

Eight-Hour Day for Servants Would Do Away With Homes

To the Editor of the Woman's Page: Dear Madam—I have read with interest the various letters printed on the subject of the servant girl and the eight-hour day now being agitated. May I take the chair for a few moments on the subject?

We have daylight-saving for business purposes. Now we are asked to have daylight, eight-hour homes so servants may be relieved of duty at 5 p. m.

This means a six-hour business day. If business people live in their homes long enough daily to get two meals. Homes must necessarily have service hours that overlap business hours.

But already the six-hour laboring day is agitated, and no doubt the laboring woman's demands will keep pace with those of the laboring man. So it looks as though an even eight-hour day for the helper of the home with "mother" on the job all the time, will not solve the servant question after all.

The home is a twenty-four-hour institution. Can it be condensed into an eight-hour, daytime working proposition. If Solomon or Brigham Young were living they might help to solve the problem through their extensive experiences with "householders." But in this day of monogamy and of the slogan of "one wife for one man," which means one pair of hands for all of the work of the home, the eight-hour working day in the home is indeed complex. Nature herself defiantly ignores it.

Nature Ignores It. Take, for instance, the stork. He just will come at his own good time. When he pleases he will drop his precious burden into the home, whether the union labor hours are over for the servant or not. What is mother to do in these hours of maternity and the later years of childrearing and rearing, with the long croony nights.

But you say, the trained nurse is there. Yes, for a few weeks, but even the nurse must have more meals and work done for her, perhaps, than mother and the baby. Then nature does let father and the children and other dependents of the house get in after the union labor day. Of course, mother could begin her shift, but she has already been on her shift before any one else started.

Man's Problem. The servant problem is really a man's problem. The erroneous opinion prevails it is for the madame of the house, when it is really for the master of the house.

The whole question of eight-hour working day in the home resolves itself into this: Will man and his children reduce their demands to actual needs? Then further reduce their needs to meet actual conditions created by the eight-hour, daytime worker? If men and children can do this, and if business conditions can be adjusted, then the question has been largely solved.

It is a man's problem! Almost any woman can take care of herself, if she can drag herself out of bed. And the woman who brings children into the world and cares for them and their father, too, is certainly not dependent upon a servant for her actual needs. Nor would you ever see her at any time of life standing in line in front of the Sunday Breakfast Association doors awaiting its benefactions of food.

Further proof of this independence of women of servants may be found in the neat, cozy home of any clean, economical, lone woman. What lone man has such a home? The eight-hour day is therefore up to the man and his children. Is a man willing to do without a home life? Or will he reduce the demands of himself and his brood? Then will he further reduce their manifold supposed needs to actual needs, and perhaps lend a helping hand in emergency.

Mother Cuts the Pie. Although this servant problem is for "the lords of creation," it is likely that the woman will have to adjust it after all. "Mother" has been able to cut the pie so there will be a piece for each hungry child and father, too (even though she must go without), so it is likely she will solve the servant problem with the apartment house, community kitchen and other "life-saving" devices. For this human animal that poets call "mother" simply cannot keep

The Eight-Hour Plan in Reader's Eyes

If Solomon were living he might not have a hard time with the eight-hour day for servants. But in this day of "one wife for one man," which means one pair of hands for all the work of the house, the eight-hour working day in the home is indeed complex.

The eight-hour working day will mean a six-hour business day, for homes must necessarily have service hours that overlap business hours.

The servant girl problem is man's problem. Any woman who brings children into the world and cares for them is certainly not dependent on a servant for her actual needs. Nor would you ever see her at any time of life standing in line in front of the Sunday Breakfast Association doors awaiting its benefactions of food!

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up with the demands of these days of progressive civilization.

The following pre-war figures show that the servant problem is not so far-reaching after all as many persons suppose. The homes with even one servant have been reduced to some 5 per cent of the total number of homes.

Enlisted men learned during their military service many things about home work, so they will be more helpful and considerate than ever before. They will insist that their sons, as well as daughters, be taught to wait on themselves and their mother, which is right. Many men will do housework because it is better paying, with its three meals and lodging, than an occupation.

Mother Does All the Work. Investigating the United States reports on occupations and apportioning all the servants and cooks listed, it is found that in 93 1/2 per cent of American homes no servants are employed.

Of nearly 17,000,000 families in the United States only 1,000,000 can afford to keep servants. This is a conservative estimate, since some fortunate (or unfortunate) housewives employ two or more servants. Probably where live well-to-do families who are able to keep a servant, in ninety-five homes mothers do all the housework.

Under the United States census law mother is not classed among the workers, but swells the list of dependents. Will shorter hours dignify labor. The woman worker in the home who does everything there is to do, and bears the children beside, has the longest hours and the most respect.

The dignity of labor in the home seems to demand long hours—not short ones. The woman who would leave her husband without meals, or his children uncared for after union labor hours, would be called cruel, criminal or crazy, and dealt with accordingly by the neighbors, the church, the humane society, the police and the divorce courts. She would find no dignity attached to her short hours of labor.

