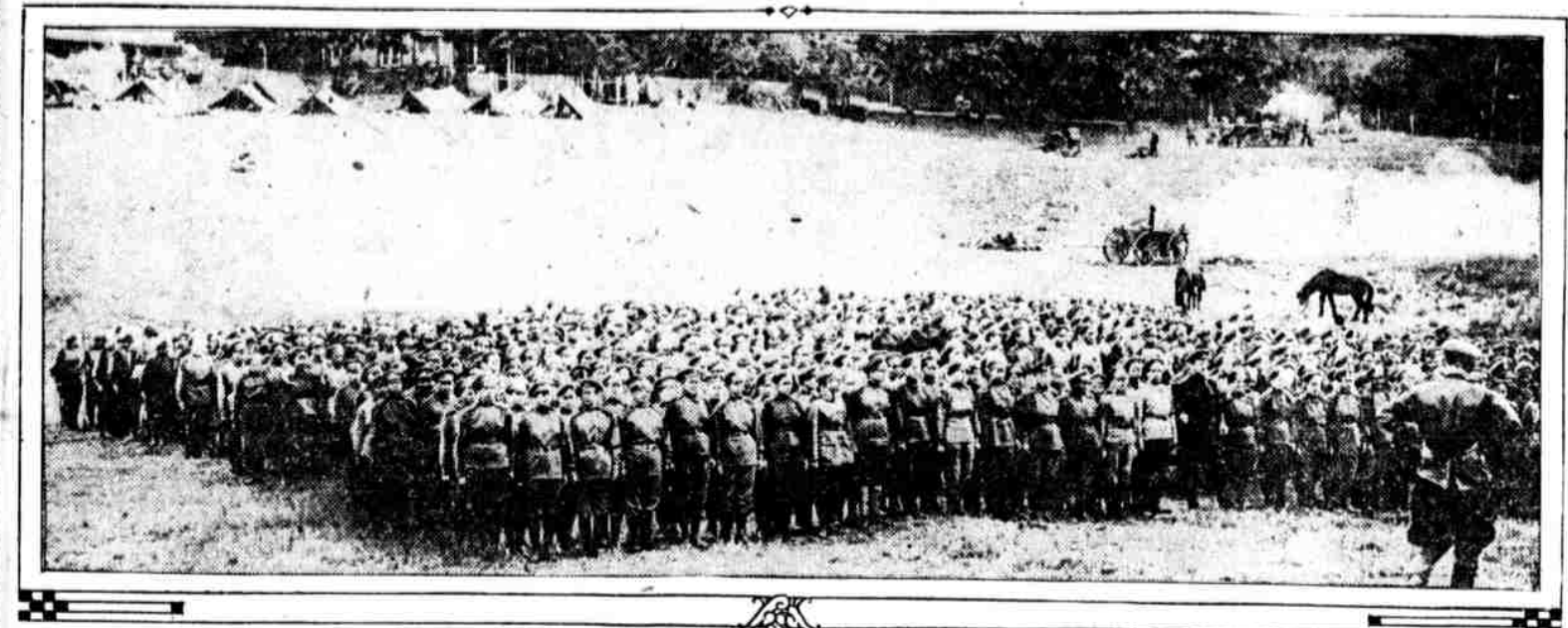


BOTCHKAREVA APPEALS TO THE SOLDIERS TO HELP DEFEAT THE GERMAN HORDES

Woman Warrior Makes Eloquent Speech After Frightful Night in Camp, Where Her Amazons Were Annoyed by Men Infected With the Virus of Bolshevism and Pacifism, Who Resented Their Appearance at the Front Where Fraternization Was Common



Preliminary review of Botchkareva's soldiers.

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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 stepped into the international hall of fame. In the earlier installments 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 told of battles fought and won and of the demoralization of the army after the overthrow of the Czar. It was her desire to shame the men into action that prompted her to form the Battalion of Death, with the consent of Kerensky. But she meets with difficulties. War-weary men assail her. Bolshevism and pacifists attack her impulsively. But she temporarily wins out and is given high honors and much admiration before she starts for the front.

