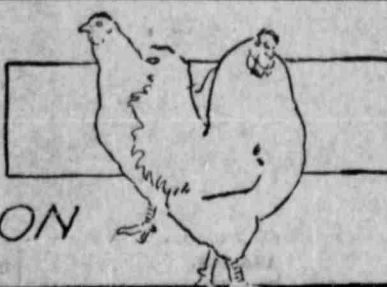


# EATING EGGS by the BILLION

By WILLARD W. GARRISON



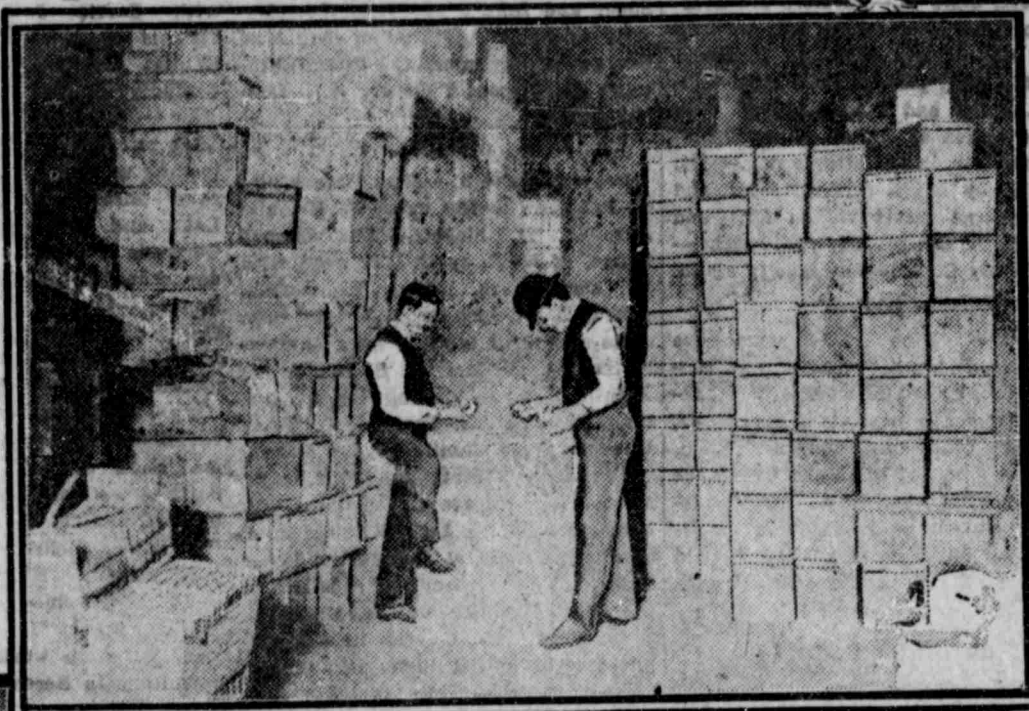
UNCLE SAM is the heaviest egg eater in the world. In fact, so fond is the old U. S. A. of the hen product that another century may see the deposition of the bald-headed eagle and the crowning of another feathered monarch.

These United States eat 154,000,000 eggs each day—1,980,000,000 a week—1,620,000,000 a month—56,160,000,000 a year.

