WAKEMAN'S WANDERINGS.

British Barmaids.

(Special Correspondence of the DESERET NEWS.)

More than nine-tenths of all the fermented quantity of ale, beer, wine and liquor annually consumed by the men, women and children of Great Britain, is served by women.

There are nearly 200,000 women thus engaged every day in the year. These are, as a class, the peasantry and tillers of the soil of these kingdoms. Whatever may be their relations to society at large, or their characters good or bad, they have characters good or bad, manners and morals, interesting or otherwise, and souls saved or unsaved, according as the clergy, church societies and missionaries never seem to have troubled themselves about the latter.

During the first half of the past ten years I had opportunity for frequent study of these British barmaids. During the last five years, I have been able to closely observe them nearly every day and evening of my life. At first, they had many may regard them as hardly meriting serious consideration. It seems to me they are really with talking about.

English literature is full of the bar-maid. Prose and poetry are redolent of her. Thus rate old fellows who lived in Queen Anne's days, "in chambers" and dined and wined in public houses while making most of the books which last all along down through the 17th and 18th centuries, and even as near as to the first third of the present century, seem to have drawn their inspiration largely from the tap-room fairly. Indeed, if we will be wholly honest about it, English literature, the earliest and grandest on earth, and the solid and have ever known class delicious. And even if little stress should be laid upon the matter, we owe to the very presence of the barmaids of those days preservation of the sweetest fancies, the most sparkling humor, the most charming dialogue, and so much matter of the most chaste and pathetic in delicate known to ballad poetry and fiction. This is not defensive of the barmaid. It is merely historic of her effect on and presence in literature. And I have often thought because it was only because the public house of old and the barmaid of old became British institutions, unconsciously though universally grounded in the human heart, they have survived civilization and decay.

On this line, there are two things which the British people which we in America utterly fail to comprehend. One is the Britton's passionate loyalty to anything sanctioned by prolonged and sanctified by precedent into the status of an institution—a British institution. In general, all the more honor to him for that; but it is misapplication and loyalty to a nation's own are preserved all good things, if a few bad ones happen to remain. Another is, the average Britton, high or low, is a being who will retain and retain all "rights," good or bad, which, literature, society, precedent and government have sanctioned out for him, with a pertinacity and bravery both pain to largarty shame the Northerner of most American people in the matter of Governmental, monopolistic and other encroachment.

This may seem getting a long way for what seems, but it is undeniably true that because the barmaid was long ago elevated into a British Institution through English literature, because the elder say sentiment or thing, serving the barmaid herself, is in Britain, the more endearingly and by long and because your British nobleman or workingman will have his wine or "bitter" from the hand of a tap-room divinity, whom all the world like it or not, prototype of the American "bartender" is here unknown, and 200,000 women serve 20,000,000 British people with their beers and spirits every day. There are other effects, such as the rapid national increase in the consumption of liquors, the increasing power in politics and legislation of the liquor interests, and, worse than all, the startling increase of liquor drinking by all classes of British women upon each of which what and sad volumes might be written. But the great fact of British barmaids is what the British people like and will have; and, being accustomed to, it only remains to speak of this particular class as it individually and collectively exists.

Rural England is a thing of the past, and there never was a rural Scotland or rural Ireland where the great old inn and the sweet young barmaid were havens and objects of material and ethical delight. With the end of the coaching days was an end of the inns, and with them, long after the old London type had gone, faded away the cherry-cheeked Hebe of the rural hostelry. To be sure, if you are a genuine tramp who will seek old nooks of provincial England and Scotland for the very love of adventure, you will now and then still find a gentle being in an old house, whose very presence behind its cupboards like fills your mind with all manner of chivalrous books, until the whole locality takes on a mingled morning as of sunshine and flowers. But if you remain long enough, you find that even this rural fancy is already tinged by modern unrest. A farmer's daughter, the child of some castle gamekeeper, of a widow lodge keeper of some underling of the manor mansion, she has already her ambition fixed on Edinburgh, Glasgow, Liverpool or London, or even the bright, busy railway refreshment rooms. And a year thereafter, you will find her, many and pert, straight and lofty, sage and calm, one of the great army of the public-house barmaids, at "fourteen bob a week and found." Probably one-half of the whole are recruited from this source. The other half are from the eternal crowd of city-born girls, who, without positive immoral tendencies, have overpassed restraint, and with much vigor, willing sex in sentiment and find serving consciousness springing from the true virtue of the glory of sex, have found their way into this manner of life and employment.

