WOMAN'S WORLD.

MEN ARE BEING FORCED OUT OF LIGHT EMPLOYMENT.

The Great Inventor's Mother-Girls in Their Teens-Dress at Chinese Legation-The Woman of the Future Will Laugh.

Slowly but irresistibly women and girls are forcing men out of the lighter work that is done at the stock yards. Thousands of them are employed in the packing and canning factories there, and if the business grows as it has done within the last three years thousands more will be msed. In no case, however, are the women working at anything but what might be termed "kitchen work," such as cutting dried beef, packing cans, stuffing sausages and labeling cans. Dread has been aroused by this



growth of female labor in the yards, and many of the social settlement eaders fear the time may come when he girls will use the knife even in slaying. So great has this become hat Miss Mary McDowell of the Uniremity of Chicago Settlement suggested it at a meeting of the Woman's Cmion Label League.

General opinion in the yards however, is that the day is still far disant when the girls actually will take a hand in the killing of even a

Between 5 000 and 6 000 women and girls are on the pay-roll of the various stock yards houses. They form ous stock yards houses. They form arout in this square table and after would not be able to butter you up the seventy-five per cent. of the employes of the canning factories in both conof the canning factories In both conrerns the girls, while taking work that once was done by men, are hired to do only the lighter grades of labor. In one of the rooms where forty girls were busy painting cans, and where the furmes of the paint were it avy, all were asked if they liked cost of \$15 if you make the same your. feet now; too honest to pretend to be heir work, whether they got suffitent pay and whether they were will-

ng to give up their places to men. "like my work?" asked Jennie Luaghlin. "Sure I do. The pay beats that of my sister down on State street all hollow. Why, I was off two days of last week and still made nine dollars. Don't think for a minute 'hat I am going to give up this job to any man. Cutting him out? Sure I am, but what's the dif'!"

"The question is right here," said James Rostande who works in the packing department of Armour & Co. "The girls have been coming in here by the hundreds and they have taken the light work. There is not girl and never will be a girl or woman abo will use the knife for slaughtering ourposes but they have taken the easy and easy money making jobs. Their fingers are more deft than ours and where strength is not necessary they tre doing well. I am under the impression that no man has been forced out of work, but they have been forced out of easy work."

The girls cut and pack dried beef and label the cans. Beef is cooked for extracts and then packed by them. They clean and pare vegetables and put them into cans for use. The moat extras are trimmed and cut up by them. All this is called "kitchen work" In addition to that the canning companies have their girls solder the cans and feed the tin machines. Women Learn to Laugh.

Men have laughed and women have wept for ages. Woman's 'cars have been featured far more than they deserve, and the heroines of the vidfashioned novels must have bee a damp red-eyed lot of girls even in their most joyous mements.

The fact is that women have overdone their crying and have allow d any amount of health, courage and force to ocze from their tear glands. of Moore and Byron dwell ecstatically spells must have had their charm in those days, as well as ringlets and

wasp waists. But the woman of the future will laugh and will be all the better for it. Girls have never been allowed to cultivate a humorous sense as they grew up until within quite recent years, when intelligence is saining such victories in the nursery. Boisterous conduct or loud laughter has always been such exuberance is regarded as a nat-

ble. The result of all this is the w been observant.

Then the giggle is criticised, and many women continue, in their efforts to be polite, to gurgle and gasp into their handkerchiefs until the end of the

Marconi's Mother. Marconi's mother, says an exchange, is an Irishwoman, Annie Jamison of Dublin. In her teens she was sent to Italy to study music and met and married Guiseppe Marconi. Of her courtship and marriage she will say little, save that the former was a case of true love and the latter of pure domestic happiness. Mrs. Marconi is a highly educated woman, and between the mother and son there is a strong bond of sympathy and genuine love. Marconi formerly accompanied 80 never the daisy's sweet sign deceives, his mother on her travels; now he takes her with him wherever he can. She spends about six months out of every year in England, living with him in London when he is there and going with him to one of his stations when his work takes him there. Mrs. Marconi is exceedingly modest and insists on being regarded as an ordinary woman. Perhaps this very fact makes her remarkable, aside from her single pride in being the mother of such a son.

