

Women Workers Swarm in a Modern Hotel

THE BIG HOTEL of today is a remunerative field for women workers. It demands the services of hundreds of them. It largely depends upon them for ultimate success. It pays them thousands of dollars weekly. In this one thing alone it conspicuously differs from the big hotel of yesterday.

The women employes of the spacious hostelry of a decade ago were all mere servants. In its monster counterpart of the hour they are graded all the way up from cleaners to college graduated clerks, whose abilities to direct the satisfying of the wants of the occupants of entire floors enable them to earn comfortable salaries.

Formerly two dozen chambermaids, half as many cleaners, and three or four linen room girls, with a none too well educated housekeeper over them, constituted an especially large corps of female help. At the most typical example of the up-to-date hotel—the Waldorf-Astoria of New York—this force would be just about large enough to take care comfortably of two of its fourteen floors. These seven housekeepers, each selected for her acknowledged intelligent executive ability, employ, discharge and direct the tasks of fifteen parlor maids, ninety chambermaids, fifty cleaners and twenty seamstresses and other workers along allied lines. Each housekeeper has charge of two floors, and all of them report to the senior in command.

Large as are these figures, they represent scarcely more than half the women regularly employed. The floor clerks and cashiers number thirty-three. Four controllers audit the checks of the waiters. The laundry employs seventy-five, the kitchen fifteen. The glass pantries are taken care of by twelve, the storeroom by eight, and sixteen waitresses serve all these women, for they live in the hotel. The grand total is 345.

But many other women not in the list earn their living in such a place. Does the business man want to answer a day's mail? A half-dozen stenographers are at his elbow. Has a woman left home without her maid? All she has to do to secure the services of an expert lady's maid is to make application to the floor clerk. Does a guest want her trunks packed? Professional packers are kept in the hotel for this express purpose. Is a Turkish bath desired? The attendants are within the four walls of the hostelry, and manicurists and masseuses and the like are also within call of the bell.

In brief, all told, the number of women who find work in a modern hotel is not much less than 500.

Of these women the clerks and the cashiers probably fill the most important positions.

The clerks in the Waldorf-Astoria, for example, number two to each floor. Over them is a man, but for all practical purposes the women direct the work of looking after the comfort of the guests. They dispatch their corps of page boys to answer calls. They take care of the keys and the mail for the different rooms. They fill orders for flowers, laundry and the theater. They have charge of the waiters who serve meals in the rooms, and just as they see that a new arrival is installed so they collect his bill and direct his departure. They make it unnecessary for a patron to depend on the main office on the first floor, for anything whatever.

Not an insignificant duty of the clerks is to keep complete records of all the rings, when made and what for. These records are filed, so that if any question is raised concerning certain services six months or a year after rendition, an authoritative answer can be given in a few minutes.

It goes without saying that the clerks must be intelligent, level-headed, quick of action, polite and diplomatic enough to

meet and satisfy the whims and caprices of the none too easy to please traveling public.

The responsible work of the cashiers is easily apparent when it is stated that each of them not infrequently takes in \$5,000 a day.

Another important woman is the head of the store room. Under her immediate charge are the salads, the fruits, the ices, etc., and their excellence and proper serving largely depend upon her ability to direct her assistants.

The head laundress is also a factor to be reckoned with. She not only has charge of scores of women, but of many men as well, the latter doing all the washing and also the ironing of such pieces as shirts.

An insight into the amount of work that her department is called upon to do may be gained from the fact that at the Waldorf-Astoria it is a rule to have about 22,000 sheets and an equal number of pillow cases for daily use in the 1,385 rooms; nearly 10,000 towels for daily use in 800 bath rooms and about 15,000 napkins, or six for each guest, for service for the same period.

The housekeeper, while she is still given much responsible work, is not so important as in the old days. Then she not only directed the chambermaids, the linen room girls and the cleaners, but she also frequently looked after the hangings, the decorations and sometimes the refurnishing. Now she only looks after the chamber work, the cleaning and the seamstresses. The rest of her former duties are performed by separate forces of men. For example, men are busy the whole year long doing nothing but taking down worn lace curtains and replacing them with fresh ones.

This specializing of work is a feature of the modern hotel. There are cleaners, whose sole work it is to scrub up the bath-

room floors. The sweepers of halls are not called upon to clean rooms. The women in the glass pantries do nothing day in and day out except to wash the glassware by hand. Even the humblest woman employe has her own special task and is never saddled with another.

For this reason, the hotel does not find it a difficult matter to secure the best servants in the world. Unlike domestics in private houses the chambermaids know that when they have finished making the beds they will not be ordered to polish the silver or to scrub the front door steps, or be set at cleaning windows. Servants are only too eager to secure employment in a place where their time is their own after certain tasks are ended, and wages are liberal to boot.

In general, managers of modern hotels have come to recognize the fact that, excepting the waiters and a few others, women are better equipped than men in many respects to do much of the work necessary in the making of a successful establishment. Of the 1,355 men employed in the Waldorf-Astoria, the greater part are waiters. Women are used as cashiers, because, unlike their masculine rivals, they can be said never to make mistakes, so rare are they. The glass pantries are in charge of women for the simple reason that experience has shown that men smash delicate glassware when they try to cleanse it. A woman floor clerk is as good and, because of her tact, often superior to a man. And so it goes, even the kitchen, the stronghold of the imported chef, being generously given over to women.