Some curious facts have developed, so remain interesting lines. In my five years study of these people in England, Ireland and Scotland. As a rule, in my wanderings, I have sought the humbler class of inns, for housing; not only from motives of comfort, but as bad furnishing various and vagarious forms of character study; inns on a par, as nearly as can be compared, with our American hotels of the "second class." Coming again and again to many of these, I have secured such friendships and confidences as gained for me, in many instances, the agreeable position of "one of the family" with the inn's host or hostess. Not being fitted by habits or habit for honors in front of these inns, which I have always found paid no respect from even those who sat at my them, I reached many a snug corner within them. There, in the landlord's or landlady's chair of honor and state, while apparently reading my mail, or scanning the papers, I have been favored at all hours of the day and night with pictures of life in Britain's "pubs"—as the bar-rooms attached to inns or restaurants are here universally called; and, during their moments of rest between customers' demands, I have received from British barmaids themselves innumerable kindly, honest, and altogether womanly, revelations as to their previous condition, with the mode and motive of their lives.

One of the first series of careful inquiries made was in reference to the sources of supply of females for this occasion. Who were these bright, laughing, graceful women? What manner of social condition was that out of which they came? How could 200,000 women, apparently fit to grace respectable and refined homes, assume such questionable employment as this of their own volition? Of what stuff, in the figure of woman, with all of woman's wit, softness and winsomeness in physical graces, could so vast and anomalous a class be created? These and many similar speculations along with countless personal inquiries resulted in the following facts and figures being scattered throughout my note-books. I do not know whether these averages on about 1000 will hold true with 200,000. They at least serve as a basis for reputable conjecture; and bring the subject, in its entirety, home to all who give thought to sociological questions with unusual impressiveness.

Daughters of farmers, villagers, and of various employes on estates of the British nobility, 300; daughters of small tradesmen, 216; publicans' daughters, sisters and other female relatives, 187; factory-girls, 54; seamstresses and milliners, 84; divorced wives, 11; school-mistresses, 72; drapers' and other clerks, 18; telegraph operators and postal employes, 6; actresses, variety and otherwise, 18; cashiers, 28; canvassers, 14; unsuccessful singers and music teachers, 44; mission workers, Sunday-school teachers and "Salvationists," 57; photograph colorists and "artists" generally, 19; "literary" persons—3 of whom had written poems, 4 pamphlets, 4 ballads, and 3 books, all of which "had been published," the balance of whom might be classified as "humble various"—39; while 13 had been domestics, 18 scullery maids; 7 governesses; and 53 as nursery maids, originally had the molding of the minds and morals of the British youth.

I took these figures to a very noted English thinker, leader and writer, a man whose name is a familiar one in every newspaper and household throughout the English-speaking world. He examined them carefully, seemed lost in reflection for a time, and gave his views regarding the sociological study in rapidly propounded return questions, after our true Yankee fashion.

"You have a great many women in America at the present time known as 'agitators' and 'reformers,' have you not?"

"And has not each one a mission or purpose, or a divine call, to gallop, plunge and cavort about, shrieking out all manner of notes of warning regarding the enslavement of her sex?

"And are not these females wound timeless, beat tom-toms, and override everything established, tender and sacred, in an effort to attract attention to themselves, until the grandest, true wives and mothers of your country are whipped into partial endorsement, the clergy bullied into silence and your editors, through a forgivable chivalry, influenced into lending them a quasi support?

"Well, sir, precisely the same female, or rather unfemale, qualities, which through these mental harlotes are accomplishing the gradual unsexing of American women and the revolutionizing and destruction of the American home, are at the root of our current British problems. It is simply a different form of expression of the same original evil—a female passion for some notoriety. Your over-shrewd and under-principled American female, wholesomest mistress homemaking, through the pretense of some ennobling mission, and the cross sisters paving anywhere just so long as she may confuse a disturbing element; ever thrilled and ecstatic over any manner of notoriety conducing to what she hysterically imagines has become a 'career.' Our barmaids are just that sort of male females; proud of tap-room publicity; eager for tawdry notoriety; consumed with ambition for a public career. But we are the most conservative people. With us, right and healthful social limitations force these characters into their proper place at once. Your female birds of prey delle and fatten upon your tenderest and most sacred social and domestic institutions. Ours, lunging only upon our most national weaknesses."

