

Troopship Sun k; Soldiers Perish

Rome, June 10.—The Italian transport Principe Umberto has been torpedoed and sunk in the lower Adriatic with a loss of a large number of soldiers, according to an official statement issued by the Admiralty yesterday.

The steamer, accompanied by two other transports conveying troops and war materials, and escorted by destroyers, was attacked by two Austrian submarines. The Principe Umberto sank in a few moments after struck, and although prompt help was rendered by the other ships, it is believed half the troops on board have perished. The exact loss had not yet been established.

State of Ohio, City of Toledo, Lucas County, ss.

Frank J. Cheney makes oath that he is senior partner of the firm of F. J. Cheney & Co., doing business in the City of Toledo, County and State aforesaid, and that said firm will pay the sum of ONE HUNDRED DOLLARS for each and every case of Catarrh that cannot be cured by the use of HALL'S CATARRH CURE. FRANK J. CHENEY

Sworn to before me and subscribed in my presence, this 6th day of December, A. D. 1886. A. W. GLEASON, (Seal) Notary Public.

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My first hours In Belgium

[By a Russian journalist, in the London Chronicle.]

It was fairly advanced hour in the evening when I reached my hotel from the station. After the long railway journey to Berlin I feel tired; nevertheless, I hastily wash and dress and go out into the streets.

I walked up Friedrichstrasse, then along Leipzigerstrasse, right up to Leipziger Platz, and then through Wilhelmstrasse and other streets to Unter den Linden. I have noticed already the remarkable scarcity of people and the untidiness of the principal streets, and now I was struck with the small number of people between the ages of 20 and 40 whom one meets in civilian dress.

Excluding the women and the grey military figures, those I met in the street on my first evening were almost exclusively elderly people and cripples. From the hotel to the corner of Friedrichstrasse I counted four hunchbacks, one dwarf and about a dozen paralyzed and lame people [not invalids, but deformed from birth]. Naturally, there were cripples and deformed in normal times, but then they were lost in the general crowd. Now, however, on the grey background of military uniforms they stand out in glaring relief.

The absence of motor-buses and motor-cars and of carriages in general makes the streets of Berlin unusually quiet and unpleasantly silent.

I noticed another innovation—the night-watchmen have been substituted by women. There are women on the trams as conductors and drivers. Women and old

men drive the omnibuses—and there are a good many women cabbies.

The Unter den Linden is silent and deserted, although the lights of the cinema shows and various cabarets are on. These, according to the new police regulations, open at 9 p. m. instead of 11 o'clock as before, and close like all other places at Berlin at midnight. The dancing halls and other places of amusement where boisterous life went on all night and well into the morning are now closed, and in most cases they have been turned into military hospitals.

Here are the two famous Berlin cafes patronized by foreigners—the Cafe Bauer and Cafe Victoria. Formerly between 10 and 11 o'clock in the evening one had to wait about half an hour for a place at a table. Now in each of them there are not more than ten visitors engrossed in reading their papers.

I walk on and enter one of the large beer restaurants. Here—the same gaping emptiness and instead of the usual waiters dressed in white—waitresses. I had forgotten it was Tuesday and ordered some meat dish. The waitress looks at me askance, and reminds me that it is "meatless day." I am served with an omelette and some dish of potato. For the first time I make use of my bread card. Two little squares of 25 grammes each torn off, and I am handed a parchment bag bearing the inscription: "50 grammes bread, against delivery of bread card only." The bag contains a little roll half the size of our "rogue." This little roll is just as grey, raw and unpleasant in taste as the bread in the restaurant; the beer is the same, only it has gone up in price and is now 45 pfennig a tankard instead of the former 30 pfennig.

By the time I leave the restaurant it is nearly midnight. The streets are quite empty; the cafes and automatic restaurants are beginning to close.

Berlin has left its old habit of night life, and goes to bed early. I direct my steps to the hotel.

I go into the lift, and again an innovation—instead of a lift-boy there is now a "Hisse-frau" [this is the new name for the hated English "lift"]. On the table in my room there is a list of visitors staying in the hotel. I count, and see that out of 500 rooms in the Central Hotel only 30 are occupied, and this during the Christmas holidays, when Berlin is usually full of visitors especially from the provinces.

