

YASHKA MEETS MRS. PANKHURST; BATTALION SALUTES SUFFRAGIST

Botchkareva Returns From Visit to Kerensky to Find Savage Mob Awaiting Her to Force Her to Disband Woman's Fighting Unit

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(This story, told by Maria Botchkareva and translated and arranged by The Evening Public Ledger, is published by the Frederick A. Stokes Company under the title of "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 peasant girl thus 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 the realization of her wish to become a soldier. She tells of battles won and of the disorganization in the army following the overthrow of the czar. She leaves the army because the soldiers will no longer fight; goes to Petrograd, where she is befriended by Rodzianko, president of the Duma, and forms the Battalion of Death, with the consent of Kerensky.

AND HERE IT CONTINUES

One day the sentry reported to the officer in charge that two women, one a famous Englishwoman, came to see me. I ordered the battalion to attention while I received the callers. They were Mrs. Melburne Pankhurst and Princess Kikutaova, the latter of whom I knew.

Mrs. Pankhurst was introduced to me and I had the battalion salute "the eminent visitor who had done much for women and her country." Mrs. Pankhurst became a frequent visitor, and it grew into a well-disciplined military unit. We became very much attached to each other. Mrs. Pankhurst invited me to a dinner at the Astoria. Petrograd's leading hotel, at which Kerensky was to be present and the various Allied representatives in the capital.

Meanwhile, the battalion was making rapid progress. At first we were little annoyed. The Bolshevik agitators did not think much of the idea, expecting it to collapse quickly. I received only about thirty threatening letters in the beginning. It gradually, however, became known that I maintained the strictest discipline, and the propagandists recognized a menace in me and sought a means for the destruction of my scheme.

On the evening appointed for the dinner I went to the Astoria. There Kerensky was very cordial to me. He told me that the Bolsheviks were preparing a demonstration against the provisional government and that at first the Petrograd garrison had consented to organize a demonstration in favor of the government. However, later the garrison wavered in its decision. The war minister then asked me if I would march with the battalion for the provisional government.

I gladly accepted the invitation. Kerensky told me that the Women's Battalion had already exerted beneficial influence, that several bodies of troops had expressed a willingness to leave for the front, that many invalids of the war had organized for the purpose of going to the fighting line, declaring that if women could fight then the cripples would do so, too. Finally he expressed his belief that the announcement of the marching of the Battalion of Death would stimulate the garrison to follow suit.

It was a pleasant evening that I spent at the Astoria. Upon leaving, an acquaintance, who went in the same direction, offered to drive me to the institute. I accepted the invitation, getting off, however, within a block of headquarters, as I did not wish him to drive out of his way. It was about 11 o'clock when I reached our temporary barracks. There was a small crowd at the gate, about thirty-five men of all descriptions, soldiers, hoodlums, vagrants and even some decent-looking fellows.

"Who are you? What are you doing here?" I questioned sharply.

"Natchalnik," cried out the sentry. "They are waiting for you. They have been here more than an hour, breaking the gate and scouring the grounds and building for you. When they became convinced that you were away they decided to wait here for your return."

"Now, what do you want?" I demanded of the group as they surrounded me.

"What do we want, eh? We want you to disband the battalion. We have had enough of this discipline. Enough blood has been shed. We don't want any more armies and militarism. You are only creating new troubles for the common people. Disband your battalion and we will leave you alone."

"I will not disband!" was my answer. Several of them pulled out revolvers and threatened to kill me. The sentry raised an alarm and all the girls appeared at the windows, many of them with their rifles ready.

"Listen," a couple of them argued again. "You are of the people and we only want the best for the people. We have enough war, too much war. We only now understand the futility of war. Surely you don't like to see the poor people slaughtered for the sake of a few rich. Come join our side, and let's all work for peace."

"Scoundrels!" I shouted with all my strength. "You are idiots! I am myself for peace but we will never have peace without driving the Germans out of Russia. They will make slaves of us and ruin our country and our freedom. You are traitors!"

Suddenly I was kicked violently in the back. Some one dealt me a second blow from the side.

"Fire!" I shouted to my girls at the windows as I was knocked down, knowing that I had instructed them always to shoot in the air first as a warning.



Setting her cap to suit him—Officer instructing Botchkareva's woman soldiers.

poor girls that I had punished. Agitating against the war, inciting to peace at any price, he urged my recruits to act as free citizens, depose their reactionary Natchalnik and democratically elect a new one.

The result of the oration was a split in the ranks of my battalion. More than half of them approved of the speaker, crying, "We are free. This is not the old regime. We want to be independent. We want to exercise our rights." And they seceded from the body, finding themselves in the majority after a vote, and elected a committee.