While nurses for children and sick guests or shopping guides for out-of-town patrons are not yet on the list of the women employed by the up-to-date hotel, it does furnish itself and those within its walls protection by means of women as well as men detectives. And these petticoat sleuths are found to be extremely efficient.

Men Who Are the Women of the Human Race

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THE women of the human race—that is what the natives of India contemptuously call the Cingalese, once the conquerors and rulers of Ceylon, and the founders of a mighty empire. They are, beyond comparison, the most effeminate race of men on the face of the earth. Nowhere else can men be found so much like women.

They have not a single manly virtue, but they possess all the pretty little ways of women in a caricatured form. They are as nervous as the most timid girl. They will scream or faint at the sight of blood or violence. If spoken to crossly, as likely as not they will cry and go down on their bended knees to beg for kindness. If, on the contrary, they are shown indulgence, they will sicken the stranger by behaving in a coquettish, skittish way—just like a young girl in a dime novel.

Not only do they act like the weaker kind of women; they actually look like women and dress like women. The Cingalese man, as seen in the towns of Ceylon, or on the plantations in the interior of the island, is hardly distinguishable from his wife, unless the foreigner knows the race well.

He lets his jet-black hair grow to its full length, and then does it up on the top of his head with two tortoise-shell combs, back and front. The woman does up her hair in the same way, except that she braids it. The man wears long skirts reaching down to his ankles, adorns himself with earrings, necklaces, bracelets and brooches, and carries a parasol to protect his complexion from the hot rays of the tropical sun. In this costume, supplemented by an effeminate look, delicate features, and mincing ways, it is no wonder he is nearly always mistaken for a woman by strangers.

The first thing the tourist hears on visiting Ceylon, the island of jewels and spices, of mystery and romance, is a soft, musical cry in a delicate womanish voice:

"Match! Match! Bshoo! khoo! match! match!" (Fish! Fish! Very good fish!)

Looking over the taffrail of the steamer, which has just cast anchor in the harbor of Colombo, he sees half a dozen tiny caucos manned by Cingalese, who are holding up blue-and-silver fish which they have just caught, and want to sell to the passengers.

"What fine looking women!" a passenger exclaims. "How tall and graceful they are."

"Women!" says the old quartermaster scornfully. "They ain't women. They're the men of this country."

"But they look just like women!"

"Well, they are just like women. If you cuss 'em, they'll cry. I hit one aboard 'ere last y'age, an' 'e howled for twenty minutes. 'Strewth, I felt bad—just as if I'd been walloping a gal."

The strangest thing about the average Cingalese is that he actually takes a pride in looking like a woman and in being as much like a woman in all his ways as possible. He does not admire any of the manly virtues, even from a distance; he

regards them as brutal and detestable.

The soldier—the man who is hired to kill and to be killed—is an object of horror to him. In the early days of foreign rule, European conquerors tried to make native regiments out of the Cingalese, but it was no use. Portuguese, Dutch and English, all failed in that enterprise. The Cingalese simply would not learn how to drill or how to use their muskets. They would throw themselves upon the ground and weep, until their drill sergeants, in despair, left them alone.

It is not surprising to find that these womanish men do not like hard work. They prefer to avoid work altogether, if they can, and live on their parents, their wives, their children, or their neighbors. But if they have to work or starve, they will invariably choose some light employment.

They are fonder, perhaps, of domestic service in a European family living in Ceylon. The work is easy, and the dependent position suits their effeminate natures beautifully—they feel a comforting sense of protection.

If they enter the service of an Englishman who is new to Ceylon they are apt to have a bad time at first. Their womanish ways jar upon him, and he gives them the rough side of his tongue and the toe of his boot pretty often. But after they have wept copiously he begins to feel like a brute and leaves them alone. Then they are happy.

They make good servants, on the whole, except for one great fault. Like all weak characters the truth is not in them. It is as natural to them to lie as it is to an ordinary man to eat when he is hungry. They will tell a dozen falsehoods to save themselves from the slightest scolding or even to "please master."

They are complaisant to a degree. To "oblige master" they will profess Christianity, but without giving up their own Buddhism. Also to "oblige master" they will commit perjury by the hour in a court of law, if told to do so.

Curious as it may seem, their women do not despise them for being so unmanly. Use is everything, and the Cingalese women are not used to their men being anything but womanish. They are taught from childhood that it is the proper thing, and naturally they look on the ways of other men as being cruel and brutal. They all marry very young, and a Cingalese woman who has never married is as rare as a palm tree in Lapland.

"Women's rights" are never heard of east of Suez, but the Cingalese women have a pretty good time, because their husbands are so effeminate. If the men recognize any duty in life it is "to please the women," as they say. They will make perfect buffoons of themselves for this end, playing like children, or capering and grimacing like monkeys. If they are told they are silly and undignified, they will reply, "It is to please the women," as if that were an all-sufficient excuse.

