

Making Tomorrow's World

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RIVERS—MADE IN GERMANY



Berlin, Germany—The future of Germany will be maintained upon the water, is a sentiment expressed by the German emperor with his usual vigorous insistence and more than his usual consistency. The masterful William had the seas and the German navy in mind. He might, however, with equal or larger truth, have made the statement apply to the inland waters, rivers and canals, of the German empire. The German makes the most of everything, himself included, and he has not overlooked water transportation as an aid to economic progress and prosperity. The present industrial greatness of Germany, so phenomenally increased in a generation, and yet growing, is built upon water.

Leads in Use of Waterways.

Germany is not alone among European nations in development and utilization of inland waterways. The Manchester ship canal, the deepening and widening of the channels of the Clyde, the Mersey and the Thames rivers in Great Britain, making seaports of cities far inland, the use of the canals in the Netherlands, and the millions expended by the republic of France each year upon canals and rivers as public highways—these show the high value attached in Europe to an asset, which, through public indifference and private railway greed and shortsightedness, has in the United States been abandoned or neglected. Germany, however, with characteristic painstaking and thrift, has exploited her water resources to an extent unsurpassed in other European lands.

Germany has employed a combination of means to establish its industrial position—the application of science to industry, technical training,

professors were seen the advantages of a cheap and alternative transportation system, both for actual use and for the regulation of freight rates. What the professors saw they wrote in the German press. As a consequence the empire has each year enlarged, extended and improved its natural and artificial waterways. The rivers of Germany, Rhine, Weser, Elbe, Oder, Weichsel, Isar, Main, and others, are not naturally well adapted to use for traffic of a large kind. In a majority of cases their banks were soft and easily washed down by the waves from large boats, while their beds were uneven and shallow. The German problem, with the rivers, was to deepen their beds and strengthen the banks. The cheapest transportation is, obviously, by means of the largest ship or barge which can travel most rapidly. Size and speed were sought in the barges and a development of the river and canals that would permit economical and rapid navigation.

The Rhine, the best known river in Germany—at which the French, it may be noted in passing, yet look with longing eyes—affords an example of the changing conditions which make for tomorrow's industrial world. The ruined castles and the romantic scenery which have given to the Rhine its pre-eminence among rivers have now a rival in interest in the strings of barges which the traveler sees as he goes on the express steamer up or down the river between Cologne and Mayence. In order to make the Rhine thus continuously usable natural earthen banks have been, where necessary, replaced by walls of solid masonry, the channel deepened and widened, wharfs built, and at Bingen—concerning which we all learned in our school-boy declamation days—rocks dangerous to navigation have been blasted away.

Inland Cities Reached by Water.

What has been done for and with the Rhine has been done for and with other rivers. Even the shallowest streams, mere ditches, have been made into thoroughfares. Next to aerial navigation for military purposes, the German finds a keen interest akin to sport in the business utilization of the waterways. From Amsterdam, capital of Holland, the traveler wishing to go to Cologne, 150 miles inland in Germany, may find his way by sea-faring steamer. At Strasburg, 200 miles inland, where yesterday only the smallest water craft could be seen, today may be observed boats carrying 500 to 1,000 tons. The channel of the Main up to and beyond Frankfurt, the commercial metropolis of Germany, has, at a cost of \$5,000,000, been deepened from two feet, unusable for shipping, to nine feet in order to give the industries of Frankfurt cheap transportation. Towns, situated miles from a navigable stream, accomplish the same result by digging and operating canals.

30,000 Boats Used Inland.

Most Americans are somewhat familiar with the marvelous increase of the German merchant ocean ships. The North German Lloyd, with its steamships on every sea, and other merchant marine companies, have developed at a phenomenal rate. Less conspicuous but equally great has been the growth of the inland merchant fleet of Germany—the shipping employed on its inland waterways. In thirty years the tonnage of the German inland fleet has nearly or quite quadrupled. Twenty years ago the tonnage of the inland fleet was 50 per cent. larger than that of the ocean fleet, now it is four times as large. More than 30,000 boats are employed today on Germany's canals and rivers with a tonnage exceeding 5,000,000.

Boats Large as Possible.