AND HERE IT CONTINUES

The journey was a triumphant procession. At every station we were hailed by crowds of soldiers and civilians. There were ovations, demonstrations and speeches. My girls had straight orders not to leave the cars without permission. Our meals were provided for us at certain stations, through telegraphic orders, and we would get off the train in those places to eat. At one stop, while I was at rest, a demonstration took place in our honor, and I was suddenly taken out of bed and carried out in view of the crowd.

Thus we moved to the front, finally arriving at Molodetsino. I was met there by a group of about twenty officers and taken to dine with the staff. The battalion was quartered in two barracks upon our arrival at army headquarters. There were about a score of barracks in Molodetsino. Almost half of these were filled with deserters from the front, former police and gendarmes who had been impressed into the army at the outbreak of the revolution and soon escaped from the ranks. There were also some criminals and a number of Bolshevist agitators. In a word the lot consisted of the down-and-outs of that sector of the front.

They scented the arrival of the battalion quickly, and while I was being driven to dinner they descended upon my girls in flocks and began to deride and insult them. The officer in charge perceived with alarm the growing insolence of the rogues and hurried to the commandant of the station to beg protection.

"But what can I do?" answered the commandant, helplessly. "I am powerless here. There are 1,000 of them, and there is nothing to be done but to bear patiently with their derision and win their favor by kindness."

"The death penalty had already been abolished in the army. The officer in charge returned with empty hands. She found a few of the outlaws in the barracks, behaving offensively toward the women. Having tried vainly to get rid of them by persuasion, she telephoned to me. I had barely seated myself at the dinner table as her call reached me. I hastened into an automobile and to the barracks.

"What are you doing here?" I yelled, sharply, as soon as I jumped off the car and ran inside. "What do you want? Get out! I will talk to you outside if you want anything."

"Ha, ha, ha!" the men jeered. "Who are you? What sort of a babka is this?" "I am the Natchalnika!"

"The Natchalnika, eh?" Ha, ha, ha! Look at this Natchalnika!" they scoffed. "Now, I spoke slowly and firmly, 'you have no business here whatever. You have got to get out. I will be at your services outside. If you want anything you will tell it to me there. But you must get out of here!'"

The men—there was only a score of them—took themselves to the door, still jeering and muttering curses. I followed them. Immediately outside a large crowd had collected, attracted by the noise. As I faced these depraved soldiers in military uniforms my heart was pained by the sight of them. A more gauged, fattened, demoralized lot of soldiers I had never seen. Most of them had the faces of out-and-out murderers. Others were mere boys, corrupted by the Bolshevist propaganda.

In other times, in the old days of January, 1917, it would have been sufficient to execute a couple of them to transform the 1,500 into respectable and obedient human beings. Now the mighty Russian military organization, while engaged in a mortal combat with a stupendous enemy, was rendered unable to cope with such a small group of recalcitrants! This was my first contact with the front in two months. But when a great stride had been made by the disintegrating influences in this short period of time! It was four months after the revolution and the front was already seriously affected by the blight of disobedience.

"Why did you come here?" What devil brought you here? "You want to fight? We want peace! We have had enough fighting!" showered on me from every side.

"Yes, I want to fight. How otherwise could we have peace if not by fighting the Germans? I have had more war than you, and I want peace as much as any one here. If you want me to talk more to you and answer

any questions you might put to me come tomorrow. It is getting late now. I shall be at your disposal tomorrow."

The gang drifted away in groups, some still scolding others arguing. I transferred the girls from the second barracks into the first for greater safety and posted sentinels at every entrance. This annoyed the girls somewhat, but they were even more encouraged when they heard me refuse an invitation to spend the night at staff headquarters. How could I leave my girls alone with these 1,500 ruffians in the neighborhood? So I resolved to sleep with them, under the same roof.

Night came and my soldiers went to bed. Many of us must have wondered that evening whether the deserters would heed my words or return during the night and attack the barracks. It was not midnight yet when a majority of them came knocking at the windows and the thin wooden walls. They cursed us all and particularly me. They tried to enter through one of the other doors, but were met by fixed bayonets. Getting no further through their railway, they stoned the barracks, breaking some window panes. Still we remained docile. If the

commandant confessed his powerlessness to control them, what could we do? Besides, we were going to the front to fight the Germans, not to engage in a battle with three times our number of desperadoes.

