MAKING CONVERSATION GO AT THE DINNER TABLE—IT'S BLANKET TIME—SOLDIERS' LUGGAGE

THOSE FEARFUL SILENCES THAT MAR YOUR DINNERS

Most Women Worry About Entertaining Their Husbands' Business Friends—Some Suggestions Are Given Here to Make Conversation Go Like a Breeze

SOMEBODY bright once said a successful dinner is one-fourth food and three-fourths conversation. You would not think this exactly true, judging by the head of the house, who interrupts things just when they are nicely started to know if the speaker won't have some more mashed potatoes.

But that is beside the point in the preliminaries of this little article. The sad story is at so many dinner tables things never do get started. Did you ever sit down, well, say on the eve of a dinner party to some of his friends and wonder just why is a dinner party, anyhow? In the first place it is always planned in the cause of a good time. And on the afternoon of the affair you fluster around and wonder this way: Will they have a good time? And while they are there you are on pins and needles for fear there is going to be one of those awful silences. And after they are gone you toss around in bed for hours and wonder if they did have a good time. Dinner parties—good times? Well, it's all according to whether you like uncertainty.

OF COURSE this is the dark side of the picture. It is so dark the other side is alluring. Some dinners are things of joy and charm. You get up from the table with a warmth around your heart and you hope they will ask you again. How to make your dinner parties like that—there is the question.

Kindly human conversation is the answer. What kind of things do people—your husband's business friends whom you know but little, for instance—like to talk about? We cannot get away from it; the thing that interests any human being most, stranger or no stranger, is himself. A man can talk about himself and his experiences and so lose himself in the joy of it that conversation absolutely sails along. Of course, this applies to his wife, too. Make people reminiscent and they have the time of their lives. Ask a man, for instance, what part of the country he comes from. Perhaps it is a small town. Follow up by saying young people must have great times in small towns and—well, who can blame him? Before you know it you will be listening to the things he did as a boy and as a youth in the little old home town. Turn to vacations. Ask your guests if they have ever been camping. Then you might later tactfully lead the conversation to the movies. Favorites in the movies and difference in opinion about them always make interesting food for words.

The never-failing topic of conversation is the war. I have marveled at men on trains hitting their knees with rolled up newspapers and really quite settling things for the draft board, for Gompers, for our own General Pershing and even for General Foch in a pinch. Men love to speculate about war time. It is rather hard, though, on the tablecloth when they do as did one man with otherwise good table manners—draw maps on the nice white linen.

THESE are only little hints as to making conversation at the dinner table. They will open up other avenues. If talk becomes general early in a meal it generally takes care of itself as the meal progresses. These suggestions, given in answer to a reader's request, are simply based on the broad principle, not that you must do the talking at your own dinner party, but that your guests are having the best time when they are doing it for you.

A Maid and Two Men

The Story of the Girl Who Was Left Behind

By HAZEL DEYO BATCHELOR

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XXXVI

"YOU know you do think so," said Mrs. Rowland, a sharp edge to her usually gentle voice.

"No, mother I don't think anything about it," returned Ruth.

"My dear, you know that is not true; of course you think about it. Human nature would cause you to wonder about it, in spite of what you say."

Ruth was silent. They were seated at the little breakfast table, and Ruth, who had had breakfast early on purpose to avoid her mother's reproofs, had not been able to escape. Mrs. Rowland had forestalled any step of the kind on Ruth's part. Motherlike she was angry at Ruth's apparent indifference, she was sure that if the truth were known, Ruth had had a hand of some kind in Jack Bond's strange disappearance from town. No one seemed to know where Jack was and things were beginning to look strange. People were talking, and the date of the wedding was only five weeks off.

"Ruth, I want you to tell me the truth about it. I have a right to know."

"But mother, I tell you that I can't tell you what I don't know myself."

"You must know something. Why would Jack leave town just now when people would be sure to wonder at it anyway, and not write and tell you or come to say goodbye, so that you might have an excuse when any one asked about him?"

"Mother, I don't know."

Mrs. Rowland sipped her coffee, and Martha who had come into the room to remove Ruth's breakfast dishes, gave Ruth's face a keen look. Grim Martha although she did not understand what it was that was bothering Ruth of late, knew that something was wrong; in fact she had a shrewd suspicion of what it was. Mrs. Rowland accepting pleasant circumstances and avoiding disagreeable ones, almost refused to see trouble until it was forced upon her.

"Then you don't know where Jack is, and he hasn't written to you?"

"No."

"And you can still pretend that you don't care? Where is your pride? Why even if you didn't care for Jack, the gossip that this will cause should hurt your pride if you have any."

