twenty-three bells, mellow in tone and beautifully played by a carillonneur who has fine musical taste and excellent technique. The Toronto carillon was the gift of Chester Massey, a public spirited citizen, in memory of his wife, a lover of music. At Simcoe, Ontario, it is understood, a carillon is about to be installed. For the new tower of The House of Parliament at Ottawa a carillon is proposed in a bill already introduced. Phillips' Academy, Andover, Massachusetts, is to install a carillon of thirty-three bells in the near future to crown the fine tower just completed.

The latter part of this year New York City through the generosity of John D. Rockefeller, Jr., will have its first carillon. This is to be placed in the graceful gothic tower of the Park Avenue Baptist Church. The more than forty bells are promised to be most perfect in tuning and the mechanical appointments of this carillon are expected to be superior to any now in use.

All the carillons last mentioned have been or are to be made in England. That country in recent years has also supplied carillons for Appingedam, Bennebroek, Eindhoven, and Flushing, in Holland, and for the new city hall at Rotterdam.

American bell founders, I regret to say, have not as yet been willing to attempt to make the several chromatic octaves of attuned large and small bells required in a carillon.

On July the 22nd is to be dedicated the greatest carillon in Great Britain. This will hang in the war memorial tower at Loughborough. It will have forty-seven bells and in accuracy of tuning and in perfection of mechanism, it will undoubtedly be among the best in the world.

Melbourne, Australia, so the public press announces, is before long to have its first carillon, the gift of Madame Melba to her native city.

Longfellow, the American poet, first made carillon music a theme of English verse. And indeed no one in any language has more completely expressed the atmosphere of such music. While the scene of his poem is in a different region from that which we are exploring, yet those who would know the art as a whole should surely read the "Belfry of Bruges". Its first part, entitled "Carillon", tells of the night time when silence perfects the sound of the bells. The second part brings vividly before us a history of the past in Belgium that might similarly be told of many a city of the Netherlands.

ALKMAAR.—We reached Alkmaar one Friday morning early enough to see the opening of the cheese market, the largest in the Netherlands. At ten o'clock the canvas coverings were removed and very effective was the sight of thousands of orange Edam cheeses lying on the pavement of the market square. (Edam cheese are painted red only for export to distant lands.) When the buyer and seller agree upon a sale, they vigorously slap hands. The cheeses sold are then piled like cannon balls onto litters with curved ends and carried to the ancient Weigh House where they are weighed in mammoth balance scales. The litter carriers are dressed in white with different colored ribbons on their blouses and straw hats with the same colors on their litter handles, to indicate the particular company to which they belong. From the Weigh House the litterfuls of cheeses are borne to the canalside and there packed into the boats of their new owners.

Beginning at eleven the carillonneur high up in the Weigh House tower plays all kinds of merry tunes. To these tunes the litter-carriers seem to keep step, as they convey their orange-colored loads. Thus the carillon enlivens the busy market and lightens the tasks of them who labor there.

GRONINGEN.—Far in the north of the Netherlands lies the ancient city of Groningen. There over the great Square ripple the bells of a noble carillon hanging in the massive tower of St. Martin's Church. Close by are the dignified buildings of the 300 year old University. It was a delight to wander about the old city and to hear the bells singing above it, and mellowing its learned and somewhat austere atmosphere.

A few words about tuning may well be given here. In every properly made bell there are five tones which are audible to the trained ear, all of which five tones must be brought into perfect accord. In a well attuned carillon not only must every bell be thus in tune with itself but it must also be in tune with all its associated bells however many they may be. The process of tuning is complicated and requires great skill. No bell, whether in a carillon or otherwise, should be accepted for public use until it has been passed upon by competent musicians.

Edmond van der Straeten who wrote a history of the music of the Low Countries before the Nineteenth Century, summing up the question of bell tuning, says: "A good bell is not made by chance, but is the result of a wise combination of qualities and thought, and a fine carillon is as precious as a violin by Stradivarius."

AMSTERDAM.—Haarlem and Utrecht, Nymegen and Amersfoort, and many other carillon towns we visited. Of all of these, worth while tales could be told. But our journey was drawing to its end. At Amsterdam, distinguished as possessing today more carillons than any other city, we were to say *au revoir* to the carillon region. The Mint Tower, the South-, the Old-, the West-Church, the Ryks Museum, and the Palace at Amsterdam, all have carillons and on September 6, 1923, the twenty-fifth anniversary of the coronation of Queen Wilhelmina, all will ring joyously in Her honor. Seated at the keyboards then will be the best carillon-neurs from all the Kingdom.

My exploration and travel, for the past twelve years connected with writing the first books about carillon music ever published, enable me to say that there are existing today 180 carillons. Of these 134 are in the territory which was once part of the domain of Charles V, known as the Seventeen United Provinces. Most interesting is the historical fact that this territory remains today as ever since the music originated, preeminently the carillon region.

Holland has 60 carillons; France (French Flanders) 26; Belgium 43; Germany (probably) 14; and Great Britain 10. The other 27 are scattered in Europe, the United States, and Canada.

Eleven carillons were destroyed in the World War, but already three of these have been replaced.

