

BOLSHVEIKI GROWL AT JAPS

Hostilities Likely on Account of Intervention, Says Lenine.

London.—A declaration of war by the Bolshviki against Japan is one of the possibilities of the near future, according to an Exchange Telegraph dispatch Wednesday from Copenhagen. The significance of the dispatch lies especially in the fact that this report of Bolshviki intentions reached Copenhagen from Moscow by way of Berlin.

Premier Lenine, the message adds, up to this time, has been opposed to such action, but it is believed that Russia "will be compelled to declare war, notwithstanding the fact that we are opposed to any new war."

Official announcement was made of the landing of allied forces, naval and military, at Archangel, on August 2.

The landing was in concurrence with the wishes of the Russian population, it is said, and caused general enthusiasm.

Tokio.—Premier Count Terauchi, speaking of allied action in Siberia, said Japan would take further military measures in case the position of the Czech-Slovaks demanded it.

The premier indicated that if the chaotic situation in Siberia continued, Japan might find it necessary to adopt suitable military measures to combat the Austro-German menace in the far east.

Count Terauchi said that the present step had been taken in perfect accord with the allies. If it should be necessary for the allies to dispatch additional troops and arms the country must be prepared to meet the emergency.

It is understood that the Seiyukai majority party in the house is willing to adopt a wait-and-see policy. Consequently the Kensei Kai minority, which had hoped to effect an opposition combination, is powerless for the present.

'WOMAN AND BABY' DESTROY SUBMARINE

London.—Revelations regarding the work of British mystery craft known as "Q" ships, which have played an important part in anti-submarine warfare, are made by the naval correspondent of the Times.

How a "woman and baby" accounted for a U-boat is told by the correspondent.

The submarine ordered a vessel to surrender and fired a few shells into her. The boats then left the ship, leaving on board a woman who had run up and down the deck with a baby in her arms as if mad.

The U-boat came alongside the vessel and the woman hurled the "baby" into the open hatch. The "baby" exploded and blew out the bottom of the submarine. The "woman" was decorated with the Victoria cross.

On another occasion a retired admiral, serving as a captain, placed a haystack on board an ancient looking craft. When the U-boat ordered her to surrender the Germans were astonished to receive a broadside from the haystack.

A seaworn tramp steamer was crossing the North Sea when a submarine ordered the crew to abandon the ship. So sure was the German of his prey that the bombs with which he intended to sink the vessel were brought on deck around the conning tower. It required only a shell or two from the tramps' concealed armament to explode the bombs and blow the U-boat out of the water.

Belgium Honors Hoover

Havre.—The Belgian government has conferred the title of "honorary citizen and friend of the Belgian nation" on Herbert C. Hoover, the American food administrator.

Paris.—Herbert C. Hoover, American food administrator, has paid a visit to the battlefield, where he rendered homage to the American soldiers who have fallen on the field of honor. Among the places he visited was Belleau Wood. He went over the ground where the American army made a heroic stand against the Germans.

Homes Open to Soldiers.

Paris.—French homes may be opened to soldiers from America, the British dominions and the French colonies under plans which are now being studied. It is believed that "Franco-allied clubs" will be formed so that people unable to open their own homes may meet the allied soldiers on a social footing. Premier Clemenceau has given his hearty approval to the idea, saying it was "excellent popular diplomacy."

Germans Rob Belgium.

London.—Speaking in the house of commons Tuesday, Lord Robert Cecil, assistant secretary of state for foreign affairs, stated that the Germans had levied war contributions to a total of 2,330,000,000 francs upon Belgium, besides enormous fines upon localities, firms and individuals. These "monstrous exactions," he said, must certainly be taken into account when peace terms are being arranged.

Cholera Toll Is Heavy.

Amsterdam.—There are more than 20,000 cases of cholera in Petrograd, according to the Fremdenblatt, of Hamburg, which reports that up to last Saturday 1100 deaths had occurred.

DRAFT LIMITS TO EXTEND

Ages From 18 to 45 Inclusive Decided Upon—Effects 13,000,000.

Washington, D. C.—Under the provisions of the draft bill introduced in congress Monday increases in registrations are estimated as follows in northwestern states:

Oregon, 101,110; Washington, 174,267; Idaho, 66,570.

The new man-power bill which would extend draft age limits to 18 and 45, inclusive, was introduced in both houses of congress.

