

CUDAHYS GO TO SEE THEIR 3 CHILDREN

(By United Press Leased Wire.)
 LOS ANGELES, Dec. 23.—Jack Cudahy is in Los Angeles today and Mrs. E. C. Cudahy, who was formerly Mrs. Jack, will arrive tomorrow evening. Each was drawn to Southern California for the Christmas season by the Misses Edna, Marie and Ann Cudahy, their children, who are at the Ratonas convent in this city. The little Cudahy girls, none of whom is yet ten years old, already have seen their father and have been told that their mother is coming, Cudahy, according to rumor, did not know his wife planned to visit her little ones on Christmas day, although she is said to have planned the trip for a month.

Live Lizzard Found in Girl's Stomach, Declare Physicians

CLEVELAND, O., Dec. 23.—Two live lizards, three and a half inches long, several smaller ones, and a number of lizard eggs, were taken from the stomach of Lovel Herman, nineteen, four days before she died. A postmortem examination showed that the wall of the stomach had been attacked by the animals, the doctors say. The heart had enlarged to three times its normal size.



MISS LOVEL HERMAN Whose Death is Attributed to Lizards in Her Stomach.

For several years she had been ill, complaining that something was clawing at her stomach. Specialists were puzzled until finally Dr. McIntosh, working on the theory that it was a tapeworm, found the lizards.

Miss Herman drank water from a spring in which there were lizards, when she lived at Millersburg, 12 years ago, and it is believed that she swallowed the eggs or the young animals at that time, and that they grew while in her body. She craved meat and eggs during the last few months of her illness, and it is believed she demanded such nourishing food because the lizards, as well as her body, had to be fed. She ate ravenously, but weighed only 89 pounds.

Incidentally, the health officials

refuse to accept the certificate of death based upon the lizards theory, declaring that no such case has been reported since the days of primitive medicine.

Sent Editors To Jail

Judge Mitchell Gilliam of Seattle, who sentenced two editors of Seattle Star to four months and 30 days in jail for criticizing him for issuing injunction in favor of railway corporation.

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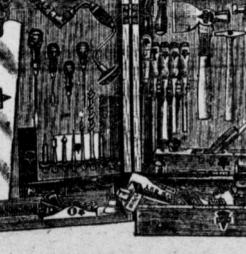
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THE MAN HIGHER UP

The Story of a True American

HENRY RUSSELL MILLER

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"Tain't enough," the victor rebelliously answered, a thin ribbon of blood streaming from his nose, the light of battle in his eyes. "Tain't enough till he says I can sell papers here."

"Ain't he th' divil!" the policeman ejaculated admiringly. "Ye stay all right kid. Ye're th' boss now. Show's over, friends. Move on."

And so, while his late antagonist slunk, sniffing, away to hide his disgrace, Bob McAdoo stayed, the doctrine of the great American specialty—Monopoly. When darkness fell that evening the original dime's investment and a third replenishment were sold out; and Bob, with a pocket full of pennies, faced the responsibilities of wealth.

When the policeman entered his home that night and faced his faithful spouse, it was with a quaking spirit. "Well, now, Patrick Flinn, an' what is this angel av marcy ye do be bringin' home th' night?"

"Shure, Norah," Patrick apologized, "tis the most higit little gamecock ye iver saw. He came to me corner this afternoon, a-sellin' papers. Th' newsie on th' corner, thried fur to chase him away. An' what did he little bantam do but go aftir that big bully like me saluted names, aftir th' snakes in th' culd country. An' he wiper th' gutter clane wid him. Shure, 'twas th' most buchst thing ye cud imagine, barrin' bein' in a sim'lar shindy yerself. An' whin I was fur lavin' a bed I'm wantin'." "An' what'll th' likes av ye be doin' wid a bed?" says I. "Slapin', av course," says he. "I niver slept in a bed, but I got lots av money now an' I'm wantin' a bed fr th' night."

"How much av ye?" I asks. "Ten years," says he. "Who's yer parin'ts?" "Ain't got any," says he. "Who've ye been livin' wid?" "Nobody," says he. "Shure, ye're a quare cuthmer," says I. "An' who owns ye?" "I own meself," says he. "Thin come home a'long av me th' night," says I. "An' here he is."

"An' now," Patrick concluded sadly, "he must be goin' fr th' room fr him here."

"But shure, ye're a little shindy yerself. An' whin I was fur lavin' a bed I'm wantin'." "An' what'll th' likes av ye be doin' wid a bed?" says I. "Slapin', av course," says he. "I niver slept in a bed, but I got lots av money now an' I'm wantin' a bed fr th' night."

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CHAPTER II
 Bob Lays Out the World.

With deep satisfaction of soul Bob opened his eyes on a new day.