The working woman cannot add to the dignity of her labor through short hours, but through her responsibility, truthfulness, honesty, courtesy and skill. The most superior and richest people respect the faithful, intelligent work of their helpers. Shorter Hours or Husbands? Notwithstanding servants know more of the infelicities of married life than any other class of workers, and demand shorter hours with more pay, they generally are most eager for marriage. Marriage means a life-working contract without wages to cook, wash, iron, scrub, nurse day and night, stay at home, rear children and with all of the responsibilities of home and motherhood.

The servant will leave the home of conveniences, with its "days off," respect of her employers, and good wages with no board or lodging to pay for, and perhaps no clothes to pay for, and tie herself to a man whose habits, temperament and demands make life miserable and hopeless. She must have the experience. Employment "hours" do not count if a woman likes a man. A widower left through the death of

his wife with a bunch of children said in his bitterness, "I can get a thousand wives, but not a single respectable caretaker for my home and children! I suppose I shall be forced into marriage through sheer desperation, for I cannot parcel my children out among relatives or institutions." His experience seems to be sustained by advertising for a general housework girl and receiving no answers and then advertising for a "working housekeeper for a widower" and being overwhelmed with answers from all classes of women, as shown by their pink stationery and writing and self-recommendations. The homes that have shifts of servants can meet the eight-hour demand, but the homes of one servant certainly are up against it. Self-help seems to be the only solution. A WOMAN READER.

And So They Were Married

By HAZEL DEYO BATCHELOR Copyright, 1919, by Public Ledger Co.

START THIS STORY TODAY AFTER any argument or misunderstanding with Scott, Ruth always felt queer and constrained the next morning. Her first waking thoughts had that dullness about them that always indicates something that has happened, but that cannot be recalled just at first. Then remembrance rushes over the consciousness and it is difficult to proceed. The morning after the argument about cards Ruth awakened just that way. She did not remember just at first, and, as usual, she jumped out of bed, leaned down to tuck the covers about Scott so that he might get a little more sleep before it was time to wake him, and was just about to kiss him softly on the top of his tousled head when she remembered. Memory in this case helped to start the day wrong.

When Ruth finally woke Scott her tone was devoid of anything but remote friendliness. Any husband who knows that infection in his wife's voice knows that it presages a difficult time. Women bear grudges far longer than men. Men forget almost immediately. Women remember purposely; they like to suffer. At breakfast Ruth made no effort to talk, and as the morning paper had not arrived, things were rather strained between them. When the mail finally arrived there was a sigh of relief from both of them. Scott seized the paper and retired behind it, while Ruth went leisurely through the letters. There seemed to be quite a lot of mail this morning.

Two bills, a letter from a college girl from out West, an invitation to an evening affair, and a letter for Scott. The straight, angular writing was unmistakable. It was from his sister. Ruth had not seen Alice since the proposed divorce suit which had all died down. She looked at this letter from her with a queer feeling of presentiment in her heart. "Scott," her speaking to him was unavoidable. The paper went down instantly. "A letter for you," Ruth had no intention of relating to the extent of friendly conversation. Her remark was strictly to the point. "Oh, from Alice," he exclaimed, picking it up and slitting the envelope with that peculiarly destructive quality that most men have.

There was a silence while Scott read and Ruth observed over the rim of her coffee cup. Finally he put the letter down and looked across at Ruth. His very expression told Ruth that her presentiment had not been far wrong. The letter had contained something unpleasant. "Anything wrong?" she queried, with forced politeness, trying to keep the genuine interest out of her voice. For answer Scott handed her the letter. It was short and to the point. "Dear Scott—I don't suppose that you and Ruth are going to like these arrangements very well, and of course, if they inconvenience you too much, I can go to a hotel. You know how I should hate to stay alone at a New York hotel, however, and you know, too, that mother happens to be out-of-town just now." Ruth paused here. How like Alice to begin her letter in a roundabout way like this, leading up to the point in question instead of being

perfectly frank and stating what she wanted immediately. "I thought," the letter went on, "that if you and Ruth could put me up for a week or two, that I would try not to be any more trouble than necessary. Let me know immediately, will you? I must arrange my plans. Yours always, "ALICE." Ruth dropped the letter by her plate and stared across at Scott. Forgotten now were all thoughts and memories of last night. This news was tragic. It was bad enough to have Alice in New York and to have to be pleasant to her and to do a certain amount of entertaining for her, but to have Alice in this tiny apartment snooping around, to have to have her constantly around would be intolerable. "We can't do it!" Ruth exclaimed. "I don't see how we can get out of it," Scott returned. "She is my sister, you know." "But we have no room for her." "We can put her up on the davenport." Ruth had known that the davenport would be inevitable. "But, Scott," Ruth waited this out. "It will be awful in this tiny place. We'll have no privacy at all. I'd rather pay her hotel bill, no matter how much it is." "That's just it. I'd gladly do that, but Alice is a coward, and simply won't stay at a hotel alone." "I don't see what she's coming on for anyway. She knows I don't like her and she hates me. It seems as if I simply couldn't face it."

