BEER IN BERLIN CITY

How the Ambrosia of the German is Brewed and Consumed at Home.

THEY DRINK DEEP IN DEUTSCHLAND

Eighteen Quarts a Day a Man's Average With Ten for a Student.

TEUTONIC BABIES WEANED ON BEER

Some Queer Restaurants and Their Pretty, Poorly Paid Barmaids.

SOMETHING ABOUT GERMAN BREWERIES

All Being Absorbed in Big Stock Companies —Bismarck's Favorite Beer Saloon— German Housewives' Solution of the Servant Girl Problem.

BERLIN, Nov. 30.—[Special Correspondence of THE BEE.]—Some of the finest buildings of Berlin belong to the breweries, and the beer business here is fast going into big stock companies. The Nurenburger brewery has lately completed at a cost of several hundred thousand dollars, a palatial beer hall and restaurant on Friedrichs strasse, and there are a number of other equally expensive establishments here.

In the Nurenburg hoff everything is fitted out after the style of 100 years ago. The paintings on the walls are by the best artists of Germany. The iron work is wrought in old patterns, and the immense two-story building is a veritable museum. I got my dinner in it the other night, and I found it crowded with all classes of Germans, who, singly and in families, sat around the tables of its various rooms and drank beer, and it is the same almost any hour of the afternoon or evening.

The beer saloon is to a large extent the parlor of the Berlinese. You find beer halls in every block, and every night 500,000 beer glasses are emptied again and again by the people of this city and 1,000,000 lips smack themselves together as the amber-colored liquor flows down their 500,000 gullets.

The beer drunken by the Germans almost surpasses conception. This nation swallows enough every year to make a lake more than a mile square and more than six feet deep, and the amount is so great that it averages more than forty gallons annually to every man, woman and child in the country. There are ten glasses of beer swallowed in Berlin to every glass of water, and the average beer glass here is about six inches high and it holds nearly a quart. Some Germans think nothing of drinking several of these glasses in an evening and there are thousands of men in this city who drink two gallons of beer every day of their lives, and I hear of men who drink from a dozen to eighteen quarts every day, year in and year out. A student who does not drink ten or twelve quarts at a sitting is looked upon as a baby, and I see young men here every night who get away with enough beer to fill forty or fifty glasses of the American size.

The women drink with the men, though they do not consume the beer in such great quantities, and babies are given beer to drink here as soon as they are weaned, and they drink it to the day of their deaths.

Where Bismarck Drinks Beer.

It is interesting to note the manner of drinking. The beer is served either in large glasses or in stone mugs with covers upon them, and it is not uncommon for a man to pass his mug to his friend and for a man and his wife to drink out of the same mug. Drinking is always done slowly, and the beer is taken in sip by sip, some persons often taking three quarters of an hour for a glass of beer. In this way the blood is heated up slowly by the drinking and there is no drunkenness.

The beer glasses are of uniform size, regulated by law, and there are half glasses, as well as the ordinary schooner. The law provides that the customers shall get full glasses of beer and not foam, and as an instance of the economy of the Germans there is, near the top of each glass, within about one-eighth of an inch of the rim, a little cut made with a file, and the law provides that the beer without foam must rise to this point. I have seen ladies and gentlemen grow very angry and send back their glasses when the foam reached below this, and there is no chance of making a fortune here out of beer gas for beer.

Beer is universally used in Berlin at meals, and it is not an uncommon thing to find it at the breakfast table. It is drunken at all the restaurants, and a German concert would be incomplete without a glass or so to wash the music into your soul. We sit up late at night here, and the average time of going to bed is long after 10 o'clock. It is safe to say that three-fourths of the people spend their evenings in the beer gardens, and all sorts of societies meet in gardens and in saloons and drink beer while they hold their discussions.