Formerly it had always been possible for Mrs. Rowland to reach Ruth and to influence her. Lately she had felt her authority slipping and she resented it. Ruth seemed remote from her mother, difficult to understand, and chary of confidence. Mrs. Rowland had always prided herself on the fact that Ruth always told her things that happened.

This time Ruth's silence riled Mrs. Rowland to the point of anger, and she was almost in tears as she exclaimed: "I don't see how you can treat me so. Now I shall be miserable for the rest of the day with one of my sick headaches. You know how I suffer with them, and still you purposely antagonize me."

"Oh, mother, I don't mean to antagonize you." Ruth said instantly repentant. Her mother's headaches were often day-long affairs, and, although pretty severe, still Mrs. Rowland used them as an excuse to have her own way very often. "But don't you see," the girl went on, "that I don't like to talk about it?"

"Then you do admit that you feel hurt and anxious?"

Ruth shook her head.

"But why not? You should feel that way. Don't you love Jack? Aren't you going to marry him?"

"Yes, I'm going to marry him, mother, if he comes back and wants me."

Mrs. Rowland did not notice that the girl neglected to answer the other question. She was too much relieved to discover that there was to be no scandal and no postponement of the wedding. No doubt, she reasoned in her mind, Jack and Ruth had had a lovers' quarrel and Jack had gone off in a pique. That was why Ruth did not want to talk about it, of course. Why hadn't she thought of that before? Ruth might even know where Jack was, but she was a strange girl and probably had determined to keep it to herself.

So perfectly did Mrs. Rowland reassure herself in her own mind as to what was wrong that she did not even protest when Ruth arose from the table and said something about being needed downtown. She even said pleasantly, "What is it this morning, dear—anything special?"

"Yes, it's Marjorie Bowan. You know her man wants to go and she won't let him. They have a baby, but Marjorie has plenty of money."

"And you think she is doing wrong?"

"Not wrong, mother, but I don't think she understands the spirit of the war yet."

"Ruth, I think you take a great deal on your shoulders when you attempt to take a man away from his wife and child."

"Not take him away; just persuade Marjorie to send him."

"It's all wrong. I haven't approved of it from the beginning, and now I know you're not doing right. Let the men go who must, but leave the men who are not called and who have home ties. I tell you, Ruth, I am almost sure that your ridiculous work has caused a break of some kind between Jack and you."

"Mother, dear, you simply do not understand; you couldn't unless you had worked with the people and had seen them when they had finally caught the idea."

"You work on their emotions."

"No, I don't. I try to get them to reason."

"Well, I know that Jack did not approve."

"Perhaps not, but I cannot let Jack rule my life, mother. After all, it belongs to me, doesn't it?"

"You'll never be happily married if you insist on doing things of which your husband does not approve."

"We don't know much about happiness, anyway, do we?" Ruth returned. She felt as though her mother had suddenly turned a knife in her heart.

On Monday, the case of Marjorie Bowan.

Please Tell Me What to Do

By CYNTHIA

Something for Sailors to Answer

Dear Cynthia—I am a young girl who makes friends easily and loses them in the same manner.

One evening in "our" paper I read the sailor's lament on a maid's forgetting. Poor, misguided youth! I will tell you something which, though it worries me, is not casting a blight on my life.

In a certain number of a joke magazine a verse ran in this manner: "Did you ever see a Sammee with a lassie that a Jackie couldn't steal?" So you know you are close to our hearts from the gray-haired woman who advises you to wear your sweater and the girl who tells you she loves you in a uniform to the one who parades before the mirror in your good white hat. So aren't you a wee bit flattered? Oh, yes!

I know a Jackie whom I liked very much and I thought he liked me. Nineteen and seventeen, affection—nothing serious.

During one of several visits he asked me my opinion of a girl who would break an engagement (excuse the vernacular) "stand a fellow up." I confessed that I would consider it a rather shabby trick, and he agreed.

He made an engagement with me for a certain evening, and then I asked him in a funny streak, if he intened to come. He was rather angry at the insinuation and I hastened to apologize. He then asked me if I would "stand him up" and I said no. He seemed all right and went back to the fleet, but he never did come out, and the longer he stays away the more I want him. Queer, isn't it?

So here is my position: I don't care for a boy in stuffi. I want that Jackie, and I am rather afraid to make new friends for fear I will be again pondering over the fact whether I am laughed at or with.

How can we forget you? How can we be sure when your "yesses" mean "no" and your "nos" "yes"? I wonder?

Here is another chance for the sailors to answer. When does yes mean yes and no stand for denial?

More Advice to R. N. E.

Dear Cynthia—My case is similar to the "R. N. E." and I have forgiven and His last letter was so convincing to me that I could not resist answering. I had all confidence in him again.

