

# BOTCHKAREVA REFUSES TO JOIN KORNILOV THOUGH SHE SYMPATHIZES WITH CAUSE

### Completes Long Journey Disguised as a Sister of Mercy and Fals Counter- Revolutionary Officers With Her Make-Up

### On Her Return From Im- portant Mission Is Eye- witness to Atrocities Per- petrated by Bolsheviks and Is Cased as a Spy

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(This story is by Maria Botchkareva and translated and transcribed by Isaac Dou-  
glas in the "Public Ledger" under the title of  
"Yasha.")

**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. This is her story, in brief, as she told it to me, a soldier, and she told of the hardships of her childhood, of the brutalities of her married life and of the realization of her wish to become a soldier. She told of battles fought and won and of the demoralization of the army following the overthrow of the Czar. It was to the men in action that the battalion was formed, but it only partially and only for a time succeeded in its mission. The men of the Russian army at last forced it to disband, and Botchkareva returned to her home. She was summoned last to Petrograd by officers greatly disgusted with Bolshevism and goes on a mission to General Kornilov.

**AND HERE IT CONTINUES**  
"WHAT shall I say to the guards?" the moujik asked me as we approached the front positions. "Tell them that you are carrying your pack back to a hospital in the city, as she is suffering from high fever," I answered, requesting him to wrap me in the huge fur overcoat that was under him. It was warm enough without it, but I thought that it would raise my temperature even more, and was not wrong. Under all the covers I resembled more a heap than a human form. When the battle positions were reached I began to moan as if in pain.

"Where are you going?" I heard a voice ask my driver sharply as the horse stopped. "To a hospital in the city," was the answer. "What are you carrying?" "My babe. She is dying. I am taking her to a doctor," the peasant replied. Here I groaned louder than ever. I was suffocating. My heart hammered from fear of sudden exposure and discovery. Every particle of time seemed an age.

The sentry who halted us apparently talked the case over with some of his comrades, to the accompaniment of my exuberant moans. Without uncovering my face he issued a pass to the hospital.

My heart thumped with joy as the horse started off at a rapid pace. For a while I still held my breath, hardly believing my senses that I had left Bolshevik territory behind me with so little difficulty.

After some time we arrived at the Kornilov front. The posts along it were held by officers, of whom his force consisted almost exclusively. At one such post we were stopped by a commanding officer.

The driver was starting to rehearse the yarn about his feverish babe when I surprised him by throwing off the rug topcoat, then the shawl and jumping out of the vehicle, issuing a deep sigh of relief. I could not help laughing. "The moujik must have thought me mad at first. The officer at the post could not understand it either. "What the devil!" a couple of them muttered under their breath. I proceeded very coolly to pay out the fifty rubles to the peasant, discharging him there, to his great amazement. "I will get to the city from here all right," I informed them. "Like hell you will," the officer in charge blurted out. "Who are you?" "Why, can't you see, I am a Sister of Mercy," I answered testily. "Where are you going?" "I am going to see General Kornilov," I giggled. "The officers were getting furious. "You will not go a step further," the chief ordered. "Oh, yes, I will too," I announced emphatically. "You are arrested!" the examiner commanded. I broke out in a fit of laughter, bringing the officers to white anger. "Don't you recognize me? I am



Members of Bolsheviks shortly before graduation as expert riflemen and rifewomen

Botchkareva," and I threw off the headpiece of the Sister of Mercy. The officers stepped, immediately crowding around me with congratulations and handshakes. Kornilov was notified by telephone of my arrival and the joke I had played on the sentries. "How do you do, little sister?" he greeted me laughingly when I was brought to his headquarters. My arrival and the way I got through the lines amused him very much. He looked very thin and somewhat aged, but as energetic as ever. "I reported to him that I was sent from Petrograd by General X and other officers for the purpose of acquainting him with my exact condition. I also informed him that the Bolsheviks were making big preparations for an attack against him, that I had seen eleven cars with ammunition at Zverev, and that the blow was due in a couple of days. Kornilov replied that he knew of the impending offensive and that his condition was precarious. He had no money and no food, while the Bolsheviks were amply supplied with both. His soldiers were deserting from him one by one. He was cut off from his friends and surrounded by enemies.

"Did you wish to remain with me and join my forces?" he asked me. "No," I said, "I could not fight against my own people. The Russian soldier is dear to me, although he has been led astray for the present. It is also very hard for me to fight the boys that I loved so much," he declared. "But they have turned beasts now. We are fighting for the life of the Russian officer is at the mercy of the mob. It is a question of organizing for self-defense. One can expect to do little for the country, if he goes to the front to complete destruction, then they would rise and put an end to Lenin and Trotsky, elect a new government and drive the Germans out of Russia. This is the only solution, unless the Allies aid us in conciliating our soldiers and re-establishing a front against Germany."

