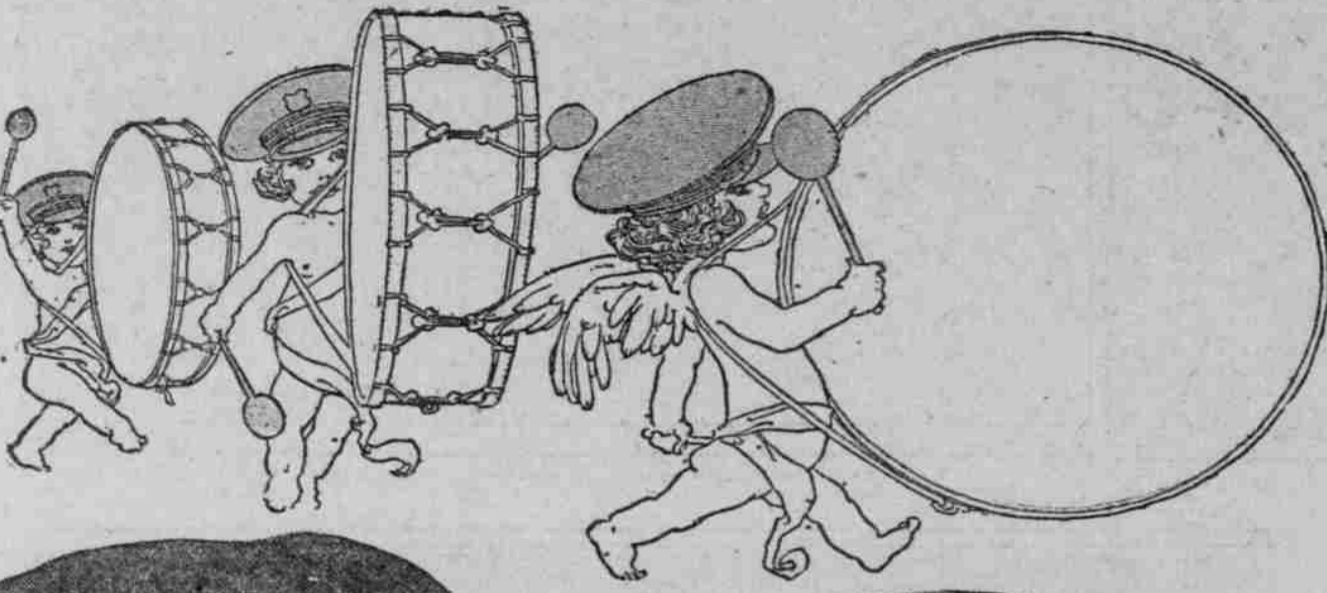


The Salvation Army Bride

Romance Goes Hand in Hand With Her Humanitarian Work and When She Marries She Stays Married, Judging From the Army's "No Divorce" Record.



Captain Martha Irwin, wedded to Captain Ralph Miller.

Captain Agnes Johnston, the bride of Lieutenant William Slater.

BY HELEN B. HOFFMAN.
It is quite likely that you have associated the tambourine with the Salvation Army. Perhaps you have not thought of wedding bells as being quite as appropriate to the background of that interesting bonneted company.

Yet Salvation lassies do marry. If you looked at the record for June alone you must suspect that they marry pretty much like other folks. What is more, Salvation lassies seem to stay married. Divorces are not only unfashionable in this division of human service, but a "no divorce" record is said to have been established.

Anyone knowing the vast amount of time given by the Salvation Army lassies to helping unfortunate members of society would never, for a moment, dream that these same young women wearing the stiff blue uniforms and unromantic looking bonnets, would have time to think of themselves and their own happiness and comfort.

They haven't, as a matter of fact. They find happiness and satisfaction in their work—in the work to which they have dedicated their lives. Nevertheless, Cupid has a mysterious and unexpected way of making his influence felt, and when romance crept into the lives of several of the Army workers, young people working side by side, drawn to each other by the same interests, it seemed the most natural thing in the world for the romance to develop.

