EVENING PUBLIC LEDGER-PHILADELPHIA, WEDNESDAY, MARCH 26, 1919

GREAT COAL PIERS BOTCHKAREVA'S ELOQUENCE MOVES MOB GO TO SCRAP HEAP TO CONTRITION AFTER MURDEROUS ACTS

Massive Trestlework **Greenwich Point Is Torn Away**

REPLACED BY DUMPER

Municipal Docks Soon to Occupy Site of Old Landmark Here

Photographs illustrating this article ear on the back page.

Greenwich coal plers-a landmark for generations in South Philadelphia-are being converted into 5,000,000 feet of Jumber,

years these masses of For many wooden trestlework were an important factor in the commerce of this port. Coal by the hundreds of thousands of tons, for foreign and coastwise shipment. was shot from plerheads into walting barge or vessel.

The old coal siers, with their forest of huge timbers, have been replaced by the Pennsylvania Raliroad's new me-chanical car dumper, which can handle 25,000 tons of coal a day. Where the coal piers now stand the city will in the future build a new and spacious municipal pier, while further south the railroad sany will build other and modern coal piers.

Demolition of the Greenwich coal piers agreed upon by the city and the rail-road, is part of the broad plan of port

Salvaging Valuable Timber

nber was less expensive than it is

Some idea of the quantity of lumber employed in building the piers may be gained from the fact that one of them. Pier No. 6, which is 35 feet high and 1500 feet long, is estimated to contain 4.000,000 feet of lumber. This one pier is estimated by the contractor who is removing it to have cost nearly \$250,000. The timbers salvaged from Flers No. do" What?" I demanded of the and No. 6, will go into the hulls of wooden ships and into the building and repair of wooden piers and docks. Most It is prime wood, seasoned by the winds of half a century. The shorter lengths will be cut up and furnish kinding enough to start every kitchen range

Folks fond of figures may find something to ponder over in the small forest of lumber that is being salvaged at the coal piers. The contractor estimates there is sufficient lumber in the piers to stretch, if laid end on end, from Philphia to Chicago. Or if sawed up inch-square strips it would reach half way around the globe. A force of fifty expert wreckers, with two big steam cranes, have been at work three months taking down the plers, and ansix months will be needed to complete the job.

n Philadelphia some cold day next win-

Has Had Many Uses

By a curious coincidence the land on high the plers now stand originally be-nged to John S. MacMullen, grandther of H. A. MacMullen, general man-ter of the Henry A. Hitner's Sons Com-ny, the wrecking firm which is taking the piers down. It was leased by the owner in 1864 for an annual rental of 56000 and was used for oll storage. Pier No. 1 was built in 1874-75 at a cost of \$89,000. No. 4. used as a grain pler, built in 1881 and cost \$53,000.

at Soldiers Make Coffin and Hold Solemn Funeral Services for the Commander They Brutally Lynched but a Few Short Hours Before

THIS STARTS THE STORY

In the summer of 1917 Maria Botchkareva founded the Battalion of Death, a woman's fighting unit in the Russian army, and thus a peasant girl stepped into the interna-tional hall of fame. This is her story In earlier installments she told of the hardships of her child-hood, the brutalities of her married life, and the realization of her wish to become a soldier. She told of battles fought and won and of the demotalization of the army follow ing the overthrow of the czar, was to shame the men into act that the Battalion was founded. was only partially successful. Bol

shevism caused entire lack of disci-pline which eventually led to the lynching of a previously well beloved commander. At the risk of her life Botchkareva jumps to the side of the slain officer and addresses the soldiers, at last gaining their atten tion.

AND HERE IT CONTINUES

Lesson in Mob Psychology Here, I turned abruptly on a gaping fellow, looked directly at him and asked:

"Suppose the rank and file were There are six piers at Greenwich, to elect their own officers. Now, what Eventually all of them will be removed, would you do in the commander's to elect their own officers. Now, what Two are now in process of being picked apart beam by beam for the fine and heavy fimbers of long-leaf yellow pine of which they were built in a day when the what you would do?" I thundered. The chap looked stupid, making an effort to laugh.

"Ha. I would see," he said, "once I got there."

definitely or leave? Answer me that "forward and demanded the surrender "Well, we would leave, anyhow," of the ringleaders of the movement that resulted in the soldiers' refusal

trenches or not?" "Yes, to hold," they answered.

"Then how could you leave them?" fired back. There was silence.

Russia!" I continued.

