LE BATTERIE ITALIANE DISPERDONO I TEUTONI

Truppe Austro-Tedesche Bombardate Presso Foza e Monte Grappa

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ROMA, 23 febbraio

Dalle notizie giunte dalla fronte italiana si rileva che duelli di artiglieria si sono verificati sulla fronte del Trentino e precisamente dallo Stelvio al l'Astico. In alcuni punti le azioni di artiglieria furono violente.

Numerosi contingenti nemici, in movimento nel settore ad oriente del l'Altipiano di Asiago, presso le pendici nord-ovest di Monte Grappa, furono dispersi dal fuoco concentrato delle batterie italiane. Queste efficacemente controbatterono l'artiglieria avversaria nella Valle Frenzela e nel settore di quella del Brenta.

Violenti bombardamenti furono effettuati dall'artiglieria teutonica contro le posizioni italiane sulle pendici sud-ovest di Montello.

Alcune pattuglie italiane riuscirono ad attraversare il Piave e a raggiungere l'isoletta di Folina, ove catturarono due mitragliatrici.

Numerosi gruppi di truppe austro-tedesche riuscirono a guadagnare la sponda destra del Piave e furono affrontati e respinti dalle pattuglie inglesi.

Un comunicato inglese annunzia che dal principio delle operazioni degli aviatori britannici alla fronte italiana, cinquantotto areoplani nemici sono stati da essi abbattuti, in maggioranza tedeschi.

Ecco il testo del comunicato ufficiale pubblicato, ieri, dal Ministero della Guerra in Roma:

Duelli di artiglieria di moderata intensità si sono verificati dallo Stelvio, sulla fronte del Trentino, al l'Astico. Il fuoco fu più intenso in alcune altre parti della fronte.

Le nostre batterie effettuarono concentrazione di fuoco sopra truppe nemiche nei dintorni di Foza, ad oriente dell'Altipiano di Asiago e a nord-ovest delle pendici di Monte Grappa, ed energicamente controbatterono l'artiglieria nemica nella Valle Frenzela e nel settore della Valle del Brenta.

Il nemico bombardò con frequenza le pendici sud-ovest di Montello. A Grave di Papadopoli i riparti di incursione nemici ravvivarono le operazioni.

Un riparto inglese sostenne uno scontro con un importante gruppo nemico sulla riva destra del Piave.

Le nostre pattuglie avanzarono sino all'isoletta di Folina e catturarono dopo aver catturato due mitragliatrici.

Durante la mattina gli squadroni aerei inglesi bombardarono il terreno di aviazione nemico a nord ed a sud della linea ferroviaria Oderzo-Portogruaro.

Nella giornata tre aeroplani nemici furono abbattuti durante gli scontri aerei. Una di dette macchine fu abbattuta dagli aviatori inglesi.

Un comunicato ufficiale inglese è stato ieri pubblicato a Londra, relativamente alle operazioni militari compiute dalle forze britanniche alla fronte italiana. Eccone il testo:

In Italia, durante la scorsa settimana, furono con successo effettuate delle incursioni attraverso il fiume Piave e catturati dei prigionieri. Il lavoro per contrabattere l'artiglieria nemica si compie giornalmente con pieno successo.

I nostri areoplani da bombardamento hanno fatto parecchie incursioni e distrussero un dirigibile avversario. Il nemico continua a bombardare l'area e le città dietro le linee, quando le condizioni atmosferiche lo permettano di notte, e due macchine furono abbattute mentre tornavano alla loro base dopo aver compiuto uno dei detti bombardamenti.

Da quando gli inglesi arrivarono alla fronte italiana, gli equipaggi al corpo aviatorio distrussero cinquantotto macchine nemiche, principalmente germaniche, mentre noi ne abbiamo perduto soltanto otto. Molte altre macchine nemiche furono poste fuori controllo.

Da informazioni giunte dal Quartier Generale italiano si rileva che i teutoni stanno effettuando grandi movimenti di truppe allo scopo di foraggiare, quanto prima, una grande offensiva alla fronte italiana. Questa sarebbe il motivo perchè l'Austria ha chiuso le frontiere verso la Svizzera.

Mayor's Bonding Dilemma Is Solved

Continued from Page One

nection with the bonding business done by the company that bears his name will be investigated, if it lies in the power of independent members of Common Council to force such an exhaustive probe. Councilman Charles H. Von Tagen, who proposed the investigation, today declared that he would continue the fight, even to the introducing in Councils of a new resolution on March 7.

Councilman Von Tagen will have the backing of at least thirty members of the lower branch of Councils in his fight to probe not only Mayor Smith's connections with the Thomas B. Smith Bonding Company but the company's connection with recent contracts let and others that have not been officially executed by the city. The investigation, if the independent members have their way, will take in every bonding activity between the city and the National Surety Company, of which the Thomas B. Smith Company is the local agent. It will embrace a probe of the alleged failure of the Mayor's company to act in the subway jobs awarded to the Keystone State Construction Company and will go into detail the charge that favoritism has been shown certain well-known municipal contractors doing business largely with the Smith company.