Malines in Belgium has, all things considered, the finest carillon in the world. Most of the bells of this carillon were made at Amsterdam in 1674 by Peter and Frans Hemony, the most famous of bell founders.

No one should fail, where possible, to hear Josef Denyn play at Malines in one of his Monday evening recitals, when thousands gather in the quiet of that old city to listen to the wonderful music.

In Holland the bells at Amsterdam (The Palace), Arnhem, Delft, Gouda, Middelburg, Nykerk, Nymegen and Utrecht are particularly worth hearing because of the quality of the bells themselves or of the art displayed by their carillonneurs in playing them.

Recital programs in Dutch, French, English and Esperanto are often published each season, in pamphlet form for Belgian cities, but Nykerk alone, so far as I know, in Holland, ever issues such a program.

Representatives from many lands were present at Malines in August 1922, at the celebration in honor of the 35 years of Denyn's playing as city carillonneur, at which time was also inaugurated the opening of the School of Carillon Instruction.

More than three hundred years ago, Vondel, the famous Dutch poet, wrote verses on The Carillon Music of Amsterdam. A stanza about Verbeek, the most renowned carillonneur of the time ran:

His bell music surpasses  
The finest organ tones;  
He plays with bells as with cymbals.  
Heaven's choirs are looking out.

Tromp and de Ruyter were inspired by such music. Grotius felt its benediction. Vermeer and Rembrandt, Frans Hals and Pieter de Hoogh, listened to it as they painted the life of their time. Vondel, Vischer, de Key, the Crabeths, all lived under its influence.

The Netherlands has a great artistic asset in its carillons and it is to be hoped that public sentiment there will be awakened to appreciate how much the care and proper playing of attuned bells will add to public happiness.

In Belgium last year, there was established a School of Carillon Instruction. Students are welcomed from any part of the world and they receive free of cost instruction from the greatest of carillonneurs, Josef Denyn.

Travellers from foreign lands return again and again to the Low Countries, attracted by the picturesque scene of marketplace and busy harbor, of civic hall and church tower, of quiet canal and lush field, but only when the music of bells is heard over all does the charm become complete.

Set in lofty towers of the Low Countries, and native there, carillon music thus has long rejoiced the eye and ear of the observant

traveler. As a background, there exists in the land of its birth, a great historic past. And this is united with a spirited and courageous present. Possibilities of the use of many perfectly attuned bells for community service and in ever widening patriotic fields, are now stirring newer lands to activity and are stimulating consideration of the value of such music as an important element in civic life.

## The Potato Flour Industry in the Netherlands

*We are indebted to the "Algemeen Handelsblad", of Amsterdam, for many of the facts and figures given below.—Editor*

A LITTLE over a hundred years ago, so the story goes, a small minister's son in the Province of Gelderland turned to his mother who was preparing the dinner for her numerous family in the kitchen and asked her for something wherewith he might paste together the thin strips of paper he had cut out in the process of making a kite. Not finding any glue or paste handy, the resourceful Dutch housewife extracted a small potato from a boiling pot on the kitchen stove and tossed it to her son. "Now run along, sonny, potatoes are the best stickers in this house." Little Willem Scholten reflected, and for years after mused over the peculiar qualities of the humble potato. As he grew up he began to experiment. He soon found that not only potato starch, but potato flour, dextrine, glucose and various other products could be made from the familiar tuber. In 1842 he turned to the potato land *par excellence*, the Province of Groningen, and invested his total capital, which was small, in a factory for the making of potato flour. What he lacked in capital, he made up in sound merchandizing ideas and in foresight. The little house which saw the beginning of one of Holland's principal industries that was to spread out eventually to many other countries in Europe as well as in the Orient, stands to this day as a testimonial to Scholten's enterprise. His successors in the business built a new, up-to-date factory clear around it, as around a shrine, with the idea of preserving it to posterity. Today, according to figures recently compiled, Holland counts about forty factories with a capacity of nearly six million bushels of potatoes and an annual production of 1,400,000 tons of potato flour.

Willem Albert Scholten died a half century after the establishment of his first small venture in 1842. At the time of his death he left to his heirs and associates 15 large factories, 31 farms and more than 7,500 acres of peat land, which, after the peat has been removed, is excellent potato land.

At first Scholten had a monopoly of the potato flour manufacturing industry. It was not long, however, before others began to see the possibilities for a profitable investment in the new industry. In 1858 a Belgian, named Dutalis, came to the North of Holland from Mechlin with the object of building a factory in the same district where Scholten was then meeting with such great success. He built a factory in Muntendam, but in spite of his chemical and organizing abilities, he lacked the merchandizing instinct and in 1884 was finally forced to sell out to Scholten.

As the originator of the potato flour industry became more and more prosperous every year, he became the envy of the people in the peat district who, because of the development of the steamship transportation business, which gradually put their sailing vessels out of commission on the inland waterways, gave up their shipping interests and organized themselves as independent groups of potato flour producers on a small scale and entered into competition with Scholten. The manufacture of potato flour and by-products is comparatively simple and the profits of the industry loomed large in their eyes.

Dozens of factories, large and small, sprang up in the course of succeeding years. Competition became keen. The farmers were the first to profit from this situation.