Many will consider the British comparison and estimate of our suffering sisterhood as a very severe one. Some will be very indignant enough to regard it as an unjust classification of British barmaids themselves. As a rule, I have found them hard-working women. Few ever know a holiday. They are on their feet from 12 to 16 hours per day. Whatever their natural temperaments, they are perforce honest. The British bar system is entirely different from ours, and still retains much of the flavor of the old custom of the publican's wife or wife sitting in the private or private room and serving customers with liquors through a little shelf-bottomed window; while the publican, his wife, or some member of the family, is never absent from the bar during business hours. This is much protection to the personality of the barmaid. Though you may regard her as lost to all moral sense, and the significance of words, through the endless repetition of lubricous language in her presence by drunken brutes, brainless cads and clever roues, in the main she remains measurably free from rough treatment. The modern British bar is practically a walled extension of the ancient British bar-window. There is no access to it from the public room. It is as high as your chin. The barmaid herself, behind her silver bar and ale pumps, stands two feet above you, a charming study in black, white and carnation—a black, perfect-fitting gown, a dainty white apron, the glory of the rose in, or on, her cheeks and lips.

She is, in fact, just as most men love to see a woman; suggestive of modesty, in her raiment, and charming in her figure and face. But after a day and evening of banter and wine, through which scores of pockets have been emptied, brains beclouded and her master further enriched, the highest and the lowest are remorselessly shut from sight of her smiling face. It is a sad, weary, tired face now. She is practically a prisoner there. She lives with the publican's family. She goes to a room not fit for a dog's bedding, snatches a few hours' sleep and is again at her post behind the bar to cheer and wheedle the trembling drunkards of the early morning hours. Her meals are snatched between furious rushes of customers at the bar. She must know everybody; be cognizant of something about everything; have a soothing word for rum-be-devilled beer-party; patiently listen to discussions of herself like those upon an animal; accept direct and infamous insults with invitation in her eyes and honeyed words upon her lips; sympathetically receive confidences of the most sacred and damnable character, in brief, to the end of her days, remain a marble Venus for little mortals, and slavery of Bacchus' cruel and maddened victims.

For all this she receives from six to twenty shillings per week and "keep." Some masters provide gowns and aprons. The innumerable degradation of her calling can only be indicated at in the statement of fact that there is but one place in Great Britain—at the refreshment bar of leading railway stations—where a refined lady would be seen or one who insults her would not lead to her immediate discharge without "character." The lowest grade in her vocation is among the eaters "Pubs," in the slums of Marylebone, Liverpool, and East End, London; the highest, in the gorgeous Law in West End rates. What leaves one f ben? Many the at an early age of long diseases, the child of their foul environments, flow drift into the unmentionable classes. Ever seeing the worst side of men, they are armed, though roughly, against temptations. Some become managresses of inns. "Pubs," of railway refreshment rooms and cafes with a bevy of younger barmaids under them, of chess museums, and all manner of enterprises at seaside resorts. Many marry reputable men, but drift back into their old lives. English nobility's ranks have been recruited from their number; and recently a wealthy young American of Baltimore wed one of the most beautiful and good of their kind in the three kingdoms—an Irish barmaid at Cork. No honest observer speaks of them unkindly as a class. The power behind them is responsible for the evil they accomplish. That is incalculable. Beware of their presence, countless British women find it easy to become drunkards. Because of their sociability, sympathetic kindliness and outright thoughtfulness, all grades and conditions of men are more and more enriching the British drum-shop with all that should preserve and sanctify the British home.

EDGAR L. WAKEMAN.

A SAD CEMETERY.

FILLED WITH YOUNG MEN'S BODIES AND ALL THE GRAVES NUMBERED.

Walter Besant once wrote a pathetic description of the churchyard at Bournemouth, where so many young folks are buried, but the following note from Johannesburg, tells a still more pathetic story: "One of the sadest sights in the world is the cemetery at Johannesburg. It is a heartbreaking place. Up on a barren stony slope of a hill above the town has been inclosed, and this is the last resting place of some twelve or fourteen hundred people, the larger portion of whom were young fellows between nineteen and thirty, who rushed up here overcome that a few months would see them rich for life. Most of the graves are nameless, but all are numbered. Just beyond the cemetery is a glittering mountain. When the sun shines on it it sparkles with a thousand prismatic colors and looks like the entrance to the palace of diamonds where the fairy Florizella lives, but in reality it is merely the place to which all the rubbish of Johannesburg is carted, and, as apparently half of the food of the town comes out of this, the result is a meretricious splendor quite in keeping with the other attractions of 'Goldopolis.'"—*Helena Journal.*

Buckien's Arnica Salve.

