

DAVIS CASUALTY ROLL IS 1063

Total Includes 131 Dead and 932 Wounded Heroes

19 KILLED IN ACTION

14 Succumbed to Wounds, 94 to Disease, 4 Victims of Accident

Washington, March 1.—Army casualties released by the War Department today total 1063, all ranks.

Table with columns: Killed in action, Died from wounds, Died of disease, Died of accident and other causes, Missing in action, Wounded, Grand totals.

OFFICERS' LIST

- CAPTAINS—Edo B. Wade, San Francisco; John James Ross, Annapolis, Md.; George D. Hightower, Camp Zachary Taylor, Va.; George W. Waller, Jr., Philadelphia, Pa.

MAJOR—J. W. Woodruff, San Francisco, Cal.

LIEUTENANTS—James E. Breslin, Madison, Miss.; Harry L. Downing, 1699, Ark.

PRIVATE—William George McCreary, Mechanicsburg, Pa.

PRIVATE—Michael Butera, Farrell, Pa.

PRIVATE—John A. Casey, 2809 South Nineteenth street, Philadelphia.

PRIVATE—William Munn, Haleswood, Pa.

PRIVATE—Jacob A. Yeomans, Haleswood, Pa.

PRIVATE—Howell Elmore, Abert Park, Pa.

PRIVATE—William Munn, Haleswood, Pa.

PRIVATE—George G. Renbold, West Orange, N. J.

PRIVATE—Harold Quass, Newark, N. J.

PRIVATE—John Starach, Newark, N. J.

PRIVATE—Norman Ellwood Conard, headquarters company, Fifty-third Field Artillery Brigade.

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YASHKA SEEKS TO AVENGE WRONGED WIFE AND IS SHIPPED TO THE ARCTIC REGIONS

Siberian Governor's Guilty Fear Causes Action and Maria Botchkareva Accompanies Husband to the Northern Wilds—Noted Russian Woman Fighter Tells of Life at Amga Where She Revolutionized Social Conditions and Won Hearts of Political

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THIS STARTS THE STORY

In the early summer of 1917 the world was thrilled by a news item from Petrograd announcing the formation by one Maria Botchkareva of a women's fighting unit under the name of "The Battalion of Death."



Russian Amazon in fighting trim

AND HERE IT CONTINUES

I RUSHED to my lodging, locked myself in a room and wept all night. My errand failed, and it was now up to me to choose between a living death for Yashka and selling myself. I had visions of Kolymsk, a settlement of several scattered huts, populated by natives, lost in the vast expanse of the ice-bound tundra (a steppe in northern Siberia), and buried for months under mountains of snow. I could almost hear the howling of the Arctic winds and the frightful growling of the polar bears.

I pictured Yashka in the midst of it, cut off from our race, slowly languishing in the monotony of inactivity. Then my thoughts would veer about to the other alternative. Live and work with Yashka in outward happiness, and stealthily, in the night, go to this degenerate Governor! And what if Yashka learned of my secret trips? How would I explain? And of what avail would any explanations be to him? No, it was impossible, impossible! Ah, what a terrible night it was! From hugging the frozen banks of the Arctic waters, my imagination would carry me to the revolting embraces of Governor Kraft, in a fruitless search for a way out.

Morning finally came and found me all worn out. When asked by friends as to the result of my call on the Governor I replied that he had refused my appeal. In low spirits I went to see Yashka. He quickly noticed my downcast appearance and inquired into the cause.

of me?" pierced my mind poignantly. "Death is my only savior." I wandered about the streets for a while, until I found a grocery store open, and I purchased there thirty kopecks' worth of essence of vinegar. Entering my lodging, I was met by the question: "Where were you, Maria Leonievna, where did you sleep last night?" My appearance in itself was enough to arouse suspicion. Without answering, I rushed into my room and locked the door. After offering my last prayers, I resolutely drank all of the poison, and began writhing in terrific pain.