Provost Marshal-General Crowder urged the immediate enactment of the administration's man-power program and suggested September 5 as registration day for the 13,000,000 men between the ages of 18 and 45, whose names are not already on the nation's selective service list.

Unless immediate steps are taken to provide additional men, General Crowder said the weekly registration of men as they attain 21 years of age will be necessary to fill the draft quotas September 1, when only 100,000 of the 1918 registrants will be available.

The bill would amend the present selective act so as to require the registration of all men between 18 and 20 years and 32 and 45 years inclusive. While the whole number of men in the latter classes would total 10,928,972, General Crowder estimates the total number who would be eligible for class 1 would be only 601,236, owing to exemptions for dependents for industrial and physical reasons.

Between 18 and 20 years, his estimates show that 3,171,771 would register, while 1,787,609 men would be eligible for class 1.

CASUALTIES FROM MARNE ARRIVING

Washington, D. C.—Names of American soldiers who have fallen in the great Franco-American drive which turned the German offensive on the Marne into an utter defeat have begun to come in from overseas. They swelled to 706 the total casualties made public Tuesday by the war department in two separate lists.

Although nearly three times as great as the largest number heretofore announced in a single day, the total represented only a part of the lists which have been accumulating since the great battle began July 15. It is not to be assumed that it represents the losses for one day.

No estimate of the American casualties in this continuous fighting has been received from General Pershing and it was said authoritatively that none is expected.

In that connection, Acting Secretary of War Crowell deprecated any guesses as to casualties in the overseas forces, saying that publication which would exaggerate or minimize the total would create unnecessary anxiety among the relatives and friends of American soldiers.

Acting Secretary Crowell told newspaper correspondents that General Pershing would simply complete and verify casualty lists as rapidly as they can be transmitted and that they would be given to the press and speak for themselves as to numbers.

Of the American soldiers wounded in the Marne-Aisne offensive, probably less than one in 26 will die from their wounds, more than four-fifths will be returned to service and only 14 per cent will be discharged for disability, according to a statement of the chief of staff based upon the officially attested experience of the allies during the four years of war.

GERMANS TORPEDO HOSPITAL VESSEL

A British Port.—The torpedoing early Sunday morning of the British ship Warilda was one of the most harrowing disasters in the history of submarine warfare. The number of dead is variously estimated from 105 to 130 and upward and includes several women nurses.

The ship carried 800 sick and wounded. Among them were seven Americans—two officers and five enlisted men—all of whom have been accounted for.

More than 650 survivors, brought here shortly after 6 o'clock, were given first-aid treatment, food and clothing. The patients were placed aboard special trains and sent to hospitals.

The torpedo struck the after part of the engine-room, killing the third engineer and two other members of the engine-room force. The dynamo was destroyed, plunging the vessel into darkness.

Just over the dynamo was the wardroom, which contained more than 100 patients. Most of these were killed outright by the explosion, and the others, many of whom had been freshly injured by the torpedo, found themselves trapped.

Three Aviators Rescued.

An Atlantic Port.—Towing astern a hydro-airplane and carrying three American aviators who were picked up 25 miles off this coast, a British freight steamer arrived here from Liverpool. The aviators had been in the water three hours, having been forced to descend because of engine trouble. They were unharmed.

The Empty House

B- Fannie Barnett Linsky

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The little brown car had swung with a soft humming sound down the smooth road, and its sole occupant was sitting with her hands in her lap, looking dreamily out at the landscape and the rows of houses that they passed.

If, as the poets say, "the eyes are mirrors of the soul," then it was very apparent that Elaine Hargrave was not happy, for the sad, far-away expression on her face told its own story.

As the machine turned the corner of the street, however, she began to take more interest in her surroundings.

Suddenly she leaned forward and spoke to the chauffeur.

"Stop, Jacques," she commanded, sharply, "at the house 'To Let.'"

The brakes ground sharply, and Elaine stepped out at once. She looked again and drew in her breath quickly. A wave of crimson flooded her face. The chauffeur wondered at the sudden order, for they were already late for dinner, and he did not think that his mistress could possibly want to look at this empty house.

The glory of a perfect spring day was over all the out-of-doors. It seemed a day to tempt anyone to remain in the open, and drink in to the full the beauties of bountiful nature, but evidently this did not attract the girl, for she mounted the steps of the house at once.

