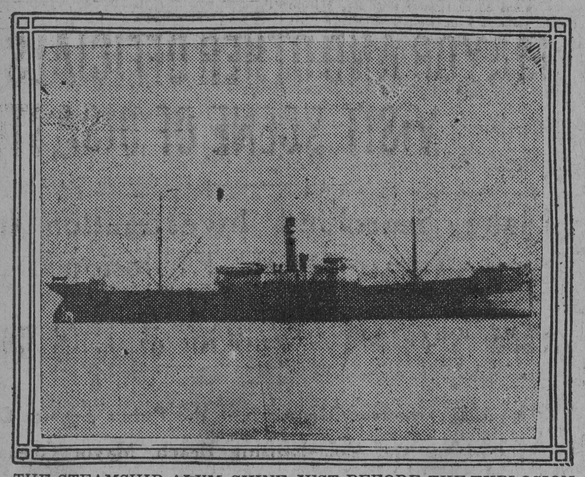
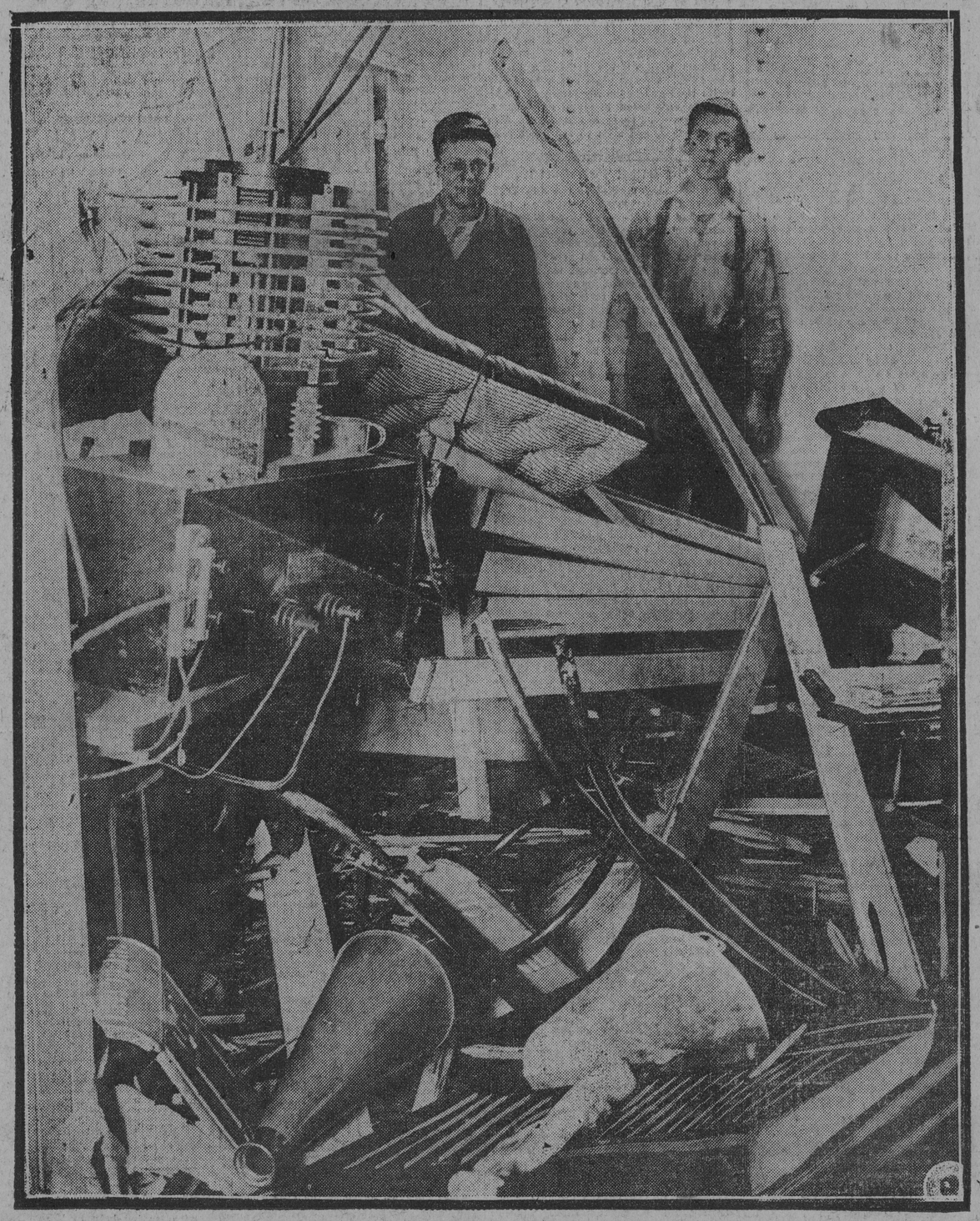
GIANT SHIPS THAT WERE RENT BY FEARFUL EXPLOSIONS