For two weeks I hovered between this and the other world, suffering agonizing pains, writhing in breath-arresting convulsions. I was fed only on milk, introduced into my throat through a tube. For a month I remained speechless, at the end of which time I was out of danger, but had to spend another month in the hospital before I regained my normal health.

Yashka could not, at first, understand the reason for my act. The Governor was so kind, so generous. He not only commuted his sentence, but gave us five hundred rubles for a store. Could there be anything more noble? He finally arrived at the conclusion that the trials of the last year had resulted in my temporary mental derangement, which was responsible for my attempt at suicide. I did not disillusion him, although I felt like doing it whenever he eulogized the Governor.

Upon leaving the hospital, we opened the butcher shop, and immediately began to do good business. For several months we led a peaceful life. Then, one afternoon, the Governor suddenly called at our store, ostensibly to inquire how we were getting along with the shop. He stretched his hand toward me, but I turned away.

able to grapple with this nightmare. The Governor's liberality was now explained. The five hundred rubles, the commutation of his sentence, it was all a price dearly paid for by his beloved.

He left on his fateful errand, all my efforts to bar his way having failed. When he appeared at the Governor's office, requesting an audience, giving his name, the clerks immediately suspected him of some dark motive. The secretary reported to the Governor that Buk, the butcher, acting in a suspicious manner, desired an audience. The Governor ordered that he be detained and searched. A long, sharp knife was found on him, and he was arrested, under instructions to have him exiled on the following day to Amga, a Yakut hamlet within two hundred versts of Yakutsk. I had only twenty-four hours to dispose of the shop, and was compelled to deliver it into the hands of a local political, with the understanding that he would pay us for it a few months later.

It was Easter Eve, 1914, when we started out in a hack, driven by a Yakut, for Amga. The mud was the worst I have ever come across. The horses sank so deep, and the wheels of the vehicle stuck so often, that it frequently was necessary for us to alight and help in extricating them. We met Easter in a native's hut on the road, in which children, women and animals lived together. There is always a fire in the center of those huts, the smoke being allowed to escape through a hole in the roof. The cows were milked right there, and the fith was beyond words. Supping on the bread and a sort of tea, which was unfit for human consumption, we went to sleep. The following day we resumed our journey to Amga.

ESCAPE FROM EMILE AND YASHKA WE SPENT about six days on the road to Amga. It was a town with a mixed population. Half of its homes were tiny cabins, built by Russian exiles, many of whom had married Yakut women, as they were phys-

ically attractive and considered it a cause for pride to be the wives of white men. Their own men maltreated them and were lazy, so that the women usually labored to sustain the families. Some of the Yakuts were very wealthy, owning as many as a thousand head of deer and cattle. Men, women and children alike dressed only in garments of fur. They made their bread of a coarse flour, ground by hand.

There were about fifteen political exiles in Amga. Five of these were university graduates, and one of them was Prince Alexander Gutemurov, who had been arrested eight years before and had turned gray in exile.

I was the first Russian woman to come to Amga, and the joy of the small colony of politicals knew no bounds. As the Yakut women never wash clothes, the filth in which the white men lived was unseparable, and their unkempt appearance testified eloquently to the conditions surrounding them. Clean food, drinkable milk, could not be had at any price. Money was cheap at Amga. The Prince, for instance, received a monthly allowance of one hundred rubles, but he could not get a bath for a thousand.

I immediately took charge of the situation, rented a small cabin at two rubles a month, and it soon became the social center of the colony. I had benches and a table made, and a bed constructed. I obtained flour at the general store owned by Kariakin, who had been exiled there for a murder in 1904, and prospered through the establishing of this business. I baked real Russian bread, cooked a regular home meal and made Russian tea, inviting all the politicals to dinner.

It was a feast fit for the gods to them, and those of them who were single asked me to board them regularly, and I not only boarded them, but I washed and repaired their clothes as well. I had a hot turned into a bath-house and it was not long before the politicals looked human again. My duties in the house demanded all my time and energy, but I was happy in being able to serve. The men regarded me as their mother, and never tired of praising me.

