



Autumn.

There is something in the autumn that is
native to my blood—
Touch of manner, hint of mood;
And my heart is like a rhyme,
With the yellow and the purple and the
crimson keeping time.

The scarlet of the maples can shake men
like a cry
Of bugles going by.
And my lonely spirit thrills
To see the frosty asters like a smoke upon
the hills.

There is something in October that sets
the gypsy blood astir;
We must rise and follow her,
When from every hill of flame
She calls and calls each vagabond by
name.

Noted Women.

The Modern Amazons.

Mr. William G. Shepherd, in the New York *Evening Sun*, tells of visiting five of the wounded women fighters of the famous "Battalion of Death", in a Russian hospital. "What was the battle like?" he asked one of them. She replied: "I was very nervous just before the charge. We knew the order was coming and naturally we were just a little scared. But as soon as the orders to go forward came we forgot everything else in the advance."

"I could hear our girls yelling and shouting throughout the march forward. None of us were afraid once we got started. We were in the midst of a great fusillade of shots. Then terrific big shells began breaking all around us."

"We were again frightened a little when we first saw dead men about, but before very long we were jumping over the dead, and quickly forgot all about them."

"We couldn't tell what was going on anywhere," said a third girl in describing the final stages of the battle.

"Commander Butchkareff was everywhere, urging us to fight and die like real Russian soldiers."

Then the girl told how the legion took its first prisoners.

"As we ran forward we suddenly came upon a bunch of Germans immediately ahead of us. It was only a second until we were all around them."

"They saw they were caught and threw down their rifles, holding up their hands. They were terribly frightened."

"Good God! Women!" they exclaimed."

"We saw wounded German soldiers raising themselves on their elbows and shooting," interjected another wounded girl. "We just forgot ourselves entirely. We were simply Russia, fighting for her life."

Although these latest achievements of the Russian women "defy all precedents in the history of womanhood", it is no new thing for women in Russia to do daring things for the liberty of their country and the destruction of the tyrants who for so long trod the nation under their feet. It was a woman, Vera Sasulitch, who in 1878 shot the mighty General Treppoff, one of the worst of them, and for the past forty years women have never been wanting where the question of the sufferings of Russia has been under discussion. In order that they might understand better the affairs of the country they have flocked to the schools and universities and to-day the Women's Battalion numbers many of the cleverest women of Russia.

Mme. Butchkareff is of peasant origin. The story of her life is told in the London *Daily Telegraph* as follows:

Vera Butchkareff, or simply Yashka, as she has been christened by the men of the regiment to which she belonged, got much of her warlike spirit from her father, who fought through the whole of the

Turkish war and was left a cripple for life. Her mother was a hard-working woman, with five children, of whom Yashka was the eldest, and she had to go out washing and cooking to earn enough to clothe and feed this flock.

At the age of five Yashka was sent out as nurse to a baby of three. And from that time she has never stopped working. She looks none the worse for it. Finely yet strongly built, with broad shoulders and healthy complexion, she can lift 200 pound with the greatest of ease. She has never known what fear is.

Not long ago she remarked that during the last two years she had lived through so much that there remained but one danger yet to experience, that of flying. Just as she was saying that an aviator came up and offered to take her for a flight, and before the day was out she had exhausted her list of perils.

When she was sixteen years old her parents seized the first opportunity of getting her married. She did not know the man, but luckily as time wore on they grew very fond of each other, and were very happy. At first they both served in a shop, and thanks to their perseverance and frugality they were soon able to open a small shop of their own. But just as they began to prosper the war broke out, and he was one of the first to be called up.

She was very keen on accompanying him as a soldier, but he begged her to stay behind and work for her parents, whom they had been keeping.

She was always ready for any daring venture, and it was with great reluctance that she stayed at home in compliance with her husband's wish. Time passed,

trench was captured. She has received two St. George's medals and two St. George's crosses for various feats of bravery. At the end of the two years she was legally admitted into the 28th Polozk Regiment.

She was presented to Mr. Kerensky for her bravery, and after hearing all her experiences, the Minister of War asked what wish she would like to have granted. She straightway said: "I want to form a woman's volunteer battalion, which is to lead men into battle if they will not go of themselves." The idea was approved by Kerensky, and, with the sanction of the commander-in-chief, the battalion has been formed.

Although Mme. Butchkareff is probably the best-known woman fighter, says the St. Louis *Post Dispatch*, the first of the frailer sex in Muscovy to take up arms and fight by the side of the male soldiers was Mme. Marfo Malko, the wife of a junior officer in the Russian Army. This account says:

She was captured by the Germans in the early days of the war and is still a prisoner as far as is known.