The Best Salve in the world for Cuts, Bruises, Sores, Ulcers, Salt Rheum, Fever Sores, Tetter, Chapped Hands, Chilblains, Corns, and all Skin Eruptions, and positively cures Piles, or no pay required. It is guaranteed to give perfect satisfaction, or money refunded. Price 25 cents per box. For sale by A. C. Smith & Co.

Ballard's Horehound Syrup.

We guarantee this to be the best Cough Syrup manufactured in the wide world. This is saying a great deal, but it is true. For *Consumption, Coughs, Colds, Sore Throat, Sore Chest, Pneumonia, Bronchitis, Asthma, Croup, Whooping Cough*, and all diseases of the *Throat and Lungs we positively guarantee* Ballard's Horehound Syrup to be without any equal on the whole face of the globe. In support of this statement we refer to every individual who has ever used it, and to every druggist who has ever sold it. Such evidence is indisputable.

Sold by Z. C. M. I. 4*

"I have been occasionally troubled with Coughs, and in each case have used Brown's Bronchial Troches which have never failed, and I must say they are second to none in the world."—*Peter A. May, Chester, St. Paul, Minn.*

I had Stone in the Bladder.

And my kidneys were affected. None of the means taken produced any benefit until I began the use of Dr. David Kennedy's Favorite Remedy, of Rondout, N. Y. The pain ceased—the stone having been dissolved by the action of the medicine. I am ready in public or in private to testify that my recovery is due to Dr. Kennedy's Favorite Remedy.—R. H. W. Parsons, Rochester.

The First Step.

Perhaps you are run down, can't eat, can't sleep, can't think, can't do anything to your satisfaction, and you wonder what ails you. You should heed the warning, you are taking the first step into Nervous Prostration. You need a Nerve Tonic and in Electric Bitters you will find the exact remedy for restoring your nervous system to its normal, healthy condition. Surprising results follow the use of this great Nerve Tonic and Alterative. Your appetite returns, good digestion is restored, and the Liver and Kidneys resume healthy action. Try a bottle. Price 50c. at A. C. Smith & Co's Drug Stores. 6*

Get a wire door Mat at Z. C. M. I.

Washington, the Capital.

By the census of 1890 Washington, the capital, has a population in round numbers of 230,000. It is attracting to itself every year more and more of the wealthy citizens of various states of the Union, who settle there permanently. The time will probably come when those now living will see at the Capital City a population of half a million, and when Washington City will be as large as the limits of the district. The climate of our national capital presents a winter resort unrivaled in the world. As eastern Americans need not go to Italy, Bermuda or even California for a mild, bright winter. He will find it in Washington City.

Society there is really the most thoroughly and simply republican of that of any city in the Union. Great wealth is not needed to enter the list. If you are refined and well educated and aspire to something to yourself, even though you work for your living, the easily best society of Washington will welcome you. And considering that this is the capital of the richest and most powerful nation on the globe, that is saying much. Literary, professional and artistic people of merit are gradually centering in the capital for their permanent homes, and thus society of the rarest and finest is building up.

Under the circumstances, whatever can be done to beautify our capital, enlarge its boulevards render it attractive, complete—ought to be without our party, penny saving policy. What is money for if it does not make the world a pleasanter place to live in?

We ought to have at Washington a great national university, where all the best methods of education can be fostered and all scientific discoveries tested. We ought in time to gather there the greatest museum of art in the world, and the largest menagerie beneath the sun—in brief, Washington ought to be made the most beautiful and attractive city on earth. We've got the money to make it so, and congress will be doing in the face of manifest destiny, and sinning away a magnificent opportunity if it does not see to it that this is done.

Rival Aluminum Factories.

Two establishments declare they are going to revolutionize the metal work ing industry of the country. One is in New York, the other in Chicago. Both claim to be able to extract the glittering metal of the future from clay at an expense of sixteen cents the pound, or thereabouts. But the New York factory is not going to sell it for that, but for a sum something above that. The Chicago house claims, however, that it is able to put the aluminum on the market for a price little exceeding the utterly nominal sum of sixteen cents.

We may look for great wonders very soon, therefore. If you are going to include in some silver plated ware this New Years, don't do it. If you wait a little you can have aluminum plated spoons, forks, knives, soup ladles, etc., that will not tarnish and will never need any more cleaning than plain washing. We may expect that our long aluminum houses will glitter along the fashionable streets of cities like Aladdin's palaces, and splendid aluminum church spires will pierce the sky—unless church spires go out of fashion, as modern architects say they must, because they are not in good taste.