Germany has been quick to recognize the economic value of the large vessel. The Imperators of the ocean have their humbler and less showy, but equally important, counterparts on the inland waterways. Boats of 100 tons and less have decreased in number in the last ten years, while large boats of 300 tons and more have increased in number ten fold. The small boat or barge is being abandoned in Germany as out of date. The present day boat is built of the largest

available capacity. The average size of the large boats on the German waterways is now from 300 to 400 tons, on the Elbe 1,200 to 1,500 tons, while on the Rhine are many barges of 2,000 tons or more.

Low Freight Costs.

The importance of this method of transportation in affording low freight rates can scarcely be over-emphasized. Figures obtained from reports of Major Kurs, a leading authority on inland navigation in Germany, J. Ellis Barker, a careful British student of the subject, and Dr. Fritz Hartmann, a distinguished journalist, Berlin correspondent of the Hanover Courier, are significant. These show that with a well-filled ship on a new and perfectly equipped water course, the cost of transportation of freight, during a ten months shipping season, is, in vessels from 150 to 1,500 tons capacity, one-fifth to one-twelfth of a cent per ton per mile. But as all German waterways are not perfectly equipped and all boats are not well fitted and as the season of navigation in Germany, as in the United States, is interfered with by ice, these figures are exceptional.

The actual business conditions prevailing today may be better shown by selecting representative German rivers and quoting the actual average cost of transport therefrom, allowing for the fact that during a part of the year a large portion of the tonnage is partly or wholly unemployed. These figures show that the actual cost of transport per ton per mile on the Oder river is about one-third of a cent; on the Weichsel, one-half a cent; on the Elbe, one-fourth, and on the Rhine one-sixth of a cent. The rivers Oder and Weichsel flow through agricultural regions, corresponding to a degree with the country through which the Missouri river and its tributaries flow, while the Rhine drains a country corresponding to that adjacent to the Upper Ohio, where manufacturing is more largely engaged in. This cheapness of transportation explains in great measure the fact that the most prosperous industrial centers of Germany are situated close to the waterways of which they make extensive and increasing use.

The Government's View.

In an official publication of the German government we read:

"Any means whereby the distances which separate the economic centers of the country from one another can be diminished must be welcomed and be considered as a progress, for it increases our strength in our industrial competition with foreign countries. Every one who desires to send or to receive goods wishes for cheap freights. Hence the aim of a healthy transport policy should be to diminish as far as possible the economically unproductive costs of transport. A country such as Germany, which is happy enough to produce on her own soil by far the larger part of the raw material and food which it requires, occupies the most independent and the most favorable position if, owing to cheap, inland transportation, its economic centers are placed as near as possible to one another. When this has been achieved Germany will be able to dispense with many foreign products, and it will occupy a position of superiority in comparison with all those states which do not possess similarly perfect means of transport.

"Many circumstances which in former times gave superiority to certain countries, such as the greater skill of their workmen, superior machinery, cheaper wages, greater natural fertility of the soil; all these advantages are gradually being levelled down by time and progress. But what will remain is the advantage of a well-planned system of transportation which makes the best possible use of local resources and local advantages."

The last sentence, in Italian in the German original, may well be read in America in connection with Bismarck's deliberate statement:

"In discounting future events we must take note of the United States, who will become in matters economic and perhaps in matters political as well, a much greater danger than most people imagine. The war of the future will be the economic war, the struggle for existence on the largest scale. May my successor always bear this in mind and always take care that Germany will be prepared when this battle has to be fought."

And Bismarck was dismissed by the present emperor, not because of disagreement but because William II., a twentieth century Frederick the Great, would be his own chancellor and, carrying on Bismarck's policy as his own, make Germany foremost in all military and material things.

The New Germany Commercial.

The new Germany is not a land of philosophers, poets, and composers, sleepy officials and dull peasants, day-dreaming, sentimentalizing over music and philosophy and beer. The new Germany is a land of shrewd, calculating, hard-headed, matter-of-fact business men, with no sentimentality and, in business circles at least, no sentiment.