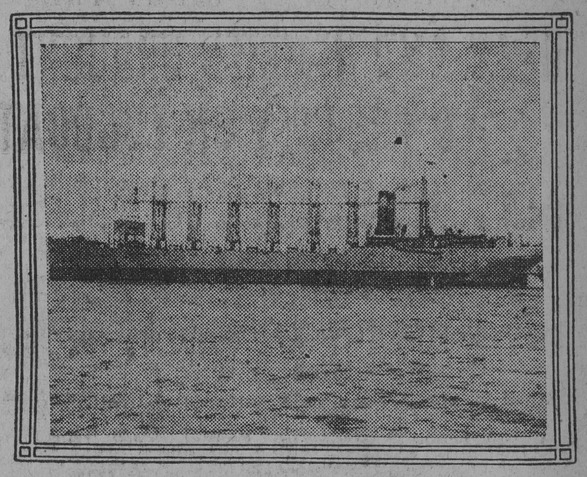
PHOTOGRAPHS BY A MEMBER OF THE AMERICAN'S ART DEPARTMENT.



THE STEAMSHIP ALUM CHINE JUST BEFORE THE EXPLOSION.



THE WRECKED WIRELESS ROOM OF THE COLLIER JASON.



THE COLLIER JASON AS SHE LOOKED BEFORE THE ACCIDENT.

PLACID SEA; THEN A CRASH

How the Disaster Seemed From the Water

BIG BURST OF FLAME

Was the First Warning for Those on Board.

MAD SCRAMBLE FOR SAFETY

Those on the Doomed Alum Chine Rushed to the Rails and Shouted for Assistance—Atlantic Hurried to the Rescue, and Order of Its Heroic Captain to Turn Back for Those Left Behind Cost Him His Life—Then the Rescue Tug Burst Into Flame and Sank After Those Aboard Were Rescued.

A placid sea on which boats of all sizes were riding at anchor; then a flame followed shortly afterward by an explosion that was heard for miles around and which carried men and tons of steel and wood high into the air; then the opening of the waters of the Patapsco and the swallowing of a giant freighter. Then again a placid sea.

This is the record of events on the Patapsco yesterday afternoon when the Alum Chine, of the Munson Line, was blown up. The vessel was loaded with nearly 500 tons of dynamite to be taken to Panama and was at anchor receiving its cargo near Hawkins Point. A half mile distant, the collier Jason, was at anchor and further up the river the steamer Vauxhall from Daiquiri with a cargo of iron ore was resting on the calm water awaiting a berth at one of the docks in Canton.

On the Alum Chine several score of men were busy loading the deadly cargo into the hold. Some were whistling while others jokingly shouted "watch havvy" to one another as the cases of explosives were passed from one to another to be stored in the hold. Suddenly there was a burst of flame. The vessel was afire. A wild scramble for safety followed, as all knew an explosion was inevitable. With a roar that could be heard for many miles, the waters opened. The hull of the vessel was carried to the bottom of the river and the part above water was sent hurling into the air in fragments.

Pieces of steel bent and turned in queer shapes whirled through the air. Splintered woodwork also shot skyward, intermingled with fragments of men. Eyewitnesses declared the explosion looked like a combustion of aerial fireworks. Some of the dynamite in boxes was carried into the air and exploded while more than a thousand feet above the water—a marvelous spectacle.

