

BOTCHKAREVA SCORES WOMEN SOLDIERS AND IS MOBBED BY THEIR ADMIRERS

Found Imitation of Her Battalion of Death a Degrading One and Came Very Near Losing Her Life for Saying So



General Alexiev, who twice refused command of the Russian army

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 HERE IT CONTINUES WE left Kornilov, and I had to decide whether to report to Kerensky or not. I must confess to a feeling of shame when I thought of how I carried out the errand...

When I arrived at the barracks and was taken before the fifteen hundred girls who had enlisted in the Moscow unit, I nearly fainted at the sight of them. They were nearly all wearing slippers and fancy stockings, loosely dressed and of very nonchalant bearing...

A storm of protest broke loose. "Aha, what is it, the old regime or what?" shouted some indignant voices.

"What's that? Discipline? How dare she talk like this?" cried others. In a moment I was surrounded by a mob of indignant men who drew nearer and nearer, threatening to kill me.

From Moscow I went to the front, and when my girls saw me arrive there was general jubilation. "The Natchalnik has come back!" they sang and danced about it was hard life for them in my absence...

During this journey Kornilov talked of his childhood. He was born in the peninsula, the Russian frontier and Mohol mother. Conditions of life some fifty years ago in the Far East were such as to inure one to any hardships...

Upon our arrival at Petrograd we all went together to the Winter Palace. Kornilov entered Kerensky's study first, leaving us to wait in the antechamber. It was a long wait for Rodzianko and me. Kornilov remained locked up with Kerensky for two whole hours...

Rodzianko and I were admitted next. Kerensky was visibly agitated. He said that he had not expected me. I did not do the right thing, he declared.

"Perhaps I am guilty toward you, Gospodin Minister," I replied, "but I acted according to my conscience and did what I felt was my duty to the country."

Rodzianko then addressed Kerensky in some such manner: "Botchkareva reports from the front that both men and officers are turning fast against you; the officers because of the destruction of discipline, the men because of their desire to go home. Now see what's becoming of the army. It is going to pieces. If the soldiers could have allowed a group of women and officers to perish, the situation would be different. Something must be done immediately. Give untrammelled authority in the army to Kornilov and he will save the front. And you remain at the head of the government to save us from Bolshevism."

I joined Rodzianko in his plea. "We are rapidly nearing an abyss," I urged, "and it will soon be too late. Kornilov is an honorable man. I convinced myself. Let him save the army now, so that people shall not say afterward that Kerensky destroyed the country."

"This will not happen!" he cried out, banging his fist on the table. "I know what I am doing!"

"You are destroying Russia!" exclaimed Rodzianko, angered by Kerensky's arrogance. "The blood of the country will be on your head."

Kerensky turned red, then white as a corpse. His appearance frightened me. I thought he would topple over dead. "Get out!" he shrieked, beside himself, pointing toward the door. "Get out of here!"

Rodzianko and I moved to the exit. At the door Rodzianko stopped for a moment, turned his head and flung a few caustic words at the minister. "Kornilov was waiting for us in the anteroom. We drove to Rodzianko's home for luncheon. There, Kornilov related to us the substance of his conference with Kerensky. He had told him that the soldiers were deserting the front in droves and that those who remained were useless, as they visited the German trenches every night and came back drunk in the morning. The fraternization had extended to the entire front. A whole Austrian regiment, well provided with liquor, came over to our trenches at one point and a debauch followed. Kornilov repeated the experience of my battalion from official reports that reached him, and declared that numerous inquiries from officers were coming to him daily, seeking instructions. But what instructions could he give?" He had to seek instruction himself from Kerensky.

At this point the minister asked him what was to be done, and he replied that capital punishment must be re-established, that the committee must be abolished, that the commander-in-chief must be given the full authority to disband units and execute agitators and robbers if the front was to be saved from collapse and the country from immense disaster.

Kerensky replied that Kornilov's suggestions were impossible. The committee could be done was for the officers to submit the various complications arising at the front to the regimental, corps and army committees for solution. But Kornilov retorted that the committees had already, again and again, been confronted with such problems, had them investigated and confirmed, passed condemnatory resolutions and obtained pledges from the men that they would not repeat the offenses, but, like weak children, the soldiers would, immediately resume drinking and fraternizing. Only rigid discipline, he insisted, could make the Russian army a force to be reckoned with.

Nevertheless, Kerensky was obstinate. He would not consent to put Kornilov's program into action. A deadlock was reached which aroused Kornilov's temper. He blurted out: "You are rushing the country to destruction. You know that the Allies regard us as a frontier trader of contentment. But Kornilov replied they would consider Russia a traitor. You are under the delusion that the rank and file still believe in you. But almost all of them are Bolsheviki now. Another while and you will find yourself overthrown and your name will go down in history as the destroyer of the country. All your life you fought Czars. Now you are even worse than the Czar was. Here you sit in the Winter Palace, unwilling to leave, too jealous of your position."

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With Rodzianko, She Has a Stormy Interview With Kerensky, Who Refuses to See the Abyss Toward Which He Is Drifting

It was five months since freedom was born, only five months. But what a nightmare it had become. We were at war, but playing with the enemy. We were free, but disorder was on the increase. Our best men were happy and united five months ago. Now they were divided and quarreling among themselves. The people were divided, too. When the revolution first broke all were jubilating together, the soldier, the townsman, the peasant, the workman, the merchant. All were glad. All hoped for good and happiness. Now, there sprang up many parties that set one group of the people against the other. Each of them claimed to have the truth, and each promised a blissful era, but what was good to one was evil to the other. They talked, argued, fought among themselves. Our best men were divided. In the face of such a terrible foe as the Germans, how long could a divided country last? I prayed to God for Russia.

