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## PATERNALISM IN BERLIN

How the Municipality Cares for the Working Classes.

Savings Bank Maintained by the City, with Scores of Branches Located in the Quarters Inhabited by the Poorer Classes.

[Special Berlin (Germany) Letter.]

The great majority of Berlin's population is formed, of course, as in other large cities of the world, by the laboring classes. Now, it is true that nine-tenths of these people are socialists, either outspokenly or by force of associations, and at the reichstag elections this fact becomes plainer year after year, for the successful candidates are invariably socialists. It is all the more to the credit of the municipal government here that nothing is left undone which by any sensible person is deemed the duty of the commonwealth towards what is, perhaps, somewhat indefinitely and erroneously, styled "the masses." I do not mean to say that in this respect Berlin stands alone among German cities; quite the reverse.

Among the institutions tending to keep the toiler with small earnings from slipping and going further down the social ladder the municipal savings banks deserve a prominent place. In Berlin there are about 408,000 depositors in these banks, with deposits rang-

1618; Augsburg, 1601; Hamburg, 1650; and those at Dresden, Munich, Breslau, Frankfurt-on-Main, and other cities are all more than 100 years old, while those of Leipzig, Cologne, Strassburg and a dozen other cities date from the beginning of this century. Generally speaking, these municipal pawnshops are conducted in such a way as to satisfy the needs of the poorer classes, and complaints as to their management or their cost have not reached the press for many years.

As to the Berlin system of poor relief, which may, indeed, be termed a model one, data were furnished in a previous article, but, properly speaking, that chapter does not belong in this place.

On the other hand, though, the system now evolving and perfecting all over Germany and, particularly in Berlin, having in view the facilitation of labor employment on both sides—employer and employee—deserves a special word of comment. As I hinted, this system is still developing and is by no means a uniform one as yet. It is, however, on the way to be so, and as it finds employment and active aid from both the central government and the municipal authorities in hundreds of German cities, it is bound to work successfully in the end, its fruits thus far being, beyond question, highly beneficial to state, community and laborer alike. It will carry me too far to explain the system, so far as the word may be used, in detail, but I will

## THE SODA WATER TRADE.

Pretty Girls Add Much to Its Volume in Cities.

A Venerable United States Senator Tells Why He Prefers Bright-Eyed Women Clerks—How the Stuff is Made.

[Special Washington Letter.]

"I am fond of boys and young men," said an elderly senator to me this morning, "and I like to see them prosper. I always take pleasure in helping young men whenever I can. But I would rather walk three blocks on a hot day to have my soda water drawn by a pretty girl than a boy."

"There is a drug store on the corner near my residence. There is another on Connecticut avenue. There is another at the Shoham. But boys handle the faucets there, so I walk past all of them and go down to the drug store opposite the treasury department, because there I always find a couple of pretty girls, and I enjoy my soda water in that place. While I sip I look at the girls, and also at the customers."

"Lots of young fellows feel as I do about it, for I see them in that place every day flirting with the girls, and sometimes drinking two glasses, just for the sake of staying and talking with the little auburn-haired, vivacious, plump girl or her black-haired, sedate sister."

"One morning, after several young fellows had been in there, while I was standing back taking my ice cream and vanilla soda, I asked the blond if she had ever waited on a sensible man. She looked at me quizzically for a second, and then said: 'I can't remember a single one. They all think that we girls are light-headed fools, and we know that they are making fools of themselves all the time.'"

"Then I asked her if she had many old gentlemen customers, and she replied: 'There are seven or eight, counting yourself, who come here to buy soda and flirt with us.' That staggered me a bit, and I quit asking questions. I had no idea of flirting with the girls, but simply liked to see their bright faces and hear their chatter. But the girls had put me down as one of the old fools, and I came to the conclusion that they were right. Nevertheless, I shall continue to buy my soda there."

It is on a principal thoroughfare, and I concluded to go there and see the girls myself. They are both very pretty. The elder is always smiling. Somebody, or a looking-glass, has told her that she has a pretty row of pearly teeth, and there is no reason why she should not smile. Her little sister is stately and dignified, but a thorough student of human nature, as she sees it from her station beside the fountain. The young fellows whom Senator S— had mentioned were there buying soda. The girls were busy handling the faucets and making change. Several ladies came in, but the boys had the entire counter to themselves, and not one of them moved aside. Little Miss Dignity mildly said: "Gentlemen, will you kindly allow those ladies to take your places?"

