

The Servant Problem

John Henry Has A Few Illuminating Observations To Make on The Subject.

WHEN Peaches and I get tired of the Big Town—tired of its noises and hubbalooboo; tired of being tagged by taxis as we cross a street; tired of watching grocers and butchers hoisting higher the highest cost of living—that's our cue to grab a choo-choo and breeze out to Uncle Peter Grant's farm and bungalow in the wilds of Westchester, which he calls Troolrooral.

Just to even matters up Uncle Peter and his wife visit us from time to time in our amateur apartment in the Big Town.

Uncle Peter is a very stout old gentleman. When he squeezes into our little flat the walls act as if they were bow-legged.

Uncle Peter always goes through the folding doors sideways, and every time he sits down the man in the apartment below us kicks because we move the piano so often.

Aunt Martha is Uncle Peter's wife and she weighs more and breathes of- fener.

When the two of them visit our bird cage at the same time the janitor has to go out and stand in front of the building with a view to catching it if it falls.

When we reached Troolrooral we found that "Cousin Elsie" Schulz was also a visitor there.

"Cousin Elsie" is a sort of privileged character in the family, having lived with Aunt Martha for over 20 years as a sort of housekeeper.

They call her "Cousin Elsie" just to make it more difficult.

Three or four years ago Elsie married Gustave Bierbauer and quit her job.

"Cousin Elsie" believes that conversation was invented for her exclusive use, and the way she can grab a bundle of the English language and break it up is a caution.

Language is the same to Elsie as a sphinx is to a highball—and that's a whole lot.

Two years after their marriage old Gustave stopped living so abruptly that the Coroner had to sit on him.

The next morning found out that Gustave had died from a rush of words to his brain-pan.

The Coroner also found, upon further examination, that all of these words had formerly belonged to Elsie, with the exception of a few which were once the property of Gustave's favorite bartender.

After Gustave's exit, Aunt Martha tried to get Elsie back on her job, but the old Dutch had her eyes on Herman Schulz, and finally married him.

So now every once in a while Elsie mosses over from Plainfield, N. J., where she lives with Herman, and proceeds to sew a lot of pillow slips and things for Aunt Martha.

One morning while Peaches and I were at breakfast, Elsie meandered in, bearing in her hand a wedding invitation which Herman had forwarded to her from Plainfield.

Being, as I say, a privileged character, she does pretty much as she likes around the bungalow.

Elsie read the invitation: "Mr. and Mrs. Rudolph Ganderkurds request the honor of your presence at the marriage of their daughter, Verbena, to Galahad Schmalzberger, at der home of der bride's parents, Plainfield, N. J., March Sixteenth, R. S. V. P."

"Well," said Elsie, "I know der Ganderkurds and I know der daughter, Verbena, and I know Galahad Schmal-



"Then Lizzie and The Green Umbrella Struck A Casey at the Bat Pose"



"Uncle Peter is a Very Stout Old Gentleman"

zenger; he's a floor-walker in Bauerhaupt's grocery store, but I don't know it is dot R. S. V. P. yet." I gently kicked Peaches on the instep under the table, and said to Elsie, "You sure it isn't B. & O. or the C. R. R. of N. J. I've heard of those two railroads in New Jersey, but I never heard of the R. S. V. P."

For the first time in her life since she's been able to grab a sentence between her teeth and shake the pronouns out of it, Elsie was fazed.

She kept looking at the invitation and saying to herself, "R. S. V. P.! What is it? I know der honor of your presence; I know der bride's parents, but I don't know R. S. V. P."

All that day Elsie wandered through the house muttering to herself: "R. S. V. P.! What is it? Is it some secret between the bride and groom? R. S. V. P.! It ain't my initials, because they begin mit E. S. Vot is dot R. S. V. P. Vot is it? Vot is it?"

That evening we were all at dinner when Elsie rushed in with a cry of joy. "I got it!" she said. "I had untied der meaning of dot R. S. V. P. It means Real Silver Wedding Presents!"

I was just about to drink a glass of water, so I changed my mind and nearly choked to death.

Peaches tried to say something, which resulted in a gurgle in her throat, while Uncle Peter fell off his chair and landed on a cat which had never done him any harm.

Elsie's interpretation of that wedding invitation is going to set Herman Schulz back several dollars, or I'm not a foot high.

And maybe they don't have their troubles at Troolrooral with the servant problem.

