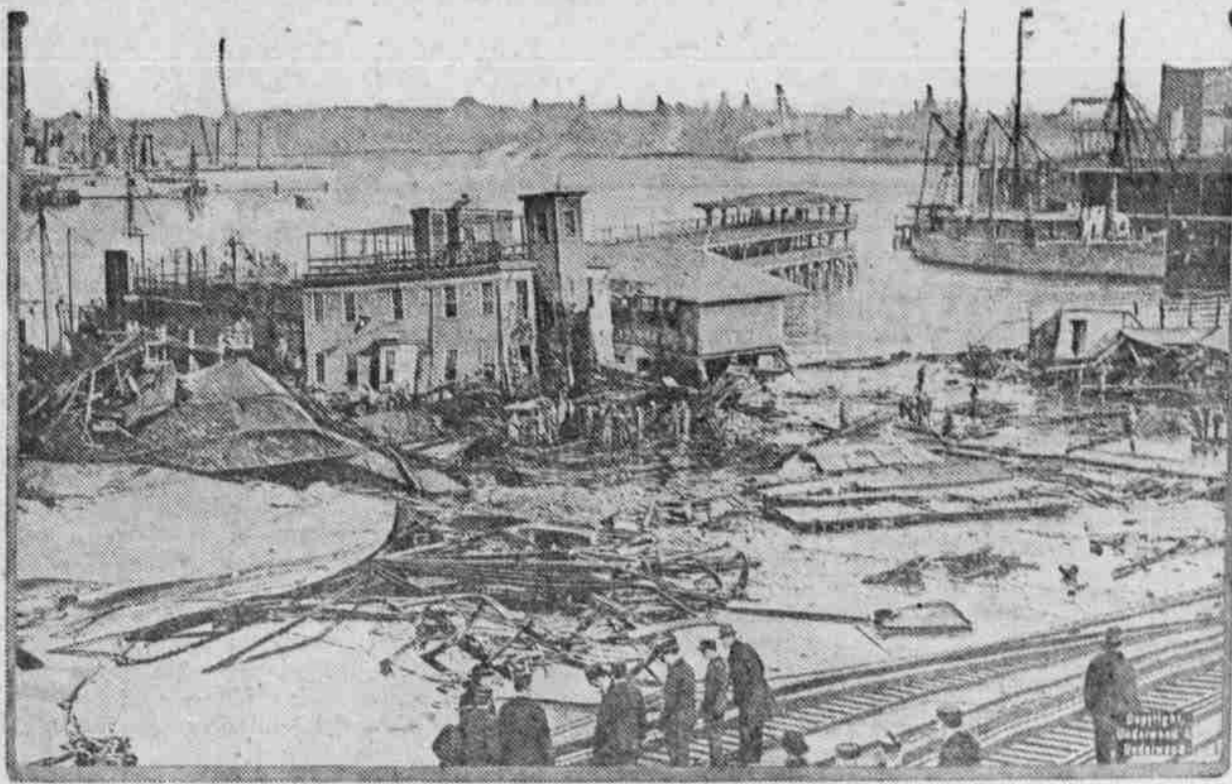


WHERE EXPLODING MOLASSES KILLED FIFTEEN



Fifteen persons were killed and scores seriously injured when a huge tank capable of holding 1,000,000 gallons of molasses exploded at the plant of the Purity Distilling company in the Boston North end. The scene of the disaster is shown in this photograph.

SALVATION ARMY LASSIES BRAVE PERILS OF BATTLE

Heroic Women Carry Doughnuts and Pie Where Bombs Are Smashing.

PROUD RECORD OF SERVICE

Earn Admiration and Gratitude of Armies They Serve—Day After Day They Stuck to Their Posts, Ministering to the Boys in Front.

Paris.—Tales of bravery and extraordinary courage shown by women working with the American and British armies continue to interest us at every turn over here.

Day after day and month after month, women stuck to their posts in hospitals, in advanced dressing stations, in work of ministering to the boys behind the lines, without the slightest show of fear or hysteria, while falling shell and bursting bomb tore up the earth about them.

