

NO SERVANTS, NO PROBLEM

Domestic State of a Large Part of the United States and Canada—Ways of the Servantless.

New York, Jan. 28.—There are large parts of the United States where for most persons, even for the well-to-do classes, there is no servant problem. That may sound like paradise to harassed suburban housekeepers, but the reason that there is no servant problem in such regions is that there are no servants.

Well to do folk in rural districts, in villages, in towns and cities, not only in the West but in the East, keep no servants because there are no servants in such places. There are dozens of college towns where the wives and daughters of professors do practically all the housework.

In some of these places one or two families will manage intermittently to have servants, but many long ago gave up attempting to solve the unsolvable. When the president of a university in the Rocky Mountain region was about giving up his post to come East his wife happened for the first time in months to have a good servant. The news of the coming change spread, and that woman received letters from all sorts of acquaintances as far East as Chicago begging for the servant she would no longer need.

In another college town west of the Mississippi a family that has abandoned hope of having a servant now and then in the house solved the problem by employing a clever young undergraduate to do the housework in the kitchen and when he had cooked a dinner came in and ate it with the family.

Once upon a time a titled English scholar and his wife visited a little town in a remote part of Pennsylvania and were entertained at the house of the president of the university. The Englishman sat at his bed outside his door on going to bed and left word that his wife would breakfast next morning in her room. The president of the university, without a servant, so he rose early and blacked his guest's boots, and an hour or so later his wife carried up a tray of coffee and rolls to the English lady.

All over the ranching region of the West when Chinese servants are not to be had the men turn in and help the women to do the housework. A strapping cowboy will wash dishes, make beds, cook or do anything else that exigencies demand. In some Western households where there are no daughters the sons are taught to do housework.

Often Serve.
All over the Atlantic slope, and on the other hand, farmers' wives, and even in cities, where the family is comfortably housed and occupying its own well stocked farm, often wait at table and take nothing themselves until the meal is over. It is a recognized fact for a male guest, unaccustomed to this practice to conduct himself properly. He feels a trifle awkward when the girl, who has been playing Chopin for him at the piano, stands at the back of his chair to serve his meat and vegetables, but it would be a serious breach of etiquette for the guest to insist upon serving himself, and the daintiness with which the women perform the task is a charming thing to see.

There are many parts of the Eastern States where the only obtainable servants are the daughters of neighboring farmers who come in as a special favor, in one such town a well-to-do family has been obliged to live at the village hotel because by reason of the infirmities of age the woman find housekeeping with servants impossible. The wife and daughters of the hotel keeper administer this public household with such occasional help as they can pick up.

A family in that particular town, having a group of weakened guests, persuaded a farmer's daughter, a spectacled girl in her best clothes, to act as cook, but she was introduced to the guests as "our friend who is helping us in the kitchen."

In such communities the few who have servants get and keep them by paying high wages and conceding many privileges. No servant in such places is easily induced to spend her evenings in the kitchen ready to answer the doorbell or perform other needed service. Every night is a night out if the cook so wills, and the "housewife" is rarely attempted because it would keep the servants indoors too late.

Vassar Girl Carted To Prison Only Smiles



MISS INEZ MILHOLLAND.

Staff Correspondence.
New York, Jan. 26.—Miss Inez Milholland, vassar girl, suffragist and general uplifter of women, who was again arrested—third time, and again released—likewise third time, went to the Mercer street jail in a patrol wagon with a smile on her face.

This modern and up-to-date young woman comes from a distinguished New York family, her father being John E. Milholland, New York and

London millionaire, and former editor of the New York Tribune. Society, with all its doings, and Miss Milholland are as far apart as the two poles. Her ambition is to be a lawyer, so that she may the better aid the cause of woman suffrage, the uplift of women in various walks of life, and the care for children of the poor. She has done effective work on the East Side and is a city probation officer in the children's court.

RUSSIAN'S POLICE FACE TO FACE FEAR BOURTSEFF

In The United States to Meet Exiles From His Country— Holds Czar Personally To Blame For Outrages.