The Cingalese make excellent mechanics and agriculturists, provided the particular work assigned to them is not laborious. They excel in the manufacture of tortoise-shell combs, which they wear in their hair.

Some of these combs are exquisitely carved.

The artisans of Trincomalee and Poinde-Galle have made a speciality of these combs for more than 2,000 years. Strabo, the Roman geographer and historian, mentions that in his day before the birth of Christ, the Cingalese made tortoise shell combs and wore them in their hair. Ptolemy, 1,700 years ago, wrote:

"The men who inhabit Ceylon allow their hair unlimited growth and bind it on the crown of their heads after the manner of women."

Proof positive of how unchanging is the east!

The Cingalese were not always a despicable race. Two or three thousand years ago the empire of Lanka, as Ceylon was then called, was one of the greatest in Asia. Like the ancient republic of Venice, it "held the gorgeous east in fee." Today the ruins of the buried cities of Anuradhapura and Polonnaruwa—more wonderful even than the Egyptian ruins in the valley of the Nile—attest the magnificence of an empire greater than Babylon or Nineveh.

The Cingalese were an Aryan people who descended from northern India and conquered Ceylon. In the golden age of Lanka they founded one of the greatest of all the ancient civilizations, spurred on by an intense religious enthusiasm engendered by the dawn of Buddhism in its purest and noblest form.

For centuries they prospered, until, growing by degrees more and more effeminate, they were conquered by Tamil invaders from southern India. The Tamils enslaved them, and soon ground all remnants of nobility and civilization out of their character.

Then came the Portuguese and the Dutch, who made slaves of Tamils and Cingalese alike. Now, under the fatherly rule of the British, the Cingalese are able to indulge their effeminacy to their hearts' content.

It goes without saying that they are a very docile people, who give little or no trouble to their rulers. Their greatest fault, as citizens, is their ineradicable fondness for perjury. In Ceylon a judge is unable to believe a word that nine out of ten of the witnesses say. He starts with the assumption that both sides are lying, and then tries to strike the happy mean.

The Cingalese are passionately fond of litigation, and so keep the judges busy. They are absurdly sensitive. A harsh word will lead to an inveterate feud between two families, which finds an outlet in trumped-up charges in the courts.

Like most cowards they are bitterly malicious. Doctors practicing in Ceylon say that a Cingalese who had been treacherously stabbed by another will often make up his mind to die out of sheer spite, so that his enemy may be hanged for murder. More remarkable still, his relatives connive at his plot. They keep his wound open, give him improper food and let him go without medical attendance. They mourn for him, but they think that he is dying in a noble cause.

One case of this kind is often quoted in Ceylon.

A certain Cingalese called another a fool. The aggrieved party nursed his wrath for

months, and then brought a false charge of burglary against his enemy, supporting it by the evidence of a host of his relatives. The judge, knowing the facts, acquitted the accused, who thereupon argued to himself:

"Well, I didn't steal as that man said I did; but now I'll have revenge by waylaying him some dark night, robbing him of all he has and giving him a good thrashing."

So he got his friends together and next evening they attacked the man in a bamboo grove, knocked him senseless and stole his money.

When the man came to he decided that to send his ten assailants to jail for robbery with violence would not satisfy his hatred, so he died and won the fight by leaving them charged with murder.

The Cingalese are not without their good points, and some travelers profess to find them fascinating people. They talk enthusiastically of their "soft, graffe-like eyes" and their "clinging affectionateness of manner." Excellent characteristics in a woman, but disconcerting in a man. A Cingalese man, especially if he be young, is wonderfully graceful in his movements, composed in his manner and gentle in his speech and ways. There is a surface charm about him which is attractive if his effeminacy can be forgotten.

Not all the native inhabitants of Ceylon are of this womanish type. The Tamils, who conquered the Cingalese, are a harder, braver race; the "Moormen," descendants of Arab settlers, have the manliness which seems inherent in the Mohammedan everywhere, and the Kandians, the highlanders of Ceylon, though allied to the Cingalese by blood, are muscular, bearded, manly giants, who fought like Spartans for centuries to save their country from the yoke of foreign rule. It is only the Cingalese proper, inhabitants of the towns and the hot plains, who may be counted as "the women of the human race."

Discretion the Better

The Boss—Did Mr. Grumpey pay the bill?
Clerk—On the contrary, he threatened to throw me out of the window if I didn't leave the premises instanter.

The Boss—You ought to have let him do it, Mr. Meeker; we could have collected a pretty sum in damages.

Clerk—But it might have killed me; in that case I couldn't have been used as a witness.

The Boss—True; I didn't think of that. On the whole, perhaps you were right in not putting him to the test.—Boston Transcript.

Change for the Better

"Farewell, then," he cried, melodramatically, "you will regret your refusal of my proffered love. I shall take to drink, and then—suicide!"

"O don't say that!" the fair girl pleaded. "I am resolved," he said. "I shall not change my plans unless—"

"O change them just a little. I should hate to think I drove you to drink; try suicide first."—Washington Star.