FIRE YOUR SERVANTS! "THAT'S the ONLY SOLUTION of SERVANT PROBLEM," SAYS DR. WOODS HUTCHINSON.

He Charges That Servants Will Always Be Inefficient, Shiftless and Unproductive

"SO now I am to roar about women, am I?" said Dr. Woods Hutchinson, with a cheerful smile, as he was cornered for an interview. "And it all comes of having said that the precious tradition of the good housekeeping of our grandmothers is mostl ytrash."

"Let me see for a minute," he continued, "did I say that in public somewhere, or is that one of my private opinions that has leaked out? Yes, now I remember. I said it at a luncheon recently. Well, as a subject, it isn't so bad as it might be. Perhaps I can make shift to talk on it, without offending all the women I know.

"At any rate, it is a fact. Our modern systems of domestic economy are so far in advance of those of 50 years ago that comparison is absurd. The finest examples we have of economical and productive housekeeping are furnished us by the young college graduates who are, as the phrase goes, 'doing their own work.'

"Of course, we haven't gone nearly far enough. The right way to settle the housekeeping problems is to have a great central cooking station, where all the coarser work is done for the community, and nothing is left to the individual housekeeper except the making of desserts and salads with electrical appliances on her own table.

"There is no solution to the servant problem but to abolish the servants. They are, and always will be, the most inefficient, shiftless and unproductive class of any community.

"Servants occupy a despised position. They are ill-paid. And they are unskilled. They do not get enough wages to reward them for the work they do, and speaking strictly, they are not worth as much as they get, because they work so badly. As soon as a woman who belongs to this class gets any degree of efficiency, she ceases to belong to it, and follows some other vocation, and there is nothing for it but to recruit constantly from beneath.

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"One reason for this is that women who employ servants employ them not for domestic work, but for personal services. Women want a kind of a personal slave—yes, that's what it comes to—to dance attendance all the time, like the nurse in 'The Poor Little Rich Girl.' Women who are at the head of the household want their own sense of personal importance upheld, and increased. Their main idea of how to aggrandize themselves is to hire another maid.

"This keeps the level of maidservants at a minimum of efficiency and service. They are menials, and are everlastingly made to feel it. In short, so long as we have a servant class, we are impeded in our march of progress. This is true for many reasons, over and above those I have already told. The retaliative instinct in them breeds a kind of tyranny.

"The servant class in a community is as enslaving as it is enslaved. I am an Englishman, and I know the English servant class, and, take my word for it, that is the most tyrannical and the most paralyzing group of people in the world.

"You think the American servant is pretty bad? Well, so do I, but as compared to the English servant, he is a model. The American servant girl, for all her impertinence, and independence, and her rip-rap ways, is an incalculable improvement upon the English girl.

"She is less well entrenched in the social life around her. She is not indispensable to her American mistress, and she knows it. And if a little of that saving knowledge works an improvement in her demeanor, think of the enormous good that would result to maid and mistress alike, if each could become independent of the other.

"It is simple enough. Let women but get together in the matter, and make up their minds to forego the flattery to themselves of having servants and the thing is virtually done.

"Let the cooking be done at a central station, and delivered to each household on demand. Let there be an intelligent use made of electrical apparatus, so that the 'frills' of the bill of fare can be prepared right on the dining room table. Let the use of china and glass on the table be abolished in favor of paper dishes, which can be thrown away at the end of the meal. Personally, I much prefer to see china decoratively perched on walls and in closets, where its ornaments are not marred, to having to eat my meals from it.

"Then I would have a neighborhood group, or 'gang,' if you like, which would go from house to house and set it in order at the beginning of each day. This group would be made up of trained and efficient cleaners, with all the modern paraphernalia for doing their jobs quickly and well. Each member of it would be a specialist.

"And what would be the result? Each house would be free of servants, and each householder would have time a-plenty for the pursuit of individuality. The old charge against a communistic form of living—that it destroys individuality—has always seemed to me to be a trifling one. There is no real gain to individuality in stooping over your own gas range or bending your back over the making of your own bed. Neither is there individuality in having your own particular servants, who do it for you."

"But won't this communistic cooking scheme limit the public dietary considerably?" asked the reporter.

"Why should it?" countered Dr. Hutchinson. "There are only about 20 staple foods, except for certain seasonal dishes that can be had for a short time now and then.

"Have you ever had occasion to compare the menus of the big hotels of the country? No? Well, it so happens that I have, and I assure you that if ten of them were put into my hands, selected at random from one end of this country to the other, I would not be able to say where a single one of them had come from. They would be all alike. If you go through the lists of meats and vegetables you will find the most astonishing lack of variety. There is nothing more to be had.