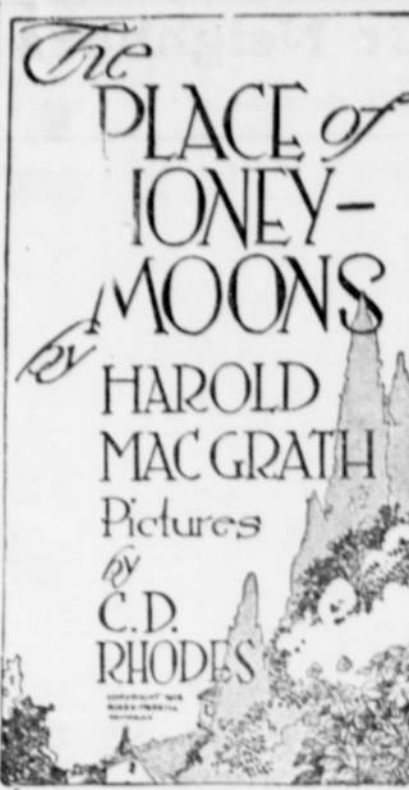
There are monumental statues of Goethe and Schiller and Hegel and Mozart and Lessing in many German streets, but the new German finds his shrine at the Deutsche Bank.

His treasured profits and savings, in the new industrial age, flow thither. Their volume increases because of a new, comprehensive and efficient system of cheap transportation, by canal and river—made in Germany.

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No Secret.

Von Ratz—Yer know, I haven't paid out a cent for repairs on my old car. O'Catz—Yes, so the owner of De Stew's garage told me.—Texas Coyote.



SYNOPSIS.

Eleanora de Toscana was singing in Paris, which, perhaps, accounted for Edward Courtland's appearance there. Millionaire, he wandered about where fancy dictated. He might be in Paris one day and Kanchocha the next. Following the opera he goes to a cafe and is accosted by a pretty young woman. She gives him the address of Flora Desmons, social rival of Toscana, and Flora gives him the address of Eleanora, whom he is determined to see. Courtland enters Eleanora's apartments. She orders him out and shoots at him. The next day Paris is shocked by the mysterious disappearance of the prima donna.

CHAPTER IV—Continued.

"There's the dusky princess peering out again. The truth is, Abby, if I could hide myself for three or four years, long enough for people to forget me, I might reconsider. But it should be under another name. They envy us millionaires. Why, we are the loneliest of all. We distrust every one; we fly when a woman approaches; we become monomaniacs; one thing obsesses us, everybody is after our money. We want friends, we want wives, but we want them to be attracted to us and not to our money-bags. Oh, phew! What plans have you made in regard to the search?"

Gloom settled upon the artist's face. "I've got to find out what's happened to her, Ted. This isn't any play. Why, she loves the part of Marguerite as she loves nothing else. She's been kidnapped, and only God knows for what reason. It has knocked me silly. I just came up from Como, where she spends the summers now. I was going to take her and Fournier out to dinner."

"Who's Fournier?"

"Mademoiselle Fournier, the composer. She goes with Nora on the yearly concert tours."

"Pretty?"

"Charming."

"I see," thoughtfully. "What part of the lake; the Villa d'Este, Cadenabbia?"

"Bellagio. Oh, it was ripping last summer. She's always singing when she's happy. When she sings out on the terrace, suddenly, without giving anyone warning, her voice is wonderful. No audience ever heard anything like it."

"I heard her Friday night. I dropped in at the opera without knowing what they were singing. I admit all you say in regard to her voice and looks; but I stick to the whim."

"But you can't fake that chap with the blond moustache," retorted Abbott grimly. "Lord, I wish I had run into you any day but today. I'm all in. I can telephone to the Opera from the studio, and then we shall know for a certainty whether or not she will return for the performance tonight. If not, then I'm going in for a little detective work."

"Abby, it will turn out to be the sheep of Little Bo-Peep."

"Have your own way about it."

When they arrived at the studio Abbott telephoned promptly. Nothing had been heard. They were substituting another singer.

"Call up the Herald," suggested Courtland.

Abbott did so. And he had to answer innumerable questions, questions which worked him into a fine rage; who was he, where did he live, what did he know, how long had he been in Paris, and could he prove that he had arrived that morning? Abbott wanted to fling the receiver into the mouth of the transmitter, but his patience was presently rewarded. The singer had not yet been found, but the chauffeur of the mysterious car had turned up . . . in a hospital, and perhaps by night they would know everything. The chauffeur had had a bad accident; the car itself was a total wreck, in a ditch, not far from Versailles.

"There!" cried Abbott, slamming the receiver on the hook. "What do you say to that?"

"The chauffeur may have left her somewhere, got drunk afterward, and plunged into the ditch. Things have happened like that. Abby, don't make a camel's hair shirt out of your paintbrushes. What a pother about a singer! If it had been a great inventor, a poet, an artist, there would have been nothing more than a two-line paragraph. But an opera singer, one who entertains us during our idle evenings—ha! that's a different matter. Set instantly that great municipal machinery called the police in action; sell extra editions on the streets. What do!"

