Macedonia's Joans of Arc

"SHE WAS ONE OF THREE THAT ESCAPED."

A MACEDONIAN JOAN OF ARC

"WALKING ALONG ON A MOONLIGHT NIGHT, HE CARRYING HER GUN AS WELL AS HIS OWN."

AT LEAST a Hundred Women Carrying Guns Among the Patriots Who Are Hoping to Throw Off the Turkish Yoke

By ALBERT SONNICHSEN
Author of "Deep Sea Vagabonds."

WOMEN fighters appear frequently in history, but in no modern wars have women taken so active a part as in the present Macedonian revolution. In almost every insurgent band that roams the mountains of Macedonia, harassing the Turkish troops and bashi bazouks by unexpected rushes, there are one or two women. At the present day there are at least one hundred women carrying guns. So says Constantine Stephanove, of the Macedonian Junta in New York, who escaped from a Turkish prison and joined the insurgents.

"We have not only one Jean d'Arc," said Mr. Stephanove, "but dozens. We accept them as a matter of fact. We are used to women fighters. We do not approve of exposing women to the dangers of battle more than other people, but all these women have demanded the right to fight. We could easily replace them with men, but when a woman comes with a holy oath to die fighting Turks because she, or her sisiter, or her mother, has suffered unspeakable outrage at the hands of Turks, a man must step aside and surrender to her his gun and his place in the band. These women are mostly desperadoes, seeking death, and some of the most heroic deeds in our campaigns have been done by them.

Why Anna Simitchieva Was Canonized by the Church

If there is one woman whom the Macedonians have placed above others for her fighting, it is Anna Simitchieva, who was shot by Turks in Koumanova last year. She has since been canonized by the church.

Some women and children and wounded insurgents were being hounded by the Turkish soldiers, when they sought shelter in a church in Koumanova and barricaded the doors.

The Turks began an assault. Attached to this church was a seminary. Anna Simitchieva, a young teacher, gathered about her a dozen young men students, and, securing some guns from a secret cache in the town, they attacked the Turks, who were beating down the church doors.

Infuriated by the sacrilege that was being committed against their church, and inspired by the fighting woman who led them, the Macedonian students fought with the fury of desperadoes. The Turks outnumbered them ten to one, but so surprised were the Sultan's troops by the boldness of the attack that at first they were repulsed, leaving a heap of twenty dead by the church door.

But that was only temporary; the Turks came back reinforced, and then ensued a sanguinary street fight, in which not only Anna Simitchieva and her band of students were annihilated, but the refugees in the church as well were hewn to pieces and the church burned. The last man to die, as the Turks themselves afterward told, was a young theological student, who had been an ardent admirer of the school mistress, and he stood astride of her body, after she had been shot, using his rifle as a club, until a Turk cut him down from the rear with a yataghan. The mothers and sisters of several of the students saw the battle from windows of nearby houses.

Madame Arnaudova Who Is Still in the Field

Then there is Madame Arnaudova, who is still in the field. She has been through a dozen campaigns, and so far has escaped without a scratch. She belongs to Dubnitza, which is a small mountain town on the frontier of Turkey and Bulgaria. Years ago, for she is now well up in the thirties, Madame Arnaudova entered the ranks of the insurgents, and her presence has been such an inspiration to the bands to which she has been attached that they have done some of the most daring deeds.

She is a big, grim woman, who only speaks when she has something to say, but when she addresses a band of men for a few minutes they are ready to tackle the Sultan's whole army. Nothing demoralizes the Turks so much as seeing Madame Arnaudova among any band of insurgents they may engage.

Miss Malechefska, another Macedonian Joan of Arc, was a school teacher in Seres, when she saw some atrocity that would have unbalanced her mind were it not a pretty strong one, and she went to Bulgaria, where she enlisted in an insurgent band. She was barely twenty-two, but she could carry a gun as well as any man, and she would not allow any male comrade to carry so much as her ammunition.