One Girl in Her Teens. Girls at the age which Longfellow poetically describes as "standing was not forced into unpleasant straits where the brook and river meet" are more difficult to dress than the tiny nothing to mourn with. There was not sisters, for their long limbs and unexpected outlines are disconcerting, and the talk of the town. Candles, sufficient often their own whims demand an ap- to desure at compound interest the proach to grown up attire in prefer- future peace of the late Mr. Burns, were ence to childish looseness. But it burned at decent and regular intervals, ought to be firmly impressed on them and masses for the repose of his soul that at the growing time it is even were frequent and paid for. more needful for their own healthy No reflection could therefore be cast and beautiful development to avoid upon the behavior of the sorrowing any compression of the figure than it is earlier and far more important captious neighbor could not take excepthan it will be in a few years' time. tion to the fact that he was admitted The notion of its being necessary to to the widow's presence. The aspirant help to "form the figure" by stays for the late Michael's marital honors firmly drawn in at the walst is an er- was a clean shaven gentleman, one ror, as any doctor will tell us. The Patrick McDerry by name, by occupawaist will come naturally as the hips tion an auctioneer, and with all the grow to their full size, and in her own lavishness of cajolery at his command interests the girl in her early teens should be persuaded to let the weight of her dress depend chiefly from her whole neighborhood could testify, with shoulders and be tied in but loosely a mien that could neither be called at the waist line

A Summer Silk. made over a gray-blue lining to match offers of sisterhood, or had merely postthe lightest shade in your material. poned the hearing of his proposals, the Trim the skirt with six folds of itself, neighbors were unable to decide. having them graduate wider near the bottom of the skirt, placing them one self to be lured thither by the color of and a half inches apart, and finish each the late Michael's money, although the fold with a piping of white silk. Make widow was a fine figure of a woman. the waist with a vest of coffee-colored and lucky would be the man that seflet lace square medallions over a cured her comely charms. He was not white lining. Tuck the waist all over like some others he could name, who in fine tucks. Cut the edges of the had to kiss the Blarney stone every front in tiny square tabs and after morning when they woke, for fear they a fitted sleepe, with a deep turned- was worth her whole cottage and four back cuff of the medallion, edged with scres. "No need to name names, but a band of the tabs and buttons. Wear the man I mean is not worthy to plant a narrow belt of black velvet.

A Bridesmaid's Dress. self. To begin with, make it of organdie. Point d'esprit would be pretty, but more expensive. The skirt and holdes are typical all over the skirt and the same your bolind to what no one could be blind to, since there was not in the neighborhood about such an unencumbered bit of land; and if a human creature could be tucks, the flounce on the skirt and the not be calling the man a hypocrite, allar lace medallions (buy these by the woman like yourself, ma'am, would be yard and cut them apart; you will know a good bargain when he saw one."



find imitation flet lace pretty and inexpensive.) Connect the medallions whom his soul yearned. with a crush of Liberty ribbon. The Nevertheless, Mr. O'Brien departed, waist has a pretty shirred yoke, the leaving, it is true, his poem behind him, fashienable as fainting and the poems shirrings being of tiny tucks, and is and bearing with him in exchange Mrs. worn sheer. Above the plaiting, which Burns' promise for future hearing. falls over the shoulders and form a with a cluster of roses.

is rude. That constitutes the law her is one which your friend has seen the wemar child in whose brain is sufficiently frequently to enable him mischievous fun is heginning to to give you a correct answer had be

women know how to laugh. The How many legs has a billiard table? had broken out afresh at the pathetic. laugh of the child is repressed, and it Most people will say six. As a mat-recital of her trushand's latter end to develops into the giggle of the girl. ter of fact, there are eight.

THE DAISY'S SECRIT SPELL

All summer she scattered the dalay leaves; They only macked her as they fell. She said. "The dainy but deceives: There is no virtue in its spell. 'He loves me not,' 'He loves me well,' One story no two daises tell." th, foolish heart, which waits and grieves Under the daisy's mocking spell?

But summer departed, and came again; The daisies whitened every hill; Her heart had lost its last year's pain. Her heart of love had had its fill. And held love's secrets at its will. The daisles stood untouched and still, No message in that snowy rain To one whose heart had had its fill!

Though no two will one story tell; The glad heart sees the daisy leaves. But thinks not of their hidden spell Heeds not which lingered and which

"He loves me: yes, he loves me well." Ah, happy heart which sees, believes! This is the dalsy's secret spell!