"What the devil makes you so bitter?"

"Was I bitter? I thought I was philosophizing." Courtland consulted his watch. Half after four. "Come over to the Maurice and dine with me

tomorrow night, that is, if you do not find your prima donna. I've an engagement at five-thirty, and must be off."

"I was about to ask you to dine with me tonight," disappointedly.

"Can't; awfully sorry, Abby. It was only luck that I met you in the Luxembourg. He over about seven. I was very glad to see you again."

Abbott kicked a broken easel into a corner. "All right. If anything turns up I'll let you know. You're at the Grand?"

"Yes. By-by."

"I know what's the matter with him," mused the artist, alone. "Some woman has chucked him. Silly little fool, probably."

Courtland went down stairs and out into the boulevard. Frankly, he was beginning to feel concerned. He still held to his original opinion that the diva had disappeared of her own free will; but if the machinery of the police had been started, he realized that his own safety would eventually become involved. By this time, he reasoned, there would not be a hotel in Paris free of surveillance. Naturally, blond strangers would be in demand. The complications that would follow his own arrest were not to be ignored. He agreed with his conscience that he had not acted with dignity in forcing his way into her apartment. But that night he had been in odds with convention; his spirit had been that of the marauding old Dutchman of the seventeenth century. He perfectly well knew that she was in the right as far as the pistol-shot was concerned. Further, he knew that he could quash any charge she might make in that direction by the simplest of declarations; and to avoid this simplest of declarations she would prefer silence above all things. They knew each other tolerably well.

It was extremely fortunate that he had not been to the hotel since Saturday. He went directly to the war office. The great and powerful man there was the only hope left. They had met some years before in Algiers, where Courtland had rendered him a very real service.

"I did not expect you to the minute," the great man said pleasantly. "You will not mind waiting for a few minutes."

"Not in the least. Only, I'm in a deuce of a mess," frankly and directly. "Innocently enough, I've stuck my head into the police net."

"Is it possible that now I can pay my debt to you?"

"Such as it is. Have you read the article in the newspapers regarding the disappearance of Signorina de Toscana, the singer?"

"Yes."

"I am the unknown blond. Tomorrow morning I want you to go with me to the prefecture and state that I was with you all of Saturday and Sunday; that on Monday you and your wife dined with me, that yesterday we went to the aviation meet, and later to the Odeon."

"In brief, an alibi?" smiling now.

"Exactly. I shall need one."

"And a perfectly good alibi. But I have your word that you are in no wise concerned? Pardon the question, but between us it is really necessary if I am to be of service to you."

"On my word as a gentleman."

"That is sufficient."

"In fact, I do not believe that she has been abducted at all. Will you let me use your pad and pen for a minute?"

The other pushed over the required articles. Courtland scrawled a few words and passed back the pad.

"For me to read?"

"Yes," moodily.

The Frenchman read. Courtland watched him anxiously. There was not even a flicker of surprise in the official eye. Calmly he ripped off the sheet and tore it into bits, distributing the pieces into the various waste baskets yawning about his long fat desk. Next, still avoiding the younger man's eye, he arranged his papers neatly and locked them up in a huge safe which only the artillery of the German army could have forced. He beckoned to Courtland to follow. Not a word was said until the car was humming on the road to Vincennes.

"Well?" said Courtland, finally. It was not possible for him to hold back the question any longer.

"My dear friend, I am taking you out to the villa for the night."

"But I have nothing . . ."

"And I have everything, even foresight. If you were arrested tonight it would cause you some inconvenience. I am fifty-six, some twenty years your senior. Under this hat of mine I carry a thousand secrets, and every one of these thousand must go to the grave with me, yours along with them. I have met you a dozen times since those Algerian days, and never have you failed to afford me some amusement or excitement. You are the most interesting and entertaining young man I know. Try one of these cigars."

Precisely at the time Courtland stepped into the automobile outside the war office, a scene, peculiar in character, but inconspicuous in that it did not attract attention, was enacted in the Gare de l'Est. Two sober-visaged men stood respectfully aside to permit a tall young man in a Bavarian hat to enter a compartment of the second class. What could be seen of the young man's face was full of smothered wrath and disappointment. How he hated himself, for his weakness, for his cowardice! He was not all bad. Knowing that he was being watched and followed, he cou, not go to Versailles and compromise her, uselessly. The devil take the sleek demon of a woman who had persuaded him to commit so base an act!

