

BERLIN CITY of SUPREME ORDERLINESS

(This article was written a short time before Germany declared war.—Editor's note.)

YOU realize the moment you step from your train into the well regulated rush of the Bahnhof that you are in a place where foreordination is the highest law. Berlin is the capital of the empire of supreme orderliness, the land where everything has a place and keeps it, where there are no strays, where every member of society has an orbit and moves in it around the central sun, which radiates a mystic gravitation into every activity of every man, woman and child of the nation, writes Samuel P. Orth in the New York Tribune.

And you realize the instant you are lounged in the deep cushions of the comfortable taxi and are spinning off to your hotel down the very new and very lavish avenue that German frugality and thrift no longer find luxury either unattainable or unattractive. The German, the plain, hard-working model German, has succumbed. Like all other people, from Egyptians and Babylonians down to Americans, he has found that luxury is undesirable only as long as it is beyond his reach.

Everywhere in the capital the prodigality that has replaced the ancient frugality obtrudes itself in an awkward, parvenu manner. One is oppressed with the notion that these Germans know better, are half ashamed of their surrender. But loving the comfortable feeling that their new gotten money can buy, they cling

surveyor and gardener are all mathematicians.

Mathematics is the symbol science of this empire of exactness, because all the conditions are postulated by the brain of man, and therefore all the results can be exactly predetermined. Euclid is the patron saint.

The rehabilitation is remarkable, a strange revolution, transforming a people known for centuries for their learning, their military prowess, their humble thrift, into the industrial peers of England and America. We are always boasting of American expansion. But we had a new country, with virgin fertility, no hampering habits and no troublesome neighbors. Germany has a thousand years of medievalism; had fields despoiled by five centuries of almost constant wars and pillage; had the habits of peasants and handicraftsmen, the rooted customs of a simple and homely folk, devoted to the soil, to the family, to the church and to the sovereign. Suddenly, through the miracle of federation, the warring dukedoms and princelets amalgamated, and with the genesis of imperialism came the birth of industrialism.

The Rhine valley is no longer filled with legendry and lore; it is filled with the smoke of rushing trains, puffing steamers and whirling factories. The workman is no longer content with oatmeal; he covets roast goose.

Like America.
"Berlin is growing faster than Chicago." "We have 30 great towns, manufacturing centers, that have

Old Lady Number 31

By
LOUISE FORSLUND

Author of
"The Story of Sarah"
"The Ship of Dreams"
Etc.

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SYNOPSIS.

Captain Abraham Rose and Angelina, his wife, have lost their little home through Abe's unlucky purchase of Tenafly Gold mining stock. Their household goods sold, the \$500 auction money, all they have left, will place Abe in the Old Lady's home, or Angy in the Old Lady's home. Both are self-sacrificing but Abe decides: "My dear, this is the first time I've had a chance to take the wust of it." The old couple bid good-by to the little house. "Terror of 'what folks will say' sends them along by paths to the gate of the Old Ladies' home. Miss Abigail, matron of the Old Ladies' home, hears of the ill fortune of the old couple. She tells the other old ladies, and Blossy, who has said a double fee for the only double bed-chamber, voices the unanimous verdict that Abe must be taken in with his wife. Abe awakens next morning to find that he is made to feel at home at once. "Brother Abe" expands under the warm reception of the sisters, and a reign of peace begins in the Old Ladies' home. The semi-annual visit of Blossy's aged lover, Capt. Samuel Darby, is due. Abe advises her to marry him. For the first time the captain fails to appear. Blossy consults Abe so often regarding Darby, his old captain in the life-saving service, that gossip begins to buzz. Aunt Nancy takes Abe to task for flirting with Blossy. He is much concerned when he learns that Angy is jealous. Blossy drives away with Darby to be married. Abe loses popularity. The change reacts on him and the doctor orders him to bed. Then he is at the mercy of the old ladies. Darby comes to see him.

CHAPTER XI—Continued.

Abraham flushed. He did not care to recall Samuel's wedding day. He hastened to ask the other what had decided him and Blossy to come to-day, and was informed that Miss Abigail had written to tell Blossy that if she ever expected to see her "Brother Abe" alive again she must come over to Shoreville at the earliest possible moment.

"Then I says ter Blossy," concluded Captain Darby. "I says, says I, 'Jest lemme see that air old henpecked Abe Rose. I'll kill him or cure him!' I says. Here, yer pipe's out. Light up ag'in!"

Abe struck the match with a trembling hand, unnerved once more by the speculation as to what might have happened had Samuel's treatment worked the other way.

