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FLOUR DROPPED FIFTY CENTS PER BARREL

MINNEAPOLIS, June 26—Flour dropped 30 to 50 cents a barrel at the mills to-day. The decline was due to a sharp break in the wheat market yesterday. Quotations at one mill for family patents were lowered to \$13.50 from \$14.00 a barrel and the same grade of flour brought \$14.25 at another mill, which price is a decrease of 30 cents a barrel.

PAINTING THE TOWN

All Cuban cities offer a motley of tints, but Santiago outdoes them all in the chaotic jumble of pigments. In a single block we found house walls of lavender, sap green, robin's egg blue, maize yellow, sky green, saffron, deep imperat pink, old rose, light pink, yellow ochre, maroon, tan, vermilion and purple. This jumble of colors with never two shades of the same degree, gives the city a kaleidoscopic brilliancy under the tropical sun that is equally entrancing and trying to the eye.

Autos vs Crime

Wearily visaged, undersized, a typical product of the slums, he slouched slowly through the drizzling rain. It was late at night, and he had been drinking hard—the drinking of one who would drown misery. Now he was making his way to the dismal quarters that he called home.

His thoughts were bitter. He had lost his job. He was always losing his job, as was, after all, the natural thing in the case of a man quite without education and born short of brain stuff.

But if he was essentially an unemployable, this did not make matters any better for him, his wife, and their little child. He shivered, though not with cold, as he slouched along.

Then his eye caught sight of an open first floor window. Why will people leave first floor windows open late at night?

He hesitated. Looking up and down the street, he could see no

one. Cautiously he approached the house. A quick spring, and he was through the window.

He found himself in a drawing room, faintly illuminated by a street light. Warily he went to work, questing for something he could turn into money.

He had never robbed before. Desperation had impelled him now. And, being a novice, he bungled so that he was overheard.

"Hands up!" came a sudden command from the owner of the house. Because he was desperate he did not put up his hands. A heavy poker from the hearth gave him a sufficient weapon. He struck only once.

The householder fell without so much as a groan—to move no more. The drink-driven, poverty-driven burglar leaped from the window—into the arms of passing policemen. A little later they hanged him for murder.

Into this same street an automobile turned. At the wheel sat a highly educated gentleman. It was his own car, and he was taking

FASHIONS FOR CANADIANS

Style designers claim to be genuinely interested in the problem of solving, somehow, the high cost of clothes. One of the foremost of American style authorities recently told the writer that his fall line of garments would be designed with the idea of utility in mind.

One of his schemes is to offer frocks for afternoon wear that will be equally suitable for theatre wear in the evening. To do this he believes it is necessary to make the formal evening gown less extreme than it has usually been in the past and this is exactly what he plans to do, he declares. He believes that the too scant evening gown should be absolutely dropped and is taking a stand against the "naked" type of dress—the bare back affair or any gown featuring an extreme décolletage.

So far fall and winter styles are really guess work, and the models that have been brought out already may lose caste when the French openings in August have spread influence throughout the fashion world. Just at present simplicity seems to be the style rule and the low waste-line frocks that are being offered for early fall street wear are both simple and smart.

One little long-waisted frock recently seen was of navy crepe meteor—a fabric, by the way, that seems to be having a strong vogue for fall—the waist and underneath skirt stitched in white so as to give it a checkered appearance. The skirt proper, laid in the three-quarter-inch flat pleats, was attached to the waist at the hip line and a loosely draped chain girle was of blue tone bakelite—the material

so favored for parasole handles. The sketch shows a serge featuring the low waist line and with a graceful side drapery as well. Very narrow braid in a vivid red gives the dress a pretty trimming touch.



Fall Frocks of Navy Serge

three other highly educated gentlemen for an evening drive.

The party were going nowhere in particular, but they were going there in a hurry. In so much of a hurry were they that the driver did not sound his horn as he turned into the street. Nor did he slow down.

By a regrettable chance an old lady was stepping off the curb at that moment. Everybody agreed that it was most regrettable. The gentleman motorist paid the funeral expenses—but did not spend a day in jail.

Not so long afterward a delivery truck invaded the street, guided by a grimy but extravagantly paid chauffeur.

Like the gentleman motorist, he knew the traffic regulations. He was equally aware of the danger to others if he did not drive carefully. But he, too, was in a hurry. The price this time was the life of a tiny girl. And the truck driver complained because he got six months.

Yet were not these more truly murderers than the miserably, mentally defective, amateur? And does not justice demand that they and their numerous ilk be treated as he was treated?

Public safety demands it also. Hang, electrocute, or imprison for life a few speed maniacs who kill, as sanity in automobiling would soon be infinitely more in evidence than it is to-day.

Assuredly the need for it is urgent.

MAKING A KICKING MULE.

By W. H. Gocher.

While the mule has a reputation for kicking that it does not deserve, there are a few which to use a bally hoo term can "kick the stars out of the sky." Nature did not equip the hybrids with that disposition. Man grafted it on them either by abuse or to get a few dollars on the vaudeville stage or the free attraction platform at fairs.

