

Women Warriors in Many Ages



MME. POUSEP LEADING THE COSSACKS

“WOMAN in Modern Warfare” would seem to be a topic more promising of glory for the sex than “Woman in Modern Industrialism,” which was recently discussed by prominent club women in Chicago. The latest modern instance is that of Mme. Pousep, a Russian amazon, who has just received the imperial authority to join a Cossack regiment in the war with Japan.

Mme. Pousep is a daughter of Colonel Maslowandurov. There are enough women nurses, she says, and she is determined to show the world that a woman can fight. She is described as a fine horsewoman, a crack shot—handling the rifle and the revolver equally well—and a dangerous antagonist with the sword. She has often taken part in cavalry maneuvers of the Vyansensky regiment, and she carries her 33 years as lightly as any rough-rider.

Thus it is plain that the spirit of the amazon survives outside the ranks of the warriors of Dahomey. “Because we are women,” said Mrs. Alice Lee Moque of Washington, who tried to organize a woman regiment in the Spanish-American war, “is no reason why we should be denied the joy of action, the glory of victorious valor, the fame of heroism, the honored scar of conflict and the sacred bed of the nation’s sleeping martyrs.” Mrs. Moque is of the athletic type, she likes action, believing that outdoor exercise is the keynote of physical health. She is a wheelwoman, a fine swimmer, a first-rate shot and thinks nothing of walking 20 miles.

Mrs. De Lesander of Oklahoma, who claimed to be a great-granddaughter of one of Napoleon’s officers, was so anxious to prove her fighting qualities that she made an effort to recruit a regiment of “lady rough riders” to go to the front in the war with Spain.

Miss Beebe Beam, daughter of a United States army officer, had a great ambition to try her hand at soldiering in the Philippines. Disguised as a cabin boy, she sailed for Manila, Dec. 1, 1898. Her next was discovered and she arrived at Manila a prisoner. Escaping from the ship, she obtained soldier clothes and followed the troops on their campaign for nearly a year. “I saw war,” she says, in recounting her experiences, “and I lived it just as the man soldier sees it and lives it, and for what I saw and learned I do not feel that I paid too much, though I suffered greatly from illness, discomfort and terror.”

When Colonel John Stoenberg of New Albany, Ind., went to the Philippines his wife insisted on going with him, and on arriving there insisted on accompanying him in the campaign. She was allowed to go as a nurse, with the consent of General Otis, but on many occasions she had to spend hours with the troops in the trenches. This plucky woman was caught in several engagements. At such times she could not restrain her enthusiasm, and often seized a rifle from a dying soldier and did effective work. She bore up bravely until her husband was killed, and then, in spite of her grief, she took upon herself the task of bringing his body home for burial.

In Georgia Miss Lizette Gammon was so eager to go and fight the Spaniards that she resorted to strategy to accomplish her purpose. Dressing herself in male clothing she started for a recruiting office, when a policeman, noticing her peculiar walk, suspected she was a woman masquerading in man’s clothes and arrested her. After a good cry she said: “I was bent on joining the army and going to the front to fight the Spaniards. At first I thought of joining the Red Cross, but that would have been too tame. I wanted to be where the fight was going on in real earnest, and there was no way to do so except to put on a man’s uniform and become a soldier, but now I am terribly humiliated by being locked up in a police station. I see no martial glory in this.”

The Cubans had several noted women soldiers who could ride and shoot and use the machete. A romantic figure in recent Brazilian rebellions was Maria Rebeca, who with sword and carriage

led the revolutionists against the government troops. The story goes of this modern woman warrior that she fell asleep in a church one-day and saw a vision which commanded her to lead her townsmen against the government post at Bon Jardin. She gathered a band of followers who believed in her revelation, captured Bon Jardin, where many citizens joined her forces, and went on to San Joao, where she took the town and killed hundreds of Republicans. Her beauty and courage made her the idol of her followers.

Another modern woman warrior was Josephine Risah, a leader of the rebellion against Spain in the Philippines. She was married at 20, and when she had been a bride only one hour her husband was executed before her eyes by the Spanish. This deed aroused widespread horror. The frenzied young widow swore that she would avenge her husband’s murder, and that Spanish lives should pay for his life. She went to Agutalido and, being granted permission to enter the ranks, fought with a dash and courage that made her conspicuous in every engagement. At last she fell into the hands of General Primo de Rivera, but through the aid of friends she escaped to Hong Kong.

The Graeco-Turkish war also had its heroine, a Greek woman, who incited the natives of her province to revolt and led them in several skirmishes. Many brave girls of civil war times aspired to more venturesome work in war than that of nursing sick and wounded soldiers. Mrs. L. H. Seelye, who recently died at Laporte, Texas, had a remarkable career as a soldier in the ranks. In the three-fold capacity of soldier, field nurse and spy she proved herself “one of the best and bravest men in the regiment.” She enlisted as “Frank Thompson.” In this battles of Bull Run, Williamsburg, Fair Oaks, the seven days before Richmond, Antietam and Fredericksburg she frequently fought all day and nursed the wounded at night, with a strength and devotion almost superhuman. While in the secret service she penetrated the enemy’s lines a dozen times in various disguises, always with success.