These women have earned the admiration and gratitude of the armies they served. Among this big number of courageous women are two young members of the Salvation Army, Capt. Louise Young and Lieut. Stella Young of New York city. They shared the hardships and dangers of the American doughboy in the battle zones of France and are now continuing their work of sewing on his buttons, mending his clothes, baking pies and doughnuts, writing letters home and being a sister in service with the First American army division, now on German soil.

Their record of work is a remarkable one not alone for the wonderful assistance they were able to give but because of the opportunity they had by reason of the confidence placed in them by the military authorities for service in the furthest advanced positions permitted to women.

Born Into Salvation Army.

These two young women were virtually born into Salvation Army work, for their parents for years were working members of this great peace army. They went to France last February. The following notes of their work, jotted down in diary form, gives in part the interesting story of work done by these two plucky American girls:

"February.—At last we are in France! We have a quaint old house for our canteen, and where do you suppose we sleep? In a dugout under the house next door. I say sleep, but for several nights after we arrived here we didn't sleep much. The village is bombed almost every night. "Two days after we arrived we had our first introduction to real warfare. We had just finished cleaning up the canteen preparatory to opening for business the next morning. We used up a scrubbing brush and several pieces of soap and a lot of washing powder, but the place shows it. My arms feel it.

"We have gone to our dugout. There is something about this accommodation reminds one of wild animals encroached in hillside holes. This comparison suggested itself to me as I recalled the thousands of men in the armies in France who live like moles in the earth, in trenches, in dugouts, in shell holes and rifle pits.

Thankful for Cots.

"But we have army cots and blankets and a wooden box for a dressing table, with a supply of wax candles. The candles and the cots mark the dividing line between civilization and the early cave-man's state.

"How thankful we are for these cots. How tired we are! We feel quite luxurious lying here wrapped in blankets. Hundreds of soldiers passed through here today. I wonder where they are now and what they are doing. "What a dreadful noise! I don't think like it in all

my life except once in the thundering crashes of a tornado out West when I was a girl of ten. I lit the candle and dressed. Perhaps a bomb had killed some of our people. I hurried upstairs, where all was quiet. It is cold and damp outside, but the moon is bright. I walked over to the canteen. I lit the candle in the front room. All was peaceful there, so I went through the next room and into the kitchen.

"I could have cried with the sight I saw. The kitchen was, or had been, covered with glass. A bomb had been dropped on that glass and our kitchen, which we had scrubbed to almost snowy whiteness, was now a mass of broken glass and splintered wood.

"The day after we are promised a canvas roof for our kitchen. The debris is cleared away. Two of our men have arrived with a truckload of supplies. At last we are at our real work of baking pies and doughnuts. The men have carried gallons of water from a nearby well and have helped us to prepare the coffee.

"I have seen enough things on wheels today to encircle the globe. They all pass through here on their way to the front. Huge lumbering wagons, carrying tons and tons of ammunition, others carrying tons of food and other supplies; scores of rolling kitchens, ambulances too numerous to count, and several cars carrying both French and American officers.

"We are ready to serve. We, too, are now a part of this big program of warfare. I am eager to meet the boys. One feels a queer little thrill of excitement as they come marching up the road, one big picture of moving khaki.

Doughnuts Surprise Boys.

"Our big tank of coffee is placed on a wooden box outside the canteen. It is boiling hot. Hundreds of freshly baked doughnuts furnish a surprise to the boys as they tilt their tin hats backwards to get a better view of the refreshment counter—a bit of a curiosity in this place, it seems.

"How did you ever get up here? one asked. 'Aren't you afraid of the Boche bombs?' When did you leave the States? and dozens of other questions.

"The roof of our dugout is covered with sandbags, but the enemy is determined to wreck the town. Our men have news to that effect. We have been told by the authorities that we must leave, as the danger is too great. This has been a busy center for many weeks, and we give it up reluctantly.