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compiled, giving only the most skeletonized outline of certain startling adventures. Dr. Kaplan clothed some of the bare bones with a little padding of romance.

In 1884, when Bourtsseff, then a young student in St. Petersburg University, became associated with a group of radicals bearing the name of Narodnaya Volya (the will of the people), and took more or less of an active part in its propaganda of revolution, that he first met a man by the name of Hekkelman, one of the group Hekkelman seemed most active of all the small band and was even instrumental in leading young Bourtsseff deeper into the schemes of the society than he at first cared to go. Suddenly the police descended upon them and Bourtsseff with others was lodged in solitary confinement for one year in the fortress of St. Peter and St. Paul in St. Petersburg. Just before the blow fell he had been warned against Hekkelman by a secret informer of the police, but he had not believed it possible that so enthusiastic a member as Hekkelman could be a traitor.

After having been a year in a dark dungeon, Bourtsseff was condemned to a long period of servitude in the penal colony of Malchovka in the province of Irkutsk, Siberia. He was there in chains with other convicts. He was there a year and then escaped, and after many hardships he worked back to Russia. Again he joined himself to a revolutionary group, and it was not long before he met an enthusiastic member as Hekkelman could be a traitor.

When a servantless family in the suburbs of Boston gave a dinner not long ago the mistress of the house in the place save notices because the son of the family declined to escort her to a ball. In such communities there are few families that have servants, and the young man was not long as the mistress of the house.

Even in parts of the South, where the presence of the colored people might be expected to assure a permanent servant class, many families in comfortable circumstances do nearly all their domestic work much of the year. The colored women in the tidewater regions into the oyster canneries for much of the time and can earn from \$1.50 to \$2 a day in service, and when the oyster season is over they either take a vacation or work in the vegetable canneries.

If the farm is not within easy reach of a village the kitchen is often tenanted, though the farmer's crops may be worth a good many thousand dollars a year. Even the green maid servant from Ireland or Sweden soon catches the ways of the natives in such regions and marries or goes to seek service in a town or city.

FACE TO FACE WITH DEATH

Stories of Those Who Have Been in Imminent Peril of Their Lives—The Rapidity of Thought.

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The consequences of my right hand if I held on, and the result of falling three stories if I let go. There was nothing at the edge of the roof but a little half round gutter, held up by a few bolts.

"It occurred to me that it might be possible to pull out my right hand and insert my left, as could be better to lose my left hand than my right. I also discussed with myself the possibility of being able to hold my place if I withdrew two or three fingers and used the better to stick my fingers into the gutter. I concluded that they would probably be clean off by the edge of such a heavy skylight, and that I should slide down to the street anyway.

"This idea of the insufficiency of my mangled fingers to support my weight on such a sloping roof suggested that it might be better to stick my arm into the opening, and that perhaps the injury to it might not be so severe as to require amputation. I distinctly remember trying to recall whether the muscles should be firm or relaxed, and thought it best to hold them firm.

As well as I can remember, the outcome of my deliberations was a determination to change hands and to sacrifice the left instead of the right. I had no sooner come to this conclusion than I struck me that there would not be time to make the change, and that I might lose my hold altogether. It seemed to me that I had already changed my opinion as to the respective merits of my arms, and that I had at least a dozen times.

"All this time, remember, the skylight was falling shut. As I look back at it it seems incredible that I did not spend at least half an hour thinking over the pros and cons of the situation, but it must have been less than a fifth of a second. My final resolve was a determination to hold on, as there was no time to change hands, and to trust to the shreds of my mangled fingers to hold me on the roof.

"But when the crash came and the skylight actually fell shut my hand was not in the opening. It was sliding down the roof on my way to the street below.

THE BURDEN OF GOOD MANNERS

An Embarrassment to the Few Who Are Mindful to Keep Them Up When Nobody Else Does.

