

# The Servant Girl Trouble

### It Is Always a Subject of Discussion Among Married Women--A Good Servant a Rarity.

New York, March 26.—I can perfectly sympathize with the young girl who, before she was a wife, expressed her disgust at the women who continually talked about their servants, but after her marriage, when she was in the midst of a discussion of this never ending subject, and reminded by a friend of her former remarks, said: "I wonder that they talk about anything else." The business man engaging a clerk, pays him for certain work and expects him to be a competent book-keeper. Numbers appear to apply for the position. Each tells of his experience, his ability, and offers his references. The business man engages that one who seems to be most competent, most healthy and about whom the best words are said by a former employer, who gives a reasonable excuse for having dismissed him from his employ. That man expects that in a few days his book-keeper will have learned the special methods of the establishment and be a competent workman. He knows that he would not dare to pose as a first-class book-keeper unless he was one. He understands that a business man does not write a reference for an employe unless it is deserved, and the employe would think the world was coming an end if, at the end of the first day, the man engaged to keep the books announced that he did not know very much about them, but that he was very good at putting corks in cologne bottles.

But that is the sort of treatment that comes to the mistress of a house. She is anxious for a first-class cook. The cook appears either in answer to an advertisement, from an employment agency or through some friend. She presents her recommendation. It is written evidently by a lady, and according to it this woman has all the virtues and is a perfectly competent cook. Her first dinner is an absolute failure. The meat is cooked to death, while water potatoes, greasy vegetable and heavy pastry constitute the menu. The mistress sighs. After dinner she has a little talk with her new employe, only to discover that where she lived before she did not do the cooking, "just helped around the house," but she wanted to be a cook, and Mrs. Montmorenci Brown was so kind-hearted that she gave me a recommendation as one." My friend, what right has Mrs. Montmorenci Brown to tell an absolute untruth on paper? Yet this untruth is not the worst that has come to you or to me, brought by some one desiring to literally live with us.

A well known woman who would have been horrified, for she was especially conspicuous in church work, at being told that she was a sinner committed a crime of the deepest dye, which she excused on the ground of "feeling sorry for the girl." To a waitress who had been caught stealing money she gave a recommendation for honesty. From the next household which this girl entered she stole more than money. She took magnificent silver, wonderful jewels, fine pieces of bric-a-brac, and handed them over to her sweetheart to pawn, while she disappeared. When the detectives looked up her references, which her mistress should have done, they discovered that this lady, knowing her to be a thief, had yet allowed her to go into other homes as an honest girl. As a woman to whom, as a housekeeper to a housekeeper, from an honest recommendation to the servant who leaves you or whom you discharge, and never fail to date your reference, for a girl who may be honest to-day may be a thief next year, while she who may have been sweet and pure and good while with you may be depraved in six months' time.

Each of us, as we enter the little place that means home, whether it be a tiny house or a small flat in some great city, is overflowing with hope about the woman who, while we employ her, will yet help make the house a home. Each of us means to be good to her, and each of us wants to make her happy. How does she meet this desire on the part of the mistress? The average servant regards the average mistress as her natural enemy. Kindness she considers as nothing more than her right. Sympathy she suspects, and gratitude is something unknown to her. Oh, I know there have been faithful servants and there are good servants, but once in awhile the mistress has a right to speak, especially now, when the papers and journals are overflowing with articles from the side of the employe! You and I, who engage one girl, arrange for her a comfortable bed or a small chest in which contains a sufficient number of sheets, pillowcases and towels especially dedicated to this room. You allow your maid time enough to put her room in order, and you beg of her when she gets up to throw the bedclothes off the bed, open the window and let the fresh air in. Perhaps this is done once, perhaps three times, but after that it is considered a waste of time by the mistress of the kitchen, and you soon learn that the linen on that bed would never be changed if you did not take some of your valuable time and insist upon it.

