

# WORKMAN DECLARES BOYCOTT ON MEAT

## 7,000 Factory Hands Start Move as Protest Against High Cost of Living

### IS EFFECTIVE FOR THIRTY DAYS

#### Cleveland Club's Idea—Other Committees May Take Similar Action—Test of Packers' Assertion that Gluttony Makes Meat Expensive.

Cleveland, Jan. 18.—Four hundred and sixty superintendents and foremen of twenty-one of the largest manufacturing concerns of this city have pledged themselves to aid in a general boycott on meat for thirty days. In addition to agreeing to do without meat themselves, the superintendents and foremen have promised to induce as many as possible of the 7,000 employees under them to dispense with the food for the same period. If the employees enter into the pact, approximately 30,000 Clevelanders will abstain from meat during the next month.

The anti-meat action was taken at a meeting of the Superintendents' and Foremen's Club, in which practically every manufacturing plant of the city is represented. The idea of living the vegetarian life for a period originated in the minds of a few members of the club while discussing high priced food at dinner yesterday. Meat being the most expensive portion served at dinner, the club members decided not to eat meat that meal and so how they felt when the day's work was over. Each of the abstainers was no more fatigued than usual when night came and it was then decided to form a thirty day vegetarian club among workmen. The pledge follows:

1. We, as wage-earners, are willing to assist both the state and the municipalities in probing into the high cost of living, particularly the cost of meats, which is prohibitive.
2. This agitation can best become effective by refraining from eating meat for a period of thirty days.
3. If this does not bring the price of meat within the means of poor people, then we will refrain from eating meat for sixty days.
4. We, citizens, do hereby ask our representative in each councilmanic district and the legislative bodies to keep this agitation uppermost in their minds and actions until the result manifests itself.
5. We ask the co-operation of all persons who are interested in fair play and the future of our otherwise prosperous country.
6. This self-denial to take effect Jan. 17 and continue henceforth.

## LIFE LOST IN HOTEL FIRE

### Employee Suffocated, but Guests Escape in Scant Attire.

Oneonta, N. Y., Jan. 18.—Fire starting at 3.40 a. m. near the furnace destroyed the Central Hotel, F. A. Herrieff's men's furnishings store, C. H. Dorst's grocery, Townsend Brothers' hardware store, Ingraham's barber shop and the office of the National Express Company. Loss on the hotel, \$60,000; on the other property, \$40,000.

Jacob Hedinger, an employee of the hotel, was suffocated on the top floor. The flames shot up the elevator shaft and shut off the thirty-five guests from the stairs. All of them, in scant attire, escaped by ladders or were carried out by firemen, losing all of their clothing and other possessions.

## WOMAN DIES IN A TRANCE

### For Three Months She Had Been Speechless, After Baby's Fall.

Pittsburg, Jan. 18.—From a trance in which she had lain three months, Mrs. Kate Mendelsohn died at a hospital today. Physicians are puzzled. Her husband on the night of September 30 found her in a comatose state. Their baby lay on the floor, apparently having fallen from bed. Mr. Mendelsohn thinks his wife must have been shocked into unconsciousness by the baby's fall. He believes she must have thought the child was killed. She had been frail, but in normal health, and had not spoken since the incident.

## COHEN MAY GET LIFE TERM

### Philadelphia Will Prosecute Him Under Drastic State Law.

Philadelphia, Jan. 17.—Life imprisonment may be the punishment of Frederick Cohen, the waiter who eloped with Roberta De Janon, granddaughter of the millionaire seedsman, Robert Bulst.

It is the intention of the Department of Public Safety to endeavor to convict Cohen on the charge of abduction. Director Clay said that Cohen would be prosecuted to the full extent, and if convicted he can, under the law, be sentenced to imprisonment for life.

### Postal Bank for Brazil.

Washington, Jan. 18.—The establishment of a postal savings bank is a feature of the reorganization of the Brazilian postal service which went into effect this month. Depositors draw 4 per cent. interest.