A dense cloud of heavy black smoke spread over the waters after the debris had fallen. Heavy waves, some 10 feet high, spread over the waters tearing loose hawsers that held small craft to their moorings and tossing other boats about the waters. Before the dense smoke cleared, however, the water had quieted and the placidity of 10 minutes previous prevailed.

A DREADFUL PICTURE.

The water was filled with wreckage and bodies floated here and there. Some were headless; some legless or armless and others had been mutilated beyond recognition. On all sides, tugs and small boats were headed toward the scene of the catastrophe to lend what aid was possible to the injured. The tug Atlantic, of the Atlantic Transport Company, which had seen the flames on the vessel before it had been discovered by the men who were at work on its deck and which had made quick time to the side of the Alum Chine to save as many lives as possible was then discovered to be afire. The rescuing boats headed toward the tug and took many from her decks. The tug went to the bottom.

Many of the stevedores and others working on the vessel were transferred to the deck of the tug and the start away from the Alum Chine was quickly made. The fire was then burning briskly and it was known to all that the explosion could be looked for at any minute. Suddenly someone on the tug shouted: "There are other men on the vessel."

All eyes were upon the decks of the Alum Chine and a half-score or more of men were seen there shouting and pleading that they not be left behind. Their cries reached the ears of Captain Van Dyke, and he gave the signals that turned his vessel around and again made for the vessel.

A MARTYR'S DEATH.

When the Atlantic was several hundred yards from the Alum Chine the explosion occurred and the men who had been left behind were blown to eternity. Bits of iron from the steel sides of the vessel struck or fell on the Atlantic. Captain Van Dyke was struck by one of these pieces and killed. He gave his life in an attempt to save the lives of those left on the doomed ship.

The concussion caused by the explosion went down into the funnels of the Atlantic and blew the fire from her boilers into the engine room and as the tug rocked on the heavy sea caused by the explosion the vessel caught fire in several places.

Cries of help then arose from the decks of the Atlantic. A number of boats were headed toward her. The fire on the Atlantic was principally amidships and the terrified men were gathered fore and aft looking eagerly to the boats which were speeding to their rescue.

TWO MEN IN PERIL.

The tug Mary P. Reihl, of Baltimore, was the first to reach the side of the Atlantic. It was headed into Sparrows Point at the time of the explosion and had turned back to the scene to lend what aid was possible. The crew of the Reihl transferred 35 men from the Atlantic to its decks. Some were injured seriously, others bruised or slightly cut and some uninjured. All were taken to Brown's wharf, at the foot of Broadway, where police ambulances carried the injured to hospitals.

When the Reihl reached the side of the Atlantic there was a mad scramble for safety. Some fought in their excitement and fear of death to get to the deck of a vessel that would carry them to land. Others ran into the flames amidships to get to points where they could climb safely aboard the Reihl. Two of these men were carried overboard by the falling of the Atlantic's smokestacks, which had been loosed by the concussion of the explosion and which broke entirely away from the vessel when fire blazed up and down their sides.

Malvin W. Pierce, mate of the Riehl, saw these men and rushing to the side of the ship shouted to them to hold to the smokestack until they could be reached. Terrorized, they screamed and pleaded that they not be left to die.

Pierce was bending every effort to reach their side and at the instant they were about to loosen their holds on the stack he seized them and dragged them aboard the deck of his craft. Pierce described the scene of the men calling to him for help as the most pitiful he had ever witnessed. One of the men had a broken leg and the other's face was badly cut and bruised.

The collier Jason was badly damaged by the pieces of steel which were blown from the Alum Chine. Its steel sides were riddled as though by cannon balls and the interior of the vessel presented a scene of wreckage. Its decks were strewn with pieces of steel which a few minutes before was a part of the sides of the Alum Chine.

THIS WAS A MAN!