The drinking is by no means confined to the lowest classes, and the kaiser himself is said to be fond of the back beer and to be able to get away with his full share of the liquid. Bismarck is fond of beer and he has a restaurant connected with his estate at Friedrichsruhe, which is run by a German girl, who has lived some time in America and who was a resident of Pittsburg. I got several glasses of beer here during my visit to Bismarck, and the German maiden told me that Bismarck often came in during his walks and took a glass of beer fresh from the wood. He would take it out into the little garden and sit down at a table and sip it, and he would then come back and take two of these immense glasses and carry them off to his house. The moment I alighted from the train I saw a servant carrying a glass of beer up to the old prince, and just as I was about to leave I saw Bismarck's cook and one of his servants clinking their glasses at the gate leading from the grounds to the saloon. I took a kodak picture of them, and the German girl insisted that I take another and put her into it which I did.

Breweries Paying Property.

A great deal of Bavarian beer is drunk here in Berlin, and Bavaria makes perhaps the best beer in the world. The Hof Brau Haus at Munich, ships its beer everywhere and Bavaria makes about one-eighth of all the beer that is used in Europe. It turns out nearly 9,000,000 barrels of beer every year and it drinks $6,000,000 worth of beer annually.

The Bavarians drink more beer than any other people in the world. Munich alone consumes in the neighborhood of three-quarters of a million barrels and the average Munich man drinks from one to two quarts daily and all the Bavarian men over 16 averages three quarts a day.

There was a festival not long ago at one of the Munich breweries which was attended by 800 persons and these guests during the evening drank 600 gallons of beer, or about three quarts and a half apiece. The Nurenburg beer is largely used here and the Pilsner beer is also drunken to a large extent. Berlin itself makes excellent beer, and the breweries both here and over the rest of Germany are rapidly increasing in number and in the amount of capital employed.

The stock companies who own the breweries are making money, and the English capitalists have been investing to a large extent in German brewing stock even as they have done in American stock. By the way, I understand that the American breweries bought by the English are paying satisfactory dividends and that their stock is considered valuable in London. I have only the figures for 1888 and 1889 as to the beer brewing stock companies here, but at that time there were 211 such companies and they had $50,000,000 worth of stock and $10,000,000 worth of bonds. One of these companies paid a dividend of 40 per cent and of the others a large number paid from 5 to 15 per cent on their capital stock.

The most of the beer is brewed in the winter and in Bavaria the best beer is made between September and the middle of April.

I visited some of the breweries of Germany and I found that beer is made here much the same way it is in the United States. It is against the law to use anything else than hops, barley and water in making it, and the breweries are run much less expensively here than in America. Even in the largest establishments the master brewers do not get more than $5,000 a year and in the small breweries they receive from $1,000 to $1,500 a year. First-class helpers get $30 a month and second-class not more than $20. The most of these men lodge in the brewery and they have the right to drink from six to eight quarts of beer a day while master brewers can drink as much as twenty quarts or can give or sell this amount to their friends.

The Famous Weiss Bier.

The taxation on beer is one of the great resources of the German revenue and everything connected with beer pays a tax. The brewers pay in proportion to the amount they make, and mills cannot be run until the amount of malt which is to be ground is written down and sent to the government. Here in North Germany the tax amounts to 50 cents per 100 pounds on malt and less on the other articles which enter into the making of the beer, but in Austria-Hungary the beer is taxed when it is in the cooler, and the laws provide that the beer can be diluted to a certain extent after it has been measured for taxation.

The queerest beer I have ever seen is the famous Berlin product, known as Weiss bier or white beer, and I shall not forget my first experience with it. A man connected with our consulate asked me if I would not have a glass, and he took me into a "white beer" saloon. The drinking hall was a large room, which was comparatively empty at the time I entered, as it was in the morning. It was filled with tables and chairs, and we sat down and ordered a couple of glasses of white beer. A moment later the waiter brought them. Each glass was big enough for a baby's bath tub, and there seemed to be fully two quarts of beer in it. It was the color of golden sirup and the foam which ran over the top was as white as snow. Each glass was about eight inches in diameter, and I am sure that the contents of mine would have filled the crown of my plug hat. I had to take my two hands to lift the glass to my mouth and I can't say that I liked the beer as well as our lager or the Bavarian product.