## TAFT TELLS POLICY ON CONSERVATION

### In Special Message He Approves Plans of Ballinger for Preserving Natural Resources.

#### Taft's Recommendations on Natural Resources.

Classification of public lands according to agricultural or mineral values.

Selling the surface for farming and exacting royalties for underground treasures.

Short-term leases of water-power rights with precautions against monopolies.

Greater conservation of soil so as to produce more food.

Thirty million dollars in bonds to complete projects for reclamation of arid lands.

Complete Ohio River waterway improvement first, then consider the Mississippi.

Washington, Jan. 18.—In a special message only ten printed pages long, President Taft sent to Congress his recommendations in regard to the conservation of the country's natural resources. The Senate was not in session, but the House listened with apparent interest to the reading of the document by the Clerk, though there was evidently some disappointment at the absence of comment from the President on the latest developments in the Pinchot-Ballinger controversy.

Most of the President's recommendations have been made public in his previous speeches, and he states that his message is practically a summary of the report of Secretary of the Interior Ballinger. Aside from the inferential expression of confidence in his Cabinet officer, the only other reference to the Pinchot-Ballinger affair is in the closing paragraph of the message, where he states that the outcome of the investigation will have no bearing on the merits of his recommendations, and urges that they be enacted into law as soon as possible.

One of the President's recommendations is that the Secretary of the Interior be authorized to issue bonds to the amount of \$20,000,000 for the completion of reclamation projects in arid regions of the West. He also asks for correct classification of public lands according to their mineral deposits or other characteristics of chief value. He would separate mineral rights in land from agricultural rights, and would lease mining rights under restrictions.

Of power sites the President declares that the Government now has capital of enough to prevent private control from monopolizing the water power of the country. He suggests grants of these sites for terms of years, with provisions that will compel development and will prevent combinations and exorbitant prices. He puts the need of draining wet lands on the same plane as the need of irrigation. For reforestation of bare watersheds he suggests a moderate appropriation for five years.

On inland waterways he does not depart much from the position he took on his trip down the Mississippi. When plans have been drawn and costs definitely ascertained it will be time to go into the lakes to the gulf scheme. He advocates, however, deepening of the Ohio River to a depth of nine feet from Pittsburgh to Cairo, of the Mississippi River to a depth of six feet from St. Louis to St. Paul, of the Missouri to a depth of six feet from Kansas City to St. Louis, and of the Mississippi to a depth of eight feet from St. Louis to Cairo.

### Cured Lunatic Kills Wife and Child.

Springfield, Mo., Jan. 12.—William Christmann, a farmer who was recently discharged from the State Insane Asylum at Nevada as "cured," shot and killed his wife and his ten-year-old daughter at their home, six miles west of Springfield.

### Gov. Draper Silent on Income Tax.

Boston, Jan. 13.—Without a word of comment or recommendation Gov. Draper sent to the Legislature today his proposed amendment to the national Constitution for an income tax.

## NEW YORK MARKETS.

### Wholesale Prices of Farm Products Quoted for the Week.

MILK—Per quart, 4 1/4 c.  
BUTTER—Western extra, 35@36c.; State dairy, 26@29c.  
CHEESE—State. Full cream, special, 17 1/2@18c.  
EGGS—State. Fair to choice, 34@40c.; do, western firsts, 30@33c.  
APPLES—Fallman, per bbl., \$2.25@2.50.  
DRESSED POULTRY—Chickens, per lb., 15c.; Cocks, per lb., 13c.; Squabs, per dozen, \$1.50@5.00.  
HAY—Prime, per 100 lbs., \$1.10.  
STRAW—Long Rye, per 100 lbs., 80@85c.  
POTATOES—State, per bbl., \$1.50@1.75.  
ONIONS—White, per crate, 25@50c.; FLOUR—Winter patents, \$5.50@6.00; Spring patents, \$5.50@6.85.  
WHEAT—No. 2, red, \$1.32@1.33; No. 1, Northern Duluth, \$1.27 1/2.  
CORN—No. 2, 72@74 1/2 c.  
OATS—Natural white, 52 1/2@54 1/2 c.; Clipped white, 53@56c.  
BEEVES—City Dressed, 8@11 1/2 c.  
CALVES—City Dressed, 10@15 1/2 c.  
SHEEP—Per 100 lbs., \$3.50@5.50.  
LAMBS—Per 100 lbs., \$7.00@9.25.  
HOGS—Liver, per 100 lbs., \$9.00; Country Dressed, per lb., 10 1/2@12 1/2 c.