"R. N. E.," follow my example and give him back your love. Should he ever prove himself false to you again then if you are any kind of a girl it will be enough to kill any affection in your heart for him.

A. M. T.

Moving Picture Answers

To the Editor of Woman's Page:

Dear Madam — I am asking your advice on some matters. I would like to know where to send my moving-picture story. Should I write it in pencil or ink, ruled or unruled paper?

M. M.

Look on the back of moving-picture magazines for names of companies where scenarios can be submitted. Write in ink, with wide spacing between lines. Use unruled paper.

Doesn't Ring True

Dear Cynthia — Seeing how you have helped other girls, we have come to you for help.

We are two girls, sixteen and seventeen. We are daughters of a mechanic. He does not believe in girls being out after 8 o'clock and thinks we should stay home and study. We have asked to go out once in a while, but he will not let us. So please tell us what to do.

DOLLY AND PIMPLES.

I am afraid I could not attempt to take a stand against a father who is a minister. You must ask Cynthia easier questions.

For Tender Feet

If your feet are especially tender they should be bathed every night in a foottub full of warm water, into which you have put an ounce of borax. Warm soft water is also very easeful for feet that are unaccustomed to standing all day. And you will find this powder sprinkled into the warm bath-water will afford great relief.

A TAILORED SUIT THAT IS DIFFERENT

A Daily Fashion Talk by Florence Rose

This suit would be described as strictly tailored if it were not for the little touch of embroidery which appears on the coat just above the pockets

TO FIND a tailored suit that can be classed as strictly tailored and yet has those knowing little touches is something of a sartorial feat, yet I believe you will agree with me that I have discovered such a costume in the original of the sketch of today.

It is made of terra-cotta velours, of a beautiful fine quality, and so far as I have been able to discover velours has no rival this season as the material for good-looking suits. There may be other woolens which will be much seen as the season advances, but I believe they will be stuffs that can be purchased for less money. Only the highest grade wool is used in the construction of velours; in order that the surface may have that beautiful soft look, it quite necessarily follows, at the present high rating of raw wool, that the textile that contains the most wool must be expensive.

The skirt of this suit is plain, and shows quite a decided slant from the hipline to the lower edge of the skirt. Because of this taper toward the feet the skirt is given a very swagger appearance. The jacket, too, I suppose, would be defined as plain, but the little touch of embroidery which is added to the coat just above the opening of the pockets, places this coat in a class of distinction. The embroidery is done in a beautiful shade of soft gray and the toning of the gray with the terra-cotta velours of the suit is in itself most charming.

The coat buttons on the blind down the center front, and is held at the waistline with a narrow belt, buttoned at the front. The straight high collar of fur is an interesting feature and is worthy of your attention.

The small hat of terra-cotta colored velvet, has the small brim faced with brown velvet, and the wings placed at the front are of the same color.

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AMERICAN CAMPAIGN AIMED TO MASK METZ

Enemy Is Likely to Be Cut Off From Forces in the North

Washington, Sept. 28.

Faced by a smashing attack by the American First Army on the heights of the Meuse, determined French pressure to the west just beyond the Argonne forrest and a simultaneous British thrust at Cambrai, the German armies on the western front are confronted by a menace that makes it impossible to send aid to Bulgaria. Realization that her strongest ally could do nothing may have had much to do with the dispatch of ea ce overtures by Bulgaria, it was thought.

There is danger enough for the enemy, American officers said, in the Franco-American attack, linked up as it is with the British drive. As the thrust in the Champagne develops it appears most probable to many observers here that the direct object sought is to extend the battleline directly up the Meuse until Metz is masked and the German armies surrounding it virtually separated from the enemy forces in northern France and Belgium.

The progress made by General Pershing's men in their first swift rush was startling in view of the difficult and broken country through which the drive was made and gave further evidence of waning German man-power and also that German generals again were outguessed.

As the drive progresses, it is believed the French front west of the Suippe will become involved and the operation will be extended to the more open country before Rheims. The cutting edge of the great attack, however, appears to be the American advance on the Meuse. It will require many officers think, only a comparatively limited further stride forward here to compel the enemy to undertake a great withdrawal.

Buttered Carrots

Wash and scrape small carrots and cut in narrow strips. Cook three cupfuls of the carrots in just enough water to cover. When carrots are tender and only a small amount of water remains, add a tablespoonful of butter. Cook slowly until almost all of the remaining water has evaporated. The carrots will have a delicious flavor cooked this way and none of the minerals will be wasted. String beans cut in halves lengthwise or parsnips cut in strips are also good served this way.

Mush in the Fireless Cooker

One cupful cornmeal, one teaspoonful salt, four and one-half cupfuls water, milk or milk and water.