From Doughnuts to Wedding Rings
The record of Salvation Army romances and marriages might easily provide a standard for idealistic married life. In the whole history of the work of the Army in this country, no divorce scandal has marred its peaceful routine. With divorce suits choking the business of the courts, this record puts Salvation Army marriages in a class by themselves.

"As a matter of fact," an officer of the Army explained, "we have no policy on divorce, for the subject has never confronted us."

"Why, then," it was asked, "in this day of reckless divorce, are Salvation Army workers immune from this social epidemic, which is steadily increasing?"

"Simply because marriage among Salvation workers is not entered into lightly," explained a leader of the Army. "It is urged that young people know each other at least six months before marrying. This helps them to avoid making the mistakes so many make when they rush into marriage after a mere introduction."

"Another reason, I think, for successful marriages among the Salvation Army, may be attributed to the fact that the husband and wife share the same interests. They continue their work in the Army after marriage, and as both have a common working interest, neither becomes bored when the other discusses something he or she cannot comprehend or cares nothing about. I believe if more people found mutual interests in their married lives there would be fewer divorces."

is one of the heroines who loomed large in the world war, and being young and pretty besides, it is no wonder that Captain Harry Booth, who was sent to France to help with the work of the Salvation Army at the conclusion of the war, should have lost his heart at once to his attractive little co-worker.

At the Army canteen in Brest Miss McAllister met hundreds of the khaki-clad boys she had cooked doughnuts for near the front line trenches. They poured through this canteen en route home and their remarks of admiration for the courageous young woman who had served them hot coffee and doughnuts under fire and shell only deepened the feeling which Captain Booth had come to entertain for this heroine of the many drives.

Miss McAllister, who has been in charge of a Salvation corps of Philadelphia, was married June 10 to Captain Booth in Memorial Hall, Philadelphia, and no bride had a prettier wedding. Captain Booth and his bride will reside in Des Moines, Ia., where he is in charge of the Army work. The young bride will assist her husband in his work there, remaining a captain in the Army.

A recruit to the Salvation Army and a husband are identified with Lieutenant Kate Hillman's romance, for Mars and Cupid led James Dempster into the ranks of the Salvation Army. James Dempster—formerly of Patterson, N. J., while employed in the finance department of the United States Army Q. M. C. supply department at Camp Dix during the war, met Miss Hillman. Dempster, young and homesick, made frequent visits

to the hut conducted by the Salvation Army. His comrades joked him on his abnormal appetite for doughnuts, but as it turned out, the object of his spare time visits was really Miss Hillman. Later on he told her about it. She

peach-tree wavers, or your storm brewers. We want somebody who knows where water is and how to get it. Somebody who knows!"

This urgent message was turned over to the department of geology, and a young geologist by the name of Erasmus Haworth, who had been mapping rock strata and outcroppings throughout the state for the last two summers, and teaching the science of the earth's composition in the winter, was summoned.

Underground Stream
He consulted his maps when he saw the telegram from Newton and smiled. The summer before he had worked out the course of an old river bed down through central Kansas, and he knew—or thought he knew—exactly what was going on in the sand strata hundreds of feet below the surface of that dry channel. His map told him that the stream had passed within a few miles of Newton. His knowledge of geology told him that millions of gallons of water had worked down through the loose soil and that underneath the dry river bed a vast stream was moving slowly through the sand across a bed of shale.

His knowledge he verified by tracing the stream up through McPherson, where several large wells had been drilled, and farther north to Lindsborg, where the old "ghost river bed" joined the present channel of the Smoky Hill.

to the hut conducted by the Salvation Army. His comrades joked him on his abnormal appetite for doughnuts, but as it turned out, the object of his spare time visits was really Miss Hillman. Later on he told her about it. She

peach-tree wavers, or your storm brewers. We want somebody who knows where water is and how to get it. Somebody who knows!"

This urgent message was turned over to the department of geology, and a young geologist by the name of Erasmus Haworth, who had been mapping rock strata and outcroppings throughout the state for the last two summers, and teaching the science of the earth's composition in the winter, was summoned.

