

## 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 Housewife's Solution of the Servant Girl Problem.

BERLIN, Nov. 20.—[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 Nuremberg brewery has lately completed at a cost of several hundred thousand dollars, a palatial beer hall, and restaurant on Friedrichsstrasse, and there are a number of other equally expensive establishments here.

In the Nuremberg hall everything is fitted out after the style of 100 years ago. The paintings on the walls are by the best artists of Germany. The beer is brought in old barrels, and the immense recreation building is a veritable museum. I got my dinner in 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 German. You find beer halls in every block, and every night 100,000 or 150,000 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-drunk by the Germans almost surpasses conception. This nation swallows every year to make a hole 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 small ones, and even when they are small, it is not uncommon for a man to pass his mug to his friend and for a woman and her husband to drink out of the same mug. Drinking is always done slowly, and the beer is taken in sips, 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 here, many of 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 within the 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 uncommon to find it on the breakfast table. It is drunk at all the restaurants, and a German concert would be incomplete without a glass or so to wash the music into your soul. I sit by the fire at night here, and the average time of going to bed is about 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. This drinking is by no means confined to the lowest class, and the Kaiser himself is said to be fond of the beer garden, and to be able to get away with his full share of the liquid. Bismarck's fondness for beer and his habit of drinking it is well known. He is said to be a restaurant connoisseur with his estate at Friedrichsruhe, which is run by a German girl who has lived some time in America, and who was married to a German and has several glasses of beer here during my visit to Bismarck, and the German maiden told me that Bismarck often came in during his evening and took a glass of beer with him, and that 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 clicking their glasses at the rate of leading from the grounds to the kitchen, and the picture of them, and the German girl insisted that I take another and put her in it which I did.

A great deal of Bavarian beer is drunk here in Berlin, and it is said to be 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 consumed in Germany. It turns out nearly 9,000,000 barrels of beer every year and it drinks \$6,000,000 worth of beer annually.

Breweries Paying Property.

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 time not long ago at one of the Munich breweries which was attended by 80 persons and these guests during the evening drank 600 gallons of beer, or about three quarts and an ounce apiece. The Nuremberg beer is largely used here and the Pilsner beer is also drunk 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 stock. 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 \$2,000,000 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 forest establishments the master brewers do not get more than \$8,000 a year and in the small breweries they receive from \$1,000 to \$1,500 a year. First-class brewers get \$20 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 Wells Beer. The famous 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 of malt and hops, and the tax is calculated on the amount of malt which is to be crushed and written down and sent to the government. Here in North Germany the tax amounts to 25 cents per 100 pounds of malt, and less on the other articles which enter into the making of the beer, but in Austria-Hungary the tax is taxed when it is in the cooper, and the laws provide that the beer can be distilled 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 beer or white beer, and I shall not forget my first experience with it. A man connected with our consulate called on me and he had a glass of this beer 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 the beer, and he had a glass of beer for a lady & bath tub, and there seemed to be fully two quarts of beer in it. It was the color of golden syrup 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 hat. I had to take the 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 drunk without intoxication. It is shipped from here all over Germany and it is a good deal of it is exported to the United States.

A large number of the beer restaurants here have girls for waitresses, and as with the Germans in London, the prettier the girl the easier she gets an engagement. There is one noted beer cellar known as the Elysium 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 Elysium, 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 have provided 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 waitresses, 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 inch 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 Tiergarten 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 waste 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 Theft. These stories 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 fact suffices to tell the story, and they are 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 bought by six for six cents.

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 learn to sew, and they are then sent to direct their making by sewing girls.

Servants are not given the same food that the family eats, and it is not customary to allow the servant girl 25 cents for her supper, and if there are any extra nice dishes, such as fruit and preserves, on the dinner table the servant must eat of them. The German wife measures out everything to the servants, and she thinks she is paying high wages if she pays more than \$1 a week.

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 10 cents you could get a large party of an employer. It was at the first of the month and there were 1,000 or 200 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 them.

