

# The War and the Servant Problem

*This Rush of Men to the Front  
Has Completely Shattered New  
York's Most Fashionable Homes*

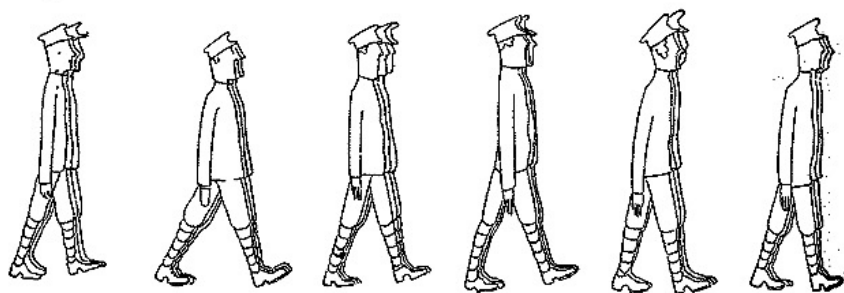
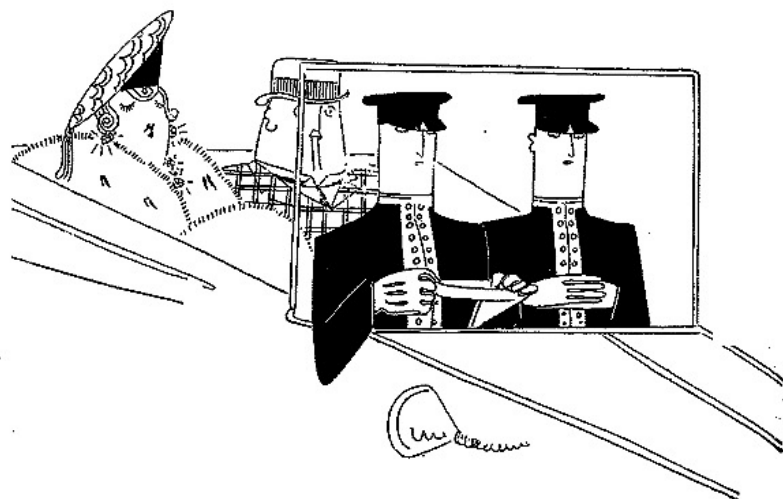
Sketches by FISH



In the good old ante-bellum days, scenes like this were every-day occurrences in the life of Mr. J. Wallingford Smith,—inventor and sole owner of Smith's Slenderizing Stays, They Lace on the Side. Mr. Smith simply could not call it a day unless at least five footmen and valets were involved in the complicated process of getting him dressed for the eyes of the world. All his put-

tings on and his takings off were supervised, directed, and personally attended to by these motherly creatures; the elaborate ceremony was rather like that of the popular French colored print entitled, "The Queen's Toilette." And then, just as everything was going nicely, we had to get mixed up in this war, and the draft came along and, oh, dear, look at the Smith mansion now

Portrait impression, from memory, of Mr. and Mrs. J. Wallingford Smith, motoring in their third-best Rolls-Royce, just about two weeks before the Kaiser turned on the war. Note the attendant chauffeur and footman—Mr. and Mrs. Smith wouldn't dream of going out in anything, not even a Ford, unless it had at least two men on the box. But things aren't what they used to be. The chauffeur and footman left for the front about six months ago, leaving the Rolls-Royce flat



This scene, almost too terrible to look upon, is absolutely true—it's not one of those faked war pictures at all. It shows the hideous sufferings, the dreadful privations, that the war has brought upon some of us. It shows, in short, the bitter anguish of the J. Wallingford Smiths as they watch a battalion of their footmen, chauffeurs, butlers, valets, gardeners, coachmen, grooms, house detectives, and resident photographers departing for the embarkation camp. How silent and lonely the house will seem without the familiar presence of these brave youths! Mrs. Smith is simply overcome at the thought of the empty future

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Fate seems to be against the unhappy Smiths—it's not even on speaking terms with them. Even that good idea of Mrs. Smith's about engaging a child footman didn't work out. The boy wonder was really too immature—he couldn't overhear even the simplest stories without blushing—so

Mrs. Smith had to resort to a mere maid to accompany her around our city. But, judging from the maid's expression, it doesn't look as if she thought much of her job; there aren't enough men around to make it really worth her while. All the regular ones are in uniform—the ones that are out of khaki are out of the question



And here is the ultimate straw. Even the maid has gone and done it—she enlisted in the Woman's National League for Unnecessary Service. The uniform is so much more becoming than those trying maid's costumes. She is pictured with her Young Man, lately invalided home from the front. The Smiths' grief and desolation can not be shown; there are some bereavements, among the very rich, which are too deep and terrible to be gazed on