

## HELLO, GOT ROOM? TO ASK EVERYONE

Each Home to Be Asked for  
G. A. R. Space.

Every resident of Indianapolis who is listed in the telephone directories will be called within the next two weeks regarding rooms in private homes for the G. A. R. national encampment here, Sept. 12-25.

The telephone calls were started today from the headquarters of the housing committee, 701 Chamber of Commerce building.

Thousands of residents will be asked to give rooms in their homes for the members of the Grand Army of the Republic and the eight allied organizations who are expected to come here for the encampment.

The large clock at the intersection of Kentucky avenue and Illinois street, erected to record the number of rooms obtained, today showed that 2,000 rooms have been listed. A large number of the persons who have listed these rooms have agreed to make no charge.

Plans for the reception of the thousands of visitors and the assigning of rooms in private homes were discussed at a conference of committee chairmen today.

According to tentative plans special preparations will be made to receive the visitors. Those who attended the conference today were Edward E. Balch, executive chairman; W. E. Balch, executive secretary; Scott R. Brewer, chairman of the housing committee; Mrs. Ida S. McBride, woman's organizations; Fred Hoke, reception; J. W. Lilly, badges and Wallace O. Lee, information.

## U. S. CRUISER IS ORDERED TO THE BALTIC SEA

(Continued From Page One.)

optimism that prevailed when the armistice delegation set out for Minsk Saturday morning.

Official circles held out the hopes Saturday that "within a week we hope to dash to the whole world by wireless the news of peace."

The Polish delegation consists of four military officers headed by General Jozef Pilsudski, Minister of War; three members of the Polish government; three international law experts; six members of the Polish diet; representatives of the various political parties and several women.

The women went upon an energetic shopping excursion before they left, buying scented soap and other toilet articles that are unobtainable at Minsk.

All of the delegation carried large quantities of bread, butter, sardines and canned vegetables.

## BATTLE FOR WARSAW ALONG ENTIRE FRONT

WARSAW, Aug. 16.—A great battle for Warsaw has started along the entire front, the war office's official statement declared today.

Both Poles and Russians launched attacks at many places and hand-to-hand fighting raged.

## BOLSHEVIKI LINES PUSHED FORWARD

MOSCOW, Aug. 16.—The Bolsheviks have pushed their lines to a point five miles from Warsaw, where the battle is continuing. It was officially announced today.

The communists said there was fighting on the Radom-Okuniew line, which is five miles from Warsaw on the eastern side of the capital.

## RUSSIANS REACH THE VISTULA RIVER

PARIS, Aug. 16.—The Russians have crossed the Vistula at the town of Novo Georgievsk, eighteen miles west of Warsaw, and have reached the Vistula river at that point, the soviet war office announced in a communiqué wireless from Moscow today.

The text of the communiqué, as given out by the French government, follows.

"In the region of Vladimir Voznyi, the Poles are making counter-attacks."

"The Russians have captured Novo Georgievsk."

"We are approaching Novo Minsk."

"Novo Minsk is twenty miles east of Warsaw."

French military experts believe that the Russians have already occupied it.

## BERLIN REPORTS FORTRESS FALLEN

BERLIN, Aug. 16.—The Russians have surrounded Warsaw, their lines being on all sides of the city, at a radius of about twelve miles, according to a dispatch to the Berlin foreign depot to-day.

The fortress of Grunewald was reported to have fallen before the reds' assaults.

## WASHINGTON HOPES FOR AN EARLY PEACE

WASHINGTON, Aug. 16.—With the reds reported almost at the gates of Warsaw, state department officials and diplomats here today waited hopefully for word from the armistice and peace delegations at Minsk which would stop the fighting between Poland and soviet Russia.

Officials hoped that an agreement at Minsk on armistice and peace terms would save Warsaw from the Bolsheviks.

While there was skepticism here as to the permanency of any peace with soviet Russia, it was believed Poland may have a chance of surviving as a nation only if the Poles retain their capital.

In possession of Warsaw the Bolsheviks would immediately sovietize Poland and make that country a passageway to Germany, military men believed.

Prince Lubomirski, Polish minister here, expressed his views from President Wilson's office this week in his appeals for food and other supplies.

The note from Premier Milleran of France, expressing approval of the American stand on the Russo-Polish crisis, as stated in Secretary of State Colby's recent note to the Italian ambassador, has been received and probably will be made public today.