Bring the salted water to the boiling point; add the meal slowly, stirring all the time. Put into the fireless cooker and leave for five or ten hours. If the pail holding the mush is set into another pail containing water before being placed into the cooker, the heat will be retained longer. Whether this is necessary or not depends upon the efficiency of the cooker.

The Woman's Exchange

TODAY'S INQUIRIES

1. How is the work of the reconstruction aids classified?
2. What is their salary?
3. How are the women of France to recognize the work of American women in the war?
4. What is the average gain in weight per soldier of our men since their entrance into military life?
5. Name a costume that will be novel this Hallowe'en.
6. What smart novelty in fur has made its appearance?

YESTERDAY'S ANSWERS

1. Three doctors and one nurse of the Women's Overseas Hospitals have been awarded the French Croix de Guerre for bravery.
2. Miss Doris E. Thompson is superintendent of the Army Nurse Corps.
3. Novel little favors or prizes for girls at the camouflage party are sachet pads made in the form of soda crackers. They are made of cotton, white satin and brown silk thread to mark the dents.
4. Of every ten dollars spent by a housewife two and a half should go for grain foods, breads, cereals, meals, spaghetti, etc.; two for meat, fish and eggs; two for milk; two for fruits and vegetables, and one dollar and a half for sundries, such as fats, butter, oil, lard, sugar and drinks. These are figures submitted by the national war savings committee.
5. To fix bacon and eggs in a new and delicious way arrange strips of bacon in muffin tins, break the eggs in each tin and bake in medium oven. The whites must be firm enough to make the whole cupshape when removed from the tin.
6. In using corn syrup as a substitute for sugar in jelly-making use three-quarters of a cupful syrup to one cupful of fruit juice. In preserving use equal weight of syrup and fruit.

Where to Register Room

To the Editor of Woman's Page:

Dear Madam—Some time ago there was a paragraph in your column giving the address of a place where one can register and pay twenty-five cents to get a roomer or boarder. Can you give the name and address?

READER.

The bureau referred to is the Philadelphia Bureau of Boarding Houses for Girls, Otis Building, Sixteenth and Sansom streets.

Words of "Killarney"

To the Editor of Woman's Page:

Dear Madam—Will you kindly print the words to the song entitled "Killarney"? Also, what should you say after you are introduced to a person you have never seen before? Do you think it very good form to use writing paper like this? Thanking you for the advice.

A LITTLE SUNDAY SCHOOL GIRL.

There are four stanzas to "Killarney," and it would take more space than I can use to give them all. You can find them in a book of "heart songs" at the public library. The first verse is as follows:

By Killarney's lakes and fells
Em'rald isles and winding bays,
Mountain paths and woodland dells,
Memry ever fondly strays.
Bounteous nature loves all lands,
Beauty wanders everywhere,
Footprints leaves on many strands,
But her home is surely there.
Angels fold their wings and rest,
In that Eden of the West,
Beauty's home, Killarney,
Ever fair, Killarney.

When you are introduced to a person you have never seen before make some remark like, "It seems strange to be introduced to a person you have known so well," or, "I am glad to see you after hearing so much about you." It is not considered good form to tear off one side of a sheet of paper, as you have done, although in wartime unless you are writing a very formal letter, good form may give way to conservation of paper.

Write to Headquarters

To the Editor of Woman's Page:

Dear Madam—I have been much interested in the Women's Exchange of the Evening Public Ledger. I enjoy Cynthia's corner very much. You have helped so many others and answered so many questions so I also will appreciate it if you can help me out. Will you kindly print or send me directions for knitting socks and wristlets? I can knit, but do not know how many stitches to cast on each needle. I want to knit the socks with the heel in. Please tell me how many hanks it takes for one pair of socks?

A CONSTANT READER.

I should be glad to give you the directions for knitted socks and wristlets, but unfortunately space is so limited and the directions are so long that I am going to ask you to write to Red Cross headquarters at 1615 Chestnut street for them. I know they will be forwarded to you on receipt of a stamped self-addressed envelope, and it will be much more direct for you to send for them than it would be for me to do it for you. It usually requires a hank and a half of wool for one pair of socks.

Marguerite Clark's Address

To the Editor of Woman's Page:

Dear Madam—I read your column and find it very interesting. As you have helped others would you kindly do me a favor. Please tell me Marguerite Clark's address.

A CONSTANT READER.

I am so glad you find the column interesting. If you send a letter to Marguerite Clark, in care of the Famous Players-Lasky Film Corporation, 485 Fifth avenue, New York city, it will reach her safely.

Adventures With a Purse

FOUND TODAY

1. Blankets for the first signs of cold weather.
2. A soldier's suitcase for a soldier.
3. A sort of paste that makes bureau drawers open easily and windows go up.

