

Y Co. LIMITED.

In the Homes of Working Girls

One of the important problems of the day is the housing of the constantly increasing army of young women who are engaged in the commercial and manufacturing centres of various countries. It is one which is worthy of the study of our clergy and prominent laymen. The following article which we clip from a leading American daily newspaper, not of the sensational group, may convey to those inclined to consider the subject—not only from a social, but also from the standpoint of religion, a fairly good idea of its magnitude, and the efforts which are being made in such cities as New York to deal with it.

"How well," says the writer, "the aphorism about 'the other half' applies to women of wealth on the one hand and working women on the other, is illustrated by a conversation between a woman known for her generosity in behalf of worthy causes, and a woman whose chosen work gives her unusual opportunities for observing the facts of life in many of its phases. The rich woman spoke regretfully of her own remoteness from individuals outside her own class.

"I know one woman," she said, "whose favorite diversion is a large family of poor relations. I always thought poor relations were nuisances and congratulated myself that I hadn't any. But this family really gives my friend more genuine pleasure than anything else she possesses. There are four girls, the eldest a teacher, one in a kindergarten training school, another studying art and the youngest a school girl. They are perfectly independent, bright, charming girls, and never expect a thing from their rich cousin. She has to almost beg them to accept gowns and hats out of her abundance, and schemes in all sorts of ways to help them without seeming to patronize. They pay her over and over again by the diversity they furnish her rather faded point of view. I wish I knew some girls of their kind."

"Why don't you adopt a family?" was suggested, but the discouraged reply was: "Where shall I find it?"

Another benevolent woman called on the rector of her church and told him that she had a great desire to help self-supporting women. Being a woman of tact as well as heart, she hesitated to begin until she knew exactly what self-supporting women needed, or in what way she could help them without injuring their self-respect.

"I would like to give them happiness rather than mere material aid," she explained. "Tell me, what do working girls do to amuse themselves, and how can I add to their enjoyment?"

The question suggests itself, What is the difference between this home and some of the others? The most casual examination of the facts serves to answer the question. The Clara de Hirsch Home was established on the principle that homes were for working girls, rather than that working girls were for homes. The intelligence which conceived this fact grew out of personal contact of the founder with working women. It is necessary to adopt large families of girls in order to comprehend their needs, and this the Baroness de Hirsch did.

The clergyman had to own that he did not know how working girls amused themselves and he referred the question to the head of an organization which concerns itself with sociological matters in general. Dr. Tolman of the American Institute for Social Service detailed investigators to report on the matter, and the report they finally made was a somewhat dismal one. There are many clubs for girls, and these furnish intellectual enjoyment and are uplifting in their tendency. Not all working girls are intellectual in their tastes, however, and their means of diversion are very limited. The girls who live on the West Side have an established custom of congregating in groups on Eighth Avenue and spending part of the evening in walking up and down, chatting and looking in shop windows. There are some well-furnished shop windows on Eighth Avenue, and one may derive some excitement from selecting finery that would become one if some miracle would provide the means of purchasing it—like Lady Teazle's favorite youthful employment of drawing patterns for designs she had not the materials to make up.

The girls live in crowded homes where a social life of the normal kind that is, men callers, small dances, innocent card parties, and the like, are quite possible. A large number of the girls are without even such homes. They live in cheap boarding houses, many of which have not even a pretence of a parlor or reception room. They must meet their friends outside or not see them at all. The great need for genuine homes for working

girls and self-supporting women of all classes has been acknowledged so often as to have become commonplace. A great deal of money has been expended on homes and boarding houses. Some of these proved immediate failures; others were found to suit certain classes of girls, who keep them fairly well filled the year round. All of them are patronized to a greater or less extent. They have the merit of being cleaner and cheaper than the boarding houses and lodging houses which are the only alternatives.

The average home for working women is a religious institution. A benevolent society composed of Protestant women maintains three establishments called homes, whose advertised object is "to promote the temporal, moral, and religious welfare of women." A girls' club home is supported to furnish home comforts for members of a club attached to a prosperous parish of the Episcopalian Church. The Catholic Church provides at least two city homes for women in its communion. Several denominational houses have been established. In all these places the object is religious training first and home comforts second. In nearly all attendance at prayers and other religious exercises is compulsory. At the largest and most liberal of them all, the Margaret Louisa Home in connection with the Young Woman's Christian Association, applicants for admission must furnish one reference from a clergyman of a Protestant denomination.

