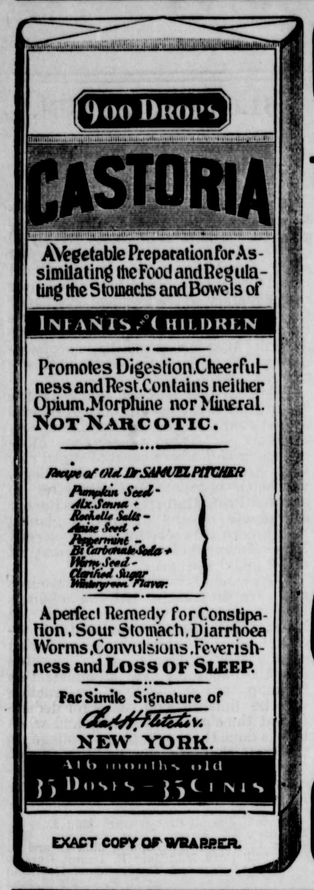

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R. H. COLLINS, T. D. BOWERS
EDITORS.

SATURDAY, SEPT. 22, 1906.

SALE OF SMALL OYSTERS.

MESSRS. EDITORS—Now is coming your winter of discontent, wherein you will "nash" (Roosevelt version of spelling will ôbtain in this letter when I don't know the correct way) your teeth and tear your hair on the oyster question. It is now principally up to the Baltimore dealers to control the situation. If they will buy 1-inch oysters and shells, with half dozen ½-inch oysters, the honest, industrious, Christian community of oyster men will be glad to furnish them, but if they will from the start turn down the first, and all the rest of the boats that come to Baltimore with such loads as will be offered the first of the season, and send the boats back to the bars to unload, they will then be in command of the situation; if they take the first cagoes then the next will be worse, for our honest oyster men will certainly catch anything they can sell.

And, in parenthesis (wonder how Rosy would spell that) I will say that there have been several scalds on the shores near me, and it was shameful to see the small oysters destroyed. When two bushels were used, 1½ bushels were not measured an inch each, and when I remonstrated with one young man, he said he would pay license this year and catch everything the boats would buy, and remarked that he might die before next season and not get another chance. My mouth opened with the remark that he ought to die right now and take a half bushel of oysters with him to enjoy a mess of roasted oysters while he was getting roasted. He said bad words at me, like any Christian oyster man, but I am used to that.

The Christian oyster men are under the impression that if they contribute a couple of bushels of oysters to a church festival, that prayers to Providence will continually replete the beds. I am wondering as usual—my intention at the start was to explain matters to THE SUN and let THE SUN shine the rest—and in a few words will say, let the packers, canners, restaurants (another for Carnegie to spell) and all dealers to critically examine the oysters offered. It will be hot the first few days of September and by refusing to buy at any price the rough stock, they will thereafter get semething worth offering their customers, and by the time we open our jubilee (Rosy and Carng) on the 10th we will have something in the way of oysters to offer our visitors that we won't have to offer opera glasses to them to find them with. I think Baltimore has now the chance of her life on the oyster question. There are millions of bushels that will be sent to Baltimore measuring an inch, which steamers will buy if not stopped. Remember how it has been done heretofore. A captain will run in all the kinds of stock heretofore referred to—two or three times—and it is fixed up somehow. He then notifies the inspector. "I am pretty well ahead, so you better arrest me this trip." He is arrested and pays his $25 fine and is then allowed two or three more trips, and then the mate is captain to avoid a second offense.

Maryland has no person to blame on this oyster question but Baltimore and the shore packers. They have from the start of the little oyster business encouraged the Christian tongers and dredgers to take anything that would open. I know—and that's a big word—that if the packers' steamers and all classes of shuckers throughout the State will make a stand against undersized oysters next year it will be good, next year "gooder" and after that "goodest," for if not forever, still as long as they refrain from buying the trash offered. I started last year, at the request of a Baltimore dealer in fancy oysters, to try to get a few barrels each week. I offered an extra inducement of 10 cents a bushel for cleanly cullud, full-sized oysters. The first half bushel handed up to me broke up the business. I culled it over and didn't find one peck of sized oysters: so I said a few words and shipped the empty barrels back. This person would have been satisfied to pay 90 cents a bushel, making $1 at the wharf in Baltimore for good, clean oysters, but the tongers could make more money at 35 to 45 cents for other stuff.