In discussing his determination to continue the demand for a probe, Councilman Von Tagen said: "All efforts to smother the investigation will fail. If the Committee on Municipal Government, to which my resolution was referred, refused to go ahead, I will offer another resolution. If the committee decides it cannot take testimony it will be inexcusable not to report to Common Council that such is the case. In that event I will offer another resolution similar to the first, asking that a special committee be given specific power to summon witnesses, etc. I have no idea of giving up the demand to have the bonding business given a thorough airing."

In President E. B. Gleason, of Common Council, the plan to probe the bonding business in so far as it relates to the city, both as to contracts let and contracts held in abeyance, has a strong ally. In discussing the situation, President Gleason, who, as presiding officer, must settle all questions in dispute over the plans to probe, said: "If the committee on municipal government will not act under the present resolution, it can be compelled to go ahead under any other resolution. It is too grave a matter affecting the honor of the city and the Mayor for any member of Councils to ignore or trifle with."

"The question is whether favoritism has been shown to contractors in the execution of their contracts, for which certain favored companies are surety, and whether more favorable terms are made with such contractors in the final settlement of their contracts. Such a

IN THE BATTALION OF DEATH

Eva Zaintz

by A Soldier in the Ranks

WOMEN FIGHTERS' BAPTISM OF BLOOD

Sang the "Marseillaise" as They Started on Way to War

"MADNESS IN VEINS"

Famous Body That Braved Invader Inspired by Thought of Saving Russia

By EVA ZAINTZ

WE ARE an emotional people, an impetuous and warm-blooded and yet a fantastic race—we Russians. There are mad inconsistencies in us; in our patriotism, which is unequaled; in our kindliness, which is childlike; in our hates and class rivalries, which are cruel. Only from daughters of our blood could the Battalion of Death have been formed.

I, for instance, am a Jewess. My father and my great-grandmother were merchants, adroit and successful, according to the instinct of our race. Yet my father was a merchant by reversion to type, for my grandfather was for twenty-five years a Russian soldier, taking his allotted kopp from the hand of the Czar to his death. And I was born and brought up and educated among the Cossacks, free of every race restriction, a Russian, merely, where Jews may not even live or travel—though my mother hid her hair and was orthodox in Hebraism.

I am like my grandfather, who always said there was Tartar blood in our veins. He was a giant and a soldier whose skill and prowess gained him distinction among other soldiers of the day of Napoleon, the invader. My father, who still lives, is a small man, studious and peaceful. I am six feet and more, as strong as any man. My nose is straight and short, my cheek bones high and my hair yellow.

I have thought for myself, always. It was inevitable that the education of the gymnasium, forbidden to most of my race, should implant in my breast the impulse of revolt against anything, everything, for Russia's sake. I was a Social Democrat, skilled in the theory of the movement which will save Russia, when I was seventeen. Today I am twenty-four. Thus you may understand how it was that I felt that I, of all others, must march with the Battalion of Death.

Braving Shot and Shell

THE CALL FOR VOLUNTEERS

When I read the call, signed with the name of Mme. Batchkalova, printed in the newspapers of Taganrog, no question arose in my mind. It was a message to me as if it were addressed to me by name, "Eva Zaintz," written upon the envelope. So I told my parents, holding the newspaper before me in our house in Taganrog. They did not speak; but my mother wept. All our suffering from cold and hunger and sorrow for the dead had not made her weep. But she did not speak. Nor did my father. One of the wounded soldiers in our house wept, weakly, with my mother.

"Russia has come to this!" he said. "Her women must die because the blood of her men has turned to water."

"Every Russian must die for Russia if need be," I said. "The soldiers who are untaught and misled will return to fight for Russia if they see women dying to set them an example."

My father spoke to my mother to comfort her. Still weeping, she was looking out of the window through which for three years we had seen only suffering and want and sorrow, instead of happiness and content which had always been in Taganrog before.

"I am fit to go and I am willing to go," I said. "I have more reason to go than any one. I can show that a Jewess is ready to die for Russia. My example will be for our people as well as for the ignorant soldiers who are deserting."

Neither my mother nor my father spoke against my going. They helped me to make ready. The wounded soldier who had wept gave me an "ikona," and the other soldiers who were being cared for in our house spoke words of praise for me. They called me "Evanova," as if I were a man.

OFF FOR PETROGRAD

On the following day I took my place on the special train which left Taganrog, as Mme. Batchkalova's advertisement had announced, to carry the volunteers of the Battalion of Death to Petrograd. There were seventeen of us from Taganrog. Some were the widows of soldiers, some were young women from the shoe factories and the metal works who were impoverished and starving.