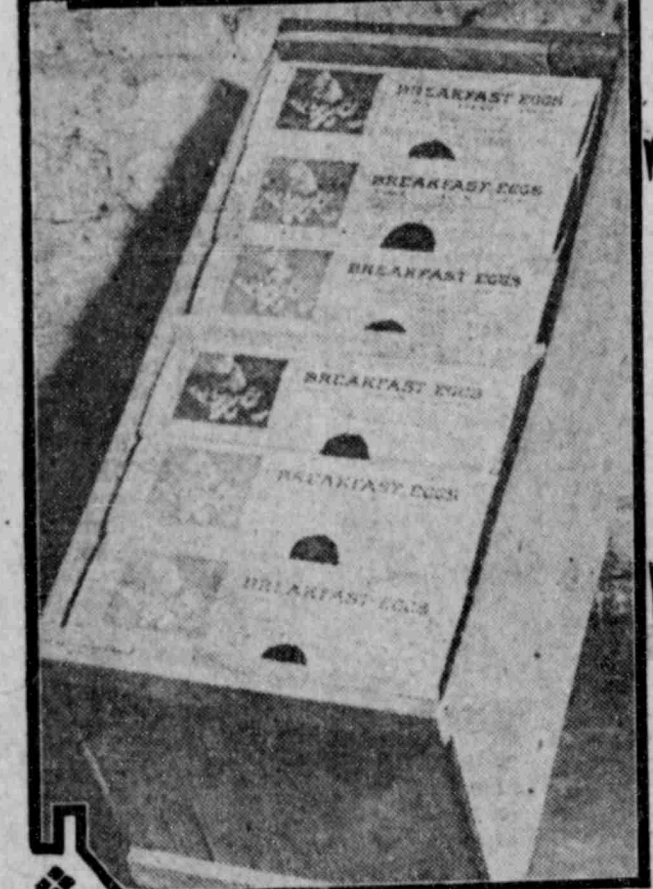
Every man, woman and child in the country consumes a little over an egg and a half each day. If you, personally dislike eggs for food there is some one else in some part of America who puts three away as a foundation for his or her breakfast coffee.

Easter week, the biggest egg occasion of the year round, sees the consumption of about two billion eggs—violet, pink, crimson, purple, yellow and some green.

That the egg will displace all others as the national food tidbit is the prognostication of those who earn their livings by raising chickens. Chicago, alone, with less than two million population, Easter week last, put away 60,000,000 eggs. So greedy was the Windy city about this article of diet that lots of other portions of the United States which secure their allotment of hen



SORTING EGGS



fruit from the market at the city by the lake had to go eggless Easter.

Jim Patten's wheat corner will be a mere bagatelle alongside of the movement of the man who can corner eggs. Small egg corners are frequent, however. Cold storage men often lay aside several millions in a semi-frozen state and hold them for nine months or so, dumping them on the market when the price is in the clouds.

But the cold storage egg is inferior because the fresh egg advocate argues the chicklet has a chance to grow a little before the yellow inside freezes, thus storing up nasal evidence against the purity of the product.

For the housewife in the big city there is an everyday opportunity to effect a coup, for when she can find a producer who sells "eggs laid fresh to-day," she considers herself a model of wifely devotion. But as there is no smell on the outside of the shell, there are often lots of angry glances from the male partner in the household, which are born of the unborn chick.

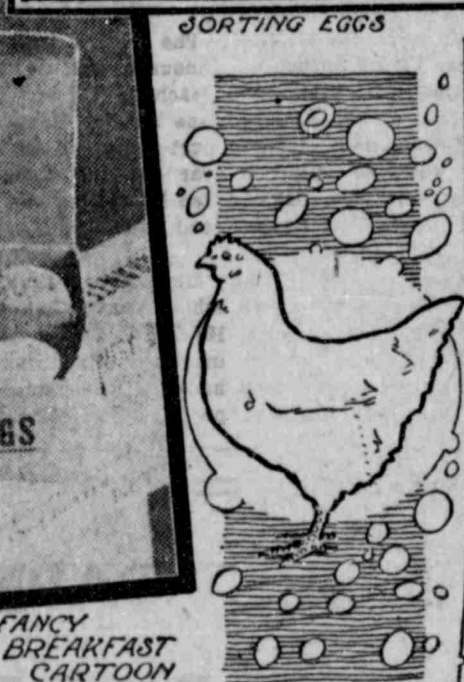
The length of time that an egg will keep fresh is governed by the care which is taken in its preservation. They are packed in ice as a rule, and if packed soon enough after being laid, the chicken life is properly killed and thus the angry eye-to-eye message is eliminated.

Suitable to the occasion is the aged tale of the man with the flowing mustache and the time-marked egg. He had it for breakfast—the egg—and being a city man rode down to his place of business in conventional manner, taking no notice of the fact that while the seat beside him remained vacant there were half a dozen commuters standing nearby.

As he alighted at his destination a sniff likened to the odor of an egg of evil intentions pierced his nasal sense. During the walk to his office he noticed that the smell was everywhere. It was in the street, in the rotunda of the office building, in the elevator, in the hall on the nineteenth floor, and he was startled beyond measure to find that on entering his office he smelled egg there, too.