Underground Stream
He consulted his maps when he saw the telegram from Newton and smiled. The summer before he had worked out the course of an old river bed down through central Kansas, and he knew—or thought he knew—exactly what was going on in the sand strata hundreds of feet below the surface of that dry channel. His map told him that the stream had passed within a few miles of Newton. His knowledge of geology told him that millions of gallons of water had worked down through the loose soil and that underneath the dry river bed a vast stream was moving slowly through the sand across a bed of shale.

His knowledge he verified by tracing the stream up through McPherson, where several large wells had been drilled, and farther north to Lindsborg, where the old "ghost river bed" joined the present channel of the Smoky Hill.

So when he packed his bag and took the train at Lawrence for Newton he already knew, within a mile or two, where Newton's water supply was coming from.

A committee met him at the train. They hired a livery rig and drove him, according to his instructions, west of town. He spent one afternoon driving about, gleaning on the surface, chipping a few rocks, crumbing some soil between his fingers, and then he took the train back to

Lawrence. His trip cost the town of Newton:

Professional services	\$ 6.00
Professional expenses	4.00
Meals, Pullman	2.00
Livery hire	1.50
Total	\$13.50

A few days later his written report went back to Newton. It told where to drill to get the largest flow of water and approximately how far apart to put the wells. If his report was followed carefully, Mr. Haworth assured the Newtonians they would find an inexhaustible supply of water.

Expert's Opinion Doubted.
A well was drilled and, sure enough, it struck an abundant underground water supply, yielding a flow of several hundred gallons. The president of the Santa Fe was summoned to watch the test and he was satisfied.



Captain Clarence A. Miller and Captain Catherine A. Miller sometimes received one another's mail by mistake. And that is how this romance began.



Violet McAllister, one of the original 'doughnut girls' in France and now the bride of Captain Harry Booth, whom she met 'over there.'

to the hut conducted by the Salvation Army. His comrades joked him on his abnormal appetite for doughnuts, but as it turned out, the object of his spare time visits was really Miss Hillman. Later on he told her about it. She

peach-tree wavers, or your storm brewers. We want somebody who knows where water is and how to get it. Somebody who knows!"

This urgent message was turned over to the department of geology, and a young geologist by the name of Erasmus Haworth, who had been mapping rock strata and outcroppings throughout the state for the last two summers, and teaching the science of the earth's composition in the winter, was summoned.

Underground Stream
He consulted his maps when he saw the telegram from Newton and smiled. The summer before he had worked out the course of an old river bed down through central Kansas, and he knew—or thought he knew—exactly what was going on in the sand strata hundreds of feet below the surface of that dry channel. His map told him that the stream had passed within a few miles of Newton. His knowledge of geology told him that millions of gallons of water had worked down through the loose soil and that underneath the dry river bed a vast stream was moving slowly through the sand across a bed of shale.

His knowledge he verified by tracing the stream up through McPherson, where several large wells had been drilled, and farther north to Lindsborg, where the old "ghost river bed" joined the present channel of the Smoky Hill.

So when he packed his bag and took the train at Lawrence for Newton he already knew, within a mile or two, where Newton's water supply was coming from.

A committee met him at the train. They hired a livery rig and drove him, according to his instructions, west of town. He spent one afternoon driving about, gleaning on the surface, chipping a few rocks, crumbing some soil between his fingers, and then he took the train back to

Lawrence. His trip cost the town of Newton:

Professional services	\$ 6.00
Professional expenses	4.00
Meals, Pullman	2.00
Livery hire	1.50
Total	\$13.50

Smith and I had an understanding before I sailed overseas."

Cadet Van Syckle received the French order of merit for his services abroad. He spent a year and a half "over there" and then came home and entered the training college of the Salvation Army.

After their wedding in Providence they will take up their Salvation Army work together.

When Captain Catherine A. Miller marries Captain Clarence A. Miller in New York another romance will be recorded without even a change in names.

The romance of the Millers began last autumn in Asbury Park, N. J., where Miss Miller, who had been doing army work in Michigan, was taking her vacation at the Salvation Army rest home. Captain Clarence Miller was conducting meetings at the New Jersey resort when they met. Fate decreed that their acquaintance should continue, for both were transferred to work at the New York headquarters at about the same time.