The white beer is largely foam and it is not uncommon for the Germans to drink four quarts of it at a sitting. It is not so heavy as the Bavarian beer and a great deal of it can be drunken without intoxication. It is shipped from here all over Germany and quite a good deal of it is exported to the United States.

A large number of the beer restaurants here have girls for waiters, and, as with the barmaids of London, the prettier the girl the easier she gets an engagement. There is one noted beer cellar known as the Elysseum which has about twenty-five girls in its employ, ranging in age from 16 to 25. These girls are very pretty, and you go in and order a glass of beer or something to eat, and the maiden who brings it expects to sit down and chat with you, and she will not at all object if you ask her to drink or eat with you.

What a Waiter Girl Has to Do.

I have taken several meals at the Elysseum, and I asked one of the girls the other night as to how she liked her position. She told me she did not like it very well, but she could not help herself. Said she: "I have to drink with any man who asks me, because it means an extra sale for the house, and this drinking and eating at all hours of the day so disarranges my digestive apparatus that it takes away my appetite. It used to be they kept us here till long after 12 o'clock, but the laws now provide that we shall close at 11, and it is not so bad. Our wages are about a mark a day and they are not enough to support us."

There are numbers of other places of this kind in Berlin of different stages of respectability, and they are largely frequented by the students and other young men about the town. In some of the better class restaurants girls are employed as waiters, though the average waiter here is a man in a swallowtail coat.

There are more swallowtail coats in Europe to the square inch than there are to the square acre over the rest of the world and the majority of these belong to the waiters. Even the smallest hotels here keep their waiters in full dress, and, in fact, the best dressed and almost the best looking men you see in Europe are the waiters.

Berlin, by the way, is one of the best dressed cities in Europe. I don't mean that the clothes of the people are the best made. They are not. These German women don't know how to put their clothes on them, and a German tailor cuts his coats and pantaloons more like bags than anything else. But the clothes of the people are clean and whole, and the crowd which walks through the Thiergarten or along the business streets of Berlin is a prosperous looking one.

There is a great deal of money here, and, what is better, there is a great deal of economy. Every cent that a German spends he weighs before he lays it down on the counter, and he tries to get his money's worth. After he has gotten it he sees that the product lasts as long as possible, and there is no wasts in the average German family.

I have some friends living here who give me some instances of German saving. In the cooking nothing is lost. The crusts of bread and the stale pieces of the loaf are used as thickening for soup and the waste paper of the family is always saved for fuel. Even the peach pits and such bones as cannot be worked over for soup are burned, and the German stove is much more economical than our method of heating.

The Teuton's Talent for Thrift.

These stoves are expensive at the beginning. They are made of porcelain, and they are often from six to eight feet tall, and from three to six feet square. A very little fuel suffices to warm them, and once warmed they give out a gentle heat all day and use about one-third the coal of a base burner and nothing like the amount of material consumed by a furnace. There is one of these stoves in each room and a room which is not used is never heated.

In the buying of newspapers it is not uncommon for half a dozen families to read the same paper and to club together to purchase it. They have their fixed hours for reading it and a journal which costs two cents may be read by six families.

The same economy is used as to servants. The German housewife always expects to spend part of her day in the kitchen, and the wives of even well-to-do men do a large part of their own work. Girls of the best families are apprenticed to dressmakers in order that they may know how to make their own clothes or to direct their making by sewing girls.

Servants are not given the same food that the family eats, and it is customary here to allow the servant girl 2½ cents for her supper, and if there are any extra nice dishes, such as fruit and preserves, on the dinner table they seldom go down to the kitchen. The German wife measures out everything to the servants, and she thinks she is paying big wages if she pays more than $1 a week for a hired girl.

I visited a big employment agency the other day, where for 12 cents you could get a servant of almost any kind, and where for 6 cents the servant could come and wait for an employer. It was at the first of the month and there were, I judge, about 300 servant girls in it waiting for places, and there were perhaps fifty women moving about among these and looking at their books of record. Each girl had her book with her. It was the size of the ordinary patent medicine almanac and it contained the record of the girl's service at the places where she had worked. I looked at one of the books.