You have often thought how miserable it must be to eat from an untidy table, to use soiled dishes, or to have scraps represent your bill of fare. So in one of the kitchen cupboards there are cups, saucers and plates and all the necessary dishes in plain white ware and with them some small tablecloths for the use of Jane and to add to her comfort. On her arrival you show her these articles meant to make life pleasant for her, and as you explain their use you notice that a look, half of scorn, half of disgust, comes over her face. That first night Jane spreads the little table in the kitchen and eats her dinner after a civilized fashion, but this never happens again. She is too lazy to care about being dainty, and she would rather get a little now and a little then, standing or sitting, as she fancies, and not be bothered with being, as she puts it, "so awful particular." A fit of crying? Of course you have had it. We all have had it. We have all arranged comfortable bedrooms, we have all tried to make eating something more refined than usually is in the kitchen, but the em-

ploye not only does not meet the mistress half way, but when her friends visit her she tells as a great joke how the mistress hoped to make her live as she wanted her to. Perhaps you not only gave your time and your very self, but you spent a great deal of money on this woman, who was ill when she came to you. Two weeks after, when you were tired out from general nursing and hoped to be able to rest a little, this young woman appeared and informed you that she intended to leave that afternoon. You said: "What, Maggie! Leave me now when I took as good care of you when you were ill as if you had been my own sister?" And Maggie, with that wonderful coolness that belongs to her ilk and that still more wonderful ingratitude, answered: "Yes, ma'am, that is just the reason why. If you had been the lady I thought you, you would not have done so."

Now, what is to be done? You and I are tender hearted women, and when trouble comes to some one who is in our kitchen our hearts go out to the sufferer, and we give of our best in every way, only to be hurt afterward. Have you and I, who count ourselves and are good mistresses, ever know a maid to say, "By doing this and so I can save 25 cents?" Oh, no! If you and I see the great need to economize and go into the kitchen and insist upon it, we are spoken of as "mean." Care as to the amount of food used, the quantity of coal burned, of gas lighted or consideration given to clothes is never proper in the eye of a domestic servant. His sim- ily an evidence of close fistiness. Care for something because it is beautiful, because it was given to you by somebody you loved, is Greek to the average servant. Dishes and glasses were made to break, and if you bother people to dust bric-a-brac you must expect it to suffer. The average maid-servant not only believes that dust is the bloom of time, but also that it should be a never fading blossom.

It is all wrong. But how are we going to straighten it? Sometimes you do meet a domestic servant who counts her word worth something and who does not claim to be able to do everything. But why is it that all are so positively unwilling to learn? If you and I were to go out as cooks, we would make an effort to be the very best of cooks so that we might make the greatest amount of money. I fear that too often the employe does bad work because the employe accepts it. Too often, the employe pays high wages for work that is done in the most slovenly manner, the idea seeming to be that to get the work done, no matter how, is the acme of happiness. To do it well is counted as of no worth. You know perfectly well that, although Caroline, Maggie, or Jane may have five tall feathers in her hat and a frock of the newest fashion, her underwear is torn, tattered, miserably poor and positively untidy. You use all your diplomacy in trying to frame a sentence that will suggest to Caroline or Maggie or Jane the desirability of a neat and clean once in awhile, and yet little Miss Industry, who is busy downtown, is only too glad to walk home one day in the week that she may give 10 cents to the chamber maid in her boarding house to get the bath washed out so she can use it. But Caroline, Maggie or Jane does not appreciate the blessing of personal cleanliness. She thinks it all nonsense.

Perhaps you think this is severe, you who have not been the mistress of a manse or a flat. But to wrestle, literally and physically, day in and day out, with ingratitude, laziness and slovenliness and a certain particularly impudent self-satisfaction is more than merely difficult. It is time somebody spoke for the mistress. What can you or I, who are just ordinary women, do? I'll tell you what I do—just make the best of a bad bargain. I realize that the maid in my kitchen is capable of just so much that is good and of much that is indifferent. I have long ago learned that if I allow myself to have a feeling of friendship for any special maid, am going to have my heart hurt. But I would rather have my heart hurt than allow myself to grow hard-hearted. You and I, who try to live good lives, never refuse to allow a maid to go to whichever church she pleases or to have time to give proper attention to her religious duties, but when she claims to be a church member surely we have a right to expect something that is good from her. We must set the example; but, that given, certainly there should be enough womanliness in her to follow in the right path.