When war was declared Mme. Malko cut off her hair, donned a uniform, and joined the Army. All the rigors and hardships of the various battles and marches in which she took part did not bother her in the least and the secret of her sex identity was kept to herself.

Then she was captured, together with several hundred other Russians, and sent to a sanitation camp. All the prisoners were forced to go through a disinfecting station, first removing all their clothing. When Mme. Marko's turn came she balked and insisted that a bath in her

visited the barracks of the command in Torgvay Street found posted at the gate a little blue-eyed sentry in a soldiers' khaki blouse, short breeches, green forage-cap, and neat, heavily soled shoes. The sentry was Miss Mary Skrydloff, daughter of the former commander of the Baltic Fleet and Minister of Marine. The Skrydloff family is one of the oldest and most distinguished in Russia.

Inside there were four large dormitories, the beds without bedding and heavy overcoats flung over them. In the courtyard 300 girls were at drill, mostly between eighteen and twenty-five years of age and of good physique and most of them pretty and refined in appearance. They wore their hair short or their heads entirely shaved. They were being drilled under the direction of a male sergeant of the Volynsky Regiment, a famous Russian military organization, and were marching in an exaggerated goose step.

Commander Vera Butchkareff explained that most of the recruits were from the higher educational academies and secondary schools, with a few peasants, factory girls, and servants. Some married women were accepted, but none who had children. The commander said:

"We apply the rigid system of the army before the days of the revolution, rejecting the new principle of soldier self-government. Having no time to inure the girls gradually to hardships, we impose a Spartan régime from the first. They sleep on boards, without bed-clothes, thus immediately eliminating the weak and those who require comforts. The smallest breach of discipline is punished with immediate and dishonorable discharge."

"The ordinary food of the soldier is furnished by the guards equipage corps. We arise at four and drill daily from five to eleven and from one to six. The girls carry the cavalry carbine, which is five pounds lighter than the regulation infantry rifle. On our first parade I requested those whose motives were frivolous to step aside. Only one did so. Later on, however, many who were unable to stand the privations of a soldier's life left us."

Hope's Quiet Hour

Worthy of Hire.

The laborer is worthy of his hire.—
S. Luke 10: 7.

"O the rare, sweet sense of living, when
one's heart leaps to his labor,
And the very joy of doing is life's richest,
noblest dower!
Let the poor—yea, poor in spirit—crave
the purple of his neighbor.
Give me just the strength for serving,
and the golden present hour!"

Our Lord has pointed out the great difference between a shepherd who is the owner of the flock and a "hireling", whose own the sheep are not. The idea of deserting his sheep, when danger threatens, does not enter the mind of the good shepherd. But, when the "hireling" sees a wolf coming, he thinks first of his own safety. The very name of "hireling" is unpleasant to our ears—since we read the parable of the Good Shepherd—for it seems applicable to one who is working only for his hire and takes no interest in his work. The hireling shepherd in the parable cared nothing for the sheep. He was working only for pay—and, if the wolf killed him, the pay would be lost. Of course he ran away when his position became a dangerous one.

None of us want to be "hirelings", in that sense, for we don't admire a man



Russian Women Wounded on the Eastern Front.
Some of the famous "Battalion of Death." Underwood & Underwood.

and after long waiting she got the news that he had been killed in action on May 28, 1915. At once she went to her parents, and said: "I have decided to go to the front, and you will either hear of my death or I shall return to you in honor and glory. I trust in God." And no persuasions were of any use.

For two years she has lived in the trenches and fought like a man. She has been wounded three times—in her arm, leg, and back. In the Lake Naroch battles there was a time when all the officers were killed and the men lost courage and lay down, too frightened to attack. Then she rose up and dashed forward calling on them to follow her. Every one obeyed her command, and the

case was entirely unnecessary. The Germans' suspicions were aroused and the truth leaked out.

Commenting on the fighting of the Battalion the St. Louis *Post Dispatch* says:

From the most disgraceful page in the history of new Russia, as it will be written for posterity, will stand out one bright, flaming spot—the gallant stand of the Women's Regiment—"the Command of Death"—in the midst of an ebbing wave of cowardly, panic-stricken men units. For pure courage and coolness the action of the Butchkareff detachment near Vilna on that terrible July day has seldom been equaled.

The Associated Press correspondent who