"Two weeks later: I thought it was

He Just Returned from Hell—Soldier's Version

Martin's Ferry, Ohio.—"Just returned from hell" is the forceful phrase used by Corporal Elmer Walton in a letter informing his mother here that he has arrived in the United States. He was the first local boy to enlist after war was declared.

quite an event when I distributed doughnuts to the boys in the trenches, but here we are in the thick of the battle itself. Traveling since six o'clock in the morning, at two we reached a small town from which the Germans had been driven only a few hours before. The earth at times seems to tremble with the vibration of the guns as we stand before the improvised evacuation hospital.

"While our men unload the big supply of oranges, lemons and sugar we have brought with us, sister and I report to the doctors. A continuous moving line of ambulances is bringing in the wounded—Americans, French and Germans alike. As their wounds are treated and dressed they are placed in other ambulances and sent to the special trains waiting, and thence to the base hospitals.

Doctors Work Like Mad.

"The doctors are working like mad. The chief surgeon scarcely looked at me. 'Yes,' he said, 'get them something cold to drink, and get it quick.' 'We have lemons and sugar,' I said. 'We can make lemonade.'

"Do it quick,' he snapped. 'And have it cold.' "While we squeezed lemons into a bucket Billy Hale bustled off in the canteen in search of water. It didn't take him long to find a spring with water clear and cold as ice. He filled the huge tank and sped back to us. We soon had gallons of lemonade ready to serve to the boys, hot and feverish from the fight.

"They are wonderful, these boys of ours. Being an American, this moment thrills me with pride. Battered and broken in the fight, and surely suffering terribly from the awful wounds that war has inflicted, these boys are marvellously brave. Lying there on blood-stained stretchers, calmly, patiently waiting the doctor's hand, no complaint is uttered. There is no outcry from these young heroes, almost superhuman. It seems to me, in their super self-control."

GETS ONLY \$112 PER WEEK

Downtrodden Calf Skinner Obligated to Toil Diligently for 56 Hours for Stipend.

Chicago, Ill.—Consider the poor, downtrodden calf skinner—likewise the equally poor and equally downtrodden boner of chuck. The calf skinner, diligently plying his trade at the Chicago stock yards, and the boner of chuck—by diligently wielding a wicked cleaver at the same place—can earn

but a mere trifle of—but here are the official figures:

Carl Meyer, attorney for the packers at the recent wage hearing before Judge Alschuler, produced pay vouchers showing the calf skinner received for 56 hours' work \$112, while the chuck boner received \$74 for a 62-hour week.

Of interest to the general public was the prediction of Meyer that as demobilization continues large quantities of food released by the government for civilian consumption will bring the present peak prices for food tumbling down to within the reach of the man less fortunate than the poor, downtrodden calf skinner and the boner of chuck.

\$500,000 Housing Project.

Savannah, Ga.—Plans for a \$500,000 housing project to accommodate employees at the Terry ship yards, Port Wentworth, have been announced by the officials of the corporation. About 150 houses will be built averaging \$2,000 in cost and covering 40 acres. Churches, schools, an entertainment house, recreation centers and other features will be provided. Construction will be started at once.

Indian Tribe Inhabiting Attu Island, Alaska, Said to Be the Poorest People

Windswept Attu Island, a bit of Alaska at the tip of the Aleutian string, farther west than any other part of North America, is the home of a tribe of about 100 Aleut Indians, said to be the poorest people, financially, on earth.

Nature, however, provides these far-away Indians a living. From Attu and the nearby islands and from the surrounding waters they get eggs, fish, geese, seals, occasionally a walrus, berries, and, lately, blue fox.

From the far south Pacific the Japan current brings fuel. Driftwood thought to be from the Philippine Islands, Hawaii and other southern lands is scattered along Attu's beaches. No trees grow on the island.

For clothes the natives use goods brought from the outside world by occasional traders. Those lacking in the cloth of the whites make their garments from grass and skins.