The old time driver Barney Demarest, who discovered Prince Albert and many other light harness stars in the rough and who is now in the free attraction business, has a kicking mule called Cupid that is in a class by himself. Off the stage he is a pet for the babies, while in the ring he is a terror from the head waters of Salt Creek.

One day last winter when Barney was at a fair circuit meeting in Virginia, he was asked how kicking mules were trained and where he found Cupid. "Well," said Barney, as he gave the sleeve of his coat a twitch, "Red Farrell picked him out for me. We were in East St. Louis and Farrell said I should have a kicking mule. We went out to the stock yards, where Mr. Pendleton

introduced me to Mr. Matthews. The latter had over a thousand mules in the different pens, Farrell and I sorted them over, like junk in a second hand store, all of our time being devoted to what are known as mine mules, that is the small ones.

"Finally after three or four hours tramping from one pen to the other, Red selected a little chestnut mule with a black strip on his back. He said that there was enough intelligence displayed in his countenance to make a star performer if he could teach him to kick and buck. He did not look very promising to me as the little fellow began nosing around as if he were looking for sugar. I bought him, however, on Farrell's judgment. Mr. Matthews letting me have him for \$90 because I was a friend of Pendleton, and with the understanding if he did not fill the bill, I could return him and take another.

"At the start, Cupid wanted to make friends with Farrell, but he soon set him kicking by tapping him in the rump with a glove in which there was about a dozen tacks driven through the palm of it. At the start Cupid had to feel the pricks before he would move a foot but after a few work outs, all Farrell had to do was to move his hand and the air was full of hoofs.

"The next step was to train him to throw a rider. Without that item, a kicking mule is not worth the water he drinks. Farrell found a husky boy to ride Cupid but for over a week he would trot around with the lad on his back without responding to any of Red's lessons.

"Finally when I looked as if I would be compelled to return him, I had a talk with Mr. Matthews. He said that he was not surprised as he had purchased the mule himself and was told at the time of the transfer that two children had ridden him to school for over a year.

"When I told Farrell, he got a saddle and a few burrs under it. Girthing it as tightly as possible, he put the boy on Cupid's back. When he felt the pricks, that boy went ten feet in the air. From that day, Cupid was letter perfect and no one has ever been able to ride him.

"During Cupid's first trip with my horses, I played Tulsa, Okla., Christmas week. I was offering \$25 to any one who could remain on his back for a minute. A cow boy read it and told me that he would bet the money Christmas Eve. Upon making inquiry, I learned that he was a wonder with buckers and I did not know but what he might make good. In order to wise up Cupid, I gave him a sharp tack drill and told a darkey who was travelling with me to make the first trial after the mule was brought into the ring.

"After a few attempts, the darkey managed to get on Cupid's back with his legs locked around his neck, while he grabbed him below the hooks with his hands. For a few seconds, it looked as if he had a chance but in some way that I cannot describe that mule shook him off like Frank Gotch would a wrestler. When falling, the darkey's head struck a post and cut a big gash in his forehead.

"The cowboy was standing at the ring side with his coat off, watching the performance. As the darkey struggled to his feet with the blood running down his face, the cow boy picked up his coat and walked out of the theatre with the remark that "buckers and kickers were easy for his kind but he would not chance a wiggle like that."

"Upon the advice of the management, I withdrew the money offer. They were satisfied that an outsider would get hurt and a damage suit would follow. The invitation to ride Cupid, however, still stands and while thousands have been asked to try it, no one has ever succeeded in remaining on his back in the ring.

"Cupid is a wise mule. When the music stops, he knows that his act is completed. I then step to the side of the ring and lay a cane on his neck. His halter is slipped on and from that moment until he is released for another act, a boy can do anything with him."

The Old Gardener Says

Many thousands of dollars are lost every year because of the blight which attacks the potatoes in small gardens as well as on the farmer's broad acres. The way to head off blight is to begin spraying promptly with bordeaux mixture. If there are bugs on the potatoes use a combination of bordeaux mixture and arsenate of lead in order to secure immunity from both bugs and blight. It has been found that the bordeaux mixture serves a useful purpose even when no blight is present, actually increasing the size of the crop and improving the condition of the tubers. Spraying is the best kind of crop insurance.



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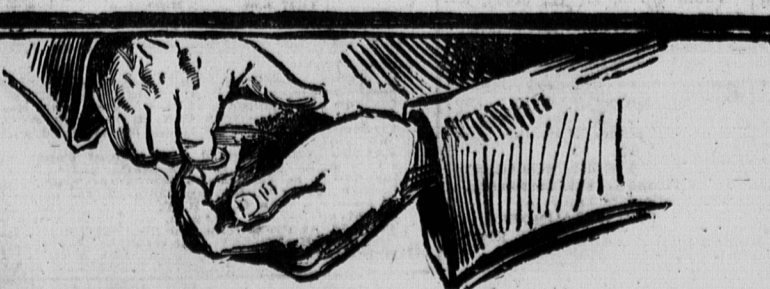
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