## MISS DE JANON IS FOUND IN CHICAGO

### Eloping Heiress and Cohen, the Waiter, Arrested in a Cheap Rooming House

### POSED AS FATHER AND CHILD

#### Dog That the Girl Insisted on Taking Along Leads to Arrest of Rich Philadelphian's Daughter and Man with Whom She Fleed.

Chicago, Jan. 18.—Roberta de Janon, the Philadelphia heiress, and her friend and admirer, Frederic Cohen, the Bellevue-Stratford waiter, with whom she eloped on December 29, were captured by the police here and held awaiting the arrival of officers from Philadelphia.

They had travelled for thousands of miles, jumping from city to city, in the United States and Canada, in an effort to elude the police and detectives put on their trail by the sixteen-year-old girl's wealthy grandfather. The end came in a squalid boarding house room at No. 68 Superior street, on the North Side, where the couple had been doing the lightest sort of ginger cookie housekeeping.

Miss De Janon and Cohen were practically at the end of their resources. They reached Chicago from Montreal and Halifax with but \$1.60. Cohen had pawned some of the girl's jewelry for a trifling sum, but that had been spent.

The girl had determined to end her life. She had written to her grandfather expressing sorrow for running away with Cohen and declaring her intention to jump into the lake.

It is not unlikely that Cohen, convinced that his young companion was desperate and determined to suicide, let the tip reach the police that resulted in their capture. It came from Mrs. Frank Perrin, who ran the rooming house in which they had taken quarters, and was acted on promptly.

According to Mrs. Perrin, the pair were living as father and daughter. Both protested to the police that their relations since leaving Philadelphia had been that of father and daughter.

Cohen, himself, traced their route from the day they eloped out of Philadelphia. They went first to New York where they found difficulty in getting rooms and after remaining over night went to Montreal. The news of the elopement frightened them and they went to St. John, New Brunswick, where they took passage for England on an English steamer.

Cohen said they left the steamer at Halifax because the English officers objected to carrying Tootsie, Miss De Janon's terrier, and the girl would not go on without the dog.

They went from Halifax to Boston and direct to Chicago. They attracted little attention when they first went to the Superior street house, and had since lived quietly.

When the police came to arrest them, Cohen made an emphatic protest, insisting that he was a barber from Montreal. He soon broke down, however, and admitted his identity. Miss De Janon, sobbing bitterly, pleaded with the police to restore her to her grandfather.

In the girl's possession the police found one remarkable letter from Cohen to the girl, dated December 14, in which he begged to think twice before eloping with him.

## SUGAR CO. OFFICER INDICTED

### Secretary Heike and Five Others Now Accused.

New York, N. Y., Jan. 18.—The first man higher up in the inner circle of the Sugar Trust has been caught in the net of Federal Government prosecution.

Charles R. Heike, secretary and treasurer of the American Sugar Refining Company, who ranks second in importance to Washington B. Thomas, the president, in the affairs of the Sugar Trust, was placed in the long list of employees of the concern charged with defrauding the government, by an indictment returned by the Federal Grand Jury.

Five other employees of the concern are included in the indictment, which charges the making of false entries regarding sugar imports of the company and conspiracy to defraud the government by the underweighing of sugar. They are Ernest W. Gerbracht, formerly superintendent of the Williamsburg refinery; James F. Bendernagel, formerly cashier of the Williamsburg refinery; Harry W. Walker, assistant superintendent of the Williamsburg plant; Jean M. Voelker and James F. Halligan, checkers.

