

"You Shall Be My Son."

The Romance of Bertha Krupp, the Young German Woman Who Owns and Rules the Famous Krupp Steel Works at Essen.

WHILE most people are familiar with the remarkable rise of Krupp's from a small workshop, yielding a precarious living to the owner and four workmen, to a colossal factory employing 71,000 people nearly the whole population of the biggest of the New Zealand cities—few have read of the romance of Bertha Krupp, the dark-eyed young woman who is the present owner and ruler of the Krupp steel works at Essen.

There are many monarchs whose power for good or evil does not equal that of Bertha Krupp, the common-queen. Her annual income of a million pounds overtops the civil list of all but the richest rulers. The first "King Krupp" was a working man, the genius

the white fannies and the roaring shops where she walked, clinging to her father's hand.

"You shall be my son," he said; and if he could not make a man of her, he gave her the technical training which fitted her for the headship of the house. In the German War Office they will tell you there are few artillery officers who know the guns better than she does. Her life has been passed amid these deadly, delicate mechanisms. In spite of the old grey men who sit in the council, she is still the brain and the will of Essen. The outside world is a trifle surprised; not willingly do men of the war-trade admit that a girl can equal them in science, but the truth is that Bertha Krupp is the sole and absolute mistress of all that huge industry—from the council chamber to the testing

the old mother, a stately woman of noble birth—a Von Bode of Hesse-Nassau; only a little fragment of the big fortune had come to her. There, too, was the younger sister, Barbara—a tall, rounder girl nineteen years old, winsome and brown. Her dower is proportionately very small. In Essen they think of her as the Cinderella of the Krupps. The fortune and the responsibility were all for the chosen girl.

Now and then the Fraulein Krupp travelled abroad. At Constantinople she was received with almost queenly honours, for the wily Sultan wanted guns and credit. And at home and abroad the suitors lay in wait for her. How easy—oh, how easy it is to love a girl with a million pounds a year! Came a prince of the great line of Rous; and asked her to sit on his musty throne of purple and gilt; came the old nobleman and the young officers; came dig-

in love and marry. The story told in Essen of the wooing is prettier than such gossip.

Certain representatives of the Mahian army were sent to Essen to discuss plans for new guns. With them came a German military attaché, and, in an idle moment, Herr von Bohlen, the legation-rath, he, having nothing to do with the business, strolled out into the town. Of old he had known it well, with its glaring chimneys and roaring funnels, its rows of decent workmen's homes; and he went on to the old folks' colony. There, in quaint little cottages, clambered over by flowers and vines, those who have toiled for the house of Krupp pass their old age in ease and neighbourly comfort. The old women sit knitting in the doorways; the old men smoke and gossip in the sunny gardens; and the children—they who shall toil for the house of Krupp some day—romp on the grass.

On one of these doorsteps a girl sat. She wore a brown blouse like the women of the town, and her hat was off. Around her knees a half-dozen children had gathered—one had climbed into her lap; and with great mystery the girl was whispering to them a story of the Essex fairies, red and white, who live in the palaces of molten steel. The man had long been an exile from the Fatherland, and the picture went home to his heart—"the dear German girl!" He had never seen anything so charming, so wholesome, so kindly, so German; he stopped in the road and watched the little group.

At last the girl looked up and said, "Why, it's you!" And he, too, said "Why, it's you!" And they both went away together through the city of iron and flame.

This is the story they tell in Essen; but they tell it in so many ways that it may be as fabulous as the adventures of the steel fairies—those who dance and scream in the molten metal.

At any rate, they were engaged and later married. From the contract of betrothal you may learn that the full name of the heiress is "Antoinette Bertha Krupp, born March 29, 1886." Her husband is her elder by 16 years.



HERR GUSTAV VON BOHLEN UND HALBACH,
The husband of the owner of the Krupp Steel Works.



FRAU VON BOHLEN UND HALBACH.

New From Antoinette Bertha Krupp, owner of the great Krupp Steel Works.

transformed the little village of Essen into a big and busy town, depending on his works for its livelihood. The second Krupp did much to develop the great industry; but his life was laid by his own hand in captivity. At least it was thought he died a body was brought from captivity and buried with fireman pomp. The Kaiser praised the dead man. But yonder in Essen they will tell you that Friedrich Krupp did not die; that somewhere, in anonymous exile, he is hiding his disgrace.