There is one home for self-supporting women in New York where the first object is the comfort and happiness of the young women who live there. It is a Jewish institution, founded by a Jewish woman and committed to the care of a board of directors who are mostly of the same race. Provision was made from the first that the beneficiaries should be partly Jewish, but no discrimination is made against Christians or those who have no religious affiliations at all. The regulations are so few and so slight that they are hardly noticeable. The doors close at a certain hour, it is true, but permission to remain out later than the closing hour is not difficult to obtain. The atmosphere of the place is little like that of an institution. Every girl has her own room, which she sometimes shares with a girl chum for the sake of sociability, or in order that another shall have the benefit of the home. The rooms are mostly furnished and each girl adds what decorations please her.

The question suggests itself, What is the difference between this home and some of the others? The most casual examination of the facts serves to answer the question. The Clara de Hirsch Home was established on the principle that homes were for working girls, rather than that working girls were for homes. The intelligence which conceived this fact grew out of personal contact of the founder with working women. It is necessary to adopt large families of girls in order to comprehend their needs, and this the Baroness de Hirsch did.

There is a custom which has grown rapidly in popularity in Edinburgh, where it originated. Several women of wealth who became deeply interested in the problem of the housing of the poor tried the experiment of buying tenements in wretched quarters of the town, refitting them and making them more habitable than others in the neighborhood, and taking the management of them into their own hands. The owners are the rent collectors, and in their weekly visits to the houses they become intimately acquainted with all the tenants. This has resulted so favorably, not only to the tenants, but to the owners as well, that more and more property owners are adopting the plan. In New York a large building company which erects model tenements and cheap apartment houses employs a "friendly rent collector," a woman of education and undoubted good breeding. She is in no sense a missionary; she does not interfere with or even appear to interest herself in the private affairs of the tenants, but her influence with them and her effect on the general tone of the houses under her care are manifest.

Another instance of the value of the personal contact is perceived in the growth of the social secretary idea. Managers of department stores, factory owners, and other employers of many working people have come to a realization of the fact that they cannot work at a distance from their employees. They no longer consider

them en masse, but individually. It is almost a trite saying that the greatest benefit of the social settlements has been to the settlement workers rather than to the neighborhoods they worked in. The needs of the other half, in the case of working women, the other two-thirds, cannot be comprehended from afar. Men and women who are interested in their welfare must know them as they are. It is gratifying to note the active movement on the part of many women in this direction.

NO PLACE FOR THE DRUNKARD

We have so many suggestions daily as to the best means of preventing the increase of the drinking habit, that we thought the following which we clip from the Salt Lake "Truth," an additional one of a unique character:

"Until the minds of men are so trained that each and all will see the evil of drinking, men will drink. The great corporations and railroads have decided that a man who drinks is not a reliable person to entrust with business; that the engineer who tipsles is not a safe man to entrust with the running of an engine and the lives of the passengers on the train. Orders have been issued to either quit whiskey or the employ of the company.

That action has made more sober men than all the pledge-signing advocates; all the blue ribbon advocates; all the prohibition cranks who ever shouted and raved in public places. It is no longer a question of morals; it is a question of expediency. A man has got to leave it alone if he wants to amount to anything. The drunkard is not wanted. Time was when a newspaper man who got 'drunk as a boiled owl' was looked upon as a "genius." But the "genius" is to-day out of a job. He has been succeeded by the "plodder," and the plodder is drawing salary while the genius is trying to attract the attention and enlist the sympathies of the bartender.

The forbidding of employees drinking is becoming more and more common, and it is a good thing. By and bye those who drink will see that those who do not are better off, and will quit of their own volition. The traffic will never entirely cease. There will be some men who will drink and drink again. Some because they have to; others because they like to, and still others who want to be contrary. The sentiment of public opinion will always be adverse, so far as alcohol is concerned, and this last mentioned class will drink out of pure cussedness, and that is all."