Surrounded by Turks She Escaped With Two Comrades

The band she went out with was surrounded by Turks, and she was one of three that escaped. She reenlisted and her band again met disaster. All but ten were killed, and they were taken prisoners, she being one of them. The Turks executed her comrades, but kept her. She made a desperate dash for liberty one dark night and escaped again.

She returned to Rilo Monastery, the sole survivor of the band with which she had left that Bulgarian town two weeks before. Nothing daunted, she enlisted again, and when Mr. Stephanove left Sofia last fall she had just returned from her third campaign, but this time she had taken part in a fight in which the Turks were worsted.

Some Bulgarian Women Under Arms Through Sympathy

So strong is the sympathy of the Bulgarian women for the condition of their Macedonian sisters that some of them have taken up guns. Ivan Radouloff, a Macedonian now in New York, fought with a band, one of which was Miss Pookavecharova, a pretty Bulgarian girl. She was affianced to a young Macedonian in the band. On the march the two walked together, the others leaving them to themselves. Thus, the couple might be walking along of a moonlight night arm in arm, he carrying her gun, as well as his own, and the band stretched out in single file ahead of them. Then would come the alarm, and the lovers would spring to their places in the firing line, their courtship coming to a sudden pause that they might shoot Turks.

This couple was in a frontier town when Mr. Radouloff left Bulgaria in February. The girl was nursing her lover in a hospital, as he had been wounded in a fight. They are to be married soon, and their honeymoon will be a trip to Macedonia with an insurgent band.

"Let me tell you of a woman warrior of my own town, Bansko, in the district of Razlog," said Mr. Stephanove. "She is a married woman of thirty-three, a woman of Brunhilde physique, fair haired and blue eyed. She scattered a whole band of Turkish guards once, single handed, and in open daylight. This is how it happened.

The Bravery of Elenka Spasova a Macedonian Widow

"A famous insurgent chief, Jorge Radonoff, had been taken prisoner, and was confined in the local prison in Bansko. Elenka Spasova, a widow, lived in a house adjoining the prison. She conceived the idea of liberating the insurgent chief, and set about it by beginning a tunnel from her cellar to the prison. She dug at night, and soon she could hear the tread of the sentry above her as she worked. Finally, she got under the prisoner's cell and signalled to him. Next day she went to the prison through the tunnel to arrange for an escape that night, when part of the tunnel caved in, and not only cut off her escape, but alarmed the guards.

"'Let us make a dash as they open the door!' she cried to the prisoner.

"But on her account the chief refused to countenance such desperate measures. The guards threw open the doors, and Madame Spasova, drawing her revolver, dashed through the astonished Turks, shooting right and left, and escaped.

"Later on she persuaded a band of insurgents to go to the rescue of Radonoff, which they did successfully."

Every Macedonian woman takes part in the revolution—if not with arms, in other ways equally active. There was a case in Bansko which illustrates what the Macedonian women will do if called upon.

A member of the local committee was arrested and taken to the headquarters of the khaimakam. To save a recently arrived consignment of hidden arms and ammunition quick action was necessary. The other members of the committee knew that few men can withstand the persuasions of physical torture.

The ammunition was hidden in a ditch far out in one of the fields. The men could not remove it without being observed by the Turkish patrols and sentries, so they went about among the women, and the result was this. The Turks saw the women coming and going in the fields as they usually did, apparently intent upon looking after their cows or goats or corn. They did not know that each woman went to the cache, secured several hundred rounds of ammunition, tied it to her by a string around her waist under her skirts and carried it to another place of concealment.

When torture finally compelled the committeeman to reveal the hiding place of the ammunition, the Turks went there at once, but found only a few empty boxes.

A New Method of Punishment.

The Japanese mother has discovered a new way of keeping her children obedient.

"I will send you to Russia," says the mother to her rebellious son, and straightway he subsides.

Or she will ask: "Are you the son of Russians?"

"No, I am a Japanese," the youngster will protest.

"Then," she will say, "act like one."

And once more the young hopeful takes the hint and is good.

