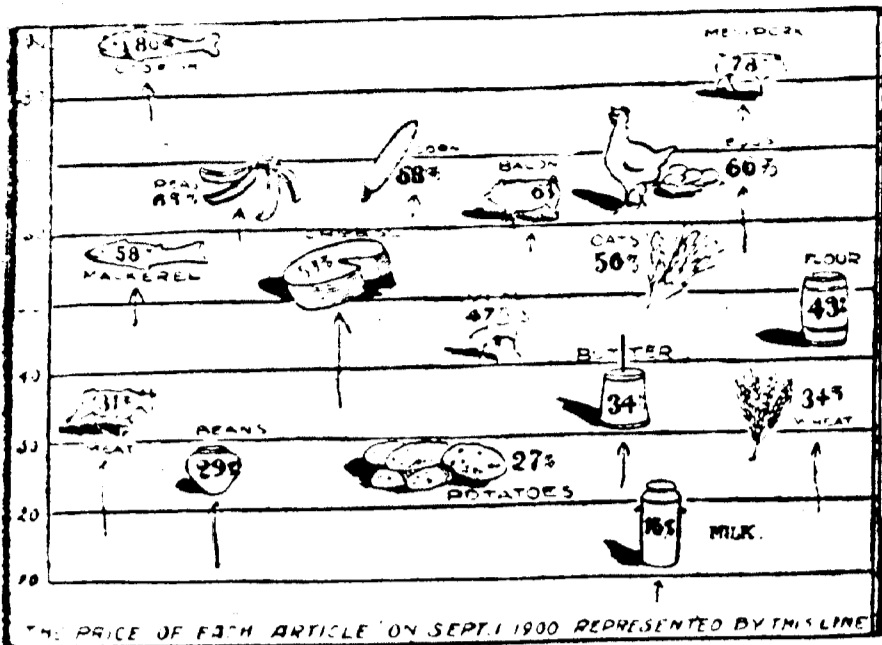


TABLE SHOWS ADVANCE IN FOOD PRICES



PRICE OF EACH ARTICLE ON SEPT. 1, 1900 REPRESENTED BY THIS LINE

An interesting article recently appeared in the Denver Post, declaring that the price of foodstuffs has continued to advance in the past 14 months, despite the resumption of trade and the general stimulus given to business. The writer says:

In order to show price relations, 53 commodities sold at wholesale and quoted by Bradstreet are used. Study of these data shows that wheat September 1 this year was 27 1/2 cents per bushel higher than it was on September 1, 1905, and 27 cents above September 1, 1904, the ratios of gain being 27 per cent and 34 per cent, respectively. Corn was up 17 1/2 cents, or 25 per cent over September 1, 1905, and 31 1/2 cents, or 63 per cent, over September 1, 1904. Oats brought over September 1 five years before, while the advance over ten years ago amounts to 14 1/2 cents, or 56 per cent.

Barley this year cost 16 cents, or 20 per cent a bushel more than it did in 1905, and 17 cents over its cost on September 1, 1904. A bushel of rye was 21 cents, or 16 per cent cheaper on September 1, 1905, than it was on the same date this year, and on September 1, 1904, it was 19 1/2 cents, or 33 per cent lower.

Examination of the data covering prices on ready or partly ready to use articles reveals interesting changes. In every instance the changes hereafter noted are based on quotations as of September 1, this year; September 1, 1905, and September 1, 1904. Beef carcasses bring one cent more per pound than they did five years ago and 1 1/2 cents more than in 1904. Hogs in carcass form and on the pound basis cost three cents, or 37 per cent, in excess of 1905, and 4 1/2 cents, or 62 per cent over 1904.

Mutton is up 1 1/2 cents per pound, and 2 1/2 cents, or 38 per cent. Milk is one-half cent higher on the quart compared with 1905, and three-fourths cent over 1904. Eggs show an advance of six cents the dozen, the gain being equivalent to 25 per cent over 1905, and the rise over 1904 is 65 per cent, or 12 cents.

