WASHINGTON HOPES BRITISH BLOCKADE WILL BE MODIFIED

U. S. Note Insists on Full Reparation for Loss to American Shipping, But Admits England's Right of Embargo.

HIGH POINTS IN U. S. NOTE TO ENGLAND

"Free ships make free goods" is the stand taken by Washington in defending the right of unmolested commerce with neutral countries.

"Innocent shipments may be transported through neutral countries to belligerent territory without being subject to penalties, detention, requisition or confiscation."

England's plan to shut off access to neutral ports is called "unprecedented and an unqualified denial of the sovereign rights of the nations now at peace."

WASHINGTON, April 6.

A modification in practice of the British embargo on neutral trade with Germany, without the actual amendment of the order in council issued in the "bread war," today was expected to result from the American note declaring the action of the Allies unlawful. This was the belief in official quarters following the publication of the text of the Administration's communication.

The friendly spirit of the note, it is believed, will have much weight in inducing Great Britain and France to make easier conditions of neutral commerce between neutral ports.

While the American reply is firm in its declaration that the position of the Allies is untenable from a legal standpoint, there is no hint of a threat in it, the strongest expression being the warning that this Government will insist that England and France make full reparation for any loss suffered by American shipping through the acts of their naval commanders.

Considerable significance was attached to the clause which practically enunciated American attitude toward Germany.

"If the course pursued by the present enemies of Great Britain," the note read, "should prove to be in fact tainted by illegality and disregard of the principles of war sanctioned by enlightened nations, it cannot be supposed that His Majesty's Government would wish the same taint to attach to their own actions or would cite such illegal acts as in any sense or degree a justification for similar practices in their part."

Diplomats here regarded this paragraph as the most unreserved and uncompromising utterance the State Department has yet made concerning the submarine blockade of England, and it is generally held to be dangerously close to an expression of official opinion of Germany's war policy.

Another significant feature of the communication is held to be the clause which virtually recognizes a belligerent's right to impose a blockade of the entire ocean, in so far as enemy's ships are concerned, as a condition brought about "by the great changes which have occurred in the conditions and means of naval warfare."

Diplomatic and international law specialists are convinced that the British Government will not permit American pressure to cause a relaxation in the stringency of the present blockade, but it is also held that Great Britain probably will make all financial amends for interference with neutral trade that conditions seem to justify.

"Even though a blockade should exist and be enforced," declares the note to Great Britain, "innocent shipments may be fully transported to and from the United States through neutral countries to belligerent territory without being subject to the penalties of contraband traffic or breach of blockade, much less to detention, requisition or confiscation."

This attitude, the United States points out, is based on the Declaration of Paris of 1856, which held that "free ships make free goods."

Because of the introduction of submarines and other methods of warfare Great Britain's right to a wide scope of blockade is admitted, but her plan to shut off access to neutral ports is called "unprecedented" and an "unqualified denial of the sovereign rights of the nations now at peace."

"To admit it," says the communication, "would be to assume an attitude of unneutrality toward the present enemies of Great Britain, which would be obviously inconsistent with the solemn obligations of this Government in the present circumstances, and for Great Britain to make such a claim would be for her to abandon and set at naught the principles for which she has consistently and earnestly contended in other times and circumstances."

In conclusion the United States states its expectation that Great Britain, after having considered "the possibilities of serious interruption of American trade, will take the steps necessary to avoid them, and in the event that they should unhappily occur will be prepared to make full reparation for every act which under the rules of international law constitutes a violation of neutral rights."

FURIOUS BAYONET BATTLE ON LUPKOW'S SOUTH SLOPES

Austrians Reported Retreating From Important Carpathian Key.

PETROGRAD, April 6.

The most furious bayonet battle in the history of the world is being fought on the southern ridge and slopes of the Carpathians at the Lupkow Pass, according to dispatches reaching here today. The Austrians in their retreat southward from the railway abandoned much of their artillery. Fierce struggles in the narrow defiles with Austrian and Slav clashing with cold steel, is strewing the Lupkow region with thousands of dead.