The age is laboring under a heavy burden of adjustment. Among other things, the time of good manners has passed away, but their tradition remains. And the yoke of tradition is the heaviest in history, to those who bear it among an enlightened and free people that have cast it off. The young of the English nation are brought up to a code which is scarcely that of outside the nursery. This is because the servant class is so conservative; it still inculcates the manners of the eighteenth century and the penny novelists. "If you please, ma'am," said a certain disappointed nurse, "Miss Helen asked at tea yesterday if she could pour her tea for her saucer. If you don't know what she sees in the dining-room, but she never sees that in the kitchen or the nursery." It is to them is brought up, and when it goes out into the world, it finds itself forever condemned to drink scalding tea out of a cup even while a fox general is tapping from saucers all around it.

Magnificence First.
In the race for freedom from the restrictions of politeness, says Youth, Transatlantic has come in a magnificent first. She has not stooped for any golden apples of courtesy by the way, but has made for her goal and reached it without obstacles. A young American, male or female, with plenty of money and enough good looks, is the most gloriously insolent creature in the world. For such a being the world is paved with people's feelings, and they tread as if it were, in a wine press. The notions which hamper the Old World leave the New untrammelled. A good half of the Chesterfield type of good manners is based on the gentle art of pleasing. Today's politeness is founded on an imperious necessity to be pleased.

As far as the matter of good manners is concerned, the new code is an exploded item of the code. A really modern guest leaves the table with haste before the coffee is well swallowed. An up-to-date hostess would be scandalized if any one called on her simply because she had dined with her. What a waste of time!

Unspeakable.
According to the stern code of other days, two-thirds of everyone's opinions are unspeakable on two-thirds of social occasions. Not so nowadays. "How I love you!" is a friendly greeting today. To ask questions is the accepted method of forming an acquaintance in America. It is, of course, the best. It is direct and straightforward and leaves no loopholes for misunderstanding. One remembers the method at school, when the new scholar was expected to render up, under cross-examination, fullest details as to family, income, feelings, tastes, circumstances, wardrobe and various other private matters. But the trouble is that there is a large class of persons who are still brought up with the old ideas. Their lot is no happier than the police man's. They are continually outraged by the behavior of other people, and constantly sacrificed to their own notions of good manners. Good manners are really only possible where they are natural. Things exist only as they are perceived. Good manners are seldom perceived. It is in direct defiance of the principle of natural selection that they survive at all.

"To the advantage of the modern world, people who try to save other people's feelings suffer unnecessary agonies and waste themselves on invitations one would rather refuse, stay longer than one wishes, talk about things that bore one, and undertake any number of difficult missions which it would be easy to refuse—if one were less artificially scrupulous. The really polite person must of necessity be either a martyr or a liar. The facility in lying—still worse, the appalling dexterity in keeping within the letter of the truth while outraging its spirit, which is the inevitable result of trying to be really courteous if one is not made of the stuff of self-sacrifice—is a strong argument in favor of the modern system of saying and doing only as one feels. It is a system of eyes. An earnest and unremitting consultation with self and its wishes will release the best brought up among us from the trammels of traditional good breeding. It is, of course, as difficult not to be a gentleman if you are one, as it is to be one if you are not, but still, it is worth some trouble to get free of such burdens as old-fashioned parents and nurses impose on us, in an age when good manners are only tolerated with any patience by the more broad-minded of the new school. One must never forget that, besides being a burden ourselves, we are apt seriously to annoy others by ideas they do not understand. For, as an old English proverb puts it: "Courtesy is cumbersome to them that keep it not."

Love and Life.
The power of love to prolong life forms an interesting feature of Arthur H. Adams' "Gallant Jones" to be published this month. Gallant Jones is a bank clerk, 48 years of age, with a hidden spring of romance in his nature. He finds a letter from a lady in distress addressed "To You." This letter leads him to a gallant adventure, from which he emerges at the end of the story with an entirely new conception of life.

"I distinctly remember the railing around the area and the absence of any cornice on the eave of the roof—nothing but a rusty old drip gutter. The thing I did not understand, although I made desperate efforts to do so, was whether or not that area had spikes in it.