"Now, why couldn't these staple foods be prepared just as well in a big central cooking station as in a big hotel? Why couldn't you order them just as well from these as from your butcher? He is limited enough, as any housewife knows. For the people who had not homes there could be places in the central station for serving foods there—alcoves and small dining-rooms.

"Of course, the scheme might have its minor disadvantages. But what are they compared to the drudgery and misery now endured by the average housewife?

"Under our present system, we cook the cook while we are cooking the roast. And in addition to her discomfort, consider our own. We have our meals wretchedly prepared, by ignorant and careless women.

"We go through the most elaborate maneuvers to have everything in our homes clean and sanitary and wholesome, and then casually turn over the most important single factor, involving our health, to somebody who is unfit to take care of it. It takes training and great natural intelligence to be a good cook."

"Oh, but how about the celebrated cooks of the South, who, to put it mildly, are not brilliant?" asked the interviewer.

"Well, how about them?" replied Dr. Hutchinson, trying in vain to hide a derisive grin behind his hand. "Here and there it is possible to find an exceptional cook. But most of them are simply awful. No, it isn't because I have any deep-rooted horror of hot breads. It's just the general rule.

"I grant you that a genius for cooking may exist in some isolated individual otherwise bereft of mind—but as for the general run of those 'celebrated cooks'—" Dr. Hutchinson came out from behind the hand and gibed openly.

"Well, then, assuming that the Utopian plan for communistic cooking has every possible advantage—will it ever come about, Dr. Hutchinson?"

"It will," came the confident answer, "and very soon. It will come just as soon as women learn to be co-operative. I am hoping that this great political activity in which they are now so engrossed will put the co-operative spirit into them.

"One of the finest things about the suffrage movement is that it lifts women from their former positions, as units in the community, and welds them in a common interest. And one of the biggest things that can come out of their success in the suffrage movement will be the power to concentrate and centralize their efforts to conduct their houses with a minimum of waste.

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"Do you realize how isolated women have always been? They have been the heads of their households, and their duties have been so onerous that they were obliged to remain there. Each household was a thing apart. It is only recently that light and heat have been obtainable from a central plant. It was the duty of every woman to heat and light her home, prepare its foodstuffs, do her housework and her laundry. Whether she actually did it all herself, or had servants to do it for her, the same enormous effort was required, and the same ridiculous waste entailed.

"It took all her time, and all her vitality, and all her intelligence. Once the household work was finished, she was exhausted. She had not the faintest conception of what it meant to make common cause of her responsibilities with other women. There was nothing in her life to teach it to her, and she had no life outside.

"Then along came the feminist movement, and the controversy for equal suffrage, and, with these, the increased facilities for lightening housework, and now we find women beginning to comprehend the power of co-operation. Presently we shall have them conserving their time and their energy, and obtaining a full freedom for the pursuit of life and happiness."

"But why do you hope that they will pursue life and happiness, instead of bridge and turkey-trotting?" was asked.

Dr. Hutchinson tried to conceal another smile.

"What kind of a creature do you think the average woman is, that you should ask me such a question?" he demanded.

"The ones who have time are usually in mischief," said the reporter, "so it looks as if they had better be kept busier than they are, instead of being provided with more idleness."

"Why, I never heard such nonsense," said Dr. Hutchinson. "Of course there is a certain small group of women who spend their time at bridge and turkey-trotting, but they represent a very small minority. In the first place, it has been approximated, by two of the leading women's magazines, that only 15 per cent of the women in this country employ servants. That leaves 85 per cent that attend to their own wants, and I vow they have no idleness to squander.

"In the second place, even of the 15 per cent who, presumably, command their own time the wasteful ones are in a minority. Look at the large proportion of them who go into sociological and settlement work, who spend their time in clubs for the improvement of their minds. It may be that they go into it at first from some faddy idea that it will be amusing or entertaining. But we have gone a long stride in the right direction when women consider it amusing to do beneficial work. And it is inevitable that some of those who follow a fad into a settlement house stay there because they learn its real value.

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"They are bound to get 'bitten.' You cannot handle serious, fine things without getting your interests captured, and your heart involved. They come to scoff and remain to pray.

"Even for that infinitesimal minority that we have still unaccounted for the signs are all encouraging. There is a tremendous diminution of wasteful dissipation in this country. It has disappeared, 50 per cent of it, in the last 50 years.

"There is less gambling, less drinking, less of the social evil. Oh, we are on the mend! And we will continue to build up and progress.