What is known as family beef is \$2.50 per barrel, or 21 per cent higher than it was in 1905, and \$3.50, or 33 per cent over 1904. Pork, new mess, is dearer by \$6.75, or 42 per cent, than it was in 1905, and it brings \$10, or 78 per cent, more than it did in 1904, the price being for 200-pound barrels. Bacon, a great breakfast favorite, was 3 1/2 cents per pound cheaper five years ago than it is today, and it was 4 1/2 cents lower ten years ago. In other words, the rise is no less than 35 per cent and 62 per cent, respectively.

Molasses is off one cent per gallon from the price of five years ago, and it is cheaper to the extent of 15 cents, or 34 per cent, than it was ten years ago. Salt is down 19 cents on the sack of 24 pounds from 1905, and 34 cents, or 39 per cent, from 1904. Raisins are up one-half cent per pound over 1905, but they are lower to the extent of 2 1/2 cents than they were in 1904. Currents bring five-eighths cent over the quotation of five years ago, but they are three-fourths cent below the price quoted ten years back.

TOWN OF FAMED RED PIPER

Little City of Germany Around Which Cling Associations of Much Attraction.

For those who are contemplating a holiday in Germany for the first time I can imagine no happier spot than the town made so familiar to English readers by Browning's ballad of the "Red Piper," a writer in T. P.'s Weekly says. As a holiday resort it has a thousand and one advantages, besides the fact, which must be ever dear to the true Browning lover, that one is treading the same streets down which the piper piped of old the rats to the Weiser and the children to the hole in the hill. Indeed, these streets would seem to have changed little during the lapse of centuries. Still the quaint old mediæval gables lean out over the road and the bizarre old streets lead one into unexpected nooks. Then the town is in the province of Hanover, where the purest German exists; indeed, like Indre-et-Loire in France, Hanover is famous for its purity of accent. Again, it is cheap; so cheap that it will not cost so much as the eternal English seaside resort. It has also the additional charm of being quite unique in its way, something novel to English eyes. It has become customary to talk about the "souls" of towns; the canals and bells, for instance, are the soul of Bruges, and so on. And if one may apply the expression to a little town of 20,000 inhabitants Hameln (for so Browning's Hamelin town appears on the German maps), too, has a soul of its own. And over its inhabitants it seems to have a potent influence—the influence of a soul expressed in a legendary past that is still vital in its mediæval streets and buildings.

HONORS WITH THE COMEDIAN

Deserved to Win Audience by Witty Retort He Made to Unfortunate Derider.

When a certain well-known Scotch comedian, noted for the stern repression of his generous instincts, appeared in a London music hall after his last American tour, he was greeted by a great uproar of welcome. One man was seen crying out in an apparent delirium of pleasure, but in a hush of the cheering his voice was heard exclaiming: "Skinflint! Skinflint!"

As soon as the noise died away the comedian pointed over the audience to his critic who was looking rather sheepish at being caught.

"What did you mean?" said he, "by calling me a skinflint?"

"Oh, I didn't mean anything," said the other, "except in a—in an affectionate sort of way."

"I see," said the comedian. "It's a good thing you didn't have a brick in your hand or you might have thrown me a kiss as well."

Battle of the Pyramids.

The Battle of the Pyramids was one of the Napoleonic conflicts. It was the culmination of a French expedition, which set sail in command of Napoleon in 1798 for the conquest of Egypt. The French Directory happened to be profoundly worried just at that time by the great popularity of the young Corsican soldier, and so thought to get rid of him by sending him on an expedition which might promise to give him his finish.

But the intomitable Napoleon took Alexandria and then triumphed over Moudia Bey at the pyramids, despite the fact that the British admiral, Nelson, had destroyed the French fleet at Aboukir. Napoleon soon was master of Egypt, but just at the height of his triumph he suddenly quit his army and set sail for France. The British warships came close to capturing him, but he finally reached Paris, turning up there unexpectedly, much to the discomfiture of the Directory, which had become highly unpopular.

The cunning Napoleon lost no time in beginning the intrigues that were to make him first consul of France the following year, 1799.

Mercury's Wings.

We have heard of stealing a god's thunder, but it has remained for a French milliner to take from Mercury a pair of graceful wings and place them at the side of a velvet hat. Heavy gold or bronze is the favorite color, and woven thread is the material in which these wings appear. They are not large, and are placed with the tips pointing backward, one slightly over the other. It is an effective decoration, just a trifle different from the leathery ones, and with the feathers of the ancient messenger it is flying into a well-deserved popularity.

