WAKEMAN'S WANDERINGS

THE LOWLY OF LIVERPOOL AND THEIR WAGES.

Half a Million Souls Who Exist on from Three to Thirty-two Shillings Per Week. Drink and "Scrambling the Rents" the Chief Diversions.

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LIVERPOOL, July 31.—With its outlying boroughs and suburbs Liverpool houses well nigh a million souls. Its mentioned towns are numerous, and commercially it is doubtless second on the second city in the empire. It is a hard, practical city. Its business men and factors are grim, sober fellows, more of Boston or New York philosophers, and not Boston, Chicago and Kansas City men, as the men who here are the killing pace in Chicago.

There is little room for pleasant things in Liverpool. Its chief and almost sole gallery of paintings was given the city by a prominent merchant, whom Victoria, out of sentiment, made a knight, and made a baronet. Although one of the world's greatest depots for the book collector is here not a library of any value is within the public. Chemists are there in a portentous very, perhaps numerous—although the lady has been some 15 measured in selecting from Liverpool's 1,000 or more—and the hovels of thousands of working men and women are turned with less consideration than cattle.

With a few shining exceptions it is a city of commercial financiers on the one hand and public house devilish on the other and hard work and hard drinking between. Nobody here wants it this way. Nobody here believes it is that way. A few men like Sir James Poole are endeavoring to help the masses to better things, and are finding a little time from business office to do something practical and good. But as a rule the men who make great fortunes, who exchange half the English speaking world's raw and manufactured products, pack forward to their money grubbing career this accumulation of money, and their fellow lessmen are counted as cost, loss or gain, as compared in loss or gain.

In analyzing the condition of the lowly at any great city the demand for labor, wages paid and the cost of living are the first things to be considered. These things in close kin the people which lies at the wood of all problems and misery. How they really live, and why, is another matter.

There is seldom a dearth of labor in any great seaport. Liverpool has always at call built in prevention of labor demand. The city has never had occasion to the enormous accumulating of manufacturing towns like Leeds, Manchester and Birmingham, or the destructive speed of transportation and distribution centers, as at New York. It is the greatest seaport in Europe. The loading, handling and reshipment of cotton and South and South American produce sent to Europe, and the needs of ships in all quarters of the globe of the greater part of the enormous quantities of British manufactures are done at this one port. Its warehouses and docks are almost inconceivably numerous and extensive. Fifty thousand men are alone constantly required in the various lines of dock labor. This fact will sufficiently indicate the almost innumerable business ramifications requiring unemployed service.

Steady labor and plenty of it is the rule. The best possible wages upon which the workers may exist also prevail. The few and rare among the 50,000 laborers employed upon the docks are the exceptions who load and unload the ships—"tuppers" they are called—who get five shillings per day, and the dock porters or "goods" handlers, who receive a sixpence less. "Lorrymen," or carriers with two horse teams, earn thirty shillings, and with one horse twenty-six shillings. The police are paid from twenty to thirty-two shillings, with corresponding deductions to eventually pay for their own promotion, which is too old for further service. A gateman at the Exchange railway station told me he had been in the same service twenty years and had never received above nineteen shillings per week, and no manner of employment about that great station is paid upward of twelve shillings.

All grades of clerks, porters and salesmen and women about the markets receive from eight to eighteen shillings. Those one different get as high as twenty shillings, but exceptions never above twenty-one. Harbors, merchants or persons and warehouses, millers, brewers, grocers and market true drivers, express and railway porters and freight collectors receive only from ten to eighteen shillings, while corporation day laborers are paid from sixteen to twenty shillings per week.

Liverpool citizens are the most working class of their kind in the world. Cab owners occasionally rent a hansom or two-horse to a trustworthy fellow at a stated rate, but there are not fifty one of twenty 2,000 that have arrived at the dignity in their calling. The remainder go from twenty to eighteen shillings per week. One pays three fellows. They are lazy, lazy, blind, venous vassal and pelaus, without sufficient spirit for genuine villainous. I had thought the Havana cockers the most worthless set of these fellows on earth, but if you wish to observe at one study all that could be seen in all the British workhouses, reformatories and asylums for a hundred years and not cry where on Cromwell street, opposite the municipal buildings, near St. George's hall, or at the dockings, or in any other great day, and not a glance down along a line of waiting Liverpool cabmen. I have seen several cab owners who, in the name of honest assistance, stick hackney at wages to pull.