The men bowed their heads in funeral.

in other circumstances your action would be punished by shooting. No sociar did Colonel Belonogov mention the word when you threw yourselves upon him without even giving the man an opportunity to finish his words." "It was reported to us otherwise. We thought he threatened to chart

"If was reported to us otherwise, humble, some with tears still fresh on We thought he threatened to shoot their cheeks, were like a forlorn flock

While this country was at war the plers were a real bonanza for the wreck-ing company. The wood in them wask the most wanted material for wooden the most wanted material for wooden the most wanted material for wooden the wreckers could not tear it down fast enough to meet the de-mands of the shipbuilders. At the war-time price it was worth from \$75 to \$100 to the shipbuilders and they were few and the were drowned out. They time price it was worth from \$75 to \$100 to the shipbuilders and they were few and the were apable of murder. You could the most wanted material for wooden they saw the mutilated corpse that all they saw the mut oursed and wept and threatened the mob, although they were few and the crowd was of thousands. "Muyderers! Bloodsuckers! Whom have you killed? Our little father! nad he? Was there ever a com-mander who took greater care of his boys? You are worse than the Czar and his hangmen. Give you freedom, and you act like cut-throats. You devils!" And the mourners broke out even



Maria Botchkareva in characteristic pose

in louder sols. A cry went up that shaven boards, draped inside and out shook the air. It gripped everybody's with a white sheet, was brought at days passed in discussions, the decreased's friends began to enu-"This is no answer. You tell me what you would do if our corps were in the trenches and another one re-fused to relieve it. What would you do." What?" I demanded of the whole crowd. "Would you hold the trenches in-definitely or leave? Answer me that in-definitely or leave? Answer me that ingreen wreaths made. The priest began to read the services, but could not contain himself and broke out sob-bing. The general, the staff and I. with candles in hand, sobbed too. Im-mediately behind the coffin, as the pro-cession started, the dead officer's orreplied a number of men. "But what are you here for." I shouted savagely, "to hold the trenches or not?" derly wailed in a heartrending voice. recalling aloud the virtues of his mas-ter. In our rear almost the whole corps marched, including the regiment surrender by the mob of twenty agi-tators, who were placed under arrest. The officers who had fied and the commanded by the deceased. general now reappeared, although the weeping was general and grew with every step, so that by the time the was still afraid to order the There was silence. "That would be treason to Free trenches. He asked me to broach the procession reached the grave the wailing could be heard for versts around. subject. I first addressed the men about the As the body was laid to rest everybody dropped a handful of sand into the dropped a

The men power than "We must have a coffin made. What did he want cried out in pain. "What did he want you to do but hold the trenches?" The order was given that by 7 o crock will do it?" I asked. The order was given that by 7 o crock will do it?" I asked. The order was given that by 7 o crock the soldiers at the fighting line. I ber and construct one. The order was given that by 7 o crock the soldiers at the fighting line. I was a construct one.

He wanted to shoot us, sulen voices replied. "He never said anything of the sort. What he wanted to say was to threaten you either, but remarked that in other circumstances your action in other circumstances your action." Now will you go to the trenches to "Now will you go to the trenches to "Yes." the men answered meekly. fifteen versts and we arrived at the front before dawn. It was an unforgettable scene. These

The battalion, now consisting of only some 200 girls, occupied a small

as the saviour of the revolution from a counter-revolutionary assault, again became the idol of the soldiers and the

laboring chass. The larger part of the army sided with Kerensky when he appealed for

Tiring of Inaction in the support against Kornilov. But this artificial state of mind did not last long. Kerensky, little by little, lost

Trenches, Leader of the the Trenches, Leader of the the suddenly acquired confidence of Battalion of Death Fires the much-desired peace. on Germans Approach- The soldier or officer who sided with Kornilov was nicknamed Kornilovetz,

Russian Troops

indulged in long arguments and drank beer brought by the Germans.

The men became very irritated by our militant attitude toward the enemy. A group of them, with the chairman of the regimental committee, came over to our trench to de-

bate the matter. chairman. "Surely, not the Germans, who want peace. It's the bourgeoisie, the ruling class, that is the real enemy of the people. It's against them that we ought to wage war, for they would not listen to the German peace pro-posais. Why does not Kerensky ob-

tain peace for us? Because the Allies will not let him. Well, we will drive Kerensky out of his office mighty "But I am not of the ruling class I am a plain peasant woman." I objected. "I have been a soldier since the beginning of the war and fought in many battles. Don't agitate here against officers."

"Oh, I don't mean you," he replied. withdrew from the invaded parts of our country. So long as they kept our land, it was the duty of every Russian to fight and drive them out.

But Kerensky evidently saw there

prestige and secure his position. He, therefore, turned against Kornilov, publicity declaring that the latter

sought sovereign power and appealed to the workmen and soldiers to rise

against the commander of the army

The result was the brief encounter

The result was the brief encounter between the revolutionary masses and Kornilov's savage division. Kornilov was defeated. Kerensky triumphed, and for the moment it looked as if he

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for Walker's bing.

an opportunity to restore his faile

to save the front.