Stepping to the desk of the head bookkeeper, he asked him if he smelt an unhealthy odor.

"Why, no," replied the knight of the day ledger casting a glance at the yellow streak clear



across the boss' mustache.

His stenographer being too polite to remark on the yellow streak, edged to the leeward side of her chair when he bent toward her in dictating a letter.

He made the rounds of the office employees, asking whether they smelt eggs, but all being too polite to tell him he had overlooked an important point, declared they smelt no egg. The odor stayed with him.

In desperation he fled to his private office, muttering as he slammed the door: "My heavens, the whole world smells, and no one knows it but me."

But that is only a minor point in the adoption of a new national food by Uncle Sam. With each year the production of the hens of the country is becoming smaller in proportion to the demand for eggs. As a consequence the experts declare that each succeeding year will see the price soar beyond expectations. The last months of winter and the first of early spring are the hardest for the egg eaters, for then the cost soars, there are less of the precious morsels and those which appear are often holdovers from the year previous, but even those bring prices ranging from 30 to 40 cents a dozen.

The time is remembered by many when the best eggs brought 12 cents a dozen in retail stores, and the wholesale price was below that. So steep has the conventional cost become that thousands of farmers are yearly devoting their land to the raising of fowls.

The industry has already become a mighty factor in national life and within two decades if the country continues to eat eggs at the present rate of increase, the business of growing eggs may outweigh that of cattle and grain.

In the large cities, Chicago, for instance, the high price of meat compelled the poorer classes to adopt the egg as a means of obtaining nourishment. The increased demand of course boosted the price, but still the middle and upper classes cling to the fowl product, foul or fair.

In the great marts of trade the egg industry is perhaps the most interesting of all. One great cold storage warehouse in Chicago during the last egg famine, unloaded on the market close to 6,000,000, and every one was sold to the local retail merchants. The eggs were said to have been in cold storage for nine months, pending an

## CANDLING EGGS

increase in price sufficient to yield the speculators a considerable profit. They estimated the proceeds after all expenses had been met, at four cents on the dozen—\$20,000 on the lot.

Other great egg corners have been manipulated and the profits doubtless have been even greater, but they seldom come to the public ear because of the shekels which are raked in from the enterprise.

In the egg corner mentioned above, scores of men worked day and night for two days getting the product out of cold storage to place them on the market while the price held up.

The workmen were where they could be called at once, and the minute the word came over the telephone to get the great crates out of the cold storage warehouse, the toilers were set to work. Two days later every egg had been sold, the money collected and more than half of them eaten by the consumer.

It was a great coup and only one of the many. Other enterprises of like nature where the proceeds have ranged into large figures, have been told, but the details seldom become public property. This, by reason of the fact that the egg "corner" is to-day a rather undeveloped science.

But the monarchs of other branches of the producing world have come to look upon movements of that sort as one of the money makers of the days to come.

Early this month when eggs (cases returned), were bringing only 19 cents a dozen, wholesale, the lover of them felt fairly jubilant and barnyard prognosticators predict that this jubilant feeling shall prevail for the rest of the summer. Extra quality eggs were then selling at 23 cents a dozen, while ordinary "firsts" brought 19 cents and "firsts" one cent more a dozen, "prime firsts" selling at 21 cents.

So, with the sway of the strawberry the price of eggs dropped off, and before August, it is said, the cost may go lower.

With the private producers, who sell only limited quantities of eggs, 40 cents a dozen is not an unheard of figure for what are known as "eggs laid fresh to-day." Of course, the right to that title must be undisputed, and often when eggs are sold, backed by a reputation for freshness, higher prices are paid for them by the epicures.

However, frauds in eggs are as frequent as swindles in other industries, and fastidious persons, who hate cold storage eggs worse than they do paying fancy prices, are often taken in by the "farmer" who rides into the city on the interurban, buys up a large cargo of eggs in the open market, rents a wagon, the muddier the better, and proceeds to distribute cold storage eggs for the product he claims is "laid fresh to-day."

## Helping the Halt.

A certain informed bachelor, one of those the Gateway succeeded in getting on the list during leap year, tells of one of the boys who after attending a farewell bachelor supper meandered home in a muddled state late one Saturday night, or rather Sunday morning, and getting as far as the entrance of his rooming house, he sat down on the stone steps, his hat fell off on his knees and with head bowed down he slumbered peacefully. He awoke about nine o'clock and found 34 cents in his hat. Charitably inclined early churchgoers had mistaken him for a beggar and dropped their pennies into his upturned hat.—Bremen (Ga.) Gateway.