"Modern good housekeeping will help us more than anything else, too. Every woman, from the lowest level to the highest, will increase her intelligence and put it to good use. And she will have the time and the vitality to increase her value, because she will have put behind her forever the senseless and cruel drudgery of household routine."

American World Competition.

A short description of an extremely powerful mine hoist, sold to a Canadian concern, appearing in this issue of the Journal, is chiefly of interest, not for the record size of the engine, but for the sidelight it throws on the working of tariff laws. The periodical wail of our protected manufacturers now mounting in a full chorus, brings a feeling of shame to a good many Americans. We can not believe that American interests, as a whole, need the intervention of a protective tariff to meet foreign competition. If the threatened tariff reductions do nothing else, they will perform a real service in waking up the manufacturing industries, cleaning out the dry rot, tuning up the organization, and putting America on her mettle in open competition with the world. This sale of a large hoist in a foreign country in spite of the handicap of a preferential duty favoring England, shows what may be expected. There is no tariff that can control the sale of real ability.

WHY I QUIT THE STAGE TO BECOME A STENOGRAPHER

I HAVE found that, for the girl who through force of circumstances has to make her own way in this world, the business office is so much more desirable than the stage that it is hard to make a comparison.

I was just 22 years old when it became necessary for me to begin to make my own living. In the little Ohio town where I had lived all my life I had achieved more than a local reputation as an amateur actress. I had the talent, was well equipped both physically and mentally, and had the ambition to become a successful actress. My work in amateur theatricals had attracted the attention of professionals playing in our town, and for two seasons I had occasionally played minor parts in a Summer stock company at a Summer park.

Quizzed for the Chorus.

"Go to little old New York; that's the place for you," said the professionals

"I Packed My Suitcase and Went to New York."

whose acquaintance I had made in this manner. "You've got to go to Broadway if you want to get started."

I did want to get started. I had $80 in real money. I packed my suitcase, with my set of Shaw on top of my skirts, and came to West Forty-eighth street to begin my start. The manager of the Summer stock affair had given me two letters of introduction to friends of his along the Rialto. One was to a musical comedy producer with a little office on Thirty-ninth street.

"Oh, yes," he said, glancing at my letter; "you're the one Tom wrote me about. Ever wear tights?"

"No, sir; I don't wish to wear tights," I said.

But he wasn't such a bad fellow after all. He told me that all he had was a chance in a chorus, that I was pretty lucky to be offered any kind of a job, but that if I didn't want it he'd do anything he could for me—for Tom's sake. Yes, he was better than the rest; the others wanted to do things for me—for my sake. He gave me a letter to another manager.

"They're putting on a rube comedy road company," he said. "I think they'll last about as far as Rahway, but you might as well go see 'em."

I took the letter and went to the second office. At first I thought that I had run into a department store where they were selling $2 near-silk petticoats for $1.98. Women large and women small, women old and girls young, brunettes, blondines, handsome, ugly, bejeweled and bedraggled—there must have been a hundred would-be actresses jammed into that stuffy little room and all of them fighting to get a position in front of a little glazed door marked "Private."

After an hour the door opened and a boy came out.

"Nothing doing today," he said.

Instantly there was a babel.

"But Mr. Blank sent for us; he said we were to be here today sure."

The boy grinned.

A week later I got my first interview with this manager. He was fairly beside himself by this time, as his show was billed to open in New Haven in a week and he didn't have his company completed. He was a good fellow and a capable producer, but there were too many hangovers mixed in with the days on which he worked.

Well, I got a job. It was exciting. For six days and nights we rehearsed our heads off. My part was to stroll across stage arm-in-arm with three other girls whenever the director thought it ought to be done. For this I and the other three girls were to draw $18 a week.

On the fatal day we went to New Haven. That night after the performance we packed our bags and sadly flitted back to New York. The show "wouldn't do," and even the electricians knew there was no use trying it out any further.

What a "Friend" Means.

Three weeks later I got my first regular employment. It was a thinking part in one of the big Broadway successes of the year. We played at one theater 200 times, and during that time I played the leading woman's part three times. I resembled her in face and figure, and had been made her understudy. I got $40 a week. Let me say right here that was as high as I ever got.

In the Spring four companies playing this success were made up to go on the road. I was selected for the company that was to play the South, and my hopes rose high, as I felt sure that I would be given the lead. When the time for rehearsing came I broached this idea of mine to the manager, who was to take out the Southern company.

"Naw," said he, "a friend of ——'s (the owner of the show) is going to have that."

"Why?" I asked. "You know the part is made for me."

"I know it is," he agreed, "and you ought to have it. But I ain't heard no friend of your's putting in a spiel for you. The new girl is ——'s friend; don't you get me?"