The

Thus life dragged on. Nights and Kerensky had lost almost all of his hold on the

Production Methods New Course for Superintendents a message through Alexelev, request-ing a written certificate from Keren-sky, clothing the commander-in-chief with full authority to restore disci-pline in the army. It would seem that Foremen **Assistant Foremen** Kornilov was willing to save Keren-sky, provided the latter allowed him

nd all engaged in production work, tractical training in handling men and i factory and shop management. Class tarts Thursday, April 3, 7,300 o'clock, Write or call for descriptive booklet. CENTRAL BRANCH Y. M. C. A. 1421 Arch St.



To call one by this name was equiva-

The inactivity of the trench life became wearisome. One rainy day I kent out a listening party into No Man's Land, with instructions to shoot at the enemy in case of his approach. I watched the party go forward. Sud-denly a group of Germans, numbering about ten, came in the direction of

our trenches. They walked nonchal-antly, with hands in pocket, some whistling others singing. I almed my rifle at the leg of one of the group and wounded him.

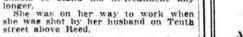
The whole front was in an uproas in a second. It was scandalous. Who dared do such a thing: The Germans and the Russians were seething with rage. Several of my girls came run-"Natchalnik, why did you do it?" they asked, seeing me with a smoking rife in hand.

(CONTINUED TOMORROW)

MURDERED WOMAN BURIED

Police Still Seek James Abruzzi as Wife's Slayer

Wife's Slayer The muneral of Mrs. Anna Abruzzi, twenty-four years old, 1407 South Mil-dred street, who was murdered last Fri-day, took place today from an under-taking establishment on Eighth street below Carpenter. Interment was made in Holy Cross Cemetery. The police have not yet captured James Abruzzi who is accused of hay-ing shot the woman. Before she died in Mount Sinal Hospital, Mrs. Abruzzi shid her husband shot her because she vefused to return and live with him. Mrs. Abruzzi left her husband several months ago because she said she was unable to stand his ill-treatment any longer.



For the Throat

ton, Pa., New Bradford Bradford, Pa., March 26.—Augustus William Newell, eighty-six years old, one of the pioneers of this community, who served as postmaster of Littleton, now Bradford, under Lincoin's adminis-iration, died last evening at his home in this city. He had served as water commissioner of the city, member of the school board and was one of the largest real estate holders of the com-munity. He was a member of the American Association of Engineers and accompanied that body on a visit to Europe in 1859. He was also a com-missioner from Pennsylvania to the Paris International Exposition of 1900. Mr. Newell was the father of Fred-



For the

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ing to Fraternize With Russian Troops

I could not tolerate such war and ordered my girls to conduct themselves as if everything was as before.

"Who are our enemies?" began the

quick!

trying to win me over to the pacifists' viewpoint. Several German soldiers joined the Russian group. The dis-cussion waxed hot. They repeated the old argument that the Germans had asked for prace and the Allies did not accept it. I replied that the Germans could have peace with Russia if they

a thousand feet

Deaths of a Day

MRS. N. SCAMMON JONES Well Known as a Singing Teacher. Friend of Mme. Melba

Friend of Mme. Melba Mrs. Margaret H. Elliot Jones, wife of N. Scammon Jones, died suddenly of heart affection yesterday at her home. 112 South Twenty-second street. She was atricken oh Monday. Mrs. Jones was one of the best known and most successful teachers of sing-ing in the city. Her success was due, a critic said today, to her happy com-bination of rare musical intelligence. an excellent voice and good sense, all of which she possessed. In the nearly two score years she

which she possessed. In the nearly two score years she mught music here Mrs. Jones developed many of the best amateur singers in the city and not a few who achieved fame as professionals. The studied in Paris under Mme. Mar-chesi, the teacher of Meiba, Gerater and other great singers. While both were pupils in the Marchesi school. Mme. Meiba and Mrs. Jones became intimate triends, and whisnever the prima donna come to Philadelphis she was the house guest of Mrs. Jones, who often enter-tained in her home.

James McKee Barron

James McKee Barron died on Monday at 325 South Thirteenth street, where he was born fifty-eight years ago. His ancestors lived in the same house as the back as 1522. All his life was en-mand in the iron business, especially as it related to southern pig iron and colling mills. Grief over the death of his wife four months ago, it is believed. hastened Mr. Barron's death. He is sur-vived by four sons and two daughters.



eg Comfort

And the mourners broke out even The coffin, an oblong box of un-



The Linwood "Six-39" 5-Passenger-\$1555 f. s. b. Detroit The Essex "Six-55" 7-Passenger-\$2060

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