One of the seventeen was Nussa Popova, who had been my schoolmate and friend from the days when we were children. She lived in a finer and larger house than ours. Seven wounded soldiers were there. She was engaged to marry a young Belgian whose father owned the principal metal works in Taganrog. Her fiance had gone to serve as an officer in the Belgian army. Her father also was an officer in a Cossack regiment. We wept and embraced when we met at the railroad station, and we swore that we would die together for Russia. Many of our friends wept and kissed us.

But it was not all tears. There were flags—Russian flags and the red flags of the Social Democracy—and speeches were made and cheers given for us. Women who were too old or who were not strong begged to go with us, but we would not take them. The people brought us food and delicacies—even white bread, of which there had been so little for two years in Taganrog that it could not be had for the wounded soldiers which were in our house.

When the train left the station we cheered and sang the "Marseillaise," and swore again each to the other that we would die, if need be, for Russia. It was like that all through the long journey to Petrograd. At every town more women came on the train, while the people wept and cheered. We felt an inspiration that thrilled us to our very hearts. It was like a madness surging in our veins. We were going to save Russia. We were going to shed our blood for the mother of us all so that her sons would see their duty. We could not speak of ordinary things.

We called each other by the names of men. Every Russian woman's name can be a man's name. I called Nussa "Nussanova." She called me "Evanova." There was a girl whom we had known whose name was Vera. We called her "Vladimir." Another girl, Tada, we called "Petrova." With each

the hope of Russia—the saviors of Russia. The train soon was crowded. There seemed none among us who had not the high ideals of the whole. We felt almost that we had already bidden farewell to the ordinary things of life.

We had left Taganrog in the morning. It was night before I thought of eating. I had not seen why one among us eat. I had not felt hungry. I fell asleep at last in the seat where Nussa Popova sat by my side. My last waking recollection was of the "Marseillaise" and of cheers for free Russia.

WONDERFUL RECEPTION IN PETROGRAD

At the station in Petrograd—that was two days after—we were received as heroes. Thousands of people cheered and bands played. There were flags everywhere—the flag of old Russia and the flag of free Russia, blood red. Mme. Batchkalova was there in a soldier's uniform and upon her arm was the red and black badge of our battalion—the badge of blood and death, a skull and cross-bones in its center. Kerensky himself was there; a pale man, slender and hollow-chested, with great, luminous eyes. He spoke and others spoke, standing on boxes to raise them above the great crowd, and the people cheered their words of praise for us. But, also, many of the people wept.

There were 500 of us, none more than thirty. We were travel-stained and weary. Some of us were dressed in our best frocks, from Petrograd itself. Others wore the dress of the moujiks of the Don country. Each of us carried her belongings wrapped in a neck-cloth or handkerchief, like soldiers going to the recruiting station. The people kissed us and thanked us in the name of free Russia. All our enthusiasm was renewed.

We arranged ourselves in line as Mme. Batchkalova directed and marched with the step of soldiers going into battle. Along the streets all the way to our camp at Vassilifski the people cheered—and wept. Old men and women and even little children stood with tears streaming from their eyes as we passed. And after us came a long line of people of every class and age, marching with us to do us honor. They remained when we reached the camp.

"We will see our soldiers of the sacrifice in uniform!" they shouted.

Bands were playing and the people were cheering as we went into our quarters to receive the uniforms provided for us. There were boots and breeches and a long soldier's coat and a military cap for each of us. We laughed with a strange happiness as we donned the unaccustomed garments.

"In these clothes I shall die, if Russia is not saved," said a woman next to me. She laughed as she spoke, but her bosom rose and fell and her eyes blazed. Then a greater cheer was heard in the open space in the center of our huts. The first of us had appeared in the uniform of sacrifice. I peered through the door and hastened to be beside her. She was a young girl, slender and of small stature. Her black hair hung loose, covering her shoulders and even hiding the red and black badge, with its skull and cross-bones, on her arm.

I let my yellow hair fall and ran to join her, putting on my cap as I hastened forward. The people made way for me and for others who were anxious to be with the first in the line. Mme. Batchkalova, in her uniform confronted us. There was pride and happiness in her face. She raised her cap to us. Her head was like a private soldier's, the hair clipped closely to the skin.

OUR HAIR IS SOLD AT AUCTION

"It was a small thing for these daughters of Russia to give their hair in Russia's cause," said Mme. Batchkalova. "They offer, also, their lives." Amid a mad cheering, the girl with the black hair stepped forward and bowed her head. She held her cap in her hand.

"Who will be auctioneer?" shouted, Mme. Batchkalova. "We will sell the hair of these soldiers of the Battalion of Death to buy comforts for the soldiers of Russia who lie suffering and wounded."