"I left Blossy and Aunt Nancy a-huggin' an' a-kissin' down stairs." Abe sighed: "Aunt Nancy ailers was more bark than bite."

"Humph! Barkin' cats must be tryin' ter live with 'em. He tapped the old man's knee again, "dew yew know what yew need? A leetle vacation, a change of air. Yew want ter cut loose from this all-fired old ladies' shebang an' go skylarkin'." Abe hung on Samuel's words, his eyes a-twinkle with anticipation. "Yes,—yes, go skylarkin'! Won't we make things hum?"

"Thar's hummin' an' hummin'," objected Abe, with a sudden show of caution. "Miss Abigail thinks more o' washday than some folks does o' heaven. Wharabouts dew yew cak'late on a-goin'?"

"Tew Bleak Hill!" Abraham's face lost its cautious look, his eyes sparkled once more. Go back to the life-saving station where he had worked in his lusty youth—back to the sound of the surf upon the shore, back to the pines and cedars of dry old lavender to the goodly fragrance of balsam and sea salt! Back to active life among men!

"Men, men, nawthin' but men!" Samuel exploded as if he had read the other's thought. "Nawthin' but men for a hull week, that's my prescription fer yew! Haow dew yew feel now, mate?"

For answer Abe made a quick spring out of his chair, and in his bare feet commenced to dance a gentle, rheumatic-toe-considering breakdown, crying, "Hy-guy, Cap'n Sam'l, yew saved my life!" While Darby clapped his hands together, proud beyond measure at his success as the emancipator of his woman-ridden friend.

Neither heard the door open nor saw Angy standing on the threshold, half paralyzed with fear and amazement, thinking that she was witnessing the mad delirium of a dying man, until she called out her husband's name. At the sound of her frightened voice, Abe stopped short and reached for the blanket with which to cover himself. "Naow don't git skeered, mother, don't git skeered," he adjured her. "I'm all right in my head. Cap'n Sam'l here, he brung me some wonderful medicine. He—"

"Blossy said you did!" interrupted Angy, a light of intense gratitude flashing across her face as she turned eagerly to Darby. "Lemme see the bottle."

"I chucked it out o' the winder," affirmed Samuel without winking, and Abe hastened to draw Angy's attention back to himself.

"See, mother, I kin stand as good as anybody; hain't got no fever; I kin walk alone. Yew seen me dancin' just naow, tow. An' ef I had that pecky leetle banty rooster of a doctor here,

I'd kick him all the way down stairs. Cap'n Sam'l's wuth twenty-five o' him." "Yew kept the prescription, didn't yer, cap'n?" demanded Angy. "Naow ef he should be took ag'in an'—"

Samuel turned away and coughed. "Mother, mother," cried Abe. "shet the door an' come eet down er all the sisters'll come a-pillin' in. I've had a invite, I have."

Angy closed the door and came forward, her wary suspicious eye trailing from the visitor to her husband.

"Hy-guy, ain't it splendid!" Abe burst forth. "Me an' Cap'n Sam'l here is a-goin' over ter Bleak Hill fer a week."

"Bleak Hill in December!" Angy cried, aghast. "Naow, see here, father," resolutely, "medicine er no medicine—"

"He's got ter git hardened up," firmly interposed Doctor Darby; "it'll be the makin' o' him."

Angy turned on Samuel with ruffled feathers. "He'll freeze to death. Yew shan't—"

Here Abe's stubborn will, so rarely set against Angy's gentle persistence, rose up in defiance: "We're a-gwine on a reg'lar A No. 1 spree with the boys, an' no women-folks is a-goin' ter stop us neither."

"When?" asked Angy faintly, feeling Abe's brow, but to her surprise finding it cool and healthy.

"Terrooooo!" proclaimed Samuel; whereupon Abe looked a little dubious and lifted up his two feet, wrapped as they were in the blanket, to determine the present strength of his legs.

"Don't yer think yer'd better make it day after tomorrow?" he ventured. "Or 'long erbout May er June?" Angy hastily amended.

Samuel gave an exasperated grunt. "See here, whose spree is this?" Abe demanded of the little old wife.

She sighed, then resolved on strategy: "Naow, Abe, ef yew be bound an' possessed ter go ter the beach, yew go; but I'm a-goin' visitin' tew, an' I couldn't git the pair o' us ready inside a week. I'm a-goin' down ter see Blossy. She ast me jist naow, pendin', she says, Cap'n Sam'l here cures Abe up enough ter git him off. I thought she was crazy then."