On the first page was her passport, describing the girl and telling just how old she was and where she was born and all about her. On the back of the book was her name and the nature of her employment. Upon every page was a record of her service and this was stamped by the police showing that it was correct. The police require every girl to have such a book and a record of this kind must be a reliable one.

Wages of Servant Girls.

I asked as to the wages that the girls received and I was told that very fair servants could be had for from 10 to 15 marks a month, or from $1.50 to $3.75 a month, and that the servants expected to have Sunday afternoon of every second week to themselves.

The servants were dressed like servant girls, and not like ladies, and they were good looking, and were in most cases, I doubt not, far better than girls you could get for five times their wages in America.

The manager of the employment agency told me that this was the slack season in his business and that at the end of the year he often had as many as 10,000 servants a day in his rooms and that he was making money by furnishing servants at these low rates. He told me that the other Berlin agencies charged more, but that they had nothing like his custom.

There is an organization here, known as the Housewives union which devotes itself to the servant girl question. It has places for the training of servants and it gives prizes for good servants. A girl who stays five years at one place receives a prize of a gold pin, which states that she is a good servant, and after she has been ten years in the same family she gets 10 marks, or $2.50 in gold. At the end of twenty years she gets $5 in gold, and if she remains with the same family thirty years she receives at the close of this time a present of 30 marks, or $6.

It is not uncommon for servants to be twenty and thirty years in the same family; and the Housewives union is doing much to encourage good service here, and it deals with such questions as marketing, as well as with servants' wages and servants' work. If prices of vegetables and meats rise the matter is thoroughly discussed in the association, and if the women of Germany can lower them they do so.

I have heard some of the ladies of Washington, wives of senators and cabinet ministers, discuss the question as to whether such an institution could not be organized in the United States. I doubt very much whether it could, and our servant girls would turn up their noses at the promise of a little gold pin as the reward of ten years' hard and faithful work.

FRANK G. CARPENTER.

STILL I'LL BE NEAR.

[Adapted from the German.]

Still, I'll be near thee, love, though time and tide
Sweep on between us as the years roll by;
Though stretch between us leagues of land and sea,
Yet shall my spirit ever dwell with thee.
Yea, as the restless clouds traverse the sky,
So knows my soul no rest but by thy side.

Still, I'll be near thee, love? When thou dost hear
The gentle zephyrs whisp'ring in the trees,
Know that my heart hath breathed for thee a prayer
To angels pure to guard thee everywhere:
Know that my thoughts are wafted in the breeze,
And that in spirit I am ever near.

Yes, I'll be near thee, love, when twilight's shades
Enfold the somber world, in silent bliss
Of love's true power my heart on thine shall press.
If then, the evening wind thy cheek caress,
Know that I send to thee a fervent kiss
To cheer thy lonely heart when daylight fades.

Still, I'll be near, mine own; and wells the tear
Into thy tender eyes at thought of me,
Then know, dear heart, that thou art not alone,
But that my yearning soul ere seeks its own—
Know that my love halts not for land or sea,
And smile again, dear heart, for I'll be near.

EMILE PECKHARDT.

Teacher—Johnny Jinks, did you throw that spitball? Johnny—No, ma'am, I ain't got mine chewed yet.

SINGS THE LORD'S PRAISES

A Chat with Ira David Sankey About Gospel Melody.

HIS LIFE WORK WITH MOODY

Charming Thousands with Glorious Songs—Effective Appeals to Man's Better Nature with Divine Melody—Favorite Hymns.

"There were ninety and nine that safely lay
In the shelter of the fold.
But one was out on the hills away
Far off from the gates of gold—
Away on the mountains wild and bare,
Away from the tender shepherd's care."

"Ah, that's the song of all our songs," said Mr. Sankey, repeating the words of the favorite hymn of thousands of American homes.

"Do you know," he continued, "that we receive more requests for that old song at our meetings, wherever we appear, than any other one of the entire gospel hymns collection. I wish you might print the whole of it.