One of the few women officers of the civil war was commissioned by Richard Yates when he was governor of Illinois. The document may still be seen in the state house at Springfield. It is dated April 16, 1862, and says that Mrs. Belle



JOAN OF ARC AT THE CAPTURE OF THE TOURELLES

Reynolds was appointed “to the honorary position of daughter of the regiment for meritorious conduct in camp and in the field of Pittsburg Landing, with the rank of major.”

In two places in the “Official Record of the Army of Illinois” Gen. Sherman mentions Major Reynolds in a complimentary way. When she went to war in her husband’s regiment, the Seventeenth Illinois Infantry, she was 19,

tall, handsome and vivacious. At last accounts she was still living in Santa Barbara, Cal.

Mrs. Robert S. Brownell is known to the hosts of the Grand Army of the Republic as “Kady” Brownell. In the uniform of a souvere she marched with veterans who have seen her do what no other American woman did in the war of the rebellion—go into battle with a musket as a common soldier.

Something about Kady Brownell indicates the soldier, although her mild blue eyes and gentle manner seem at first to belie it. She comes of a family of soldiers. Her father was an officer in the British army—Col. George Southwell, who saw plenty of active service, chiefly on the coast of Africa. It was there in garrison that Kady Brownell first saw the light of day. She was the “barracks baby,” until she reached the



MARIA BARBOSA AT THE HEAD OF CUBANS

battle. The family settled in Rhode Island, and Mrs. Kady Brownell grew to young womanhood. She is a member in full standing of the Elias Howe Post, No. 5, at Providence. To be listed as a member of a post one must have seen real service in the war of the rebellion. Kady Brownell saw plenty of the hardest kind of service at the front. Had she lived in the early part of the 18th century, and in the peasant village that gave to the world Joan of Arc, she surely would have marched against the hosts of England. She has the distinction of being the only woman who ever regularly enlisted in the army of the United States, and she is the only woman in America who ever marched into battle with her brothers in arms. When the time comes for her to lay down the cares of life she will be buried with the honors of a soldier. A volley will be fired over her grave, and that will be an honor never before conferred upon an American woman.

The story of how Kady Brownell came to be a soldier is not without its romance. She reached young womanhood just before the breaking out of the war of the rebellion. With the firing of the first gun at Sumter the whole north was aflame, and one of the first of the young Rhode Islanders to offer his services to his country was Robert Brownell. His sweetheart was Miss Kady Southwell. “You must wait until this war is over,” said the soldier. “If I live to come back then we shall be married.”

“But why not marry me now and take me to the front with you?” pleaded the girl. “I can’t do that, good a soldier as you may be in the state.”

It was the same old story—the woman prevailed and there was a quiet wedding the very next day. But the soldier told his bride that she must stay at home and wait until the end of the long conflict and his return.

The boat carrying the first detachment of the sturdy Rhode Islanders to the front was just about to set sail a few days later, when a private walked up to Col. Brownell, in command of the regiment, and saluted.

“Well, what’s the trouble?” asked the brusque colonel. “Begin your pardon, sir, but there’s a woman on board,” reported the private.

“What?” roared the colonel. “What you put her ashore at once.” “But she says she won’t never go,” replied the private, who was new to army discipline. Dressing himself in a lower deck, sitting on a camp stool, and she just says she’s going along to the front with this regiment or know the reason why.”

The colonel marched down to the lower deck with grim determination in his eyes. There he found a girlish figure placidly sitting on a stool and glaring defiance at the federal government. At her side was Private Brownell, her husband of a few days.

“Colonel, please help me out of this mess,” said the soldier. “This is my wife and she says she is going along with the regiment if she has to go to war with the whole state. I can’t do a thing with her.” The colonel tried all his persuasive powers, but to no purpose. Then he talked about a court-martial, but the nervous little woman in front of him rocked not of such things. At last he had to resort to strategy. A boat was brought alongside, Kady Brownell was seized by several soldiers, carried aboard it and taken ashore.

TWO STORIES OF OUR FLAG—ITS PRESTIGE ABROAD

BY CAPTAIN LUTHER D. MAHONE

THE golden sub-tropical sun was slowly sinking beneath the western horizon—the rolling waters of the deep—when our party left Havana for a trip into the interior of the island of Cuba. We crossed Havana harbor, ascended the embankment on the opposite side from the plains toward the mountains in the distance. After some little time we reached their base and began to ascend them. When nearing their tops we halted to take a retrospective view of our course. Before us was a scene equal to any in nature’s garden.

Directly in front of us was Havana, the metropolis of the West Indies, with its palaces and cathedrals and botanical gardens, bordering upon the ocean. On the opposite side of the harbor was Morocastle, the citadel of Spanish power and tyranny for four centuries. Round about were blockhouses and forts and cabanas, the dread of many a poor condemned Spanish or Cuban subject. We could hear the noise of vehicles, the whirl of machinery, and the whistle over and under of some vessel on its arrival or departure, bearing away heavy cargoes and news to all the world of a better and happier state of affairs in the “Pearl of the Antilles.” In the harbor showed the topmast of the wrecked battleship Maine.