## FRENCH MISSION GOES TO POSEN

PARIS, Aug. 16.—The French military mission which had left Warsaw en route to Posen, the foreign office announced today. Telegrams were received by the French government from the French mission at Posen today.

## 'STRIKE NOT MEANS OF PREVENTING WAR'

LONDON, Aug. 16.—Premier Lloyd-George, speaking in the house of commons this afternoon, warned labor not to attempt a general strike as a means of preventing war.

"The policy of the council of action is similar to that of the government, but an attempt to dictate by industrial action strikes at the root of the constitution and will be resisted with all the resources of the government," said the premier.

The council of action is a committee representing the various branches of organized labor.

## Double-Header Mystery Goes on Before Our Little Kathleen

BY KATHLEEN MCKEE.

Having heard that the charity ball games at Washington park Saturday would have an "all-star" cast—I mean team—I decided that since it was a charity affair I would just naturally be let in.

My nerve was nearly destroyed, however, when I was mobbed by a dozen or more of the girls who were at the ball, at which I later found out were score cards, but my courage returned when I saw some coffee pots, for I supposed the charity consisted of serving free cups of coffee during the intermission between the acts, but I later found the pots were to contain money for the Salvation Army.

My attention was focused on a bunch of men in a big field, who, attired in dirty clothes, were shouting and yelling themselfs with insane antics.

About this time a man yelled something through a megaphone, reminding me of a side show at a circus: whereupon grave attitudes were assumed by the actors.

One player was attracted to an individual who wore a soft cushion tied around his neck, which, my neighbor assured me, was a "tummy" protector.

Two of the players must have been awful savage, because they were pugnacious.

The nice red suit was worn by one of the players, while another wearing socks of a patriotic red, white and blue combination, attracted my attention.

An orange Indian club was used by one man relieved the monotony of the scene.

An "Official Big League Scout," aged 12, patrolled the field with dignity.

### THE BANDS

WENT UNNOTICED.

Baseball players must be like savages, since two bands provided the music for the game, but I regarded those two bands wasted, since nobody paid any attention to them, and I could have appreciated them so much on a hardwood floor.

As near as I could tell the game consisted of one man trying to hit a little ball with a stick, and if he accomplished this feat, and I can't say I blamed him for looking cross when the crowd cheered, although some of them took a awful round-about way of doing it.

Every time the man with the little stick was successful in hitting the ball heavenward, its ascent was accompanied by a yell from the crowd, which seemed quite unnecessary to me.

The audience also yelled whenever one of the players would run off the field and I can't say I blamed him for it.

One of these men had been a great player just from the embraces which I witnessed.

### SECOND GAME IS PLAXED

A water boy peddled pop, which was guaranteed not to have any "kick" in it.

Then the Rotary players came on the field and in a second the Kiwanis made an appearance, but I couldn't for two cents tell the difference between them.

The partiality of one side of the house for certain players was disgraceful, for instance two of the players were for it, while I was sure it was a dirty way for a man to try to sneak out of the game.

A man in a blue suit stood in the middle of the field and did nothing, and just what his connection with the game was I am still trying to figure out.

In my estimation a baseball game is an unfair proposition, since some have to work so much harder than others; for instance two of the players would have to work on the edge of the field, while they had little work to do.

It was annoying exceedingly the way the actors would leave just about the time I was getting to know them, and a new set would come on, and I would have to get acquainted all over.

A number of private games were conducted on one side which were much more interesting since they at least tried to catch the ball, whereas the

other side did nothing.

From time to time there was a buzzing sound like a bunch of locusts, which I found came from a myriad of tiny instruments of applause.

The police found Napari's revolver, a 38-caliber weapon, in his pocketbook.

Frankly speaking, I never saw such badly arranged exits in any show before.

Just then a ball sailed in my direction and I trembled for my life, but it hit the wire above my head and I still lived.

The monotony of the game was broken when a player took a tumble in the dust and then looked at the audience in a most astonished fashion.

Just then, a ball took an upward curve and descended on the back of one of the players, and I didn't blame him one bit for looking cross when the crowd cheered.

The police received a telephone call and the police received a telephone call and the police received a telephone call.

Napari had been killed by a bullet, which struck him in the forehead.

The police were told that Napari, Frase and Sarben had gone to deliver twenty gallons of white mule whisky to some person who had sent a telephone call.

They had found an automobile waiting and in the car was negro and a white man.

