

## HOUSEHOLDS OF RICH BOAST MANY SERVANTS, SAYS M'LISS

There's a Maid for This and a Man for That, and Some of Them Get Four Meals a Day to Keep Them Happy

To those housekeepers who manage to get their washing, ironing, cooking, sweeping, dusting and polishing done by one maid (who in addition cares for the babies in the spare time), it will come as a distinct surprise to learn that there are women in Philadelphia whose servants are so numerous that it requires a regular payroll with a specially employed woman in charge of it to keep the finances of the menage straightened out.

It is said that the household of Mrs. Stotesbury is kept up to its high standard of efficiency by no fewer than 50 servants. I was going to write "menials," but this lady bountiful treats her employees with such a rare degree of thoughtfulness and consideration that that is scarcely an appropriate word. A little row of spick and span houses, with every modern convenience, shelters them, not a stone's throw from the Stotesbury home, and I am told that there is even an underground passageway connecting the two, so as to obviate the necessity of their coming out in the open on inclement days.

The Charlemagne Towers, too, have a little army in their employ. Nigh on to 30 maids, cooks, butlers, footmen, chauffeurs and whatnot compose the staff, unless my information errs, and the Houstons, of Chestnut Hill, have a menage that comes in that class also.

But a prominent Overbrook woman who "moves in this same set," to use a current phrase, and whose estate is sizable, told me that she found nine house servants wholly sufficient.

"I treat them well," she said, "and give them plenty to eat. Four meals a day—if you count afternoon tea as a meal—is what they get. I pay them well, and they themselves prefer not having so many others around. My household affairs usually run without a hitch, but I always make a point of giving some time each day for personal supervision. I deem this absolutely necessary. It must never be forgotten for a moment that I am the head. Successful homekeeping depends on this."

Verily, even nine servants sounds luxurious; but how would you like to have to provide Christmas gifts for fifty? It's almost like monopolizing the Santa Claus job!

### She Wasn't Racing

"There are lots of women running for office in this election," said a punster at the suffrage convention in Washington the other day, "but I know one who isn't Roessing."

It was true. I never saw a woman so distressed as was the erstwhile president of Pennsylvania's State suffrage association when she was announced the new vice president of the national organization. Mrs. Frank M. Roessing didn't want the job.

Like all of the other hard workers in the last campaign, what she wanted above everything else was a little surcease from the terrific strain of trying to lead a conservative State to the goal of a suffrage victory. But I think most of the women at that inspiring gathering in the national capital took home with them the realization that there is to be no rest until success is achieved. It is this spirit, too, that will make the victory come all the sooner.

### Have You Seen This Strange and Curious Sight?

"Why is a boudoir cap?" asks a West Philadelphia man with a vague and puzzled expression on his face. And then he goes on to explain:

"Every morning when I come to the office I see women on the street, either going to the corner grocery store or gossiping on the front steps, heavily protected against the cold with fur or thick cloth coats. But on their heads they wear these filmy affairs of lace and ribbons. Why?"

Who knows? In its proper place no daintier article of wearing apparel was ever devised than this frothy little headpiece; but just as a ball gown would give one the shivers (!) if worn in a business office, so the boudoir cap worn on the street leaves one cold.

### The Shoe on the Other Foot Now

Washington society reporters, I am told, snubbed Mrs. Galt because she was the widow of a tradesman, albeit, they were all ready to admit that she was, and is, one of the most gracious and most charming women to be found anywhere. On Saturday they stormed her stronghold in droves, to no avail. To follow a course of "noblesse oblige" would seem to be the profitable as well as the truly aristocratic thing to do.

### Four Ounces, If You Please!

If the suggestion of our good friend Dr. Harvey Wiley, the pure food expert, is taken we will sit down to our Christmas dinners each with a scale in front of us. The master of ceremonies will be an official carver and larder. He'll go around from place to place carving and ladling out just so much and no more, and even though you've saved a space for weeks for your holiday meal, you'll get only a specified portion.

Four ounces of turkey and four ounces of dressing is the maximum amount that should be consumed by any one, the eminent physician declares, and though your favorite dish be cranberries, to eat more than two ounces is a serious epicurean crime, in his opinion.

Two baked potatoes, however, may be taken without serious consequences, although he advises that the skins, since they are the best part, be also eaten. Oysters, home-made soup, lettuce salad and home-made mince pies—al. to be partaken of in moderation—constitute the remainder of his menu, which, it has been estimated, should not cost more than 35 cents per portion.

Despite the limitations the good doctor has set us, it's pleasant to know that we can have turkey and cranberries and mince pie at all without violating a gastronomic code.

