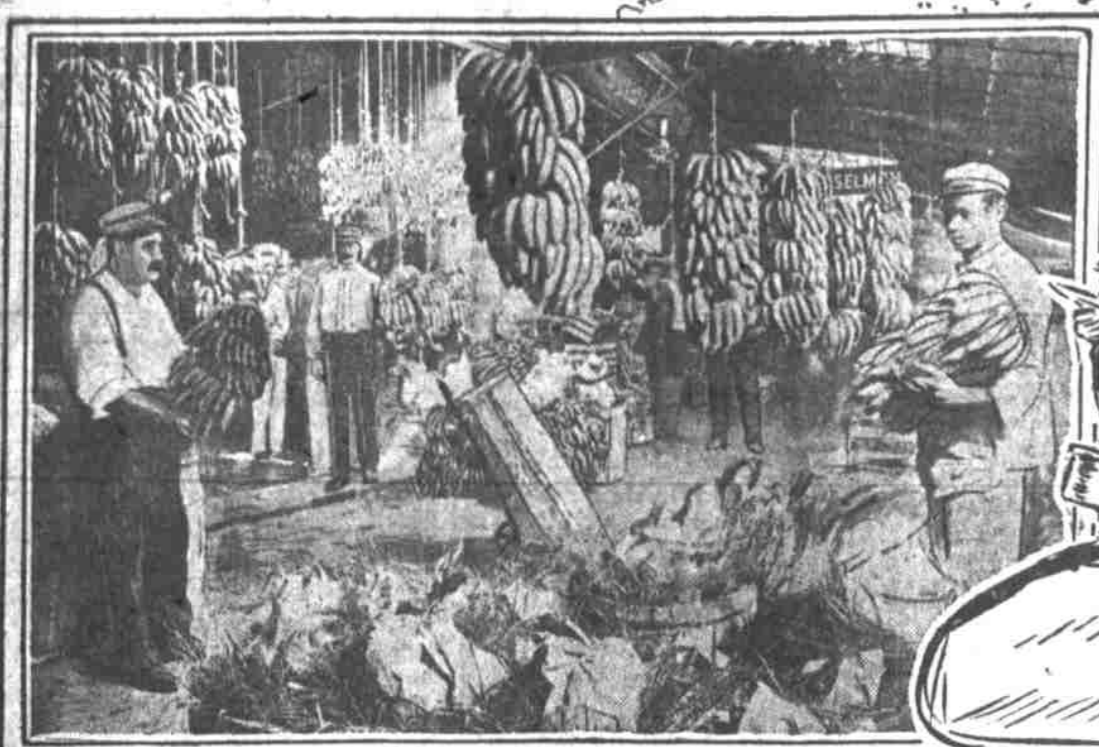


# A MILLION DOLLARS A DAY FOR MEALS



Even Bananas Have Increased in Price

## How a Great Community Stints and Splurges at Its Table

ONE might regard the modern American city as a Gargantua, beside which the jolly giant of old Rabelais, for all his devouring of whole roasts, flocks of fowls and pasties innumerable, was but a puny apology for hunger, with the appetite of a butterfly and the capacity of a beetle.

This Gargantua of the new world every summer suffers from a falling off of appetite which would be alarming if it weren't natural.

The hundreds of thousands of roast turkeys, chickens and geese, the vast droves of cattle, the huge herds of pigs, the enormous mass of pies that greeted his greedy nostrils with delectable odors are as far from his summer thoughts as the first husband is from a Sioux Falls divorcee.

He longs for them no more. All he asks is a lemonade jug underneath the bough, or buttermilk that came from some real cow. With these, to paraphrase Omar, Gargantua finds paradise enow.

But when he forgets his abstemious resolutions—which is about three times a day—he breaks for the nearest table and leaves Omar on the bleachers with the pink lemonade.

