

YASHKA SURRENDERS TO RED COMMANDANT

There Is Much Jubilation Over Her Capture and the Bloodthirsty Among Them Demand Her Instant Execution Without a Trial

(This story told by Maria Botchkareva and translated and transcribed by Isaac Don Levine, 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 stepped into the international hall of fame. This is her story. In earlier installments she told of the hardships of her childhood, of the brutalities of her married life and of her wish to become a soldier. She told of battles fought and won and of the demoralization of the Russian army following the overthrow of the Czar. It was to shame the men into action that the battalion was formed. It was only partially successful. When the soldiers forced the women to disband at last Botchkareva returned to her home. Some few months later she was summoned to Petrograd by officers dissatisfied with the way the government was being run and she goes on a dangerous mission to Kornilov. She is captured, her return at the opening of the present installment.

AND HERE IT CONTINUES

DAY was breaking, but it was still dark in the woods. I met a soldier, who greeted me. I answered gruffly and he passed on, evidently taking me for a comrade. A little later I encountered two or three other soldiers, but again passed them without being suspected. I pulled out my direct ticket to Kislovodsk and the letter from Princess Tatuyeva. These were my two chief relics. After walking for almost twenty versts I came in view of the station at Zverev. A decision had to be adopted without delay. Littering would surely land me in trouble, I considered, and so I made up my mind to go straight to the station, announce my identity, claim that I had lost my way and surrender myself.

When I opened the door of the station, filled with Red Guards, and gaped at me as if I were an apparition.

"Botchkareva!" they gasped.

Without stopping to hear them I walked up to the first soldier, with my legs trembling and my heart in my mouth, and said:

"Where is the commandant? Take me to the commandant!"

He looked at me hastily, but obeyed the order and led me to an office, also packed with Red Guards, where a young chap, not more than nineteen or twenty, was introduced to me as

the head of the investigation committee, who was acting as chief in the absence of the commandant. Again everybody omitted ejaculations of surprise at my unexpected appearance.

"Are you Botchkareva?" the young fellow inquired, showing me to a seat. I was pale, weak and travel-worn and sank into the chair thankfully. Looking at the chief, hope kindled in my breast. He had a noble, winning face.

"Yes, I am Botchkareva," I answered. "I am just a Kislovodsk to cure my wound in the spine, and I lost my way."

"What has come over you? Are you in your senses? We are preparing for an offensive against Kornilov just now. How could you ever take this route at this time? Didn't you know that your appearance here would mean your certain death?" the young man asked, greatly agitated over my fatal blunder.

"Why," he continued, "just had a telephone call telling that a woman spy had crossed from Kornilov's side early this morning. They are looking for her now. You see the quandary into which you have fallen!"

The youthful chief was apparently inclined toward me. I thought it worth trying to win him over completely.

"But I came myself," I broke out in tears, punctuating them with sobs. "I am innocent. I am just a sick woman, going to seek a cure at the springs. Here is my ticket to Kislovodsk and here is a letter from a friend of mine, my former adjutant, inviting me to come to the Caucasus. Surely you will not murder a poor, sick woman; if not for my own sake, at least for the sake of my forlorn parents."

Several of the Red Guards present cut short my pleadings with angry cries:

"Kill her! What is the use of letting her talk! Kill her, and there will be one slut less in the world!"

"Now wait a minute!" the acting commandant interrupted. "She has come to us of her own volition and is not one of the officers that are opposing us. There will be an investigation first and we will ascertain whether she is guilty or innocent. If she is guilty, we will shoot her."

The words of the chairman of the investigation committee gave me courage. One could see that he was an educated, humane chap. Subsequently I learned that he was a university student. His name was Ivan Ivanovich Petrukhn.

As he was still discussing a man dashed in like a whirlwind, puffing, perspiring, but rubbing his hands in satisfaction.

"Ah, I just finished a good job! Fif-

teen of them, all officers! The boys got them like that," and he bowed and made a sign across the legs. "The first volley peppered their legs and threw them in a heap on the ground. Then they were bayoneted and slashed to pieces. Ho, ho, ho! There were five others captured with them, cadets. They tried to escape and the good fellows gouged their eyes out!"

I was petrified. The newcomer was of middle height, heavily built and dressed in an officer's uniform, but without the epaulettes. He looked savage, and his hideous laughter sent shudders up my spine. The bloodthirsty brute! Even Petrukhn's face grew pale at his entrance. He was no less a person than the assistant to the commander-in-chief of the Bolshevik army. His name was Pugatchev.

He did not notice me at first, so absorbed was he in the story of the slaughter of the fifteen officers.

"And here we have a celebrity," Petrukhn said, pointing at me.

The assistant commander made a step forward in military fashion, stared at me for an instant and then cried out in a terrifying voice:

"Botchkareva!"

He was beside himself with joy.

"Ho, ho, ho!" he laughed diabolically. "Under the old regime I would have gotten an award of the first class for capturing such a spy! I will run out and tell the soldiers and sailors the good news. They will know how to take care of her. Ho, ho, ho!"