Finally, The Chicago Tribune hails the day when aluminum will come in conquerer, because it will ship the tariff racket about its plates.

There is a horde of pension lawyers in Washington who get from $150,000 to $175,000 every week from the soldiers, widows and children whose pensions they draw. Of course it is to be said that if people will insist on being ignorant fools they must expect to be fleeced, and certainly the government, in its newspapers, everybody might to take pains to scatter the information abroad constantly that no lawyer's help is necessary to secure a pension. Blanks are ready at the pension bureau at Washington, and anybody who can write can fill them out. The man that would pilfer an invalid soldier, a widow or helpless children ought to be branded a thief across his face and whipped through the public streets. Whether he gets his punishment in this life or not, he will get it somewhere and somehow, but it will probably overtake him in this life.

It is said now that since the last terrific strain on him began Parnell has shown signs of eccentricity such as he never before manifested. It is well known that his family is an erratic one, while no members of it have perhaps shown positive insanity. But the ordeal to which the Irish leader has been subjected in the past two months seems enough to crazy the most level headed man. It was not till he was involved in the present troubles that Parnell ever gave way to the violent outbursts of temper that have been reported.

A queer fuel, but one that burns with great heat and little smoke, is said to have been made from petroleum, with 4 per cent of common soap added to it. The resulting combustible is a solid that ignites and burns slowly, serving the purposes of fuel excellently.

Do we feel our meter nerve currents as they pass out of the brain? asks Professor William James, of Harvard university. We don't know whether we do or not, but other people appear to feel them sometimes.

Go to SPENCER, BYWATER & Co., 17 and 19 West South Temple Street, for Tin Roofing (Guttering, Spouting, Stoves and Tinware, etc.

Wm. Wood, Sr., the old reliable Pioneer Hatter, is still located at 300 E. Second South where he has the Choicest of Men's Hats on hand. His Sausage has no equal in the city. A cordial invitation extended to all old customers. Call telephone No. 587.

"Hello! Hello!! Hello!!!"
"What's the matter?"
"How is your mother, this morning?"
"Why, much better; she had a real restful night, and I did, too, although I felt so nervous, tired and overwrought, and so worrying pain, nearly all the time, that we all ran to you for that bottle of medicine."
"Don't speak of gratitude. What does the doctor say?"
"He says he never saw so wonderful a change in so short a time. He says the medicine will stay on your shelves, and he will write to your friends about it."
"That's right. He's an old friend, you know, and you must write him and tell him how much good it has done you."
"Well, I will, I will. Good morning."
"Dollar Sample Bottles" for sale at all druggists. Regular sized bottles, containing a supply, or three months' treatment, $1.00. Large size, containing enough to last a family a year, $6.00. Medical advice free, by letter or at our office, on all matters relating to the treatment of disease. Our Pamphlet, "Medical Common Sense," sent free to all who send their address. Address, World's Dispensary Medical Association, Buffalo, N. Y.

DR. SAGE'S CATARRH REMEDY cures the worst cases, no matter of how long standing. At some by druggists.

LEGAL NOTICE.

In the Probate Court in and for Salt Lake County, Territory of Utah.

In the matter of the Estate of Milton Atwood, deceased.

Notice of time and place for the hearing of petition for administration is hereby given.

PURSUANT TO AN ORDER OF SAID Court in said matter, notice is hereby given that Monday, the 26th day of January, A. D. 1891, at 10 o'clock a. m., at the Probate Court House in Salt Lake City, Utah Territory, has been appointed for the hearing of the petition for administration on the estate of Milton M. Atwood, deceased, when and where all persons interested in probate of a certain document purporting to be the last will and testament of said Milton M. Atwood, deceased, are required to appear and contest the probate of said document, and when and where all persons interested in said estate are required to appear and show cause why the prayer of said petition should not be granted.

Witness my hand and seal of said Court, this 12th day of January, A. D. 1891.

(Seal.) C. S. ALLEN, Clerk of Probate Court.
By C. E. STANTON, Deputy Clerk. 6th

SUMMONS.

In the District Court in and for the Third Judicial District of Utah Territory, County of Salt Lake.

John H. Bennion and Emma Bennion Lawrence, Plaintiffs,

vs.

Abraham Fugate, Sarah N. Fugate, Sarah Ann Fugate, Mary Ann Fugate, Sarah Ann Fugate, Mary Ann Fugate, Lydia