She looked around at Jacques after she had rung the bell. "Wait till I come out," she said.

A slovenly-looking woman suddenly appeared in response to her ring. She was as dusty looking, somehow, as the house was, and quite as dejected looking; but Elaine scarcely saw her as she spoke:

"I want to see the house," said the girl. "I suppose I can go in?"

"Well, it's gettin' pretty late, mum, and I don't think as you'd be seen' much," replied the old woman.

"You can give me your candle," said Elaine, quickly, as she slipped a coin into the not over clean hand, and with a little gasp, the woman yielded.

The front door was opened and Elaine went through the passage and glided upstairs like a ghost, the woman promptly returning to the lower regions, whence she had come. Lighting the dirty candle from a gas jet burning in the passageway, Elaine went from one room to another with quick, nervous haste. Her face was quite colorless, but her eyes burned with a feverish light that made her seem very different from the brilliant lady of fashion that most people knew as Elaine Hargrave. Here she was but a girl; and face to face with memory, a memory that was still alive after three years of bitter struggle—the struggle of trying to forget.

For today was the third anniversary of what was to have been Elaine Hargrave's wedding day, but that wedding never took place; and on the third anniversary of "what might have been," as Elaine expressed it herself, and just hope from travels that had taken her into the faraway corners of the world, the girl had become possessed with the desire to see the place that once she had expected to call "home."

She stopped for a moment in her fitting from room to room and looked about her. Here, but three short years before, she had planned to come as a happy bride, and here she had left the man she loved after their bitter quarrel, called him "Puritan" and "Prude," because he would not countenance the ways of her "set." How empty and false were the ways of that very same set, she had come bitterly to realize, just as in her heart of hearts she had come to respect all the more the man who would not bow down to them. And how empty was her heart as well!

She could see him plainly, if she but shut her eyes for a moment, as he stood before her that day so long ago, so tall and proud and good to look at. She had always taken such pride in his good looks, all the more so because he had not belonged to her "set," but had come to the city unknown, and had worked up to an enviable position. She could almost hear again his earnest voice as he remonstrated with her on that last fateful day in this house.

"I know that I do not belong to this 'set' that you seem to think so much of, dear," he said, "and perhaps that is why I find it so hard to accustom myself to the things that they do, but I am certain that I have too much regard for the woman who is to be my wife to want to see her follow in the footsteps of people whose chief aim in life seems to be to attract the attention of others. You are made for better things than this, Elaine, dear. Won't you be guided by me in this thing and give these people up? Please, dear, for my sake!"

She recalled now how she had flung away from him, although in her heart she had known even then that he was right, but some perverse spirit seemed to urge her not to give in; how she had refused to do what he asked of her, telling her "that she would live her life without him, and that she realized now that it was a mistake to expect an outsider—a plebeian—to understand the ways of her kind of people." Even now, after three years, Elaine still winced as she thought of those hasty words of hers. How she must have hurt him—and all the time she was hurting herself as well; and he had let her go on without a word of protest, in the end gravely agreeing with her, and saying that he would never ask her to come back again. And he hadn't. And they never met nor wrote.

Elaine's eyes were opened now, but of course it was far too late to give in and acknowledge herself in the wrong. Three years of time had rolled between them, the bar of passionate words on either side keeping them apart.

She started once more on her pilgrimage through the rooms. First the dining room, with the familiar paper, which she herself had selected. He had not been so well-off then, and had insisted upon living in the style that his own earnings would entitle them to—but he had worked hard to give her as many as possible of the luxuries that she had been accustomed to.

"So small a thing to mean so large a loss," murmured the girl to herself. She had read those words somewhere, and now they came into her mind. She stood for a time looking out through the clouded windows. Great tears welled up in her eyes and poured down over her face—as if the barriers were suddenly let down to allow tides of memory to flow in and engulf her.

She had never allowed herself to think in this way before, but the spirit of love seemed to have come back to the dusty little room from which he had flown three years before. For her time passed unheeded.

Darkness fell. Outside, James felt very cross. The idea of anyone spending so much time looking at an empty house! He folded his arms and went half asleep. Down in the basement, the care-taker, having finished her supper, came up, and, forgetting all about her visitor, or, thinking that she had surely gone away long ago, closed the door and went home.