Drudgery can be made divine, but then it ceases to be drudgery. There are good servants, as there are bad mistresses, but one is as few as the other. Away down in the southland there was for many years a dear old colored mammy who nursed three generations of babies and then in her old age and a little home, wherein she was supported by the youngest members of her flock. She had known the skeletons in the different households. She always appeared in trouble or illness or in some great joy. She sleeps at the foot of her mistress—the mistress who owned her absolutely and the mistress who gave her freedom, the freedom which she never wanted and refused to take. I do not believe that in the hereafter she will be happy unless she is serving some of the things that mark her grave are these words: "She Served Well." Will that be said of you or BAB.

#### POOR FONNIE!

A little king, with manners nice,  
Bore as he trudged through Spanish ice,  
A banner with this strange device,  
"I. O. U."

Quoth he, "No matter where I look,  
I gaze on that. It won't be shook."  
The first line in my copybook,  
Was "I. O. U."

Oh, how can life have many charms  
When, in the midst of war's alarms,  
The motto on one's coat-of-arms  
Is "I. O. U."

—Washington Star.

Take care of your pennies and some one will come along with a scheme to take care of your dollars for you.

# Arp On War Outlook.

### Says the Position of Uncle Sam Looks Like a Paradox--How Things Have Changed.

Dr. Hunter McGuire resides in Richmond, Va. Six copies of his address on Stonewall Jackson were sent me and have been disposed of. So many more have reached me and continue to reach me for copies that I must request correspondents to write to R. E. Lee camp Confederate Veterans, Richmond, Va., or to Dr. McGuire, who, no doubt, will gladly send copies. Inclose stamp, of course. A Confederate veterans' camp cannot circulate better literature and no doubt will be pleased to do it. It is an honor to want it, and an honor to send it. Like mercy, "it blesses him who gives and him who dost receive."

And now there comes to be another war impending and somehow I can't keep from ruminating about it. It is a blessed thing to help the starving Cubans. I recall the time when hundreds of our people were starving and no help came from the North. When the fowl invaders took every cow and calf and horse and mule and hog and pig and chicken and all the corn and wheat and burned down the towns and left desolation behind them, and like Weyler, said that the quickest way to end a war was to make it horrible.

The deadly parallel is always unwellcome, but we can't help drawing it sometimes. The Cubans are trying to do what we tried to do—to dissolve a union—and the people of these United States seem to think they are right. And they are, if they are guilty of the fault which, of course, they are guilty of treason and ought to be hung—government is a curious paradox.

But everybody who can help ought to help and do it quickly. We old men remember well when the first train load of corn came to Georgia from Missouri—a gift from the good people of that State and how the hungry gathered at the depots along the lines to get a share. I remember when a check for \$3,000 was sent to me unasked by the good people of Liberty, in Clay county, and I endorsed it to Governor Jenkins and that, too, was invested in corn for the starving. I remember when bread, cornbread, was all we asked for or hoped for and we sent a boat 200 miles down the river and got 200 bushels for a hundred dollars and bushel and my share was five bushels and I didn't dare to keep it in town, but kept it hid out at Rowland Bryan's, six miles in the country and he brought us in a little meal once a week and we were thankful.

Anything is better than war and my fear is that the jingoes will precipitate one without just cause. I see that the talk now is about enforcing the Monroe doctrine and ordering Spain to take hands off Cuba. If the Monroe doctrine applies to Cuba now it did seventy-five years ago when Mr. Monroe enunciated it. Spain has owned it ever since Columbus discovered it 400 years ago and it is about to apply the doctrine to it now. Let us go on and relieve the distress of those miserable people. Spain says we may and humanity says we must.

What a blessed thing is peace—peace at home and abroad. While working in my garden to-day I felt conscious of its blessings and thankful, for I knew that Aunt Ann would have turnip greens and boiled ham for dinner and eggbread and rice and potatoes and buttermilk and some kind of a dessert, and I knew that my wife and daughters and two or three grandchildren would be there. I realized that we were at peace with our neighbors, white and black, and that the town was peaceful and free from fights, and there was peace all over the country and the people generally were contented and reasonably happy. I remembered that for years we had not locked our doors by day or by night, nor our chicken house nor barn. We have even torn away our front fence and side fence and anybody can walk through our grove and lawn who wishes to. We have good schools and nice churches near at hand and our wives and daughters can go to meeting on Sunday and the aid society on Tuesday and the Y. W. C. A. on Wednesday and the Daughters of the Revolution on Thursday and the Daughters of the Confederacy on Friday and the park committee on Saturday, besides the Epworth League and the Old Maids' Club and the musical and some other entertainments thrown in. Then, there are various reception days and calling days and home talent shows and bazaars and so the women folks of his town don't have to stay at home any hardly if they don't want to. I noticed yesterday that the buttons on an old friend's coat were grinning and new ones were needed mightily bad. Some little children are lonesome, but the sideshows must go on, or society will suffer.