Eccentric Aristocrats.

A few days before the prorogation of the last session in England the Marquis of Townsend, who succeeded to his title and to a seat in the House of Lords, four years ago, made his appearance and went through the necessary formalities of taking his seat in the Upper Chamber. This would indicate considerable indifference on his part, and but scant respect for the august body of hereditary legislators to which he was called. But the Government, the Lords, and the people have lost nothing by his absence. He is at best an eccentric individual who has inherited eccentricities from ancestors who were both disagreeable and dangerous. It was the tyrannical policy of Charles Townsend, King George III.'s Chancellor of the Exchequer, in extorting certain taxes from the people of America, that led to the war of Independence. The taxes in question were estimated to produce a revenue of less than £40,000 a year, and it was for the sake of that paltry sum that King George, through the stupidity of his Chancellor of the Exchequer, Townsend, lost what were in those days the finest jewels of his crown—namely, his American colonies. The late Lord Townsend will be remembered in connection with the relentless war which he waged on the Italian organ grinders in London, and likewise on beggars, causing their arrest wherever he found them, and devoting much of his time and a considerable amount of money to their prosecution and punishment.

The Telephone Parishioner.

A somewhat amusing yet very practical sketch of the inconveniences which Rev. William Hickey, of Dayton, O., has suffered by abuses of the use of the telephone, may be read with profit by our local readers. It is from his own pen and is all the more interesting on that account. Father Hickey says:—

Scarcely a day has passed that the writer has not been called to the telephone only to hear the impatient expression, "Oh! they have given me the wrong number," and when this happens three times within an hour, to recall one experience, you doubt whether the inventor of the telephone may justly be regarded as a benefactor of his kind.

While on the subject of telephones, the writer proceeded to unburden himself of some suggestions that may be useful to persons who want to call up the priests.

1. Don't telephone unless it is necessary. Remember that it takes some one's time to answer it, and both the priests and the domestics of the house have their time pretty well occupied as it is. Every Saturday, we are asked about the hours of Mass on Sunday. No need of this, for they are published Saturday, and an investment of one cent with the nearest newsboy will bring you this information. Again as many as ten individuals have called up in one evening to ask at what hour Mass would be said next day, a holiday; most of them had been at Mass the previous Sunday, and heard the hours announced, but they paid no attention. It is all right for strangers to ask these questions, but there are some things that we must take for granted that our people do know.

2. With all respect for persons concerned, the pastor must decline to be the messenger or to deputize persons in his employ to be messengers, either to the neighbors or to the school, or the Sisters, and it is safe to say that similar messages to those that have been received in the past will go unattended, as Mrs. A. wants to inform Mrs. B., living a block away, that she will call on her at two o'clock, or Mrs. C. wants her boy Johnny to call on his aunt for supper, as his mother won't be home, and won't the priest go over to the school and tell him? or Mrs. D. wants to tell the Sister that her daughter can't take her music lesson, because she must have a new dress fitted on at that hour. There is a better way of doing these things—attend to them yourselves—or, as the pastor once hesitatingly suggested, to an angry female at the other end of the wire, who indignantly asked, "Well, if you won't take my messages to the Sisters, how can I send it to them?" "Call up the District Telegraph Company for a messenger boy," seemed the natural thing to say, but this advice did prove acceptable, for the conversation was abruptly ended by the aforesaid irate female.

In case of any accident, we are at your service—even as messenger—but don't make it inconvenient for the priest, just to make it more convenient for yourself.

3. It has been a mooted question whether politeness is regarded as an essential ingredient of telephonic conversation. We prefer to have it, even a small admixture, just to give it flavor. Questions that would justly be regarded as impertinent, if addressed to you in your house, or face to face on the street, are nonetheless so when hurled at you through the telephone.

To begin with, always start off by giving your name,—"This is Mr. So-and-So, and he wants to speak to Father Hickey or Quinn." If there be anything boorish, it certainly is the opening sentence of many a message over the telephone.—"Who is this?" or "Who is talking?" and thus suddenly called to account, you must declare to some unknown questioner your name and the reason of your existence on this mundane sphere. Just imagine some one ringing your door-bell and asking such a question. More than once, persons calling up a priest have refused to give their names, and with such the priest has no time to talk.