MRS. BURNS' DECISION

Until a year after Michael Burns' and Mr. McDerry was that polite a death Mary, his wife, maintained a decorous show of grief. Michael had been a thrifty person, and his widow of mourning for him when she had a widow in Ballingwood had heavier weeds. The tombstone she erected was

that his profession necessitated. He went confidently into the widow's little citting room, and emanated, as the elated nor yet depressed. It was merely pensive. Whether Mrs. Burns had A summer silk would be very pretty tempered her refusal with affectionate

A few weeks later another suitor preone potato for you-believe me, ma'am, Mistress Burns. But it is a different A pretty gown may be made at the sort of a man that is kneeling at your bodice are tucked all over in fine that unseeing. Mistress Burns-for I'll trimming around the shoulders is ac- though he is generally known by that cordion plaited, ruched on the edge; name—then it's certain he's no man of the flounce joins the skirt with circu- business, at all; and no good business

This plausible reasoning was not without its effect on Mrs. Burns, as her small servant, who would cheerfully have lost her place rather than forego the pleasure of listening from the attic overhead, reported to the anxious community. But steadfastly adhering to the line of grief stricken abstinence she had worked out for herself, the widow dismissed the honest man, Mr. Thomas Egan by name, as she had done his wily predecessor, until such time as the force of her grief should have in some measure spent itself.

Hardly a week passed, however, before Mrs. Burns was again visited by a pining lover. This time it was a foriorn widower seeking consolation. Mr. Martin O'Brien had lost his spouse about the same time Mrs. Burns had suffered her marital loss, and he came to mingle his tears with hers, and in the shedding of them to cause the new hopes, which were already green upon the graves of both dear departed, to blossom in the hearts of the sorrowing relicts. He brought a small poem embodying the above idea and sobbingly read it aloud to the widow. She was visibly moved. Mr. O'Brien became more pathetic, and his tearful utterances more heartrending. No one but Mrs. Burns could weigh the depth of the grief into which he was poured, and Mrs. Burns, whose mind was unalive to mixture of metaphors, heard admiringly the expose of the position she was occupying in the mind of Mr. O'Brien. She alone could give the solace; she alone fill the blank. She alone was the sympathetic mate for

By this time the spring time was and Varys of their songs; so crying jabot down the left side, are a few shedding its softening influences with medallions connected with the ribbon gentle lavishness about the earth, and, which joins the yoke to the waist. fancy lightly turned to thoughts of love There is a pretty cluster of roses and Mary Burns. The last of the four made of white ribbon on the left side sultors was a stranger-Mr. Anthony of the waist, and the girdle of ribbon Long, who came in the early, bright has long ends at the left side front days from the lumber camps up on the which knot three times and finish North Shore, and who announced himself to have been the dear friend of the late Mr. Burns. Michael had died away It is surprising may many instances from home, and the stranger had tended him in his last illness. Michael had there are in everyday life in which he died in his arms, and the newcomer reproved in little girls, while in a boy average person shows a sad lack of brought a ring which the deceased had observation. In order to test this you given him as a legacy. Furthermore, ural and helathy sex attribute. This have only to put one or two of the fol- he came out of respect to the request is one of the reasons that the humor. lowing questions to the first man you the dying Michael had made—that since ous sense which in children is usually meet, and observe his answer. You there was no man living to whom he evidenced in the love of fall is lil- will notice that, in most instances, the would intrust the welfare of his wife ed in the feminine nature. To laurh object about which you make inquiries except the man at present speaking, is here now, in obedience to Mr. Burns' command to marry his widow and protect her forever.

The widow suspended the grief which observe that it was very sudden. Short. nobler conceptions of a soldier's day ly afterward, however, Mr. Long tales - Youth a Compenson.

took his departure without a definite acceptance of his offer to share Mrs. Burns' lot and cottage and the three thousand dollars' life insurance on her late husband.