The Gargantua, in whom are comprised the appetites that make up the modern American city, from the million and a half of Philadelphia, the two millions of Chicago, to the four millions of New York, manages, even in summer, to spend a million a day for his meals—and more.

Here is how he spends it.

THIS summer, just when the Meat Trust made the horrifying discovery that it would have to charge a cent or two more a pound on dressed beef because the disloyal cattle raisers hadn't raised enough beef to go around, the great cities made the discovery that they didn't care for meat.

They could save money by being vegetarians, fisharians, eggarians and Fletcherites. Everything was too high, anyway.

Nevertheless, while the national outcry against meat prices was loudest and the national resolve of vegetarianism was strongest and the national necessity for economy was sharpest, these were the daily meat records, per million of inhabitants, for one great eastern city:

Beef—1400 head, or 1,680,000 pounds, at 6 1/2 cents per pound, dressed, with 975,400 pounds killed locally and 704,600 pounds shipped dressed.

Veal—1500 calves, or 140,000 pounds of veal, at 7 cents per pound; all killed locally.

Pork—8000 hogs, 1,300,000 pounds of pork, at 6 cents per pound; 754,000 killed locally and 546,000 shipped dressed.

Mutton and lamb—12,000 sheep and lambs, 1,080,000 pounds, at 7 1/2 cents per pound for lamb and 8 1/2 cents for mutton; 606,400 pounds killed locally and 473,600 shipped dressed.

Gargantua will not quite starve this summer, according to those figures. And from being 40 per cent less than they were when he made his first strike against meat diet upon the rise in prices during the spring, the total was then only 40 per cent less than his normal consumption of meat during the early summer weather.

### HEROIC RESOLUTIONS

Heroic resolutions, easy enough to make, are not always kept to the letter, when it comes to ordering cabbage.

Yet it was undeniable that this Homeric appetite of the city's million had dropped off 40 per cent in the matter of meats; and, as for the abattoir figures and the statistics of shipment, great quantities of the pork went to curing houses for preservation and shipment to other communities; much of the country disapproved the discovery that they didn't care for meat.

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with its abstemious resolves, the prices at which the retailing butchers secured their meats were: For dressed beef of good quality, from 10 1/2 to 11 cents per pound, 2 1/2 cents higher than it was during the corresponding period in 1907; for beef of poor quality, from 9 1/2 to 10 cents, 3 cents higher than the price for 1907; for dressed sheep, most of them good, 12 cents per pound, 4 cents higher than 1907; lamb, all good in quality, from 13 1/2 to 14 cents, 2 1/2 cents higher than 1907; veal, all good and a local product largely independent of the western range, 10 to 11 cents, the normal price per pound; pork, all good quality, 12 cents, 2 cents higher than 1907; stewing chicken, 16 cents, being no change from 1907.

The meat-eating million went on its strike of 50 per cent reduction because of the retail prices the butchers asked them.

Gargantua is a big, hearty, heavy-set fellow who slugs the man next in line and lets him pass it along. What made him hit out was the near and expensive fact that rump steak was costing, at the butcher's, 23 cents, against 26 cents in 1907; sirloin, 20 cents, against 25 cents; rib roast, 25, against 18 and 20; chuck, 12 and 14, against 10 and 12; brisket, 8, against 6.

Mutton was 16, against 12, for leg, while chops were 25, against 18 and 20. Lamb chops were 30 to 35, against 1907's extreme high of 25, leg of lamb, 20, against 16, rack.

When Queen Victoria required that the scrawniest should not escape the humiliating horrors of decolletage, great-grandmothers sacrificed the Schus that hid the sacred relics of their youth.

More than all, when the kaiser said to his moustache, "Hoch der Kaiser," hoch it was, getting hoche and hoche, so to speak, until it nearly put his eyes out—and even the Herrs Parisians had to follow suit. They yelled for a ravanche from under moustaches that were perpendicular popularizations of the kaiser's.

It is no idle fear. Humanity is helpless in the presence of royalty's whims. When King Edward was prince of Wales and was supposed to have a figure, the civilized world had to bow to his barbaric checks.