"IT WAS cold last night," says our maiden aunt, as she comes down to breakfast with a shawl about her shoulders. First signs of winter! And winter means blankets. Have you all that you need? If not, it will pay you to look at the blankets offered in a timely sale by one of the shops. The prices begin at $5.50, and the patterns include most every kind, from the plain ones with fancy borders to the plaid blankets in attractive color combinations. Now is the time to purchase your winter bedclothes.

When your boy goes off to camp, although his uniform and equipment will be furnished him, there will be countless odds and ends to be carried to and from camp. And it seems like a shame for him to use his (or, maybe, your) good suitcase or traveling bag. Recognizing the need for inexpensive "soldier luggage," one of the shops is showing an eighteen-inch bag of khaki. In appearance it is the exact shape of the regulation leather bag, and it is well bound and strong. The khaki gives it a very military appearance, and the price is only $5.

With cool, damp weather come doors and windows that stick. And how exasperating an obstinate bureau or recalcitrant window can be only she who has tugged and pulled and said all the swear words up to "darn" can appreciate. I am sure that the paste to prevent this condition must have been made by a woman. One has only to see the calm, superior manner in which the man of the house shuts with one hand the window on which one has exerted every effort to realize that such a discovery would never have occurred to a man. All you need do is to rub a bit of this paste on the door or window in question and all resistance leaves. And a jar can be purchased for twenty-five cents.

Tender-Hearted Youth

"You bad lad!" quoth soft-hearted Professor Papan. "What possible pleasure could it give you to divide that earthworm, or, to give it its proper name, that platterasmak-Curniturmustxm, for I perceive that it is of that tribe?"

"I ain't a bad 'un," contradicted the bold youth, "I'm a good little boy. Yer see, that worm looked lonely, so I giv 'im a mate!"—Ideas.

A CHARMING FROCK FOR FALL

The first cool fall days bring out the charming one-piece dresses. This one is in khaki arlette crepe. The lines are simple enough. Perhaps it is the corded shirring or the bands of rich seal that give the frock unusual distinction. It is worn by Miss Doris Kenyon, the young motion-picture star

HOW TO STORE AWAY WINTER'S VEGETABLES

Best to Partition Off a Room in Corner of Cellar Away From Furnace

A cool, well-ventilated cellar offers good conditions for vegetable storage, but many cellars are not well suited because of poor insulation or lack of ventilation. Cellars containing furnaces are usually too warm or too dry for storage of root crops. Often it is possible, however, to partition off a room, either in one corner or at one end of the cellar, where the temperature may be controlled by means of outside windows. At least one window is necessary, and two or more are desirable for light and ventilation.

Natural earth makes a better floor than concrete or brick, as a certain amount of moisture is desirable. Walls of the storage room should be parallel to the walls of the cellar. Ventilation may be secured by opening windows, but an air duct, made of wood, metal or terra cotta, and permitting cool air to enter near the floor level, is desirable. A piece of board with a hole the size of the air pipe is fitted in the window in place of one of the panes of glass. Another pane of glass may be removed from the sash and a small hinged door fitted in its place, which when open allows the heated air to escape. In cold weather both the hinged door and the damper in the air pipe must be closed. The windows in the storage room should be darkened in order to protect the vegetables from too much light.

Barrels, crates, boxes or bins may be used as containers for the various vegetables, but movable containers are preferable to built-in bins, as it is possible to remove them for cleaning.

A pamphlet on storage of vegetables can be obtained free by writing to the National War Garden Commission, Washington, D. C. Inclose two-cent stamp for return postage.

GOOD WILL PLEDGED RUSSIA BY FRANCE

Official Statement Follows Precedent Laid Down by U. S.

Washington, Sept. 28.

The French Government, through M. Regnault, the French high commissioner to Russia, has just made a formal declaration of France's intentions with respect to Russia, defining the purpose of her intervention in Siberia, and her relations to the Russian military, political and economic situation. He said:

"The close bonds of friendship uniting Russia and France have not been affected. France knows the heroism of the Russian soldiers and their glorious actions during the first years of the war. France, confident of the resurrection and the future of the Russian armies, ought, as the other Allies, to respond to the appeal from the normal parties of the population who are faithful to their treaties and resolved to put an end to the Bolshevik disorganization, which is the cause of the dismemberment and ruin of Russia, delivered over to Germany.

"The immediate reason for our action is to bring help to our Allies, the Czecho-Slovaks, whose national existence we have recognized and whose armies have a French chief.

"The other objectives of the Allies is the necessary economic help for Russia that the sufferings and privations of her population have rendered very urgent.

"Our actions have always been directed toward the interests of Russia. We are given full guarantees for the respect of Russia's independence, sovereignty, liberty and territorial integrity."