Both these young people are still in training for army service, and the army authorities have withheld official sanction until they have had further experience in army work.

So the romance of the Salvation Army workers, in a way, represents the romance of the organization itself in its love and service for humanity.

his data again, and checked up the levels and the topography of the old river bed. He pondered the whole problem for a day or two, and then wrote to the newspapers.

He knew the water was there, even if it was out of sight, and he said so. His letters left not a shadow of doubt in Newton's skeptical community mind. The bond issue carried. The wells were drilled and the water gushed up into the pipe line just as Haworth had said it would. Then the Santa Fe brought its division point, and its roundhouses and its repair shops, and laid them in Newton's lap, and within the next five years property values in the town advanced \$2,000,000.

All for an expenditure of \$13.50 and the scientific knowledge of a man who knew and was sure that he knew. The sequel of that story is found in the announcement recently that Professor Haworth is to retire from Kansas university, after 25 years of service, to become consulting geologist for the big oil interest at a figure which will carry from \$80 to \$100 a day. His knowledge, which in the past has been so valuable to the state, is now going to reward him and his family in the measure of its value to a great industry.

Curate Aviator Wounded.
ABCOE, England.—Wing Commander Bankes Jones, formerly curate of Holy Trinity church, Sunningdale, is reported to have been recently wounded near Jerusalem. According to the Evening News, Commander Jones was flying, when he observed a large number of Arabs, who had been causing trouble, and instead of shattering them with bombs he flew low to achieve his end by less deadly means. The tribesmen, however, opened a heavy fire on the aviator, who received bullets through both thighs.

Maoris Investigating Theory.
HONOLULU.—Twenty Maoris from New Zealand have arrived here with James M. Lambert, head of the Mormon mission of New Zealand, for a series of tests to establish or refute the theory that the Maoris and the Hawaiians are sprung from the same stock. The Maoris will spend two months in the Hawaiian islands as guests of the Mormon church here.

they decided that two Captain Millers in one family would not be so confusing as two Captain Millers unmarried.

Romance and Humanitarianism.
Captain Ralph Miller is following the example of his brother Clarence this month by taking a bride, who as Captain Martha Irwin served as secretary to Colonel Barker when the latter was in charge of the Salvation Army forces in France.

Another June bride is Captain Agnes Johnston, married to Lieutenant William Slater of New York headquarters. And still another Salvation Army wedding was recorded this month in New York, when Captain Cora Booth, now stationed at Fort Chester, became the bride of Captain Peter Johnson.

The last of this big group of June romances which had their inception in Salvation Army work is that of Candidates E. Faith Stuyton and Willard S. Evans, who are the youngest members of this great army, which extends from coast to coast.

Both these young people are still in training for army service, and the army authorities have withheld official sanction until they have had further experience in army work.

So the romance of the Salvation Army workers, in a way, represents the romance of the organization itself in its love and service for humanity.

his data again, and checked up the levels and the topography of the old river bed. He pondered the whole problem for a day or two, and then wrote to the newspapers.

He knew the water was there, even if it was out of sight, and he said so. His letters left not a shadow of doubt in Newton's skeptical community mind. The bond issue carried. The wells were drilled and the water gushed up into the pipe line just as Haworth had said it would. Then the Santa Fe brought its division point, and its roundhouses and its repair shops, and laid them in Newton's lap, and within the next five years property values in the town advanced \$2,000,000.

All for an expenditure of \$13.50 and the scientific knowledge of a man who knew and was sure that he knew. The sequel of that story is found in the announcement recently that Professor Haworth is to retire from Kansas university, after 25 years of service, to become consulting geologist for the big oil interest at a figure which will carry from \$80 to \$100 a day. His knowledge, which in the past has been so valuable to the state, is now going to reward him and his family in the measure of its value to a great industry.

Curate Aviator Wounded.
ABCOE, England.—Wing Commander Bankes Jones, formerly curate of Holy Trinity church, Sunningdale, is reported to have been recently wounded near Jerusalem. According to the Evening News, Commander Jones was flying, when he observed a large number of Arabs, who had been causing trouble, and instead of shattering them with bombs he flew low to achieve his end by less deadly means. The tribesmen, however, opened a heavy fire on the aviator, who received bullets through both thighs.

