

GERMAN SYMPATHY FOR BELGIANS



Two little Belgian war waifs, orphaned and homeless, being fed by two sympathetic warriors of the German army at an outpost near Antwerp.

NELLIE BLY PAINTS HORRORS OF WAR
SEEN IN EASTERN FIELD OF COMBAT

Trainloads of Healthy, Frank-Eyed, Splendid Fellows Go Forth to Battle With Songs on Their Lips and Faith in Their Hearts and Return Sunken-Eyed, Wounded and Sick From the Most Frightful Experience Living Man Ever Witnessed.

By NELLIE BLY.
(International News Service.)
[This dispatch was written on board the Prince of Croys' hospital train as it was proceeding from Przemysl to Budapest.]

En Route to Budapest.—I did not tire of the long day, though a worm could have crawled our way and won the blue ribbon. To think of a snail's trot in comparison is to think of the snail as a schnellzug.

Every moment had its new interest. The trains we met, filled with happy, confident soldiers in new, fresh uniforms, their cars decorated with the Austrian and Hungarian colors and branches from pine trees, made my throat contract. Fine looking, healthy, frank-eyed, splendid fellows, all just at the early threshold of manhood.

With flowers in their military caps and songs upon their lips; with faith and confidence in the justice of their cause; with a love for all mankind, but convinced, like the first Christians, of the righteousness of their cause, they go joyfully into the hell of battle. The trains, long and lime-splattered, which lay alongside to let us pass, or which pass us as we went, tell the next story.

The flowers, dried and faded, still remain in their mud-stained caps. Their eyes are sunken and haunted by the vision of the most frightful hell living man ever witnessed. Their lips have forgotten how to smile. Their bodies bear wounds. They are sore and filled with the pain of long days and endless nights in wet, cold, muddy trenches. Besides their frightful wounds, they have cholera, dysentery, typhoid and hollow coughs which rack them like the last cough of a consumptive.

Of ammunition and supplies there seems no scarcity. Long trains bearing cannons, blankets, wagons, ammunition never end. They are everywhere, on the rail and roads. When I got up at daylight we were running parallel with a road. The road was lined with wagons. I counted 500 and gave it up. When our train finally took a different course, I saw, quite a long while after, an end or part of that caravan winding between two hills.

Clocks Everywhere.
I notice the clocks are going. I would know by this alone that we are out of Galicia. There are clocks everywhere in Galicia. On the walls, on tables, on stairways, on buildings. I even found one under my bed in Sanok. I am convinced the natives like the look of clocks. There must be something in the white face with its twelve Roman figures especially fascinating to them. Otherwise they would not buy them. For not a clock in all Galicia goes, not even the clocks in the stations.

In Hungary they make their clocks black. The beautiful landscape, the rolling fields, the busy, prosperous-looking people, the seemingly good life, all seem a different story.

When I tell the story of the railway station at every station, they say with lime and white, short, full skirts and type made families, a popular opera, the work. Cholera is rampant, but these en-

ergetic people will fight it every inch of the way.

I forgot to say that Prince Croys' train is Zug Lit D. It is one of six trains fitted out and maintained by the Knights of the Maltese Cross. They are independent of all other societies and their members maintain these trains.

Pleased the Kaiser.
"We have made such a record," said Prince Croys to me, "that the German emperor has asked us to establish a branch of our society in Germany."

Wednesday.—Three soldiers died in Prince Croys' train last night. Once the thought of three deaths on one's train in one night would have been appalling, but here, where death is everywhere, where the sight of dead and dying men is as familiar to one as sparrows in New York, one gets hopeless, not heartless. It is like a scourge sweeping the world. One stands dumb, despairing, dry-eyed before the vastness of the misery.

Prince Croys fed us twice again from his splendid kitchen. Without him we should have had to exist on our biscuits. We stop continually, but not where we can obtain food. Indeed, the small, lime-covered stations we have passed are not inviting. There is nothing new. The day repeats yesterday.

Thursday.—I took my shoes off last night. My right shoe would not behave. With malicious devilry it pinched my foot until in desperation I took both shoes off. I had my face washed this morning. The engine is the willing pump for the whole crowd. Colonel John brought me his rubber basin and showed me how to lift off the cushion and place the basin on the seat. The soap felt delicious.

We breakfasted in a station with a lot of officers who watched us with interest. We had tea with rum, rolls or light bread, the first I have seen in Europe, and two boiled eggs. One of mine was fresh. Some had worse luck, others better. Prince Croys lost two more soldiers by death last night. That is five out of 130.

Remarkable Recoveries.
"I have had soldiers frightfully wounded," Prince Croys told me, "who have made extraordinary recoveries. One man had three shots. One entered his forehead and came out at the back of his head. One entered the base of the head at the back and came out on the opposite side at the temple and one shot went through his leg. Five weeks after, when I went to see him, he jumped to his feet and saluted."