The Czar's troops have driven the enemy from each successive height dominating the railway, the Austrians making their stand on the last ridge.

Today's official report announces the capture of Cisna, in the Carpathians, on the Galician side, about 15 miles east of Lupkow. They have also been successful in artillery fighting north of Bartfeld, in Hungary, and have battered their way to heights dominating the Uszok Pass.

ALL SHIPS MISUSING FLAG BARRED FROM DUTCH WATERS

Netherlands Government Takes Action to Enforce Protest.

WASHINGTON, April 6.

The Netherlands Government has notified the United States that any foreign ship misusing the Dutch flag or using other means to make a pretense of possessing Dutch nationality will not be allowed passage through waters under the jurisdiction of the Netherlands. Following is the text of the announcement:

"With regard to foreign merchant ships within the jurisdiction of the Netherlands which by flying the Dutch flag or an international signal belonging to a Dutch merchant ship, or by putting on colors, names, or other distinguishing marks on hull, funnel or rigging, make a pretense of possessing Dutch nationality or of belonging to a Dutch shipping firm, such measures will be taken that their departure from and their presence in ports under Netherlands jurisdiction will be stopped."

RUSSIAN FLEET PURSUES TWO TURKISH CRUISERS

Goeben and Breslau, Former German Ships, Chased to Bosphorus.

LONDON, April 6.

The former German cruiser Goeben and Breslau, now under the Turkish flag, with the new names Sultan Selim and Midiril, respectively, have again been out in the Black Sea and exchanged shots with the Russian fleet off the Crimean coast, but, probably confronted by superior forces, made their way back to the Bosphorus.

The official statement concerning the engagement received here from Petrograd, says:

"On April 3 in the Black Sea, near the Crimean coast, our fleet exchanged shots at long range with the cruisers Goeben and Breslau, and pursued them until dusk. During the night our torpedoboats encountered the cruisers 100 miles from the Bosphorus, but the enemy opened a vigorous fire and avoided an engagement."

ITALIAN PRESS ASKS ACTION ON REPORTED TORPEDOING OF SHIPS

Anti-German Newspapers Want Nation to Demand Full Compensation for Loss of Collier Bound From Baltimore.

GENOA, April 6.

Italian newspapers today called upon the Government to demand promptly from Germany full compensation for the loss of the Italian steamship Luigi Parodi, reported sunk by a submarine while carrying a cargo of coal from Baltimore to Italy.

They pointed out that Germany had defined the submarine zone as being around the British Isles and the coast of France, without reference to the open waters of the Atlantic Ocean.

aMrine circles are inclined to doubt that the collier was sunk by a submarine, but the anti-German press accepts the report without question.

The collier Pinia sailed from Naples for Cardiff on February 25, and since then nothing has been heard of her. It is feared she has met the same fate as the Luigi Parodi.

CHIASSO, Switzerland, April 5.

The assembling of Italian troops on the Austrian frontier is continuing with the greatest activity. All houses of peasants in the districts bordering the confines affected have been occupied by soldiers.

This information reaches Chiasso from Italian sources. It was learned from the same sources that still more important military activity is under way.

Regiments from Rome, Naples and even distant Calabria are now camping along the Austrian border in the provinces of Brescia, Udine, Vicenza and Belluno.

The concentration of troops is so complete that it includes full supplies of ammunition, hospitals, Red Cross Corps and airships.

In view of these preparations should the Government order the "red mobilization"—so called because the manifestoes proclaiming it are printed in red letters—it would be merely a formality. In ordinary circumstances this would require from two weeks to a month.

BULGARIA DISCLAIMS RAID AGAINST SERVIA

Formal Repudiation of Invasion Holds Turkish Inhabitants Responsible for Territorial Violation.

SOFIA, Bulgaria, April 5.