Samuel knocked the ashes out of his pipe against the window sill and arose to go. "Waal," he said grudgingly, "make it a week from terday then, rain er shine, snow er blow, er a blizzard. Ef yer ever a-goin' ter git hardened, Abe, naow's the time! I'll drive over 'long erbout ten o'clock an' git somebody ter sail us from here; er ef the bay freezes over 'twixt naow an' then, ter take us in a scooter."

A "scooter," it may be explained, is an iceboat peculiar to the Great South bay—a sort of modified dinghy on runners.

"Yes,—yes, a scooter," repeated Samuel, turning suddenly on Abe with the sharp inquiry: "Air yew a-shiverin'?" Hain't, eh? Waal then, a week from terday, so be it!" he ended. "But me an' Blossy is a-comin' ter see yew off an' on poety frequent meaneet-while; an' Abe, ef ever I ketch yew a-layin' abed, I'll leave yer ter yer own destruction."

CHAPTER XII.

"A Passel of Meddlers."

Angy's secret hope that Abe would change his mind and abandon the projected trip to the beach remained unfulfilled, in spite of the fact that cold weather suddenly descended on the South side, and the bay became first "scummed" over with ice, and then frozen so solid that all its usual craft disappeared, and the "scooters" took possession of the field.

Abe and Samuel held stubbornly to their reckless intentions; and the sisters, sharing Angy's anxiety, grew solicitous almost to the point of active interference. They withheld nothing in the way of counsel, criticism, or admonition which could be offered.

"Naow," said Mrs. Homan in her most commanding tones at the end of a final discussion in the big hall, on the evening before the date set for departure, "ef yew're bound, bent an' determined, Brother Abe, to run in the face of Providence, yew want tew mind one thing, an' wear yer best set of flannels termoorer."

"Sho, thar hain't no danger of me ketchin' cold," declared Abe.

"I didn't say yer thickest set of flannels; I said yer best. When a man gits throwed out onto the ice kerpump, the thickness of his clothes ain't goin' to help him much. The fust thing I allus taught my husbands was to have everything clean an' whole on, when thar was any likelihood of a sudden death."

"Yew 'spect me tew go an' prink up fer a sudden death?" thundered Abraham. "I hain't never heard tell of a scooter a-killin' nobody yit; it's them plagued iceboats up state what—"

"That's all very well," persisted Mrs. Homan, not to be diverted from her subject; "but when old Doctor Billings got run over by the train at Mastic Crossin' on Fourth o' July eight year ago, his wife told me with her own lips that she never would git over it, cuz he had his hull big toe stickin' out o' the end of his stockin'! I tell yew, these days we've got tew prepare fer a violent end."

The patient Angy somewhat tartly retorted, that during the last week she had spent even more time upon father's wardrobe than she had upon her own; while Abe inwardly rejoiced to think that for seven days to come—seven whole days—he and Angy would be free from the surveillance of the sisters.

Mrs. Homan, in no way nonplussed, boomed on:

"Thar, I moest fergot about his necktie. Course, they don't dress up much at the station; but jist the same that air tie o' yourn, Brother Abe, is a disgrace. I told yew yew'd spile it a-wearin' it. I got a new one, I got a red an' green plaid what belonged to my second stepson, Henry O. He never would 'a' died o' pneumony, either, ef he'd a-took my advice an' made himself a newspaper night cap last time he substituted with the 'savers. An' yew kin have that necktie jist as well as not. Naow, don't say a word; I'm better able to part with it 'n yew be not to take it."

No one ever attempted the fruitless task of stopping Mrs. Homan once fully launched; but when at last she permitted her back to rest against her chair, folding her arms with the manner of one who makes a sacrifice in a worthy cause, Abe broke into an explosive protest.

If any one fretted him in his somewhat fretful convalescence, it was this grenadier member of the household, who since Blossy's marriage had endeavored to fill the vacant post of "guardian angel."

"Me! Holman," he sputtered, rising to his feet, "I wouldn't wear a red an' green plaid tie to a eel's funeral!"

Then with a somewhat ungracious "good-night" to the company in general, he trudged across the hall and up the stairs, muttering something to himself about a "passel of meddlers."

Well-meaning Miss Abigail, who had been nodding half asleep, roused herself to call after him, and he paused unwillingly to heed.

"Naow, don't yew lose no sleep ter-night," she admonished, "a-worryin' erbout the change in yer vittles. I told Cap'n Sam'l that hardtack an' sech like wouldn't never do fer yer weak stummick, an' he promised me faithful he'd send somebody tew the mainland every day fer milk."

"Dew yew think I be a baby?" shouted Abraham, turning on his heel. "I know now what makes my teeth so sore lately," he murmured to himself; "it's from this here arer-root an' all these puddin' messes. They need hardenin', tew."

