

Now for an Army of Women Soldiers

The First Women's Regiment Organized to Make Its Members Manly and Able to Fight Side by Side with Their Husbands, Fathers, Sons and Brothers



CHINESE FEMALE INFANTRY



Mrs. J. Hungerford Milbank in Her Military Uniform. By Mrs. J. Hungerford Milbank.

When I was fourteen years old my father, who was an army officer placed a loaded revolver in my hand and said: 'Learn to use this, that you may never have to use it.'

That is the beginning and the philosophy of the First Regiment of United States Columbians, the first company of women soldiers on the Western Continent. Primarily, my purpose in suggesting the organization of this body of modern Amazons is to develop manly traits in women, but incidentally, if the services of the Columbians be needed, to put down a riot. For actual campaigning also they will be equal to the demand made upon them. My only fear is that they will be too savage warriors.

Women will be good soldiers. They are essentially brave. I expect this statement to be disputed, and I know that the old, old claim that women are afraid of mice will be brought up. I deny that claim. I, for one, am not afraid of a mouse. I have held one in my hand and found it most interesting. I learned that mice have double ears. The little inside ear is fascinating. Other women have made the same discovery. No, women are not afraid of mice. It is not courage that is lacking in them; it is nerve balance. When a violin string is drawn to its farthest tension, almost to the snapping point, the slightest touch upon it causes it to quiver.

Woman's inability to kill is an argument that will be brought against women soldiers. It is merely an argument. It isn't fact. No need to fear that a woman who will ruin a reputation without compunction will not be cruel enough to take a life. A side glance at a woman—whisper, 'He isn't her husband,' and a woman's fair name has been murdered by another. Ah, yes, women are cruel enough to kill. They are extremists in all things. The pendulum of emotion swings to the farthest point with them, even to the passion for killing.

That women are not strong enough for long marches and fierce battles is another objection that will be raised. But they are. Women served with valor and distinction in the Boer war, bearing its rigors as well as the men bore them. The French companies all had their vivandieres, who endured the hardships of service as well as did their brothers in arms; indeed, better than many. There was Joan of Arc, and our own Mollie Pitcher, who fired the gun when her husband fell in battle, waiting until the battle was over to do the weeping that is associated with women.

Women don't weep so much as they used to do. That is another reason they will be good soldiers. The endurance of woman in physical matters is proven by her surviving the ordeal of motherhood, which would kill most men. Her moral endurance is attested by the

English Women Soldiers Drilling at Golders Green Near London.



absence of old-fashioned fears. I, who have lived among wars and rumors of wars, am convinced that women will be satisfactory soldiers. War is an emergency, and women are always equal to an emergency. I was proud, but not surprised, to read that the chief steward of the wrecked Volturno said that women showed themselves braver than men in that awful calamity of the sea.

Company of the British Women Auxiliary Militia



If there were a standing army of women in the United States, they would be a moral force that would make for peace. Because they are capable of carrying on war there will be less war. In case of a riot they could fight side by side with their husbands and brothers for the protection of lives and for progress. I have tried to get in my own spirit of absolute confidence in the ability of women and the necessity of women for war service. Let me tell you how I propose that we make ourselves into soldiers.

Five officers, some of the National Guard and some of the regular army, have told me they will be glad to drill us for duty as soon as we get together a company of fifty-eight to sixty-three. Meanwhile, they will deploy young guardsmen to drill us while we are still rookies. Doubtless we will be extremely awkward squads, but all good things must have their beginning.

Men keep no books of grievances. Women are natural bookkeepers of unpleasant happenings. Men forgive more easily, are more magnanimous. Women are vindictive. That is the reason I believe they will make merciless fighters. Men will, in masculine parlance, 'take their medicine.' Women cry out as infants do at a bitter dose. Military drill will teach them to take what comes with a smile. Men look at matters in an impersonal way, while women have seemed incapable of that view. Make a state-



Two Servian Women Soldiers Who Fought at the Front Against the Turks in the Balkan War

ment to a woman and she will say, 'That isn't true about me. Now my Aunt So-and-so and So-and-so,' indefinitely, to the utter weariness of the listener's spirit. Women have not seemed able to work in the mass, as one person, for a common cause. That art which men mastered centuries ago military drill will teach women. It is their sorest need. The cost will be slight to join the National Guard. Watching guard drill, I have seen millionaires' sons shoulder to shoulder with men who earned a dollar a day, and the men who earned a dollar a day could afford it. The entrance fee is a dollar. Our safety in camp and out of it? Women will have no fear of sabine

attacks when they are armed with sabres and guns, and when they have had rifle practice. Summing up the value of the military drill for women, I should say that it teaches them to stand straight on their feet, eye to eye with men, and so make them better comrades, wives and mothers, and future citizens.