I was planting beans while ruminating and a dear little grandchild was keeping me company and talking all the time and before I noticed what she was doing she had dropped them by handfuls all along the row, and I had to get down on my marrow bones and pick them all up—bless her little heart! She thought she was helping me. She fell down the steps yesterday and the red blood streamed from her nose and hurt me more than it did her for she seldom cries about anything. Her mother is going visiting this afternoon and says: "I may have both of the children. They are mighty good to me, these mothers and I had rather listen to the talk of the little innocents than the finest political speech that a candidate for Governor can make. I am tired of politics. Let the boys orate and expatiate, if they want to. I am glad that Colonel Candler has a good sense to decline and keep out of the unseemly middle. It is undignified. Heard a man cry "three cheers for Atkinson" and another fellow said: "He's done had 'em and is a settin' in one 'em now. What does he want with another cheer? Wait till he gets out of that one." If Watson declines, I don't see why the Pops don't nominate Atkinson. He ran on their platform a few years ago and I reckon is on it yet. I'm sorry for Colonel Berner. He was a source and he had to ride on that same old, broken down horse denunciation of the railroads. Nothing in Georgia has ever suffered like the railroads have from the lawyers. Lawyers wrecked them and fattened on them, and divided out the spoils. Not very long ago the Southwestern wreck was cleaned up and \$175,000 of it went to the lawyers. The

railroads are just now getting on their legs again and the lawyers are snuffing the air and sailing around like buzzards looking for a carcass. Whenever you see a man making a specialty of abusing railroads, you may set it down that he is either after a fee or an office.

Well, I have five more rabbit feet now, all the way from Texas, and some of them are done up in blue ribbon and marked for Colonel Candler—but he will not need them in this race.

BILL ARP.

## APRIL MAGAZINES.

By Henry Jerome Stockard.

Professor H. C. Adams has a strong paper in the Atlantic on "A Decade of Federal Railway Regulation." The duties of the Interstate Commission are pointed out, and the failures of these officers to carry out their duties are unmistakably fixed where they belong—upon the judiciary who have blindly sided with the railroads and against the Commission.

Professor George H. Darwin, of England, son of the great Evolutionist, Charles Darwin, has a striking contribution on the relations of the earth to the moon and its satellite, in which he forecasts the time when, owing to the reciprocal influence between our planet and its satellite they will revolve in unison, and our days and months will be equal and of the same duration.

"A Nook in the Alleghanies" is in Bradford Torrey's usual delightful vein, and "The Teaching of English" is a vigorous plea for the study of our own language in our institutions of learning. This last paper cannot be read with too careful attention alike by those who teach and by those who have sons and daughters to be taught.

There are some clever short stories, personal reminiscences of Bjornson and Ibsen, etc.

The Century has two articles that will be read just now with unusual interest; they are "A Famous Sea Fight" and "Fights Between Ironclads." The former is by Claude H. Westmore, and is an illustrated description of the engagement between the Chilean and Peruvian ironclads off the coast of Bolivia in 1879; the latter, by Assistant Secretary of the Navy, Theodore Roosevelt, discusses naval battles with reference to their significance and priority.

Gustav Kohbe's thrilling series, "Heroes of Peace," deals this month with the heroes of the Life-Saving Service, "Good Americans," is concluded, and another installment of the "Adventures of Francois" is given. In short fiction the number has its usual amount. This is a mere sample of the rich contents of the current issue of this popular magazine.

St. Nicholas has a varied table of contents, including many seasonal features. "The Story of the Wheel" traces the evolution of the bicycle from its rude beginning in the seventeenth century to the "chainless" of 1898. Stockton's "Benevolence of Our Coast" is entertaining and "Trowbridge's" "Two Biddied Boys" is worthy the pen of this popular writer of boys' stories. The magazine is always full of jingles and verses. This is a very popular magazine among the young people, and it is deservedly so.