I planted a garden and sowed some grain, as land was given by the community for the asking, there being few settlers in spite of the natural riches of the region. The rivers in northern Siberia are full of fish, and there is no end to the wealth of timber. Within a couple of hundred versts from us gold mines were being worked. On the strength of our ownership of the butcher shop in Yakutsk we were able to buy, on credit, a horse, and also borrow some money.

My popularity with the politicals irritated Yashka. He grew jealous of their kind words, now suspecting one man of courting me and now another. As he had nothing to do, he nursed his jealousies till they expanded in his imagination. He took to playing cards, which is very popular with the Yakuts.

When he won he would return all in smiles, with money jingling in his pockets, bringing me some presents, and displaying great generosity generally. But that was not the usual case. Most of the time he lost, and then he would come back home in gloom, depressed and dejected, nervous and irritable, picking quarrels and acting provokingly. Especially was he aroused whenever he found some political in the house. Consumed by jealousy, he would taunt me, and not infrequently resort to blows.

"Yashka, have you lost your senses?" I would say. "Do you need some money? You know I am always glad to help you out," and I would dig into my small savings, knowing that he had lost his last penny. But that would not alleviate my suffering. It was with relief that I looked forward to his departures, and with apprehension that I saw him return.

CITY SOLDIER DECORATED

Walter L. Pfaff Awarded Italian War Cross

For extraordinary heroism in action, an Italian war cross has been awarded to Walter L. Pfaff, 1245 North 81st street, a member of the American Ambulance Corps, Section 57, who saw service with the Italian forces.

"I received the highest award in the line of medals that any foreigner can get. It is the Italian war cross, which was given to us by General Diaz for good work on Mt. Grappa. We convinced the Italians that we were not asleep."

Pfaff enlisted in June, 1917, at the age of eighteen years, and after a year of training at Camp Crane, Allentown, was sent overseas and attached to the Italian forces.

"Short Ads are the Best"

"A short, snappy ad, that gets the point over quick, is the best, because people haven't time to spend reading a lotta stuff."

Nearly any one you ask could assure you of this. Mail order firms that receive direct orders in answer to their advertisements know what pays and what doesn't; what people read and what they don't read.

And yet, strangely enough, mail order advertisements are often very long; we knew one once that had 2200 words of fine type and it "pulled" very profitably.

People must read long advertisements, or these "keyed" many-worded announcements would not be profitable.

On the other hand Cream of Wheat advertisements often have no text at all—just a picture. With no other means of sales promotion, a great business has been created by this pretty picture advertising alone.

Should advertisements be short or long? The whole subject of advertising can not be safely jammed into a few epigrams.

When you advertise, hire an expert to advise with you. Advertising space in the Butterick publications is for sale by accredited advertising agencies.

Butterick—Publisher

The Delineator Everybody's Magazine Two dollars the year, each

At The National Restaurants

102-114 South 15th Street

DO YOU KNOW

That a generous luncheon is served in the Downstairs Restaurant for 35 cents?

That the Main Floor Dining-rooms have daily luncheons at 50 cents, including meat or fish, two vegetables, bread, butter, coffee and dessert?

That full course dinners are served every evening and Sundays at 75 cents, \$1 and \$1.25?

That after-theatre dishes are equally reasonable? That the dining-rooms are among the most attractive of the best cafes and restaurants in the city and offer every convenience for the guests?

Music in Main Floor Dining-rooms noon and evenings. Entrance to Downstairs Dining-room, 102 South 15th street. Entrance to Main Floor Dining-rooms through Chestnut or 15th street entrance to Colonnade Hotel or 114 South 15th street.