A knock at the door wakes me in the morning. I open; a gentleman dressed in civil clothes enters and introduces himself as a representative of the Kriminal Polizei (the German Scotland Yard). He asks for details of the object of my visit to Berlin, and after I satisfy him by producing documents and giving the necessary explanations he leaves, reminding me that I must personally come to register at the police station not later than 10 o'clock that morning.

My morning coffee is brought, and four squares of 25 grammes each are cut off from my bread card, and I receive in exchange two sealed parchment bags. In one of these was the miniature grey hard roll and in the other three rusks; a small pat of butter of the size and thickness of a penny, a little honey, and the usual

coffee which was fine and of quality.

I make the journey to the station. The train is a quiet one, but the atmosphere is not pleasant. My pocket is empty, and I am informed that I must call personally at the station every day at 10 o'clock, and 24 hours in advance of my departure. The train is free again. The whole of the morning is spent in waiting.

Even in the daytime, the flow of ever-rising traffic, the city is a mass of about that last evening. In the absence of motors, taxis, and of the usual noise and bustle of the traffic raises a queer, almost oppressive, sensation, especially in one who knew the Berlin of old. It was unheard of in Berlin that even in rainy weather one should have to wear goshes, but now the slush and dirt in the streets and on the sidewalks equalled that of a provincial Russian town.

I had left behind in Copenhagen my Russian goshes as a precautionary measure, and I had therefore to go to a shop and get some new ones (American) and pay 10-12 marks for them.

I was surprised at the high price asked, and to my query the lady shop assistant informed me that Germany is now suffering an acute rubber famine, that the import of rubber articles was stopped (British blockade), and that the stocks of raw rubber had long ago been requisitioned.

"We are selling the last pairs of goshes, and shall not be able to get any more. Why, we cannot even get rubber suspenders in the whole of Berlin. You read that?" explained the shop assistant, and pointed to a bill that was hanging over the pay-desk, and which one can see in every large shop in Germany and Austria. The bill read:

"On account of shortage of rubber, benzine and labor, the firm cannot deliver goods to addresses of purchasers."

I issue forth into the street life of Berlin.

There is an apparent absence in the town of any wounded soldiers both in the streets, cafes, restaurants, beer-halls, and other public places. Nowhere that I went did I come across any wounded soldiers or cripples. I subsequently discovered that most of the hospitals are situated close to the fighting lines and all convalescent soldiers are sent to the heart of the country; the Berlin hospitals and other places of medical assistance for soldiers are carefully hidden and screened. For instance, a considerable number of the rooms in the large hotels, which are generally empty, have been adapted as hospitals; the upper floors of the well-known restaurant "Kempinsky," in the Leipzigerstrasse, have also

been converted into hospitals.

Not a word was said about the matter.

When I saw the bill, I was as cheap as a...

And R. H. H. will be... order...

The Drawback.

A young lady who had been very badly treated by a specialist, and after diligent practice and the expenditure of some money learned to say: "Sister Susie's sewing shirts for soldiers."

She repeated it to her friends at a private rehearsal, and was congratulated upon her masterly performance. "Yeth," she said dubiously, "but it is a truth an exceedingly difficult remark to work into conversation—stipendiary when you consider that I have no thither Thuthie."

Open To Conviction

Hughie McNeill was exercised last year about his hay crop. The weather, though threatening, favored his efforts till he had succeeded in getting it safely gathered in, being in this respect more fortunate than several of his neighbors. After seeing the last wisp of straw around his stacks, he explained, with a self-satisfied air:

"Noc, sin' I hae gotten my hay a' safe in, I think the world would be greatly the better o' a guid shower."

End Of The Wooden Passenger Car.

Of 1,094 passenger train cars under construction for the railroads of the United States on January 1, 1915, or 98.3 per cent, were all steel, and 16, or 1.5 per cent, were of steel under-frame construction. Only three cars were of wood. This shows that American railroads have practically given up wood for passenger train equipment, but, of course, it will be some years before all the wooden cars now in service can be replaced.