"I had another more horrible," he continued. "A man had his entire lower jaw torn off with a shrapnel. His tongue hung out on his neck and chest. He had been five days in the trenches after receiving his wounds before the firing ceased long enough to let him be carried away. He was fished. We inserted a tube in his throat. He fought vigorously, as he thought it would hurt. But we insisted and peered soup into him. The moment he felt the soup in his stomach he made frantic motions for more. He was wild for food. We could not feed him enough. Now they are making a new jaw in the hospital and he is recovering."

When Prince Croys was told how eagerly the poor fellow demanded

more food, he laughed delightedly, showing how happy he felt to be able to give some comfort to the suffering. Great strings of wild geese floating like worms in the sky mingle with the white clouds in the blue above us. Aeroplanes whose whizzing motors warn us of their approach long before they are visible come and go. We are left to speculate whether they are friend or foe. The strongest glass does not disclose their identity.

Many of the men carry alcohol lamps. They are always "cooking tea" as they express it. Some of them seem to be eternally eating. At one place we stopped a ragged, barefooted woman, with an old shawl wrapped around her head, stood watching our waiting train. Some of our party talked to her and finally persuaded her to go to the cluster of houses in the valley way below and get them some chickens. She returned after the long trip with four young broilers—pullets. She said they cost five kronen—one dollar. A man laid four kronen on the ground and grabbed the chickens. The woman protested. Either give back her chickens or give her five kronen. The man left her crying, took the chickens to the other side of the train and killed them.

Championed the Woman.
The woman covered her face with her ragged shawl, crying. I had maintained a very careful attitude up to this moment, but here my sense of justice prevented my being silent. I went to the man protesting. "Either give the woman what she asks," I said, "or give back her chickens."

"She's had enough," he said, going on with his butchering.

"It is not right or fair," I urged "If you don't give her the right amount, now that you have killed her chickens, I shall pay her."

"Give her another kronen," several other men advised. He would not, but his friend did. The woman kissed my hand. Several of the men threw pebbles at her and shooed her away. Down the valley she went, a forlorn, barefooted figure in a ragged, faded shawl.

The men had a great feast of chicken and rice. I made my dinner on five biscuits, postage stamp size. I could only eat chicken under some conditions. This was not one of them. At any rate, I was not invited to eat.

We have no light. It is dark at five. It gives me time to try to patch out a night's rest on the slippery edge of my compartment seat.

WOUNDED LEAVING TRENCHES



British soldier, wounded while fighting in the trenches, being assisted by one of his comrades.

MARRY AND CUT OUT PIES

Drink a Toddy a Day and Don't Argue, is Nonagenarian's Recipe for Long Life.

St. Louis, Mo.—"Get married and lead a regular life. Cut out cakes and pies. Walk a plenty. Drink a toddy every day.

With this formula you may be healthy, wealthy and a nonagenarian, says Isaac Baer, ninety-six-year-old Ponce de Leon, the essence of whose fount is contained in the foregoing: "Never argue politics, style or religion. Sleep lots. Don't worry. Eat what you like, except pastries. Get up when you like. Be careful in choosing your parents and work, work, work."

"Pastries are menaces, poison of the worst kind; that is, most heavy, rich, indigestible pastries. Yet we see the smartest of 'em partaking of the richest of 'em. When they learn to keep out of the bakershops and into the air they will have copped the old age beater himself."

Mr. Baer's mind is clear; he reads without the aid of glasses, and he can hear across the room almost perfectly. He experiences not the slightest difficulty going downtown.

Further, Mr. Baer emphatically adds that he is firmly convinced that the regular habits of a man of family are conducive to longevity. With a vehemence well worthy of his ninety-six years he adds: "It isn't anything young folks do that gets them started in the race wrong—it is what they won't do."

The KITCHEN CABINET

Talk not of temples, there is one built without hands, to mankind given; Its lamps are the meridian sun And all the stars of heaven, Its floor the earth so green and fair, The dome its vast immensity; All nature worships there. —David Vedder.

THINGS TO REMEMBER.

When lettuce has been seemingly hopelessly wilted, it may be resuscitated by giving it a cold bath, shake off the water and put it into a tight dish or pail. Put on the cover and put into a cold place for an hour or two when it will be crisp and fresh again. Parsley may be treated as satisfactorily in the same way. A coffee can with a tight cover is a good receptacle to use for this purpose.

Keep newspapers handy to wipe and rub the kitchen range; they may then be burned and out of the way. Don't forget to throw out crumbs these snowy days for the birds, because all their food is covered with snow.

Cover work tables with zinc, and save much labor of scouring. To keep a piano in good condition, rub with the following polish: A cupful of water, a half cupful of turpentine, and a half teaspoonful of alcohol. Follow this with a brisk rubbing with a dry cloth or chamolis.

When cutting celery for salads, lay a half dozen stalks on a board and cut with a sharp knife in half the time it takes to cut each stalk separately.

