

## THE SWEATING SYSTEM.

*By K of L.*

### III.

"Our lives are of a mingled yarn,  
The good and evil intermixed."

Thinking of these words of the great bard of Avon while walking along King street east, and noticing the many different people I met, in all conditions of life, some well clad in furs and rich garments, and other in their "looped and windowed raggedness," I caught sight through a rather dingy store window of a tailor hard at work on his board. I stepped inside to interview him.

After a few every-day remarks I asked him if he worked for the wholesale clothiers? "No, sir," with peculiar emphasis, "I used to, but it got so I could not make a living. I cannot get much of a living now; the business is getting so badly cut that I cannot see what things are coming to. For coats that should be worth between \$5 and \$6, to be made right, the wholesale men will only pay about \$1.50 or \$1.25." Asked what he considered the cause of the trouble he replied:—"Oh, it's the fault of these German and Jew contractors, and the women who take the work from the warehouses to their homes. You can see them go by here day after day by the scores. There goes one now," directing my attention to a poorly dressed woman going down the street, with a big bundle in her arms and a little boy clinging to her dress by her side.

He gave me the address of a young girl who worked for

the wholesalers, and I left him. Going to the place directed, I found she boarded over a store where a man was working at another business. While waiting for the young woman to put in an appearance, I started a conversation with the man, touching the object of my mission. He immediately convinced me that he held decided opinions on the matter, and proceeded to denounce the system vigorously.

"Why it's frightful," he said. "Why don't the ministers take it up and talk about it from their pulpits? and the papers; why don't some of them show it up? But they won't," he added, with supreme disgust, and turned to re-light his pipe. By this time the young woman had come down stairs. She told me she made men's trousers. This branch of the business is the worst paid of all.

"Of course," she said, "it is very hard work, and the prices are so low, but I should not care so much if the work was more regular. It's hard to get it to do at all now at any price. Sometimes though it is better, and I have plenty to do then."

"How many hours do you work,"

"I asked, 'when you have it to do?'"

"Oh! in busy times I begin work about half-past five in the morning, and work on till eight or nine o'clock at night."

"How much can you make in a