## WRECKAGE OF ELECTRIC CARS

Gave Up Ten Bodies After Crash—Over Forty Persons Hurt and Several Will Die.

South Bend, Ind., June 21.—Ten persons were killed and 40 injured in the wreck on the Chicago, Lake Shore & South Bend railroad in Porter county, Indiana, Saturday night, when two of the big electric cars collided head-on.

According to General Manager H. U. Wallace, of Michigan City, the wreck occurred because of a disregarding of orders by Motorman Reed, of the east-bound car, who received instructions at Gary to wait at Wilson, a short distance west of Balleystown, the point at which the disaster occurred, for the west-bound car to pass.

The east-bound car, running as Train No. 59, was running at a speed of 50 miles an hour to make up lost time, and when the crash occurred the east-bound car was telescoped and almost entirely wrecked.

In this train were all of the killed and most of the injured, the passengers on Train No. 58, west-bound, escaping with but slight bruises and scratches.

The two cars were welded together into a mass of wreckage, in which lay the ten dead and dying and the two-score of injured. The cries and appeals for help which came from the debris was horrible, and caused a scene of utter confusion.

The home of E. R. Borg, near by, was turned into a temporary hospital and morgue by parties rescuing the dead and injured from the cars. The darkness greatly interfered with the progress of the work, and the nearest telephone was three-quarters of a mile from the scene of the wreck, making it impossible to secure speedy aid from Michigan City.

All but one of the killed were in the smoking compartment of the car, in the front end. This space, originally used as a baggage and freight room, was fitted up for the use of the smokers and was crowded.

Two men, Titus E. Kinzie, a well-known real estate dealer, and Cordus Kline, both of South Bend, left the compartment less than a minute before the crash came, and they escaped with their lives, although the latter suffered severe injuries.

The inquest over the victims of the Chicago, Lake Shore & South Bend Interurban railway will be held Monday in the town hall of Chesterton, six miles from the scene of the disaster.

## DEFECT IN MECHANISM

Brought Auto To Standstill on Interurban Track and Car Killed One of the Occupants.

Anderson, S. C., June 21.—Owing to a defect in the mechanism of an automobile containing four persons the machine came to a halt on the tracks of the Anderson Interurban Co. Sunday just as a car was bowling along at a rapid rate.

James H. Cobb, superintendent of the Belton cotton mills, Belton, S. C., was instantly killed.

The injured are Rev. D. D. Richardson, Belton, S. C., fatally; Rev. E. A. McDowell, Ninety-Six, S. C., broken shoulder and arm, and Mrs. D. D. Richardson, bruised about the body.

The automobile was demolished and the occupants thrown from 20 to 50 feet.

At the coroner's inquest Sunday afternoon the verdict was that the accident was unavoidable.

## Booty Was Dropped.

Baltimore, Md., June 21.—Mrs. Minnie Berkenfeld, of Canton avenue, was awakened early Sunday morning to find a masked burglar standing over her with a drawn pistol. Her screams attracted her husband, who rushed to her assistance, but not until the intruder had dealt her a stunning blow on the head. The booty of the robbers, consisting of money and jewelry valued at \$300, was found on the first floor, where they dropped it in their flight.

## Two Brakemen Slain By Negro.

Des Moines, Ia., June 21.—A negro early Sunday shot and killed Brakemen Lee C. Warner and Alva C. Bechtel, both of Boone, during an altercation on a train at Vall. Conductor McCarty found the two men on an oil car in the rear of the train. Brakeman Bechtel died Sunday evening. He described the negro who committed the assault as wearing a blue sweater, Sunday evening a negro wearing such a sweater and answering Bechtel's description was arrested at Dennison.

## Attempt To Blow Up Church.

New York, June 21.—Two crudely fashioned bombs were used early Sunday morning in an attempt to blow up the Italian Roman Catholic church and school of the parish of St. Rocel, in Bedford street, Newark, N. J. Each consisted of a tomato can in which dynamite had been placed with a fuse attached, but they failed to do harm.