Jobshaw's Game. Jobshaw was taking a friend for a spin in the second-hand motor he had picked up at such an absurdly low figure when something went wrong with the works and the car stopped dead. He dived under the machine and discovered among other defects that two nuts had jolted out during the journey. 'It's only a mile to the nearest town,' said the apologetic owner of the car, 'if you wouldn't mind walking there and get a couple of half-inch nuts from the ironmonger. I can put the other things right by the time you get back.' And for the next half hour Jobshaw was tinkering and tapping away beneath the car; then he started to wonder why his friend had not returned. Presently he heard footsteps. 'That you, Locking?' he inquired. 'S-s-sh!' came the reply from a buccolic-looking gentleman who peered at Jobshaw under the car. 'E come back ten minutes ago, I told 'im you'd gone across that bridge yonder. 'E's a-clambering through 'edges and ditches looking arter yer. Keep quiet, and 'e 'on't find yer for hours, guv'nor.'

What Violet Did

The woman in the imported lace gown looked violently as she sat and rocked, surveying the ballroom of the Blue Flag Lake Hotel. 'It is perfectly dreadful,' she said to the woman in the last year's crepe de chine, 'how girls are brought up nowadays! I'm speaking particularly of that Violet Wibberson, who is making herself so conspicuous here this summer! If there is one thing I pride myself on it is the fact that I've brought up my daughter properly. She would scorn to push herself forward the way Violet Wibberson does. 'Why, only to-day my daughter said to me, 'Mamma, if I was as bold as Violet Wibberson I'd just die of mortification! Elsie is so sexual!'

'I'm glad Elsie is not dancing much—the other girls get so flushed and warm and their hair gets all loose! Elsie looks just as nice at the end of the evening as when she first dressed, and that is such a mark of a lady! 'Oh, Mr. Lund! Forest Lund! Would you mind doing something for me? Go over and bring Elsie here—I want to see her a minute. 'Hain't he the finest, broadest shouldered, Mrs. Phipps! Such a splendid young man—and they say his father is the head of that soap company that makes millions every year and— 'Oh, thank you, Mr. Lund! I asked him to bring you over here, Elsie! Here are two chairs just waiting for you both! I'm so glad to get a little chat with you, Mr. Lund! You popular young man—oh, yes, you are! None of your older friends has a chance to say a word to you lately! 'Now, if you could have a quiet game of bridge with Elsie and me to-morrow morning down in the arbor, where no insistent girl will hunt you up and carry you off for tennis or sailing, I think it would do you good—you rush around at such a rate! Elsie plays such a good game of bridge! I suppose that is natural, because she has such a keen mind. 'I wanted to tell you that your car is the handsomest one at the lake. Forest, and—what is that? You must be excited because you have the next dance engaged? Oh, certainly! VERY DIFFERENT. 'Well, Mrs. Phipps, will you look at that! Deliberately leaving Elsie alone while he goes and dances with Violet Wibberson. And the way he is looking at her! Really, I had no idea there is something such a sissy! There, after all, don't you think? His mouth is weak, too, and I suppose, like all men with rich fathers, he doesn't amount to a row of pins. He is not like your father, a young man I want my daughter to associate with! 'Come, Elsie, it's time to retire and get your beauty sleep. Thank heaven, you are not permitted to run wild like that Violet Wibberson!

THE TOLD HER. 'I told Elsie so to-day when Forest Lund walked right by her, though she had on her prettiest tennis costume and had her racket in her hand, and asked that Violet Wibberson for a game. I said to her, 'Elsie, I'm ashamed of you for crying about it—that is, she didn't really cry, but you know how girls are—when you know,' I said, 'that no man in his senses would prefer a big, overgrown girl like Violet, with eyes like those of an ox and a complexion like a vulgar milkmaid, to a delicate, well-bred girl like yourself! Forest Lund can't help but see the difference! You go right out there on the end of the porch, where he can see you, and finish your embroidery!'