"This question persisted with the same singular tenacity that I had experienced in trying to recall whether or not Mr. Smith was looking my way when I was in the River Shannon. I knew I should fall directly upon those railings, and the spikes bothered me. The minuteness with which I recalled everything about the house was pushed up by people who had prepared the new ideas we had talked over—all these things were viewed in the effort to recall in con-

Used Deadly Germs Instead of Bullets



MRS. B. C. HYDE.

Who Killed Wealthy Col. Swope? and Who Sought His Millions by Trying to Wipe Out Whole Family at Kansas City—Middle West Aroused Over Famous Case.

Staff Correspondence.

Kansas City, Mo., Jan. 28.—When a poisoner set out to kill Col. Thos. H. Swope, millionaire land owner, and members of his family, he used more cunning than the Borgias of old were credited with, instead of giving Col. Swope some quick poison, he was inoculated with the germs of typhoid fever, and then died in convulsions.



DR. B. CLARK HYDE.

Later Chrisman Swope, a nephew, died in convulsions after having taken a capsule. Hardly was this funeral over than Mrs. Logan Swope was

Hopper Tales From Kansas

Topeka, Kan., Jan. 28.—Kansas no longer hesitates to recall the trials and struggles of the pioneers. Just now the State Historical Society is gathering facts about the "Plague Year of 1874." That was the year when grasshoppers swarmed in Kansas. The contributors to the grasshopper history, now among the oldest settlers of the State, tell some interesting stories.

"Pa said he couldn't come to Sunday school this morning, for if the Lord wouldn't keep the grasshoppers out of his field he must, and he wants all you men to come and help him," was the message he brought.

"Men, women and children went to the assistance of the neighbor. We drove the hoppers into great ditches dug about the field, but they kept coming by the millions, and at one o'clock every spear of wheat in that field had vanished."

"The first warning we had was the sound of something striking on the window panes," he said. "We had no time to go to investigate until we found a great storm of grasshoppers approaching. The sun was darkened at times and the hoppers were on the trees were eaten to the pits and these were left hanging to the branches."

"An Eastern man wrote to the tenant on his farm that year to know what he raised. The tenant expressed him a box of the hoppers. Peach es on the trees were eaten to the pits and these were left hanging to the branches."

"I had a boy try to keep them off with a brush, but it was useless. They covered the corn with hay, but the hoppers crawled in under it and continued to eat until there was nothing left but the cobs."

"Mr. Hall still lives on the same farm, the products from which during the past twenty years have made him one of the wealthiest citizens of the State."

Several passenger trains were stopped by grasshoppers on the Union Pacific Railroad. The drive wheels of the engines would get so slippery they would spin around without making headway. Frequently the train crew would have to clear the track for rods and carry sand from the river before they could move the train.

Former Governor Clark, who lives in Atchison and owns a farm near the town, decided to have his tenant sweep up the pests and bury them. He purchased a dozen new brooms and a bolt of muslin and went to the farm. The muslin was set up at right angles with a hole dug in the corner. The men swept the insects into the hole and buried them by the million, but all to no purpose, for other millions came to take their place.

In the sod houses, without homes and cabins of Kansas in 1874, the luxury of screens, blinds and curtains was unknown. Mrs. Lola E. Moore of Walnut tells this story: "We had no screens, blinds or curtains in those days, so the grasshoppers swarmed in the house, eating everything eatable, and some things that were not. Mother had cut beautiful patterns from newspapers, which were pasted up to the window facings, but the hoppers ate up this paper every day and we had to forego the luxury of even newspaper curtains until cold weather."

NOVELTIES IN TABLE CHINA

Bright Colors Formed in the Better Grades—High Prices Paid For Hand Painted Sets.

New York, Jan. 26.—It may interest persons who are buying table china, and most housekeepers are buying table china at this season, to know that for the time being bright colors are favored by persons who can afford to pay \$12 or more a plate for dinner, lunch and tea ware. It is always the high priced china which indicates the novelties in style, just as it is the high priced hats and gowns which show the trend of things in sartorial wares.

