AMONG US MORTALS

THOSE LITTLE WAR DINNERS

By W. E. HILL.

Maude, one of this year's débutantes and a war jobholder into the bargain, has to be at the typewriter by a quarter to 9, so you can't blame her for stifling a yawn.

War orders, the labor question, Mr Garfie ld and the President's last note, over the coffee and cigars.

"Every one at home thought the French knots improved the uniform wonderfully, But would you believe it, the old cat made me take everything off!"

"They'll send you to the front in a motor from Paris and you'll see the wounded before they even go to a hospital, and—well—my dear, it's *the* way to see France to-day." Miss Nibble, who dabbles in art, is being urged by Miss Baw to go right over and make silhouettes to amuse the soldiers. Miss Nibble, who wasn't enthusiastic at first, is beginning to catch the spirit of the thing.

Without any cocktails to start the ball rolling, the Browns' little dinner doesn't seem to be going well. Under ordinary circumstances Mrs. Target would be telling Lieutenant Detty that one Bronx always made her see double, but that the next three never affected her in the least. As it is, there is a terrible pause, and Mrs. Target can't think of anything to say but "Aren't you boys awfully homesick for the trenches at times?"

Private Joe Swor was asked in for a simple home dinner by a lady war worker. Joe has made a date with Annie out in the hall to take her to the "movies" if they can make a get-away. Annie has just signalled it will be all right.

Sympathetic Mrs. Tobey, who knows all about the rats in the trenches from the war literature, has just remembered four unused mouse traps at home and is planning to send them right out to Lieutenant Rupp at Camp Upton to-morrow.

What with conditions in Belgium and cholera in Berlin as topics of conversation, Mrs. Widge, who used to tell at great length all about her attack of tonsillitis in Paris and how seven doctors gave her case up as hopeless, isn't getting much of an audience these days.