He Knew Where He Wanted to Go

An English traveler who is visiting the United States for the first time had occasion to go up from New York to Boston the other day. He finished his business there late in the afternoon, and went down to South Station to get his train for New York. He found the train after inquiring carefully of the guard at the gate and settled himself for the five-hour ride to Forty-second street. After a few minutes he asked the conductor if there were a dining car on the train. "No," replied the official, "you get your dinner aboard."

"Aboard what?" asked the astonished Englishman.

"Why, aboard the ship, of course," said the conductor.

"But I am not going to sea. I want to go to the Grand Central Station in New York."

"Well, you can go up there in the morning, if you really must be there," replied the conductor kindly.

"But will you please tell me where you are taking me? I checked my luggage to New York, and bought my ticket, and the guard told me this was the train. I want to go to New York. I don't want to go out on the deep blue sea."

"This train," said the railroad man, "goes to Fall River, and there you take the steamer for New York. If it is fair on the Sound you will arrive about seven o'clock in the morning."

"Tell me," said the Englishman, when he related the experience to his friends the next day, "is it a regular custom in America, when visitors want to go to New York to send them out to sea? Most remarkable, I call it."

Porter Family's Claim to Solid Fame

BY ELEANOR LEXINGTON.

THE outpost defenders keep out the bad and let in the good—such are the Porters, or gate keepers.

As a surname, Porter dates back to Ralph, son of Wilhain de la Grande, one of the knights of the Norman army. Ralph became "grand porteur" to Henry I., hence the name. Portier, Porteous and Porteus are the other forms. Kenilworth was the home of Ralph, the great porter.

One branch of the family traces its line back to Dermot Mac Murough, the last king of Leinster, 1074, and the great-grandson of Diarmaid, the 177th monarch of all Ireland. The line comes through Princess Eva Mac Murough, who married Richard de Clare, "the Strong Bow."

William Porter was sergeant-at-arms to Henry VII., and Endymion Porter was groom of the bedchamber to Charles I. Although his salary was only £500, Endymion had perquisites—the king's cast off clothing, perhaps—for we read of his giving away one of Charles' old coats, and a hat, feather and ruff.

Endymion was on friendly terms with many great painters—Rubens among the number—and helped to form Charles I.'s great collection of pictures. One of his sons was vice-chancellor of the household of James II.

Sir Robert Ker Porter was distinguished as an artist, a statesman and a soldier. His sister, Jane, is known to fame as the author of that old favorite "Thaddeus of Warsaw."

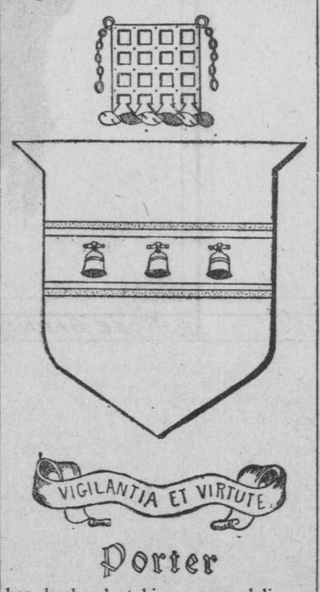
The family were early settlers in the new world. John Porter and wife came over from England with their eleven sons and daughters a few years after the arrival of the Mayflower, and settled in Massachusetts, and Robert Porter came from Ireland in 1720.

The Porters were prominent in Colonial affairs, and foremost in service in time of war. One of the bravest and best of the Revolutionary officers was General Moses Porter. General Andrew Porter was another patriot, who, owing to his wife's industry, was regarded as quite a Beau Brummel.

"Porter, how does it happen that you look so genteel?" General Knox once asked him, "when the rest of us are in rags and you are receiving no better pay than we?"

"You must ask my wife," was General Porter's reply. "I thought this coat had seen its best days, but she took it home, turned it inside out, and now it is as good as new."

When the army was at Valley Forge Mrs. Porter often went to visit



her husband, taking some delicacy, or a garment which she had made for him.

On one occasion she was approaching the camp on horseback when she came up with a man in undress uniform, of whose rank she was ignorant. He adjusted some part of the trappings of her horse, and complimented her upon the appearance of the animal, which she told him was of her own raising. He walked slowly beside her to camp, then saying: "I think I see your husband," left her.