Germany's Infamy

(London "Observer.") The hideous story of the Wittenberg Camp is unmatched for filth, cruelty and horror outside certain descriptions of Carthaginian horrors in Flaubert's "Salammbô." There have been perjuries, murders and outrages by land and sea, but for torture inflicted with systematic callousness and infamy on helpless prisoners there has been nothing to touch this record.

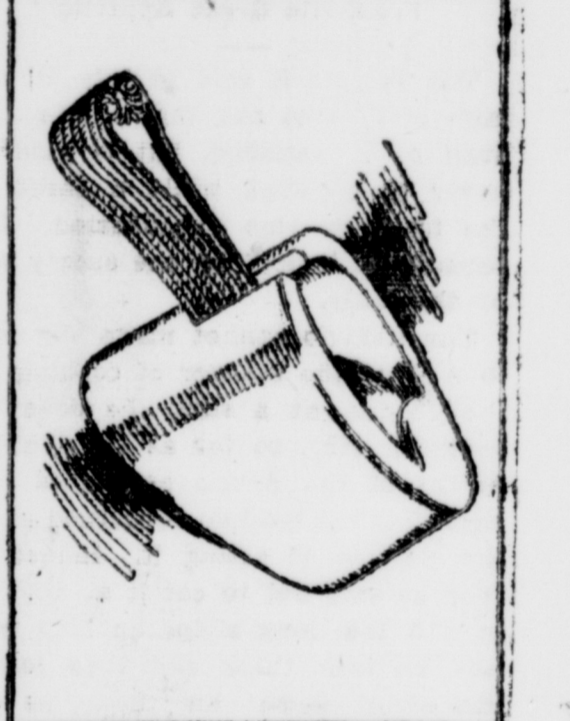
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NEW SPOONHOLDER

Will Not Upset and Contents Are Always in Neat Design

To the old-fashioned spoonholder several objections have been raised; none of them serious but they set a young jeweler to thinking and he designed a holder which overcomes them. One objection to the old type of receptacle was the ease with which it overturned and spilled its contents on the table. Another fault was the



NO "TANGLING" OF SPOONS

manner in which the spoons sometimes became entangled so that when you removed one you brought others with it.

The holder shown herewith has a relatively long base and is quite stable. The interior is in the general shape of the bowl of a spoon and the latter fits smoothly into it, with the handle projecting through a slot. As each spoon is put into the holder it rests exactly upon the one below it and a neat pile is formed. Of course, the holder is made in different sizes for different size spoons.

Improved German Farming

Germany was losing more than a million of her sons and daughters every year, simply because her soil could not support an increased population. But Germany went to work and in 20 years increased her wheat yield from 20 (which is more than our average) to 40 bushels an acre. She did it in one way, for example, by planting beet crops which renewed the soil, and at the same time gave her so much raw material for sugar that she now exports that article. Thus she killed two birds with one stone.

Hotel Don'ts

- Don't carry a big roll—there's a safe in the office if you must carry a roll.
Don't fold big yellow-backs outside little green-backs.
Don't fancy hip pockets are safe as a bank.
Don't think watches won't go if worn loose on a job.
Don't get the notion you're as swift as an auto.
Don't allow strangers to persuade you they're old friends.
Don't take it for granted your coat is well tethered.

PENALTY OF GENIUS

Genius and ill-health, it would seem, often go hand in hand. At any rate many of the greatest deeds that the world has seen performed have been accomplished by men physically infirm.

Darwin suffered so acutely from nervous exhaustion that he could only work for two hours a day at the most. Thackeray was frequently ill; Johnson nearly always in poor health; Dickens at the age of fifty-five was an old man, with shattered nerves; whilst Sir Walter Scott, a subject to spasms, was a chronic invalid during the later years of his life, and died at the age of fifty-nine.

Milton, William Morris, and Charles Keene, the actor, all were shaken by gout, and Milton was further handicapped by being blind. The poet Keats died of consumption when still quite young. Elizabeth Barrett Browning was an invalid for the greater part of her life.

Insanity claimed Dean Swift, Whistler, Rostand, Cooper, and King George III, all were insane during periods of their lives.

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