It's one hard problem that—and no-

body seems to get the right answer. One morning later on Peaches and I were out on the top porch drinking in the glorious air and chatting with Hep Hardy, who had come out to spend Sunday with us, when Aunt Martha came bustling out, followed by Uncle Peter, who, in turn, was followed by Lizzie Joyce, their latest cook.

Lizzie wore a new lid, trimmed with prairie grass and field daisies, hanging like a shade over the left lamp; she had a grouchy-looking grip in one hand and a green umbrella with black freckles in the other.

She was made up to catch the first train that sniffed into the station.

Aunt Martha whispered to us plaintively, "Lizzie has been here only two days and this makes the seventh time she has started for town."

Busy Lizzie took the center of the stage and scowled at her audience. "I'm takin' the next train for town, mem!" she announced with considerable bitterness.

Uncle Peter made a brave effort to scowl back at her, but she flashed her lanterns at him and he fell back two paces to the rear.

"What is it this time, Lizzie?" inquired Aunt Martha.

Lizzie put the grouchy grip down, folded her arms and said, "Oh, I have no grievances!"

Uncle Peter sidled up to Aunt Martha and said in a hoarse whisper: "My dear, this shows a lack of firmness on your part. Now leave everything to me and let me settle this obstreperous servant once and for all!"

Uncle Peter crossed over and got in the limelight with Lizzie.

"It occurs to me," he began in polished accents, "that this is an occasion upon which I should publicly point out to you the error of your

ways, and send you back to your humble station with a better knowledge of your status in this household.

"Scat!" said Lizzie, and Uncle Peter began to fish for his next line.

"I want you to understand," he went on, "that I pay you your wages!"

"Sure, if you didn't," was Lizzie's comeback. "I'd land on you good and hard, that I would. What else are you here for, you fathead?"

"Fathead!" echoed Uncle Peter in astonishment.

"Peter, leave her to me," pleaded Aunt Martha.

But Uncle Peter rushed blindly on to destruction.

"Elizabeth," he said, sternly, "in view of your most unrefined and unladylike language it behoves me to reprimand you severely. I will, therefore—"

Then Lizzie and the green umbrella struck a Casey-at-the-bat pose, and cut in, "Gwan away from me with your dime novel talk or I'll place the back of me unyadlike hand on your jaws!"

"Peter!" warningly exclaimed the perturbed Aunt Martha.

"Yes, Martha; you're right," the old gentleman said, turning hastily. "I must hurry and finish my correspondence before the morning mail goes." And he faded away.

"It isn't an easy matter to get servants out here," Aunt Martha whispered to us. "I must humor her. Now, Lizzie, what's wrong?"

"You told me, mem, that I should have a room with a southern exposure," said the Queen of the Bungalow. "And isn't the room as described?" inquired Aunt Martha.

"The room is all right, but I don't

care for the exposure," said the Princess of Porkchops.

"Well, what's wrong?" insisted our patient Auntie.

"Sure," said the Baroness of Bread-pudding, "the room is so exposed, mem, that every breeze from the North Pole just naturally hikes in there and keeps me settin' up in bed all night shiverin' like I was shakin' dice for the drinks. When I want that kind of exercise I'll hire out as chambermaid in a cold-storage. I'm a cook, mem. It's true, but I'm no relation to Doctor Cook, and I ain't eager to sleep in a room where even a Polar bear would be growlin' for a fur coat."

"Very well, Lizzie," said Aunt Martha, soothingly. "I'll have storm windows put on at once and extra quilts sent to the room, and a gas stove if you wish."

"All right, mem," said the Countess of Cornbeef, removing the lid. "I'll stay, but keep that husband of yours with the woosy lingo out of the kitchen, because I'm a nervous woman—I am that!" And then the Duchess of Devilish Kidneys got a strangle hold on her green umbrella and ducked for the scrub foundry.

Aunt Martha sighed and went in the house.

"Hep," I said: "this scene with Her Highness of Clamchowder ought to be an awful warning to you. No man should get married these days unless he's sure his wife can juggle the frying pan and take a fall out of an egg-beater. They've had eight cooks in eight days, and every time a new face comes in the kitchen the coalscuttle screams with fright."

"You can see where they've worn a new trail across the lawn on the retreat to the depot."

"It's an awful thing, Hep! Our palates are weak from sampling different styles of mashed potatoes."

"We had one last week who answered roll-call when you yelled Phyllis."

"Isn't that a peach of a handle for a kitchen queen with a map like the Bor-

ough of the Bronx on a dark night. "She came here well recommended—by herself. She said she knew how to cook backward."

"We believed her after the first meal, because that's how she cooked it."

