

'WOMEN IGNORANT OF TECHNIQUE IN PRESENT CRISIS'

Voters' League President Says Organization Hopes for Early Settlement.

By MRS. MAUD WOOD PARK, President National League of Women Voters.

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WASHINGTON, Sept. 4.—Women feel themselves ignorant concerning the technique of the questions of business administration involved in the present industrial situation, but are ardently hoping a solution will be found by the persons who do understand it.

The League of Women Voters has no panacea to offer. Women are inclined to believe in panaceas.

A man can hit upon a method of conducting his business and follow it throughout his business life; a woman knows that no method of child-rearing brings precisely the same results with any two children. Women do not know what ought to be done to make capital and labor pull together for the common good, and because they do not know they are not likely to be led into indorsing any apparently universal cure.

Women feel industrial disputes will never be settled until they are settled with justice to all, and know they can help by earnestly and persistently demanding they be so settled.

The greater distress in industrial wars falls on the women and children. It is the woman's job to see that the family is fed, and in strike times it is a heart-breaking job in many a household. Men are not at home all day; they do not feel so acutely the children's cry of hunger; they do not feel sick at heart because Johnny's shoes will be worn out by next week and because Lucy needs the dentist. They do not feel the pinch every hour of the day.

Women can cry to men to settle disputes and they can do something more. They are like the citizens of a community which wants a bridge built. They are willing to sacrifice to raise the tax money to pay for the bridge and they know where it ought to lead to, but they leave the building of it to the engineers whose business is bridge-building. They do not say how it ought to be built. They merely want it built strong and enduring. Women are willing to wait and to study so that they may help to choose efficient engineers to build the bridge the world so sadly needs.

Miss Grace Ann Rust, Cafeteria Proprietress, Liked by Patrons



By VIRGINIA REYER

Most people consider cafeteria owners in about the same class as apartment house owners and landlords in general. They are thought to be a grasping, harsh, money-wringing, self-centered sort. Miss Grace Ann Rust is the exception which proves the rule. She is proprietor of the Russet Cafeteria and is well known and well liked by all her regular trade. Miss Rust opened the cafeteria some months ago and because of her policy of careful supervision and personal interest in her customers her place has enjoyed a wonderful success.

Miss Rust is a graduate of the University of Illinois, where cooking was her minor subject. During the time she was in college she ran a tearoom as a side line and later went to Columbia University, where she took a master's degree in food administration. Before going into commercial work she visited all of the largest cafeterias in the United States.

Her particular hobby is that a well person should be served just as whole some food as a sick person and will appreciate it even more. She welcomes suggestions as to favorite foods from her patrons and her kitchens are always open for inspection. She employs all white cooks and waitresses and they have a feeling of loyalty for her high standards. Miss Rust herself makes out all menus, closely supervises the preparation of the food and does all the buying. She is on hand every day and sees to it that her clientele secures the best possible service.

A person can never make a success of a business just because they consider it a good business," says Miss Rust. "It is necessary to be interested in food from a scientific standpoint. It is a joy to me to see it correctly prepared and served. I think that is why I am making a success of my cafeteria work."

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The marriage of Miss Agnes Irwin, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. F. W. Irwin to Frank Vollmer, son of Mrs. G. Vollmer, was solemnized at 8 o'clock this morning at St. Joseph's Church. The bride, who was given in marriage by her father, wore a dark blue crepe

from London, tied with cord and stamped with English postage; the censor had opened it, sealed it again and sent it on. The paper bore the legend, "Photographs."

She found three photographs, all identical, of a group of young men in uniform who appeared to be officers of the Canadian and of the American armies. The faces were all strange to Ethel until, with a start which stopped the beat of her heart, she recognized Barney Loutrelle. In each of the prints her identity was unmistakable.

Her uncle Lucas came early the next morning to ask what she was doing about her business matters.

When she said that she had failed to obtain help, he told her he had decided to "protect" her interests in the projects under way.

"That's true. I said I was mistaken. It wasn't Barney; it was—"

"You—you fool," he said to her in pitying disgust. "You little fool."

She sat back, quite white and quivering under the constraint of controlling herself against Bennett's anger.

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Before writing to Barney that night Ethel reread the letter from Hudson Adley. Her immediate course of action had become quite plain to her; yet she reconsidered thoughtfully before recording her purpose.

The big room in the Blackstone was clearing as groups departed for the opera; the nearest tables all were deserted. Bennett paid his check and lit a cigarette; he leaned easily upon the table.

"Do you know any one named Quinlan?" she asked.

"Old Jim Quinlan? Surely. Father used to have him about the south side yards for old time's sake."

"Why?"

"He was with grandfather years ago."

"Oh; was there some one connected with him named Robert?" Ethel asked.

"Bob Quinlan? He was his grandson."

"Was?" Ethel repeated. "He's dead?"

"Shot down in flames near Cannibal, he was," Bennett said. "He got into aviation as observer and machine gunner. Old Jim—I hear he went sort of nutty not long afterward. It seemed that Bob was all he had left. Lost most of the rest of his family in disasters, some one said; then the war took Bob."

"How long ago was he associated with grandfather?" Ethel returned.

"Where was it?"