We Look for You Today The National Restaurants Edwin B. Rhodes, Manager

BILLY SUNDAY said in his Metropolitan Opera House Speech:

"In the name of God chip in and send more of the Word of God to our boys 'over there,' and help to counter-act some of the religious bunk that has been handed out to them."

Billy has a chance to preach the Gospel of Jesus Christ to thousands almost daily, but most of us must reach the people in other ways.

The Pocket Testament League offers you a wonderful lift. For every dollar you send, four Testaments will be given to soldiers who have none, and each soldier to get a Testament will sign a promise to read a chapter every day. Think of it! After all these months of service there are thousands of soldiers that have no Bibles. The league has already given 300,000 Testaments, and with your help they will keep on giving them to the boys who want them enough to promise to read them every day.

Let us send four Testaments (\$1) for you, or forty, or four thousand if you are able. The demand is great. The distribution to the boys in the camps here was a fine work and now two representatives of the league are going over to deliver the Testaments to the boys that are held on the other side. Send along now, or let us ship later some Testaments for you.

Joseph M. Steele, President Harry E. Paisley, Vice President G. Percy Fox, Vice President A. I. Wood, Vice President Allan Sutherland, Secretary J. L. Twaddell, Treasurer 518 Witherspoon Bldg., Phila.

CITY'S ARTILLERYMEN PREDICT RETURN SOON

Fifty-third Brigade About Ready to Embark, Says Private Conard

Norman Ellwood Conard, headquarters company, Fifty-third Field Artillery Brigade, has written his parents a letter in which he says that the brigade hopes to sail for home early this month.

The Fifty-third has made up mostly of men from Philadelphia and Pennsylvania.

Private Conard is the son of Mr. and Mrs. Norman S. Conard, 5221 Chestnut street. His grandfather, Dr. T. E. Conard, a surgeon of this city, is a major in the Veteran Corps, First Regiment, N. G. P., and an uncle, Horace P. Conard, is a lieutenant in the 11th Infantry, serving in France.

Private Conard went through the fighting at Chateau Thierry, the Argonne and Verdun without being wounded. Lieutenant Conard, his uncle, was wounded in the Argonne, and the nephew visited him in a military field hospital.

The letter from Private Conard was written from the Hotel de L'Univers, at St. Malo, where the young soldier had gone on a brief leave with some others of his company. He sent home a photograph of a group of himself and his friends taken at St. Malo.

Major Ostrup, Engineer, Dies

New York, March 1.—Major John C. Ostrup, who served on the staff of General Pershing in France during the war, died of pneumonia at a hotel here today.

Major Ostrup was graduated from the United States Military Academy. After coming to this country he was engaged in railroad engineering until 1907, when he became a member of the faculty of the Polytechnic Institute of Brooklyn. He was promoted to major in 1910.



BRILLED chicken! Seems a simple thing, doesn't it—merely put the chicken on the fire and let it broil? Wrong! Broiling a chicken is an art of arts. It must be brown and not burnt—firm and yet tender—crispy outside, juicy inside. Then, too, it's a wise chicken that knows its own age. The good die young—at the St. James!

Income Tax Forms

For Incomes of more than \$5,000 Ready for Distribution

FORMS for reporting incomes of more than \$5,000 are now ready for distribution and may be obtained at any of our offices. Other forms available on request:

- Form 1040A—for reporting net incomes of not more than \$5,000.
- Form 1099—for reporting information of payments of \$1,000 or more during 1918 for salaries, wages, compensation, rent, interest, etc.

We shall be pleased to give you any information you may desire regarding the preparation of your return.

Our Booklet on the New Revenue Law contains the full text of the income tax, war profits and excess profits tax, and other provisions of the Act, with explanatory summaries and examples of the application of the law. This booklet will be sent on request.

Guaranty Trust Company of New York

140 Broadway Capital and Surplus \$50,000,000 Resources over \$700,000,000

Clayton F. Banks, Correspondent 421 Chestnut Street, Philadelphia

Telephone: Bell, Lombard 4691 Keystone, Main 438