"Why, these fellows bloody well ought to run as much hacky use," is the universal expression.

"Cockie's pen 'hook' shoes for each trip and fare!"

"Yes, sys some here on down that merry thing. Then they stick the 'fare' (passenger) at the head o' the yourn ... and pose up a hoch fare here to be."

"Yes, sys another, "and they's a mouth of 'plasters' on hey."

The clerks of Liverpool are not to be envied. Male clerks employed in the great warehouses, railroad, insurance offices, in the opposite cotton trade and in the myriad allied offices are the victims of a most inquisitive system. It is true that a few head clerks, accountants and office managers receive from twenty to forty shillings per week, and manage to lead comparatively comfortable lives, but fully 90 per cent, perhaps more, of clerks, salesmen and eighteen to thirty, or from six to eighteen and twenty shillings per week. They are crowded into the ranks of clerks under the glittering hope of "advancement." The merchant wealth and its power are all about them. They store the treats and dream of some fine place among the money kings of Liverpool.

After years of faithful service, and at a time of life when no new venture is possible, they are not by the mere wall of indifference on the part of their employers, helplessly on the rock of trust, chest and cross them filled to still cheaper men hired here from Germany and Holland, and from to be homeless old men at forty. Clerks in retail establishments, of course, the greater number are women, fare better in our report. While their wages are even less than those in offices, a system lets wages have which give them at least the necessities of life. A large number of establishments provide food and dormitories for their staffs. A large of the mental entry clerks, but the employees this enjoys the advantage of absolute certainties of the possible "break" system in another form, when all have give to get back with profit, and the docile, suppressing tribe of their prison kept warm alone from it on the morning shift and experience the rest at night.

Looking at the great drop of more lowly toilers and lower servants, the study is curiously not a pleasant one. There are large groups of girls known as "cotton pickers," who may be seen at the docks, near wandering barefooted through the streets, their scanty garments covered with cotton fuz. Those who are not barefooted wear heavy clogs without stockings, and they will look down with any people in Liverpool for a pair of hose. Many cargoes of damaged cotton arrive here. It is sold by auction in a class of dealers who dry it and make it into a coarse fabric, which is used for carpets, horse blankets, etc. Two or three thousand of the hardiest class of young women work on "pick" this stuff in dirty warehouses. The work is dirty and unhealthy, and they are what the numerous have a mind to pay—all the way from four to ten shillings per week. These girls and women are always appreciable as one would be under like circumstances, drink gallons of beer per day while at work, "clobbing" their pennies for the pennies, frequently have men who do not "drink fair," and live in any manner that may, these being electively or effect on the part of any person or society to better their condition.

Plain cooks in hotels, restaurants and the common grade of food will earn eight shillings per week. A general house servant receives six shillings. A housemaid, nurse and waitress combined, who is regarded as the highest grade of lower servant, may receive eight shillings. Clear women or scrubwomen receive three shillings per day and breakfast—that is, tea and bread and butter, and they generally secure two engagements per week. Washerwomen are very glad to earn six getting ten shillings per week, and perhaps their employers may get from a half to one and forgiven a day and "tea," or "three hr's worth of bitter," which means hard mean three cents' worth of bitter beer.

Girls in tobacco, confectionery and sundries shops will receive 5 to four to six shillings per week, and women in restaurants, considering the security and hours of their labor, are the poorest paid of all. Many of these girls are required to serve meals in gentlemen's clubrooms and in offices at all hours, after the manner of the Havana cigar cutterettes, and are subject to all manner of insults, which they deem with a dogged heavery and cheery indifference, suffering them to be regarded as bad tempers in any other land.

There is a very fine cafe at the head of Dale street where ninety thousand employers and clerks from the Custom exchange and neighboring offices dine each day. It will rank with our better class American restaurants. The entire service is women. These are from twenty to twenty-five years of age, are bright, well educated and thoroughly respectable young women. Love is said to found at any aforementioned hour in New York or Boston. Having often been so red in the place, at the same table and by the same waitress, I asked her the amount of wages per week she was paid.

"Six shillings," she replied cheerily.

"Cannot you find a service at better wages in Liverpool?" I inquired.

"Oh, no, sir; this is very good pay here."

"Do you get any tips besides?"

"Very seldom, sir. Only occasionally from strangers. The clerks whom here can't afford it, and the masters never do that in Liverpool."

"And this six shillings per week is all you do earn, or can earn, after a long service and while using the best years of your life?"