She said it in a manner which indicated that she was really weary, and

men are not in the majority, by any means.

Waiting for a lull in the trade, I ordered a glass of soda and had a chat with the girls. They will talk with anybody, for that is a part of their business, to be entertaining. The elder said that she received four dollars per week and her little sister \$3.50 per week, and that they were very glad to be helpful to the family.

"We don't care whether it is a man or a woman who orders soda," said the elder beauty. "We are here simply to wait on customers. We don't care whether the customers are old or young, rich or poor, if they have the nickel to pay for their orders. We do not have any preferences concerning customers. If those young ladies had given their orders they would have been served first, because they were here first. But the other ladies came right in and knew what they wanted, and got it. If that tall girl had given her order instead of going out complaining she would have been waited on very quickly and there would have been no delay. Yes, some fellows come here to flirt, but they don't make much progress. I guess we are as good as any of them, even if we are poor. We belong to Epiphany church and Sunday school, and nobody slights us because we have been obliged to go to work."

One of the oldtime druggists says: "When I was a boy we made our own



"WE'LL GO SOMEWHERE ELSE" soda water. Nowadays it is made for us, and we have simply to dispense it. It comes to us in ten gallon steel and metal-bound receptacles, highly charged. We put the tanks under the fountain and draw from them until they are empty, and send them back to be refilled and recharged; and so the business goes on from day to day. We get ours from Baltimore, and there are factories in all of the larger cities. We pay 15 cents a gallon for our soda, and it costs us less than a cent a glass. We sell it at five cents, and the syrup costs us less than half a cent per gallon. You see we are making about 300 per cent.

"Did you ever see soda water made? It is very simple, and very interesting. Soda water is merely pure spring water charged with carbonic acid gas. It is made in large quantities. Water is abundant, and ordinary marble is full of carbonic acid which is easily released. At the factory they put a couple of barrels full of marble dust into a strong metal receiver, and pour over it an equal amount of water. The receiver is then hermetically sealed with no vent except one small pipe leading out of the top. That pipe leads into a little reservoir of water through which the gas must go to be purified, and then the gas goes through a tube into a ten gallon receiver which is two-thirds full of pure spring water. That is the tank for the customers."

"As soon as the marble dust and water have been sealed, a faucet is turned which allows sulphuric acid to slowly drip into the mixture. Violent chemical combustion results. The carbonic acid in the marble is separated from the lime in the form of carbonic acid gas, and that ascends through the little pipe into the reservoir, and so on into the ten gallon tank. The latter is kept shaking violently on a swinging cradle, in order to keep the water in motion so that it will take up all the gas. When this ten gallon tank is thoroughly charged it is hermetically sealed and another tank put in its place, until all of the acid gas is extracted from the marble, and then the process is repeated. It is a dangerous business, and sometimes the tanks are exploded, blowing the factory to finders, and maiming or killing the workmen."

"The mineral waters are all manufactured," continued the druggist. "You can order any kind of mineral water and get it, but it is not genuine. The mineral waters are manufactured after the chemical formulas of the waters they represent, and they are practically as good, while being much cheaper."

After talking freely about Vichy, Geyser, Kissengen and other waters, the old druggist said: "Did you ever drink root beer? A great many men take it as a spring or summer medicine, but it isn't anything of the kind. New England firms sell root beer in packages of dried roots, leaves and so forth. One package will make five gallons of root beer, after being stewed with sugar and finally diluted and boiled. The packages contain wintergreen, dandelion, spikenard, sarsaparilla, checkerberry, hops and juniper. That combination ought to make anybody sick or well. It is supposed to be a tonic, and maybe it is, but pure water and a little quinine will do me quite as much good, and I know what I am taking."

SMITH D. FRY.

## Not Involving More Collisions.

"No, sir," said the man who had wavered, "I won't learn to ride a bicycle. I had thoughts of trying it, but I have just heard of a peculiar trait in the machine that caused me to change my mind."

"What's that?"

"I understand that when you first try to ride if you see anything you especially wish to avoid, you're almost certain to run into it."

"There's a great deal of truth in it."

"Well, that settles the wheel for me. I have enough trouble with bill collectors as it is."—Washington Star.

## Helot by His Own Etc.

"You look all broke up this morning. What is the matter?"