So take due notice and govern yourself accordingly, for Hiver Kent has succeeded in giving away his property in Kent after a 50-year struggle, but still feels that if this oyster question is properly handled he will be able to get a mess of full-sized oysters before he goes into the harp business. It seems but a year or two, when, in 1850 or 1851, I went to Baltimore as a banner boy with the Good Will Fire Company, of Philadelphia, as guests of the Liberty. The oysters were the same size and plates contained the same quantity (as much as they could hold) as in Philadelphia, but in Baltimore the price was a fip (6¼ cents), in Philadelphia a levy (12½ cents). A big, red-shirt, hiked about 20 of us boys around to feed us, and it was always oysters. I remember one remark he made after several hours' work to get something to eat—"Where in —— do you put 'em?" The same thing can be done over if you watch out.

I will probably soon leave the State, and there is nothing that has pushed me out except the way our waterway business is transacted—the minnows on the fish line that can be taken; the baby oysters, just spat-covered; everything that a Maryland river man can sell he ships; no thought for himself or others, only the penny in sight. The Russian Jew would be an improvement on our Christian river and bay population. Don't be afraid to publish this. My gun is loaded.—HIVER KENT, in Baltimore Sun.

The Prettiest Morning Dresses for College Girls.

The prettiest morning dresses are being evolved now for the girl who is going to college and her sister who has entered upon the business life—dresses made of plain stuffs or of the indistinct plaids and stripes which are as good this year.

Unlike the dresses and the shirtwaist suits of a year ago, most of them are trimmed quite a little, although always in conservative ways, and usually with the coloring kept to quite sombre tones, or to black—the use of black, for trimming, as for suits and dresses, being steadily on the increase.

As much stitching and as many tucks are used as ever, and braids and buttons promise to be as popular as they were last year. To both may be added little ruffles of silk; or sleeves are cut to elbow and three-quarter length, and long, apparently separate, cuffs are set in.

Most of the skirts shown so far follow circular models.

The waists of an occasional dress ends in one of the pretty pointed waists which are so becoming to almost every figure; but most of them are worn under the skirt and finished with a belt and the traditional buckle. Never, surely, since buckles began have they been worn to such an extreme. And to have many changes in buckles has come to be a positive fad.

Brown is being treated in a dozen fascinating ways; interesting plaids made by plenty of dark rich seal brown and of black woven into them; soft leaf shades with a curious shifting of threads that results in shadow stripes or checks—the only way, incidentally, that checks have remained in fashion; and deep rich browns embroidered in tiny set figures with silk of their own color.

Blue is even more popular than brown, although less noticeably so, because of the peculiar staple position it enjoys; and plaids—odd editions of Scotch plaid, rendered even more sober than the soberest of them usually is—are in daily requisition.

Several Millions Increased Profits.

How the trusts and combines are plundering the American people, is shown by the enormous profits made this year by Steel Trust. Every one pays their share of the vast toll that this gigantic combination takes from the grist run through its hopper. "On March 3, 1897," says the New York World, "just before the party of high prices took possession of the Government, and when there was no Steel Trust, American steel rails were selling in the market at $18 to $20 per ton. Foreigners can still get them for that, but Americans have to pay the trust $28—an increase of from 40 to 50 per cent. The trust has maintained the $28 rate for home consumers without variation since it was organized, representing a net increase of profits of over $70,000,000 above a normal amount for that time. And Mr. Morgan enthusiastically "stands pat" for the retension in power of an Administration that stands for so much prosperity."

Do not imagine that because you have no railroad stock, or even if you never rode on a steam or street railroad that the price of steel rails does not affect your pocket. In fact everything you buy is advanced in price by the freight that is charged for we cannot expect low railroad rates and expensive railroad construction. Then just think of the large number of articles of steel or iron that you daily use, all of which are greatly increased in price by the extra toll the Steel Trust takes, because the protection from competition the tariff gives the trust allows it to extort these high prices. This toll is nearly $10 a year for each family, from this one trust and there are 186 of them protected by the tariff in like matter.

Clerk—What kind of a hammock do you want, miss?