"I'll stay here," he said aloud. And stay he did, Bob, in the arrogance of his boyish egotism, taking his welcome for granted while to the Flinns, big-hearted and instinctively hospitable, it never occurred to wonder at the boy's presumption. The arrangement was tacitly established previously, and the Flinns, in their wholesome, homely atmosphere of the policeman's family life a partial corrective for the dwarfing influence of the tenement. As for Patrick and his wife, had they been told—that they were exercising an unusual virtue in thus adopting the little vagrant, they would have been astounded, such pride did they take in Bob from the beginning. An own meself, the appearance of little Paddy ceased to trouble their honest hearts.

So it was that when Policeman Flinn set out that noon to his duties, Bob accompanied him, to revisit, yesterday's little friend, and henceforth, by right of conquest and Patrick's protection, he was to reign supreme. And when the day's work was done, together they returned home to "Irishtown."

A few hours later their bonds were finally riveted.

It was Saturday night, and the family of Flinn was gathered in the kitchen, which was also the living room. The master of this household, reclined in the one big arm-chair, was seeing the ministrations of his lady Nicotine, who, in Patrick's case, was a very strong lady indeed. Norah's head was bent abstractedly over a basket of sewing—no fine lady's embroidery and stamping his feet, cried: "I'll never cry again—not another—dam—time!"

"Whisht! ye little spalpane!" Norah laughed. "Don't ye be 'swearin'!" "Ain't he th' little divil!" Patrick slapped his thighs delightedly.

"Three dollars and fifty-three cents," Kathleen announced proudly.

"Tis th' wealth av th' Indies," glibbed Patrick. "I s'pose now, Bob ye'll be lavin' yer friends fr th' millionaires av th' East End, ye're so rich? Belike, ye'll set up wid a bank here in Irishtown—Bob McAdoo, Banker—a bank th' fine large sound to it. Or better still, ye'll kape a saloon. 'Twould be a fine investment, that last; Irishtown has a snakin' thirst fr the crather."

"He'll be lavin' aside a bit av it, a dime or a quarter mobby, fr th' Sisters whin they come, won't ye, Bob?"

Norah suggested piously.

But Bob had planned other uses for his money, than either speculation or charity. He laid to one side the fifty-three cents and gathered together the three dollars, which he carried over to Norah and dropped, jingling, into her capacious pocket.

"Take it," said Bob.

"Ye mane kape it fr ye?"

"No, keep it fer yourself."

"An' why should I kape it?" demanded Norah.

"To pay fer me bed an' grub."

"Away wid ye, ye little rapscallion! Kape yer money, ye'll be nadin' it fr clothes an' th' like. Ye can stay here without payin' yer way, an' welcome."

"But that's charity ain't it?" Bob demanded directly.

"Well, yes—sometimes," Norah, returned slowly, embarrassed by the straightforward question. "But not in this case, whin it's friends is givin' to ye."

"Ain't goin' to be a charity boy," Bob insisted. "Char'y boys gits licked."

With a sudden warm gesture, Norah caught the boy to her. "Shure," she exclaimed compassionately, "ye poor la-ard, ye're not thinkin' we're goin' to bate ye, are ye, Bobsy?"

"No," he answered promptly, "but I got to pay."

"But why?" Norah insisted.

"I don't know," Bob returned slowly, with a puzzled frown. "I

ain't a cheap skate. You'll keep it, won't you?"

"Not a cent av it," Norah declared flatly.

Bob gave no answer to this declaration other than to collect the coins and place them in his pocket. Then he took his cap from its peg and, without a word or backward glance, made for the door.

"Hold on there," Patrick cried, leaping after the boy and seizing him. "Where ar ye goin'?"

"I don't know," said Bob coolly. "Thin why ar ye lavin' this time at night?"

"I'm goin' to find a place where they'll let me pay."

For a moment Patrick stared helplessly at his wife, and then laughed delightedly. "Ain't he th' little divil! Hand th' money to th' ould woman. Ye stay, Bob."

So Bob established his footing and won his second battle.

When the money had been put away, Norah sat down once more and surveyed her husband suspiciously. His half-closed eyes were gazing with intense joy into the smoke-cloud, between the puffs loud chuckles broke from his lips, his big body shaking with merriment.

"An' what be ye a-leckulin' at," she demanded.

"Shure, Norah, darlint, at th' way th' little divil workked round ye, gettin' his way an' all, an' makin' ye take th' money."

"Humph!" his spouse sniffed tartly. "An' who ar ye to be laughin' at me? Shure, I niver saw such an ould fool over anny man as ye ar over th' la-ard. Tis Bob this an' Bob that, till he has ye wrapped round his little finger. An' him not a make in th' house yet! But," her tone changed to one of pride, "tis the fine stuff th' little gentlem'n's made of, with his pride an' all."