Maoris Investigating Theory.
HONOLULU.—Twenty Maoris from New Zealand have arrived here with James M. Lambert, head of the Mormon mission of New Zealand, for a series of tests to establish or refute the theory that the Maoris and the Hawaiians are sprung from the same stock. The Maoris will spend two months in the Hawaiian islands as guests of the Mormon church here.



Army worker, H. Faith Stuyton, promised bride of Willard S. Evans.



Captain Cora Booth, the bride of Captain Peter Johnson.

they decided that two Captain Millers in one family would not be so confusing as two Captain Millers unmarried.

Romance and Humanitarianism.
Captain Ralph Miller is following the example of his brother Clarence this month by taking a bride, who as Captain Martha Irwin served as secretary to Colonel Barker when the latter was in charge of the Salvation Army forces in France.

Another June bride is Captain Agnes Johnston, married to Lieutenant William Slater of New York headquarters. And still another Salvation Army wedding was recorded this month in New York, when Captain Cora Booth, now stationed at Fort Chester, became the bride of Captain Peter Johnson.

The last of this big group of June romances which had their inception in Salvation Army work is that of Candidates E. Faith Stuyton and Willard S. Evans, who are the youngest members of this great army, which extends from coast to coast.

Both these young people are still in training for army service, and the army authorities have withheld official sanction until they have had further experience in army work.

So the romance of the Salvation Army workers, in a way, represents the romance of the organization itself in its love and service for humanity.

his data again, and checked up the levels and the topography of the old river bed. He pondered the whole problem for a day or two, and then wrote to the newspapers.

He knew the water was there, even if it was out of sight, and he said so. His letters left not a shadow of doubt in Newton's skeptical community mind. The bond issue carried. The wells were drilled and the water gushed up into the pipe line just as Haworth had said it would. Then the Santa Fe brought its division point, and its roundhouses and its repair shops, and laid them in Newton's lap, and within the next five years property values in the town advanced \$2,000,000.

All for an expenditure of \$13.50 and the scientific knowledge of a man who knew and was sure that he knew. The sequel of that story is found in the announcement recently that Professor Haworth is to retire from Kansas university, after 25 years of service, to become consulting geologist for the big oil interest at a figure which will carry from \$80 to \$100 a day. His knowledge, which in the past has been so valuable to the state, is now going to reward him and his family in the measure of its value to a great industry.

Curate Aviator Wounded.
ABCOE, England.—Wing Commander Bankes Jones, formerly curate of Holy Trinity church, Sunningdale, is reported to have been recently wounded near Jerusalem. According to the Evening News, Commander Jones was flying, when he observed a large number of Arabs, who had been causing trouble, and instead of shattering them with bombs he flew low to achieve his end by less deadly means. The tribesmen, however, opened a heavy fire on the aviator, who received bullets through both thighs.

Maoris Investigating Theory.
HONOLULU.—Twenty Maoris from New Zealand have arrived here with James M. Lambert, head of the Mormon mission of New Zealand, for a series of tests to establish or refute the theory that the Maoris and the Hawaiians are sprung from the same stock. The Maoris will spend two months in the Hawaiian islands as guests of the Mormon church here.

Northern Railway Wanted.
CALGARY, Alberta.—The most northerly trans-Canada railway proposed is one to connect Great Slave lake with the Hudson's Bay company. It is claimed that it will be a valuable means of transportation for oil and grain from the north.

CITY OF NEWTON, KANSAS, BUILT ON YOUNG GEOLOGIST'S KNOWLEDGE

Water Alone Needed by Big Railroad Company and University Professor Discovers Secret of Underground River.

A KANSAS university freshman and a professor fell into step on Massachusetts avenue one day last fall and began to climb the long hill up Mt. Oread together, says the Kansas City Star. The conversation lagged. To put his new acquaintance at ease, the professor asked him what part of Kansas he came from.