This, in substance, was Kornilov's view of conditions in Russia when I saw him in February 1918. I remained only one day at his headquarters. From conversations with the men attached to his staff I learned that Kornilov's force comprised only about 3000 fighters. The Bolshevik army opposing it was perhaps twenty times its strength. I left Novotcherkassk in the evening, after an affectionate parting from Kornilov. He kissed me farewell and I wished him success for the good of the country. But there was no success in prospect. We both knew it only too well. A heavy darkness had settled on Russia, stifling all that was still noble and righteous. Encouraged by my success in reaching there, I determined to return by myself. I was taken to the battle positions by a group of officers, and from there, accompanied by their chief, I started out through the battle zone alone. I crawled on all fours as if through No Man's Land, making a couple of versts without any mishap. The experience gained the front came in handy. I scented the approach of a patrol and hid just in time to escape being observed. The patrol turned out to be of Kornilov's force, but I remained hidden, after some more crawling I caught the sound of voices coming from the direction of a coal mine and judged the place to be one of the front positions.

Exercising extreme caution, I managed to pass beyond it safely. Some distance away, dimly standing out against the horizon, was a wood. A Bolshevik force got wind of the patrol I had encountered and went out to capture it by a flank operation. I decided to conceal myself behind a pile of coal and wait till quiet was restored. On my right and left were dumps of coal, too.

Hugging the chunks of coal, I breathed, awaiting the outcome of the maneuver. In a short while the Bolsheviks returned with their prey. They had captured the patrol! There were twenty captives, fifteen officers and five cadets, I learned. They were led to a place only a score or so feet away from the coal pile that hid me.

The hundred Bolshevik soldiers surrounded the officers, cursed them, beat them with the butts of their rifles, tore off their epaulettes and handed them like dogs. The five youthful cadets must have suddenly discovered an opportunity to slip away, for they dashed off a few minutes afterward. But they failed to escape. They were caught within several hundred feet and brought back.

The Bolshevik soldiers then decided to gouge out the eyes of the five youths in punishment for their attempt to run away. Each of the marked victims was held by a couple of men in such a position as to allow the bloody torturers to do their frightful work. In all my experiences of horror this was the most horrible crime I ever witnessed.

One of the officers could not contain himself and shrieked: "Murderers! Beasts! Kill me!" He was struck with a bayonet, but only wounded. All the fifteen officers begged to be killed right there. But their request would not be granted. "You have to be taken before the staff first," was the answer. Soon they were led away.

The five martyrs were left to expire in agony where they were. My blood in agony was petrified. My blood congealed. I thought I was going in vain, that in a second I would not be able to control myself and would jump out, inviting death or perhaps similar torture.

I finally collected strength to turn about and crawl away, in the opposite direction, toward the woods. At a distance of several hundred feet from the forest it seemed to me safe to rise and run for it. But I was noticed from the mine. "A spy!" went up in a chorus from several throats, and a number of

soldiers were after me, shooting as they ran. Nearer and nearer the purstera came. I raced faster than I ever did before in my life. Within another hundred feet or so were the woods. There I might still hope to hide. I prayed for strength to get there. Bullets whistled by me, but firing on the run, the men could not take aim. The woods, the woods, to them my whole being was swept forward. Louder and louder grew the shouts behind me: "A shespy! A shespy!" The woods were within my reach. Another bound and I was in them. Onward I dashed like a wild deer. Was it because there were only several soldiers left at the post and they could not desert it to engage in a hunt or because the men decided that I could not escape from the forest anyhow, that my pursuers did not follow me into the woods? I know only that they were satisfied with sending a stream of bullets into the forest and left me alone.

I concealed myself in a burrow till absolute calm was restored. Then I got out and tried to figure out the right direction, but I fell into a crevasse at first and returned to the edge at which I entered. I then walked to the opposite side, struck a path and before taking it I threw off my costume of a Sister of Mercy and hid it in a bush. I drew out my soldier's cap, destroyed the passport of Smirnova and appeared again in my own uniform. I realized that reports must have been sent out by my pursuers of a spy in the dress of a nurse and determined that as Botchkareva I might still stand a chance for life, but as Smirnova I was done for.

