

# STARTS WITH A SLASH IN PRICES

Women Offer "Hen Fruit" for Sale at 24 Cents Per Dozen and Retailers Quote Them at 22 Cents.

## ONE MAN BACKING THE FIGHT

Dealer Offers to Sustain all Losses—Declares He Opposes Boosting Cost of Food Without Reason.

Chicago, Dec. 21.—Chicago's club women became egg merchants yesterday. They planned to sell 1,000,000 eggs at 24 cents a dozen in their campaign against the high cost of that commodity. Thirty stations were opened throughout the city where eggs could be purchased from 6 to 10 cents cheaper than the same product has been sold by the retail grocers. They will be sold in three, six and nine dozen lots.

The "bargain day sale" was conducted under the auspices of the Chicago Clean Food league, which bought 10 carloads of eggs. Sales of butter, meat and vegetables will be arranged.

As soon as the women opened their sale retail grocers plastered the front of their stores with signs offering eggs at 22 cents a dozen, 2 cents less than the price asked by the women. The grocers advertised their product as "guaranteed April storage eggs," the same quality sold by the women.

The man behind the 24-cent storage egg sale is a Chicago wholesale egg dealer. He made public his connection with the crusade Thursday night after many inquiries as to the sources of the finances behind the movement had been made.

He said he became associated with the women in the fight against high priced eggs in the hope that certain "dishonest wholesalers and dishonest retailers" might find it impossible to longer boost produce prices when conditions did not warrant it. If there be any loss as a result of the sale, he said, he alone would stand it, as the club women have not contracted to sell any certain amount of eggs. They will pay him 20 1/2 cents for each dozen they sell and the 3 1/2 cents profit will go into the league treasury.

The public sale had little if any effect on the wholesale price of the product. There was an advance of a 1/2 cent a dozen for strictly fresh eggs, while the price of storage eggs remained the same.

### Soldiers Try to Escape.

Newport News, Va., Dec. 21.—An attempt at wholesale prison delivery by soldier prisoners at Fortress Monroe was frustrated last night when a special guard detected the men sawing iron bars in a prison window.

A squad of ten men imprisoned in a compartment of the fort guardhouse had, it is said, conceived a plan to escape from the prison. Apparently they were aided from the outside, as a steel saw was smuggled into the cell occupied by them. The men probably would have escaped had it not been for the fact that one of the prisoners revealed the plot to an officer.

### Marathon Man Badly Injured.

Carroll, Dec. 21.—O. W. Wilson of Marathon was seriously injured yesterday near Mount Carmel, six miles from Carroll, in an auto accident. In rounding the corner he lost control of his touring car and when found by a farmer several hours after the accident he was pinned underneath the car, eight feet below the bridge, with the car upside down.

Wilson is at the hospital in a serious condition and the auto is in a garage, a total wreck. Fears are entertained for Wilson's recovery.

### Billy Sunday Has Success.

Waterloo, Dec. 20.—News comes from McKeesport, Pa., that Evangelist "Billy" Sunday, an Iowa boy, has broken all previous records of conversions at a single series of meetings. The converts at McKeesport numbered 10,022, of whom 1,562 were on the last day. The free offering given to the evangelist for the six weeks' labor amounted to \$13,436.

### Pensions for Christmas.

St. Louis, Mo., Dec. 20.—Twenty-five thousand employes of the Frisco railway system are granted old age and disability pensions as a Christmas gift, according to a brief announcement yesterday afternoon from the headquarters of the system here. The plan for granting pensions will be effective July 1, 1913.

# CURRENT WIT and HUMOR



**A Better Test.**  
The man is lying in a seemingly lifeless condition. "I can find no pulse whatever," says the physician who has been summoned. "Bring a looking-glass. We will place it against his lips and see if his breath is still in him."  
"Pardon me, doctor," suggests a bosom friend of the unfortunate man; "perhaps a wineglass would work better with him."—Judge's Library.

### Her Probable Future.

"He drinks heavily."  
"I know it."  
"He gambles."  
"I am going to marry him to reform him."  
"My girl, listen to me. Try one experiment before you do that."  
"What experiment?"  
"Take in a week's washing to do, and see how you like it."