And Elaine dreamed on—for how long, she knew not. But suddenly she awoke to reality with a start, to notice that it had grown very dark outside, and that there were footsteps coming through the hall. Then came the sound of a voice that seemed familiar.

"Hold the light low there, please. I wish to see all the rooms. There, thank you; that's better."

Elaine had crept to the door, and was listening with a white face. She had a glimpse of the two men as they passed the door— one, evidently the night watchman, holding the lamp, and the other, the man she had sent away three years before.

"So he, too, has not forgotten," thought Elaine, bitterly.

She wondered if she should speak—make her presence known—but each time she tried to her courage failed her. She looked again. Yes, there he was! Standing in front of the open fireplace. Once more she peered through the open door. "How changed he was," she said to herself. "How much older and grayer."

Her face was still wet with the traces of her recent tears, but she did not even know it as, she went up and tapped gently on the wall between the two rooms. He turned round suddenly with a great start. Then he came to the door and opened it wider. Elaine walked into the room.

All the light from the lamp seemed to shine on the slender figure, standing there so erect and proud. The girl's face was white and strained, but her blue eyes shone like twin stars. The man started back with a little cry of unutterable astonishment.

"Elaine! Good God!"

"Listen," she said softly, her hands outstretched. "Let me humble myself while I can. I need you, Richard—I want you—you and the little house."

"Elaine—Elaine—" The man could but whisper her name, for the sudden sight of her seemed to have dazed him. "Elaine—why did you come?"

Quite suddenly all the fear and pride seemed to die out of the girl's heart. "Because I loved you," she whispered softly. "Because in the old empty house I came to understand that I could never be happy without you. When I stood in the little room that we had planned together—her voice broke—"Richard, forgive me—"

She was in his arms, sobbing out the words she could not speak, and his arms were around her as he murmured: "It's for you to forgive me, dearest. My little girl! And I thought that you did not care!"

She clung to him, even as he held her, as he kissed lip and brow and hair. He could not let her go. He would never let her go again. "My dearest," he whispered, "not for long will it be the Empty House."

BOY SCOUTS

(Conducted by National Council of the Boy Scouts of America.)

SCOUTS HUNT BLACK WALNUT

In making a census of black walnut trees the Boy Scouts of America have a new task set by the president.

This work will appeal especially to scouts, not only as an important and patriotic activity, but also as a live, interesting, outdoor job, which links itself with many phases of scouting.

The government needs black walnut. In fact, black walnut wood is a prime necessity for the prosecution of our war program of guns and aircraft.

At this moment the entire black walnut growth of our forests is subject to census classification for war purposes. In behalf of the war department, boy scouts are asked to undertake this black walnut census.

It is desired to locate immediately all available standing black walnut timber wherever it occurs, isolated or in small groups as well as in larger lots.

It is important that every tree of this species be located and placed on record with details as to its size and availability, together with the owner's name and address, and such other data as is essential in providing the information required by the government.

This information data, as collected by scouts, will be tabulated by the forest service of the department of agriculture and placed at the disposal of the government. The government does not ask for old black walnut furniture, but only the timber.

OUR ALLIES AT HOME.



Boy scouts are doing wonderful service in aiding Uncle Sam in connection with the war.

FRENCH BOY SCOUTS BRAVE.

A letter to Chief Scout Executive James E. West from Corporal W. F. Bates, Jr., with the American expeditionary forces in France, indicates the boy scouts the world around are very much the same:

"Yesterday while on the road, I met a party of French boy scouts with whom I had a little chat. They even shared with me some little biscuits which they had for lunch.

"Hiking back to their much-bombarded town in the rain, they made a decided impression and a very happy one, for I imagined myself back again for the moment with my own lads of Troop No. 5 of Oil City, Pa.

"Some time I hope to take up the work again, with my boys in God's country. Until then it is good to remember the happy days I have had back home in camp and on the hike."

WHAT THE SCOUT PLAN IS.

As a scout the boy willingly adopts as real and vital the universally accepted principles of life as set forth in the scout oath and law. This effectively influences the boy's nature and character so as better to prepare him for that work which the church can best do.

A scout promises that upon his honor he will do his duty to God and country and obey the scout law; that he will help other people at all times and that he will keep himself physically strong, mentally awake, and morally straight.