Soon after crossing the summit of the hill, leaving behind us the city and ocean, we came to a small hut, once the

home of a prosperous Cuban planter who had given his life in defense of the cause which brought liberty to his people. An old woman, the wife of the home, poor and pitiful to look upon, was the only person to welcome us. The hut was constructed of palm bark, the roof being of the same material, leaving many holes through which the rain and the sun entered, making the place the more disagreeable. The room was without furniture of any sort; yet she had a protection over her that defied the powers of the earth. She was seated on a stool as we rode up. She immediately arose on seeing us, and said repeatedly, “Americano, mucho bueno,” meaning “You are welcome.” We talked with her a short time, inquiring the best route to the interior of the island. On leaving one of the party said: “Are you not afraid to remain here? Don’t you know that these half-civilized people will come in and destroy your home and take your life some time?” The old woman stepped back, her face beaming with light, pointing to the stars and stripes. “Little flag that had fallen into her possession in some way, and said: “No; that is a protection to me.” If the stars and stripes, which have been carried to the four corners of the earth, meant so much to this poor old Cuban woman, who knew so little of its significance, how much more it should mean to us as American citizens!

While cruising in the south Atlantic



CAPT. LUTHER D. MAHONE

our vessel went into port at Buenos Ayres. We were buoyed alongside a British battleship. To the rear was a German battleship. A little farther

away was a French battleship. In fact, the harbor was filled with ships representing almost all the nations of the earth. It was late in the afternoon, about the time for retreat rollcall and the hauling down of the colors. Scarcely had we struck anchor when the shrill notes of a bugle rang out from the French battleship, announcing the time of the evening retreat. A beautiful custom that the various nations have when they sound the evening retreat, followed by playing their national air, and while it is being played the soldiers, sailors and citizens of that country stand at attention and uncovered. Immediately following the bugle call the band on board the French battleship struck up the national air of France, and every French soldier and sailor stood at attention and uncovered. As the last strains of music were dying away across the harbor the French flag was lowered from the topmast. Then followed the band on board the German battleship, and likewise every soldier and sailor stood at attention and uncovered. The bugle call on board the British battleship struck up the national air of Great Britain, “God Save the Queen.” Immediately every British soldier and sailor stood at attention, but I noticed that the union jack, the British flag, did not come down when the band ceased playing, as was done on the other vessels. On board our vessel the bugle sounded the retreat, followed by the

band playing the national air of our country, “The Star-Spangled Banner,” so dear to every American heart. I noticed that not only the Americans stood at attention and uncovered, but on board the German, French, English and other battleships, with hundreds of people on the shore, all—all—stood at attention and uncovered, and as the band was closing the stars and stripes was lowered from the topmast, and as it slowly came down, the union jack, the British flag, came down with it.

Previous to the Spanish-American war our mightiest battleships might have gone into the ports of the world and gone in unnoticed, but today let any merchant vessel or tugboat flying the stars and stripes go into the ports around the known world and it is hailed and cheered wherever it goes. The stars and stripes means more to the peoples inhabiting the dark places of the earth, and they have more respect for it than they have for their own flag. The significance of the union jack and the stars and stripes coming down together is but the outward manifestation of the inner spirit that animates the Anglo-Saxon race the world over—that the English-speaking peoples will stand together for the solution of the world’s problems and for the saving of the races. The prestige of the stars and stripes is conceded, and the nations of the earth are looking to the United States to lead them in their international affairs.

TO PUT AN EGG INTO A BOTTLE

From the St. Louis Globe-Democrat. “If you were to see an egg enclosed in a bottle with a neck so narrow that it would scarcely admit of the passage of an object one-half the size of the egg, it would give you just cause for wonder and amazement, wouldn’t it?” Mr. R. W. Brandon said to me.

“And yet it is an exceedingly simple and easy trick to perform, in order to accomplish it with entire success,

an egg of any size may be taken and placed in a quantity of vinegar, enough to cover the egg completely, and in the vinegar it should be allowed to stand for three or four days. During this time the vinegar will gradually absorb all the lime in the shell, thus rendering it as soft and pliable as a piece of cloth, but without altering its appearance in the least. The egg may then be taken and forced through the neck of a bottle, the one too small, however, but due care should be observed in this, for

any puncturing or scratching with the fingers will be apt to perforate the shell. The best way to get it through is to roll it out slightly between the palms of the hands. The bottle should also be held so that the egg will slide easily down the sides and not drop. Once the egg is inside, fill the bottle half full of lime water and let it stand thus several days.

The shell will absorb the lime, and in this way resume its former hard and brittle condition, after which the

CHINESE FAILURES DENTISTS.

From the Lahore (India) Tribune. When a Chinaman wants to have a tooth drawn, he feels no excellent apprehension of pain, for the excellent reason that he knows his dentist will not inflict any. The latter simply rubs a se-

Dangerous Chances.

Multi-Millionaire—I notice that Grafner has been arrested for stealing \$500,000.

Billionaire—I have often warned him against petty larceny.