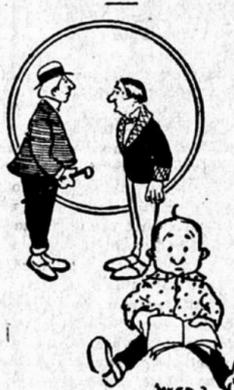
### How He Got It.

"How did you get that fine spring overcoat?"  
"I had a sure tip on a horse race."  
"I never knew one of those sure tips to pan out."  
"Neither did I. So I didn't play it. Put the money into an overcoat instead."

### The Critic.

"Look at those flowers! Aren't they beautiful? They are so round and regular that one might almost think they were artificial."  
"They are artificial."  
"Are they? You don't say so! Why, one might think they were natural."—Lippincott's.

### PROOF.



Joak—When my boy gets older I'm sure he'll write a successful historical novel.  
Hoax—Why?  
Joak—He thinks George Washington discovered the United States.

### A Statesman's Prudence.

He paused amid the talk he heard. "Goth he, 'I shall refrain, since he who never says a word has nothing to explain.'"

### Ungentlemanly.

He—The great trouble with Gabriel is that he talks too much.  
She—That's strange. When he's been with me he's scarcely said a word.  
He—Oh, he's too much of a gentleman to interrupt.—Tit-Bits.

### More Spacious.

Madame—This flat would suit us very well but for this room, which is so small.  
Concierge—It would do for one child, madame.  
Madame—It isn't a question of a child, but of my hat boxes.—Pele Mele.

### Polite Assurance.

"Mr. Conductor, do you think this tunnel is perfectly safe for our travel?"  
"Don't be afraid, madam. Our company got you in this hole, and we're bound to see you through."

### The Worst Variation.

Marks—It seems to me your new house doesn't look much like the architect's design.  
Parks—No, but it looks more like it than the actual cost looks like the original estimate.

### Her Recommendation.

Eben—Say, Cyrus, is it true ye're a-goin' to marry Sam Jones' widow?  
Cyrus—Why shouldn't I, Eben? Sam always seemed to find her pretty satisfactory.—Harper's Bazar.

# CAUTION SHOWN OVER MEXICO

State Department Carefully Preparing Brief to Settle Delicate Problem.

## WILL COMPEL THE ACTION

Senate Committee Investigating Reports of Violence Suffered by Americans.

Washington, D. C., Dec. 21.—Henry Lane Wilson, the American ambassador to Mexico, who has been here in conference with state department officials regarding conditions growing out of the Mexican revolution, left yesterday for New York preparatory for sailing for his post without the expected note of representations which this government is preparing to be sent to the Mexican government demanding protection for American citizens and property.

This action is taken as a further evidence of the intention of the administration to deal with this delicate and difficult situation with circumspection and in a spirit of deliberation. The communication is now being prepared with the greatest care at the state department and will be transmitted to the American ambassador shortly after his arrival in Mexico City in January.

The deliberation with which the officials are moving in the case of the United States versus Mexico is expected to result in the production of the brief that is expected to be well nigh unanswerable except by a promise of prompt and adequate action on the part of the Mexican government to meet fairly and fully the demands of the United States in the matter of the protection of the American interests in Mexico.

Justification for this demand by the United States government is declared to be found in the numerous reports to the state department from every quarter to the general effect that conditions in Mexico have grown worse since the dispatch of Secretary Knox's note of protest last September, and that there has been a marked increase in brigandage and in the kidnaping of Americans for ransom and in the levying of forced war loans by the rebels on American mines and plantations.

Senator Stone of Missouri, who is a member of the foreign relations committee, issued a statement yesterday in which he expressed the opinion that the present administration should leave the American situation "in statu quo until Governor Wilson assumes the presidency."

