



MARIEL LEE,

Three years old, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Walter Lee, of 1450 Q street.

*The Servant  
... Girl*

The servant girl problem is not only annoying to people of the present time, but has been an annoyance for centuries.

The servant girl of today is a vastly different person from the one of a few years back. She is more independent, and has more pride; she arises on Sunday morning, prepares a light breakfast, dons her gala attire and attends her own particular church. She refuses absolutely and without reserve to cook a supper on Sunday evening—instead she enjoys a moonlight ride with her sweetheart. One afternoon of each week, she visits some of her friends, or spends the afternoon shopping. I had occasion to sit at a glove counter of one of our own stores last week. A girl came in, and bought a pair of gloves. She was refined looking, well dressed, carried herself well, and held her head high. From appearances she might have been the daughter of the richest man in town. Indeed I wondered who she could be.

When she had left the store, I casually asked the clerk who she was. She said: "Her name is Miss J—. She is a regular customer, and works at the hotel."

The twentieth century servant girl is much more intelligent than formerly, as the following will illustrate: A well known club man was coming out of a Chicago theatre one night, bringing up the rear guard of those who tarry until the house is nearly empty, thereby avoiding the crush of the departing audience, and was accosted by a timid little girl, a girl with fair hair, and blue eyes, who said: "I beg your pardon, but will you lend me a dime? I have become separated from my party, and having lost my purse, I really don't know how I am to get home. It is dreadfully embarrassing," she said smiling faintly, "but I will tell papa to call on you in the morning and return it."

Lend her a dime? Why of course he would, she was young and pretty, and certainly in a trying predicament. Lifting his hat and speaking in the most polite manner imaginable, he replied:

"You will pardon me, and surely not misunderstand me, but I can not let you go alone. With your permission I will see you safe at your own door, and if necessary explain to your papa."

The girl looked up gratefully, and during the hour's ride on a suburban train they discussed the late books, the recent plays, and on the whole they were very congenial. He found her a delightful companion, and her smile

bewitched him. She told him she was staying at a well known hotel for the winter, and even asked him to call. He would be only too delighted. When they arrived at the door of the hotel, she rather hesitated, and said, "It's so very late, perhaps you had better not come in. I will send papa to your office in the morning. Good night, Mr. Brown," and she vanished.

Brown said, "Humph, this is nice." The last train to the city had gone. There was really nothing to do but stay all night. The clerk told him everything was full. "Why, Miss M—who is spending the winter here, said there was plenty of room."

"Miss M—? You must be mistaken, sir, there is no one here of that name."

Brown was startled. He determined to spend the night at a nearby lodging house, and then breakfast at the hotel, and find out who she was. When he entered the dining room in the morning, he looked in vain for the charming creature of the evening before.

This is where he received a shock. Without the faintest shadow of recognition, the smiles all gone from her face, his young acquaintance approached to take his breakfast order. She brought it speedily, arranged it daintily, and departed, leaving him to draw his own conclusions.

A well known Lincoln woman advertised for a girl. It was an ideal place to work. The people were pleasant and refined, and usually considerate of their help.

The applicant for the position rode up to the front door on a 1902 wheel, rang the bell, which was answered by the daughter of the house. She asked many questions, among them being the number of rooms, number of children, and finally when she was informed that in the family there were two half grown children, she replied with dignity: "Well, I guess I don't want to work here—children are apt to be impudent." She did, however, condescend to remark as she left that if she did conclude to accept she would be ready and glad to let them know. After which the young lady of the house informed her she didn't believe they would need her.

The average servant girl of the present day is a reader, and well posted in literature as is well illustrated by this anecdote:

A number of college professors were dining at the home of a well known literary man in Evanston, Ill. The conversation turned on the relative merits of the works of Byron and Scott. One of the disputants remarked, in heated terms, "Had I my copy of Byron with me, I could point out passages eminently superior to anything found in Scott." The servant girl, who had apparently taken no interest in the conversation, said, "Mr. A—, I will

loan you my copy of Byron," showing that Byron was not a stranger to her.

In some instances there are homes where the same girl has been for years and who is looked upon almost as a member of the family.

On the other hand there are women who are continually advertising for girls.

Perhaps it will always be thus. V. T.

\* \* \*

Jack—I treated May and then sat on the piazza with her for an hour afterward.

Tom—And what do you think of her?

Jack—Well, it strikes me that there is a great discrepancy between her capacity and her waist measurement.

\* \* \*

"She goes in for all the scientific fads."

"Yes, I understand she doesn't kiss her children, deeming it unsanitary."

"Children? She doesn't even kiss famous pianists!"

\* \* \*

Wife—I don't know how to keep the house any cooler this summer.

Husband—Why not turn on the furnace fire? That kept us cool all last winter.

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The Chump—seems to me I smell smoke.

The Idiot—Well, don't say anything about it now.

The Chump—Why not?

The Idiot—There isn't enough of a crowd here yet to make a decent panic.

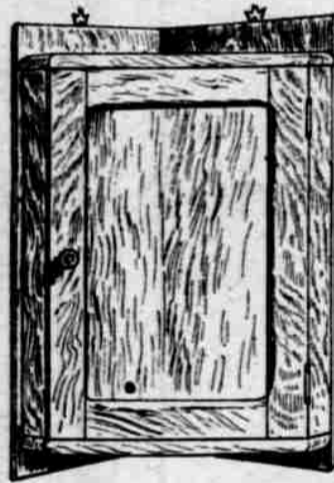
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