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**CITY OF MAGDEBURG.**  
 ONE OF THE CLEANEST CITIES  
 OF GERMANY.

Women Forced to Bear Burdens Fit Only  
 for Camels—United States Consul the  
 Solitary American There—Absence of  
 Street Beggars.

Magdeburg, February 1.—Imagine, if you can, without the aid of a glass, being in a civilized city of over 300,000 inhabitants, live ones, and not another Yankee man in town. The nearest thing in the Yankee line is Mr. Muth, the United States Consul, who is a naturalized citizen of the States and a credit both to his adopted country and to the Government that sent him here—why, only the States Department and Mr. Muth know. That the reasons are good and sufficient I doubt not. Mr. Muth explained it all to me, but the explanations were like the wonderful machinery for making the great guns at Krupp's branch establishment at Bakau, a suburb of this city. The machinery is on a very grand scale and probably answers the purposes to which it is applied quite well, but it is too intricate for my very limited mechanical knowledge. Some of my friends still like to remind me of the time when I tried to "fake" up a realistic picture of an engine, and put the smoke stack in the center of an obtrusive boiler. Well, Mr. Muth's being here has something to do with our tariff. The Consul might have made his explanation for his official existence more clear to me, but I didn't care to appear as one either ignorant or prying. He is the lone foreign representative in Magdeburg. Possibly other countries don't have our kind of tariff. Certain is that other Governments manage to mosey along without a consulate in Magdeburg. There used to be a Portuguese consul here, but something happened. He didn't get his little stipend very regularly, I understand, and at last the ghost refused to promanade altogether. Then the Portuguese took a third-class train out of town. It was something like that. At any rate Mr. Muth is the only consul in town, and the welcome he gave me was conspicuous by its cordiality. He isn't actually overan with visitors from the land of the stars and stripes and trusts. My visit was the first he had received from an American since early in July. The July man wanted to introduce cash registers into town, but he was eminently unsuccessful. The storekeepers prefer a peculiar check system of their own. I am not clever at examining things of this order, but as near as I could figure it out, the system consists of a box with two slots, one for the slips of paper showing the amounts of the purchases, the other for the coin presented in payment and a cracker bowl full of small change. When the change gives out business is temporarily suspended, the store closed for a few hours, and all hands except the proprietor go home for something to eat and drink, while the boss goes to the bank for more change. This statement may reasonably be considered, but I simply cannot tell how the automatic cashier system of Magdeburg appeared to me after casual inspection. As to the closing of the stores at intervals during the day, there can be, of course, no denial. It is almost a national custom, and a very good one, everything considered.



HARNESSED.

Magdeburg deserves its reputation of being a slow-going, prosperous old town, with little of interest except a few remarkable and antiquated churches, supplemented by a few old gates and buildings in no repair to speak of, and a few memorials to a job lot of Emperors, Kings and Dukes. It is in addition one of the cleanest cities in Germany, and as far as its municipal affairs are concerned possibly ahead of any other community of its size. It has no floating population to boast of except those who float around on the queer-looking boats on the Elbe; but its citizens are polite to newcomers and evince no desire to "do" the stranger within their gates. There are no beggars on the streets; there are only one or two street stands; and of course such minor nuisances as bill board advertising, ash barrels and tobacco spitting, are unknown anywhere in Germany. In fact, there is scarcely anything to offend the senses. Everything is clean and orderly, and there are plenty of places of amusement, but not enough to enable it to vie with Berlin, (which is only a few hours' distant), and thus attract the American tourist and his dollar—the Almighty Dollar which all foreigners are so fond of sneering at. And yet they sit up nights trying to evolve schemes for extracting it from the pockets of the transatlantic visitor. The Magdeburgers were very polite to me; as polite as they are to each other. The German custom is for men to doff their hats to their acquaintances. Here the men take off their hats to about every one they ever seen before, and the result is that the male portion of the population might as well go about bareheaded for all the good their hats are to them. They've all met each other before. If some local notable happens to pass along the street, every man in sight, with one accord takes off his hat and bows with great obsequiousness. Only yesterday I was in front of the hotel talking to the manager, a German who, like so many one meets everywhere, speaks English fluently, when I noticed a great bowing and scraping as an old gentleman of a peculiar appearance approached. The soldiers and policemen, naturally made merely the impressive military salute. The man did not look like a great personage. He had a cleft on top of his bald head; his nose was like a radish, and his clothes had a wisted effect. Yet every one saluted him with the utmost deference. It couldn't be on account of his huge pipe, for that was certainly a most disreputable affair, and not even unique. So I asked the hotel manager to tell me who was who. "That," said he, solemnly, "is Herr Schlummer, the inventor of the Schlummer Punsch."