Rubbish Basket Saved Life.

If it had not been for a basketful of rubbish standing in the roadway of a tenement, little Tony Sando of San Francisco would not be alive today. The boy lives on the fourth floor of the tenement, and one day recently, while watching some companions at play, he leaned too far out of the window, lost his balance, and fell head first into the court below, landing in the rubbish basket, which broke his fall and saved his life. He escaped with a fractured leg.

Uncalled For.

The impetuous party was standing before the window of a railroad ticket agency, in which was displayed the announcement:

"Around the World, \$453.96"

"The sixty-third part," growled the impetuous party, "is bad enough—but that thirty cents is adding insult to injury."

MYSTERY ONLY SHORT TIME

Before Editor Had Chance to Write Up Story the Explanation Was Made to Him.

The energetic editor of the Grand Wamp Advocate was rudely awakened from his afternoon slumber in his office chair by a violent ringing of the telephone bell. At first he thought it was the jangling of silver coin and a smile played over his sunken features, but when he realized what it was he sprang to his feet.

"Hello!" shouted he, seizing a pad and pencil.

"Hello!" came the answer. "Is this the Advocate office?"

"Yes, and this is the office. What do you want?"

"Well, say, they've been a murder committed out here on my farm and I wonder how you come right out and write it up?"

"A murder? What makes you think so?"

"Well, I just found a hat, a coat and a pair of spectacles down in my south meadow, and they ain't another blessed thing in sight nowhere. Oh, it's murder, all right."

"Have you run down all the clues?"

"Yes, an' all the stock. Ain't even a footprint in the grass."

"All right, I'll be right out."

The editor had jumped into his shoes and coat, and was giving directions to his office boy, when the bell rang a second time.

"Hello!" he shouted nervously.

"Hello!" came the answer. "You needn't come out. An' a ship's boiler has just come in an' sez ez how he dropped 'em."

HAD SMALL USE FOR PROCTOR

One Sacrifice Thomas B. Reed Might Have Made for the Freedom of Cuba.

Maj F. A. Kendall, who was a classmate of the late Thomas B. Reed and fellow member of the boat crew at Bowdoin college, told this hitherto unpublished bon mot by that famous wit:

Reed never forgave Senator Redfield Proctor for delivering the Vermont delegation to McKinley at the national convention in 1896 when the Ohio man was nominated for president. All the other New England states held out for Reed and he left that except for Proctor's he might have had a chance for the nomination.

Maj Kendall met Reed in New York at the time of the Spanish-American war, which the latter felt to be one of the great diplomatic mistakes of all time. They started to discuss that topic.

"It's simply outrageous," declared Reed. "Our good American soldiers slaughtered for the freedom of Cuba! Bah! I wouldn't give one drop of American blood for the whole island"—he paused for a moment and then added, dryly, "unless it was the blood of Senator Proctor."

Frightfully Close to Death.

A thrilling incident in connection with a recent ascent of the Paravel airship in Berlin is reported in the German press. A boy who had come too near the ropes got his right leg entangled, and when the balloon rose he was lifted up in the air, head downwards. While hanging in that position he succeeded, as a good gymnast, in catching the rope with his hands, thus getting in a safer and more comfortable position. The crowd below watched with bated breath the movements of the boy hanging between heaven and earth at a height of 600 feet. It was then that the people in the balloon noticed the signals from below, and brought down the airship, whereupon the boy was rescued half dead from his perilous position.

Bows on Men's Hats.

Why is it that a man's hat has a bow invariably on the left side? The answer is that there was a time when a piece of cloth adjusted to the head and tied with a band of other material served for a headpiece. The reason the bow was always placed on the left side had its origin in the fact that in wielding a sword—an accomplishment possessed by nearly everyone of consequence at one period of the world's history—the bow or rosette, if placed on the right side would have been in the way. Its present day utility is that it keeps most men from wearing their hats hind side before, and although with most hats that would not matter, with most heads it does. The Sunday Magazine.

The British Navy.