"I will be auctioneer," said a gentleman, coming forward. They told me he was one of Kerensky's close advisors. He touched the girl's hair with an air of reverence. "I am not rich," he said, "but I will begin by myself offering fifty rubles."

Some one else offered ten rubles more and another shouted, "Seventy-five rubles!" When one hundred was reached the girl's hair had nearly all been cut off. A woman wielded the shining shears while other women received the severed strands lovingly. At one hundred rubles the black hair was sold. I was the second to step forward and bow my head. My yellow hair reached below my waist. It was thick and beautiful. My mother had always been proud of it, though she kept her own hair covered. As I heard the shears click and felt the cool air upon my naked neck, I felt as if I had already begun to die. But I did not feel regret.

The auctioneer said something to me in a tone of kindness and pity. "This is but a small sacrifice," I replied. "I will give my life as freely as my hair."

"Her life as freely as her hair!" he repeated to the people. "If I were rich I would give five hundred rubles for a strand."

A lady whom I had known when I studied at the gymnasium in Petrograd came forward. "I will give five hundred rubles," she said, "for the hair of Evanova, my friend." It was a great sum, for our people are many of them almost without money and I knew the lady was not rich. When all of our 250 soldiers of death in our company had had their heads clipped a priest prayed for us. I joined the kneeling circle, though the prayer was not of my faith. Free Russia, I prayed, has no religious creed.

black bread and borsch, like soldiers, standing at long tables in our barracks. The huts we occupied had been used by the soldiers from Petrograd at the mobilization of the Czar's army. The discipline of the camp was explained to us and our training began. It ran through a period of six weeks, for those of us who remained the full time. I do not mean that any of us went away, relinquishing our vows. There were several thousand women in the whole camp and not one quit her duties or proved unworthy. Before our training was over some of the women who had become most efficient in drill were selected to take the places of wounded men at the front. That is a tragedy of which I shall tell. Some returned, maimed and wounded and disfigured. Others remained to a fate of death—or worse.

That was more than Kerensky could tolerate. He glorified our spirit of sacrifice, but he said: "It is too much to pay. It must be ended. No more of the women of the Death Battalion must go to the trenches." And so we, willing and anxious, were held back. We were not allowed to go seeking our baptism of blood. Yet we received it—and in the streets of Petrograd. The riots against Kerensky, when the despicable and cowardly and traitorous Bolshevikii rose, brought it to us. And of that I shall tell.

OUR TRAINING BEGINS

It was the month of May when we began our training. Therefore we had not the difficulties which might have come from winter weather. We lived in huts in which there were bunks, three high, and about twenty-five women in each hut. Our pay was that of the ordinary soldiers, which was raised from twenty-six cents a month to $6 a month at the beginning of the war. Sentries about our camp were changed every two hours night and day.

I never saw a man in the camp except the drill sergeants who were sent in the daytime to train us. No one could enter the camp without a pass from headquarters, and it was necessary to have the permission of the general commanding the troops in Petrograd in order to have conversation with any soldier of our battalion. We arose at 5 a. m. for roll call and were then given fifteen minutes to dress. After that there were prayers according to the ritual of the orthodox Russian church. After prayers we had breakfast, consisting of tea and black bread. Usually we had a little sugar with our tea, though sometimes it was lacking. We had drill in the tactics of the infantry, beginning after breakfast and lasting until noon. We were divided into platoons, a drill sergeant in charge of each. We were taught how to load, aim and fire rifles such as the Russian soldier carries, and we had elaborate and careful instruction in bayonet practice. Ammunition for our rifles was issued to us, but we were forbidden to keep our weapons loaded except when on sentry duty.

At noon we had a dinner consisting of borsch (soup), meat and bread. There was no white bread, of course. That is almost unknown in Russia now. From 12 until 3 we were free, and there was usually speaking during that time by leaders of the revolutionary movement in the quadrangle in the center of our camp. From 3 to 6 we drilled again and after 6 we were free.

Our commander, Mme. Batchkalova, was authorized to issue passes for us to visit Petrograd at night, and she encouraged us to use them. She said that she had no fear that any soldier of the Battalion of Death would misuse the privilege and she wished the people of Petrograd to see us in our uniforms and to judge of our earnestness by our conduct. I went often to Petrograd to listen to the speakers in the Nevsky Prospekt or to attend the moving picture theatres. Nearly always, Nussa went with me and there was usually a party of six or seven of us. Though there were no orders about it, it became an unwritten law that we should always go in parties. Then we had no temptation to do anything which might be considered unsoldierly and were less likely to commit any mistake which might reflect upon our organization. We always walked to the city and back, about three miles each way. It made me laugh, when I arrived in San Francisco, to see American soldiers riding on street cars. I never saw a Russian soldier ride on a street car.