There must be no dodging of the issues of age and circumference. Women must give their age, as they do when they make a transatlantic crossing, for this is necessary to system and organization. If we are to become a part of the National Guard, or the Regular Army, or both, we must make a record. Ultimately, when we have proved to the men of the organization that we can drill and obey; that women are indeed of soldierly stuff, I hope that the United States will allow us to use its armories, certain hours being given over to the drill of the women. At present we cannot be denied the use of public squares and parks on drill days in fair weather, and our own homes and covered lawns in stormy hours. I said that I desired to see women become soldiers for the primary rea-

No Fun to Be the Man in the Moon

THAT distinguished astronomer, the Abbe Moreux, director of the Observatory of Bourges, France, has published an intensely interesting book called, 'A Day on the Moon.' In this he describes in the light of the latest astronomical research just what a man would see on the moon. He states that if there should ever be a man on the moon he would have a very hard life. If you be an airman flying, say, 52 1/2 miles an hour, you could cover the 238,853 miles in about 160 days of non-stop flight. 'On the day when men have at their disposal an explosive material powerful enough to give to a shell an initial velocity of 12 kilometres (7 1/2 miles) per second, the shell shot into the air would never come back to earth. The so-called civilized nations could then find in the exercise of shooting the moon, a strong counter-attraction to the folly of mutually bombarding each other.'

brightness seem to rise up around us as the summit catch the sunlight. The day has come—and with it, what? Huge 'craters' of volcanoes, ramparts of the inner substances of the moon, with the fiery mountains proper encircled by them; absence of air, or any gas that can be breathed; no water; frightful precipices; steep declivities; awful desolation; 'not a patch of moss, not a heath-grown ledge to soften the rocky ridges and sharp-cut edges of these abrupt surfaces; not even the lowest form of plant-life, not a lichen to attenuate the wild aspect of the landscape and give it even the slightest appearance of life.' When it is noonday on the moon—that is, when the sun has completed half its course across the sky—the ground will be heated to such a degree that it would immediately roast any organic substance placed upon its surface. The temperature would be above 212 degrees, and during the long lunar night of about two weeks a gas thermometer would indicate a cold of some 300 degrees below zero.'

Advantages to the human? You would of a surety seem a strong man according to your familiar standards. 'Take, for instance, a rock which you would judge to weigh exactly one hundred pounds here on the earth. Lift it in your arms on the moon, and you would feel as if you were holding up barely twenty pounds.' 'Think, too, what a "lifter" you would be! Before jumping over an obstacle, or leaping across a mass of sloping debris or an open crevasse, you will do well to be careful, and to remind yourself that an effort which would enable you in your own country to make a jump of six feet would carry you to a distance of thirty-six feet on the surface of the moon.'

Bound to Get On.

Frederick Townsend Martin was talking, at a rehearsal of his dramatized book, about 'climbers'—those people who are always trying to get into 'society.' 'It's a mistake to think,' he said, 'that climbers never succeed in getting into the highest society. They succeed very often, indeed, if they've got wealth, perseverance, and cheek. They must have plenty of cheek. They must be like Mrs. Spragg, of Centre City. A leader of the highest society said, with a sigh, of Mrs. Spragg: "That tiresome woman still keeps calling." 'Why don't you snub her?' asked a friend. 'I do.' 'Well, the next time she calls, don't offer her a chair.' 'Oh, I tried that. I tried that last month.' 'Well?'

Home, Sweet Home.

It was midnight. The burglar had entered the house as quietly as possible, but his shoes were not padded and they made a little noise. He had just reached the door of the bedroom when he heard some one moving in the bed as if about to get up, and he paused. The sound of a woman's voice floated to his ears. 'If you don't take your boots off when you come into this house,' it said, 'there's going to be trouble, and a whole lot of it. Here it's been raining for three hours, and you dare to tramp over my carpets with your muddy boots on. Go downstairs and take them off this minute.' He went downstairs without a word; but he didn't take off his boots. Instead he went straight out into the night again, and the 'ma' who was waiting for him saw a tear glisten in his eye. 'I can't rob that house,' he said, 'it reminds me of home.'

Only a Farce.

A certain city merchant has recently taken to his bed. He is suffering from an extreme nervous shock. It is chanced that he opened by mistake a letter addressed to his son, a young man who is endeavoring to win fame, unbeknown to his father as a novelist. The letter referred to ran thus: 'Dear Harry—You must really show more caution in constructing your plots, or the gov'nor will be sure to discover the dead body of Anabel in the cellar, and then the shameful secret will be out. Don't give the old man such a big dose of strychnine; and why not put the mother in a madhouse straight away? Your forgery is for far too small a sum; make it five or six thousand. Leave the rest of your sweet family circle to me. I will finish them off for you. —Yours, Jacko.'

No Cabaret.

Missionary—If you are about to kill me, let me sing a hymn. Cannibal—No, sir! No music with meals in this place.