"Well, my lady," said General Porter to his wife, "you came into camp highly escorted."

"By whom?" she asked.

"By the commander-in-chief."

Andrew Porter was offered a place in President Madison's cabinet, as Secretary of War, an honor which he declined.

In 1769, when the importation of foreign goods was stopped, spinning bees were the popular functions of the day, and one given for the wife of Rev. John Porter netted that worthy lady 3,322 knots of tow, cotton, woolen and linen yarn, which ninety-seven young women had spun.

Sergeant John Porter in his will left his wife, Deliverance, "the easterly end of his dwelling house and one-half of the back rooms of the north side of the west end of the house." She also had one-half of the buttery, and the privilege of the oven and the well; also corn, wool, cider, apples, sauce, and $10 a year."

The Porter Family Association preserves all the traditions of the family. One is to the effect that Samuel Porter, of Taunton, Mass., born about the middle of the eighteenth century, married Esther Lincoln, also of Taunton, and a sister of Abraham Lincoln, great-grandfather of President Lincoln.

Twenty-two coats of arms have been granted, at different times, to various members of the family. The one reproduced is argent, on fess sable, between two barrulets, or three church bells, of the first. Crest. a portcullis: proper, chained, or. Motto, Vigilantia et virtute—by watchfulness and bravery.

Comfortable Collisions at Sea

Not long ago a torpedo boat went up to Providence from the Torpedo Station at Newport, and then tried to see what speed she could make in running back, a distance of thirty miles. Thirty miles made in a bay crowded with shipping is different from thirty miles made over a straight, clear course, but the boat made the run in one hour and three minutes under one boiler—that is, using half her power.

A few days after she went up to Providence again and came down under both boilers, trying to cut down the record. But everything seemed to go wrong that day—ships got in the way, the machinery did not seem to work smoothly, and so on; and when the breakwater on the north end of the Torpedo Station was reached the trip had been in a minute more time than on the previous trial.

The torpedo boat slowed down and headed for her dock, but the bad luck of the day still pursued her, and she crashed head-on into the seawall at a speed of seventeen knots an hour.

"How did it seem when she hit?" was asked of a man on board of her.

"Well," he replied, "when we saw the crash was coming we all grabbed hold of something and braced ourselves for a tremendous shock, but, to our surprise, the shock was comparatively slight. The thin bows of the boat doubled up like the bellows of an accordion, and so formed a sort of cushion, which took up the force of the blow. If one must run into a seawall at the rate of seventeen knots an hour, I know of no more comfortable ship to do it in than a torpedo boat."

Brief Poets of Japan.

Japan is a land of poets, as well as of artists and soldiers, but the Japanese poets have the great merit of brevity. They almost invariably adopt the form of poem known as the "hokka," which always consists of exactly thirty-one syllables arranged in five or six lines.

These poems are usually devoted to an exposition of some delicate beauty in nature. One called "Kokoro ate ni"—"The Frost's Magic"—is a good example. Freely translated, it runs like this:

"If it were my wish,
White chrysanthemum to cull,
Puzzled by the frost
Of the early autumn time,
I would try to pluck a flower."

The Japanese poets seldom rhyme, and they do not often write love songs. One of the latter, "Akenureba," is reminiscent of Shelley's "Good Night." It may be translated:

"Though I know full well
That the night will come again,
E'en when day has dawned;
Yet, in truth, I hate the sight
Of the morning's coming light."

Under Fire for a Dinner in Venezuela

"DON'T forget to come to dinner to-night, old fellow, and be sure you come early."

These were the parting words of a friendly British naval officer as I stepped down the gangway of the cruiser "Tribune" one morning in February of last year to row back to the blockaded port of La Guayra, where I was staying in the capacity of war correspondent of an American newspaper. The "Tribune" was one of the large fleet of British, German and Italian warships then blockading the coasts of Venezuela because President Castro had declined to pay his debts.