Bulgaria officially repudiated responsibility for the raids made upon Servian citizens, declaring they had been carried out by Turkish revolutions without the knowledge of the Bulgarian Government. King Ferdinand's Government lost no time answering the Servian note and forwarded the following official version of what really took place:

"The regrettable frontier incidents were due entirely to a revolt of the Turkish inhabitants of Doran, Macedonian Greece, and Valandovo, Macedonian Servia. Turkish revolutionists in large numbers attacked the Servian police and burned several Servian frontier posts. Then they forced a passage into Bulgarian territory."

The Bulgarian Government's reply to Servia leaves little doubt as to the nation's policy. It doesn't desire war against Greece and Servia, but stands for continued neutrality, according to all the signs.

LONDON, April 6.

A dispatch from Nish, Servia, says that among the so-called Bulgarian irregulars who were killed, wounded or taken prisoners during their recent invasion of Servian territory were a large number of Turks and Austrians.

No confirmation has been received in official London circles of the report that the Bulgarian Government has offered Servia an apology. It is expected, however, that Bulgaria will offer reparation.

Mrs. Mary T. Crow Dies

Mrs. Mary Thibault Crow, wife of Alexander Crow, Jr., who was Sheriff of the County of Philadelphia from 1896 to 1899 and at present head of the Caledonia Carpet Mills, died today at her home, 5144 Oxford street, after a brief illness. vived by five daughters and one son. The funeral will be held at the house on Friday morning, the Rev. C. Rowland Hill, rector of St. Matthias Protestant Episcopal Church, conducting the service. Interment will be private in West Laurel Hill Cemetery.

A TALE OF RED ROSES

A SMASHING STORY OF LOVE AND POLITICS

By GEORGE RANDOLPH CHESTER

Author of "Get Rich Quick Wallingford."

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SYNOPSIS.

Molly Marley, daughter of the president of the Ring City Traction Company, attracts the attention of Boss Sledge, the political owner of the city, a bluff, straightforward, domineering man, who announces his intention of marrying her almost at first sight. Molly, assisted by her friend, Fern Burbank, is carrying on a flirtation with Bert Gilder, of the Maryland "Gliders," and her father favors this young man. Sledge invites himself to Molly's party, and hearing that she likes red roses sends her all the red roses in Ring City. Meantime a group of promoters come to Ring City with the intention of starting a "phony" traction line in opposition to that of Marley's company. Sledge, thinking of Molly, discourages the project, but keeps the promoters in hand. Bert Gilder, hearing of the new line, goes in for real estate along the proposed line. On the morning of the party Sledge proves himself a valuable friend by rescuing Molly's own dog against Molly's, and Molly, hating his brutality, has to admit that he is a fine fellow and "no piker."

Tom Bendix, Sledge's lieutenant, explains that the promoters, headed by a Mr. Bozzam, want a "phoney" franchise, which they can sell at a clear profit to the older company. Sledge advises life insurance as a good grafting operation. Then he orders more red roses, and fearing that Bert Gilder has a chance with Molly, orders Bendix to "edge in" on Gilder's business. He goes to Molly's party, makes himself both scarce and popular and only emerges when a group of darky serenaders, engaged by him, begin to sing under the Marley veranda.

CHAPTER VIII—(Continued).

Molly pressed the arm which had slipped under hers, and glanced in the direction of Sledge. That huge creature, silhouetted against the light of the library window, like one of his own cartoons, was standing as stolidly unconcerned as if he had just ordered another stein. She felt him to be guilty of this surprise, and she wondered vaguely if he could have dictated the program. She dismissed that idea as absurd and impossible when the singers swung into "My Old Kentucky Home," and followed with "The Soldier's Farewell," but she puzzled again when the leader, after looking up at Sledge, consulted a list, and began on a swift succession of ragtime and shouting coon songs, and way-down-South melodies. A short program of this, and then the voices stopped, and the seductive instrumental strains of "The Blue Danube" waltz set the balmy air aquiver.

In two seconds the wide Marley porch was a tangle of laughing, whirling figures, and the dancers immediately sent in a unanimous verbal request for all the dance music in the world, specifying it by name. Molly danced with Bert, and forgot her annoyance. He was the best dancer in the city—her natural partner.