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. The back of the book was a picture of 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 it is told that very good servants could be had for from 10 to 15 marks a month, or from \$150 to \$575 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 well to do. I can't say 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 best season for 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 high rates. He told me that the other Berlin agencies



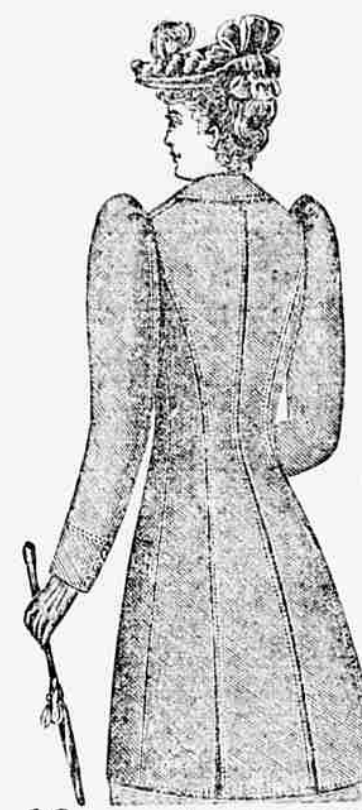
\$5 usual price \$3.

Tan cheviot reefer.



\$9 usual price \$14.

Blue diagonal cloth, box coat, French shawl collar.



\$9 usual price \$13.

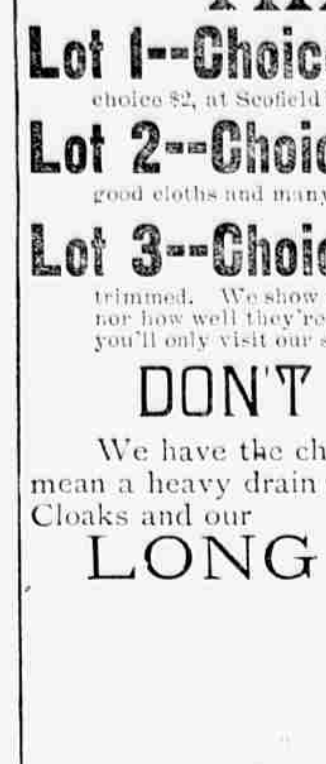
Fine black cord diagonal Franklin coat.