Painted to order china, for example, and a tremendous lot of this is turned out in New York every year is now decorated preferably with flower designs of a deep rose color deepening in some cases to a tint as rich as the inner leaves of an American beauty rose. One young woman who has just finished a dinner set which includes twelve large plates and three vegetable dishes, the smallest piece of the set costing \$9, has used a rose pattern representing a nearly opened rose about one and a half inches at its greatest diameter overlying a smaller bud only part of which is seen. The prominent color is a very deep pink. There are four clusters to a plate, and each dish has an inch wide bold border done in a fine scroll design. This order was given to the painter last spring by a New York woman who is well acquainted with the most approved designs.

Protested.
When the young china painter mentioned the price she was paid for her work and it was suggested that the sum was ahead of what a dinner set equally handsome could be had for in a Fifth avenue shop, she protested:

"Not a made to order set. The charge at the store for a made to order set decorated with an exclusive design which will not be used for any one else is always nearly double what a set already in stock costs, though the latter may be of the very latest pattern."

"When my customer gave me this order she told me that bright colors and larger patterns were being revived and that unfortunately she had no table china done in the deeper pinks."

"No, placing individual orders for china with private artists is now not the thousands. So fine is some of this work that it takes a full week to paint one plate, working eight hours a day."

As evidenced by the display of newly imported china at the leading shops, wild rose and conventional rose designs of various sizes and groupings, done in pink, are the latest and most popular. Floral designs in deep red are scarcely seen at all in the high priced china. Deep red, in rich crimson, is plentiful though, in conventional designs with heavy gold settings, not unlike those seen for several years past. A much brighter red is used in designs decorated with a single band of solid color, and in these a half inch band is preferred to the quarter inch band of last season.

In lower priced tableware the tendency to savor decorations is noticed, one well known house showing rose decorated cups and saucers of beautiful design which are sold for 25 and 50 cents each, according to quality of the china, not of the decorations, and plates bordered with several rows of tiny, deep pink rose buds and a narrow solid band are offered in several makes of china sold at comparatively low prices.

In a handsome grade of German pottery the new importations include over smooth finished, perfectly plain, bright red, (not deep red) jars. Perhaps the best selling of these is about eight inches tall and almost pumpkin shaped and costs \$5. In the same ware are shown many similar pieces, larger and smaller, and of equally plain finish, which are of darker red and slightly higher in price.

A retailer who imports largely replied to the question what design would be best to select in giving a present of table china without knowledge of the individual preferences of the recipient. "Something rather striking in pattern," he suggested, "and I rushed into the field and commenced pulling roasting ears and hauled four loads up to the corner where I spread them out to dry. This was the grasshoppers exactly, for they swarmed about those roasting ears."

"I had a boy try to keep them off with a brush, but it was useless. They covered the corn with hay, but the hoppers crawled in under it and continued to eat until there was nothing left but the cobs."

"The majority of New Yorkers with plenty of money to spend are not like this. When one set of china begins to show wear they replace it with a new set of a different pattern. We have customers who keep five different sets of china of as many different patterns and colors in commission at the same time."

"In early times old New Yorkers vied with one another in owning a fine set of Delft china, and just now, when the Hudson-Fulton celebration has turned our attention to old customs, persons who own Delft sets are using them exclusively, and many who had only a few pieces came here to re-entertain their old friends. We have sold a lot of Delft in the last month, but Delft admits of no particular novelties. It is different in that respect from any other china."

Swung Around.
"Not long ago manufacturers swung around to putting out very plain banded designs, narrow bands at that, with the monogram in the center, and it looked as if we might be going to have an era of perfectly plain ware. Then the reaction set in. Floral designs came back with a rush, the best china showing as a general thing rather subdued colors. The latest importations in high priced china show, on the contrary, more ornate compositions than have ever before been seen except in ironstone ware, but the workmanship is no exquisite that the effect instead of being displeasing is as pleasing as a faithful reproduction of nature always is."

"These designs are not among cheaper grades of china, but there are others almost as effective and in equally bright shadings of color, which we quote as leaders."