Once there was a girl in our party who lived in Petrograd. Both Nussa and I knew her when we were students in the gymnasium. She did not belong to our company, but to one of the companies composed of girls from the city. We had known her in the gymnasium as an advanced thinker. She often shocked us with her theories and ideas about life. She said she would have been an anarchist but for the fact that anarchy had no means to a proper objective. She was entirely frank about her affair with a young man, who had been a student with her until he went into an architect's office. At seventeen she had become his mistress, and their affection, she said, had lasted and grown warmer because each knew that the continuance of their association depended upon the inclination of the other and not upon some law made upon a plan to benefit society and the state at the cost of individual happiness. She told us this in confidence, but utterly without shame. "I am proud of it," she said, "but for the sake of avoiding embarrassment we keep the matter secret. When my lover can provide for me we shall live together and have children. But we shall never marry, according to law."

On the night when this girl was with our party on leave in Petrograd we passed her lover on the street. He [illegible] uniform of an officer of the

saluted each other as two soldiers might, but did not speak. As we passed on Nussa and I expressed astonishment. "This is agreed," she said. "While I am in the Battalion of Death we are not to meet or speak to each other. But he writes me every day."

REPLACING MEN AT THE FRONT

In June a thrill of excitement went over our camp when it was announced that soldiers of the battalion were to be selected to take the places of men who had been sent from the front, wounded. A great feeling of satisfaction filled us. It is true that we were always treated with respect by the loyal soldiers and most of the people of Petrograd, but men and women of the lower class—afterward, no doubt, in the Bolsevikii—occasionally laughed when they saw us pass or uttered words of ridicule to one another.

We were to have a chance to prove our worth; to show that our pledge of death was not mere words. Every woman was eager to be chosen. Enough to make two full companies, of 250 each, were taken on the first draft. Those who were most proficient in drill were selected. Naturally, those were women who had been in training longer than we. Our company was not permitted to send even one soldier. We stood and cheered the draft when it marched out of the camp. There were many girls of eighteen and some even younger in the ranks.

Despite our enthusiasm there was some misgiving among the leaders of the Kerensky government about the wisdom of sending women to the front. It turned out that there was reason in their view. The story of the experience of our women soldiers in the trenches runs with blood and horror. It proves, shockingly, for all time, that women may be as heroic as men, but that women may never be soldiers and fight men. Within five days after our women soldiers departed, the tale of dread began to unfold. First there was a brief dispatch saying that the Battalion of Death soldiers had been in action and had fought gloriously. That thrilled us to a false idea of what was to follow. The blood of the people of Petrograd was chilled when our wounded came back. Young girls were in the number, with their tender bodies maimed and torn by shell and bayonet. They told how their sisters, many of them, had died, fighting first for the cause of Russia, shoulder to shoulder with loyal Russian soldiers who reverenced them, and then for their honor, among the brutal soldiery of the enemy.

The Huns were encouraged by their officers to "make examples of these crazy women." How they did so one must only imagine. It may not be told. Then there were even more terrible tales in which the Germans and the Austrians did not appear. Cowardly, disloyal beasts from the ranks of our own army—deserters to whom there was no law either of patriotism or humanity—committed these crimes. They seized three of our woman soldiers by pretending to be loyal troops with orders for them. One of these girls was dead long before she left their hands. The others were found unconscious, beside her dead body, at dawn. And this was done within sound of the rifles of our soldiers who were dying for Russia.

THE BAPTISM OF BLOOD

The presence of the wounded girl soldiers in Petrograd and the spread of the stories of the terrible things which had happened led to meetings at which speakers demanded that no more women's lives should be sacrificed, even upon the altar of heroic patriotism—even if all the cowards in Russia should leave their posts. That was Kerensky's belief also. He issued an arbitrary order that no more of the Battalion of Death soldiers should be sent to the front. It was reported that he was about to fittingly express the nation's thanks to us and order the disbandment of our organization. Then came the first Bolshevikii riots in Petrograd, and we got our baptism of blood, after all. There were fresh horrors in this. I weep as I think of one awful night, and still I hear the scream of Nussa, my friend, the pretty Nussa with the soul of a giant, but only the frail body of a woman. Of that night I shall tell. But I say again, in this world woman has her place, and may serve nobly and bravely and with sacrificial unselfishness, but women may not fight against men as soldiers. I say it, and I have fought against men as a soldier.

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NOTE—The second article of this series, "The Night Riot in Petrograd," will appear next Saturday.

Russians Rally to Guard Nation

Continued from Page One

whether the Russians can do more than hamper slightly the Teuton drive.

Fears were expressed for the safety of the Russian Baltic fleet, part of which is near Reval and Helsingfors, in bad condition from disuse and lack of proper care. Whether these warships can escape to Kronstadt, the last port left to the Russians defending Petrograd, is considered doubtful.

Military experts here believe the German drive will not stop until considerable more Russian territory is under the Kaiser's domination. The report that the German drive was under direction of the Duke of Pomerania, brother of the former Empress of Russia, lent color to a rumor that the Kaiser plans to reestablish the Romanoffs in a suerzain state carved from newly captured Russian soil.