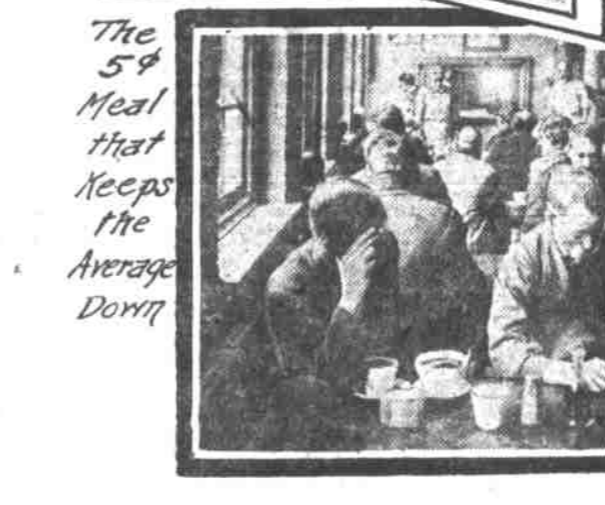
Whenever a foreigner blows over this way, Americans get an idea of the power of a great idea. Every one of their moustaches answers the kaiser's tyrannous influence. Whenever one of our native sons has acquired an auto and the "bug" that inspires the plain American to become haughty and likewise false princes—which means that he is the real article in society—the first thing that happens, after he cuts his old acquaintances, is the perpendicularity of his moustache.