I was deeply aroused, and in spite of the late hour ordered the girls to form into ranks. As soon as this was accomplished I addressed the following command to the body:

"Those who want a committee move to the right. Those who are against it go to the left."

The larger part was on the right. Only about 200 stood at the left.

"Now, those of you who are willing to be treated by me as heretofore, to receive punishment when necessary, to maintain the severest possible discipline in the battalion and to be ruled without a committee say yes," I exclaimed.

The group of 200 on the left shouted in a chorus, "Yes! We consent! We are willing, Gospodin Natchalnik!"

"Turning to the silent crowd on the right, I said:

"Why did you join? I told you beforehand that it would be hard. Didn't you sign pledges to obey? I want action, not phrases. Committees paralyze action in a flood of words."

"We are not slaves; we are free women!" many of the mutineers shouted. "This is not the old regime. We want more courteous treatment, more liberty. We want to govern our own affairs as the rest of the army."

"Ah, you foolish women! I did not organize this battalion to be like the rest of the army. We were to serve as an example, and not merely to add a few lobes to the ineffective millions of soldiers now swarming over Russia. We were to blaze a path and not follow the demoralized army. Had I known what stuff you were made of I would not have come within a thousand miles of you. Consider, we were to lead in a general attack. Now, suppose we had a committee and, one hour for the offensive was here, then the committee suddenly decides not to advance and our whole idea is destroyed."

"That's it," the recalcitrants shouted. "We would want to decide for ourselves whether to attack or not."

"Well," I turned on them, disgusted. "You are not worth the uniforms you are wearing. This uniform stands for noble sacrifice, for unselfish patriotism."

"It is, of course, to be expected, for my own experience has been most gratifying. During twenty-five years or more I have found it unusually effective in relieving muscular and rheumatic pain, and in checking colds, catarrh, and the like. I am sure the American people will not be deceived by imitations, but will demand the genuine."

Pharmaceutical
Ph^m
de 1^{re} Classe
Paris
Thos. Leeming & Co.
American Agents, New York

ply must quarrel. We will become the talk of the world and your act will be an eternal blot on our sex." "But, why are you so cruel to us, so rigid?" the secessionists began to argue again. "Why do you keep us as if in a prison, allowing us no leave, giving us no opportunity to go promending, always shouting and ordering us about? You want to enslave us."

"I told you at the beginning that I would be strict, that I would shoot and punish. As to not letting you out of the grounds, you know that I do it because I can't be sure of your conduct outside. I wanted this house to be a holy place. I prayed to God to hallow us all with His chastity. I wished you to go to the front as saintly women, hoping that the enemy's bullets would not touch you."

At night an argument raged between the few hundred loyal girls and the mutineers. I retired, leaving instructions with the officers, even recalling drafts do as they pleased, even to leave in the uniforms. My frame of mind was one of despair as I reflected on the outcome of my enterprise. My soul ached for all women as I thought of the disgraceful act of the girls who had pledged their honor to an idea and then deserted the banner they had themselves raised.

(CONTINUED TOMORROW)

Deaths of a Day

JAMES F. MAGUIRE

Father-in-Law of City Solicitor Connelly Dies
James F. Maguire, a widely known builder and father-in-law of City Solicitor John P. Connelly, died yesterday at the latter's summer home, Merion, after a protracted illness. He was born in this city in 1836, and early in life engaged in the building business, in which he continued up to within a few years ago. He contributed largely to the building up of the northwest section of Girard College, and also in West Philadelphia. He is survived by two sons and two daughters—Charles B. and Daniel J. Maguire and Mrs. Florence McRudden, wife of M. J. McRudden, who was formerly chief of the division of housing and sanitation, and Mrs. J. P. Connelly. His funeral will take place Saturday, with services at St. Matthias's Church, Balu, and interment will be in Laurel Hill Cemetery.

Dr. Adolph W. Fritsch

Dr. Adolph W. Fritsch died suddenly of heart disease at his home, 405 Harper avenue, Drexel Hill, last night. Doctor Fritsch was born in Austria, but had lived in the United States for the last thirty-three years, having come to America when sixteen years of age. He graduated from a medical college in Chicago, Ill., and then studied electrical therapeutics. He had been practicing in Philadelphia, with offices in the Perry Building, for the last twelve years. He lived in Drexel Hill for the last seven years; was a member of the Protestant Episcopal church; the incarnation of the pastor, the Rev. Charles Knight, tomorrow afternoon. Interment will be made in Arlington Cemetery. Doctor Fritsch is survived by a widow, Hulda B. Fritsch, and one daughter, Frieda Fritsch.