I was busy all day interviewing alcaldes and prefects and commandantes and other gorgeously uniformed Venezuelan officials, and so was obliged to neglect the injunction to "come early." I naturally regarded it as the polite phrase which usually accompanies a verbal invitation. My friend, the officer, had not made it clear that my life might hang upon it.

Soon after sunset I started for the "Tribune" in a rowboat, with two Venezuelan boatmen and my interpreter, a Demeraran mulatto. We soon found that we had a difficult and dangerous task before us.

Instead of dying down at dusk, as usual, the trade wind had developed into a stiff gale, punctuated now and then by tearing rain squalls, which lashed the crests of the waves into a lather of foam and half filled our boat with water. My Venezuelan rowers toiled at their oars like heroes, but made little headway, for tide and wind were dead against them. It seemed impossible that so small a boat could live five minutes in so heavy a sea. Again and again giant combers rolled down upon us and hung, poised in the air, twenty feet above our little craft. It seemed ages before we climbed, slowy and painfully, up their green sides and rode safely on their foaming white crests. Only the marvellous expertness of the boatmen saved us a dozen times over from filling and sinking.

My interpreter, wet to the skin by the waves which had broken into the boat, shivered in the bow and implored me to return, whenever he could spare time from praying to his patron saints. I have traveled widely and met with many adventures, but he is the only absolute coward I ever knew. It is the nature of men to be brave, even when they face death for the first time, whatever may be their nationality or the color of their skin.

Two or three miles away the lights of the "Tribune" and the Italian cruiser "Carlos Alberto" twinkled over the black waste of waters. Behind us, calm as a city of the dead, lay the blockaded town of La Guayra, with hardly a light showing. A hundred yards ahead loomed the white hulls of half a dozen Venezuelan schooners and cutters, which had been captured by the Italian cruiser and manned with prize crews.

Suddenly, out of the blackness of the night, came a threatening hail in Italian from the nearest schooner.

"In oars!" I shouted, and we lay rocking violently in the trough of a big wave, out of sight of the Italians. But the next wave caught our boat and carried it right under the bows of the schooner.

"Friends!" I called. "We are going to the 'Tribune.'"

There was a scurrying to and fro on the Italian. Orders were shouted, and the entire crew jabbered together at us like a cageful of monkeys.

I shouted to them in English and French to explain that I was not a Venezuelan patriot carrying torpedoes, but only a harmless person trying to find his dinner.

"No spik Inglesa," they yelled in reply.

My interpreter tried Spanish, but that was equally futile. Next minute, as we tried to get alongside to explain matters, they spoke a language which is understood all the world over. Two sailors rushed to the side, leveled their rifles point blank at us, and fired. Fortunately, just as they pulled the triggers, an officer knocked up their arms, and the bullets whistled harmlessly over our heads.

My boatmen rested on their oars, showing no alarm. Like most Venezuelans, they were plucky fellows. The interpreter was dazed with fright. He groveled in the water at the bottom of the boat, whining pitifully.

"Get up, you cur!" I said, kicking him as hard as I could. "Tell the boatmen to go back."

By this time we had drifted away from the schooner and were invisible in the blackness of the night. But they lit a red flare, and began firing at us again—probably to make us stop rowing. As we kept on, they lowered a boat and pursued us; but by that time we were half a mile away, and they gave up the chase after a few scattering shots. None of us was hit, for it is difficult to take good aim by the delusive light of a red flare.

Thus it was that I enjoyed the distinction of being the only war correspondent under fire during the bloodless blockade of Venezuela. I had to go back to La Guayra for my dinner.

A few days later I sailed for Trinidad aboard the British warship "Ariadne," the flagship of Admiral Sir Archibald Lucian Douglas, who commanded the blockading squadron. At dinner that night I related my little adventure.

"By Jove!" exclaimed the Admiral. "You had a narrow shave. I wonder you weren't shot. The Italians were really very kind to parley with you so long. The people living at the blockaded ports were warned not to come out in boats after dark, if they valued their lives; and I gave orders in writing to the sentries on the blockading fleet to fire first and challenge afterwards. They were told to send the first shot wide of the boat, and the second plump into it, if it still tried to come alongside."

WILLIAM THORP.

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