Once Would Be Enough

Some of the last-joined army recruits do not take at all kindly to route marching, which, as every old soldier knows, is apt to prove extremely trying to untrained muscles and sinews.

One man had fallen out three times in about eight miles, and at last his company sergeant major could stand it no longer.

"Look 'ere, my lad," he said, "you've joined the wrong regiment. You ought to be in the royal flying corps."

"Why?" asked the tired one curiously.

"You'd only fall out once, then!"—Tit-Bits.

DIFFERENT PICKLES TO SPICE WAR MEAL

Tested Recipes Easy and Inexpensive to Follow—Spiced Grapes, Too

Although pickles do not contain much food value they give an undeniable spice to the meal that is often conceted of leftovers in these wartime days. Here are a number of tested recipes for pickles reprinted from Pictorial Review. They are not difficult or expensive to make:

Mustard Pickle

Twenty-four small cucumbers.
One quart small onions.
Two cauliflowers.
Two quarts green tomatoes.
Six green peppers.
One-half pound mustard.
One-half ounce turmeric powder.
Three-quarter cupful flour.
One cupful sugar.
Three and one-half quarts vinegar brine.

Cut the vegetables into small pieces, and let them stand overnight in brine strong enough to float an egg. In the morning scald all together and drain thoroughly. Mix the mustard, turmeric powder, flour and sugar to a smooth paste with one pint of the vinegar; add this mixture to the remaining vinegar which has been brought to the boiling point. Cook twenty minutes, add the vegetables and, when cold, place in jars and seal.

Pepper Hash

Twelve red peppers.
Twelve green peppers.
Twelve onions the size of a small egg.
Three pints vinegar.
Two cupfuls sugar.
Three level tablespoonfuls salt.

Remove the white fiber and the seeds from the peppers and peel the onions; chop all finely, then pour boiling water over them. Let stand five minutes and drain. Cook together the vinegar, sugar and salt, add the peppers and onions, boil up once, turn into sterilized jars, and seal closely.

Beet Relish

Two dozen small beets.
One-half cupful grated horseradish.
Two blades of mace.
One level tablespoonful of ground ginger.
Six cloves.
One quart vinegar.

Boil, peel and finely chop the beets; add to them the grated horseradish. Put the ginger, cloves and mace into a small cheesecloth bag, place them in a saucepan, add the vinegar, bring to boiling point and pour while still scalding hot over the beets. Seal closely and keep for a week or two before using.

Chow-Chow

One medium-sized red cabbage.
One medium-sized cauliflower.
One quart string beans.
One quart green tomatoes.
One quart pickling onions.
One quart small pickling cucumbers.
Six green peppers.
Two cupfuls salt.
Two quarts vinegar.
One tablespoonful celery seed.
One tablespoonful mustard seed.
One-half teaspoonful ground mace.

Cut out the hard core from the cabbage and shave the cabbage finely; break the cauliflower into flowerettes; remove the seeds from the peppers and cut the peppers and cucumbers into thin slices. Peel the onions and cut the beans and tomatoes into small pieces. Place all in a large open vessel, sprinkle with the salt and let stand overnight. In the morning, rinse with cold water and drain. Add the spices, scald the vinegar and pour it over the vegetables. Let stand twenty-four hours, then scald the vinegar and do it again on the third day. Pack in glasses or jars and seal closely until needed.

Spiced Grapes

Eight pounds grapes.
Four pounds sugar.
Three cupfuls vinegar.
Four sticks cinnamon.
One ounce whole cloves.
Two blades mace.

Remove and set aside the skins of the grapes; cook the pulp in the vinegar with the spices tied in cheesecloth, till the grapes are soft. Pass as much as possible through a fine sieve, keeping back the seeds. Add the skins and return to the fire; when boiling, put in the sugar and bag of spices. Cook till thick and then put into glasses and seal.

"MUNITIONERETTE" LAUDS GIRLS IN WAR INDUSTRY

Miss Eleanor Halsey Says Women in Eddystone Rifle Plant Are Loyal and Good Workers, but Inclined to Be Extravagant in Living

A MISSIONER among the munitioneers—this is the avocation assumed by Miss Eleanor Halsey, who describes herself as a "munitionerette."

Miss Halsey, who is a graduate of Swarthmore, is the daughter of Frederick W. Halsey, 4518 Kingsessing avenue, and for two weeks now has been toiling at the Midvale Steel and Ordnance Company's Eddystone rifle plant.

Part of the time, Miss Halsey worked on the machines, and found the work interesting. Now she is in the employment bureau, and is doing welfare duty among the thousand girls at the plant.

"They are fine girls," she said today. "They are loyal and good workers. But perhaps all of them don't realize their responsibilities. And that is what I wish them to do.