Like the Indian tribes of old, a native chief leads these Aleuts and acts as their head in all matters, trading, hunting, fishing, as well as in the councils of the tribe, and in the Russian services to which the natives still adhere.

Russians first settled on the island in 1747, when they sailed west of the Commander Islands, off Kamchatka, and established an important trading post on Attu. The Russians planted herds of cattle and goats, but in a few years both the Russians and their stock left for other parts.

Grand Opening of Straw Hat Season



Women are already wearing straw hats. A photograph, taken at a prominent New York millinery establishment, showing some of the new styles in straw hats, while outside, men are buttoning up their fur coats to keep warm.

Wild Hemp Growing in Canada May Be Used for Making Binder Twine

Wild hemp has possibilities for the manufacture of binding twine and its cultivation may become a part of Canada's post-war industrial program.

The Indians of the coast and interior of central British Columbia have long been famous as carvers, weavers and boat-builders, but it was only recently that attention was attracted to the fine rope which they make from wild hemp. At Avilgate in the Bulkley valley near New Hazelton there is a village of Indians who display remarkable skill in making rope from the abundant wild hemp which covers the surrounding country. They have been making this rope for centuries by a method of their own, and it is so strong that they use it for towing their heavily laden canoes up the currents of swift rivers. This is convincing proof of its stoutness. They also make twine and thread from the hemp, but not in such quantities as in the days before they were able to purchase these articles cheaply from traders. The wild hemp closely resembles the common fire weed of the United States.

Employing Disabled Soldiers

Englishmen Are Taking Their Duty Seriously

Advertisements printed in the London papers by British business concerns frequently carry this line:

"We have put a disabled soldier on our pay roll. Have you?"

The extent to which the line is used indicates that Englishmen are taking their duty to employ injured British soldiers very seriously. They are not talking vaguely about the nation's debt to the army. They are paying a debt to the men.

Every concern employing any considerable number of men has places that can be filled by partially disabled men, and whenever such a place is filled the disabled soldier should have the first chance.

Lake of Salt in Australia Supplies an Immense Crop—Carts and Plows Are Used

In South Australia there is a wonderful lake of pure salt. It is a huge depression in the earth which fills up in the winter months. In the summer the water quickly evaporates, leaving a thick deposit of pure salt. Seen from a distance the surface of the lake has all the appearance of being covered with a sheet of ice. The salt is so thick that strong men and even carts and plows can traverse it with perfect safety. Yet below the crust there is a considerable body of sluggish water. After the rays of the summer sun have played their part, the salt is gathered. This is a simple operation, the salt being raked into heaps, making pyramids that are a striking feature of the landscape. The salt is then shoveled into carts and conveyed to various works to undergo the process of refining.

Gathering the salt is trying work on account of the great heat and the dazzling reflection, and it is often necessary for the workers to wear colored glasses to protect their eyes. After the loose salt has been collected from the surface a plow is run over it, when another harvest of the valuable material can be reaped. The yield of salt from this strange lake amounts to several thousand tons a year, and it is among the finest obtainable. The lake is several square miles in area and is naturally a very valuable property.

Mothers' Cook Book

If today you've made some progress, do not tire; sit not down upon the morrow. Step up higher.

—Adelbert Caldwell.

Desserts for Children.

A dessert for a young child should be something easily digested, nutritious and attractive to the eye. Custards of various kinds are especially good for the little people—gelatin desserts served with cream, simple puddings not too rich, and fruits of various kinds are all good desserts.

Strawberry Custard.

Prepare a pint of good boiled custard, using two eggs, sugar and flavoring to taste, and one pint of good milk. Using a teaspoonful of cornstarch stirred into a little of the cold milk and well cooked before the eggs are added, also mixed with cold milk, will make a thicker custard. Two tablespoonfuls of sugar will be sufficient in this pudding. Freeze slowly until it begins to get thick, then add one large cupful of strawberry jam, which may have been pressed through a ricer to remove some of the seeds. If canned berries are used, the removal of the seeds will be easier.