Capt. William Vandyke, of the tug Atlantic, was one of the most valued men in the employ of the Atlantic Transport Company. It was in 1906 he entered their service as a mate. Soon afterward he was reprimanded for a slight infraction of the rules and told that promotion would be denied him unless he obeyed the regulations. James C. Gorman, manager, kept his eye on Vandyke, who never after gave cause for complaint. Some time afterward a vacancy occurred, and, sending for Vandyke, Mr. Gorman said: "You will remember I sent you a letter of warning some time ago?"

"Yes, sir," came the quick reply, "I have it right here," and he drew it from his pocket.

"Well," continued Mr. Gorman, "I desire to compliment you on your behavior and your service. You held your ground and proved yourself a man, and now I am glad to inform you of your promotion. I have assigned you to a command."

Continuing, Mr. Gorman said: "I have never had cause to regret this appointment. A more loyal, a more competent man has never been in our service, and I feel his loss deeply."

It was by accident that the tug was nearby the scene of the disaster. The Atlantic Transport Company undertook the towing of the laden barges from the Pennsylvania Railroad terminal to the steamer, and it was because the captain of the vessel had sent word the unloading would be completed at 10:30 o'clock that the Atlantic was sent at that hour. As it happened, the work was not then completed, and the tug remained near awaiting the convoy.

TONS OF EXPLOSIVE SUNK.

A barge of the Atlantic Transport Company which had carried two cars filled with the explosive to the scene of the catastrophe was tied up at the side of the Alum Chine. The dynamite was being loaded from these cars into the hold of the vessel. When the explosion occurred the barge and its tons of freight turned turtle and sank, throwing the dynamite into the water.

PUPILS IN A PANIC

Terrified by the Explosion at Highlandtown.

All through Canton and Highlandtown window panes were shattered by the force of the explosion. At Sacred Heart School, on First street, the several hundred children who are pupils there were thrown into a panic. The distinctness of the shock which was felt there caused many of them to believe that one of the large tanks of the Standard Oil Company had gone up.

Without waiting to grab their wraps, or anything else, they hurried to the street. The children fought to get out. A number of them were thrown down in coming down the stairs, but none were injured.

"It felt just as if the entire building would fall down," said one of the children.

Ask Your Doctor

And why not? Yet some people act as if a medicine could take the place of a doctor! The best medicine in the world cannot do this. If we did not believe doctors endorsed Ayer's Cherry Pectoral for coughs and colds, we would not offer it to you.

J. C. Ayer Co., Lowell, Mass.

PANIC AND RUIN AT WAGNERS POINT

Residents Feared the Oil Tanks Had Exploded.

MEN AND WOMEN FIGHT

IN FRANTIC EFFORTS TO REACH THE STREET.

Hundreds of Windows Smashed, Doors Torn From Fastenings and Plaster Knocked From Walls and Ceilings—Wild Scramble in Which Women Were Trampled On When Explosion Was Heard at Martin Wagner Packing Co.'s Plant.

The damage at Wagners Point, two miles from the scene of the disaster, will amount to several thousand dollars. Windows were smashed, plaster was torn from ceilings and walls, doors were torn from their fastenings, and the people, fearing that one of the large tanks of the Texas Oil Company or the United States Asphalt Refining Company, which contain thousands of gallons of gasoline, had exploded, rushed panic-stricken from their homes, expecting any minute to see them crumble at their feet.

At the St. Adelbert Church, Fourth avenue and North street, of which Rev. Charles Kotlarz is the pastor, the large memorial window, which was just recently installed, at a cost of $200, was shattered.

At the Martin Wagner Packing Company plant more than 100 panes of glass were broken. No sooner had the explosion occurred than the hundred or more employes of the plant were thrown into a panic. Without waiting to grab their wraps, they rushed from the building, fearing that the boiler house had exploded. Women fought men, and in the wild scramble that followed a number of women were thrown to the ground and trampled upon.

For two blocks along Fourth avenue and the same distance along Third avenue every pane of glass was splintered.

Many of the residents of Wagners Point were at work at the time the explosion occurred, and these immediately hurried to their homes, only to find that the windows had been smashed and in many instances the plaster in the rooms torn down. In some cases when they reached their homes they found the doors standing wide open, the latches or locks having been broken off completely.