"Newton," said the freshman. The professor pondered for a moment, then: "Hm—Newton; that's where they have so much trouble with their water supply, isn't it?"

"Why, no," said the freshman, losing his reticence in the interests of his home town; "we've got the best water supply in the state of Kansas."

"How come?" the professor asked, with a twinkle in his eye. "Well, you see, there's an underground river six miles west of town. At least they call it that. All they had to do was to sink a lot of deep wells and connect up a pipe line. We've got water enough for a city the size of Wichita, or maybe Kansas City. As fast as the town grows a couple of hundred or a thousand, they sink another well."

What Professor Might Have Added.
"That makes it nice," said the professor with a twinkle in his eye. "I'll say it does," the freshman agreed. And when he touched his cap and turned off into the X. M. C. A. a few minutes later he was observing to himself that these professors were interesting old chaps, after all.

Professor Erasmus Haworth continued on down the campus and climbed the steps of the geology building. There, on the wall of his private office was a geological map of Kansas. The professor stood in front of it a few moments, tracing with his finger an old dry river bed that centuries ago was the Smoky Hill, down through McPherson and

Newton thumped his brow and sent out a hurry call to Kansas university. "Send us somebody to locate water," he implored. "None of your magic

the underground stream. But he had given only half the story and the half which Professor Haworth could have told, but didn't, is this:

"Back in the early '90s, Newton, Kan., was an inconsequential station on the Santa Fe, a muddy main street, a cluster of stores and a few hundred inhabitants. The railroad division point was 50 miles west. But certain high Santa Fe officials studied the map one day and discovered that Newton was the logical point from which to run a line south through Wichita into Oklahoma and Texas. Looking ahead a few years, they saw the wealth of traffic from this fertile southwestern territory pouring into the Santa Fe arteries at this strategic point.

Water Meant Division Point.
The railroad officials went to the mayor of Newton and said: "We want to make Newton a division point. We want to cut a line south from here into Wichita, down through Oklahoma and Texas. But we must have water. A few hundred gallons a day won't do. We've got to have it by the thousand gallons—enough to water all our engines for the long runs east and west. What can you do for us?"

Newton couldn't do much. The town's water supply was pathetically small. A few pumping wells and cisterns to catch the surface water, those were about all. The townspeople had barely enough water to supply their own needs, certainly not enough to share with two or three hundred thirsty railroad locomotives.

"Give us a year or two," said Newton, "and we'll see if we can't find some water somewhere." And without making any definite promises, the Santa Fe officials said they'd see.

Newton thumped his brow and sent out a hurry call to Kansas university. "Send us somebody to locate water," he implored. "None of your magic

peach-tree wavers, or your storm brewers. We want somebody who knows where water is and how to get it. Somebody who knows!"

This urgent message was turned over to the department of geology, and a young geologist by the name of Erasmus Haworth, who had been mapping rock strata and outcroppings throughout the state for the last two summers, and teaching the science of the earth's composition in the winter, was summoned.

Underground Stream
He consulted his maps when he saw the telegram from Newton and smiled. The summer before he had worked out the course of an old river bed down through central Kansas, and he knew—or thought he knew—exactly what was going on in the sand strata hundreds of feet below the surface of that dry channel. His map told him that the stream had passed within a few miles of Newton. His knowledge of geology told him that millions of gallons of water had worked down through the loose soil and that underneath the dry river bed a vast stream was moving slowly through the sand across a bed of shale.

His knowledge he verified by tracing the stream up through McPherson, where several large wells had been drilled, and farther north to Lindsborg, where the old "ghost river bed" joined the present channel of the Smoky Hill.

So when he packed his bag and took the train at Lawrence for Newton he already knew, within a mile or two, where Newton's water supply was coming from.

A committee met him at the train. They hired a livery rig and drove him, according to his instructions, west of town. He spent one afternoon driving about, gleaning on the surface, chipping a few rocks, crumbing some soil between his fingers, and then he took the train back to

Lawrence. His trip cost the town of Newton:

Professional services	\$ 6.00
Professional expenses	4.00
Meals, Pullman	2.00
Livery hire	1.50
Total	\$13.50