

**BOTCHKAREVA IS MOBBED BY SOLDIERS  
WHEN SHE TELLS THEM PLAIN TRUTHS**

**"Kick Her!" They Cry and  
Her Life Is in Danger Until  
Friends Rescue Her From  
Dangerous Situation Her  
Frankness Caused**

**(Copyright, 1919, by Frederic A. Stokes Co.)**  
This story, told by Maria Botchkareva and translated and transcribed by Isaac Don Edery, is published in the "Frederic A. Stokes" column under the title "Yashka."

**THIS STARTS THE STORY**  
In the summer of 1917 Maria Botchkareva formed the Battalion of Death, a woman's fighting unit in the Russian army, and a Russian peasant girl marched into the international hall of fame. In the earlier installments of this story she told of the hardships of her childhood, the brutalities of her married life and her determination to become a soldier, a dream realized by a special order from the Czar. She tells of battles bravely won and of the jubilation, presaging disorganization, which followed the overthrow of the Czar and the establishment of "equality."

**AND HERE IT CONTINUES**  
Discipline was gradually reestablished. It was not the old discipline. Its basis was no longer dread of punishment. It was a discipline founded on the high sense of responsibility that was now instilled into the gray mass of soldiers. True, there was no fighting between us and the enemy. There were even the beginnings of the gratification plaque that later destroyed the mighty Russian army. But the soldiers responded to the appeals from the provisional government and the Soviet in the early weeks of the spring of 1917. They were ready to carry out unflinchingly any order from Petrograd.

Those were still the days of immense possibilities. The men worshipped the distant figure in the rear who had brought them the boon of liberty and equality. We knew almost nothing of the various parties and factions. Peace was the sole thought of the men. They were told that peace could not come without defeating or overthrowing the Kaiser. We, therefore, all expected the word for a general advance to the front. We were given at that time nothing in the world could have withstood our pressure. Nothing. The revolution had given birth to elemental forces in our hearts that defied and ever will defy description.

Then there began a pilgrimage of speakers. There were delegates from the army, there were emissaries of the Duma, there were emissaries of the Petrograd Soviet. Almost every day there was a meeting and almost every other day there were elections. We sent delegates to corps headquarters and delegates to army headquarters, delegates to a congress in Petrograd and delegates to consult with the government. The speakers were almost all eloquent. They painted beautiful pictures of Russia's future, of universal brotherhood, of happiness and prosperity. The soldiers' eyes would light up with the glow of hope. More than once even I was caught by those enticing traps of eloquence. The rank and file were carried away to an enchanted land by the orators and rewarded them with tremendous ovations.

There were speakers of a different kind, too. These solemnly appealed for a realization of the immediate duty which the revolution imposed upon the shoulders of the army. Patriotism was their keynote. They called us to defend our country, to be ready at any moment for an attack to drive the Germans out and win the much-desired victory and peace. The soldiers responded to these calls to duty with equal enthusiasm. They were ready, they would swear. Was there any doubt that they were? No. The Russian soldier loved his mother country before. He loved her a hundred-fold now.

The first signs of spring arrived. The rivers had broken, the ice fields had thawed. It was muddy, but the earth was fragrant. The winds were laden with intoxicating odors. They were carrying across the vast fields and valleys of mother-Russia tidings of a new era. There was spring in our souls. It seemed that our long-suffering people and country were being born for a new life, and one wanted to live, live, live.

But there, a few hundred feet away, were the Germans. They were not free. Their souls did not commune with God. Their hearts knew not the immense joy of this unusual spring. They were still slaves and they would not let us alone in our freedom. They stretched themselves over the fields of our country and would not retire. They had to be removed before we could embark upon a life of peace. We were ready to remove them. We were awaiting the order to leap at their throats and show them what free Russia could do. But why was the order postponed? Why wait? Why not strike while the iron was hot? Yet the iron was allowed to cool. There was an ocean of talk in the rear, there was absolute inactivity at the front. And as hours grew into days and days into weeks there sprang forth out of this inactivity the first sprouts of fraternization.