In the home of Mrs. Anna Weidenham, of Fourth avenue, Mrs. Weidenham, her aged mother and her little daughter were sitting in the kitchen of their home when the first explosion came. Dishes were thrown from shelves, doors were forced open and two of the transoms were blown out. Mrs. Weidenham's mother was sitting near the kitchen door when the detonation came, and as the door flew open it struck her a stunning blow, throwing her to the floor and rendering her unconscious.

At the headquarters of the East Brooklyn Volunteer Fire Company No. 1, on Fourth avenue, the heavy doors of the building which face the water were forced in. Several of the window sashes were torn completely from their fastenings.

Probably the best story of the explosion from the residents of Wagners was gleaned from Frederick A. Roeder, a Fourth avenue druggist and agent for all the property of the Point. Mr. Roeder and his aged mother, Mrs. Anna Roeder, were standing in the dining-room of their home when the explosion came.

"It was shortly before 11 o'clock," said Mr. Roeder, "when there was a deafening report, which came from out over the water. This was followed by a second one, which was not as great as the first. I rushed from my house, calling to my mother to follow me, as the house by that time was rocking, and I expected to see it fall at any minute. We saw the other neighbors coming out, panic-stricken, many of them believing that the tanks of the oil company had exploded.

"I glanced out over the water, and directly opposite Fort Carroll there was a straight column of fire, which seemed to go up and disappear in the heavens. I glanced over at the church just in time to see the large memorial window as it crashed in. The building seemed to sway just as a flagpole would in a heavy gale, and I expected every minute to see it fall.

"Following the explosion was a tidal wave over the waters, which looked to me to be about 20 feet high. I could see the tugboat which a short while before, I suppose, had the car float in tow, going around in a circle out in the Bay."

As the huge wave struck the wharf of the Martin Wagner Company two lighters which were being loaded there were broken from their moorings. Several men who were working on these narrowly escaped being pitched into the water.

EFFECTS IN CITY

Plate Glass Window of 'Change Is Smashed.

A curious incident of the explosion yesterday was that it blew out a large plate-glass window at the south end on the corridor of the Chamber of Commerce, directly outside of the offices occupied by the Atlantic Transport Line, whose tug and barge were sunk in the catastrophe. The conclusion from the explosion was distinctly felt in all parts of the city, and particularly in the large office buildings in the downtown section.

At the Baltimore and Ohio Building, at the corner of Charles and Baltimore streets, it was stated that the whole building rocked upon its foundation, but no damage was discovered. Similar statements were made by many tenants in the other office buildings, and besides the shock, which many mistook for an earthquake, apparently no damage was done. General Manager Gorman, of the Atlantic Transport Company, stated, however, that while sitting in his office in the Chamber of Commerce he heard a rumbling noise, felt the building shake upon its foundation, which was followed immediately by a terrific crash of glass. Rushing from his office to the corridor, he discovered that the large plate-glass window had been blown in. He started to investigate the cause of the shock and was surprised and distressed to learn that it was the result of an explosion which had killed and injured a number of the employes of his company.

CITY WILL AID THE STRICKEN

The Mayor Is Ready to Give First Contribution.

OTHER OFFICIALS CONCUR

TO RAISE MONEY FOR WIDOWS AND ORPHANS.

As Soon as He Had Been Apprised of Accident, Mayor Dispatched Building Inspector Stubbs, Harbor Engineer Lackey and Health Commissioner Gorter to the Scene—Great Damage Done at Quarantine—Excitement Among the Patients There.

"The city of Baltimore is prepared to lend all the possible aid and succor to the afflicted families of the men who were either killed or injured by the dynamite explosion," said Mayor Preston yesterday. "I am willing personally to give the first contribution. I stand prepared to receive contributions from any public-spirited citizen who cares to extend his aid."

The Mayor made the foregoing statement in the presence of a large number of city officials, who promptly announced their willingness to also contribute to the support of the grief-stricken families. When it is learned just how many men were killed and injured and other important details concerning the identity of those dependent upon them, the city officials will take steps for raising a large sum of money.