The senate sub-committee on foreign relations which has been engaged in investigating conditions along the Mexican border held a meeting yesterday to afford an opportunity to George Fred Williams of Boston to lay before it a number of letters bearing on the situation. Mr. Williams is president of the Los Angeles Smelting and Refining company, which has extensive properties fifty miles from Toluca, in the state of Mexico. The letters presented were from a Mr. Traeger, manager of the Los Arcos company and described a condition of continued turbulence and battling with bandits for the last four or five months. Mr. Traeger declared that the soldiers which were sent to his assistance by the government last November had been withdrawn, leaving the important mining centers of Zacualpan and Sultepec and the surrounding country entirely unguarded.

He said that last August a pitched battle was fought with the bandits in Zacualpan, in which the mine and its buildings were burned and everything ruined that could not be carried away and a mining engineer, a Mr. Platt, was taken prisoner. Afterward Mr. Platt escaped and upon information supplied by him Traeger took the government soldiers to the scene of trouble and defeated the bandits in a pitched battle. Since, however, the soldiers have been removed and the manager has been left in an unprotected position.

### Falls Under Car Wheels.

Nevada, Dec. 21.—While walking backward across the top of his train yesterday afternoon Ralph Dorey, a freight conductor on a Milwaukee train, stepped between two cars, plunged to the track beneath and was killed almost instantly by the moving train, which ran over his body. The accident occurred while the train was switching in the yards at Huxley.

# Mary Ellen's Way

"I think it would be nice to have some chickens of our own," said Mr. Mary Ellen at the breakfast table. "The eggs we get would make a hen blush. They are always high, too. Didn't you pay 50 cents a dozen last winter?"

Mary Ellen admitted she did. "That's outrageous. We could raise our own eggs for much less than that. And have fresh ones in the bargain. And broilers, too. Think of delicious, tender broilers!"

Mary Ellen was not partial to keeping chickens; but she only said mildly: "Chickens are a sort of nuisance, aren't they?"

"Not if they are taken care of properly."

"Well, do just as you please. Fresh eggs would be nice."

That night a consignment of Rhode Island Reds arrived. The next day the iceman left the gate open and the Rhode Island Reds streamed into the yard, as if putting foot on their native heath. With a meditative eye Mary Ellen watched them as they settled down industriously to the task of over-hauling Mr. Mary Ellen's pet flower border. They had a grand time. They followed the trail of each worm to its beginning in the lower regions. They took dust baths. They indulged in vigorous leg exercises. When the day was done and darkness fell from the wings of night, their wings were folded contentedly over a sense of duty thoroughly performed.

"What in thunder is the matter with the fowlers?" exploded Mr. Mary Ellen as he viewed the wreckage.

"The iceman left the gate open and the chickens got in," said Mary Ellen meekly. "Isn't it too bad?"

Mr. Mary Ellen stalked gloomily into the house. The next morning a sign, "Shut the Gate," adorned that feature of the domicile.

About 10 o'clock excited squawks and the furious tooting of an auto horn rose on the air; and as the car whirled on the king of the flock, the resplendent rooster, lay a mutilated wreck by the roadside.

"I'm awfully sorry, dear, but the rooster was killed today by an auto."

"Why don't you keep them up?"

"You said they were to run out."

So Mr. Mary Ellen spent the evening mending the fence around the chickenyard. He was not an expert carpenter, and his hands looked the worse for the experience when he came in.

"Did you get any eggs today?" he asked warily.

"No, I guess chickens have to get used to a place before they lay."

The days passed and still the eggs refused to appear.

"Maybe it doesn't agree with them to be kept up," suggested Mary Ellen.

"What in thunder can you do with them? You can't let 'em run and you can't keep 'em up."

"They are a problem," said Mary Ellen sympathetically. "And it takes so much of your time to read up about chickens. It's a shame. You never get to read the magazines or new books or anything any more. That last book I got was a corker, just the kind you like."

Mr. Mary Ellen sighed. A few days later he said, "Those chickens are scratching themselves awful."  
"Maybe they ought to be greased."  
"Greased!"

"Yes, I have heard that when chickens get to scratching themselves you have to catch them and grease them about the head and the wings and such places. It's a mess to do it."

"Not for mine," said Mr. Mary Ellen. "I'm no hen lubricator."