## ONE WOMAN VOTED

### Suffragette's Name Got on List at Morpeth, England, by Accident.

London, Jan. 18.—The suffragettes are all envying a woman who actually voted yesterday at Morpeth.

Her name was mistakenly inserted in the register, and when she demanded the right to vote the election officials were unable to refuse her.

San Francisco, Jan. 14.—The army transport Sheridan arrived today from Manila, carrying the Sixth Cavalry, whose term of service in the Philippines has expired. The troops have been ordered to Fort Des Moines, Ia.

## The Girl

The man in the big easy chair looked across the table at his wife. "I am repeating what Richardson said. He told me this morning that the boy had braced up in quite a wonderful way. He is punctual and energetic and works as if he meant to climb. Richardson says he is positive that Edgar has stopped drinking. His eyes have lost their dullness and his hand is steady."

The woman breathed more quickly. "Wh-what will you do, Robert?" "Do?" the man answered. "Nothing. This isn't the first time the boy has tried to brace up. You know how long it lasted."

"But perhaps a word from you would help him, dear."

"No."

"You are his father."

"See here, Emily, this won't do. I'm the boy's father, and I've been a bad father. Where I meant to please him I proved his worst enemy. He spent the money I gave him in wasteful living. But why speak of it? Before these doors are opened to him again he's got to prove that he's fit to enter them. He hasn't forgotten what I said to him. If there is a spark of manhood left in his breast he will make no attempt to come near us until he shows he is worthy."

"You are very hard, Robert."

"I've been softer than wax. I'm as hard as nails now. But there, we've had enough of this for to-night. I told Richardson not to report to me until a week from to-day. Then we can tell, perhaps, whether this spasm of reform has any foundation."

"It will be hard to wait, Robert."

The man looked across at the woman. His stern face relaxed.

"Let us hope for the best, my dear," he softly said.

It was a week later and the woman had patiently waited for the man to unfold his news of this erring son.

"Richardson reported again to-day," he said as he sank back in the easy chair.

"Well, dear?"

"The boy continues to do himself credit. Richardson says he is grasping his duties with a firmer grip. The other day he came to Graham—he's the head of the department—and told him he must have more pay. He said he knew he was worth more and that he could get a job at any time with the Ajax people. Graham will double his pay next week. He told Richardson the boy was well worth the raise. It seems that Richardson noticed the change in Edgar two months ago, but wouldn't mention it because he was afraid it might not last." He paused.

"Sounds good, doesn't it?"

The woman's head was bowed. She looked up slowly.

"I know what's brought about this change," she said half hysterically. "It's a girl."

The man stared at her.

"Thank God for the girl!" he said in his quick and earnest fashion.

"I—I must see her at once," exclaimed the woman.

"Go slow, Emily," said the man. "You are jumping at conclusions. But if there is a girl—a good girl, of course—with enough influence to turn our boy into the right path—when his father and mother have failed—she is not to be interfered with do you hear me?"

There was a little silence.

"I did so want him to marry Alice Landon," said the woman.

"Huh!" growled the man. "He will please to marry himself—if he marries at all—and there's no probability that he will ask our advice. If your suspicion is correct—and I suppose it might be called intuition—don't interfere. There'll be nothing too good for the girl who can awaken our boy to his duty. Let her alone."

But the woman said nothing.

Two nights later they were in their accustomed places beside the big library table.

The man suddenly smiled as he looked across at the woman.

"There is a girl," he said.

"Yes," said the woman, "I have seen her."

The man stared at her.

"I hope you did nothing rash," he said and his voice was almost harsh.

"No," she answered. "I was very careful. What do you know about her?"

"Very little. She is a stenographer in the factory office. She earns a fair salary and bears an excellent reputation. Edgar has been seen in her company a number of times. That's the extent of my knowledge. You say you've seen her. How did that happen?"