"Oh, but you must remember, sir"—and this triumphantly—"we get our lunch and breakfast, and very good food it is, sir!"

There was no use of continuing the inquiries. Here was the distinctive fault of a handsome, capable, well educated and respectable women's possibilities and aspirations, because of her own absolute knowledge to the matter, in this second city of Britain.

"Oh, but money has been the peculiar boy power in Great Britain that it has in America," some one remarks.

There never was a sneer political or other falsehood mined. It is absolutely true that there is not a farmer, not a cot nor a factory, which cannot be so cheaply or more cheaply purchased in America than in England, bearing the form of a hundredfold. The bearing is that the body of this country are forced to live lower in Britain as compared as one and hence. Here capital has with distinctive—as it may do which as in from of immigration, be not even unnecessarily restricted—interdicted to a factory or two little branch beings who have need to be made to exist, and Britons who "never, never will be slaves," are slaves of the most supreme character from the cradle to the grave.

But what may be the unmeasurable and diversions of the Liverpool lowly? is a natural inquiry. They are drunk, drunk and "scrambling the rents." Not all are drunkards. Most of them are regular drinkers. The horror of it all is, women participate. Four thousand women in Liverpool alone, and apply from Sunday morning 10 at night, executing ebonly between half past 3 and 6 o'clock, in the bar, smoking rooms, "snugs" and parlors of each of the about 1,000 licensed public houses of the city and environs, an average of fifty persons may be found in all conditions of "clearness" and semi-consciousness. That will account for about twelve hours. I do not know how many of these gatherings will wholly change once per month. But I believe a quarter of a million people in Liverpool drink, whenever they can get it, and I do not call of that beer but are sickened orgies and drunkenness.

The homes of most of these are those which are squalid but unique. The public house is the only cheerful place they know in their lives. Most exhibitors assert that over 10,000 of such houses "scramp the rents." That is, get from each of any sum of indication and remain over the rent thereof and or thrown out in a huddle. There is not in any top leading American cities an absolute equivalent for any hopelessness so easy to found in this one. And yet nearly every one of the class does scrambling and spends the remaining hours. Whatever may be the "purchasing power" of money in America, it is a good thing to remember that American houses are not yet the subjects of such studies as these.

ERNEST L. WAKEMAN.

The Secret of Good Mountain Climbing.

The secret of the climbing of the hunters is that they trust their feet as much as their hands. To gain their foothold alone is all they ask in any place. They go steadily, not slowly, and not often, so as to avoid slipping when exhausted or breathless. A tired or winded man will trouble, slip and be in danger where he would pass easily when fresh. The appearance in this particular hand found the greatest difficulty in crossing a crack. A chasm is a steep slope covered with blocks of stone ranging from a hundred pounds to many tons.

There are ugly holes, big and little, between them. Their edges are generally sharp. To the rapid passer, as he looks down at his feet, they appear, without exception, very sharp. In addition, some of them are "wobblers." The duffer passed several unpleasant quarters of an hour in following the hunter, assisted by the proximity of grass, over these places, and will allow every one his be a portrait of one of them.

THE MIRACLE OF CANA.

The everyone man good to drink wines
Is in the marriage was strange wonderful
To send you the water was gone full
To make the sacred vintage of our God
Of the wine that gladdens a weary man
Each cup of sunshine turned half to wine.

In spite of sorrowful in Jesus out,
The world is full of dazzling counter are
Following delight but vain disappointed days
week,
They dread the sources of Paradise
Of hell the day they turn to the Sun
And pin their drooping faith to earth's lees.

In mothers of our sacred hall, pray tell
Who turned first the water in the well?
Who poured water in the sacrifice true?
And gave the same water their sacrifice true?
The sacred fire turned to crystal, and
The Sun's rays were shining with bright rays to
drop
To turn into flery sacrifice into blue,
And by a transfiction on the sacrifice
Its water turned into wine, and they are what
Turn from our Lord a sacred fire into wine,
Now turning Cana's water vintage and.

If Christ at His wedding feast from well
Turning to that water turn to wine and will
In beauty yet is now graciously arrived
Then he of all who that good vintage shall
Drink of the water of life, and the Spirit
At God's command bid us a water and

This shining, sparkling water was made to
flow
Who might have made the wine as river can
Yet yet a sacrifice water to the side,
Fresh running from the vintage of the side.