One lady, who refused to give her name, not long since, asked when and at what hour an acquaintance of hers was to be married, and when the pastor intimated that this ques-

tion might properly be addressed to the family specially concerned.

It is always flattering to be regarded as a storehouse of information, and questions of all kinds are fired at the priest, who is asked Why do priests in the Greek Church marry, or what is the address of a Sister in Kansas City, or what is the name of the hospital in St. Louis; but to be called at eleven o'clock at night to give the exact age of the Pope, "just to decide a bet, you know," is rather crowding things. Eight hours a day has never been part of a priest's programme, but when the telephone begins ringing at five o'clock in the morning to satisfy some one's curious questions, he just wonders if people think he camps at night alongside of that harmless little box.

4. Now just a word about sick calls. Unless in case of sudden emergency or accidents, we would prefer not to receive sick calls over the telephone, and it will be more satisfactory to send some one to the house to explain the condition of the patient. Oftentimes the priest must know whether the patient is conscious or not, whether he can retain anything on his stomach, whether there is immediate danger, so he may determine whether he will bring the Blessed Sacrament, at once, or wait until a subsequent call.

When your only source of information is the grocer's boy, who, somewhere in the course of his rounds that morning, has the message to call up, St. Joseph's and get a priest,—just like you would order a steak from the butcher's,—about all the satisfaction to be had from questions addressed to this bright boy is "Don't know; they just said to call Father Hickey."

One lad of this kind once called the priest to number 13 Xenia Avenue. There was no such number, and after the priest had called on that number on eight different blocks, he began to understand the prejudice some people have against this number, until the happy thought dawned on him that the number might be among the 1300's, and he found it after two hours' search. Oh, blessed boy at the other end of the telephone wire!

A priest regards a sick call as the most serious duty he has, and is prepared to drop anything else to attend to it,—when necessary,—but to be told in every instance to come right away, oftentimes means missing some engagement he has made, or disappointing some one that is coming for instruction. In lingering cases, it might be as well to drop the "come right away" part of the invitation, and ask him to come that morning or afternoon, and thus let him arrange his hours to attend to his engagements and satisfy all persons.

It is not always reliable to telephone at night, for the instrument is placed downstairs,—and for the present the pastor is not going to place it under his pillow,—and occasionally he sleeps the deep sleep that goes with a good conscience, and that ring is as faint as the voice of a hardened sinner's conscience. Just walk down and give the door-bell a good pull,—that rings just alongside his bed, and in the stillly midnight will bring him to his feet in a jiffy. For a while the pastor sympathized with the disappointment of people who rang his telephone in vain for a sick call at two in the morning, until assured next day that it was too much trouble to have any one go for the priest, and so they just waited until after breakfast. Wasn't it kind of them?

With some attention paid to the suggestions, the priests will have a better opinion of the telephone—that modern convenience.

Premium TO Subscribers.

We offer as a premium to each Subscriber a neatly bound copy of the Golden Jubilee Book, who will send the names and cash for 5 new Subscribers to the True Witness

This is a splendid opportunity to obtain a most interesting chronicle of the work of Irish Catholics Priests and laymen in Montreal during the past Fifty years.

Power Of a Good Book.

A young man of good parentage had graduated from high school. He was to become a lawyer, and therefore entered college. His pious mother trembled at thought of the many dangers which threatened his faith and morals, and considered what she could do to preserve his virtue. She herself could not accompany him to the great metropolis, but as a talisman she gave him a small book, the "Imitation of Christ," entreating him never to part with it.

The student, having promised to fulfill his mother's wish, accordingly took his precious book in hand every evening. It reminded him of her love for him, and of her anxiety for the preservation of his innocence. But soon the young man was surrounded by evil friends. They captivated him by description of their feasts and pleasures. He allowed himself to be influenced, so that they soon had complete control over him. Religious duties became irksome, and after a while were entirely neglected. The talisman given him by his mother now became a burden. He even begrudged it the small amount of space it occupied, for its presence recalled to the mind of the prodigal son the years of virtue and innocence spent under the parental roof.