Suddenly a number of negroes appeared from their hiding place in the weeds and demanded that the alleged bootleggers hold up their hands.

Napari is alleged to have drawn a revolver and started firing, but the robbers returned to the scene.

Napari was killed, Frase fell with a bullet in his body and Allen, one of the alleged negro holdup men was shot through both legs.

His companions placed him and the twenty gallons of whisky in their car.

Fraser was robbed of \$40 and Sarben of \$2.

The police found Napari's revolver, a 38-caliber weapon, in his pocketbook.

Frankly speaking, I never saw such a bunch of locusts, which I found came from a myriad of tiny instruments of applause.

The police found Napari's revolver, a 38-caliber weapon, in his pocketbook.

Frankly speaking, I never saw such a bunch of locusts, which I found came from a myriad of tiny instruments of applause.

The police found Napari's revolver, a 38-caliber weapon, in his pocketbook.

Frankly speaking, I never saw such a bunch of locusts, which I found came from a myriad of tiny instruments of applause.

The police found Napari's revolver, a 38-caliber weapon, in his pocketbook.

Frankly speaking, I never saw such a bunch of locusts, which I found came from a myriad of tiny instruments of applause.

The police found Napari's revolver, a 38-caliber weapon, in his pocketbook.

Frankly speaking, I never saw such a bunch of locusts, which I found came from a myriad of tiny instruments of applause.

The police found Napari's revolver, a 38-caliber weapon, in his pocketbook.

Frankly speaking, I never saw such a bunch of locusts, which I found came from a myriad of tiny instruments of applause.

The police found Napari's revolver, a 38-caliber weapon, in his pocketbook.

Frankly speaking, I never saw such a bunch of locusts, which I found came from a myriad of tiny instruments of applause.

The police found Napari's revolver, a 38-caliber weapon, in his pocketbook.

Frankly speaking, I never saw such a bunch of locusts, which I found came from a myriad of tiny instruments of applause.

The police found Napari's revolver, a 38-caliber weapon, in his pocketbook.

Frankly speaking, I never saw such a bunch of locusts, which I found came from a myriad of tiny instruments of applause.

The police found Napari's revolver, a 38-caliber weapon, in his pocketbook.

Frankly speaking, I never saw such a bunch of locusts, which I found came from a myriad of tiny instruments of applause.

The police found Napari's revolver, a 38-caliber weapon, in his pocketbook.

Frankly speaking, I never saw such a bunch of locusts, which I found came from a myriad of tiny instruments of applause.

The police found Napari's revolver, a 38-caliber weapon, in his pocketbook.

Frankly speaking, I never saw such a bunch of locusts, which I found came from a myriad of tiny instruments of applause.

The police found Napari's revolver, a 38-caliber weapon, in his pocketbook.

Frankly speaking, I never saw such a bunch of locusts, which I found came from a myriad of tiny instruments of applause.

The police found Napari's revolver, a 38-caliber weapon, in his pocketbook.

Frankly speaking, I never saw such a bunch of locusts, which I found came from a myriad of tiny instruments of applause.

The police found Napari's revolver, a 38-caliber weapon, in his pocketbook.

Frankly speaking, I never saw such a bunch of locusts, which I found came from a myriad of tiny instruments of applause.

The police found Napari's revolver, a 38-caliber weapon, in his pocketbook.

Frankly speaking, I never saw such a bunch of locusts, which I found came from a myriad of tiny instruments of applause.

The police found Napari's revolver, a 38-caliber weapon, in his pocketbook.

Frankly speaking, I never saw such a bunch of locusts, which I found came from a myriad of tiny instruments of applause.

The police found Napari's revolver, a 38-caliber weapon, in his pocketbook.

Frankly speaking, I never saw such a bunch of locusts, which I found came from a myriad of tiny instruments of applause.

The police found Napari's revolver, a 38-caliber weapon, in his pocketbook.

Frankly speaking, I never saw such a bunch of locusts, which I found came from a myriad of tiny instruments of applause.

The police found Napari's revolver, a 38-caliber weapon, in his pocketbook.

Frankly speaking, I never saw such a bunch of locusts, which I found came from a myriad of tiny instruments of applause.

The police found Napari's revolver, a 38-caliber weapon, in his pocketbook.

Frankly speaking, I never saw such a bunch of locusts, which I found came from a myriad of tiny instruments of applause.

The police found Napari's revolver, a 38-caliber weapon, in his pocketbook.