### Letters to the Editor of the Woman's Page

Dear M'LISS—Is it necessary to make an announcement of a broken engagement?

M. J. S.  
No written announcement of a broken engagement is necessary, although I would advise you to let the fact be known to avoid any embarrassing situations. The announcement of this affair should be made as quietly as possible by the mother of the girl, verbally where convenient, by an informal note to friends when necessary. It is generally the accepted right of a woman to break an engagement, and she may or may not give her reason for so doing.

Dear M'LISS—I have heard that the women who vote in Colorado have accomplished many changes in the government of that State. Could you tell me some of the most important measures they have enacted and let me know where I can get the information myself?

J. McK.  
Yes, the right to vote was conferred upon Colorado women in 1893. Since that time the following changes have been made: Measures were passed making mothers joint guardians with the fathers over children; establishing a Juvenile Court; making parents responsible for the offenses of delinquent children, when they have by neglect or any other cause contributed to such delinquency; forbidding the employment of children in certain industries; making the wife the head of the family in cases where she provides the chief support; providing for supervision of lying-in hospitals and maternity homes conducted by private individuals; compelling men to support their families and making wife desertion a felony; making immoral solicitation a felony; forbidding the insuring of lives of children under 10 years of age; establishing State parental schools; making employers liable for industrial accidents.

These are not all by any means, but you may get the rest by reading the History of Woman Suffrage, as edited by Frances Maule Bjorkman, and published by the National American Woman Suffrage Association, 505 5th avenue, New York City.

Address all communications to M'LISS, care of the Evening Ledger. Write on one side of the paper only.

## SEEN IN THE SHOPS



### AN ADVANCE MODEL OF SOIEREE TAFFETA

THIS frock which suggests powdered tuffs and patches of old Colonial days is one of the early spring models. The gown is of exquisite pink taffeta embroidered in silver. Filmy tulle, outlined by narrow silver braid, forms the sleeve effect, while the crushed bodice is trimmed with silver lace and a boutonniere of French flowers. Beneath the panther

effect of the skirt cascades of filmy tulle bound with silver are seen. The price is \$77.50.

Full particulars as to the store where this article may be bought can be obtained by sending a stamped, addressed envelope to the Editor of the Woman's Page, EVENING LEDGER, 608 Chestnut street. A clipping of the gown or fashion you want must be inclosed.

## CRUEL EXPOSURE TO "HARDEN" BABY SEVERELY CONDEMNED BY DOCTOR

By WILLIAM BRADY, M. D.

WE do not believe any competent physician would ever advise a mother to "harden" a child by exposing the child to discomfort. The first law of health is "Be comfortable."

A lady writes that a mother she knows has taken up her fresh air "theory" with a vengeance, and the lady found the mother exposing the scantily dressed baby on a bed near an open window, the baby blue with cold, the mother refusing to allow the lady—who suspects the lady is a settlement worker—to cover the child with a blanket, because, the mother insisted, "Doctors nowadays teach us not to coddle children with too much clothing."

As one of the guilty doctors, we protest. The mother must be a queer sort of mother.

All the mothers we have ever known, excepting those who indulged in intoxicating beverages, had enough common sense to keep their little ones comfortably warm. We have known many a mother—in fact, most all the mothers—to overdo the dressing and injure the child's health, but never have we found a sane, unpoisoned mother who deliberately injured her child by cruel exposure.

In urging every one, old and young, to wear no more clothing than physical comfort demands, we feel that we are doing good in the world. We know that over-dressing, coddling and the fear of the open air that these bad habits inspire, are prolific factors of the various respiratory diseases.

If this abnormal mother described by the lady exposes her baby to the cold to the point of illness, then there is a case for the Humane Society or the police.

Be Comfortable.—If you are not comfortable you are likely to suffer in health. Open-air life, by day or by night, must be comfortable, enjoyable, else it can do no good.

Any one who would shiver in a cold bed

### THE CHEERFUL CHERUB

Somewhere before Christmas I'm always so good That my conduct's surprising to see, But having my motives so misunderstood Is really quite painful to me, And I'd like to convince the whole world if I could That the reason I'm good is—I want to be good!

BY M. J. S.

## DO YOUR CHRISTMAS SHOPPING EARLY? WORDS! WORDS! WORDS!

Why Preach a Principle, the Practice of Which Is Made Impossible by the Conditions of Life? Read These Confessions of a Father

THIS is an interview with a gentleman who tried it. Tried what? Tried to do his Christmas shopping early. I met him in a toy store. He looked gloomy. He looked morose. There wasn't a ray of joy in either eye. Plainly he had something on his mind. Unless he got it off the Yuletide spirit would never permeate his being. So I prodded him.