"You will at least," he said, "deliver that message which I have intrusted to your care."

"It shall reach Versailles tonight, your highness."

The young man reread the telegram which one of the two men had given him a moment since. It was a command which even he, wilful and disobedient as he was, dared not ignore. He ripped it into shreds and flung them out of the window. He did not apologize to the man into whose face the pieces flew. That gentleman reddened perceptibly, but he held his tongue. The blare of a horn announced the time of departure. The train moved. The two men on the platform saluted, but the young man ignored the salutation. Not until the rear car disappeared in the hazy distance did the watchers stir. Then they left the station and got into the tonneau of a touring car, which shot away and did not stop until it drew up before that imposing embassy upon which the French will always look with more or less suspicion.

CHAPTER V.

The Bird Behind Bars.

The most beautiful blue Irish eyes in the world gazed out at the dawn which turned night-blue into day-blue and paled the stars. Rosal lay the undulating horizon, presently to burst into living flame, transmitting the dull steel bars of the window into fairy gold, that trick of alchemy so futilely sought by man. There was a window at the north and another at the south, likewise barred; but the Irish eyes never sought these two. It was from the east window only that they could see the long white road that led to Paris.

The nightingale was truly caged. But the wild heart of the eagle beat in this nightingale's breast, and the eyes burned as fiercely toward the east as the east burned toward the west. Sunday and Monday, Tuesday and Wednesday and Thursday, today; and that the five dawns were singular in beauty and that she had never in her life before witnessed the creation of five days, one after another, made no impression upon her sense of the beautiful, so delicate and receptive in ordinary times. She was conscious that within her the cup of wrath was overflowing. Of other things, such as eating and sleeping and moving about in her cage (more like an eagle indeed than a nightingale), recurrence had blunted her perception.

"Oh, but he shall pay, he shall pay!" she murmured, striving to loosen the bars with her small, white, helpless hands. The cry seemed to be an aria, for through all these four maddening days she had hated it—now low and deadly with voice, now full-toned in burning anger, now broken by sobs of despair. "Will you never come, so that I may tell you how base and vile you are?" she further addressed the east.

She had waited for his appearance on Sunday. Late in the day one of the jailers had informed her that it was impossible for the gentleman to come before Monday. So she marshaled her army of phrases, of accusations, of denunciations, ready to smother him with them the moment he came. But he came not Monday, nor Tuesday, nor Wednesday. The suspense was to her mind diabolical. She began to understand; he intended to keep her there till he was sure that her spirit was broken, then he would come. Break her spirit? She laughed wildly. He could break her spirit no more easily than she could break these bars. To bring her to Versailles upon an errand of mercy! Well, he was capable of anything.

She was not particularly distressed because she knew that it would not be possible for her to sing again until the following winter in New York. She had sobbed too much, with her face buried in the pillow. Had these sobs been born of weakness, all might have been well; but rage had mothered them, and thus her voice was in a very bad way. This morning she was noticeably hoarse, and there was a break in the aria. No, she did not fret over this side of the calamity. The sting of it all lay in the fact that she had been outraged in the matter of personal liberty, with no act of reprisal to ease her immediate longing to be avenged.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

KEEP IN MIND WHEN WRITING

If One Would Be Classed as a Well-composed Correspondent These Must Be Remembered.

Be yourself, strive for the expression of your own thoughts, write with all the force of your personality, and you will be projecting your mind on the mind of the friend who is to draw delight from your letter. Write with the conscious wish to express truthfully and well that which you have to say, abjure slovenly makeshift, and, just as strongly, the self-consciousness which keeps one eye on the purpose in hand and one on effect.

Remember always that there is the possibility of publicity for your letter, and if you have malice, cruelty, or uncharitableness in your mind, at least see that you do not commit your feelings to paper, to your possible confiding at some later date, when kindness has replaced your former harsh judgment.

Remembering all these things, you will have no need for the services of a complete letter writer. Guided by sincerity and truth, you may proceed to give your thoughts the graven permanence of writing.

Step Lively.

"You use different horns for different dances. I suppose?" asked the sweet young thing.

"Oh, yes," replied the musician.

"What horn do you think best for a polka-step?"

"Oh, the auto-horn, by all means."