At 11:30, Mr. Marley, with the worry of eight absent mothers on his own shoulders, was fretting over some invention to send them home, when the earth split open in the wide stretch of vacant land across the street and ejected into the sky, with a loud unearthly noise, a tremendous assortment of fiery meteors, mostly red. Roman candles, in reckless bunches, shot up from behind every bush; sky-rockets dragged their spiralling tails through all the available circumambience, while fancy bombs carried their aerial floaters and other brilliant pyrotechnical surprises into all the celestial territory hitherto unoccupied.

Through it all Sledge stood as immovable and as impassive as if he had been glued to the spot and frozen. Even when the display flowed out into the middle of the highway and piled up the street cars for two blocks in both directions he remained a calm and disinterested spectator. The president of the traction company was thrown into extreme agitation by this excess of zeal, for he had some consideration for the feelings of the public and he rushed right out to restore the scattered schedule.

"Here, what's this?" he demanded of a demon with a smoke-blackened face. "Why are you holding up the cars?"

"Sledge's orders," replied the demon, lighting the fuse of a red rose set piece. "He said everything went, and it's going."

Mr. Marley came back.

Sledge was no longer on the porch. Molly had slipped in to wrap up some cake for Baby Peters, and Sledge, who seemingly saw nothing, had followed her.

"Well, is your party a hit?" he anxiously inquired.

"It's a scream!" she said, unable to control her laughter. "Really, Mr. Sledge, I have you to thank for the most extravagantly joyous occasion at which I have ever had the good fortune to preside."

"We'll open her another notch next time," he confidently promised her. "Molly, marry me."

"Oh, it's impossible!" she blurted. "Really, I'm sorry, Mr. Sledge. I know it's my own fault, but I didn't mean it to go this far. I don't mean that—that is—well—I don't know what I mean. You've been so good, and I do appreciate it so, but it is impossible! I simply couldn't. Don't you see?"

"You'll come around to it."

"I bet I don't!" she blazed.

"What'll you bet—Smash against Bob?"

"Anything you like!" she angrily agreed, furious enough to poison him.

"You're on," he said.

CHAPTER IX.

MOLLIE HAS HER OWN LITTLE PLAN.

"I thought you were gone," observed Frank Marley, as Sledge opened the door of his den after the dispersal of the party. "Forget something?"

"Loaned my car," Sledge explained. "Is Molly engaged?"

"I'll see," offered Marley, setting forward a decanter. "I think she is still in the library."

"I mean to be married," corrected Sledge.

"Not to my knowledge," replied her father, with a slight frown.

"Hunh!" grunted Sledge in satisfaction. "I figure on marrying her myself."

"You!" returned Marley, and the tone was not complimentary. For a moment he looked troubled, and then, smiling again, he poured a drink. "Molly will have the final say about that."

"Sure," agreed Sledge. That she was highly popular was only a corroboration of his own judgment. "Bert Gilder leads the betting, don't he?"

"You're a very close observer," laughed Marley. "Bert's a likable young chap."

"He won't do," decided Sledge. "Lean against him and he'll squash. He's too pretty."

"I can't discuss this any further, Mr. Sledge," Marley announced. "There is very little I could do in the matter, anyhow."

"Keep him away!" ordered Sledge.

"I can't interfere," protested Marley, wishing that he dared show his resentment more plainly. "Molly picks her own friends."

"Good night," grunted Sledge, and stalked out of the den. He stopped in the door of the library, where Molly and Fern and Bert sat chatting over the unusual party. "Want a ride home, Gilder?" he invited.

"Thank you," accepted Bert, with a glance of amusement at the girls, and he arose.

The girls came to the door with them, and when they had whirled away Molly and Fern went upstairs and hurried into regulation chatting costumes.

Fern, clad in a billowy marvel of dainty blue, trotted into the boudoir of white and pink and curled comfortably up in the corner of the divan, where she experimented with 11 pillows until she had a nest which precisely suited her ideas of luxury; then, and not until then, she announced that the party had been a glorious success.