The navy, who, according to Dr. Farrar's interesting report to the local government board, is fast dying out, dates back to the eighteenth century, when some hundreds of canals—navigation, as they were called—were cut all over the country. Hence he was dubbed a navigator, or navy. A description preserved in the sign, The Navigators' Arms, of which there are many in the Midlands. The "navigator" is usually depicted with one hand resting on a spade, while the other holds a foaming pot of ale.—London Chronicle.

World's Greatest Market.

The greatest market place in the world is not located in any of the world's great cities. It is found at the comparatively unknown point of the Nijni Novgorod, in Russia, whose annual fair, bringing merchants from all over Asia and Europe, records a business of \$150,000,000 in six weeks.—The Circle.

LESSON FROM THE JAP BEAR

Many Others Might Take to Heart What One Man Declares He Has Learned.

"I never go to the Zoological park," said a frequenter of that resort, "that I do not get some valuable lesson from the animals. Last week I became fascinated with the little black Japanese bear. He is truly Japanese in his reminding one of the dapper traits of that people, and the day I saw him he was doing a striking dervish act around his cage, chasing himself in a continuous performance that made me dizzy, and disdaining all attempts of visitors to enter him from it. I noticed above his cage a placard stating his genus, species, etc. It also bore the information that in disposition this species was exceedingly irritable and unfriendly, that no specimen had been known to make friends with even a keeper, and that cowardice was a leading characteristic."

"How strange," I said to my companion. "I should think that if these bears are cowardly they would try to make friends in order to be safe from harm."

"Perhaps," said my companion, who is a shrewd observer, "but I have noticed that people who have ugly tempers are nearly always cowardly."

"That gave me a bunch. Whenever, since then, I have been on the point of losing my temper the word 'bear' has come up before me in large black letters and it is not a nice word. We are not always so much ashamed as we should be of having nasty tempers and we often indulge them with very little compunction, but no man will calmly brand himself a coward, so the little Jap bear has been useful to me.—New York Press.

JOY IN ONE'S PROPER WORK

Greatest Pleasure in Life is Doing Task That One Has Long Sought to Do.

The truth is that pleasure is a by-product of work. The man who has something to do that he wants to do intensely, and that he is able at last to do, gets pleasure as a fee, as a tip, as an extra allowance. Perhaps the kindest joy in life is to accomplish what you have long sought to do, even if you feel that the result might be a little better than you have achieved. Possibly the most exquisite gratification comes from the consciousness of a good job well done. The foolish talk about the "joy of labor" is responsible for much of the haste to gain wealth that we may regret in old age. But if we are honest with ourselves we know that labor is a curse, that it is over a blessing. The theory that work in itself is painful, or that it is the duty of humanity, is essentially aristocratic and fundamentally feudal. It is hostile to the democratic ideal. Work is what sustains life and gives delight to all our days. That man is happiest and gets the utmost out of life who is neither poor nor rich and who is in love with his job, joying in the work that comes to his hands. And that man is truly cured who is released from the privilege of congenial toil because he has too much.—Hammer Matthews, in Forum.

Colonial Banquet at \$50 a Plate.

It is not in our own era that the inhabitants of Manhattan Island have gone the way of combining extravagance with their feasts.

Eacher Singleton tells in her "Dutch New York" of old burgher cronies who on one occasion dined at the City Tavern to the extent of \$50 a cover, present value. The record of the banquet is preserved because the burghers did not settle promptly and the case went to court.

Plain Pets Not Enough.

There is a tendency to give individuality to pets. If you merely give in for dogs and cats, which may be described as commonplace pets, these creatures must be made different in some way from those of your friends. Either they must wear costly collars, or bangles, or rich ribbons of one particular color, or their baskets must be luxuriously upholstered, but, if possible, a bird, beast, or reptile of uncomfortable character is now affected by many women. Even the wasp has not escaped attention, and infant bears are very popular.—The Queen.

Is This the Humorists' Club?

What are the dining hours at your club?

"From five to eight for all except the committee."

"Why the exception?"

"Because rule 5 says: 'The committee is at liberty at any time to fill any vacancy in their body.'"

Ruthless Interrogators.

"I hate people who pry into personal affairs."