"Phyllis was a very inventive girl. She could cook anything on earth or in the waters underneath the earth, and she proved it by trying to mix tempenny nails with the baked beans."

"When Phyllis found there was no credence in the house for breakfast she changed the cover of the wash-tub into sawdust and sprinkled it with the whisk broom, chopped fine."

"She wasn't a half bad breakfast food of the home-made kind, but every time I took a drink of water the sawdust used to float up in my throat and tickle."

"The first and only day she was with us Phyllis squandered two dollars' worth of eggs trying to make a lemon meringue popple."

"She tried to be artistic with this, but one of the eggs was old and nervous and it slipped."

"Uncle Peter asked Phyllis if she could cook some Hungarian goulash, and Phyllis screamed, 'No my parents have been Swedes all their lives!' Then she ran him across the lawn with the carving knife."

"Aunt Martha went in the kitchen to ask what was for dinner, and Phyllis got back at her. 'I'm a woman, it is true, but I will show you that I can keep a secret,' she said, and she went to the table we were compelled to keep the secret with her."

"It looked like Irish stew, tasted like clam chowder and behaved like a bad boy."

"On the second day it suddenly occurred to Phyllis that she was working so she handed in her resignation, handed Hank, the gardener, a jolt in his cafe department, handed out a lot of unnecessary talk, and left us flat."

"The next debate we had in the kitchen was a colored man named James Buchanan Pendergrast."

"James was all there is and carry four. He was one of the most careful cooks that ever made faces at roast beef."

"The evening he arrived we intended to have shad roe for dinner, and James informed us that that was where he lived."

"Eight o'clock came and no dinner. Then Aunt Martha went in the kitchen to convince him that we were human beings with appetites."

"She found Careful James counting the roe to see if the fish dealer had sent the right number."

"He was up to 2,136,432, and still had a half pound to go."

"James left that night, followed by shouts of approval from all present."

"I'm telling you all this, Hep, just to prove that fate is kind while it delays your wedding until some genius invents an automatic cook made of aluminum and electricity."

Hep laughed and shook his head.

"The servant problem won't delay my wedding," he chortled; "if there wasn't a cook left in the world we wouldn't care; we're going to be vegetarians because we're going to live in the Garden of Eden."

"I'm sickered."

"Tush, yourself!" said Hep.

"Oh, tush, both of you," said Peaches. "John said that every thing to me three weeks before we were married. 'She tried to be artistic with this, but one of the eggs was old and nervous and it slipped.' Of course if you want to sublet part of it and have Hep tell you through your strawberry beds, that's up to you!"

"Well," said friend wife, "being alone in the Garden of Eden is all right, but if you're a man, you'll have to work for your years there's a mild excitement in hearing a strange voice even if it is that of a serpent."

Close the end, Delia, I feel a draft. (Copyright 1914; all rights reserved.)

What Is The Lure of The Modern Maid For The Modern Man

There Are as Many Answers as Victims—Each to His Taste, From the Tango Down, but Girl With Sympathy Leads.

BY RITA REESE.

A GIRL who signs herself "A Would-Be Belle" writes to ask what qualities a man likes best in a woman.

"Do they," she naively inquires, "like a blonde better than a brunette? And do you think vivacity appeals to them more than the home making instinct? Do they like girls who tango or those who cultivate their minds? In short, I am anxious to know what my cue is as a debutante, or I shall be frank and tell you that I have ambitions to be known as a girl that men like."

I wonder what sort of girl men do like!

Since no one could hope to get a true answer to this masculine riddle from a woman, I have made it my business to ask a number of men what kind of women appeal to their sex.

"What trait in a woman appeals most to a man?" I asked the first man I met.

"Character," he replied.

I laughed in his face, it was so obviously absurd.

"Character first," he amended, "and certainly beauty. One might say, 'I considered that beauty attracts a man first and character holds him afterward.'"

Is this true? Certainly the man who made the assertion is one whose judgment I respect. Truly, I believe that he is the sort whom character would attract and continue to hold. But is he one of the few or a representative of the many?

I asked a man who is a power in business what men admire most in women, and he replied "loyalty."

"To whom?"

"To themselves," he replied, "and to each other. Particularly to each other." He did not stop at this. "It is the quality that appeals to me first in a woman," he said. "I find it is a trait that few women possess. They can be loyal to a man, but when it is a sister woman they do not come up to the mark. I've noticed this for years. Women are not generous foes. They do not hesitate to use the small weapons of ridicule and jealousy, velleed as pity, to undermine another woman's value in the eyes of the man to whom they may be talking."