William Horstmann

William Horstmann, eighty-seven years old, a Civil War veteran and a retired grocer, died yesterday at his home, 5523 Carpenter street. Mr. Horstmann was born in Haldon, Westphalia, Germany, and came to the United States when he was a young man. He enlisted in Company A, 121st Pennsylvania Volunteers in 1862 and served throughout the war. He was mustered out as a corporal at Wilmington, N. C., in June, 1865.

In 1857 he married Christine Kruse, who died in April, 1911. After being honorably discharged from the army Mr. Horstmann came to Philadelphia and engaged in the grocery business, in which he continued until his retirement about two years ago. He is survived by two sons, William H. and Henry C. Horstmann, and three daughters, Emma and Christine E. Horstmann and Mrs. Caroline E. Garrick.

Henry Duke

Henry Duke, seventy-five years old, a life-long resident of Norwood, where he was engaged in contracting, died Tuesday night at the home of his sister, Mrs. W. Wilbank. In 1871 he was a carpenter. He built fifty or more of the Norwood homes. When his health failed a short time ago he went to San Francisco, Cal., but he became very ill and returned to Norwood to live with his sister and an active member of the Norwood Fire Company, having filed the office of chief and president. He also was a member of the Odd Fellows. He leaves a daughter and four sons.

Charles H. Malpass

Charles H. Malpass, forty-two years old, president of the Turner and Harrison Pen Manufacturing Company, of 1211 Spring Garden street, died at his home in Germantown yesterday from pneumonia. Mr. Malpass recently married Mrs. Clara Sailer Moore, a daughter of Frank Sailer, of Bellam road and Quincey street. Mr. Malpass was a member of the Grand Country club and Olive Lodge, No. 607, F. and A. M.

Alfred Walsh

Alfred Walsh, who, because of ill health, came back to Philadelphia after he had been engaged in business in San Francisco for fifteen years, died yesterday at the home of his sister, Dr. Maria C. Pine, 903 Pine street.

John E. Hanrahan

Baltimore, March 12.—The death is announced of John E. Hanrahan, a pioneer founder and inventor of the composite type, at the age of fifty-nine years. Mr. Hanrahan began work as errand boy in a type foundry at the age of thirteen and worked his way through all the mechanical branches of the industry, finally inventing the composite type about sixteen years ago. He had previously made for Otto Mergenthaler, inventor of the linotype, the first type matrix ever used in the modern typesetting machine. He also assisted in later developed into the present-day linotype machine.

Mrs. Catharine Atkins

Atlantic City, March 12.—Mrs. Catharine Atkins, wife of Frank J. Atkins, director of the war savings stamp campaign in Atlantic City, died yesterday. She formerly was a Philadelphian.

DR. SCHAEFFER RECOVERING

Superintendent of Instruction May Be Out in Few Days
LANCASTER, Pa., March 12.—Dr. Nathan Schaeffer, State Superintendent of Public Instruction, who was taken ill in Harrisburg last week, as a result of overwork in connection with his western tour to the educational conference in Chicago, is recovering at his home here. Doctor Schaeffer yesterday was so much improved that it was said he may be out in a few days.

Alleged Murderer Lynched

Yalobusha, Ga., March 12.—Joe Walker, charged with having shot a watchman at Greenville, Fla., was seized here in a mob and shot to death yesterday, while being taken to Madison, Fla., for safekeeping.

Steinway Duo-Art Pianos
Sterling Pianos
Sterling Player Pianos
Edison Diamond Disc
Phonographs

Tho' all the greater in mortal of pianism developed their varied style at the Steinway piano, and from it drew their marvelous diversity of coloring, the resources of a Steinway have never been fully determined. Tho' for generations the whole gamut of composition has been played on the Steinway keyboard, its greater depths have never been sounded, or its widest possibilities measured. It is the piano of aspiration, inspiration, determination. In its varied musical influences it is as important to you as to the masters of music.

Only Philadelphia representatives of Steinway & Sons
N. Stetson & Co.—111 Chestnut St.