"I want them to understand that they are just as essential as the men in the trenches. And if they go about their work in the proper spirit, it will develop them just as army life develops soldiers and brings out the best that is in them."

Some of the girls have been a bit unsettled by the high wages paid them, Miss Halsey says. Five dollars a day has been more than some of them know how to spend wisely.

"And what I want to do is to work with these girls, curb any foolish indulgence of tastes made extravagant by high wages, and develop the fine spirit which already exists," said Miss Halsey.

The welfare worker, who is thirty years old, went on to describe her own experience as an actual "munitionerette." She said:

"Being a munition worker is very different from what I imagined, very much better in fact. My misgivings, which arose from prejudice, snobbishness and a total ignorance of all factory work, were overcome only by my strong love of adventure and my great desire to get as close to the firing line as the Government would allow.

"That desire to get to the firing line began to be fulfilled the moment I set foot in the train my first morning as a munitionerette. In that regiment of workers on the station platform, there was one member of my company; at the farthest end of the platform was one lone woman. The toes of my shoes surely must have skinned the heels of her shoes, as I followed her into the train and through four or five coaches filled with men; men standing, sitting, squatting on the floor, crouching in corners, leaning against companions, bending over seat backs, or sprawling out on the floors of baggage coaches—in every posture the human anatomy can assume. Those who were not sleeping, were smoking. Right through the rank and file, through fire and smoke, that girl led me straight into—No Man's Land. At the rear of the train was a coach exclusively for women employed in munition plants."

Continuing Miss Halsey said:

"When I reached the rifle plant I was taken with the others to one of the buildings. We did not need a band to complete the parade, because the myriad of wheels overhead, set up a noise that had the ocean's roar outclassed at a ratio of ten to one. I never heard such a din in my life, and I began to wonder how my tympanic membrane would hold out. The ocean-like roar was worse on the second floor, where, as if to follow out the seashore impression, a caged-in room, such as you see in seaside bathhouses, was located. Here each girl was given a uniform of khaki, consisting of a bloomer costume and a cap. With these costumes in our arms we were marched to the third floor where the ocean still roared, but no bathhouses were in evidence. In fact, one might have supposed that we were in a dairy or a laundry, for there was an appearance of cream separators all around, and a strong smell of Monday morning in the air. But it was neither separator nor Monday—just soda water running through the machines to cool the castings and wash away the filings.

The extent to which Miss Halsey's patriotism would lead her may be judged from the following:

Would Willingly Kill Hun

"An acquaintance of mine who had pacifist tendencies, once asked me in a horrified tone, 'Would you willingly be the means of killing a man?' Miss Halsey said, 'My reply was, No, I hope heaven may guard me from killing a man, but I certainly pray heaven will give me strength to kill a Hun; a Hun is not a man. And so I am a Hun killer, and intend to be a Hun killer all my life, without any fear of breaking one of the Commandments.

"I must tell you of the lunchroom before I tell you of the work done by the women." Miss Hulsey said with enthusiasm. "The lunchroom is in keeping with the dressing room, large and clean. It is more immense than large, more like two large rooms thrown together, with a smaller room to one side for the colored employes. At the entrance you get a tray from a great pile; then you pass into the counters (which are arranged in a hollow square) and between them and a railing down a narrow passage and through to the sections where the tables are arranged. You grab what you want from the counters as you pass, show your trayful of grabbed "grub" to the cashier at the entrance to the table section, receive a check for the amount you owe and pass in.

"The method of payment is that of a church fair; you get in free, but pay to get out, because when you finish you must pass by another cashier to whom you give your check and money. It generally costs me something to get out, because I find everything so good that I grab much more than I intend. The price of the food is by no means high; in fact, it is unusually reasonable in comparison with the price paid for the same thing in other places. The food is excellent, well seasoned and in variety and abundance.

"My first task was to file off the rough end from a small stick of steel. My hands were soft and soon sore, but the noise of the file over the steel edge reminded me so much of a hunting dog in hot pursuit that my sore hands were forgotten in the idea that I had joined the pack of American 'Devil Dogs' on the trail of the Potsdammers. After testing my ability for a week at the filing desks and finding that it showed strong signs of inability because of undeveloped muscles, I asked for a machine. The machine seems easier for me, but a fair test is the only means of finding out. If not this machine a lighter one will be given me. Every worker is given a just opportunity to find the work which is most suitable in the respective department to which she has been assigned. Unfortunately, many 'quit the job' before giving it a fair test in return for the just opportunity, thereby making the boys' return to Hoboken farther off than ever. And it could be Hoboken so soon if only 'quit-the-job' policy were eradicated from every worker's thoughts.