"Come over here for a drink of tea," a voice from our benches would address itself across No Man's Land to



Alexander Kerensky, responsible, according to Botchkareva's narrative, for much of the demoralization of the Russian army.

the Germans. And voices from there would respond:  
"Come over here for a drink of vodka."  
For several days they did not go beyond such mutual salutations. Then one morning a soldier from our unit came over to the Germans. He was shouting that he wanted to talk things over. He stopped in the center of the field, where he was not by a German and engaged in an argument. From both sides soldiers looked to the debaters.

"Why do you continue this war?" asked our men. "We have thrown overboard the Czar and we want peace, but your Kaiser insists on war. Throw over your Kaiser and then both sides will go home."  
"You don't know the truth," answered the German. "You are deceived. Why, our Kaiser offered peace to all the Allies last winter. But your unit refused to make peace. And now you Allies are forcing Russia to continue in the war. We are always ready for peace."  
"I was with the soldiers in No Man's Land and saw how the German argument impressed them. Some of the Germans had brought vodka along and gave it to our boys. Who were we returning to the positions, engaged in heated arguments over the story of the Kaiser's peace offer. Commander Rodzianko came out to admonish them.

"What are you doing, boys? Don't you know that the Germans are our enemies? They want to cut you down." "Kill him!" a voice shouted in the crowd. "Enough have we been deceived! Kill him!"  
The commander got out of the way quickly before the crowd had caught up the shout of the ruffian. This incident, when the revolution was still in its cradle, was an early symptom of the malady to which the Russian army succumbed in months to come. It was still an easily curable malady. But where was the seerphysician to diagnose the disease its inception and uproot it then?

We were relieved and sent to the reserve billets. There a mass-meeting was organized in honor of a delegate from the army committee who came to address us. He was welcomed by Krylov, one of our enlightened soldiers, who spoke well and to the point.  
"So long as the Germans keep their Kaiser and obey him we will not have peace," he declared. "The Kaiser wants to rob Russia of many provinces and subject their populations. The German soldiers do his will just as you did the will of the Czar. Isn't that the truth?"  
"The truth! The truth, indeed! Right!" the multitude roared.  
"Now," resumed Krylov, "the Kaiser liked the Czar and was related to him. But the Kaiser does not and cannot love free Russia. He is afraid that the German people will learn from us and start a revolution in their country. He is, therefore, seeking to destroy our freedom because he wants to keep his throne. Is this plain?"

"Yes! Yes! Good! Good! It's the truth!" shouted thousands of throats, cheering wildly for Krylov.  
"It is our duty to defend the country and the precious liberty from the Kaiser. If we don't destroy him, he will destroy us. If we defeat him, there will be a revolution in his land and the German people will throw him over. Then our freedom will be secure. Then we will go home and take possession of all the available land. But we can't return home with an enemy at our back. Can we?"  
"No! No! No!" came the answer, thundered the swelling mass of soldiery.  
"And we can't make peace with a ruler who hates us at heart and who was the secret associate of the Czar. Isn't this correct?"  
"Correct! Correct! The truth! Hurrah for Krylov!" bawled the vast gathering, applauding enthusiastically. Then the delegate from the army committee mounted the speaker's stool. The soldiers were in high spirits, thirsting for every word of enlightenment.

"Comrades!" the delegate opened up. "For three years we have bled, suffered from hunger and cold, followed in the muddy and vermin-stained trenches. Myriads of our brethren have been slaughtered, maimed for life, taken into captivity. Whose war was it? The Czar's. He made us fight and perish while he and his clique bathed in gold and luxury. Now the Czar is no more. Why, then, comrades, should we continue his war? Do you want to lay down your lives again by the thousand?"  
"Not! Not! Not! We have had enough of war! thousands of voices roared.  
"Well," continued the delegate, "I agree with you. We have had enough of war, indeed. You are told that our enemy is in front of us. But what about our enemies in the rear? What about the officers who are now hating the front and scurrying to cover? What about the land-owners who are holding fast to the large estates donated to them by former Czar's? What about the bourgeoisie who have soaked our blood for generations and grown rich through our sweat and blood? Where are they all now? What do they want with us? They want you to fight the enemy here so that they, the enemies of the people, can stay and loot in the rear? So that when you come home, if you live to come home, you will find all the land and the wealth of the country in their hands."  
"It is the truth! The truth! He's right!" interrupted the vast crowd.  
"Now you have two enemies," resumed the speaker. "One is foreign and the other domestic. You can't fight both at once. If we continue the war the enemy at your back will rob you of the freedom, the land and the rights that the revolution won for you. Therefore, we must have peace with the Germans in order to be able to combat the bourgeois bloodsuckers. Isn't that so?"