CHAPTER XIII.

The Prodigal's Departure.

Abraham was up betimes in the morning to greet a day crisp and cold, quiet, yet with sufficient breeze stirring the evergreens in the yard outside to make him predict a speedy voyage.

The old man was nervous and excited, and, in spite of his buoyant anticipations, somewhat oppressed, now that the day had actually come, with a sense of timidity and fear. Still, he put on a bold face while Angelina fastened his refractory collar and tied his cravat.

This was neither Mrs. Homan's offering nor Abe's own old, frayed tie, but a new black one which had mysteriously been thrust through the crack under the door during the night.

So, the last finishing touches having been put upon his toilet, and Angy having made ready by lamplight for her own trip, even before the old man was awake, there seemed nothing left to be done until the breakfast bell should ring.

Abe sat down, and looking hard at his open carpetbag wondered audibly if he had "everythin' in." The last time they two had packed Abe's wardrobe for a visit to Bleak Hill had been many years ago, when Samuel Darby, though somewhat Abe's junior, was keeper of the life-saving station, and Abe was to be gone for a whole season's duty. Then all of his possessions had been stowed in a long, bolster-like canvas bag for the short voyage.

Both Angy and her husband recalled that time now—the occasion of their first, and almost of their last, real separation.

"A week'll pass in no time," murmured Angy very quickly, with a catch in her voice. "Lookin' ahead, though, seven days seems awful long when yer old; but— Oh, law, yes; a week'll pass in no time," she repeated. "Only dew be keerful, Abe, an' don't take cold."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

FISH HOOK RECOVERS BODY

Passengers From Passing Train Drag River After Boy Is Knocked Off Bridge.

Using the boy's own fishing rod in grappling for his body, passengers on a Susquehanna and Western train that had knocked Paul Colombo from a bridge near Babbitt, N. J., into the river, succeeded in hooking his coat and dragging the body to the surface. The lad, who lived at Twenty-third and Palisade avenue, West New York, was fishing on the edge of the railroad bridge with John Eichlar, when the train due at Hackensack at 12:55 came along.

The Eichlar boy just managed to escape injury, the pilot of the engine grazing his heel. The Colombo boy was struck on the side of the head as he tried to swing away from the rail. Engineer Vrooman saw the boy fall into the river, stopped the train, and the passengers hurried to the scene. Several boys who were swimming near by dived time and again, but without success.

Then the passengers took turns with young Colombo's fishing rod, and finally the hook caught in the lad's coat. The body was dragged to the bank and taken on the train to Hackensack.

A Question.

"Dobbs is a mild-mannered man." "Yes, he is. I wonder if he's naturally so, or married?"

NEW ARMOR PLATE

The New Process, it is
Claimed, Will Make
Large Guns Useless.

Another of the series of experiments to determine the resisting power of a certain class of armor was recently conducted with extremely satisfactory results. Fortifications built of this metal might be made indestructible and it would be useless to bombard them.

It is also useless to try to make a success in life if handicapped by poor health. You lack the strength and stamina necessary to win.

In the majority of cases of poor health, stomach trouble is the real cause; but this can be corrected by careful diet and the assistance of Hostetter's Stomach Bitters. It tones, strengthens and helps the digestive functions and when the food is properly digested, strength and renewed vigor is sent coursing through the entire system.

The proper time for action is when you notice the first symptoms of weakness, such as loss of appetite, headache, bloating, heartburn, sour stomach, indigestion or constipation and by resorting to Hostetter's Stomach Bitters you can help Nature conquer them. Delay only aggravates matters and prolongs your suffering.

Take a bottle home with you today but see that the stamp over the neck is unbroken.

TAKE THIS MAN'S ADVICE

TRY THE GREAT KIDNEY REMEDY

It always gives me pleasure to recommend anything that is right and so I feel it my duty to herald the praises of Dr. Kilmer's Swamp-Root.

For years I was troubled with kidney disease and it was so intense that I was bedridden for days at a time. I gave up all hope and doctors for miles around gave me no help. Incidentally I tried several patent remedies and at last tried Swamp-Root. From the first it gave me relief and it was no time before I was able to be up and around and now I am perfectly well and able to work as I used to before my terrible sickness.

So now let me thank you for your wonderful discovery and take this opportunity to recommend it to all who suffer from kidney troubles.

Yours very truly,

WALTER SHIVER.

Subscribed and sworn to before me, this 25th day of March, 1912.

A. V. WARE, Notary Public.

Letter to
Dr. Kilmer & Co.,
Binghamton, N. Y.