I arose thunder-struck. I wanted to say something, but was speechless. Petrukhn was deeply horrified, too. He ran after Pugatchev and seized him by the arm and shouted:

"What is the matter? Have you gone insane? Madame Botchkareva came here herself. Nobody captured her. She is going to Kislovodsk for a cure. She is a sick woman. She claims that she lost her way. Anyhow, she never fought against us. She returned home after we took over the power."

"Ah, you don't know her!" exclaimed Pugatchev. "She is a Kornilovka, the right hand of Kornilov."

"Well, we are not releasing her, are we?" parried Petrukhn. "I am going to call the committee together and have an investigation of her story made."

"An investigation!" scoffed Pugatchev. "And if you don't find any evidence against her, will you let her go? You don't know her? She is a dangerous character! How could we afford to save her? I wouldn't even waste bullets on her. I would call the

men and they would make a fine kaasha of her!"

He made a motion toward the door. Petrukhn held on to him.

"But consider she is a sick woman!" he pleaded. "What is the investigation committee for if not to investigate before punishing? Let the committee look into the matter and take whatever action it considers best."

At this point the commandant of the station arrived. He supported Petrukhn. "You can't act like that in such a case," he said; "this is clearly a matter for the investigation committee. If she is found guilty we will execute her."

Petrukhn went to summon the members of the investigation committee, who were all, twelve in number, common soldiers. As soon as he broached the news to each juror, he later told me, the man became threatening, talking of the good fortune that brought me into their hands. But Petrukhn argued with each of them in my favor, as he was convinced of the genuineness of my ailment. In such a manner he won some of them over to my side.

Meanwhile Pugatchev paced the room like a caged lion, thirsting for my blood.

(CONTINUED TOMORROW)

LARGEST EXCLUSIVE CREDIT JEWELRY HOUSE IN PHILA.
M. SIMON & Co. 39N.13TH ST.
 One Store 2 Doors above Filbert One Management

SIMON'S THRIFT CLUB

50¢ EVERY DIAMOND IN THIS SALE GUARANTEED PURE WHITE AND ABSOLUTELY PERFECT 50¢

BUY a DIAMOND OR ELGIN WATCH
 And Pay Only 50c a Week on Simon's Easy Credit Plan
 It's so easy to own a gorgeous diamond or a reliable Elgin watch in this, the greatest Thrift Club sale we have ever held. Come in and let us explain our easy method of jewelry ownership.

 1-stone Ring, 2 diamonds, appraised for rubies. Absolutely Perfect	 2-stone Ring, 2 diamonds, appraised for rubies. Absolutely Perfect	 Handsome pure white diamond. Tooth setting. Absolutely Perfect	 2-stone Ring, 2 diamonds, appraised for rubies. Absolutely Perfect
\$31.75	\$33.75	\$31.75	\$33.75

SATURDAY SPECIAL
BLUE-WHITE PERFECT DIAMONDS
 Your choice of ladies' or gentlemen's rings. 14 karats solid mounting. Cannot be duplicated less than \$10 even in stores that demand cash.

\$31.75 50c a week

LARGEST EXCLUSIVE CREDIT JEWELRY HOUSE IN PHILA.
M. SIMON & Co. 39N.13TH ST.
 One Store 2 Doors above Filbert One Management

Ask For Horlick's
THE ORIGINAL Safe Malted Milk
 For Infants & Invalids

A Nutritious Diet for All Ages.
 Quick Lunch: Home or Office.
 OTHERS are IMITATIONS

The STROUD PIANOLA-PIANO

C. J. Heppe & Son
 Exclusive Representatives

Paderewski says:
"I cannot conceive of any reason why the Pianola should not be in every home. As a pianoforte when the keyboard is used, it leaves nothing to be desired, while for acquiring a broad musical education, for the development of the understanding of good music, which modern culture demands, it is undoubtedly the most perfect and really great medium."

Not until you have heard the Pianola can you realize the artistic triumph achieved by the Aeolian Company in the creation and perfection of this wonderful instrument.

Built into only such pianos as the Steinway, Weber, Steck, Wheelock, Heppe and Stroud—all on sale at Heppe's—the Pianola embodies more than 300 exclusive Aeolian patents, including one device which gives you the expression of the artist, and another which gives you the melody of the composer.

The popular price of the Stroud Pianola-Piano has placed it in thousands of homes where formerly a good piano was considered an unobtainable luxury.

Settlement may be made through our Rental-Payment Plan, which applies all the rent toward the purchase price. Call, write or phone for catalogue.

Price \$700

C. J. HEPPE & SON
 117-119 CHESTNUT ST.
 6TH & THOMPSON STS.



The Country that cleans up its War Cost first will have the jump on the World's Business.

A NATION cannot seek the business of the world until it meets its obligations.

In the race for world prosperity, the country that is unhampered by the dead-weight of unpaid billions will be first to reach its goal.

The Victory Liberty Loan will wipe our slate clean—will put America on her toes, unhandicapped—will insure prosperity for all businesses.

But, to do this, the People must back the Victory Loan!

VICTORY LIBERTY LOAN COMMITTEE

Space Contributed by

FIDELITY TRUST COMPANY PHILADELPHIA TRUST COMPANY GIRARD TRUST COMPANY
PENNSYLVANIA COMPANY FOR INSURANCES ON LIVES AND GRANTING ANNUITIES