"With whom do you expect trouble; customs inspectors or census takers?"—Washington Star.

MRS. FINLETTER'S CALL OF HER HUSBAND

to Fictionous Luncheon Had Much Method in It.

Eugene Higgins, at a dinner in New York, was questioned by a young lady about the bathnet of his yacht Varuna.

"It is a simple contrivance," said Mr. Higgins. "I let it down into the sea, and that enables my guests and myself to bathe." It is a simple contrivance, but the newspapers of the day have made me prate so much about it that, really, I seem like Mrs. Finletter.

Mrs. Finletter and her husband had just moved into a \$11 seven-room house. The first Sunday morning there, as Mr. Finletter sat with his enormous newspaper on his little porch, and all the neighbors on both sides of the street sat with their newspapers on their little porches, Mrs. Finletter suddenly came to the front door and shouted to her husband in a loud, excited tone:

"Hilary Finletter, will you or will you not come in to luncheon? The champagne is nearly flat, and you know how soon a dish of terrapin gets cold."

"Finletter tossed down the comic section and hurried indoors with a deuced smile.

"What are you kidding me for?" he asked, as he looked at the rump steak and potatoes on the dining table.

"It's not you, Hilary, I'm kidding," said his wife. "It's the neighbors."

GET RID OF BEARISH HABITS

Too Many Heads of Families Leave Their Pleasant Manners "Downtown."

Sometimes certain sorts of bearish traits run in the family, as the saying is, writes Mary Houston Vorse, in Harper's Bazar. It is not unusual to see a whole series of silly men who dominate their families in silent gloom. When father is home, conversation ceases, gaily is expelled, and yet father, when away from home, is rumored to be frequently witty, even genial. With this example before them it is very likely that the boys will carry on the family tradition. People who know the family well will tell you that Mr. Johnson is exactly like his great uncle Gibson. Where there is a bear of this kind at home there is little hope that many of that family will escape, and they will go on breeding unhappiness and discontent among those for whom they care the most.

It is rather sad that so many kind, by people should make the home circle uncomfortable because they are not willing to accord those dearest to them the same consideration that they give to strangers. Perhaps one day we may advance to that state of civilization when it is as great a crime to break the domestic peace as it now is to make a scene in public.

European Carnivals.

At public carnivals men and women usually dress in gorgeous or grotesque costumes. "I write a correspondent at 'The Magic' in a Berlin paper, and these costumes are nearly the same everywhere. At the celebration here in honor of the queen's birthday the tramcars and not the maskers attracted attention. Great trams were built around the cars and hid their identity, except for the trolley, was entirely obliterated, and in their stead we saw monstrous animals, automobiles, churches, bridges, temples, etc. These moved along the tracks, creating an effect striking and novel. It was certainly an improvement on the floats mounted on wheels, which we had seen roll and bump over the pavements, and these disguised tramcars will probably take the place of the old-fashioned moving tableaux."

Tree Planting on Waste Lands.

Colo of Holkham, so we learn from Mr. W. H. R. Currier's short "History of English Agriculture" began his great agricultural work about 1776 on an estate where, as old Lady Townshend said, "all you will see will be one blade of grass, and two rabbits fighting for that." In fact it was little better than a rabbit warren. He transformed the bleak, bare countryside by planting 50 acres of trees every year until he had 3,000 acres well covered, and in 1832 had probably the unique experience of embarking in a ship which was built of oak grown from the acres he had himself planted. Between 1776 and 1842 (the date of the death) he is said to have spent £336,992 on improving his estate.

How It Demonstrated.

"What did the Neverbust the test turn out?"

"Do you mean the test run of the Skooter car equipped with Neverbust tires?"

"Yes."

"Why the chauffeur got full and ran the car into a ditching post?"

"What did the Neverbust press agent say about it?"

"He said the test clearly demonstrated the fact that the country needs better roads."

A Derelict to Be.

Passenger (some years hence)—Why are we moving so slowly?

Aerial Captain—There is a derelict around here somewhere. According to the government experts, that fellow who fell out of his car during the race beyond Saturn, 150 years ago last month, is somewhere in this vicinity, and I want to avoid a collision by all means.—Puck.