"Why, it was only today that I met a man, who said to me, 'Do you not remember who I am, Mr. Sankey? Why, I was converted at your great meetings in Wanamaker's big building in Philadelphia 'way back in 1876. And do you know what did it? Why, it was the words and music, and the singing of that gospel song, 'The Ninety and Nine.' You remember—

"'But all thro' the mountains thunder riven,
And up from the rocky steep
There rose a glad cry to the gate of heaven,
'Rejoice! I have found my sheep!'
And the angels echoed around the throne,
'Rejoice, for the Lord brings back His own!'"

"His eyes glistened as he spoke, and I found afterward another man also from Philadelphia, who attended our meetings, and was converted by them."

It was a brief half hour's chat in a little back room down under the stage in Tremont temple—an interview caught literally on the fly, as it were.

For, overhead on the platform the afternoon session of the Christian workers was in full progress, and the lofty groined ceiling of the old temple was still quivering with the grand outburst of tuneful melody from the crowded seats on floor and balcony below, led by the clear, resonant voice of the renowned singing evangelist himself. Mr. Sankey snatched the brief opportunity afforded after his song to accord the Boston Journal an interview.

It is a rare privilege, indeed, to meet in such close and pleasant communion the sweet singer, whose voice and song had electrified Scotland and England and Ireland, and whose pathetic and stirring gospel songs had thrilled the pulse and touched the heart of countless thousands on both sides of the Atlantic for more than a score of years.

Music Subservant to Words.

With Mr. Sankey, wrote a Scotch critic, music is made subservient, and in tune and accent is constantly varied so as to put the words most clearly before his audience. His "Spiritual Songs of the Gospel" substituted among us a style of music to a great extent new in the church of Scotland, which had been accustomed only to the use of the Psalms in choir singing.

Ira David Sankey, whose sweet singing has added so much to the attractiveness of the meetings held by the great evangelists wherever they have gone, is today a very pleasant gentleman, whose freshness, energy and vigor would place him still well within the span of middle life. He has a fine physique, broad chest and attractive face, adorned by an iron-gray moustache and side whiskers. His eyes are expressive and kindly.

Mr. Sankey's voice, in its crescendo, is as striking as of yore, and his clear enunciation is still a marked feature in his singing.

"You want some of my reminiscences of our work, do you?" he said, when, after an extended search, a safe haven was found at last and we were comfortably seated.

"Well, I was born in Edinburgh, Pa., in St. Lawrence county, in September, 1840."

"Near Pittsburg?"

"Oh, yes; quite near. My father was a banker. He was a state senator for upward of thirteen years, and Lincoln appointed him a collector of internal revenue for some four large districts in the Twenty-fourth congressional district. We moved to Newcastle, Pa., and I call that my old home. I had a good home training, and was brought up in the Methodist church. I was employed as an internal revenue officer, and was in that position when Mr. Moody called me.

"I had been singing gospel hymns for some time before that, having been converted, I should say, about the year 1854."

"By any especially prominent evangelist, Mr. Sankey?"

"Oh, no. It was during a regular season of revival at the Methodist church in Newcastle, Pa. I used to sing in the church meetings, and was singing in that way before I knew Mr. Moody at all."

"How was it you came together?"

"Why, you see that Mr. Moody, after he had made a beginning in this church over on the hill—"

"Mt. Vernon church?"

"Yes, I think so; if that is the old church on the hill. Well, then Mr. Moody went out west in the interest of Young Men's Christian association work. He had made no church connection, and I think it providential in the light of his afterwork that he did not. Well, I was sent as a delegate from Newcastle to the national convention of the Young Men's Christian association at Indianapolis, and one morning I attended the 6 o'clock prayer meeting. I was asked to lead the singing. I did so. At the close of the meeting a gentleman introduced me to Mr. D. L. Moody. He took me by the hand and said:

"'Where do you live?'

"I said, 'I live in Pennsylvania.'

"'What are you doing?'

"'I am a government officer.'

"Said Mr. Moody: 'I have been looking for you for the last eight years.'

"I said, 'what have you been looking for me for?'

"'I've been looking for you to go to Chicago to help me in my work,' was his reply.