Prove What Swamp-Root Will Do For You

Send ten cents to Dr. Kilmer & Co., Binghamton, N. Y., for a sample size bottle. It will convince anyone. You will also receive a booklet of valuable information, telling about the kidneys and bladder. When writing, be sure and mention this paper. Regular fifty-cent and one-dollar size bottles for sale at all drug stores.

Cheaper.

"A waist for a salesgirl" is described by a fashion writer. But in what respect does a salesgirl's waist differ from that of a duchess? —Louisville Courier-Journal.

Art is long and time is fleeting, and we are reminded that the bizarre valentine will soon be in our midst again.

Why Good Men Are Busy.

"Marry a busy man," advises Helen Rowland. It can't be done legally. All the busy men are married. That's what makes them busy.

The pork barrel seems to be the center of interest "over to" the legislature.

Optimistic Thought.

Resolutions taken without thought bring disasters without remedy.

WHAT \$10 DID FOR THIS WOMAN

The Price She Paid for Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound Which Brought Good Health.

Danville, Va.—"I have only spent ten dollars on your medicine and I feel so much better than I did when the doctor was treating me. I don't suffer any bearing down pains at all now and I sleep well. I cannot say enough for Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound and Liver Pills as they have done so much for me. I am enjoying good health now and owe it all to your remedies. I take pleasure in telling my friends and neighbors about them."—Mrs. MATTIE HALEY, 501 Colquhoun Street, Danville, Va.



No woman suffering from any form of female troubles should lose hope until she has given Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound a fair trial.

This famous remedy, the medicinal ingredients of which are derived from native roots and herbs, has for forty years proved to be a most valuable tonic and invigorator of the female organism. Women everywhere bear willing testimony to the wonderful virtue of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

If you have the slightest doubt that Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound will help you, write to Lydia E. Pinkham Medicine Co. (confidential) Lynn, Mass., for advice. Your letter will be opened, read and answered by a woman, and held in strict confidence.



AMERICAN EMBASSY, BERLIN

to it, and at the same time try to hold the simpler ideals of the glorious yesterday.

New German Symbol. Their architecture, for instance, stands as a symbol of the new Germany, the heavy blocks of art nouveau that have replaced the rococo of long ago, and the big, plain, useful buildings of a generation past. The facades are stuccoed with encrusted Cupids and malformed Venuses, their truncated towers terminate in a square chiseled caricature of a man. The lines are straight and honest enough. But the square and practical buildings are overlaid with all the evidences of money, and money-made taste.

The public architecture of the capital is not national; it is merely imperial. The Kaiser not only personally names all the streets of his capital, but he censures all the designs for the public buildings and monuments. This relieves the German artistic conscience of a heavy load, although it does not relieve the eye from the oppression of such hideous displays as the "Puppen Alley," with its monster row of congealed ghosts, or the heaps of bronze castings that encumber the Grosser Stern in the Flegarten, or the white marble statue of Queen Charlotte, in a Battenberg gown and picture hat, in the midst of the Rose garden.

In Charlottenburg, the millionaire suburb, with its wonderful wide avenues, the panorama is that of a town made in a confectioner's shop. The palaces are baked sugar enormities, placed with exactness in a mathematical garden, where roses are grown by the inch and sod is scrupulously measured into rectangles by exactly straight walks of gravel and tanbark. The architect, draftsman,

come up in 30 years." These and thousands of other sordid facts are poured into your ear at every hand. And only the accent of the language and the orderly aspect of the landscape convince you that you are not in America. The ordinary conversation on the streets, in the hotel lobbies, is about stocks and bonds, markets, things merchantable. When I dined with business men the first question always was: "When is the United States going to annex Canada, Mexico, Cuba and Brazil?" Always Brazil. Rarely one asks you how our universities and laboratories are getting on, or whether there are evidences of an artistic awakening. Business, business, profits, profits!

How has Germany accomplished this miracle? The country was full of people 30 years ago, even after sending us so many millions of our sturdiest pioneers of the middle West. Yet today there are many millions more. These people are Teutons, supposed to be slow, cumbersome, phlegmatic, patient. They have shown themselves alert, enterprising, agile, prompt. They were, for generations, devoted to books, research, art and warfare. They have shown a wonderful precocity for ledgers, markets, dividends. Not that they love learning less, but profits more.

There is one answer. It comes to you everywhere in their capital. Mechanism. It is the mechanism of the solar system in microscopic miniature! Worlds and planets reduced to motes and atoms. The sun is the state; the satellites, stars, moons, nebulae, are the officials, the millions, the underlings, are hordes. None so rich, so volubrious, none so poor, so insignificant, to escape the sway of this political and economic gravitation.