Leon Tretsky, the Bolshevik Foreign Minister, who has hope on stopping the German drive by revolution of the German Socialists, was reported en route to Dvinsk to "talk down" the Teutonic invasion.

PADEREWSKI ASSURED BRITAIN STANDS FIRM

WASHINGTON, Feb. 23.

The refusal of the British Government to recognize any peace which involves Poland without previous consultation with that country was expressly declared in a message received today by Ignace Paderewski, American representative of the National Polish Committee, through the British consul general at New York, from Count Sobanski, representative in England of the National Polish Committee.

"I am directed by Mr. Secretary Balfour," reads the message, "to inform you that his Majesty's Government has informed its agent at Kiev to make a declaration to the effect that it does not recognize the recently concluded peace between the Ukraine and Central Powers. Great Britain will not recognize any peace which involves Poland without previous consultation with that country."

REVOKE GARFIELD ORDER

New England's Fueless Mondays Ended by State Chiefs

WASHINGTON, Feb. 23.—Fueless Mondays have been abandoned in New England through action of State administrators in that section, Fuel Administrator Garfield announced today.

This applies to Maine, Rhode Island, [illegible]

"LONG LIVE THE KING"

A Human Story of Child-Desire, Court Intrigue and Love, the Latest Novel

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MARY ROBERTS RINEHART

Chapter XXXVI (Continued)

"His little room where the sisters [illegible] their medicines, so useless now, [illegible]vig knelt at the prie-dieu and [illegible]ed.

She tried to pray for her grandfather's soul, but she could not. Her one cry was for Otto, that he be saved and brought back. In the study she had found the burnt-wood frame, and she held it hugged close to her with its broken-backed "F," its tottering "W," and wavering "O," with its fat Cupids in sashes, and the places where an over-earnest small hand had slipped.

Hilda stood by the stand, and fingered the bottles. Her nose was swollen with crying, but she was stealthily removing corks and sniffing at the contents of the bottles with the automatic curiosity of the young.

The King roused again. "Mettlich?" he asked.

The elder sister tiptoed to the door and opened it. The Council turned, dread on their faces. She placed a hand on the Chancellor's shoulders.

"His Majesty has asked for you."

When he looked up, dazed, she bent down and took his hand.

"Courage!" she said quietly.

The Chancellor stood a second inside the door. Then he went to the side of the bed, and knelt, his lips to the cold, white hand on the counterpane.

"Sire" he choked. "It is I—Mettlich."

The King looked at him, and placed his hand on the bowed gray head. Then his eyes turned to Annunciata and rested there. It was as if he saw her, not as the embittered woman of late years, but as the child of the woman he had loved.

"A good friend, and a good daughter," he said clearly. "Few men die so fortunate, and fewer sovereigns." His hand moved from Mettlich's head and rested on the photograph.

The elder sister leaned forward and touched his wrist. "Doctor!" she said sharply.

Doctor Welderman came first, the others following. They grouped around the bed. Then the oldest of them, who had brought Annunciata into the world, touched her on the shoulder.

"Madame!" he said. "Madame, I—His Majesty has passed away."

Mettlich staggered to his feet, and took a long look at the face of his old sovereign and king.

In the meantime, things had been happening in the room where the Council waited. The Council, free of the restraint of the Chancellor's presence, had fallen into low-voiced consultation. What was to be done? They knew already the rumors of the streets, and were helpless before them. They had done what they could. But the boy was gone and the city rising. Already the garrison of the fortress had been ordered to the palace, but it could not arrive before midnight.

Their voices, lowered at first, rose acrimoniously; almost they penetrated to the silent room beyond. On to the discussion came Nikky Larisch, covered with dust and spotted with froth from his horse. He entered without ceremony, his boyish face drawn and white, his cap gone, his eyes staring.

"The Chancellor?" he said.

Some one pointed to the room beyond.

Nikky hesitated. Then, being young and dramatic, even in tragedy, he unbuckled his sword-belt and took it off, placing it on a table.

"Gentlemen," he said, "I have come to surrender myself."

The Council stared.

"For what reason?" demanded Marschall coldly.

"I believe it is called high treason." He closed his eyes for a moment. "It is because of my negligence that this thing has happened. He was in my charge, and I left him."

No one said anything. The Council looked at a loss, rather like a flock of sheep confronting some strange animal.

"I would have shot myself," said Nikky Larisch, "but it was too easy."

Then, rather at a loss as to the exact etiquette of arresting one's self, he bowed slightly and waited.

The door into the King's bedchamber opened. The Chancellor came through, his face working. It closed behind him.

"Gentlemen of the Council," he said, "it is my duty — my duty — to announce—" His voice broke; his grizzled chin quivered; tears rolled down his cheeks. "Friends," he said pitifully, "our good King—my old comrade—is dead!"