"Why this air of irate pessimism?" I asked. "You look like a Prussian compelled to read Shakespeare to a Piccadilly audience." He shook himself and snapped his teeth.

"It's all wrong," he said. "I've proved it."

"Proved what?"

"Proved there's nothing in this slogan, 'Do your Christmas shopping early.' The fellow who devised that slogan was some fool dreamer. What difference does it make if you do your shopping early if you don't get it done. Now, if the slogan ran, 'Finish your Christmas shopping early,' there might be something in it."

"Take my case, for instance. If I'd begun this 1913 job of Christmas shopping year before last, where would I be? Nowhere. Not a darn bit further ahead than I am this minute. Suppose I'd begun to buy a present for our cook in the spring of 1911. I'll say it. Why, we've had 25 cooks by complete and actual count since then. We've had three new ones in the last three weeks. I've got a book of German poems for Gretchen Schneider, two days later Gretchen's heat it and we engaged Nelly O'Toole. Again I pause to utter a hollow hal ha!

"When Nelly O'Toole came I hustled right out to do my Christmas shopping early for her. No more fool books," said I to myself. "I'd get Miss O'Toole something useful." I asked my wife what useful thing I might get her. My wife said, 'Nelly's a little shy on wardrobe—get her a neat and inexpensive dress.' "What's her size?" I asked.

"She looks like middling fair 38," said my wife.

"Well, I hiked right down to the seething marts of Christmas trade and got a neat pink 38, something light and inexpensive and trim. Again permit me to twitter a frivolous hal ha! Nelly eloped with my wife's sister's Swede chauffeur, and who do you think we got now? None other than Miss Miranda Lincoln Washington, of the Alabama Wellingtons. Yes, and Miranda's a fairly perfect 52."

"What am I going to get Miranda? Not a blooming thing till 7 p. m. Christmas Eve. At that mystic hour I'll send my way into Market street, make my simple selection, ask the tired salesgirl to hold it out for a brief spell and then leap for the telephone. When I get my family on the phone I'll ask if Miss Miranda is still on the job. If she is I'll request that she be locked in and deprived of her shoes. Having given these simple commands I'll clinch the purchase and hike home in a taxicab to help trim the tree."

BEGAN JULY FOURTH.

"How about my wife's present—have I bought that yet? NO, NOT YET. Sounds rotten tardy of me, does it? But wait. I began early, as the fool saying advises. I began on the anniversary date of the birth of the nation, to wit, July the Fourth. I asked the frau of my bosom what she would like in the way of a Christmas present."

"She replied, 'Take note. I will give you a list.' She's practical and snappy, is Lulu. 'Take these down,' she said; 'any

For Xmas Breakfast

Allen's Scrapple, unsurpassable, puts an edge on the appetite and makes folks eager for breakfast time.

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few of them will do as miscellaneous presents. Later on we'll discuss the real present! Well, I took 'em down and late in August I began buying said miscellaneous presents. I tried to hide 'em away, but every Thursday when the housecleaning was under way Lulu dug 'em out and captured them. Once she had captured them they ceased to be Christmas presents, even of the miscellaneous variety.

"I kept making up new lists. I'm a patient little fellow. I am, and uncomplicated. I let Lulu revise and revise and kept on buying. I gave up trying to hide 'em at home last October and put 'em away in the safe deposit box. I got a dozen inquiries in there now. But by subtle inquiry I've learned that not a blame one of them make the slightest appeal to Lulu now. You see, they're mostly jewelry and trinkets and things made by the Belgian refugees. Lulu was strong for the Belgian refugees for a time."

"But she's changed. She has swung her affections to the Poles. She went to hear Paderewski and decided before he'd finished playing that no Christmas present would really make her heart beat faster with pride and joy unless it was contrived and made by some refugee Pole. Sure, I went to those Polish bazaars and laid in a nice little hamperful of stuff. I went early to avoid the rush, was waiting at the door for the bazaar to open. And maybe those patriotic Polish-American blondes didn't grab me off and shake me down some."

AND TO WHAT END?

"To what end? Pardon me while I deliver my bosom of a dry sob. Lulu's lost interest in the Poles. Nothing will do now but Serbian trinkets. I must help the Serbs. Sure I'm sorry for the Serbs. Way down inside of me I palpitate with pity for them. And I've been to one of their bazaars."

"But I feel it in my bones that Lulu's going to change before Friday night. She's been reading up Montenegro for two days running. At first she wasn't interested in that ship-plaster monarchy to any great extent. To tell you the truth she was a little bit vague on Montenegro up to very recently. She thought a Montenegro was a mountain Negro, and she thought there were a whole lot more Montenegros in the United States than in the Balkans."