"Moreover," she added, with refreshing directness, "I want to bet you a pink parasol that an important episode in your fair young life happened tonight.

"How do you know?" inquired Molly, turning, startled, from the operation of brushing her shining hair.

"I could tell from the way Bert acted," replied Fern, with a giggle.

"I don't think he liked it that Sledge was here," went on Fern. "You know his people are very exclusive. Why, Molly, the Maryland Gliders, of whom he is a direct connection, are the most aristocratic in the East. The family can trace its ancestry for hundreds and hundreds of years. You don't know how lucky you are, Molly! Just to think of having proposal after proposal from a fellow like that!"

"I'm going to make him stop it," threatened Molly dryly.

CHAPTER X

AN ENGAGEMENT WITHOUT A KISS

Bert, annoyed by the events of the evening, but relieved, to some extent, by Molly's inexplicable and delightful change of manner toward him in the pleasant half hour before the party had dispersed, took his thoughtful place in Sledge's machine and prepared for the usual welcome silence, which those who knew him had a right to expect from the reticent boss. To his surprise, however, Sledge talked.

"Great party Molly had," observed the donor of the fireworks and the music and the passes and the red roses.

"A feverish success," agreed Bert. "Molly is inclined to give you all the credit for it."

"She can have anything she wants," stated Sledge. "I'm going to marry her."

"Did she say so?" inquired Bert, startled and humiliated.

"Not yet," acknowledged Sledge. "She's thinking it over."

"Oh!" returned Bert, much relieved, and smiling in the darkness. He complacently twirled his mustache. He had a good one on Molly.

"What time am I to see you in the morning about that Porson property?" he inquired, determined not further to discuss the lady.

"Eleven o'clock."

Bert went into the house, half amused and wholly vexed. It might be very funny to see this blundering big boor making a fool of himself, but the joke was entirely ruined by the fact that at the same time he was making a fool of everybody else.

Bert knew, to the share, how much street railway and Gas and Electric stock Marley held. The growing city needed vastly increased transportation facilities, and with the increase of these would come an increase of Marley wealth and influence. It might be a very handy thing for a young real estate dealer to have the president of a rapidly expanding street railway company for a father-in-law. He went to sleep, dreaming pleasantly of extensions and subdivisions and advance information on factory sites—and of Molly, of course!

He awoke, determined to concrete these dreams or to dismiss them and find others. Molly had either to accept him or definitely to turn him loose after what other fish there might be in the sea. The absurdity of having Sledge for a rival was too much to endure.

He went to his office, dividing this train of thought with his plans for the marketing of the Porson tract, hurried to the First National to secure a loan of $10,000 on the new property, and arranged, at the German Bank, for an extension of certain other loans which would have to be deferred if he used his $10,000 available funds to complete the cash purchase which Bendix demanded. These more urgent matters disposed of, he called up Molly.

"May I come out?" he demanded.

"When?" drawled a languid voice.

"Right away."

"No," she drawled again.

"But, Molly, I must see you," he seriously insisted. "It's important."

"It always is," she laughed. "What's it about this time?"

"Oh, the same old thing," he acknowledged; "only more so."

"You're crowding them closer together," chided Molly. "Moreover, this is the first time by telephone, I think."

"I didn't mean it to be so," he apologized. "You've trapped me into it, and taken away any chance I might have of persuasiveness. Now I suppose it will be the same old answer."

"Not necessarily," was her astounding reply, in the same sleepy drawl.

"What!" he gasped. "Say that again."

"Not necessarily," she repeated, and he caught the sound of a repressed giggle.

"You're teasing me," he protested. "You don't mean that I'm to have the right answer this time."

"It depends on what you mean by the right answer."

"The one I've always wanted."

"What one is that?"

"Yes," he blurted.

"Yes what?"

"Will you?"

"Yes."

"Yes what?" he confusedly demanded.

"I will. Say, Bert, I don't like the all-platinum settings. I like the gold with the platinum prongs. Size six and a half."