"Do you mean to say that influence is all that counts in a case like this?" I asked.

"It counts enough so that you don't get no boost till you get some pull," he said. "You could get it easy, too; you're young and look good to me."

It cost me my job to tell him what I thought of him and the methods of the owner, but I felt better when it was over. Experience No. 2. The road to quick preference was not one I could follow.

So I determined to make my talent win me my way. For the next two months I had a series of experiences that disgusted me. I sought employment steadily, but it was in the season when only cheap companies were being given work, and the two positions offered me were so much lower than the one I had just left that I could not accept them.

Finally I went on the road with a light comedy. My part was one that fitted me excellently, and I made something that resembled a hit. It cost me something in pride to do it, because the leading man was drunk every night and persisted in pestering me with his atention.

He said he would marry me as soon as his wife got her divorce. In the meantime I laughed at him and told him to take his pleas elsewhere. For the rest of the tour he did everything he could to spoil my scenes, but in spite of him I came to New York with something of a reputation.

That was all the good it did me. Managers acknowledged that I was competent far beyond the ordinary, and several of them had good parts that were made for me; but what right had I to expect one of them? I wasn't a star. Who was putting in a word for me? Where was my pull?

My only qualification was my ability to play the parts successfully, and that wasn't enough. This is not saying that ability has not some small chance of winning recognition by itself on the stage. But my experiences showed me that they are so small as to be the merest kind of a gamble, and that most opportunities for success are not gained in this way alone.

The landlady in my rooming-house on Forty-eighth street put it all in a few words.

"You're old-fashioned, dearie, and that's a handicap in this business."

At the end of three years of being an actress I sat down and began to figure up. I was then 25 years old, mature physically and mentally, and, by the word of managers, a good actress. Yet I had never got beyond minor parts at a small salary; I had suffered—actually suffered—in the long periods between engagements, and so far as I could see nothing but some unforeseen stroke of luck could bring me the advancement necessary for the chance of a successful career.

All around me were the wrecks of youth and hope, women who were hanging on because they hoped and hoped for that stroke of luck to strike them. Beating them out in all lines of the profession were girls who were willing to pay any price for preference—and who were paying it. I saw before me years of continued struggles, of long waits between engagements when my savings would be swallowed up, of constantly diminishing hope.

Was it worth the struggle? Was it a sensible way for a girl to spend her life?

These were the questions I asked myself, and from my experience there could be but one answer—No!

I began to look around. I had especial ability only in one line, that of acting. I had tried that, and was ready to throw it up. As I was making my own living it was up to me to fit myself for something else, and here good luck favored me. A girl with whom I had gone to school back home was employed as secretary to a railroad official in a Cortlandt street office, and in six months she was leaving to marry a young doctor employed by the road. When I told her of my resolution she said:

"Why don't you try for this job? You can study stenography and I'll help you, and when you are ready I'll speak to the boss."

That was what I did. At the end of six months I was a fairly fast stenographer, and I got the job. The salary was $20 a week to start with. This was only half of what I had been getting on the stage, but there were no long spells of idleness between engagements. And that there was a chance for the future is proved by the fact that now, three years later, I am in charge of a department of stenographers and drawing $45 a week.

But the fact that struck me most deeply, and which made me most glad that I had deserted the paint-stick for the pencil was the difference in treatment accorded me. Why, it was like going into a different world.

"I'm in Charge of a Department and Drawing $45 a Week."

As an actress—and simply because I was an actress—men had flattered me and had pursued me in a way that nauseates any woman of character. In the office there is a difference. The men who pay me attention here do it in the same way they would wish other men to pay attention to their sisters.

And the work—for the first time I felt that I had got hold of something real, something vital to this world, that I was doing something truly useful. I found that there is only one test in the office—"make good." And a woman can make good fully as well as a man if she wants to do so hard enough.

Is the work in the office harder? No. Because it is regular work, has sane hours, and in the end is not nearly so wearing. Is it as interesting as the work of the stage? To me it is much more so. It is real, it is a part of the big, busy, useful world. And lastly, my life now has thrown me into contact with men who, when they begin to court a woman, have intentions and hopes of honorable and happy matrimony. After all, that's what counts most with any real woman.

A SHELTER of the FOLD

by Mary Roberts Rinehart.

THE PRODIGAL sat downstairs in the dining-room. The house was curiously quiet, though faint sounds came from the kitchen, where the evening dishes were being washed—carefully, so as not to disturb the hush.

After a while his sister came to him. Her eyes were red and her face was blotched and swollen. The Prodigal got up awkwardly and shook hands.