Fruit Dumplings.

Make a batter of a cupful of flour sifted with a teaspoonful of baking powder and a little salt; add rich milk to make a drop batter. Butter the small cups and drop in a spoonful of the batter, then add a tablespoonful or two of canned cherries, juice and all; then another spoonful of batter. When four or five small cups are filled, leaving space to rise, set them into a shallow pan, adding boiling water to come well up on the sides of the cups, but not too much to boil over into them; cover and cook 15 minutes; serve with sugar and cream. Any canned fruit may be used; the juicier the fruit the better.

Fruit Juice Pudding.

For this pudding any strained leftover juice from canned fruits may be used. Take a cupful and a half of the juice, add a half cupful of water, into which has been stirred two tablespoonfuls of cornstarch. Cook until well done, then fold in lightly the whites of two eggs. Pour into a mold with alternate layers of the same fruit, drained, and serve when cold with a custard made of the two yolks.

Quicklime Recommended to Keep Potatoes From Rotting When Stored in Damp Places

The French department of agriculture lately issued the following indications as to the best method of preserving potatoes against rotting, such as is likely to occur in damp places. By employing the proper method, it is possible to diminish the dampness within the piles where the air does not enter or only circulates very slowly. To avoid this, a substance which absorbs water and having no action upon the potato must be employed, and for this purpose it is found that lime is the best substance, as it costs least, is easy to handle, and is best known.

In practice the method can be applied in the following way. It is to be remarked that when potatoes are stored up after being well cleaned beforehand, they commence to exude moisture, and must be gone over again. The storage place is sprinkled with quicklime, and each layer of three or four inches of well dried potatoes is sprinkled over with lime; the same on the outside of the pile. When sorting as above stated, the imperfect ones need not be thrown away, but the bad parts cut out and the rest fed to stock after cooking or passing through a dryer or baking in a furnace; or they can be sent to a starch factory if one is near by. As to the amount of lime to be used, the proper quantity is about ten pounds of lime to 1,000 pounds of potatoes.

Big Jobs Are Filled by the Men Who Produce the Results

Some men are cursed with the ability to do chores. They can do all the little tinkering jobs well and can't get busy with the big ones until all the petty tasks receive attention. To be sure the great man is master of details. He will know every step in his business. But he will delegate to others what belongs to their work. No man can be the brains for the whole business. Neither can he be the handy man for the concern and direct its policy at the same time. If he is the business is small. Where you find a man who delights more in winding the clock that he does in keeping his desk clear you can mark him factotum and recommend him to any one of a thousand big firms that need a handy man. But that's as far as he will get. The big places are filled by men who get down to business.

Should Learn to Know Trees When Without Their Leaves

No tree lover should be content to know the trees only in summer. The summer trees may be more beautiful than the bare trees of winter, but it is the leafless tree that most clearly betrays the specific arboreal characteristics. Leaves are distinctive, but the distinction is somewhat superficial, for the leaves are no more than the summer dress. When the leaves are gone the tree stands more truly disclosed. Yet comparatively few of those who familiarly know the trees of summer can readily recognize all their friends in the honest nudity of winter.

Straw Hats Will Cost More

Men's hats, both straw and felt, will not undergo any changes in style this year, either spring, summer or fall, according to predictions made at the seventh general convention of the American Association of Wholesale Hatters, recently held at St. Louis. Prices of straw hats are expected to be advanced, it is said, while felt hats will remain about as at present.

War Novelty

Among the novelties produced by the war is a machine for collecting barbed wire scrap in war-destroyed areas.

WITH THE SAGES

Free and fair discussion will ever be found the firmest friend to truth.—George Campbell.

When a man is in trouble any rumor is sufficient to complete his ruin.—G. W. Clinton.

There is as great vice in praising and as frequently, as in denouncing.—Ben Jonson.

Shallow men believe in luck; strong men believe in cause and effect.—Emerson.

Any man may make a mistake, but none but a fool will continue it.—Cicero.

Nellie Maxwell