Whenever he indulged in forbidden pleasures the little book became his accuser. To remove it from his sight he cast it into the farthest corner of the room. From there it wandered into an old chest where all useless articles were kept. But the humble instrument of God's mercy had yet to fulfill its mission.—One day our student was looking for paper with which to cleanse his razor. By a singular coincidence he came across the "Imitation of Christ." "It makes no difference," he said, and tore a leaf from the book. After a few days it was again used for the same purpose, until, from week to week, the poor little book lost many of its gilded pages. But each time a sentence of the torn leaf caught the young man's eye, and disturbed the forced peace of his conscience.

Walking by a church, one morning, into which a funeral procession was just passing, he paused to hear some one remark, "What a misfortune! He was the only son of wealthy parents, and but eighteen years old. He fell from his horse and was killed instantly." Then the verse on the page of the "Imitation of Christ," he had torn from the book the day before suddenly occurred to the wayward son.—"How foolish of you to promise yourself a long life, when you are not even sure of the morrow." Deeply agitated at thought of what the words implied, he followed the funeral into the church. The ceremonies and hymns awakened the suppressed voice of his conscience and compelled him to reflect on the sinful state of his soul. In the course of a few days he cast himself at the feet of a priest to implore his aid in making his peace with God. Thus the piety of the mother was rewarded and in this instance the conversion of her son due to a page of the "Imitation of Christ."—Translated for "The Pilot" from the Breslauer Sountagsblatt, by Mary Schuerkamp.

Patent Report.

Below will be found a list of patents recently granted to foreigners by the Canadian Government through the agency of Messrs. Marion & Marion, patent attorneys, Montreal, Canada, and Washington, D.C.

- 83,010—Otto Zepf, Montreal, Que. Stopper for bottles.
- 83,027—Wm. Ewart Gladstone, Dunedin, New Zealand. Hair pins.
- 83,060—Alphonse Provost, Tourcoing, France. Spring spokes for wheels.
- 83,183—Summers Brown, London, Eng. Rotary stencil printing apparatus.
- 83,184—Franz Pawel, Hanover, Germany. Peripheral structures for wheels.
- 83,243—Leonard S. van Westrum, Berlin, Germany. Method of sprinkling streets and the like.
- 83,387—Horace Jno. Weeks, Christchurch, New Zealand. Step for windows and doors.
- 83,435—J. Wilkinson & Wm. P. Thompson, Liverpool, Eng. Lighting and heating.

Demands

Satisfying regular department every day.

WEAR.
End Ties, in plain colors, also colored, with fancy figured effects. 50c and 75c

WEAR.
Quality Fleece Lined Sizes 34 to 46 Per 56c

Knit Underwear, double breasted shirts, 50c to 75c

Underwear, well finished in every detail, double breasted, 50c to 75c

Prices \$1.75 to \$2.25

Include One

and Dark Gray various grades, to \$12.50 and \$15.00

Additional

by in Hosiery.

Black Cashmere, 25c

Black Cashmere, 27c

Black Cashmere, 35c

Department In the City

values will tell you why

Gloves, in shades of tan, pique, 2 stud fasteners. 90c

Kid Gloves, in shades of tan, pique, such as mode, brown, black, also heavy, white or self, 2. Sizes 5 1/2 to 7 1/2. \$1.55

Co. LIMITED

125 Street Montreal

TS

DLINOLEUMS, RUGS, etc., of Fancy Cushions and BEDSTEADS complete with 12.

FROM ROME

Officially announced in the 9th November a will be held, and public one will follow mere speculation as to the "Red Hats." Italian papers have taken from Rome that Mgr. Lorenzelli, that city, is likely to be a Cardinal, in the Government to promotion. But this is mere speculation. One fact announced in one guess-work in Mgr. Merry Del pointed permanently of State. This followed by the same date being made Cardinal. In our last issue appreciation of Mgr. his diplomatic career of his parentage. We then said that had a special deep interest in achievements of this good reason had him in our known and expert of his great administrative talents.