(CONTINUED TOMORROW)

## TEETH FROZEN IN ICE

Has to Ride Six Miles for Match to Thaw "Store Molars"  
New York, April 2.—Jephia Stoll, a farmhand at Swartzwood, N. J., was forced to ride six miles yesterday morning to get a match with which to start a fire to heat water so he might thaw his false teeth out of a glass. Stoll said he put his "store teeth" in a glass Tuesday night and filled it with water. He placed the glass on the sill of an open window. When he arose and reached for his teeth his hand just solidified. He went to the kitchen to make a fire in a boiler water. He ransacked the house, but could find no matches. Hitching a horse to a buggy, he drove to Newton and aroused a grocer.

## REDS ATTACK IN VAIN ON ARCHANGEL LINE

### Yanks and Allies Hold Firm, Though Tired and Out- numbered

Archangel, April 2.—(By A. P.)—Repeated Bolshevik attacks along the front line and both the right and left flank positions controlling Odozerskaya were repulsed today by Allied forces. The Americans, French, British and Russians, who either separately or together are holding positions throughout this territory, which is a little more than 100 miles south of Archangel, have everywhere held their lines intact.

The Bolsheviks, in spite of their heavy losses yesterday, attacked the railroad front south of Odozerskaya at 6 o'clock this morning, but they failed. Allied forces east of Bolshoi Ozer, where Americans, Russians and British are fighting, were under attack all day yesterday at a point about fifteen miles west of Odozerskaya and four separate assaults were made there again early this morning. All broke down under the Allied fire. According to Bolshevik prisoners, the enemy is somewhat demoralized because of his heavy losses during the last two days.

In the Seletskoe sector, forty miles east of Odozerskaya, the Allied advanced posts were attacked by a strong enemy patrol this morning, but the Bolsheviks were driven back by machine-gun fire, losing two killed and a number wounded. Seletskoe protects the Allied flank along the Odozerskaya front and the right flank of the Allied river-front positions. On the Onega River, west of Bolshoi Ozer, the enemy yesterday shelled the village of Kleshevo, which is held by a Russo-British garrison. In this territory enemy outposts were driven back at Pluk, and the Allies captured two prisoners. The Allied troops are tired and outnumbered, but are fighting a stubborn defensive battle in the snow, which is rapidly showing signs of a thaw under the warm sunbath. The days are now longer than the nights in this region.

## Well— Kit Morley is just you, says William Marion Reedy

The  
Rocking Horse

A new book of verse by the author of "Songs for a Little House" will find a host of delighted readers in Philadelphia. The wit and friendliness of the *Ledger's* "Chaffing Dish" have made Christopher Morley's name a household word and this new book by him is brimful of the things which make his lines so likable and so quotable.  
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# WANAMAKER'S

# Wanamaker's

# Down Stairs Store

## That All May Have a Fair Share

the Down Stairs Store is announcing in plenty of time that a most remarkable

### Sale of Easter Fashions

will be held on Saturday, April 5th. It is an occasion of such importance to women that we feel that all should know about it. Thousands of new and fashionable garments—

**Capes Dolmans** **Dresses Suits**  
as well as many hundreds of dresses, capes and coats for children and juniors—will be marked at prices that will astonish you. It is the big opportunity of the Spring season.

### A Trio of Voile Blouses for Spring

A collarless blouse at \$1.50 is full of snowy striped voile. The fold around the neck is trimmed with wee buttons.  
A lace-trimmed and embroidered voile has a flat collar and cuffs edged with lace. \$2.25.  
A colored striped voile waist (in stripes of blue and gray and a roll collar and turn-back cuffs of white pique. \$2.50.  
(Market)

### Sturdy Little Bloomer Frocks

These stanch little dresses aren't in the least afraid of hard wear and many washings. The bloomers do away with white petticoats and are most practical for play times.  
Gingham dresses striped with brown, green, pink or blue have white poplin collars, cuffs, belts and pocket tops and are in 2 to 6 year sizes at \$1.75.  
Plain pink or blue chambray dresses with white trimmings and bits of smoking are \$2.  
(Central)

### A Newcomer Among Our Bon Ton Corsets

It is a front-lace model, and every woman knows how important it is to lace the corset at every wearing and how convenient the front lacing is.  
This one is of white coutil with low bust, long skirt with elastic inserts at the back to hold it well down over the hips. The price is \$5 and it comes in sizes 22 to 30.  
A pink broche topless model at \$3.50 has elastic bands at the top in front and on the side, is slightly raised at the back with long skirt and free hip.  
(Central)

### Springtime Hangings

Fresh-looking, ruffled, white muslin full-sash curtains are \$1.50 and \$2 a pair.