"How are you, Selina?" he asked, returning her nerveless clasp.

"Pretty well," she said formally. "We didn't know you were back till yesterday. The last we heard you were in Montana."

"I was there for a couple of years. I—I just heard this morning about father. How is he?"

"Very low," she answered in a hushed tone. And then she began to cry, noiselessly, without attempting to wipe away the tears that rolled down her pale cheeks. The Prodigal put out his hand as if to comfort her; then he remembered, and drew it back.

He looked strangely out of place in the ugly respectability of the room. He knew it all so well: the built-in corner cupboard, with the glass doors, and his mother's wedding-cups on hooks just inside; the red and green cover on the square table; the black marble clock on the mantel—it was all the same, except that just beside him there was a buffet, new and showy, with a silver-plated teaset on the top. He divined that George had bought it.

His sister was not crying now. She was inspecting him—his shabby clothes, his frayed linen, the gray in his thinning hair. And then something in his face caught her attention: his chin was working convulsively, and there were tears in his sunken eyes. The lines left by years of dissipation were obliterated for the time, and there remained only grief and a great regret.

"Would you like to go up?" she asked more kindly. All the small things—resentment, anger, bitterness—were swallowed up in this trouble that had come. Then, seeing his hesitation; "I don't think he will know you," she said.

The Prodigal creaked up the stairs after her. Instinctively he avoided the second step from the top; there had always been a loose board there.

"George isn't here," his sister whispered, turning. "He has been camping for a week and he can't get back until morning. The elders from the church have been taking turns at sitting up. Wait until I see if he is sleeping."

The Prodigal stood on the little landing and waited. The house spread out on three sides of him, smaller than he had remembered it, but otherwise unchanged. The door was open into the bare study. There were books everywhere—how familiar was that confusion of books!—but the desk was strangely orderly.

His sister did not come back for him at once, so he went in and sat down. Even the wallpaper was the same. Over in the corner, behind the bookcases, would be the pencil marks which had registered for years his annual gain in inches, only—he could not look. And there was his mother's picture, in its black-walnut frame, and under it George and himself, in queer plaid dresses and black shoes with white buttons. He had been taller than George in those early days; it was a long time ago—a long time.

His sister came to the doorway.

"He won't know you," she said. "You can come in."

The dim light of the lamp was kept from the sick man's eyes by a green shade on one side of the burner. The Prodigal stopped inside the doorway awkwardly, while his sister went over and smoothed the counterpane.

"He doesn't toss around any," she said. "He just lies there."

The Prodigal moved over slowly and looked down at the old minister's face. The thin white hair was spread a little over the pillow, like an aureole, making the placid face, with its closed eyes, look frail, almost ethereal. As the son looked down the dying man opened his eyes.

"George," he said weakly, and held out his thin white hand. The Prodigal was embarrassed; he glanced at his sister for assistance.

"His eyes are bad," she whispered. "If he thinks George is here, he'll be happier."

The man stooped and put his hand over his father's. The thin fingers gripped his and held them. There was something in the touch that brought a lump into the man's throat. After a moment, when the fingers did not relax, he slipped to his knees beside the bed. The old man slept again. Except that he was breathing slowly, it might have been the sleep of a child.

An hour passed, and still the Prodigal knelt beside the bed. Once some one creaked up the stairs, and after a consultation with Selina, creaked down again. She came over and leaned down.

"I told Mr. Simpson you would stay for a while," she said. "Will you?"

"I'll stay until—until morning." What he wanted to say was "until the end," but with those fingers clutching him, he could not frame the words. And without reason he resented her question. Would he stay for a while—he, the elder son, and his father dying?

"George will be here in the morning," she whispered, and tiptoed away.

Only the night was his, then. After all the years, only a few hours, and those because his father thought he was some one else.

The old man stirred a little, and wakened. His feeble hand was lifted slowly until it rested on the Prodigal's bowed head.

"You have been a great joy to me, George," he said gently—"a great joy. I shall tell your mother. May God bless you!" He lay for a few moments quite still, his eyes on the yellow roses of the ceiling paper. The Prodigal groaned. Oh, to turn up the light, to stand forth in his true colors for what he was, to beg forgiveness and a blessing for himself!

"George," the thin voice began again. "I have been thinking much about Henry." The Prodigal drew in his breath sharply. "I seem to see him—in the corners of the room—everywhere."

If he could only say, "I am here!" But the cowardice that had kept him away so long held him now.

The old man slept again. The Prodigal still knelt, but now he was crying, sobbing noiselessly, his shabby coat heaving. Outside, in a chair in the dim

(Concluded on Page 5.)