

BERLIN TO PARIS OVERLAND

With Geo. T. Odell and Party in "Franklin Six."

(Special Correspondence)

STETTIN, Germany, Sept. 15.—We hustle through the crowded streets of busy Berlin at 7 o'clock in the morning and move on out into the beautiful boulevard approaches leading in every direction to and from the city. We hasten to inquire the way to Potsdam and then move along a garden-lined boulevard, stretching out straight on one of 100 miles. The air, freshened by the early hours of the morning, is cool and crisp; but in its rest by an auto, speeding along at 30 miles per hour, becomes chilly, and it is with robes and heavy rugs that we approach the woods, lying on both sides of what is to be our road to the first station, Potsdam.

The winding road, in and out through the woods, very smooth, and shows the effects of the German government to preserve good means of commercial communication. All curves and double curves are plainly marked by large sign posts. Now and then we are relieved by a change of scenery from the woodlands along the wayside to fertile cultivated fields. These stretch out as far as the eye can see, and much faster in either direction, unbroken by hills or rolling land.

We arrive at Potsdam by 9:30 and find the capital little city of gardens, castles and a various number of excitements for the resort-seeking people of crowded and smoky Berlin. The gardens at Potsdam afford wonderful chances of studying the beauties of nature. If Versailles surpasses Potsdam for its antiquity, so also may it be said that Potsdam surpasses Versailles for its magnificence.

Our stay in Potsdam is very short and over the great distance of our destination and on comparatively hurried time, we set forth again, after inquiring the way out towards Halle and Erfurt, our intended destination for the night.

RURAL GERMANY.

The chaussee or boulevard takes us along through the country villages, and rows of overshadowing and shading linden trees. The farmers are all busily engaged in the fields along the way, but they stop long enough to wave their hats and hands at us and to wish us a hearty "Glück Auf" as the flying auto passes on and up to and by the next farm company, including men and wives, sons and daughters and all the domestic animals of farm surroundings. There is no social distinction when it comes to field work, and in fact in some parts of Germany women can be seen working along with the men with pick and shovel, laying, leveling, hammering and working with the ties in the employ of the railroad companies.

The country here is rather heavily populated and it is not seldom that the road leads us right through the center of a very village. There are all very clean, well kept and show the German great characteristic of putting up a good appearance. It is at one of these "Dorf's" that the noon hour overtakes us and we pick out a rather nice-looking building with a large sign reading "Hotel and Cafe." The people are very accommodating and it is not long before we are served with a good hot dinner, so welcome to the traveling auto.

We find a large crowd around our machine when we return, and find the substance of a spirited argument to be, what nationality we claim. Upon careful diagnosis of our flags it is ascertained that we are not

original German, because the German flag was never known to be made up of stars and stripes. However, the matter is all cleared up when the hero of the town arrives and announces that we are flying the American flag. The joy and confusion in trying to touch something pertaining to the automobile is intense until the machine starts the familiar "clunk-clunk" and amid adieux and farewells we leave those Germans to discuss their numerous theories of "American automobileists in our town."

Now and then curves and bridges are encountered, the first a large toll bridge crossing the river Elbe which at this point is the boundary line between the two greatest German states, Prussia and Saxony. It costs us the sum of 20 pfennigs to cross, making its equivalent in U.S. money.

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