"I'm cheated," he earnestly complained. "There are certain formalities which I am keenly missing. I'm coming out."

CHAPTER XI.

Marley, with a certain physical jauntiness on him which would have been an indication to Molly of mental unrest, walked into Sledge's little back room and found, with the Big Boy and Bendix, a tall, suave stranger in a gray suit, who was introduced to him by the name of Bozzam.

"Just talking about you, Marley," hailed Bendix. "Mr. Bozzam, who claims to be able to promote three companies at once with his eyes shut, thinks that we need a new amusement park, and has heard a rumor of the Ridgewood avenue extension. Do you think that would be better for the car company than a subdivision?"

"I doubt it," pronounced Marley, with his usual ever-ready judgment. "A subdivision, by attracting people from the centre of the city, makes new business. The amusement park we now have probably attracts all the money the people have to spend, and the traffic would merely be split among two lines in place of one, as at present. This would, of course, be a trifling advantage."

It was a curious thing that Mr. Bozzam, having listened carefully to the president of a street railway company, and watched him while he talked, turned, with entirely unruffled countenance, to Bendix.

"The Porson tract is quite large enough," he remarked. "Unfortunately, it has no trees, but it has a ready-made depression for a natural lake. If we need mountains, there's a lumber yard handy. There's a better site out beyond the brewery district, however."

"Lincoln Road," supplemented Bendix. "Too far."

"Real brook out there," urged Bozzam. "That brook in New York would be worth a million dollars."

"Swell place," rumbled the unexpected voice of Sledge, who was looking absorbedly out of the window. A huge gray rat was investigating the contents of the garbage pail near the gate.

"That might be a later development," said Bendix. "It's probably time for the street railway to make an extensive spurt. Just now I think, though, the Porson tract is the thing," and he glanced inquiringly at Sledge, who remained intent on the rat.

"The Porson tract it is, then," agreed Bozzam. "I'll see the owner of it whenever you say."

Bendix looked at Sledge.

"This afternoon," consented the boss.

"I'll telephone you," offered Bendix.

"Delighted to have met you, Mr. Marley," declared Bozzam, gripping the president's hand. "I trust that we shall have extensive and mutually satisfactory business associations," and attended by Bendix, he left the room.

Mr. Marley conceived a vague feeling that he was being slighted.

"It seems that we are contemplating some extensive operations," he ventured to remonstrate. "I must insist, Mr. Sledge, that, as president of the street railway company, I should at least be posted before outsiders are discussing it."

"I'm taking care of you," Sledge advised him. "You're Molly's father."

"We incorporate tomorrow," concluded Sledge. "A million."

"I thought it was to be three-quarters of a million," and Marley, in surprise, awaited an explanation.

Sledge looked impassively out at the garbage pail.

"Million," he said.

Somehow, Marley gathered that the interview was over, and went back to his office to fool himself into the belief that, owing to his superior management, it had been necessary to double the capitalization of his company. It took him nearly two hours to do this, but he succeeded.

In the meantime, Bert Gilder, his face and step and whole bearing alive with the elation of a man who has just been accepted by the most popular girl in his set, marched jauntily in to keep his 11 o'clock appointment.

"Where's Bendix?" he asked.

"Out," grunted Sledge.

"Be back soon?"

Sledge favored him with another grunt. "I'll wait," decided Bert, to whom ordinary affairs were mere trifles. "I'm all ready to take over that Porson tract."

Sledge swung ponderously, facing him.

"I want to tell you something," he warned. "I'm going to marry Molly Marley."

"So you told me last night," returned Bert, suppressing a snicker. "But really, Mr. Sledge, what has that to do with the Porson tract?"

"I'll rub it in," kindly offered Sledge. "If you get in my road with Molly, I'll wipe you out."

"I understand," and Bert again stroked his mustache, this time complacently. He was a clever man, and he knew it. "Do you suppose Bendix will be in in half an hour?"

"Uh—hunh," grunted Sledge.

"I'll return in that time," promised Bert, and hurried out, complimenting himself as he went on his own shrewdness.