"You know I bought a folding bed because my wife's mother was to visit us?"

"Yes?"

"She came last night."

"And?"

"My wife put me in the room with the folding bed."—Truth.

## MEAN, SELFISH MAN.



Husband—I wish you would stop this everlasting picking holes in your neighbors.

Wife—Yes, that's just you. You never want me to have the least pleasure.—Collier's Weekly.

## Gambling in Kemedies.

May—I know to a certainty that Belle used to regard Jack as a veritable pill.

Frank—She does yet. Didn't you know that she was preparing to take him for better or worse?—Town Topics.

## The PRINTER'S DEVIL.

By FREDERICK BOYD STEVENSON.



The printer's devil always makes things in the chapel fly. 'Tis he who sneaks the fattest takes. Shows the reporters their mistakes. Dubs all the editorial takes. And dotes on—

Printers' 22

That little devil is the lad That swears a streak of blue. That makes old types sore and sad. Because he says their proofs are bad. And just to make the foreman mad. Sets things up of one's own.

When printers' devils are no more, But sing their anthems high, Along that glittering, golden shore, With ink and type and slugs galore, We'll pray for printers gone before To set \*\*\* in the sky. Chicago Tribune

## One on the Old Man.

Mr. Chaffie—Johnnie, your mother complains that you are disobedient. That's got to stop. You must obey your mother.

Johnnie—Not much. It's you that have to obey her. It isn't me that's married to her.—Texas Sifter.

## Neighboring Comment.

"I see the Jacksons have put screens all around their piazza."

"Yes, and I have my opinion of people who are so stingy they won't even let flies sit on their porch."—Chicago Record.

## Load Enough.

He—Willie Westside was excused from carrying a bell on his wheel.

She—Why did they make him an exception?

He—The judge said the trousers answered every purpose.—Buffalo Times.

## The Source of Supply.

"I see it speaks in the paper, husband, about a town where there are 5,000-odd inhabitants."

"That must be the place where all the freaks come from."—Detroit Free Press.

## Their Inwardness.

A man afflicted with strabismus came into the street car and sat down on the opposite side.

"Look, mamma!" exclaimed Tommy. "His eyes is pigeon-toed, ain't they?"—Chicago Tribune.

## Lack of Experience Evident.

Old Physician—What! You called in Dr. Blank during my absence? Why, he's just out of college.

Patient—Indeed? He certainly is not a young man.

Old Physician—No, he's of middle age; but it's plain to see he's new to this business. Why, I saw him this very morning looking sadly depressed just because he had lost a patient.—N. Y. Weekly.

## One on the Landlady.

A Houston landlady makes a specialty of buying old chickens. Last Sunday she said to the star boarder:

"Mr. Smith, will you be so kind as to carve the fowl?"

"Please excuse me. I have conscientious scruples," replied Smith.

"Conscientious scruples?"

"Yes, ma'am; this is Sunday, and I am opposed to hard work on the Lord's day."—Texas Sifter.

## Ready for Anything.

Fair Patient—Is there no way of telling exactly what is the matter with me?

Dr. Emdee—Only a post-mortem examination would reveal that.

Fair Patient—Then, for heaven's sake, make one. I don't see why I should be squashed at such a time as this.—Pick-Me-Up.

## Her Response.

"There's one thing," remarked Willie

Washington, "that I have made up my mind to."

"Really?" responded Miss Cayenne, with languid interest.

"Yes. I shall never be a man of one idea."

"Don't say that. You are still too young to be discouraged."—Washington Star.

## A Cruel Remark.

"When are you going to publish that criticism on my last novel?" asked an author of the editor of the Daily Hooter.

"To tell the truth, I haven't read it yet."

"But you told me that you would lose no time in reading it."

"Well, that's just what I've done."—Texas Sifter.

## Long Felt Want.

He would be quickly rich and great. And never have to beg.

Who could make for the candidate A patent rubber leg. —Chicago Record.



MUNICIPAL ASYLUM FOR UNEMPLOYED LABORERS.

ing from a couple of marks up to thousands, the total in these banks amounting to nearly 200,000,000 marks (or about \$50,000,000). The rate of interest is low, being three per cent, or less, but to make up for that these banks are absolutely safe, no matter in which of her 75 offices the savings have been paid.