"Why, back in the old pine days," Bennett replied impatiently. "Old Jim was head sawyer of one of grandfather's mills. Lost his fingers then; only half his fingers on his right hand. Why?"

"I came back here because—" Ethel began, looking steadily at her cousin. "The trouble I had with my grandfather at St. Florentine, Ben," she made another start, "was over a man whom Kincheloe killed on Resurrection Rock."

"Killed a man?" her cousin was repeating in a whisper, looking about swiftly and then bending further across the table.

"I want to be very sure that, when I try, it will be through some fitting person—that nothing about my approach to him will degrade him or lead me into danger of offending or losing an ever misunderstanding him. For that reason I would be very glad if you could write me whatever you think will help me; you know how little I know about these matters; and I do not know whom to approach here. It would be far better for me if you could happen to be here. Oh, I am not asking that. But if you find we've nothing more to gain by remaining near the Rock, come down here and I'll wait for you."

"Your friend,"

—ETHEL CAREW.

She was a little quivery as she undressed and made ready for bed. It was difficult, when living among the articles chosen and arranged by Agnes and so expressive of her tireless vitality, to believe that she could have been completely obliterated.

There was a large, flat package

(To Be Continued)

Frozen Fruit Cream

By BERTHA E. SHAPLEIGH
of Columbia University

Six Peaches.
Three oranges.
Three bananas.
Three lemons.
One-half teaspoon vanilla.

Rub peaches and bananas, after peeling, through a coarse strainer. Add sugar and water one minute. Add to fruit puree, and freeze to a mush. Beat cream until stiff, add vanilla and salt, and stir into the frozen mixture.

Pack for one or two hours, in salt and ice, using five measures of ice to one measure of salt.

NOTE: Any combination of fresh or canned fruit may be used, but one must use judgment about the quantity of sugar, depending on the kind of fruit used.

THE INDIANAPOLIS TIMES

SOCIAL ACTIVITIES

At the marriage of Miss Sarah Ashby, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Samuel Ashby, to Earl A. Heasler, son of Ernest Heasler of Madison, Wis., which took place at 8 o'clock Saturday evening at the Central Christian Church, the six young girls who are members of Miss Ashby's Sunday School class, Virginia Wheeler, Helen Smith, Margaret Simpson, Louise Curtis, Mary Tume and Ann Seburn, dressed in white and carrying chains of smilax and white roses, formed an aisle through which the bridal party passed. Preceding the ceremony Mrs. Dorothy Knight Green played a program of bridal airs and "Lohengrin" for the procession.

Mrs. Harry Steffel entertained with a theater party at the Murat Saturday afternoon in honor of her guests, Miss Belle and Miss Getrude Neuwirth of New York, and Mrs. Charles R. Hughes, who has returned from a two years' residence in Boston, Mass.

Miss Dorothy Sutherland and Miss Betty Wales have returned from Camp Aloha, where they spent the summer.

Mr. and Mrs. Nicholas Watkins and son David of Chicago are the guests of Mr. and Mrs. Harry Plummer.

Dr. and Mrs. M. E. Clark entertained with a house party this weekend in their cottage at Lake Maxinkuckee. Miss Charlotte and Miss Mildred Clark have returned from Maxinkuckee.

Mrs. Max Leckner has returned from Walloon Lake, where she spent the summer.

Mr. and Mrs. Alfred Grindel entertained Mr. and Mrs. A. L. Shultz at their home in Brown County this weekend.

The men attendants were Alton Heasler, brother of the groom, best man, and Robert Brewer, Harold Horner, Samuel Ashby, Jr., and Elton Morice, ushers.

Assisting Mrs. Ashby at the reception which followed the service, were Mrs. J. H. Brill, Mrs. Victor C. Kendall, Mrs. L. H. Coleman, Mrs. C. A. Hiltgenberg, Mrs. P. A. Hancock, Mrs. Hector Fuller, Miss Florence Fuller, Miss Mary Coleman, and Miss Marian Hiltgenberg.

The bride, who was given in marriage by her father, wore ivory satin combined with Duchesse lace. The cap of her tulle veil was made of lace from her mother's wedding gown and she carried a point lace handkerchief which was a part of the wedding costume of Mrs. J. H. Brill. Her shower bouquet was of bride's roses and lilies of the valley.

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Following the ceremony, Mr. and Mrs. Heasler left for a Northern trip. They will make their home in St. Paul, Minn., after Oct. 1.

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Kappa Alpha Theta will entertain with a dinner Tuesday evening at the home of Mr. and Mrs. James E. Sutherland on Sutherland Ave. Coverts will be laid for fifty at tables lighted with black and gold candles and decorated with black and gold balloons and pampas. Black and gold handkerchiefs will be the favors.

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Women Band to Eliminate Waste By Study of Budgeting Systems



MRS. EDITH MCCLURE-PATTERSON.

By MARYAN HALF

Eighty-five per cent of the money

in circulation passes through women's hands.

Statistics show that they get about

31.3 per cent value for every dollar

they spend.

Common sense shows there is a big

leak somewhere.

To locate this and remedy it the

women of Dayton, Ohio, are under-

taking a thrift campaign for three

months, which will include a sys-

tematic study of buying, budgeting and

spending.

"Run, Raggedy Andy!" cried Raggedy Andy. "One of the little old women has caught me!"