"He was a Christian association speaker, and wanted me to help him in that work, because he believed that I was of like spirit with himself.

"I told him that I couldn't very well resign my position as an internal revenue officer, though we discussed the matter, nor did I see my way clear until I waited for fully six months. Then we met, and he wanted me to try the work. He believed that our united force could be a means of reaching the people, and I saw then at once that it was what I believed to be a call of the Lord to give up my work and take up singing for the Lord.

"I never thought then that I was to be an evangelist no more than of going to China. I worked four or five months until the city of Chicago was burned, and we were completely burned out. I came back to Pennsylvania and remained about a month at home, that Mr. Moody could finish his tabernacle. Then I went back with Mr. Moody. In 1873 we went to England.

"The new American hymns were very fresh and new to the people there. They became very popular. So especially was the solo singing all through the work in the old country.

"It was a new way of teaching the gospel. Do you know that it was really the people of England that called it 'singing the gospel.' They used that term and the name singing evangelist before it was taken up here.

"We opened at York, and at first our meetings were slimly attended. The people didn't believe that we were there to teach the gospel and do them good.

"They thought we were two Yankees from America who had come out there to try to overreach them in some way. They didn't know in just what. For over a week we had small audiences. After that they grew bigger."

"And you have been with Mr. Moody ever since, Mr. Sankey?"

"Oh, yes, and I am with him now in the same work. All last winter we preached eastward of 100 times in Scotland. I returned this summer to attend the Endeavor convention with him, patted July."

THE BOYS AND GIRLS.

"Mamma," said Johnny, "If I swallowed a thermometer would I die by degrees?"

"Jenny, do you know what a miracle is?" "Yes'm, Ma says if you don't marry our new parson it will be a miracle."

Little Harry (returning from a walk)—Oh, mamma, all the dudes on West Farnam street are wearing coldslaw in their buttonholes.

"Do you have chestnuts with your turkey?" "I should say so," replied the small boy. "Paw always tries to be funny on holidays."

"My papa's the superintendent of our Sunday school," said little Nell. "Hoh! That ain't anything," said Hal. "My papa's a vestibule in our church."

Little Dot—I jus' hate that girl. Mamma—We are commanded to love our enemies, Little Dot—Yes, I know, but she isn't an enemy; she's a friend.

"Goodness me, Wallace," cried his uncle, "you are getting to be a big fellow. Nearly 8 now, aren't you?" "Guess so," said Wallace. "Papa says I'm worse than a dozen."

A small boy was blowing with all his might upon the window pane. When remonstrated with for dimming its clearness, he explained: "I'm trying to get all this fog out of my mouth."

Small boy (teasing)—Say, papa, what you going to give me for Christmas? Papa—If you don't quit bothering me I'll give you a whipping. Small boy—All right, pop, put it in my stocking, won't you?

Little Dot: I wish I was a boy. Little Dick: Why? Little Dot: 'Cause a girl always feels so wicked w'en she does anything wrong, an' a boy don't. Boys just goes right along an' has a good time.

Old Discipline—Johnny, suppose I promised you a stick of candy and did not give it to you, what would you think? Young 3-year-old (promptly)—That you had told a story, papa. Old discipline—Well, suppose I should promise you a whipping and did not give it to you? Young hopeful (doubtfully)—Papa—I—dess—that—would—be—a—story, too. But I think Dod would forgive you.

Mamma—Well, Georgie, I hope you paid close attention to what your teacher said at Sunday school. Can you tell me what you remember? Georgie—Yes; we're going to have a Christmas tree and as dandy a time as you ever saw.

Tommy—Paw, the teacher says that if a man gets dyspepsia it may make him bald headed. Is that so? Mr. Figg—I [illegible] Tommy—Tell him if a man et [illegible] would? [illegible] 5,551,583 1,932,240

Cleveland's plurality over Harrison, 286,175.

a—Fusion. No democratic electoral ticket. b—Republicans and populists fused. c—Electors chosen by districts, five democrats. d—Average, one elector a republican. e—Partial fusion.