## Ended Suffering With Prussic Acid.

St. Louis, Mo., June 21.—Dr. Justin Steer, prominent physician and member of the faculty of Washington university, committed suicide here because of ill-health. He used prussic acid, alleviating the pain by drinking chloroform.

## Floods on Isthmus.

Panama, June 21.—Rains throughout the past week have caused great floods all over the isthmus, and in many places the crops are ruined. The Chagres river has overflowed its banks, but without damage to the canal.



## HAGGARD ON DRUNKS.

The Noted Author Is Down on the Hard Drinker and Offers Radical Cures.

Rider Haggard is at present taking a deep personal interest in the cure of drunkenness. He is chairman of one bench of magistrates and senior member of another; and, in the course of his career, has dealt with some thousands of "drunk and disorderlies." He has recently given his view on intemperance in a British government report. Some of his suggestions are quiet radical. For instance, among other things, he says:

"I submit that the best way to promote sobriety is to make it exceedingly uncomfortable for the individual who gets drunk. I am quite certain that if public intoxication ceased to be treated as a kind of troublesome and malodorous joke, and if its repetitions were punished with sentences of confinement increasing in length in proportion to the frequency of the offense, instead of being condoned by a small fine, we should hear and see a great deal less of it than we do at present."

The famous author then goes on to recommend the following drastic measures for eradicating this vice:

First offense, dismissal, with a caution; second offense, the ordinary fine; third offense, committal, without the option of a fine. Committal should not be to an ordinary prison," he says in his report, "but to a special department, where inebriates could be suitably treated with a view to their reformation." His views on the drunk that goes in for "making a row" are very strong. "If the drunkenness should be complicated with violence," he says, "or with the use of that language in which drunks are wont to foam out their own shame in public, or if the intoxicated person should be in charge of a vehicle or of children, then I think the magistrates should commit upon the second, if not upon the first offense, and to the common jail."

With habitual drunkards he would resort to incarceration whether or not their own consent or that of their family were obtained. In England, habitual drunkards cannot be put away without their own consent for any length of time, but Rider Haggard would alter this, and treat a habitual just as if he were a lunatic. If the government carries Rider Haggard's recommendations into effect there is a sad time coming for the man who loves the flowing bowl not wisely but too well.

## HOW TO LIVE LONG.

Statistics Show That Longevity Is Hereditary, But Many Shorten Lives by Hard Drinking.

In speaking on the subject of "How to Live to be a Hundred," Dr. C. W. Saleeby, an eminent Scotch physician, says that all but the very poorest of people shorten their lives by grossly over-eating, and very many of us over-drink as well.

"The evidence about alcohol is conclusive," he says. "If you seek impartial witnesses, go not to the teetotalers, but to the actuaries, and the men who have to determine risks for insurance companies. If, however, you are to use some alcohol, let your moderate use of it be as little immoderate as possible; take it only with or after meals; shun spirits altogether; and if you find this advice profitable, write to me, as scores and scores of people have done, saying so, during the past six years. And when the makers of absinthe, who are being turned out of Switzerland and Belgium, and who will, I hope, ere long be turned out of France, try to find a new market in England, as they now intend to do, look upon them as highwaymen who demand your money and your life."

## Drunk and Unemployment in England.

Mr. Ramsay MacDonald, M. P., made a telling contribution in London recently to the discussions organized by the National Temperance league of Great Britain, his subject being alcoholism and employment. If in slackness of trade, an employer, he said, had the choice of discharging a certain number of men, he would naturally retain the soberer, so that the question resolved itself into one of efficiency.

The sober nation was always the more efficient, and in all the neutral markets of the world, the drunken nations were handicapped. It could not produce so cheaply, so quickly, or so ably. Any crisis of unemployment would strike the drunken nation first.

It was also stated in the same connection that not a single individual case had come before the royal commission which had just issued its report in which drink was not mentioned. The remedies were education on better lines and the teaching of character, which meant the teaching of temperance as part of character.

## Opium Tied Up in Warehouse.

The law forbidding the importation of opium for smoking, that is, of any opium which is of less than medicinal purity, went into effect April 1. Nearly a million dollars' worth of opium is tied up in bonded warehouses in San Francisco, opium which the importers will never be allowed to sell.