* * * *

The birthday supper was over. It had ended with an American ice cream, brought in carefully by Pepy because of its expensiveness. They had cut the cake with "Boby" on the top, and the Crown Prince had eaten far more than was good for him.

He sat, fingering the Lincoln penny and feeling extremely full and very contented.

Then, suddenly, from a far-off church a deep-toned bell began to toll slowly.

Prince Ferdinand William Otto caught it. St. Stefan's bell! He sat up and listened. The sound was faint; one felt it, rather than heard it, but the slow booming was unmistakeable. He got up and pushed his chair back.

Other bells had taken it up, and now the whole city seemed alive with bells—bells that swung sadly from side to side, as if they said over and over, "Alas, alas!"

Something like panic seized Ferdinand William Otto. Some calamity had happened. Some one was—perhaps his grandfather!

He turned an appealing face to Mrs. Thorpe. "I must go," he said. "I do not wish to appear rude, but something is wrong. The bells——"

Pepy had been listening, too. Her broad face worked. "They mean but one thing," she said slowly. "I have heard it said many times. When St. Stefan's tolls like that, the King is dead!"

"No! No!" cried Ferdinand William Otto and ran madly out of the door.

(CONTINUED MONDAY)

FOUR WILLS PROBATED

Testaments Filed With Register Contain Only Private Bequests

Wills probated today include those of Susan P. Sterling, 1830 North Seventeenth street, which in private bequests disposes of property valued at $44,509; Jacob W. Ahn, 2720 Montgomery avenue, $4200; William Lamond, 701 South Twenty-third street, $4000, and Patrick McCabe, Hamburg, Pa., $2348.

An inventory of the estate of Jean S. Abrean, filed with Register Sheehan, places the value of the personal effects at $423,197.05.

CASINO
8th & Walnut
AL REEVES
AND HIS ALL
NEW SHOW
99%—GIRLS—99%
2000 LADIES GO TO THE CASINO EACH WEEK

A SURVEY OF THE SCHOOLS

The Schools More Democratic—Their Progress in Psychology and Pedagogy—Errors Easily Rectifiable, Not Basic—Financing. Some "Fads" Money Wisely Spent

III

THE schools are more democratic and far-reaching in influence than they every were. They have advanced not only in pedagogy and psychology, but in social-mindedness and civic spirit. They reach deeper into the soul of the child and do not stop at filling its head. These thoughts were advanced by a prominent woman principal, a born teacher and leader, of vivid expressiveness and stimulating personality, who is a philosopher as well as a pedagogical executive. She was outspoken in the assertion that the schools are not "all wrong," but that they are "all right" with minor defects, and she even had a good word for the system as differentiated from the schools. She affirmed the widespread view among teachers that grades and teaching are progressively co-ordinated, stated in a preceding article as a principle. She said the principle is subject to exception from two sources, the indifference or inability of certain children to learn and the lack of inspiration or thoroughness of certain teachers.

"The exceptions are not numerous or significant enough to affect the validity of what you are justified in taking as a general law," asserted this principal of one of the city's largest schools, with excellent qualifications to estimate, since the higher grades of her school are recruited not only from its own lower grades, but from two schools of inferior official classification.

"You simply cannot expect the schools to be perfect, but what you can expect and demand and what we are striving to attain, is to make them basically sound, so that errors and deficiencies will be only superficial and capable of easy rectification. You must expect some teachers to be lax or spiritless, but if this becomes chronic they are weeded out. You must expect a lack of uniformity in speed, quantity and quality of the pupils' learning power owing to wide divergences of character, home surroundings, intellectual grasp, health, physical status from kindergarten age to adolescence, ambition and other factors. Psychology has made pedagogy less and less procrustean. The school is no less susceptible to imperfection than any great corporation, store, industrial plant. Like these it is a vast organization with many phases and ramifications. The problems are a lot alike, both dealing with human nature in the mass, the schools with child-life, with responsibility but without any supreme mandate of authority, the corporations and industries with labor, and with the very actual power to enforce efficiency and obedience by deprivation of wages. They simply fire their culls, discards and inefficients. We hold on to ours, coax, mildly intimidate, and try to adjust them. Modern pedagogy does not make standardization the be-all and end-all. Special schools, the backward classes, for mentally retarded children; the peculiarly adapted treatment, consonant with their disabilities, for crippled children; the vocational, manual training, domestic economy and other types of school all give an outlet for children with traits that are incompatable with those of the average learning child.