(CONTINUED TOMORROW)



Some of the letters received from out-of-town readers of these columns have assumed a half-apologetic tone, as though fearing to ask for advice and assistance in shopping in the Chestnut Street Shops. This is much to be regretted. At all times the writer is delighted to put her knowledge, gained through frequent visits to these shops, at the disposition of those personally unable to attend to their own commissions, and she would also gladly welcome criticism or suggestions from far and near correspondents. Address all communications: Deborah Logan, Room 708, Bailey Building, 1218 Chestnut Street, Philadelphia.

WHY any one without maids bothers cooking is a mystery. In bygone days either you dined home and did your work or dined out at a hotel. Later, delicatessen shops made a few cold cooked dishes possible, but now the Knickerbocker, Cafeteria, 24 South 15th street, has come to the rescue with a full line of hot dishes; anything, in fact, served on their menu can be bought and taken home. And you do not have to carry your own kettle; they provide liquorproof cartons for soups, stews, appetizers, oysters, etc. Don't rush home to prepare dinner; finish your shopping comfortably, then step into the Knickerbocker and get delicious fried oysters, deviled crabs, old-fashioned pepper pot (a Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday special) or a full dinner, and take it with you.

FRUITS are decidedly scarce and hard to get, but there is one place, Henry R. Hallowell & Son's, Broad below Chestnut street, where you are sure of finding what you want, unless they are entirely out of the market. They have secured a very unusual lot of magnificent King Tangerine Oranges, the most luscious of citrus fruits, in four sizes, the smallest much bigger than the ordinary tangerine. Besides these, there are luscious strawberries, oranges, grapefruit, regular tangerines, Wisconsin apples, pineapples, pears, Almeria grapes and hot-house asparagus. A phone or written order will bring them fresh and unspoiled right to your door, by auto delivery if in town, by parcel post, special delivery, if you live as near as Chicago, Omaha, Texas or the Rocky Mountains.

ORIGINALLY, which set the fashion for wearing wrist watches, men wore them? Probably some bright, tired-looking fellow, bobbing on her chateleine pin or slipping through her belt, conceived the brilliant idea of anchoring them to one's arm, where they have remained, to the joy of those who own them, and the secret envy of those who do not, for the old watch is not "fit for comfort or convenience." At Bailey, Banks & Biddle Company they carry the plainest to the most elaborate styles, in silver, gold (green or natural), platinum and delicate enamel, any shape or size, but nearly all mounted on black ribbon bracelets. Cutest of all is a wee oval diamond, paved with diamonds and joined to the ribbon by diamond loops, which measures a scant 1/2 inch.

THERE are men who take no pride in their personal appearance. Usually they are either wealthy men who can afford to look shabby or spineless, unsuccessful men. Now, the human dynamo who is hustling to produce results has much more wit than to shudder the handicap of being poorly dressed, for the confidence inspired by correct attire is a tremendous asset to one making his own way. No snubbings come to the well-dressed man from snippy typists or office boys, and heads of concerns are much more accessible than to down-looking individuals in the rag. Good clothes from Jacob Reed's Sons, 1424-26 Chestnut street, cost little more than poor ones from elsewhere, and the improved appearance of the wearers is bound to bring them improved opportunities.

LYING in the path of the Greek, Arabic, Persian and Mongol invaders of India, the little state of Beluchistan was constantly traversed by these people, all of whom left their impress on the country, and in the designs in their rugs, in spite of which, however, their designs and colorings are rather distinctive. Turkish influence predominates. At Fritz & La Rue, 1124 Chestnut street, there are a number of the 5x8 feet antique Beluchistan rugs in deep blues, reds or browns, sometimes with a touch of white in the borders to relieve the somberness. Geometrical devices, as a rule, cover the fields, many of which are divided into two or three parts by transverse stripes of lighter or darker shades, and all have a glossy, heavy long pile of unsurpassed richness.

BIG LOAN CAMPAIGN IN HANDS OF WOMEN

Men Merely Aides to West Philadelphia Committee Led by Mrs. Richardson

The West Philadelphia Victory Loan committee today launched a campaign to mobilize the women of that section of the city into a competent organization to take complete control of the sale of government securities west of the Schuylkill River when the drive opens April 21.

The campaign is being managed and directed by a committee of women, headed by Mrs. B. F. Richardson. The organization of men who during the first four loans did so much to put Philadelphia "over the top" are acting as aides.

From now until the three-weeks campaign opens the work of the West Philadelphia committee will be that of organizing to show residents the value and need of investing. It is aimed to mobilize at least 5000 workers.

To meet the appeal will be issued by speakers in every theatre and every motion picture establishment in West Philadelphia. It is an appeal for workers for the loan, and is planned to educate those who will sell the government securities. They in turn will demonstrate to the people the necessity of West Philadelphia and every section of the city making the new loan a success during the early part of the drive.

Headquarters for the West Philadelphia Committee have been opened at Fifty-second and Sansom streets. The loan workers will organize a general women's committee during this week and will hold a parade of the women through the principal streets of West Philadelphia Saturday afternoon. Meetings will be held in various halls in the evenings this week.

Mrs. Walter C. Hancock is assistant chairman of the committee under Mrs. Richardson. The publicity and advertising for the loan in that district is being managed by a committee composed of Karl Bloomington, George W. Witney and Mrs. Edgar Marburg. Speakers and meetings are directed by A. P. Garbard; J. D. Westervelt heads the committee to care for the headquarters and supplies, and Frank P. Mathers is chairman of the automobile committee.

SAY Army's Morale Weakens New York, March 24.—To aid in restoring the morale of American troops still abroad, whose spirit is admitted to have deteriorated since the armistice, the Presbyterian Church will send eleven more of its leading ministers from various parts of the country to re-enforce eight others who already have sailed, it was announced here last night.



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