"But she's accumulating the real dope on 'em fast and is getting stronger for them every hour. You see about where I stand as to Lulu and her miscellaneous presents. What about her real present? Oh, she'll decide on that Thursday and drive in to town with me Friday and help me buy it."

"I haven't mentioned the children, you say? No, but I was coming to them. You find me in a toy store, don't you? I'm looking pretty strumpy and sad, ain't I? Because I'm late and rushed and hurried—red-fretted? Nothing of the sort."

I'm simply perturbed, puzzled and puzzled. I feel as if I ought to be about the Oscar II, roping round these prize gift cages with the Ford squirrels.

"What happened. Oh! Just think—my mother-in-law has landed in our midst wearing some peace loving badge and going round the house singing dove lyrics and insidious. She didn't bring up a state of her children to be soldiers. Sure, she didn't—there were seven girls. She even stood for the Red Cross nurse for little Lulu. Says Red Cross nurse that she's a peace loving dove. I asked Lulu to let her grandmother's peace loving badge and doll to resemble Billie Eyring or H. Ford. The poor kid had hysterics and her grandmother was insulted."

"Now, that's just about how and where I stand. Don't talk to me about doing your Christmas shopping early. All I want to know is how to finish it before Christmas eve."

Believing that it was best to leave him to his own meditations I prodded him no further.

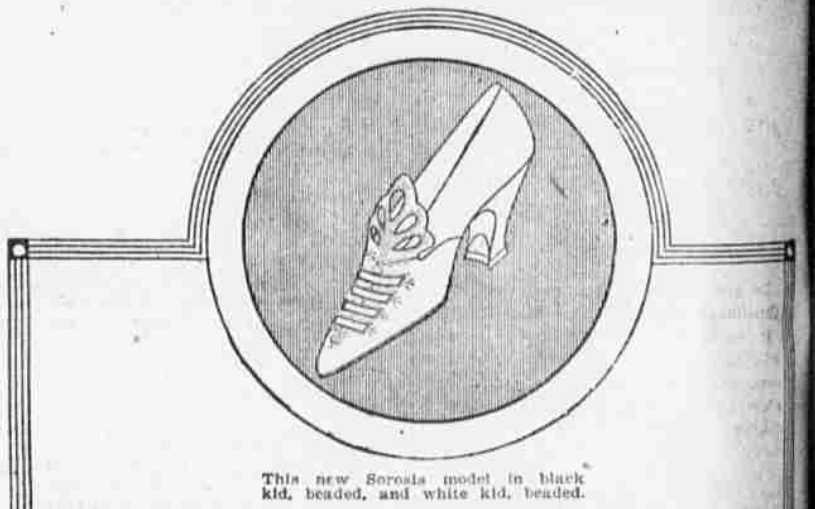
### Getting the Kiddies to Sleep

The problem of getting the restless youngsters to sleep on Christmas Eve is a trial to many mothers. So many mothers to be done after kiddies are asleep that it is most necessary to know that they are really in the land of nod. A woman whose knowledge of the ways of children is extensive and varied makes her little boys and girls close their eyes and then she tells them legends of the Christ Child. When they begin to show signs of drowsiness she talks about Santa Claus and how he is coming over the hills of dazzling snow with his train of reindeer. This picture never fails to stimulate the lively imagination of the youngsters, but their clever mother doesn't let them open their eyes; she has a better plan to keep them sleeping. She tells them to count Santa's nose as they go flying over the snow. The little folks count out loud for a while, but pretty soon you find them sleeping softly, dreaming of the presents that Jolly Kris is to bring. If this plan is tried after a warm bath and a rubdown it is almost infallible.

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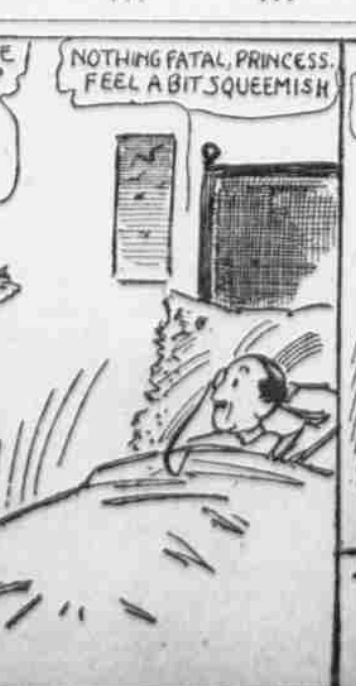
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## MILLIE AND HER MILLIONS



## MONTY IS SO INCONSIDERATE