"I remember the time—and I am not ninety—when the 'bad boy' was cowhided or rattaned from one desperation to another and was finally expelled as irredeemable, to help swell the jail population eventually in many cases and thus wreak revenge on the State which wronged him, by making its citizens pay more taxes for extravagance in human waste. Wronged? Of course the lad was wronged! He was turned into a moral desperado, when he was not immoral but amoral. The poor kid had some odd kink in his brain convolutions, or some cranial pressure or adenoids or diseased tonsils, in a very large number of cases. Eye strain or defective hearing also kept many, many children back. We know that now and act accordingly. A simple operation instead of a reformatory!

"But it wasn't always dolts or dollards who were 'bad.' What about the diabolically ingenious bright boys—and girls, too, for the matter of that? We don't condemn them now; we analyze them. We differentiate the motor type from the intellectual type. Formerly they were divided into the goats and the sheep on the same basis. A school was a place to cram facts, and as they were hard facts, often uninteresting facts and apparently very irrelevent facts, to childish sympathy and imagination, no wonder the whining schoolboy crept like a snail unwillingly to school!

"Now the school has rightly developed the new function of being a place to learn life and preparation for life. The children do not recognize it in those terms, but they do realize the school is now a pleasant and interesting place.

"Remember I would not have the schools a circus, or a place of ease and pleasure. But because they are more attractive to children they are more effective and secure in their functioning. Nor do I believe in disorganizing them so that each child shall have only what he likes.

Some Principles of Modern Education

Adaptation of studies to types of children. Does not try to make a Socrates out of an Edison.

Differentiation of motor, nervous, intellectual and other juvenile types.

Recognition of personality in children. Has abandoned procrustean standardization.

Emphasis on physical well-being as requisite to intelligent grasp of studies.

Institution of vocational, manual and special schools, classes for backward children, etc.

"Differentiation on the lines of juvenile personality, character and temperament is a marvelous advance. It was a terrible state of affairs, hard on children, teachers and educators, trying under the old inflexible process to make a Socrates out of a boy destined by nature to be a Watt or an Edison, or to make a learned Aspasia or factlogged Lady Jane Grey out of a potential Martina, Florence Nightingale or Jane Addams.

"Now by special schools or by appropriate variation and representation in the curriculum we make definite appeal to the motor type; that is, the physically restless, mentally investigative, muscularly active sort of child who always wants to take things apart to see what makes them go and how, and we utilize some of this priceless energy in a constructive way, which by relieving excess steam brings the child into accepting relation with the other, more scholastic, studies.

"We have recognized the claims of the nervous type which went to pieces under the juggernaut of arithmetical and grammatical rules and hard geographical names. Literary and historical subjects, and handicraft with the needle, the cookstove or the hammer and saw help to relieve the strain on the nerves and strengthen the child for coping with the essential problems of grammar and arithmetic.

"Furthermore, even where subjects have been modified so far from the academic we have not, in my opinion, which I get from the best educators as well as from my own experience, robbed the studious child of its rights. We are doing a very good thing in taking the intellectual type of child, once the only type we knew, and to which we tried to make all other children conform, away from concentration absolute on books and idealizing of textbook learning and marks. We are developing better rounded children in our schools now and I do not think Philadelphia is lagging behind either. Our schools got rid of Mr. Squeers some time ago and now Doctor Blimber and his amiable spouse have followed.

"I don't defend extravagance in the schools and maybe too much money is being spent. But the money expended for what are often denominated 'fads' by critics of the schools is not wasted by any means. It does not show up in the number of divisions in a school and apparently increases the per capita cost of education, but the excess cost is purely apparent. The rich harvest of results in bettered childhood, in physical, psychical and even spiritual improvement, is not so tangible as the usual run of statistical tables in annual reports, but the graphs of improvement are there, imperceptible perhaps in many ways to the merely practical minded, but intuitively sensed by the person of vision. They may not be measurable by the gauges of the so-called 'efficiency' norms, but their effects pervade the entire civic structure.

"Money spent for vocational training, school doctors and nurses and other helpful modern ideas, which, I understand, there is a movement forward to discontinue, is money well spent. Against the costs must be set the facts that children are put in better shape for formal instruction, and are more efficiently fitted for their work in life and fewer and fewer are forced into candidacy for reformatories, jails, public institutions or lapse into slackness or shiftlessness. Here is a great saving of public funds—big dividends on enlarged school budgets.

"I think the schools every year are turning out children better fitted to cope with the business of life, both for personal success and value to the community.

"We have democratized the schools and have not minimized what the experts like to call 'educational functioning'."

This series began Thursday, February 21. The fourth article will be published Monday.

"The Birth of Democracy"
STOPPED!

The Philadelphia Ideal Film Exchange regrets to announce that the private exhibition scheduled for screening at the Belmont Theatre Sunday evening, February 24, is

CANCELLED BY ORDER OF POLICE

A Sunday Dollar Dinner—Fit for a King

The coal problem plus the servant question is gone—forgotten—since our Sunday $1 dinners have "swept the town."

Be a "regular" here on Sundays and save your wife many a dollar.

Special Music Every Sunday

The