As the weather became milder, rivalry had added its sest, and Mrs. Burns' lovers became more ardent. By this time her first period of mourning was over, and she felt that she might now decorously enter into social enfoyments. and even indulge in the luxury of matrimony. As we have seen, opportunities for the latter were within grasping distance. Why, then, did not Mrs. Burns reward the chosen of her heart? The difficulty was this. Each suiter

offered undeniable advantage over the

other three, and the widow could not make up her mind as to which of the four superior attractions would contribute most to her future comfort, she having resched the age when prudential considerations affect matrimomal selections. Mr. Long's boldness attracted her, as audacity usually attracts women, and his care of her late spouse gave him a claim over her. Mr. O'Brien inspired her with a mild pity which is akin to a feeling that is usually considered desirable in wedlock. Mr. Egan had certainly a good head for business; gentleman any widow lady might be proud to go through life with. She could not decide which one to espouse. Meanwhile the aspirants pressed their

claims and the widow temporized. Finally, she hit upon a happy expedient. Behind her cottage extended a nice bit of garden, yet not spaded up. The neghbors' gardens were in their spring attire, and it behooved Mrs. Burns not to be behind-hand. This fact, united with the choice she was called upon to make, suggested the idea of shifting the responsibility for both upon the shoulders of the four gallants who wished to share her fortune.

Following this inspiration was sent word to the suitors to be present at her home on a certain day. Naturally, each arrived with flattering punctualily, and naturally evinced more or less disgust at the company he found himself in. However, Mrs. Burns was prompt in her explanation. She took them out to her garden, showed them the ground divided into four parts, pointed out the garden utensits on each part, and then announced her ultimatum.

Each suitor was assigned a portion of the garden, which he was to dig up, rake over, clean, and prepare for seed. The man who would show the best results when night came was to receive

the widow's hand. The rivals accepted the task with rueful alacrity, and set to work. All day long they labored, and surely garden was never better prepared. When the sun sank, four exhausted men waited the widow's inspection. Presently Mrs. Burns appeared, attired in the full glory of her heaviest mourning-this being an occasion for ceremony rather than festivity. She walked slowly about the garden, examined each plot carefully and oritically, and then dispassionately gave

her decision. In her opinion the work best done-here a dramatic paus>-by Mr. Patrick McDerry, and to him therefore she gave her hand. There was a salmness about Mrs. Burns that forbade audible protest, only Mr. Egan being heard to remark as they went away that it was always the blarney that caught the women.

Only a month elapsed before Patrick was in full possession of the widow's charms, momentary and otherwise They are very happy, but unless Mr. McDerry refrains from one remark there will be broken heads.

He is wont to observe to the neighborhood that he is at his happiest when sitting with his pipe on the back steps of his wife's house looking upon the garden that his rivals helped spade.-Madge Robertson.

Reen in Washington You may know the social status of young ladies who ride the wheel in Washington by one thing. If you see a colored man in an up-to-date corduroy suit on another wheel with her, don't imagine for an instant that he is there by chance. No; he is her natural guardian for the time being, her father's or mother's butler, coachman or some other functionary, gotten up in this style and riding a wheel for her protection. The other day I saw a young lady in the west end in this way. She wore bloomers, and her shapely limbs were exposed to the vulgar gaze as far as her knees, and made conspicuous by a yellow top to her hose that one could scarcely distinguish from a garter as she spun along. Two ladies stook on the corner to look at her as she passed with her attendant. One of them was old-fashioned, a type of the "prunes and prisms" sort, who dress quietly and go about in the manner provided by the utmost propriety. 'Do you like that?" asked the friend.

The prim one looked a long time, as if in doubt, for she is too proper even to express a hasty word. At last she said: "No. I don't. It's pretty, but those legs are going just like a man's, and a colored man, too. No, I can't say I like it," and she shook her head with an emphatic "No."-From the Washington Capital.

Died With His Chum.

In the reminiscenses of General Sir Evelyn Wood, himself a brave English soldier, a touching instance of courage and self-sacrifice is given. One June day in 1855 a detachment of English marines were crossing the Woronzow road under fire from the Russian batteries. All of the men reached shelter in the trenches except a seaman, John Blewitt. As he was running a terrific roar was heard. His mates knew the voice of a huge cannon, the terror of

the army, and yelled: Look out! It is Whistling Dick! But at the moment Blewitt was struck by the enormous mass of Iron on the knees and thrown to the ground. He called to his especial chum:

"O Welch! save me!" The fuse was hissing, but Stephen Welch ran out of the trenches, and seizing the great shell tried to roll it off

It exploded with such terrific force that not an atom of the bodies of Blewitt or Welch was found. Even in that time when each hour had its excitement, this deed of heroism stirred the whole English army. One of the officers searched out Welch's old mother In her poor home, and undertook her support while she lived, and the story of his death helped his compades to

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