A Mainstay of the Masses—When Potatoes Arrive in Big Lots



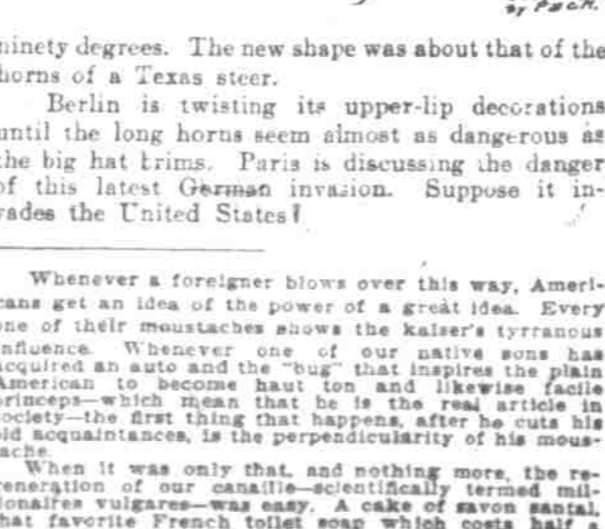
The Food That Sends the Average Skyward



The 5¢ Meal That Keeps the Average Down



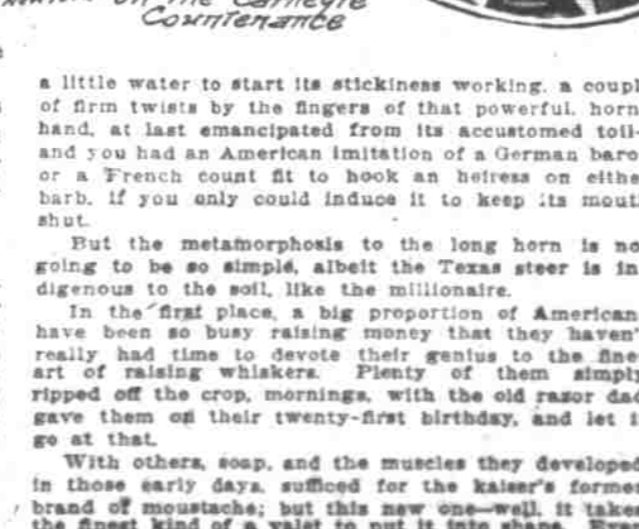
The Kaiser as Long Known to Fame



The Imperial Moustache of Today



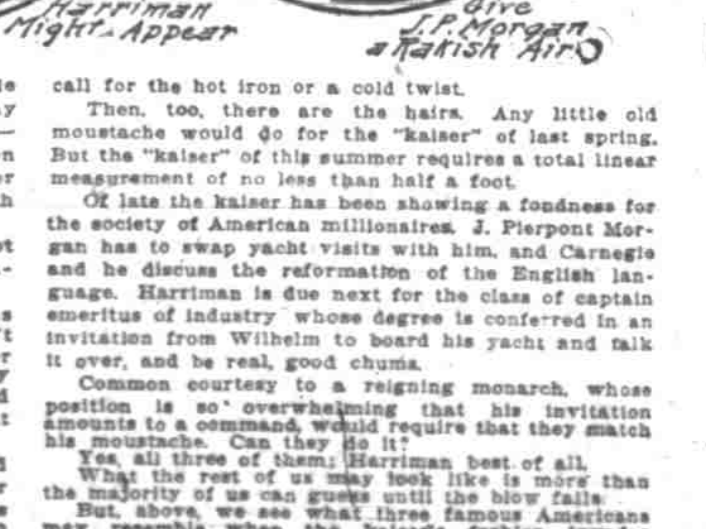
The Effect of the Carnegie Countenance



As Harriman Might Appear



World Giving J.P. Morgan a Turkish Air



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## Suppose the Kaiser's Moustache Invades America?



SEE the kaiser's new style of moustache! It used to soar straight upward; it could soar more scarily than any moustache known to fame, and never turn a hair, until the kaiser landed in London to call on his Uncle Edward.

Then, suddenly, it took a twist along the horizontal, diverting from the vertical, at a fixed attitude on a level with the nostrils, at an angle of ninety degrees. The new shape was about that of the horns of a Texas steer.

Berlin is twisting its upper-lip decorations until the long horns seem almost as dangerous as the big hat brims. Paris is discussing the danger of this latest German invasion. Suppose it invades the United States!

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When it was only that, and nothing more, the regeneration of our canaille—scientifically termed millionaires vulgaires—was easy. A cake of sapon sanial, that favorite French toilet soap which costs half a dollar and sticks like the millionaire's poor relations, a little water to start its stickiness working, a couple of firm twists by the fingers of that powerful, horny hand, at last emancipated from its accustomed toll—and you had an American imitation of a German baron or a French count fit to hook an heiress on either barb, if you only could induce it to keep its mouth shut.

But the metamorphosis to the long horn is not going to be so simple, albeit the Texas steer is indigenous to the soil, like the millionaire.

In the first place, a big proportion of Americans have been so busy raising money that they haven't really had time to devote their genius to the finer art of raising whiskers. Plenty of them simply ripped off the crop, mornings, with the old razor dad gave them on their twenty-first birthday, and let it go at that.

With others, soap, and the muscles they developed in those early days, sufficed for the kaiser's former brand of moustache; but this new one—well, it takes the finest kind of a waist to put it into shape. When the barbers are not certain, yet, whether it ought to call for the hot iron or a cold twist.

Then, too, there are the hairs. Any little old moustache would go for the "kaiser" of last spring. But the "kaiser" of this summer requires a total linear measurement of no less than half a foot.

Of late the kaiser has been showing a fondness for the society of American millionaires. J. Pierpont Morgan has to swap yacht visits with him, and Carnegie and discuss the reformation of the English language. Harriman is due next for the class of captain emeritus of industry whose degree is conferred in an invitation from Wilhelm to board his yacht and talk it over, and be real, good chums.

Common courtesy to a reigning monarch, whose position is so overwhelming that his invitation amounts to a command, would require that they match his moustache. Can they do it?

Yes, all three of them; Harriman best of all. What the rest of us may look like is more than the majority of us can guess until the blow falls.

But, above, we see what three famous Americans may resemble when the kaiser's fashion invades America.