

# The Cold Storage Egg is Restored to Society

**A Twelve Month's Sentence Has Just Expired---Was Punished by the Authorities for Being Too Fresh---Was Not Even Given Time to Bid Relatives Good Bye---Held a Chatty Interview With a Reporter---Says Disposition Has Been Soured by Captivity.**

(By H. F. Gadsby.)

Ottawa, March 1.—The following confession of a Returned Egg is not without interest. We will give it as near as possible in the words of the victim with an occasional question by the reporter to keep the story to the point.

"I am free after being a year in jail! What are my feelings now that I am restored to society? What is there in my experience which may be helpful to others? Let me begin at the beginning with my sad little story."

"It was just twelve months ago this June that I was sentenced to prison for an indeterminate period. It was, I remember, to be not more than two years, and it might be considerably less if my behavior was good and my conduct approved by the authorities. At the time I did not consider the judge lenient, nor did I take much comfort in the thought that I could work out my own salvation."

## Was Too Fresh.

"My chief feeling was one of resentment. I had been sentenced for what do you think? For being fresh! How could an egg only a week old be anything else? Besides, it was a fault that I could have outgrown had they given me a chance. But no. Prison bars

for me. Do you wonder that I fumed and almost fret myself into a fricassee when I look back upon that piece of injustice!

"However, there were several million dozen eggs in the same plight, some young like myself, others older, but not one bad—as yet. Innocent, virginal almost, wishing nothing so much as early martyrdom in some good cause, we were torn from our pastoral surroundings and hurried to the dungeon. I do not know what happened to my companions, but I know that for my part I was not even given time to bid my mother good-bye.

## An Onion Eater.

"I need not dwell on my trial or the indignities that were rained upon me by a fat, red faced man who put me to the question with a candle. He seemed to search my very soul. He was, I recollect, an onion eater, and I did not think any the more of him for that. It was on his say-so that I went down for twelve months. I shall never forgive him. My fondest hope is that we shall meet again and that he will try to eat me and choke to death in the attempt.

"Believe me, I have something in my bosom right now besides revenge that would put him to the bad. An

egg doesn't stick around in jail for twelve months for nothing. I have an accumulated rage in my heart that would poison a goat."

"What was the most distressing feature of your life in prison?" asked the reporter.

"The atmosphere—by all odds the atmosphere. I shall never forget it—the pungent, biting reek of it. My very soul is sodden with it. If I come out of prison with my nature embittered put it down to the atmosphere. It got into me deep. I am not even like the curate's egg, sweet in spots. My disposition has been soured all through. The atmosphere was awful. I went into that horrible place a brown egg—and look at me now—as white as Mary's little lamb, and ten times as tough."

"Were there no alleviations?" the reporter inquired.

## Flavelle's Visitor.

"Oh, yes," replied the Returned Egg with a wistful smile. "Mr. J. W. Flavelle used to visit me in prison. People say that he was primarily responsible for putting me there, but I can't believe it—he is such a kind, good man. I'm sure he wished me well. He used to say the most beautiful things to me.

"For example, he would tell me that it isn't what you do, but what you are that makes for character. 'Therefore,' he would say, with his Sherburn street Sunday school smile, 'remember that it is your duty not only to be good, but to stay good. If you don't stay good you will greatly disappoint me.'"

"Then I would reassure him and tell him that I would do my best, and he would take me in his hand and dust me off and call me his precious. It almost became a scandal the way he would call me his precious, but he meant it only in a fatherly way. What he had in his mind was how precious I and my companions would be, say at Christmas time, when we would be released and mixed in with the new-laid eggs at a dollar a dozen. You can figure out for yourself just how precious a few million 2½ cent eggs would be to Mr. Flavelle when sold at the right time for eight cents apiece.

"No," said the Returned Egg, "Mr. Flavelle never used words to me that could not have been uttered with perfect propriety to the world at large. And he never thought any more of me than he did of any other egg. Anybody who says that he did is a liar and a slanderer. His whole concern was for my state of health. I had to be strong to grapple with the high cost of living when I came out and, thanks to Mr. Flavelle, I am strong. If you don't believe it, just try a fall with

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## KING AS HERB GROWER

New Industry to Replace German Supply

"Will the Government protect belladonna growers by a tariff?" was one of the inquiries at a conference of medicinal herb growers in the Carlton Hotel, London. They had met to discuss the organization of various societies for producing home-grown herbs to replace supplies formerly received from Germany and Austria. The inquirer explained that 6 pounds of fresh belladonna leaves produce only 1 pound of dried leaves, and for this 50c is offered. "It's impossible to produce them profitably at that price," he said.

"I have got 7 pounds of foxglove leaves and 3 pounds of dandelion roots." What good was that to a man who had orders by the ton, asked Mr. Latimer, whose point was that it was a huge industry. Sir Sydney Olivier, Permanent Secretary of the Board of Agriculture, intimated that if any reliable organization was founded with prospects of supplying medicinal herbs in remarkable quantities the Development Commission would doubtless give favorable consideration to the question of a grant.

"Both the King and Queen have taken the greatest personal interest in the movement," stated Mr. H. C. Cust, chairman of the Central Committee for National Patriotic Organizations, who presided. At their Majesty's request there had been a consultation with the head gardener as to what could be done in growing the herbs in the royal gardens, and he (Mr. Cust) had since received a letter from the Queen's secretary stating that the matter was being proceeded with. Many owners of large gardens had started to grow medicinal herbs, some putting down 15 to 20 acres.

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me and see how strong I am."

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"It is a great satisfaction to me," continued the Returned Egg, "to see my benefactor so honored by the Borden Government. He is, I understand, the Chairman of the Imperial Munitions Board. Forgive me a poor little joke—from cold storage eggs to shrapnel—from one high explosive to another—both shell games. Mr. Flavelle is a wonderful man. And so keen on uplift.

"Look at me for uplift. Young and unspotted from the world I was worth eight cents. Can you beat it? Who did it? Mr. Flavelle and the Borden government's 45 per cent. tariff. Do the people realize how much the Borden government and philanthropists like Mr. Flavelle have done to keep the cost of living on a high moral plane? Where would I be now if it were not for the advice and assistance of these Christian gentlemen?

"Would I, an eight cent egg, be expecting to lie down presently in the same pan with 40 cent bacon? Not at all. They'd be shipping me to China, where they like their eggs gamey. Instead of which I'm paid to stay at home and kill people here. There's nothing like protection for the home market."

"I must say," said the Returned Egg, "that I have no kick against the Borden government. It is the true friend of the cold storage egg. It enables us to forget our past by associating on equal terms with new laid eggs and does not subject us to a cruel competition with innocent eggs from other countries. I think we cold storage eggs ought to be very thankful indeed to the Borden government for keeping up the high cost of living and thus preserving our self-respect."

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