In Berlin there is, besides, less red tape discernible in the management of these banks than is noticeable in other German cities, such as Dresden and Breslau. To show how popular everywhere are these municipal savings banks, I will cite: Hamburg, with 40 branch offices in the city and about a total in deposits of 120,000,000 marks; Dresden, with nearly 200,000 depositors (comprising more than one-half of the total population) and exceeding 60,000,000 marks; Altona and Bremen, with depositors aggregating two-thirds of the entire population and deposits figuring up about 20,000,000 apiece; Leipzig, Magdeburg, Frankfurt-on-Main, Hanover, Koenigsberg, Dusseldorf, with a similar state of affairs. Aue Anchen (Aix-la-Chapelle) stands relatively foremost, for the statistics show that the number of depositors is about equal to that of every man, woman and child in the whole city.

An adjunct, one might say, to the city savings banks are the municipal pawnshops. They, too, accomplish much good, or, more properly speaking, minimize an evil. Such pawnshops in German cities are conservatively and cautiously conducted, and only that proportion of the intrinsic value of an object is advanced on it which it would fetch at a forced sale, after deducting the percentage for management, rent, etc., but on the other hand money is loaned quite readily on almost every article of household goods—provided it be not too perishable or too bulky—from a tinpan or sardine to a stove, and every article, if it comes to a sale, finds its purchaser again, so that no losses are ever met with through reckless or foolish management, and both redemption or sale of the articles come easy. The public pawnshop of Berlin was established 60 years ago, and branch offices were added as the need for them arose with the growth of the city. But some of the public loan offices in other German cities are much older, such as the one in Nuremberg, dating from

here say that it is based on an ingenious interchange of notices as to locality, number, character and pay of labor needed, this interchange of notices being carried on between all the cities and provinces within the "pool," so to speak, and being furnished free of cost to both employer and laborer or mechanic. Being still in the initiatory stage it cannot be said that this system of supplying labor where needed, of acting as a gratuitous intelligence office on a large scale, is as yet working with any degree of perfection. But its results are, even now, of vast benefit. Outside of Berlin it has been most successfully put in use throughout the industrial region of Rhenish Prussia and Westphalia, where there is always a large and diversified shifting population. In Berlin, however, the system has largely decreased the number of unemployed all through the year and will decrease it more as time goes on.

In commenting on this important branch of public aid to the laboring classes I must not forget to mention, with some laudatory remarks, the kindly efforts made by one Berlin newspaper towards the same end. This paper is the Local-Anzeiger, with a circulation of about 230,000, I believe, and whose publishers, August Scherl, and editor, Hugo von Kupffer, are infusing some American pluck and enterprise into the otherwise rather sluggish journalistic world of Berlin. With a single motive of assisting the laboring classes in their endeavor to find remunerative employment, these gentlemen issue every day the Arbeit's market, a list of openings for every kind of mechanic and artisan furnished gratis to everybody applying for it.

All this, however, is not charity, but merely intended to aid those able and willing to work to find places where they may do so at a fair rate of remuneration. Purely charitable, though only of a temporary character, are the municipal asylums for the homeless and unemployed working classes. These institutions are more numerous and better patronized, especially in winter and during times of large strikes or general industrial depression, than similar institutions in New York or Chicago and other American cities. They are also, as far as I am able to judge, better conducted.

WOLF VON SCHIEBRAND.



"I HAD NO IDEA OF FLIRTING."

the Johnnies, all of them reminded of their rudeness, stepped back and made room for the ladies. There were four of them, and all well-looking. Not one of them was as pretty as either of the soda fountain girls, and they were as rude as the young gentlemen who had been driven away. They talked boisterously, and debated concerning the various sirups, as though the safety of the national treasury depended upon their conclusions. Meantime two elderly ladies stepped up to the end of the counter and gave their orders, and the girls promptly responded to them.

"I'll never come here again," said the loudest of the girls. "Come on, Julie. Come on, Mary. We'll go somewhere else, where we can be waited on," and she flounced out of the door. Her companions slowly followed her. It was awfully rude. Not one of them had given an order, but they were all offended because the elderly ladies were waited upon before they were attended to.

The little girls behind the counter merely smiled, made change and continued drawing soda for others. It was a hot day, and the loss of a few ill-natured and ill-bred customers made no difference to the working girls. Besides, in the course of a day in any city, a dozen of such experiences would not be uncommon. The world is full of cranks, and the real ladies and gentle-