**Walker-Gordon**  
Just as it comes from the Cow  
Natural Milk Clean

The barns are scrubbed

Extreme measures are taken to insure cleanliness at milking time in the barns of the Walker-Gordon Laboratory Company. The barns are actually scrubbed before the milkers begin. The floors are kept damp to lay the dust. The milkers wear sterilized suits.

With the barns clean, cows clean and milkers' hands clean, Walker-Gordon Milk has no opportunity to gather dirt or taint. It is delivered to you with its natural, fresh-milk flavor absolutely unchanged.

SUPPLEE-WILLS-JONES MILK CO.  
Distributing Agents for Philadelphia, Atlantic City & Vicinity  
Winner of Twelve Gold Medals Telephone, Poplar 530

**Rodzianko Invites Her to  
Visit Him in Petrograd,  
Promising Aid, and a  
Thousand Comrades Give  
Her Testimonial**

"Yes! Yes! It's the truth! It's correct! We want peace! We are tired of the war!" came in a chorus from every side.

The passions of the soldiers were inflamed. The delegate was right, they said. If they continued to sit in the trenches they would be robbed of the land and the fruits of the new freedom, they argued among themselves heatedly. It ached my heart to see the effect of the orator's words. All the impression of Krylov's speech had been eradicated. The very same boys who so enthusiastically acclaimed his call to duty now applauded just as fervidly, if not more so, the appeal of the delegate for a fratricidal war. It maddened me. I could not control myself.

"You stupid asses!" I burst out. "You can be turned one minute one way, the other minute in an opposite direction. Didn't you cheer Krylov's truthful words when he said that the Kaiser was our enemy and that we must drive him out of Russia first before we can have peace? And now you have been incited to start a civil war so that the Kaiser can walk over Russia and take it all into his grip. This is war! War, you understand, comrades. There was a commission among the soldiers. Some expressed their dissatisfaction loudly. 'Why stand here and listen to this silly talk?' shouted another. 'Kick her!' cried a third. In a moment I was being handled roughly. Snow showered on me from every side.

"What are you doing, boys? Why, that is Yashka! Have you gone crazy?" I heard a friendly voice appeal to the men. Other comrades hurried to my aid and I was rescued without suffering much injury. But I decided to ask for leave to go home and get away from this war.

The following day Michael Rodzianko, the president of the Duma, arrived at our sector. We were formed for review, and although the men were somewhat lax in discipline they made up for it with enthusiasm. Rodzianko was given a stormy ovation as he appeared before the crowd.  
"The responsibility for Russia," he said, which rested before on the shoulders of the Czar and the government now rests on the people, on you. This is what freedom means. It means that we must, of our own volition, defend the country against the foe. It means that we must all get together, forget our differences and quarrels and present a solid front to the Germans. They are subtle and hypocritical. They talk to you sweetly, but their hearts are full of hatred. They claim to be your brothers, but they are your enemies. They seek to divide us so that it will be easier for them to destroy our liberty and country."

"True! True! Right! Right! It is so! It is so!" the throng voiced its approval.  
"Free Russia will never be secure until the Kaiser's soldiers are driven out of Russia," the speaker continued. "We must, therefore, prepare for a general offensive to win a great victory. We must work together with our allies who are helping us to defeat the Germans. We must respect and obey our officers, as there can be no army without chiefs, just as there can be no flock without a shepherd."  
"Correct! Correct!" Well said! It's the truth! "The soldiers shouted from every corner.  
"Now, boys, tell me what you think of launching an attack against the foe?" asked the president of the Duma. "Are you ready to advance and die, if necessary, to secure our precious freedom?"