The more patience we exercised the greater grew the encroachments of the men. Some of them would burst suddenly through the shutters and shatter the windows, grab some of the girls by their hair, causing them pain and resulting in sharp outcries. No body signs. All were excited and on edge. The crashing of the stones against the board walls would shake the structure every now and then. It required a lot of patience to endure it all, but my orders were not to bring about a fight.

However, as the night wore on and the noise and catcalls did not cease, my blood began to boil in me and I finally lost control of myself. Hastily putting on my overcoat, I ran out of the barracks. The day was just breaking, at early July day. The band of thugs, about fifty in all, waited for an instant.

"Villains, rogues, you! What are you doing?" I shouted with all my strength. "Didn't you seek a rest on

the way to the trenches? Can't you let us alone, or do you know not what shame is? Perhaps some of the girls here are your sisters. And some of you are old men, one can see. If you want anything, come to see me. I am always ready to talk and argue and answer questions. But leave the girls alone, you shameless rascals!"

My tirade was met by an outburst of laughter and droolery that increased me even more.

"You will get away this instant or kill me here!" I shrieked, bounding forward. "You better kill me now, I'm trembling with rage. The outcasts were struck by my tone and words. They left one by one, and we settled down for a couple of hours of sleep."

One morning General Valuyev, now commander of the Fourth Army, reviewed the battalion. He was greatly pleased and expressed his gratification to me over the perfect discipline and bearing of the unit. Our own two kitchens then prepared dinner, after they had received a supply of food and provender. There were twelve houses attached to the battalion, six drivers, eight cooks, two shoemakers. In addition to these sixteen men there were two military instructors accompanying us. The men were always segregated from the girls.

After dinner the deserters began to assemble around our barracks. I had promised to debate with them on the preceding day, and they now took me at my word.

"Where are you taking your soldiers? To fight for the bourgeoisie? What for? You claim to be a peasant woman, then why do you want to shed the people's blood for the rich exploiters?"

These and many similar questions were fired at me from many directions. I stood up, folded my arms and eyed the military instructors accompanying me. A tremor ran over me as my eyes passed from one hoodlum to another. They were a desperate lot, appearing more like brigands than humans. The dress of the army, truly!

"Look at yourselves!" I opened up and think what has become of you! You who were once heroes, you who were heroes against a withering enemy fire and suffered like faithful sons of the motherland in the defense of Russia, lying for weeks in mud, in vermin-infested trenches, and crawling through No Man's Land. Consider for a moment what you are now and what you were a while ago. You were the pride of the country and the world only last winter. Now you are the execration of the army and the nation. Surely there are some among you who be-

longed to the Fifth Siberian Corps. aren't there?"

"Yes, yes!"

"Then you ought to remember me—Yashna—or have heard of me?"

"Yes, we do! We know you!" came from several corners.

"Well, if you know me you ought to know that I wallowed in the mud of the trenches together with you; that I slept on the same wet ground as you or your brother; that I faced the same dangers, suffered the same hunger, shared the same cabbage soup that you had. Why then do you attack me? Why do you jeer at me? How and when have I earned your contempt and derision?"

(CONTINUED TOMORROW)

Fire Damages Winnipeg Cathedral
Winnipeg, Minn., March 18.—Fire today destroyed the west and east wings of St. Mary's cathedral.

TO FIX CHARITY SCOPE

Meeting This Afternoon to Determine Activities of Organization
A citizens' meeting will be held Thursday afternoon at 4 o'clock in Witherspoon Hall to determine the scope of the future activities of the Philadelphia Society for Organizing Charity. The report of the citizens' committee will be presented. The purpose of this committee is set out in the following resolution, adopted at the previous meeting: "That the chairman of this meeting shall appoint a committee of ten or more persons of which he shall be a member to formulate a plan for financing the Philadelphia Society for Organizing Charity and to present to the citizens of Philadelphia the decision of this meeting as to the work of said society. The committee chosen, virtually apart

from the present board of directors of the Philadelphia Society for Organizing Charity, enables a critical and unbiased analysis and review. It consists of the following: John Hampton Barnes, chairman; Morris L. Clothier, Bishop Thomas J. Garland, George L. Harrison, Jr., J. H. McAllister, John S. Newbold, Arthur W. Sewall and Charlton Yarnall.

NET FIRST SHAD

Wilmington Boats Reported Bringing in Good Catches
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What makes an echo?
What makes shadows?
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What is camouflage?

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