"To my mind," he said, "the woman

who ridicules another woman, seemingly in a spirit of fun but in reality to place her in an unfavorable light, is guilty of a petty meanness that so turns me against her that no matter how fine her other qualities may be they are nil in my eyes.

Admires Loyalty.

"In a business way," he said, "I am thrown with a number of young women—stenographers, private secretaries and general office assistants. The test I always apply to any girl in my employ is her attitude toward the other women in the office. She never suspects my motives, for I go about it very subtly. On one occasion I had failed after two months to get a girl I was grilling in this way to say something about any other woman in the office. There was one woman above her whom I knew did not like the girl. Her enmity was concealed, but the girl did not retaliate in any way. One day the older woman made a mistake, and I put the girl to work to rectify it while the other was out of the office. I even went so far as to give her an excellent opportunity to criticize her superior. She did not do this. I pushed her still further, for my curiosity impelled me to study her psychologically."

"How it is," I asked, "that you defend this woman, when I have my reasons for suspecting that you are not friends and that you do not like her?"

Her eyes blazed as she turned on me. "It is true," she admitted, "that I do not like her. But that is a personal matter. I am defending her merely in a business way to you. So long as she has been in the office I've never known her to make a mistake before. She does her work well and is conscientious. I admire her for that. And no matter what my feeling is for her personally I wouldn't allow anyone to disparage her in my presence."

"What is it I admire most in a woman?" The next man I asked repeated the question thoughtfully. "It's neatness. I believe they call it 'grooming' these days. But when I was young they used the old-fashioned adjective. As neat as a pin, that's the highest praise I can give a woman. It covers such a variety of things. Her hair shines and it isn't frizzed up; her skin is smooth and clear and guileless of paint, and if she powders she's artist enough to cop-



Does He Choose the Tangoette or the Suf-fragette, the Girl Who Can Cook or the One Who Is a Good Sport?

"Eve wasn't a woman or a companion to Adam," he said, "until God blew up a baby sleep-gazy to comfort a man—stand and sympathize. The same rule holds today. A woman without sympathy is a flower without perfume. She may be as beautiful as Aphrodite, as learned as Pallas Athene, as seductive as Helen of Troy, yet if she lacks the divine spark that makes her man's life comfortable she falls short of being an ideal woman. But given sympathy, she may lack all the others and still carry off the best catch of the season and keep him tied to her apron strings, happy ever afterward."

Whether this is true or not, the fact remains that many of us have known women who comfort us in the most surprising way. We were unable to analyze. A certain woman was a belle for years, and that in spite of the fact that she was poor and not as beautiful as Aphrodite, and her set used to laugh about her power over men.

"She doesn't traipse a finger to fascinate them," one girl said. "We talk our heads off and pretend to be in high spirits and dress to death and do everything we can to attract them, yet the minute she comes into the room and smiles every man leaves us and floosks to her. She is a honey pot and they are the bees. What is her spell?"

Vampire Women.

"Sympathy," returned one of the men who was a victim of the same "spell." "She doesn't think about herself. I don't believe she knows she's attractive. She draws because she doesn't try to make of herself a magnet to attract any one. She is simply herself and interested in other people."

There's something in his explanation. True, it may be that they who fall in love with themselves are sure of a life-long romance, but also true it is that such self-infatuated usually exhaust their charms on themselves. Their charms are not very pervading.

"The woman of magnetism," the next man I met told me. "Don't ask me what it is, but show me the woman and I'll tell you whether she's got it."

Most of us feel that way about it. Magnetism is not a thing one can explain.

I met a man who is a big, robust, six foot two inches. In mind and sympathy he's as broad and as big.

"What's your type of woman?" I asked him. "Own up and describe what she's like."

"She's only as tall as my heart," he quipped, "and she carries a key basket—remember the old-fashioned key basket our mothers used to haul around everywhere they went in the morning looking over the house? Well, she's a key basket."

Each man prefers a different type of girl.

the ground, pattering about taking up flowers, and she knows how to sing a baby sleep-gazy to comfort a man—stand and sympathize. The same rule holds today. A woman without sympathy is a flower without perfume. She may be as beautiful as Aphrodite, as learned as Pallas Athene, as seductive as Helen of Troy, yet if she lacks the divine spark that makes her man's life comfortable she falls short of being an ideal woman. But given sympathy, she may lack all the others and still carry off the best catch of the season and keep him tied to her apron strings, happy ever afterward."

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