Just as soon as he heard of the terrible disaster Mayor Preston dispatched Building Inspector Stubbs, Harbor Engineer Lackey and Health Commissioner Gorter to the scene. Each of the officials left the city on different boats. They not only investigated the cause of the accident, but made a careful survey of the condition of the channel. Later they went to Quarantine, and were surprised to learn that Mrs. Richardson, wife of the Quarantine physician, and two colored smallpox patients had suffered severe injuries from broken glass.

ALL WERE INJURED.

Practically every one of the 60 or more persons at Quarantine, which is just opposite Fort Carroll and only half a mile from the scene of the accident, suffered a severe shakeup and slight bruises. Not even Dr. Richardson escaped. He hurt his hand while trying to prevent a door from falling over him. It was loosened from its hinges by the vibration.

It will cost the city about $2,000 to remedy the damage at Quarantine. Every window at the station was broken. Doors were torn from their fastenings and furniture in the different buildings completely turned topsy-turvy. The 15 colored patients in the detention-house thought that an earthquake had occurred.

According to the officers in charge of the station, the colored inmates rushed from their rooms shouting at the top of their voices. Several of them saw the black pall of smoke which enveloped the Bay immediately after the explosion.

"Judgment Day has come!" shouted one. It was the signal for the rest of them to wail and weep. Dr. Richardson and his assistant, Dr. Driscoll, were in their own apartments, and the first thought of both was the welfare of the womenfolk. They had little time to quiet the unruly smallpox patients, who ran to and fro.

"It's a dynamite explosion," shouted several workmen engaged in constructing the new hospital building to the colored men and women.

WILL LOSE HER SIGHT.

With difficulty they managed to quiet the suffering victims, and 10 minutes later they were led quietly back to the detention-house. The shrieks of Daisy Thomas, whose left eye was struck by a sharp pane, and who will probably lose the sight of it, could be heard for a great distance.

For Cleansing the Blood

I have never found anything equal to Hood's Sarsaparilla. In our home it is regarded our general family medicine. We use it whenever we are bilious or run down, or have impure blood or that tired feeling. I regard it only simple justice to speak well of this medicine, that has proved its worth so many times. Certainly we would not know what to do were we deprived of Hood's Sarsaparilla." Mrs. L. H. Nusbaum, Goshen, Indiana.

It is because it combines the great curative virtues of more than 20 valuable ingredients—just those prescribed by the best physicians—that

Hood's Sarsaparilla

Possesses such remarkable curative power. It is the Spring Medicine for the blood, stomach, kidneys and liver. Get a bottle today.

BIGGEST SHOCK BY DYNAMITE

Its Bulk of Three Hundred Tons Greatest.

FELT ONE HUNDRED MILES

EARTH TREMBLED FAR AWAY AS READING, PA.

Closer Proximity to Baltimore Would Have Meant Appalling Loss of Life and Destruction of Property. Some Records of Dynamite Explosions—Ninety-seven Tons in a Burning Cargo in the Suez Canal—Forty Tons in Blast in South Africa.

Three hundred tons of dynamite!

It was the biggest explosion, except volcanic eruptions, which the world has ever known and will ever know, for from the explosion will come lessons on the more careful handling of the explosive and an avoidance of assembling such large quantity in bulk.

As far north as Reading, Pa., 100 miles away, the earth trembled. Fifty miles away buildings shook, windows rattled and picture frames swung like pendulums.

Had the explosion occurred nearer to Baltimore, in the basin or harbor, appalling loss of life, incalculable would have been the destruction of property.

The nearest approach in recent years to the frightful Baltimore explosion was that of over two years ago, February 1, 1911, to be exact, when Manhattan and territory extending 40 miles, were shaken by an explosion of dynamite which was being transferred from cars to lighters at Communipaw, N. J., opposite New York.

The explosion shook Manhattan from the streets to the top of the tower of the Singer Building, Brooklyn and Long Island and territory within a radius of 45 miles. The noise was as if the big guns in all the forts in the harbor had let go simultaneously. Window glass was smashed in hundreds of skyscrapers in New York and big buildings trembled as if shocked by an earthquake.