### Lace Panels

A special lot of lovely Lacet Arabian lace panels, 42 inches wide and 2½ yards long, have just arrived and have been marked at \$4.50 each.  
Nottingham lace panels, 36 and 45 inches wide, are \$1.75, \$2.25 and \$3 each.  
(Central)

### Spring Calls for Longcloth and Nainsook

Machines are buzzing and needles flying, all busy with Spring sewing. These splendid white goods will be most interesting to the fastidious woman who for various reasons prefers to make her own underwear.

### Three Interesting Specials

A 10-yard piece of 39-inch longcloth is \$1.90.  
A 10-yard piece of 36-inch longcloth is \$2.  
A 10-yard piece of 36-inch nainsook is \$2.85.  
All of these are exceptional for the money, of even quality and a good, clean white.  
Better and finer longcloths, 36 inches wide in 10-yard pieces, are priced at \$3, \$3.25, \$3.50 and \$3.85 a piece.  
Nainsook, soft and beautifully finished, in 10-yard pieces, 36 inches wide, is \$3.50 and \$3.85 and a particularly good one, 40 inches wide, is \$4.50 a piece. This material makes lovely things for infants as well as grown-ups.  
White crepe, 29 inches wide, is 30c a yard.  
Pink batiste, 30 inches wide, is also 30c a yard.  
(Central)

### Men's Half Hose 15c a Pair

Black, white, tan or gray cotton half hose have re-enforced feet. Seamless, but just the kind of socks that men want for hard, every-day wear.  
(Central)

### The Sale of Men's Suits at \$25 Goes Forward

The savings average a third—\$7.50 to \$12.50.  
Any man will realize in a minute that he is getting full value and more when he gets a pure wool suit, well tailored, at this price.  
(Gallery, Market)

### Tan Oxford Ties for Men

A man usually wants a pair of good-looking tan oxfords for Spring. These good ones on an English last with low broad heels are splendid for business wear. \$5.50 a pair.  
Blucher styles at the same price.  
(Chestnut)



### New French Gloves at Old Prices

A collection of women's beautiful gloves for which we contracted so long ago that we are able to mark them at a saving of at least a third. The skins are the finest, softest French glace lamb, the cutting is correct and the gloves will fit comfortably and smoothly.  
**At \$1.75 a Pair**  
Black with white or black one-row stitching.  
White with black or white one-row stitching.  
**At \$2 a Pair**  
Black with white or black Paris point stitching, binding and clasps.  
White with black or white Paris point stitching, binding and clasps.  
**At \$2.25**  
Black with white or black hems, clasps and three-row embroidery.  
White with black or white hems, clasps and three-row embroidery.  
(Central)

### In the Sale of Rugs—Five Particularly Good Items

7.6x10.6 feet Poster Border Rag rugs, \$11.50.  
8.3x10.6 feet Wool and Fiber rugs, \$9.75.  
9x12 feet seamless Tapestry Brussels rugs, \$20.  
9x12 feet seamless wool velvet rugs, \$29.50.  
9x12 feet Wilton rugs, \$49.50.  
(Chestnut)

### Spring Shoes for Children For Girls

Dark tan or black oxford ties have welted soles and low heels. Sizes 2½ to 8 at \$5.40 a pair.  
Dark tan calfskin shoes, lace style with low heels, \$5.40 a pair.

### For Boys

Black or dark tan oxford ties in blucher style, \$5 a pair.  
**For Smaller Children**  
Black dull leather oxford ties in sizes 8½ to 2 are \$3.75 and \$4.25 a pair.  
Shoes of black or tan kidskin or black patent leather in sizes 2 to 5 are \$1.15 a pair.  
(Chestnut)

### 10 Styles of Women's Ties and Pumps at \$5.40

The pumps and some of the oxfords have light turned soles and high heels, while others of the oxfords have low heels and sturdy welted soles.  
Black patent leather, black calfskin and tan calfskin pumps and black calfskin and kidskin oxfords have high heels.  
Tan calfskin, black calfskin or black kidskin oxfords have low or medium heels.  
(Chestnut)

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**B**EFORE you break the tin-foil seal on a bottle of Walker-Gordon Milk note that it protects the sterile-pouring lip of the bottle—keeps it clean. Note that the inner cap is of extra-heavy paper.

Remember that the milk was cooled, bottled, double-sealed and iced within twenty minutes after it left the cow. You break the seal, pour the milk (still cold) from the ideal package—a clean glass bottle.

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