"It was easily planned. Robert, I waited about the factory until Edgar came out—I was in the little antique shop across the way and he didn't see me—and, oh, Robert, our boy looks ten years older."

She paused with a little catch in her voice.

"Go on," said the man. "Let's hope he has grown ten years the wiser."

"He held himself straight. Robert, and I think there is a new look in his eyes."

"Go on, you foolish mother."

"I saw him quite well because he crossed the road and passed in front of the shop, walking slowly. And after the others had gone a girl came out of the office, a slender girl, walking alone, and when our boy saw her his face lighted up and something seemed to grip my heart."

The man softly laughed.

"The mother love showing itself

through maternal jealousy. Go on my dear."

"Edgar crossed the street quickly and fell into step beside the girl. They walked slowly, the girl looking up into his face now and then. There's no doubt that she loves him, Robert."

The man laughed again.

"And did your eyes tell you all this?"

"My eyes and my heart, Robert. When Edgar and the girl turned the corner I hurried out and found Michael—he had the car on a little side street—and I followed them."

"In the car?"

"Yes, Robert."

"Rather an obtrusive way to trail your prey. But go on."

"They were standing still when we turned the corner, but Edgar did not look around. Michael ran ahead slowly, and as we passed them Edgar left the girl—she gave him her hand as he turned away—and ran and caught a car. The girl looked after him—she is very fond of him, Robert."

"We will admit the fondness, my dear. What next?"

"I told Michael to stop at the curb and I leaned out and called to the girl."

"Was that discreet?"

"Wait, dear. At first she didn't hear me. And I called again, and she heard me and came toward the car. She—she has a nice face, Robert."

The man laughed once more.

"Your mother's heart is defending the boy's taste."

"No, Robert, the girl has an attractive face."

"You will admit it's a little crafty and hard about the mouth?"

"No."

"And that it suggests paint and flaunts its powder?"

"No, Robert."

"And that it is feebly pretty and altogether cheap?"

"No."

"Then it was much better than you expected?"

"Yes, Robert. She has a nice face—not beautiful, but frank and clear eyed." She paused. "If she had been simply pretty it would have hurt me, Robert. It would have looked as if Edgar had been caught by a dimple and a curl. But the affair is more serious than I thought."

He caught her eye and nodded.

"What you are telling me is good to hear," he said. "I'm feeling easier about Edgar than I have felt since he left college. It looks very much as if his liking for this girl was the first sensible symptom he has shown. And there's another thing."

"Well, Robert?"

"If the girl can run the gauntlet of your critical mother eyes there must be something very attractive about her. But you haven't told me all the story."

"I called to her and when she realized that I wanted her she came to the car. I told her I was nervous and a little faint—which was quite true, Robert. And I asked her if she wouldn't sit by me for a few moments until the attack passed away. She looked at me wonderingly and then something in my face decided her and she took the seat by my side. I asked her where she lived and she told me and I directed Michael not to hurry. Then I talked to the girl and found out something about her. She is an orphan and came to the city from an interior town. She has been well educated and is qualified to teach singing, but her present work is fully as remunerative and more certain. And she is twenty-three."

The man laughed.

"That's extremely interesting—I don't refer to the age item especially. But go on."

"I don't know what she thinks of me. I tried to interest her."

"By asking her questions?"

"I asked no questions. She told me all this voluntarily. I am quite sure she will tell me more the next time we meet."

"Then you have planned to see her again?"

"Yes. I am going to take her with me for a ride in the parks Wednesday evening. I told her I was a fussy old woman and that she was doing the best kind of charity work in amusing me. I said I had taken a fancy to her—and it's true, Robert."

"Eh!"

"Yes, Robert. I can't quite say that I am ready to take her as a daughter-in-law. Think of the talk it would make!"

The man laughed.

"I see you haven't quite surrendered, my dear. And what's the girl's name?"

"Elinor Viets."

"That's not bad. Of course, you didn't exchange cards?"