Water, Saviour's miracle when for to dwell
And turning water into wine, and
Then signing to us for first in making wine
Turn all the cross follows into vine.

The sun and rain already are the earth a base,
The blue sky and the sun are the earth above
A blessed work in a garden adorn vine
A bitter where weak hand may wait to
drink.

Who hath not seen at sunset in the glade,
A lone or crowded Temple's broad and wide
Or some illustrious palace of Nature's state,
Or some lone cottage in the wilds and
Then signing to us for first in making wine
Turn all the cross follows into vine.

Water Nature hath such massive portion,
Why may we the who make not raise the
vine,
Or at the minutes the first and last,
Not a few drops for Christ's wedding feast?

The creation marriage at the act made be
When time is ordained to encourage
All tables are prepared and the feast,
To turn the wine at Heaven's great wedding
feast.

Where all the assembled guests that sing,
Hosanna! to the everlasting King.
—Fred Foulkes Brooks in New York Herald.

Disease Germs Absorbed by Wood.

A celebrated physician has remarked that every house ought to be pulled down at the end of the sixteenth year, as by that time the absorbed all of the diseases of which it has been in it. This idea is based on the theory that wood and plaster already gone, foul air and feverish exhalations are readily as milk or water does. But, as it is not practicable to tear down houses every half century or so, some eminent physicians claim that all wood used in the interior decoration of houses, and all of the surface of plaster, should be thoroughly oiled or varnished, so that the power of absorption would be almost entirely destroyed. In the latter event the destruction of houses on sanitary grounds would no longer be desirable.—New York Telegram.

The Neglect of the Groom.

A person about to be married for not in a sympathetic for public consideration against the constant neglect which the bridegroom receives from the press from the friends of the contracting parties and often from their immediate families. All interest centers in the bride, whose dress is described to minutiae detail, while bridegroom is not considered beneath mention, and whose face, blushing so much for well, is the most pleasing attribute of the wedding.

The fashionable, lovely girls fortunate in dowry orders, are worth more than a passing notice. Yet nature, the queen, and even the organist, are spoken of in an appreciative manner. Sometimes there is a passing reference to the waiters of the church. But where is the groom? There are millions of descriptions of weddings in the daily papers, and in those columns the presenting of the bridegroom is passed over without a glimmer of apology.

How does the groom fared? What is his choice of fabric? In his gloves he? Are his shoes of patent leather? Nobody knows these things, nobody thinks, although they are mentioned in the second in the neglected man. His presence is supposed from occasional mention of the "young couple," and he probably may be seen skulking around the corner of the parlor, but he is evidently in a hurry for the completion of the matter. It is not his occasion. Unfortunate man, he is the cast and notable instance of "Hamlet left out of Hamlet."—Boston Journal.

Continence in the Morning Man.

Dreams have been regarded as an interesting subject of study ever since scientific thought was born. Locke, the metaphysician, was a dreamless sleeper, one of the opinion that a man did not think at all when really asleep, while modern investigators in this line of research believe that thought no more ceases during sleep than a watch properly wound runs down in the night.

According to their action, under such conditions the mechanical functions of the mind are active, though uncontrolled by the judgment, and thus it happens that our dreams are apt to be nonsensical and even absurd.

Could anything be more interesting than to trace the progress of a dream, if it were only possible? Think of the variety of organisms through which one would be conveyed, untrammeled by the limitations of common sense which restrict one's waking thoughts, and freed from the moral responsibility that accompanies the thoughts of ordinary life. Probability sets no bounds to the dreamer's vision, and even conscience is dormant, since the most righteous of men is, on occasion, unbelieve themselves guilty although in the strange land of Joel.—Washington Star.

A Bird's Waterproof Seal.

Being out on a prospecting tour in the mountains and having some knowledge of birds and beasts in their native haunts, I was on the alert for anything I could see. One day while we were waiting a mountain stream in Shasta county, Wash., I saw a water ouzel leave a waterfall some twenty feet above the stream we were in. By helping my companion up the rocks he was enabled to reach the place where the bird had left, and was rewarded by finding the nest, a cylindrical structure of moss, built in a crevice of the rocks where the water was pouring over and partly into the top part of the nest. I now have it and can say at home in Vancouver, Wash., as a relic of our trip.—George Mitchell in Portland Oregonian.

Pain Which Almost Has Wisdom.