(CONTINUED TOMORROW.)

GERMANS BLAME BRITISH FOR AMERICANS' DEATH

Say Orders of England to Ship Force Submarine Actions.

WASHINGTON, April 6.—Count von Bernstorff, the German Ambassador, today received from Berlin an official message expressing the opinion of the German Government that the responsibility for the death of an American citizen at the sinking of the liner Falaba by a German submarine must rest with the British Government.

The message is prefaced by the statement that a report from the submarine has not yet been received at Berlin.

"However, according to trustworthy reports," says the Berlin Foreign Office, "the submarine requested the steamer Falaba to put passengers and crew into lifeboats when other ships came up. Lately English merchant ships have been provided with guns because the British Government had advised them to ram or otherwise attack German submarines. This advice has been repeatedly followed in order to win promised reward. Military necessity consequently forced the submarine to act quickly which made the granting of longer space of time and made the saving of lives impossible."

"FLAG INCIDENT" IN MEXICO

Stars and Stripes Hauled Down, But Almost Immediately Raised.

SAN DIEGO, Cal., April 6 (By Wireless from U. U. S. Colorado)—The American flag on the steamship Benito Juarez was hauled down at the command of General Zerano of the Carranza forces at Acapulco, but it was hoisted again almost immediately by an American marine acting under instructions from Captain Hassbrouck, of the gunboat Yorktown.

Captain Hassbrouck reported the incident today, stating that he had acted on his own authority. No complication was expected to result from this action.

FRENCH START SPRING DRIVE WEST OF VERDUN

Seven German Army Corps Contest Every Inch of Ground.

PARIS, April 6.—Military experts see the real beginning of the long expected forward movement of the Allies on the western front in the French advance in the Hurlus district and on the plain of Chalons, one of the great training grounds of the French army which is daily continuing to alter the entire aspect of affairs in Champagne.

On other parts of the line the Allies have been content to keep pounding at the Germans and wearing down their effectives in men and material, snatching from time to time local success as occasion offered. In the district west of Verdun, however, the advance promises to be continuous.

It is no mean force the French have to face here, for with the recent reinforcements that have been rushed up to the danger point, fully seven German army corps are believed to be in the district.

No part of the country has been more ravaged by war than the districts round the Argonne forest, in the eastern part of Champagne. Villages and farms have been ruined to an extent almost inconceivable.

Though official communiques seldom refer to Rheims, the bombardment of that town goes on intermittently by night and day.

SWEDISH STEAMSHIP SEIZED

STOCKHOLM, April 6.—According to the Social Democraten, the Swedish steamship England en route to Stockholm, has been seized by the Germans and taken to a German port. The ship had a cargo of 6000 tons of maize from South American ports consigned to the Swedish Farmers' Union.

MICHELL'S EVERGREEN GRASS SEED

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To Our Friends

The fire of yesterday was confined largely to one wing of our factory, the Display Room being damaged only by smoke and water. In a few days we will resume the execution of orders with the same dispatch as heretofore.

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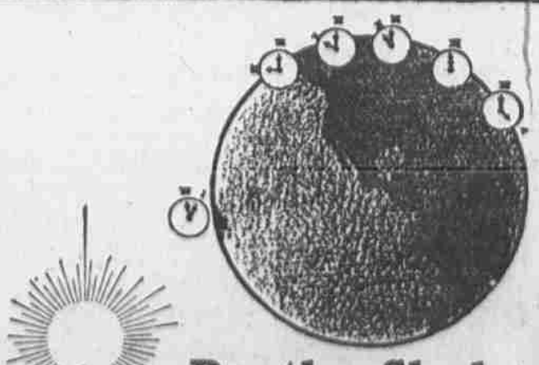

By the Clock

When it is midnight in New York it is 11 o'clock in Chicago, 10 o'clock in Denver, 9 o'clock in San Francisco, 5 A. M. the next morning in London and 1 P. M. the day before in Manila.

By Western Union it is NOW.

There's a Western Union Service to meet every need. Full information gladly given at any office.

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