Why Some Girls Quit Job

"The policy of 'quit the job' on small pretext," Miss Halsey said, "is due largely to the fact that many of the workers have not awakened to the true meaning of war. They find the work at the factory so different from what they have been doing, a little beyond their strength at first, that they get discouraged and refused to wait until they become accusomed to it. Of course, they are unaccustomed to it. This is war, and we have not been accustomed to war; not even to thoughts of war. The quitters are not generally quitters at heart, only quitters on all thoughts of war, and they have not come to realize that they must be stickers to war, and not quiters until Germany has finished thinking thoughts of war. For the first few days at the factory the new worker feels pretty much like a youngster who has been thrown into the mild pond the first time and told to 'doggie' for shore. But learning to swim is a mighty short step from learning to 'doggie.' Be a 'devil doggie of an American,' even though you cannot be a devil fish.

"With reference to the morale in the plants," Miss Halsey commented, "it is my hope that before many weeks have lapsed a new atmosphere will be created in the munition plants, an atmosphere of not mere money gains, but Allies' gains. There are many women who are very anxious to get into war work, but who, because of certain obligations and necessities, cannot give their time to such work as is done by the Red Cross or Emergency Aid at the expense of their own maintenance. They, too, wish to offer their services gratis, but if they did it would be a case of the blind leading the blind; they, too, would fall into the ditch. But there are splendid opportunities in the munition factories for the self-supporting women who wish to join the ranks. There is absolutely nothing degrading, nothing humiliating about the work in these factories. There is absolutely no objection to be raised against the first ladies in the land working in a munition plant. Indeed, it is these very women who are needed; women who will create the same atmosphere of patriotism in the factories as was created on the farms; women who will see and make others see that no longer can we say, 'Men must work and women must weep' without working also. All of us must do something vitally essential to bring this war to a speedy close. The girls and women became farmerettes; why not become mutionerettes?"

RE-ENFORCEMENTS DUE SUFFRAGISTS TODAY

Filibuster Employed to Postpone Rollcall Until Help Arrives

Washington, Sept. 28.

Apparently lacking one vote of the necessary two-thirds majority to pass the woman suffrage amendment at this session of Congress, the pro-suffrage forces in the Senate yesterday successfully filibustered to postpone the rollcall, and the Senate adjourned with the antis threatening to continue the debate on the measure and further to delay a vote until next week.

Suffrage leaders in the Senate suddenly discovered that instead of the thirty-three Republican votes which they have been expecting, the Susan B. Anthony resolution has the support of only thirty-two minority members.

They immediately launched a filibuster to delay the vote until Senator Johnson, of California, and La Follette, of Wisconsin, both Republicans, arrive to strengthen their forces. Senator Townsend, Republican, of Michigan, another supporter of the amendment, also will arrive today.

Senator Pittman, of Nevada, disclosed the suffragists will have one less vote than they were counting upon, when he charged that Democrats supporting the amendment had been tricked by the Republicans into bringing up the resolution at this time, with the promise that the Republicans would deliver thirty-three votes.

Double Price

An old barber, living in a North Country market town, recently made a clever reply to a farmer who went to his shop to get shaved.

It was market day, and several people were awaiting their turn, when the agriculturist, who was wealthy, but inclined to be mean, entered and addressed the barber as follows:

"I say, Billy, farming pays very badly nooadays; thou ought to shave us for half price."

"Nay, nay," said Billy, who knew his business well. "I ought to hev double price now, for farmers' faces are twice as long as they used to be."—Pearson's Weekly.

Cuticura Soap Ideal for the Complexion

All druggists; Soap 25, Ointment 25 & 50, Talcum 25. Sample each free of "Cuticura, Dept. 4 L, Boston"

When Mr. Hoover Says "Conserve!"

When Mr. Hoover asked all us housewives to save food, I signed one of those pledges saying I'd adopt the Federal scale of voluntary rations. Jim didn't like it a bit at first. He said that what with buying Liberty Bonds and War-Savings Stamps for the Government and working hard all day, a man ought to be allowed to eat enough when he comes home at night. But now he says he's glad I'm economizing. It saves money, and besides, we have all kinds of new dishes that we never used to have when we had meat every night. You see, when I give him these extra little, fancy things he doesn't notice how seldom we have meat.

The other night we began the meal with a delicious *hors d'oeuvre*, consisting of a piece of toasted war bread cut round with a slice of tomato on it and a strip of herring across the top. I served it on a lettuce leaf and sprinkled just a few drops of A1 Sauce over it. It was simply delicious. The next night I had celery stalks stuffed with cream cheese, into which I had beaten a teaspoonful of A1. That wonderful sauce ought to be advertised on every food poster in the country. There is nothing like it for economy. —Adv.