When dicing potatoes, mark off the top in squares, then slice and each piece drops off the right size with one cut of the knife. When packing delicate china or cut glass, wrap each piece in bright paper or tie with a red or green string so that none may be overlooked or broken in the unpacking.

In putting away the linen place the freshly laundered under the pile so that it may get even wear as the linen is taken from the top when needed. Other ways may be used, but care should be taken that each gets its turn of wear.

Use the old grape baskets, keep them clean and fresh and have a neat little receptacle which may be made very festive with colored paper for various uses.

Men must be taught as if you taught them not And things unknown propos'd to things forgot.—Pope.

An open foe may prove a curse But a pretended friend is worse.

WHAT TO DO WITH COLD BOILED RICE.

Rice that has been well cooked and each grain stands up separate and distinct may be reheated by adding a little water or milk to it and let it get hot in a double boiler and serve with peaches and cream.

Rice Griddle Cakes.—Reheat rice with boiling water and press through a ricer. To this liquid rice add half a teaspoonful of salt to a cupful and a half of rice, the beaten yolks of two eggs, one cupful of flour, two teaspoonfuls of baking powder, and when well mixed fold in stiffly beaten whites of the eggs. Bake on a hot griddle.

Savory Rice.—For a cupful of cold boiled rice make a hot sauce of a cupful and a half of tomato sauce, two or three tablespoonfuls of grated cheese, four or five drops of onion juice, half a teaspoonful of chopped chili pepper, and salt and pepper as needed.

Rice may be added to almost any mixture used for breakfast gems, and will add to the palatability. Curried Rice.—A most appetizing dish of rice and finely chopped lamb or mutton, with curry powder, onion juice and the broth of the meat to moisten, baked in the ordinary scalloped method. Add butter for richness when putting in the seasonings.

Rice croquettes are a pretty accompaniment to many dishes. Make them in the form of a small nest and fill the hollow with bright jelly. The croquettes made in the ordinary way and mixed with chopped meat and rice will make a small amount of chicken or lamb go much farther.

The Aftermath.
Inkblots—The war is bad enough, but what comes afterward is even worse. Smudgely—Yes, indeed; just think of the trouble we'll have dodging agents with books about the battles.

And Food at War Prices.
He—Be mine, I cannot live without you. She—Oh, go 'long; you've said that to many girls before. He—Yes, but not when eggs were 50 cents a dozen.

It is not a lucky word, this same impossible; no good comes of those that have it so often in their mouths.

Few things are impossible to diligence and skill.

UNUSUAL DISHES.

Try a small piece of cheese about the size of a hickory nut, added to each quart of oysters; stew a few minutes before it is served. It adds a delicious flavor as if cream had been added to the stew.

The long process of mayonnaise dressing making may be shortened to ten minutes by mixing all the dry ingredients with the yolk, then add one or two teaspoonfuls of oil and stir until thick. Repeat until all the oil is used, though after a half-cupful the last half-cupful may be added at once. Add the lemon juice after all is in. Moisten the half-teaspoonful of mustard to a paste with a few drops of cold water before adding the egg. This is the secret, together with adding the lemon juice last.

Oriental Dish.—Cook a half-tablespoonful of sliced onion in three tablespoonfuls of olive oil, add a cupful of tomato, a chopped green pepper, a teaspoonful of salt and a can of green beans. Cook until the onions are tender, about a half hour.

Sardine Balls With Cucumbers—Remove the skins from a box of sardines, rub to a paste, add a teaspoonful of Worcestershire sauce, a dash of salt, a drop of tabasco, and form the paste into balls the size of a walnut. Peel cucumbers, remove the seeds after slicing and let stand in cold water to crisp them. Arrange a ball of the sardines in each slice and serve on lettuce with French dressing.

Add a pinch of cinnamon to chocolate filling for cake or for chocolate or cocoa as a beverage.

Take the heads from cloves and fruit will not have the dark-stained look which is usual.

Rice may be pressed into a pie plate and covered with fruit and a meringue and served as one does pie, making a most delicious and digestible pie for the children.

A delicious salad dressing for a potato salad is made by putting a cupful of celery, a green pepper and a small onion through the meat chopper, then adding this to the salad dressing, thoroughly mixed before putting over the potato.

Formation of Opinions.
"What do you think of the president's speech?" "I don't like it!" "Have you read it?" "No. When I disagree with a man's politics I don't have to read his speeches to know I don't like 'em."

TENDER SENSITIVE SKINS

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Return Voyage.
Peggie—Oh, we are getting up a tug o' war team between the married and the single men. You are married, aren't you? Reggie—No. I've been seasick; that's why I look that way.—Judge.

It Never Stops.
"Isn't it extravagant to have all these gas lights burning?" inquired his wife. "No," said her husband hopelessly. "We might as well have the light; the meter works anyhow."

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