32 MEN KILLED.

After the detonation 32 men and two vessels had disappeared, while the wounded were scattered about the railroad yard as if it were a battlefield.

Two hundred feet of the pier end, the lighters Katherine W. and Whistler and a railroad car were wiped out completely and the Terminal Building wrecked.

Lower New York was literally showered with broken glass and the streets jammed with people who fled from the office buildings. The big Singer Building trembled and there was a rush for the elevators. Many windows in the Hudson Terminal Building were shattered. In Wall Street it was thought assassins had attacked the office of J. P. Morgan & Co. with bombs.

Passengers on the ferryboats Somerville and Wilkesbarre were thrown into a panic by the shock, which listed the vessels. A rush was made for life preservers. Immigrants at Ellis Island thought of Messina and prayed as walls cracked and glass fell to the extent of $50,000 damages.

At Toulon, France, on September 25, 1911, the battleship Liberte was torn apart and destroyed by an explosion of her magazines. Between 350 and 400 officers and men were killed. The battleship Republique was badly damaged and the battleships Democratis and Verite also suffered severely from the masses of twisted iron and armor plate that were hurled upon their decks.

This was the greatest disaster that ever fell upon the French Navy, and in magnitude was almost without precedent in the annals of the world's fighting ships. The grief which prostrated the fleet and nation was made the more intense by the memory of the preceding review, a notable display of France's naval greatness, in which the doomed ship was one of the finest figures.

The explosion which wiped out one of France's newest and most powerful battleships occurred at 5:53 o'clock in the morning. It was preceded and was the result of an outbreak of fire. The flames spread rapidly in spite of all efforts to master them and reached the magazines before there was time to flood them. The magazines exploded with tremendous violence, sowing death and destruction in every direction.

FORTY TONS IN BLAST.

Forty tons loaded on cars outside Johannesburg, South Africa, exploded about 14 years ago, but there were few people near at the time and the loss of life was not great, though an enormous hole was made in the ground, resembling the crater of a volcano. The buildings near the scene were mostly small shacks made of corrugated iron and adobe and not very many of them were injured. Glass was broken in the town of Johannesburg, but the dynamite cars were standing on the veldt a considerable distance away and no important buildings were shaken.

About 10 years ago a quantity of dynamite and other explosives, amounting in all to over 60 tons, were condemned by the British military experts employed by the Egyptian government (the material having been stored for a number of years) and it was sunk in the Bay of Abukir and detonated by electricity from the shore. The column of water thrown up was a splendid sight, but of course, there was no injury effected to anybody or anything and it is not known how much of the explosive actually blew up. This Bay of Abukir is the same place on the Delta coast of Egypt, where Lord Nelson defeated the French fleet in 1799 during Napolean's invasion of Egypt, and it was the burning and subsequent explosion of the French Admiral Bruey's flagship during the battle that inspired the well-known poem of The Boy Stood on the Burning Deck.

EXPLOSION IN SUEZ CANAL.

Until the new record was made yesterday in the Patapsco River, the largest bulk of dynamite and other high explosive that has ever "gone off" at one time was the cargo of the British ship Chatham, laden with 98 tons of dynamite as well as detonators, etc. She was on her way to Japan in 1905, where the dynamite was to be used in the war against Russia. Shortly after the vessel had been laden and was at sea came the news of the naval battle of Tshushima, where Admiral Togo totally defeated the Russian Baltic fleet commanded by Rodjesvensky.

Although the war with Russia was over, the Japanese authorities decided that the Chatham with her cargo of dynamite should proceed on her voyage, and all went well with her until she was passing through the Suez Canal. As is usually the case in that crowded waterway, there were a number of vessels close together, proceeding in line ahead at a slow rate. The order came to tie up in order that other ships coming in the opposite direction should pass, and the line slowed down. But the pilot on the vessel next astern of the Chatham did not act quickly enough and his vessel gently bumped the Chatham with sufficient force to knock over several of the kerosene lamps which were alight on board, for the accident occurred after dusk. The crew of the Chatham fought the fire, but it had started in several parts of the ship at once and they were not able to get it under control.