In any case, it was in 1902 that Bertha Krupp came to her iron throne. At that time the business was transformed into an acknowledgedly with a council of nominal stockholders; but the eight million pounds' worth of shares and all the power remained in the hands of Bertha Krupp. Her will and her whim are supreme. An royalty is held for its trade, she was schooled for her position. Her earliest memories are of

range, where day and night the cannonous crash away.

Her forty chaps and workmen know the truth of this; and they love her well—even the dreary German Socialists whose religion is discontent. For one thing, she is not "nobility." With rugged pride the Krupps have kept to their democracy. They are proud of the blunt, plebeian name. Twice they refused the friar's hand—They would be neither lords nor nobles. They have kept to the people. The last word Bertha Krupp heard from her father was:

"Do not wed a gilded fool!"

Before his death there were great quasi-royal receptions at the Hugel Villa in Essen; the Kaiser, with a train of princes, had come there to shoot and to discuss armoured plate. The mysterious death of Friedrich Krupp put an end to this gay and crowded way of life. The curtains were drawn in the big mansion. The women lived there alone. There was

nitaries and diplomats—indeed, all the greeds and ambitions and wants of the lean aristocracy swarmed about her. Now and then honest love looked up at her timidly—a young foreman in the works, a village doctor, a poor gentleman; they loved in silence and went away.

"Her first love is the works," the good folk of Essen said. "She will marry some one who can aid her in building up her industrial kingdom."

It is hard to say whether they were right or wrong; but there was whispering amazement in Essen when it was known what choice she had made. The old grey men of the council stared at one another in horror, and exclaimed:

"Himself! She is going to marry for love!"

That much was true. The heiress of the house of Krupp had sent away the princes and chosen a simple gentleman, a clean-bred man of study and worldly affairs. Herr Gustav von Bohlen und Halbach is counsellor of the Prussian Legation to the Vatican. He was born at The Hague in 1870, his father being then Minister from the grand duchy of Baden to the kingdom of Holland. He studied at the University of Lausanne, at Strassburg, and finally at Heidelberg, where he took the degree of doctor of law. And then he travelled abroad, visiting England and the United States. A dozen years ago he entered the diplomatic service. He was sent to London, to Washington, to Peking—at last to Rome.

Herr von Bohlen's career has been a plain and honourable one. He has little personal wealth, though his family possesses fair estates. He belongs to the lesser nobility, but by marriage the Halbach-Bohlen are kin to the reigning family of Lippe and to the great house of Lippe-Biesterfeld. And so he brings to the heiress of Essen a little of the gift and glamour of sovereign things. Withal, and of equal importance, he is a handsome, unassuming man, wise in the world, gentle-mannered. He knew the little heiress in the old, happy days when Krupp II. reigned in Essen, when aristocrats from all the German world thronged to the industrial court; and it may be he carried a memory of her through all his travels. The Berlin folk aver that the Kaiser himself made the match, ordering, in fine old despotic fashion, these two young people to fall

Human "Parts" Supplied.

Surgeons in the United States can now order and receive within a few hours practically every part of the human body, the same to be delivered in a living and growing condition. As a housewife in New York can be supplied on demand with daily necessities, so can American surgeons be supplied with parts of the human heart, nerves, blood-vessels, spleen, some of the smaller glands of the body, the cornea of the eye, parts of the various bones, cartilages, etc. These remarkable statements were made by Dr. Alexis Carrel, of New York, who is in charge of the research work at the Rockefeller Institute, to a gathering in Atlantic City of members of the American Medical Association. Dr. Carrel startled the meeting by a unique offer of supply, and went on to declare that it has become possible to make such parts live after they have been removed from the body. He said he could make parts live and grow nine months after life had ceased in the human body from which they had been removed. For six years these experiments have been going on, and now that they have been completed and verified the world of medicine has an opportunity to avail itself of the discovery. Dr. Carrel began to experiment on the lower orders of animals. A piece of the heart of a chicken pulsed and was alive for as long as 104 days after it had been removed from the fowl, and microscopic examination revealed the fact that connective tissue was growing from it five months after removal. Dr. Carrel uses nine mediums in which to preserve the life of structures removed from the body, and he declares that he obtains his parts for preservation by removing them from dead bodies. It is possible, he says, to transplant after death the tissues and organs which compose a body that has ceased to live into other identical organisms. In this transfer no death of the tissues occurs, and after they have been made part of another body life in them continues as though it had been there from birth.

Hewitt: "Trust in a good-hearted fellow." Jewitt: "Right you are. I wouldn't set the world on fire unless I knew it was insured."