1619 FARNAM STREET, Opposite New York Life Bldg



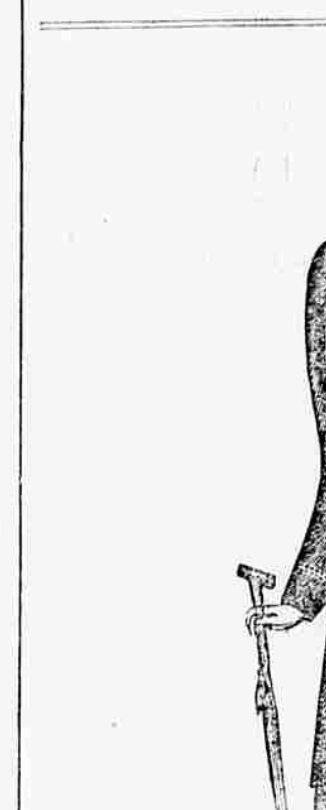
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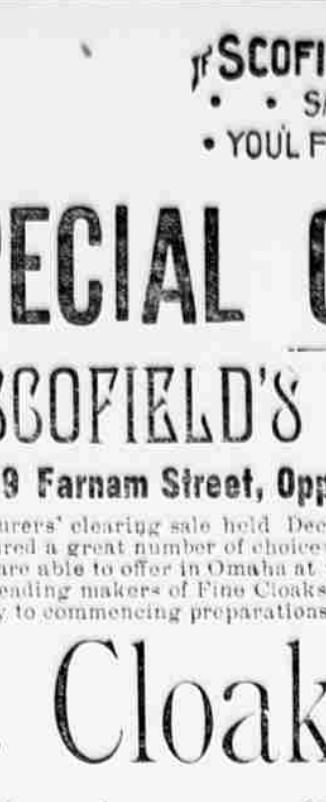
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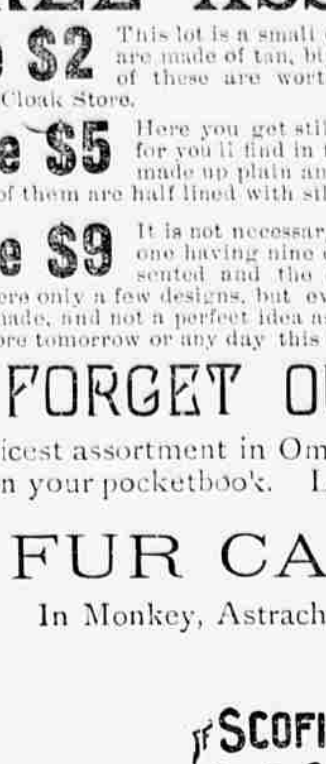
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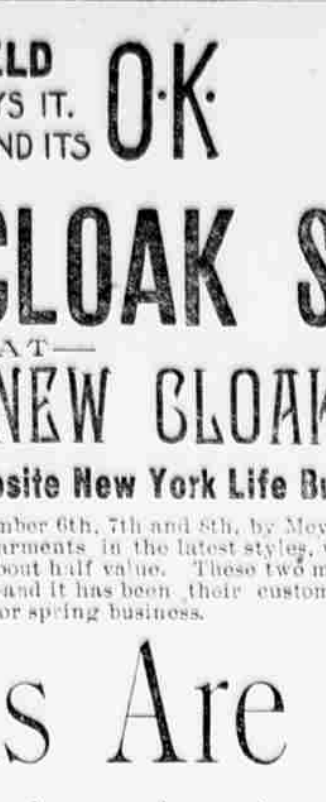
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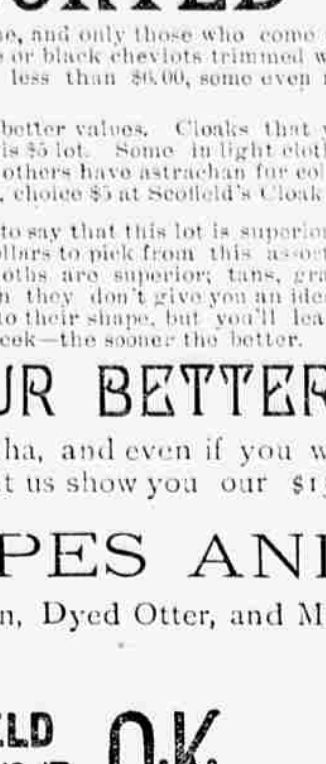
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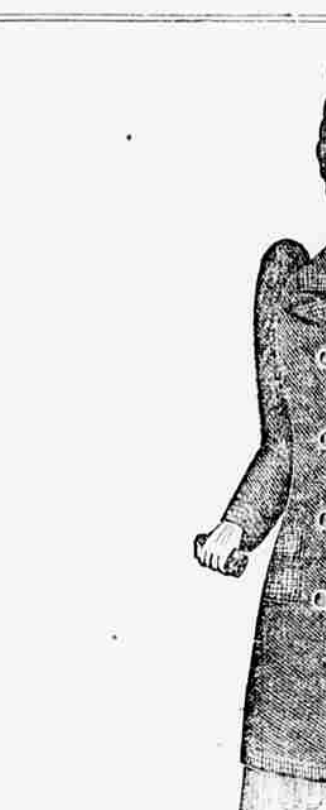
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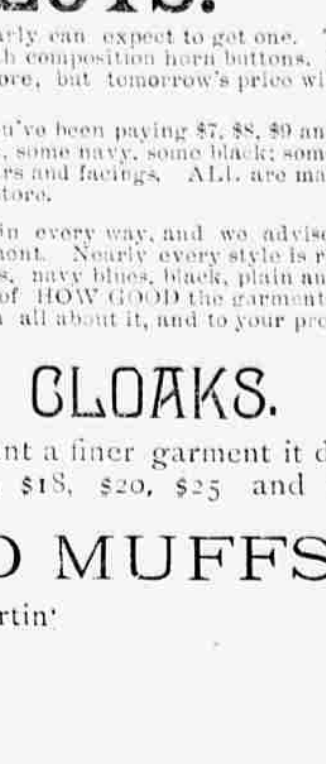
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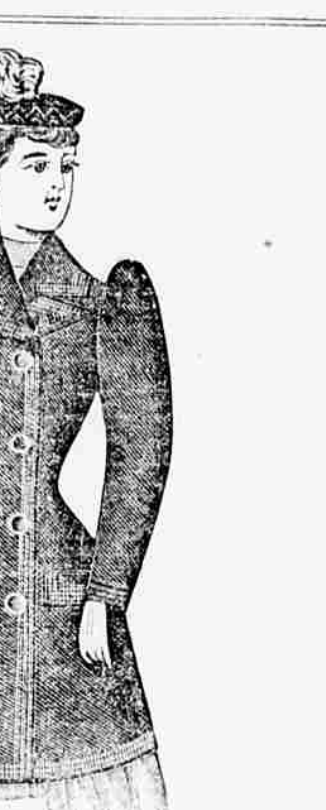
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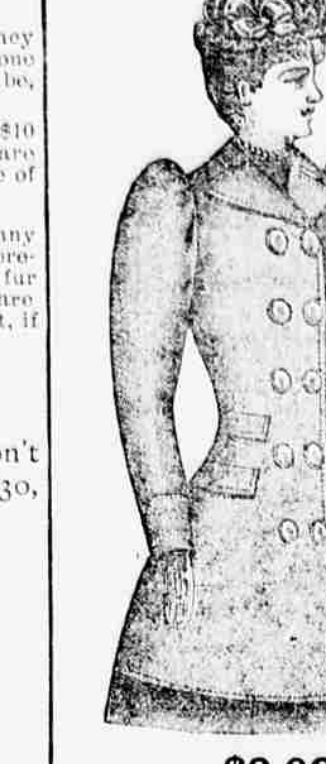
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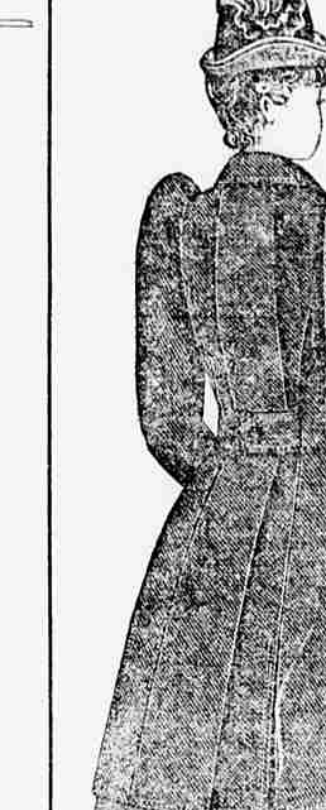
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## SINGS THE LORD'S PRAISES