"Yes, we are! We will go!" thundered the thousands present.  
Then Orlov, the chairman of the regiment's committee, an educated fellow, rose to answer for the rank and file. He expressed what all of us at the front had in our minds:  
"Yes, we are ready to strike. But we want those millions of soldiers in the rear, who spread all over the

country, overflowing the cities, overcrowding all the railroads and doing nothing, returned to the front. Let's advance all together. The time for speeches has passed. We want action, or we're here."  
Comrade Orlov was boisterously acclaimed. Indeed, he said what we all so keenly felt. It wasn't just to the boys in the trenches to allow hundreds of thousands of their comrades to holiday in the rear without interruption. Rodzianko agreed with us. He would do his best to alter this in reply to the insistent questions of the officers why the golden opportunity was being missed. That the provisional government and the Duma were powerless.

"It is the Soviet, Kerensky and its other leading spirits, that have the say in such matters," he said. "They are shaping the policy of the country. I have urged on them not to delay, but order a general attack immediately."  
Chairman Orlov then presented me to Rodzianko with a little speech in which he recounted my record since the beginning of the war. The president of the Duma was greatly surprised and moved.  
"I want to meet before this woman," he said, shaking my hand warmly. He then inquired as to my feeling about conditions at the front. I poured my bitter heart out before this woman. "I can't stand this new order of things. The soldiers don't fight the Germans any more. My object in joining the army was to defend the country. Now it is impossible to do so. There is nothing left to me, therefore, but to leave."

"But where are you going from here?" asked Orlov.  
"I don't know. I suppose I will go home. My father is old and my mother is sick, and they almost have to go begging for bread."  
Rodzianko patted me on the shoulder.  
"Won't you come to me in Petrograd, here with me?" he asked.  
I joyously accepted the invitation and told the boys of my leaving soon. I was provided with a new outfit and a word went out that Yashka was to depart and about 1000 soldiers, many of whose lives I had saved in battle, presented me with a testimonial.  
A thousand signatures! They were all the names of dear fellows who were attached to me by ties of fire and blood. There was a record on that long scroll of every battle which I had fought and of every episode of life-saving and self-sacrifice in which I had participated. It made my heart thump with joy and my eyes fill with tears, while deep in my soul something ached and yearned.

It was May, but there was autumn in the heart of Mother Russia. The sun glowed dazzlingly. The fields and the forests rioted in all the glories of spring. There was peace in the trenches, calm in No Man's Land. My country was still exhilarating in the festival of the newly won freedom. It was scarcely two months old, this child of generations of pain and suffering. It came into being with the first warm wind, and how deep were the forces that it aroused in us, how infinite the promises it carried! My people still entertained the marvelous illusions of those first days. It was spring, the beginning of eternal spring to them.

But my heart pined. All joy was dead in it. I heard the autumn winds howling. I felt instinctively an immense tragedy developing and my soul went out to Mother Russia.  
The entire regiment was formed in line so that I could bid them farewell.

I addressed myself to them as follows:  
"You know how I love you, how I cared for you. Who picked you up on the field of battle? Yashka. Who dressed your wounds under fire? Yashka. Who braved with you all dangers and shared with you all privations? A babu, Yashka. I bore with your misery and rejoiced in your caresses. I knew how to receive them both, because I knew your souls. I could stand anything with you, but I can't stand this any longer. I can't bear fraternization with the enemy. I can't tolerate these senseless meetings. I can't endure this endless chain of orators and their empty phrases. It is time to act. The time for talk is gone. Otherwise it will be too late. Our country and freedom are perishing."

"Nevertheless, I love you and want to part from you as a friend."  
Here I stopped. I could not continue. The boys gave me a hearty goodbye. They were sorry, very sorry, to lose me, they said, but of course I was entitled to my opinion of the situation. They assured me that they respected me as ever and that while I was away from home, they had always told their mothers to pray for me. And they swore that they would always be ready to lay down their lives for me.

The commander placed his victoria at my disposal to go to the railway station. A delegate from the regiment was leaving the same day for Petrograd, and we went together. As the horses started, tearing me away from the men, who clasped my hands and wished me luck and goodspeed, something tore a big hole in my heart, and the world seemed desolate.