The Youth's Companion, while not a monthly magazine but a weekly paper, must be mentioned just here. It is the best publication parents can put into the hands of their children. This is said unreservedly and after a long acquaintance with the paper. Not one line of questionable matter ever appears in its columns. Its visits are an inspiration to a better citizenship, to a purer patriotism, and to a higher life. He is a public benefactor who increases its circulation.

The most valuable feature of Scrib-



BLACK AND WHITE SUMMER GOWN FROM HARPER'S BAZAR

A summer gown in the black and white effect so popular in Paris is quaint in many little ways, the bodice being particularly noticeable for the latest novelty—the old-time under-sleeve. New styles of contrasting sleeves will be much favored as the season advances. The material of the gown is white taffeta patterned with black polka dots in groups of three, though the design may be more simply made of foulard, challie, or linen. The model is an advantageous one for refurbishing an old gown. The ruffled skirt with flounces reaching to the waist has the new six-gored foundation skirt, three and one-half yards wide at the foot. Double-quiltings of black silk muslin border each flounce, as well as the full ruffles of the waist and the puffed caps which surmount the sleeves. The pointed neck, edged back and front

with a band of fine tucks in black muslin, shows a full guimpe of sheer white silk lawn, which forms also the lower part of the bodice. The transparent under-sleeves, passing under ruffled caps, are finished at the wrist with a pointed cuff of tucked black muslin and a full frill of lawn. Narrow velvet bands pass over the shoulders, back and front, joined by small knots with many loops. The collar is plainly draped, and the waist is encircled by a velvet ribbon drawn through a pearl buckle. The proper cut of the gown can be obtained only from the patterns published by Harper's Bazar, where it appears.

Approximate quantity of material for gown: Silk for lining, 14 yards; taffeta for flounces and waist, 14 yards; black muslin, 5 yards; lawn, 2½ yards; velvet ribbon, 2 yards.

ner's continues to be Wyckoff's "The Workers." It is "an experiment in real life" by a young sociological student, and is stranger than fiction. By going forth in the ranks of the unskilled laborers this intelligent young graduate has been able to divulge some facts about the labor problem that are serious, to say the least. The article should be widely read. Thomas Nelson Page has a continued story, "Red Rock," and Richard Harding Davis contributes the first chapters of "The King's Jackal." There are two or three short stories and several poems. Among the latter is "The Tolling of Felix," a poem of unusual felicity and originality, by Henry Van Dyke. The illustrations in Scribner's are always fine, and the cover of this number is "a thing of beauty."

The Chap-Book, of Chicago, is the most ambitious publication the West has undertaken. This does not seem to be of the ephemeral nature of its forerunners, either. "The Podmore Letters," a series of articles criticizing men of letters, etc., seems to be bearing some fruit already—it has checked some editors from filling their own magazines

with their own poetical monstrosities. But the Chap-Book is of the wild and woolly West, and must not mistake the rustic cackle for the murmur of the world."

#### DRAW THE LINE AT FREE LOVE.

Members of the Holmes Band Ordered to Leave Norfolk County.

Norfolk, Va., March 31.—The Holmes Band, a detachment of which came from their arks in North Carolina to Deep Creek, Norfolk county, some time ago and located there, have been warned by the residents of that vicinity that they must leave. The band was recently refused the use of churches and public halls, and they began to erect a church of their own. The virtuous folk of Deep Creek thought that indicated a permanent foothold among them for the free-love band, and therefore served notice upon them that they remain at their own peril.

Why isn't a vacation a sort of head-rest?

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### "BURSADINE"

Is unequalled as an absorbent for enlargements, swollen glands, wind galls, curbs, bog sores, sprains and sprays. As an external application to the throat in sore throat and to the sides in pneumonia, it is not excelled by any preparation on the market. It is a sure and certain cure.

WE DO NOT CLAIM that it will remove bony growths, such as ring bones and humpbacks, but it will materially benefit the lameness caused by such growths, and often reduces the size of the growth.

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When a horse is dull, coat staring and generally off he needs a purgative; in fact, there is scarcely a disease in which it is not necessary to give a purgative once.

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A prompt and reliable remedy for spasmodic and wind colic in horses and mules. Also for indigestion of the bowels or gripes. In fact it should be given in all cases in which the animal paws or rolls.

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