"But dear, they won't be healthy if you don't grease them."  
"Then they can pine away and die, drat 'em!"

"It is a shame for you to have to work so hard. I wish you did not have them. You are just wearing yourself out over those chickens. And they don't pay, either. They are not worth it."

The next day somebody called and said Mr. Mary Ellen, with a twinkle in her eye, watched them depart.

"Yes, I did work hard," said Mr. Mary Ellen that night after supper. "But I didn't mind that. If it had paid it would have been all right. But there is no sense in going on with a thing that does not pay."

"Not a bit," said Mary Ellen blithely. "Only not everybody has the sense you have to see it."—Chicago Post.

# FITZGERALD FREED OF THEFT CHARGE

Former Federal Employee Found Not Guilty of Stealing \$175,000.

## FOR CRIME OF YEARS AGO

The Disappearance of Government Funds Remains a Mystery.

Chicago, Dec. 21.—George W. Fitzgerald, former associate teller in the United States sub-treasury at Chicago, charged with the theft of \$175,000 from the government in February, 1907, was found not guilty by a jury in Federal Judge Carpenter's court yesterday.

The verdict was returned shortly after noon. The case was given to the jury at 5 o'clock Thursday afternoon. The trial was begun Nov. 12. The five years' preliminary investigation of the mysterious shortage in Chicago's sub-treasury which resulted in the indictment and trial of Fitzgerald is said to have cost the government more than \$100,000. Fitzgerald wept with joy when the finding of the jury was made public and threw his arms around the neck of his attorney.

### Try to Identify Body of Boy.

Sioux City, Dec. 21.—The identity of the boy, whose decomposed body was found Thursday buried under the sawdust of an ice house, has almost certainly been determined. The murdered youth is believed to be Eddie Moravec, 15 years old, who left the home of his brother, W. J. Moravec, in September. The boy left home, intending to go to Omaha, but never was heard from. The brother yesterday asserted that in general form and in clothing the corpse appears to be that of the missing lad. The features could not be identified.

The police are looking for a man whose name has been transmitted to them by the Omaha police, who got it from Antonia Groth, the suspect now under surveillance at Omaha, and who protests his innocence and willingness to be investigated.

### Seals Net Half Million.

New York, Dec. 20.—The sale of Red Cross Christmas seals throughout the United States this season will bring between \$400,000 and \$500,000 to aid in the fight against tuberculosis, according to reports received here yesterday from all over the United States by the National Association for the Study and Prevention of Tuberculosis. More than 100,000,000 seals have been distributed for the campaign among 100,000 agents. This year's sales, it is expected, will surpass those of last year by from 8,000,000 to 15,000,000 seals.

### Boston for Cheaper Eggs.

Boston, Mass., Dec. 20.—Agitation to reduce the price of eggs in this city resulted in the announcement by Mrs. Susane Stevens, secretary of the Women's Homestead association, that farmers in the suburbs would sell fresh eggs to the association for 18 cents a dozen. Alton B. Briggs, executive secretary of the Boston Fruit and Produce exchange, said the wholesale price for fresh eggs here is 28 cents a dozen. He believes there can be no serious intention among farmers to sell eggs at a lower price.

### "Sweated" Oranges Seized.

Chicago, Dec. 21.—"Sweated" oranges, which had been subjected to a high temperature to bring out a yellow color, were placed under the ban yesterday by Federal Judge Landis, who ordered the confiscation of eight cars of oranges shipped from California recently and seized by the government. The judge indicated that he rendered his decision in the interest of the general consumer who might be deceived by the color of the fruit into thinking it ripe.

Plenty of coal—Franklin, Carterville, Wemona and your favorite Illinois coal, also Ogden lump the cheap coal for furnace. Phone, Crooked Creek, No. 3. Prompt delivery.

To supply a demand is a detail, but to create a demand is an art. Are you a supply clerk or an artist?—Hawk-Eye.