Knowing what the cargo was, the crew then announced to the captain that they believed a stroll on the deserts of Egypt in the cool of the night would be pleasant relaxation after their efforts.

SOME OTHER SHOCKS.

A bunch of firecrackers tossed by a small boy into a box containing 500 pounds of dynamite at Spuyten Duyvil did damage to the extent of $30,000 on June 26, 1899.

Buildings on both sides of Warren street, between Greenwich and Washington streets, were destroyed and 10 persons killed by an explosion of chemicals in the warerooms of Tarrant & Co. on October 29, 1900.

A freight train, which included a carload of dynamite, ran away down a mountainside at Ashley, Pa., February 25, 1900, and, coming into collision with a stalled engine, exploded, killing five men, seriously injuring seven and destroying property valued at $1,500,000. Among the victims was Sam S. Shubert, the theatrical manager.

Morristown, N. J., was rocked by the explosion of a ton of dynamite at the American Forcite Powder Company's plant, at Landing, November 21, 1901. The damage was $25,000.

Eight persons were killed outright and a score injured by a premature explosion of fireworks in Madison Square on election night, 1902.

Two cases of dynamite, used in construction work by the New York, New Haven and Hartford Railway at Mount Vernon blew up on November 2, 1904, injuring 40 persons and doing $50,000 damage.

Workmen engaged in excavating for the Pennsylvania Railroad's station near Herald Square exploded a dynamite cartridge on January 9, 1906, injuring three persons.

Defective cartridges detonated 1,000 pounds of dynamite, killing 29 men, at the Callaman stone quarry, South Bethlehem, 12 miles below Albany, N. Y., May 13, 1909.

Four men were killed and 20 injured by the explosion of several tons of dynamite in the cartridge-house of the Forcite Powder Works, a branch of the duPont Powder Company, on the eastern shore of Lake Hopatcong, January 20, 1909.

One of the most disastrous explosions in the history of New York occurred on December 20 last, when a motorman backed a train into one of the piers of the New York Central power-house at Lexington avenue and Fiftieth street, severing a pipe for conveying Pintsch gas and causing an explosion which killed 10 persons, injured more than 100 and caused property loss estimated to aggregate several million dollars.

SAVED BY SLIM CHANCE

Three Men Jumped From Barge When Fire Broke Out.

It was through the merest chance that three lives were saved just before the explosion—those of Joseph Kiefer, assistant superintendent of the Joseph Foard Company, who had charge of the loading of the dynamite; Howard South, 414 South Patterson Park avenue, clerk in charge of the loading, and William Rochnow, a foreman, 1010 East avenue.

The three men jumped from the barge when the fire was discovered in the hold of the Alum Chine. They swam for dear life and were picked up 100 yards away by the launch Jerome just after the explosion. Second Officer Main, of the Alum Chine, had been picked up a few minutes before.

For Rough, Wrinkled, Freckled, Pimpled Skin

(*From the Woman's Home Journal.*)

As March winds, flying dust and dirt, are apt to injure any complexion, this information will be of special value right now. If you have any cutaneous blemish, don't use paint, powder or anything else to cover it up. Too often this only emphasizes the defect. Besides, it's much easier to remove the disfigurement with ordinary mercolized wax. Applied nightly, the wax will gradually remove freckles, pimples, blackheads, moth-patches, sallowness, red or yellow blotches, or any surface eruptions. The affected cuticle is absorbed, a little each day, until the clear, soft, youthful and beautiful skin beneath is brought wholly to view. Ask the druggist for an ounce of mercolized wax and use this like you use cold cream. Remove in morning with soap and water. Many who have tried this simple and harmless treatment report astonishing results.

If bothered with wrinkles and furrows, a wash lotion made by dissolving an ounce of powdered saxolite in a half-pint witch hazel will prove wonderfully effectual.

—Advertisement.

©Maryland State Archives, msa_sc4150_1_215-0169