Summer Girl—Oh, a little one. Just about big enough for one—but—er—strong enough for two.—New York Life.

If a Cow gave Butter

mankind would have to invent milk. Milk is Nature's emulsion—butter put in shape for digestion. Cod liver oil is extremely nourishing, but it has to be emulsified before we can digest it.

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FROM CORNCOBS AND CORNSTALKS

MANUFACTURE OF ALCOHOL AT SMALL COST.

Department of Agriculture Developing a new Industry Which Promises to be one of Great Commercial Value—A ton of Stalks Will Produce One Hundred Pounds of Alchohol, or Fifteen Gallons—Cobs Heretofore a Waste Product.

Washington, September 14.—By the manufacture of alcohol from corncobs and cornstalks at small cost the Department of Agriculture is developing a new industry that, the department says, is likely to be of large commercial value. Investigations which the department is making at Hoopeston, Ill., have proved that the large quantities of corncobs which every year heretofore have gone to waste can be converted into acohol in sufficient quantities to justify the erection of a distilling plant in connection with a corn cannery.

The Department of Agriculture sent two chemists to Hoopeston to make experiments at a large cannery there. They have succeeded by simple methods of fermentation in getting a yield of 11 gallons of alcohol from a ton of green cobs, and by similar methods in getting six gallons of alcohol from a ton of green cornstalks. A statement concerning the experiments by one of the scientists of the department reads:

"At different times during the past 25 years the department has conducted experiments along the same line, but with common field cornstalks. These tests show that there are 240 pounds of fermentable substance in a ton of green field cornstalks, which will yield about half of their weight in absolute alcohol. In round numbers, a ton of stalks will produce 100 pounds of alcohol, or 200 pounds of proof spirits. As a gallon of Alcohol weighs nearly seven pounds, there should be 15 gallons of alcohol in a ton of stalks.

"Not only are the cobs a waste product, but the irregular and spoiled ears of corn as well. Hand labor is as yet employed in the huskizg, and all ears are put in, as the wage is based upon a measure full. As the measures of ears are emptied upon the conveyors the ears unfit for use are culled as they go by. These culled ears also go to waste. The expense of bringing them to the point where they are cast aside is quite as much as the perfect ears. The addition of the corn on the cob adds further to the possibilities of alcohol obtainable from a ton of cobs, and will have its influence in bringing the quantity to a greater figure."

Wear Fur Coats.

Alonzo Murphy, of Newton, N. J., set a Plymouth Rock hen with a lot of cold storage eggs. The old hen in due time hatched out a brood of seventeen lively little chicks. The chickens grew rapidly but no feathers replaced the down on their bodies, and a close examination showed that they were covered with fur.

It is Mr. Murphy's theory that through the wise and bountiful provision of nature, that adapts all animals to their environment, the fur replaced the feathers while the eggs were in cold storage.

The fur is thick and glossy and of various colors. Naturally the absence of feathers prevents these remarkable young fowls from flying, which Mr. Murphy considers a distinct advantage.

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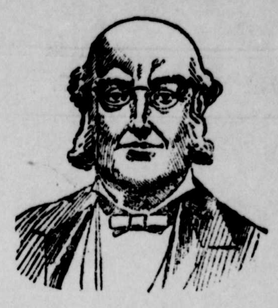

They have been used for years with the greatest success.

These are no fake remedies, but have genuine merit and commend themselves to all, while they cannot possibly injure the most delicate constitution they effect a complete and lasting cure even after strong medicines have failed.

Should you go to a Homeopathic Physician and have him put you up a bottle of pellets he would medicate them by guess, whereas, our remedies are compounded with the greatest care and by a regular formulae, and sold at the low price of 10c per bottle, by the druggist, whereas, the physician would charge you 50c or $1.00 for a similar thing only not as good.

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Dr. Martin's Homeopathic Family Medicines are the best that can be produced. Each one is made to cure a distinct disease and each does exactly what it is made for. You cannot experiment with the remedies. They are proven cures. Take the right remedy for your case and there can be no failure. They have cured wherever used. They will cure you.

If your dealer has not the cure you want, we will send it to you on receipt of 15 cents.

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Shoes for the Boys.

Shoes for the Girls.

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