"I thought of inventing a name, but I couldn't bring myself to do that. I suppose she thinks I'm a forgetful old creature who doesn't remember even the common usages of polite society."

The man leaned back in the deep chair and interlocked his fingers.

"Well," he said, "things are not nearly so bad as they might be. Up to the present moment I must frankly admit that the girl seems too good for the boy."

"Robert!"

"It's the unpleasant truth. Of course, he's improving, but don't let your mother heart cherish any belief that this fine young girl—I take her at your own valuation—isn't much better than this wayward boy of ours. But there, we'll postpone any further discussion until after the coming ride."

So it was Wednesday evening when they took up the subject again. The man was waiting in the library for the woman to come home.

He looked up as she came through the doorway. Then he quickly arose

and went to her, and took her cloak and led her to a chair.

"Why, Emily," he said. "What's happened?"

For a moment she could not find her voice.

"They are to be married Tuesday evening," she sobbed.

The man whistled.

"The boy seems to be developing energy enough with his other awakened qualities. There, there, calm yourself and tell me about it."

The woman waited a moment.

"I drew her out," she began, "and soon found that she wanted to talk to a woman—it seems she has no intimate girl friends—and she told me just what I wanted, and yet dreaded to hear. She is very fond of Edgar and she has the fullest confidence in him. He has told her about his wild days and how he quarreled with his father and mother. She doesn't know who his parents are—Edgar doesn't want to talk about the past—but she feels convinced they were wrong in their treatment of Edgar. She is sure they didn't understand him that his mother was indulgent and his father unwise. Edgar needed an object in life, he needed to be thrown on his own resources. Now he had his ambition to rise and he had her." She paused and drew a quick breath. "Think of a mother listening to all this!"

"You will be an unbidden guest, you know."

"I want to be there, Robert."

"Perhaps you would prefer to have it stopped?"

"How, Robert?"

"I might buy off the girl."

The woman shook her head.

"You haven't money enough to do that, Robert."

"Fine. Then the wedding goes on. And to-morrow I will send for the Rev. Frank Darnley. He will be glad to come. I believe I have a little gift for his mission project. When he comes I will make the necessary arrangements." He went over and gently smoothed the woman's hair. "I think this is going to turn out all right," he said.

It was Tuesday evening and the Rev. Frank Darnley sat in his little parlor and waited for the girl and the man who had asked his professional services. It was a neat little parlor, nicely furnished, with folding doors that connected it with the sitting room beyond. These doors were closed and the Rev. Frank Darnley inspected them carefully before he answered the bell.

When he returned from the front door he brought with him the girl and the wayward son. He greeted them cordially and bade them be seated.

"We are in something of a hurry," said the young man. "We have a brief little trip in view, and time tables make no provisions for delayed happy pairs."

He laughed and the young pastor laughed with him.

The girl unfastened her travelling cloak.

"Would it be possible," she said, "for you to have a woman present during the ceremony? I have a fancy that I would like it better."

The young pastor brightened.

"Why, yes," he answered. "I have two visitors at the present moment, a very worthy couple. I will ask them to be witnesses—in accordance with the State law."

And he slipped from the room. He was back presently.

"They will be glad to aid us," he said a little hurriedly. "They will stand in the doorway here while the ceremony proceeds. If you are quite ready you may arise."

The doors at the back were softly opened.

The ceremony proceeded, the most nervous member of the trio being the Rev. Frank Darnley.

When it was all over and the Rev. Frank had shaken hands with both and wished them joy, the girl looked around and suddenly started. A man and woman had entered the room, but it was the woman who startled the girl.

"Why, madam!" she cried. "Are you here?" And she advanced with her hands outstretched. The woman was crying and could not answer. But she opened her arms and held the girl close.

The bridegroom had whirled about, and then catching sight of the man and woman had drawn back.

"Elinor," he cried, "do you know this lady?"

The girl released herself from the woman's embrace.

"Why, yes," she answered, "one has been kind to me—as a mother might be. There is no