Opinions differ about babies. There are many men who do not care for them, who positively dislike them, argue that be their own. Fatherhood is capable of soothing manhood, and generally infuses a sympathy. Not all men are so sensible, and between men who can enjoy the spectacle of a very or honeying caresses on a curl. Think of her pressing it to her breast, looking her cheek against it, allowing it to look her face, to touch her very lips! And now touch some to see it, as one often may in the street or in the private school. Bah! Great scott, if healthy, does not die at it! He would to hold or fondling, she would be willing to discount a profile in a woman's affections and hold a second place more, as he probably would.

In these any lesser offenders may not be a sensible to discover herself, to turn the poetry of her general today into needs and hateful proud. And yet as intimated is the speculator that the really believes she also the affectations and influence the bosom of men to observing her maternal rites. Even if they should or could very the silent soothingly, they would respect the maternal impulse. They may frown and detest it, but the knowledge that their mental is a least would cure the snobbish love ever kindled. If Venus herself should fall to fondling a small dog she would come from that moment to be the Goddess of Love and Beauty. She would instantly and forever be banished from Olympus.—St Louis Globe-Democrat.

Women and Pockets.

"Why do not women wear pockets? And why do they always carry everything in their purse, and their purse in their hand in such a manner as to tempt the dishonest? What an unworthy trait is this! Women does not wear pockets because men has left her nothing to put in them, and that is one reason. Another reason is because she does not want them. She is not an man is, and is not obliged to carry about with her everywhere a cigar case, a box of matches, a pocketbook, a latch key, and a dozen other fetishes. As for carrying her purse in her hand, she carries it there because she has not got a pocket.

Also, it is more convenient to carry it there, the is of a generous and fine nature, and would always be giving so that the idea to have her purse ready. It is a much and a method, too, her pocket might be pinned of her purse, which would be hard she and long her eye upon it. And if anybody does scratch her purse, it would not matter much, for it rarely contains anything but visit of cards and a few postage stamps. Women do wear pockets. They have pockets in every sense of the dress. (We ought to know that this is true, and that they have pockets, only they don't use them because they are never but them.)—Spectator.

A Sick Joke for Young.

Some people are so sick of what has struggled for months to keep her shirt and her wear under her left has thought of a way to make them two hands job work when in pinnacles hammer. So men will use no cut indeed, hope which so often has wasted the integrity of women's toilet to the extent of keeping the hand of her skin and the hand of her wear under the hot which so conspired to conceal the use of pins, etc.

The new corset is a simple one, and it is done by the manufacturer of that most beautiful and tough composition known as bone. It is broad in front, perhaps, perhaps, and has delicately tinted, in any other color which harmonizes with the material, is sewed upon the front of the bone that. This bone is then bended, over the shoulders and is grooved in place by means of bone bended pins, which are placed both for comfort and for the sake of intervals of two inches around stays.

Thus the matter are preserved, a pretty effect is accomplished and every one pleased. And all with the aid of group.—New York World.

Is He Cold to Do.

One of our street car conductors was formerly a Methodist minister. How he came to be running a street car I never know, but he did his work well, though he had some peculiar ways.

He had been on the front platform one day collecting fares, and when he came back to the rear door he saw a passenger had lost that a seat got on at Madison street and was sitting inside.

The conductor stood in the doorway and looked in, but he could not be sure of his man. Then he met with all strangers, "Will the gentleman who got on at Madison street please rise?"

The gentleman stood up then he was and paid his fare.—New York Sun.

Fifteen Lives Lost in Two Years.

Fifteen lives of office staff—by accidents, so to the last year for which we have the record 218 persons killed themselves in such Connecticut the population and the business is equal. Of 1,475 suicides in one year 1,000 were hanging, and smothering by charcoal fumes in the Toronto method. In London nearly all suicides are with the knife and razor, and it is great truth that in this respect the British are the most "civilized" in Europe.—Chicago Times.

Electricity Defined.

I was standing on the back platform of a street car the other day when a high school boy asked his conductor "What is electricity?"

The conductor made some feeling reply, when the lad, as if to show off a lesson he had just learned said, "Electricity is a manifestation of energy."

How delicatively delicate! What an invasion of knowledge the boy had acquired when he remembered that definition! We wonder how many electricity but the boys who rule it "energy" were people than the high school lad.—Buffalo Express.

Musical Note.

"I did not hire Mendelssohn. There was an air of hoarse——

"Did you whistle it?"

"What?"

"The air of hoarse? I never heard of the composer."—New York Truth.

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