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 lost on the hills away Away from the mountains wild and bare, Away from the tender shepherd's care," 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 hymn 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 these mountains thunder riven, And up from the rocky steep There rose a glad cry to the gate of heaven, And the angels echoed around the throne, Rejoice, for the Lord brings back his own," said Mr. Sankey, and I found afterward another man also from Philadelphia, who attended our meetings, and was converted by them.

"His overland trip to 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 demand 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 France, 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 Subservient to Words.

With Mr. Sankey, wrote a Scotch critic, music is made subservient, and in time 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 their 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 any 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."

"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 recall 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 came."

"I had been singing gospel hymns for some time before that, having been converted, I should say, about the year 1864."

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

"Mr. 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 after his song to accord the Boston demand an interview."

that 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 Sunday morning 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 said, 'I am a banker.'"

"I said, '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 any way clear until I waited for 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 had to do, to leave all and go to the Lord to give up my work and take up singing for the Lord."

"I never thought that I was to be an evangelist so soon after leaving the city of Chicago was burned, and we were completely burned out. I came back to Pennsylvania, and I remained about a month at home, then 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 simply 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 next winter he said and returned this summer to attend the Endeavor convention with him, patted July."

THE BOYS AND GIRLS.

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

"Johnny, do you know what a miracle is?"

"Yes, Ma, says if you don't marry our new puppy it will be a miracle."

"Little Henry, returning from a walk—"

"Oh, mamma, all the children on West Farnam street are wearing colds in their button-holes."

"Do you have chestnuts with your turkey?" asked the small boy.

"Papa always tries to be funny on holidays."

"My papa's the superintendent of our Sunday school," said Nell.

"That ain't anything," said Hal. "My papa's a vestible in our church."

"Little Dot—I just 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 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 house."

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 Dot: Why? Little Dot: "Cause a girl always feels so wicked 'em she does anything wrong on a boy don't. Boys just goes right along and has a good time."

Little Dot:—Johnny, suppose I promised you a bunch of candy and did not give it to you, what would you think? Young George (promptly)—That you had told a story, papa. Old