"Ain't a gentlem'n," Bob flared up unexpectedly from his corner. "Jim Thompson's a gentlem'n an' he's nothin' but a drunk bum."

(Continued tomorrow.)

Gold glasses \$1. Dr. Macx. 114 1/2 Pacific ave.

LOOK OUT FOR FAKE TELEPHONE MAN

The police are on the lookout for a fake telephone inspector who called at several residences yesterday presumably to inspect the phones but the police say really to size up the interiors. Presumably after this man would get information as to the inside appearances of houses he and his pals would return at night to commit burglary.

It was ascertained from the telephone company that no one had been out in that capacity yesterday and the Cox, her husband, pronounced a fake.

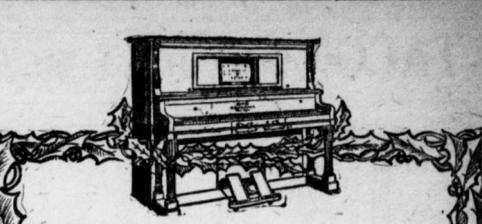
MAN'S LIFE VALUED AT \$14,000

(By United Press Leased Wire.)
 OLYMPIA, Dec. 23.—The supreme court upheld the verdict against the Wilkeson Coal & Coke company and the company must pay to Alice Cox \$14,000 for the death of Alex. her husband, in the mine of the company.

The company appealed on the ground that the court in instructing the jury used the word "could" instead of "would." The supreme court says it cannot reverse a verdict on such a pretext and the verdict must stand. It practically fixes the rule that an employee v. 2*ka cmfw vhgkqo employe must be protected by the company when it orders him to do a certain piece of work.

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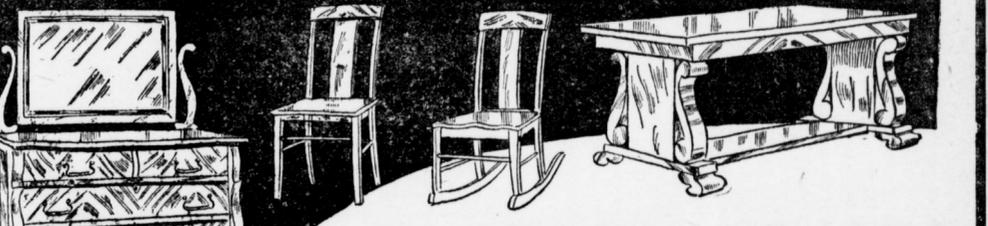
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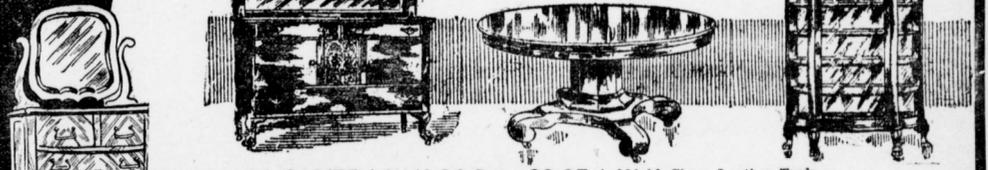


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- \$60.00 Oak Pedestal Table, 54-inch top. Special \$36.00
- \$1.40 Hard Wood Dining Chair. Special 90c
- \$1.65 Solid Oak Dining Chair. Special \$1.05
- \$2.00 Solid Oak Dining Chair. Special \$1.30
- \$2.75 Solid Oak Dining Chair. Special \$1.85
- \$4.00 Box Seat Dining Chair, genuine leather seat. Special \$2.40
- \$18.00 Oak Dresser, with French plate mirror. Special \$10.95
- \$16.00 Dressers with French mirror. Special \$8.50
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- \$40.50 Solid Oak Chiffonier. Special \$6.50
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- \$2.00 Oak Center Table. Special 90c
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- \$6.00 Oak Center Table. Special \$3.95
- \$10.00 Oak Pedestal Center Table. Special \$6.75
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- \$18.00 Oak Finish Library Table, 28x45 top. Special \$11.85
- \$30.00 Oak Double Column Library Table. Special \$19.50
- \$18.00 Oak Book Case. Special \$11.50
- \$32.50 Sectional Book-Case, four sections with top and base. Special \$18.90
- \$40.00 Oak Book-Case. Special \$22.50
- \$45.00 Oak Book-Case. Special \$26.50
- \$1.25 Child's Rocker. Special 75c
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- \$1.50 High-Chair. Special 75c
- \$6.00 Combination High-Chair and Rocker. Special \$3.85

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