In the next installment—What frightened Rita Whitmore?

Flowers for the Table

No table is complete without flowers, be it the breakfast, luncheon, tea or dinner table. Even field flowers gathered from the roadside are quite acceptable if they are nicely arranged. Violets, mingled with their own green leaves, arbutus in flat dishes, spreading bouquets of dogwood, mountain laurel and wild azaleas, daisies, red and pink clover buttercups, goldenrod and asters—as the season change there are lovely flowers for the table to be had for the picking from spring to fall.

BACK FROM THE DEAD

Soldier Missing for Months Gives Family Happy Surprise. Reading, Pa., June 9.—Given up for dead for months, Edward D. Klemmer, twenty-eight years old, of 946 Buttonwood street, happily surprised his parents last night when he walked in upon the family while at supper. The young man enlisted at Pittsburgh with the National Guard at the time of the Mexican trouble. After serving on the border he returned to Reading for a short stay with his family, and when the United States entered the war with Germany Klemmer went to Pittsburgh to rejoin the company with which he had seen service at the border and which was among the first to be dispatched overseas. He fought in all the battles in which his company participated. In the Argonne forest he was wounded in the left eye and sent to a hospital. That was the last heard of him until his appearance at his home.

FROM WAITER AT \$12 TO \$5000 A YEAR JOB

Colonel Woods Gives Instance of Army Benefits and Why Ex-Soldiers Are Wanted

Washington, June 9.—(By A. P.)—"I know a young man who was a waiter in a small town restaurant in pre-war days for \$12 a week and then," says Colonel Arthur Woods, assistant secretary of war, "He had been in the National Guard and managed to get an appointment at an officers' training school. They sent him to war as a second lieutenant. He came back a captain, with a medal and a citation. "Nothing doing," he laughed, when the boss offered him his old job back in the restaurant, with the promise of a head waiter position in a few months. "I am a \$5000 a year man now." "So he is. The other day the young captain got his \$5000 job with a big concern which has a large number of men to handle, and he fits in admirably." "See if you can get us a discharged army officer for the job." "As industrial conditions improve, this seems to be the general run of letters to the army employment committee from large employers who are looking for competent men. Such letters that the average honorably discharged officer has no difficulty whatsoever in placing himself again in civil life." Up to date, according to a statement by Colonel Woods, there have been about 104,000 officers mustered out of service who are now back in civil life. Of these 8000 have applied for assistance in securing employment.

MEDICAL ROW DENIED

Report of Lack of Harmony at West Phila. Hospital Declared Untrue. Friction between the medical and surgical staffs of the West Philadelphia Hospital is not the reason for the withholding of the \$20,000 appropriation for that institution by the committee of legislature according to Dr. William McKenzie, chief of staff at the hospital. There have been reports recently of internal dissension among the various departments, and the state appropriation was held up "until the present management has been reorganized in such a manner that the hospital will be properly conducted." "In all probability there will be a meeting of the board of trustees this evening," said Doctor McKenzie, and the whole matter will be laid before them." Dr. James B. Buckley, house physician, also denied that there was any lack of harmony among the members of the staff.

JOB'S GIVEN SOLDIERS

Three Men Who Served in France Given Electrical Bureau Posts. Four returned veterans of the world war, three of whom saw active service on the battlefields of France, have been given positions in the Electrical Bureau of the Department of Public Safety, continuing the policy of Director William H. Wilson to place discharged soldiers and sailors wherever possible. The men are Joseph Call, Jr., 1961 North Ninth street, and Hamilton E. Ford, 1821 South Sixteenth street, telephone operators; Horace H. Magee, 2024 Glenwood avenue, stenographer, and John T. Haines, 2430 North Fifteenth street, laborer. Haines was wounded in action. He was inducted into the army on April 23, 1918, and sent to Fort Slocum. He was later transferred to Universal Camp, Washington, D. C., and assigned to 318th Medical Unit, Eightieth Division. He sailed for France on May 3, 1918, and was in action at Argonne Forest and St. Mihiel sectors. He was discharged from the army on May 20, 1919. Ford was inducted November 4, 1917,

was sent to Camp Meade and assigned to Headquarters Company, 312th Artillery. He was transferred to Company A, Thirty-seventh Engineers, and sailed for France on May 8, 1918. He participated in the battles of the Meuse and the Argonne Forest. Call enlisted on July 5, 1917, and was assigned to Truck Company F, 103d Supply Train, Twenty-eighth Division. He was in action at Curle-Vesle, in the Meuse-Argonne sector and the Thincourt sector. He was made corporal on November 1, 1918,

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