I understand at last. It was more plain to me than the tariff and the consulate or the Krupp machinery. I had invigiled two Schlummer punches into my system the evening before. This punch is, next to beer and wine, the Great National Beverage. One is a dose. I had made a palpable error in taking two. The antiquities are the most orderly states; the first is that of the Emperor Otto who formed a Benedictine monastery here in the Tenth century. The most interesting relic is the Dome Cathedral. There some statues of kings, that are interesting mainly in showing what an awful time they must have had with their crowns, headpieces that were about as dainty as the tops of wrought-iron fence posts. This is the first place that I have been where incandescent electric lights were not looked upon as woful extravagance—something in the precious line, to be doled out in the most minute doses, as a young barn. It was furnished with great disregard for cost or comfort. The room was about eleven feet high, and near each end was a messily electric bulb not much larger than a peanut. When I wanted to read anything smaller than the hotel rules, which were in long primer, I'd have to ring for a step-ladder or light the tallow candle on the mantel-piece. That was an English sample. In Hamburg there were also two little incandescent incandescent and sumptuously furnished apartment, in a hotel conceded to be the best in the town and overlooking the water park (called the Binnenalster), in the heart of the city. But even there only one incandescent could be used at a time. By an arrangement, ingenious, if parsimonious, the affair was so fixed that when one light was turned on the other was switched off. Luckily one bulb was low down, and afforded light to read by if one happened to be in bed. These are trifles, to be sure; but when there are a thousand of such trifles even a guest-iron saint, if he happened to be an American, would kick—aye, though he were surrounded by the grandeur of the shadow of the magnificent past—I found that in a guide-book to-day. In Magdeburg it is different. The hotel where I am stopping has the finest rooms, the most sumptuous furnishings, the finest cuisine, and the best arrangement of any I have yet come across on this side of the water; and I have invariably tried to stop at the best in town. The prices here are not much over half of those in Hamburg; but there isn't enough of interest to attract tourists, and the hotel is seldom more than half full. There is nothing low-down or mean in this town. I'm only sorry it isn't as big as London. A city as nice as this as big as London would be simply one of a kind.

As I think I intimated once before, the officials in England and Germany, however stupid and adhesive on themselves they may be, are never at heart, quite so savage as their facial expressions, supplemented by warlike uniforms and dragging swords, would indicate. I have with fear and trepidation approached an official with a men as terror-inspiring as that of a middle-weight champion, and found him the possessor of a lenient disposition, with a mild craving for strong drink and tips. It is so here in Magdeburg, where there is a whole army corps quartered, and quite naturally a strong military spirit prevails. It is a place where most of the male population try to look as if they had murder in their hearts; yet they are infantile, almost, in disposition, and as honest as the day is long. Especially do the police officers try to assume an expression of hatred for all humanity that would make a Bowery barkeeper hide his diminished head. As a German policeman, so I am credibly informed, never arrests anyone unless he has absolute assurance that he has a legal right to do so. He may no more overstep the law than the humblest subject. What's the good of being a policeman in Germany? And as for using his sword, he would never dream of doing such a thing except in self-defense, and as a very last resort. The sword in German officialdom is a mere badge—a barbaric one indeed, yet a badge of office rather than a weapon. This splendid city which has so little that is picturesque to recommend it to the traveler, being hither and thither "strange places for to see" is more celebrated for the domesticity and all-around goodness than for the beauty of its women. The absence of comeliness is only an effect. Hard labor and homeliness go hand in hand. The women of Magdeburg don't all wear heavy wooden yokes; they don't all stagger under great highladen baskets strapped to their backs, or drag with the aid of the dogs cumbersome hand-wagons. No, not even a majority of them; but thousands of them do these very things, and a pitiable sight it is. It may not be fair to single out Magdeburg. The same conditions, as I judge from what I have seen and have been told, exist in nearly every part of the Continent. But as this part of Prussia, a province conquered from the kingdom of Saxony, has to a large degree become an isolated country, so far as intermarriage with the other districts is concerned, the influence of extra-laborious occupations on the part of women is apparent in an unusually painful degree. In fact, the effect of incessant labor is seen in the physique of the general community. The manual exertion that is undergone by the common people of this district may produce brown, but it doesn't evolve the lines of beauty to any alarming extent. The men and women have strong faces, features full of character, but they look as if molded from iron-pig iron. In Magdeburg the women do work that in America would provoke strikes among the commonest laborers, while the men are yoked as horses might be if there were no societies for the prevention of cruelty to animals in the United States. What is the cause of all this? One fails at his ease only when he knows that he is in his proper place.

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YOKED.

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