**I Organize the Battalion of Death**  
THE journey to Petrograd was uneventful. The train was crowded to capacity with returning soldiers who engaged in arguments day and night. I was drawn into one such debate. Peace was the subject of all discussions, immediate peace.  
"But how can you have peace with the Germans occupying parts of Russia?" I broke in. "We must win a victory first or our country will be lost."  
"Ah, she is for the old regime. She wants the 'Tsar back,'" murmured threateningly some soldiers.  
The delegate accompanying me here advised me to keep my mouth shut if I

**Be Economical of Money-Teeth-Pain**  
The best way to save suffering and dentists' bills is to keep your teeth and gums healthy.

**Sozodont**  
FOR THE TEETH  
Liquid—Powder or Paste  
SOLD BY DEALERS EVERYWHERE

**Lexington**  
We invite you to visit the Lexington Exhibit at the Automobile Show

HARVEY RINGLER  
FRANCIS McCUTCHEEN  
F. J. PIKE  
A. C. ROVELLI  
E. T. HOLLENBACK  
Lexington Motor Co.  
of Penna.  
W. A. KEISER  
Vice President, General Manager  
Lexington Bldg., 851 N. Broad  
Opposite Metropolitan Opera House

**An Unreserved Offering of Our Exquisite Collection**  
**CHINESE RUGS**  
Every piece—large, small and in-between sizes—each glowing with the sumptuous colorings of the East and adorned with the charmingly unique imagery of Oriental art.

**25% less than Regular Prices**  
This constitutes a Sale unrivalled for variety of pieces and for its sweeping price reductions.

**HARDWICK & MAGEE CO.**  
Direct Importers and Retailers  
1220-1222 MARKET STREET

wanted to arrive safely in Petrograd. I heeded his advice. He left me at the station when we got to the capital. It was in the afternoon, and I had never been in Petrograd before. With the address of Rodzianko on my lips I went about making inquiries how to go there. I was finally directed to board a certain train car.  
About five in the afternoon I found myself in front of a big house, for a moment I lost courage. "What if he has forgotten me?" He may not be at home and nobody will know anything about me." I wanted to re-

(CONTINUED TOMORROW)

**MANN & DILKS**  
1102 CHESTNUT STREET



**TYROL WOOL**  
Tyrol Wool is thoroughly satisfactory for all out-door wear—it is not affected by dampness and does not muss or wrinkle.

Ladies' and Misses' Plain Tailored Suits  
24.75 29.75 34.75

Also  
Motor, Street and Top Coats  
24.75 29.75 37.75

New Spring Hats  
Black Suits for mourning—ready to wear.

**MANN & DILKS**  
1102 CHESTNUT STREET

**Sozodont**  
FOR THE TEETH  
Liquid—Powder or Paste  
SOLD BY DEALERS EVERYWHERE


**A Message to the American People**  
By CATHERINE BRESHKOVSKY  
A thrilling appeal to the American people by the "Grandmother of the Russian Revolution." An expressive presentation of the tragedy of Russia and a plea to save the young democracy struggling for life.  
Introduction by George Kennan  
Price—25 cents net. At your bookseller or from the RUSSIAN INFORMATION BUREAU, Woolworth Building, New York City.

**WRIGLEYS**  
In the sealed package



All of its goodness sealed in—Protected, preserved. The flavor lasts!

**SK for, and be SURE to get WRIGLEYS.** It's in a sealed package, but look for the name—the Greatest Name in Goody-Land



**WRIGLEYS SPEARMINT**  
THE PERFECT GUM LASTS  
MINT LEAF FLAVOR

**WRIGLEYS DOUBLEMINT**  
CHERRY MINT  
WRIGLEYS JUICY FRUIT  
THE FLAVOR LASTS

**Sealed Tight—Kept Right!**

**Teach Children to Use Cuticura for Hair and Skin**  
That they may have good hair and clear skin through life. Try this treatment for the hair. At night rub Cuticura Ointment into scalp all over the scalp. Next morning shampoo with Cuticura Soap and hot water. Nothing better than Cuticura for all toilet purposes.