REID AND FORT

For Young Men—From The Kirschbaum Tailoring Shops

SPRING SUITS

Double-Breasted

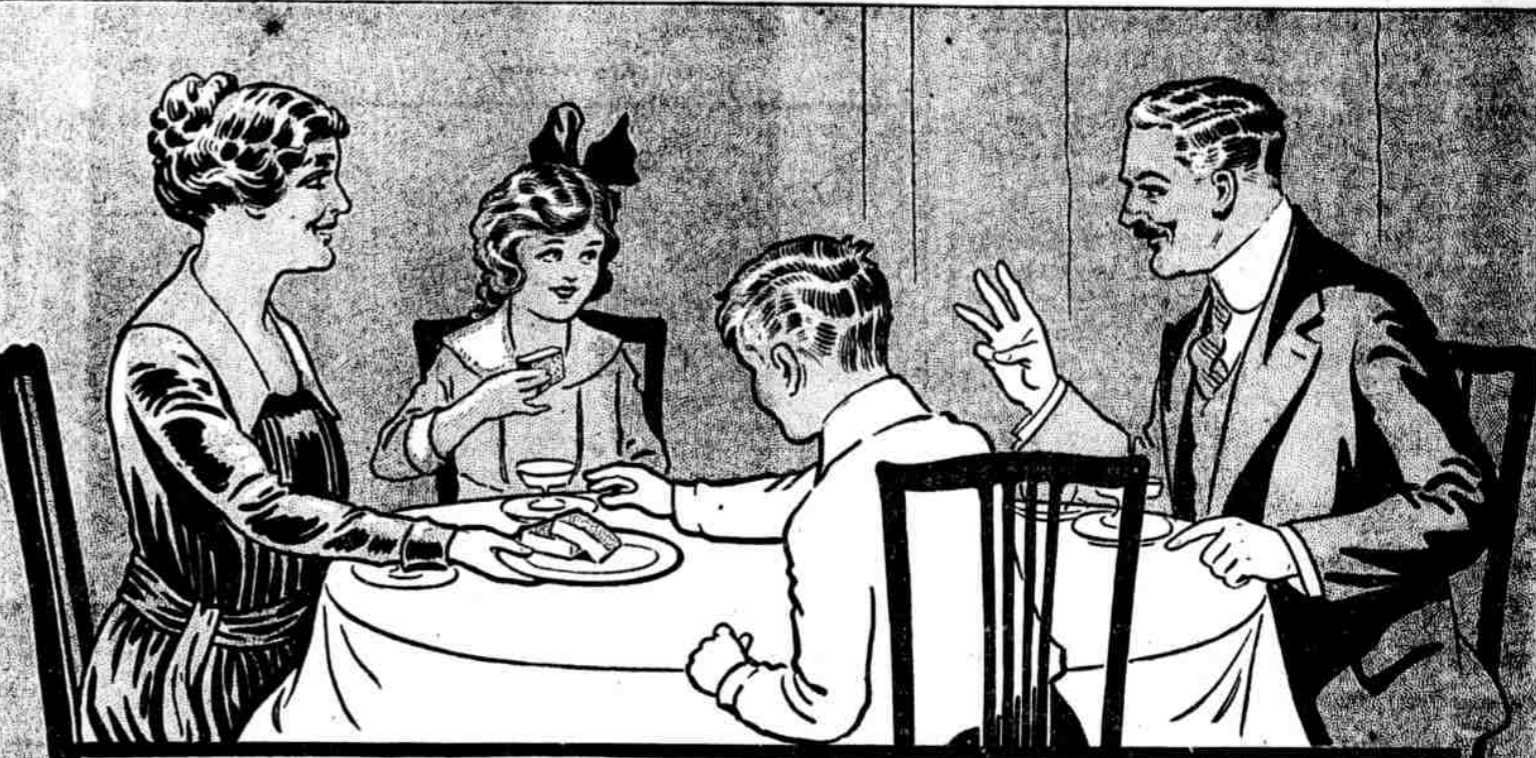
VERY new and very smart are these double-breasted models. They are the work of the Kirshbaum styling staff since the removal of war restrictions. Tailored in flannels, chevots and worsteds—pure wool fabrics, all of them. Fine values, typical of the R. & F. business at this price:

\$35

Here Are The New Hats
The latest blockings and shades in soft hats for Spring wear. Made to R. & F. standards. As you go by, glance over a few of them now displayed in our windows—\$4 to \$10.

REID AND FORT

1204 CHESTNUT ST.
11 SOUTH 15th ST.



"That's his third piece, Mother!"

"I know it, John, but Tommy is a growing boy—he needs it. Besides, good cake like this won't hurt anybody."

"You're right, Mary, it is good—real home baking. That's what I like about it."

"But it isn't home baking, John. I bought it at the grocer's this morning. It's Ivins Cake you're praising—their Sponge Cake. They make Pound Cake, too. I'm going to try that tomorrow."

"Ivins! Oh, yes, I've heard of their cakes. Grandmother used to buy their crackers over 50 years ago. I've heard both mother and grandmother speak well of the Ivins bakery. Go ahead, Mary—give Tommy, and Dora, too, all the Ivins Cake they want."

Ivins

Sponge Cake Pound Cake

Your grocer gets these delightful cakes fresh daily. Try some for dinner tonight. You know they're guaranteed pure.

Look for Ivins' "Silent Salesman" on your grocer's counter. It contains temptingly wrapped slices of Ivins sponge cake—kept fresh, clean and pure. A big value for 10c.

Ivins—Baker of Good Biscuits in Philadelphia Since 1846