You know Liggett's candy sold in boxes, 1/4 to 5 lb. 80c lb., only at Buster Brown's. 1743

If you want clear Havana cigars, in pink condition, buy of Buster Brown. 1743

# Clam Chowder

Tommy Dewitt managed by living frugally in summer to pay his winter's expenses at college. As soon as the school year closed, Tommy was off for parts unknown, and it would have interested his friends mightily if they could have seen him living like Robinson Crusoe on an island off the coast of Maine, catching his own fish, setting his own lobster pots, planting vegetables in a tiny garden and making chowder out of a handful of clams, two potatoes and an onion.

That the result of the last-named recipe was appetizing was proved by the fact that four people landing on the beach from a motor boat sniffed with appreciation.

"It's a clam bake," said the youngest of the crowd, a girl in a white serge suit with a short blue reefer. "Oh, I'm so glad, for I am starved."

Further progress showed a fire with a small iron pot set over the coals. A savory steam rose from the pot.

"But there isn't much of it," said the girl.

"Who's been eating my soup?" quoted a gay voice, and around the corner of a sandhill came Tommy.

"Oh," said the four intruders, starting. And well might they stare, for while Tommy lived like Robinson Crusoe, he wore a snowy white middie blouse and white trousers, his fair hair was brushed up from his forehead and shone in the sunlight, and his strong young figure showed the effect of good training and outdoor sports.

"We don't mean to intrude," said the oldest lady of the crowd, "but we are exploring the islands; we didn't know this one was inhabited."

"And there's something the matter with our boat," said the girl in the blue reefer, "and being women, we don't know how to fix it."

"Delighted," said poor Tommy. "But I hope you're not keen for chowder. There's only a taste. You see, I cook for one; but such as it is, it's yours."

He busied himself in serving the simple meal. And while he worked he listened. The girl's name, he discovered, was Helena.

"You enjoy living the simple life?" said the oldest dame, whose name was Mrs. Griggs.

Tommy nodded. "It's great," he said. "If you will stay for supper we'll have broiled fish and baked potatoes, and there's some lettuce left in my garden."

"We'll stay," said the girl, "if you'll fix our boat."

All that afternoon Tommy tinkered and the girl watched him while the three elderly ladies took a nap in the warm sand.

Then Tommy went out and caught a fish, and broiled it over the coals.

"And I'm sorry to tell you, ladies," he said, as he served it, "that your boat isn't mended, and that you will have to make yourselves comfortable for the night. I shall be glad to offer you the hospitality of my tent. In the morning a boat stops here with provisions. You can leave on that."

Since there was nothing else to be done, they consented, and after the fish was eaten Tommy and the girl walked down the beach.

They talked of many things; and Tommy lay awake half the night, wondering how he had believed that life was worth living until now.

He slept on the other side of the sandhill from the tent, and waked at dawn. After a plunge in the sea, he went forth in his snowy white suit to face the sunrise.

The girl was up and came down to the beach to meet him in the stillness of the wonderful morning.

"The sea is like a pearl," she whispered, "and the sky like an opal."

Tommy was breathing quickly. "Look here," he said. "The boat comes early, and before it comes I've got something to say to you—something to say—to you."

She smiled up at him frankly.

"Look here," he said, again, "you're the most wonderful thing in the world. Yesterday I was a boy trying to go through college and living any old way in the summer to help meet expenses. Today I'm a man, ready to fight life to the finish—get you."

"I haven't a right to ask anything of you, but I've got to tell you this—that if you don't find the one man before I can come to you and fight it out with the rest of them, that you won't compromise and take some other fellow just because you're tired of waiting for the real thing."

Then because he saw Mrs. Griggs at the door of the tent, he went up the sands to meet her, and the girl was left standing where his burning words had beat upon her.

Breakfast was a feast at which the three elderly ladies ate heartily of lobster, and at which Tommy and the girl ate nothing.

"I'm not hungry," Helena insisted when urged, "and before the boat comes I want to walk to the end of the island—to—to—"

And when they had rounded the curve of the sands and were out of sight, he asked: "Have you forgiven me?"

"There is nothing to forgive," the girl said, "and I shall never forget—because I shall want to remember—and I shall want to—wait."