'HERE WE R! HERE WE R!' OYSTERS CRY GREETING TO THE 'R' IN SEPTEMBER

Letter That Ends Month Opens Season for Toothsome Bivalve. Corpulent Specimens Promised

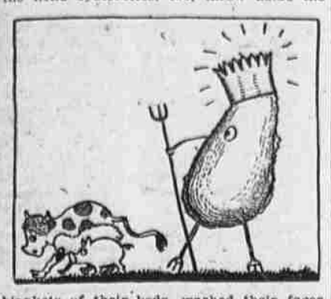
NO INCREASE IN PRICES

Here we R.

Mr. O. Y. Ster and his entire family decided today to pay us his annual visit, in keeping with his usual custom, on September 1.

He heard about the threatened railroad strike and the mutterings of those concerned, but decided that he would not let it interfere with his desire to gladden the palates of his friends, who have been waiting patiently during the hot, dry days of summer.

And so after sunrise, when the oyster boats glided swiftly from their moorings in Maurice River, all the veteran oysters and the little oysterettes, too, threw aside the



blankets of their beds, washed their faces and greeted the dredges of the fishermen happily. Thus the oyster is a martyr.

He went to his doom with a smile on his face. He will be king of the food situation for some time to come and make the cow, the sheep and the pig, whose wares have been commanding big prices, take a back seat.

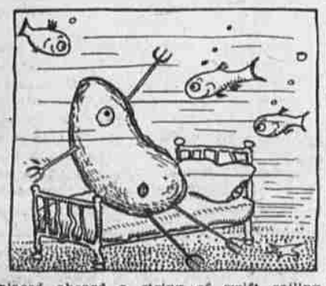
No one ever maligns an oyster, because it would be unwarranted, yet many charges are made against the clam.

The very contour of the oyster shows him to be a superior bivalve. This is proved by the fact that pearls are often found under his unassuming shell.

But the clam is different. His shell is curving and somewhat symmetrical, but when he is opened why—well, he isn't to compare with the oyster, who can look you in the eye without flinching. The clam is pessimistic and deceiving. Hence the popularity of the oyster. Even the fish like him. Today many called to bid him adieu when he left his rocky bed.

Despite the fact that thousands of persons are waiting anxiously to extend the glad hand to all members of the oyster family, the railroads have placed an embargo on them.

But this is not worrying the oyster in the slightest. After he and his followers were barreled (not in the usual way) they were



placed aboard a string of swift sailing schooners and sailed to Philadelphia.

Therefore, the first official oyster of the 1916-1917 season will not pose for extermination until Monday, as the journey here will be rather slow. Although the oyster has been taking it easy all winter, he has been keeping tabs on the times. He will blossom forth in many new styles. He won't always be stewed, or fried, or roasted. He is going to "butt into" a lot of new dishes if the chefs are any criterion. He will be there with ruffles and rosettes, and you will find him bobbing up in feasts and festivals in forms that you never dreamed of.

Ah, yes, the oyster has been misunderstood. Dealers who have been making an investigation say there will be a good supply; furthermore, that they will be of good quality and mostly corpulent. It is expected that several million will be mobilized along Maurice River by midnight.

Some dealers hoped to gather enough to

ship by train from Bivalve, N. J., tonight before the railroad embargo goes into effect, but there is little chance of success on account of the time required in getting them from the stream.

Matthew J. Ryan, a dealer, of Front and Dock streets, said today the first of the new season oysters would reach here on Monday. He predicted that prices would be about normal.

"I really think," he said "that oysters are scheduled for a very successful season. It is possible that housekeepers will turn to them more than ever before on account of the high price of beef and other foods. The fact that the oyster has been indorsed as a healthy article of food by medical authorities leads me to believe that this will also help in making the oyster popular with the public generally."

It was noticed that in some of the popular-priced restaurants that the price of stews and fries was increased slightly, but the dealers say this was necessary on account of the increased cost of other accessories concerned in the cooking of the oyster."

THREE MORE CHILDREN DIE FROM RAVAGES OF INFANTILE PARALYSIS

Heavy Fines Levied on Quarantine Breakers Promote Co-operation of Parents With Health Bureau

SERUM TESTS UNDER WAY

Paralysis Statistics Reported Since Midnight

Number of deaths today	3
Number of new cases today	2
Total number of deaths to date	150
Total number of cases to date	509

Three children, all living in the northern part of the city, succumbed today to infantile paralysis. This brings the total of deaths here up to the present time to 150.

Those who died today are:

ANNA GAISER, one year old, 779 North Twenty-seventh street.

ETHEL REA, nine months old, 2831 North Swanson street.

DONALD FREED, seven years old, 4428 North Huber street.

The heavy fines levied by the health authorities on those who ignored the law and brought children suffering from the disease out of the city has had good effect upon the people generally.

Everywhere now there is a marked spirit of co-operation and parents have been made to realize that the precaution taken by the Health Bureau is for the protection of the children and residents of the entire city.

Only two new cases were reported today. They are:

GEORGE F. TOMLINSON, 4 years old, 4 Bern road, Fox Chase.

CHARLES DERISSO, 1 year old, of 168 Stanton street.

These make a total of 509 cases up to the present time.

The serum for immunity from infantile paralysis is working well in two cases at the Philadelphia Hospital for Contagious Diseases, according to Dr. Theodore Le Boutillier, who administered it.

It is arresting the disease, he said. Doctor Le Boutillier went into western Pennsylvania yesterday to administer the serum to a daughter of a physician. The case had been considered almost hopeless, but the serum seems to have worked wonders. Now it is almost certain the child will recover.

Another child who received the serum died within 12 hours. This has been the only case, however, where the treatment failed of good response. In all these cases it was administered Wednesday; several other patients were treated with it yesterday.

Dr. A. A. Cairns, chief medical inspector, is wroth at New Jersey health officials and said their certificates don't seem to be worth the paper they're written on. He made this comment after the prosecution and fining of two parents who brought sick children here from seashore resorts. The fathers were fined $100.

Dr. Milton H. Foster, of the United States Health Service, is in the city to confer with Doctor Krusen about the infantile paralysis situation. He will probably open offices here and stay as long as the disease is serious. Doctor Cairns isn't at all hopeful that the epidemic will spend itself before the end of this month. He expects to see the disease brought home by returning vacationists in much the same manner as they bring typhoid home every year.

The Camden City Council made an appropriation of $5000 to meet emergency expenses caused by the fight against infantile paralysis. Raymond S. Crowley, 14 months old, son of Mrs. Minnie W. Crowley, a widow of 140 South Thirty-fourth street, Camden, and Harold Grigg, Jr., 3 years old, of Birdwood tract, Haddonfield, N. J., died of infantile paralysis. Both children were taken ill on Wednesday.

The four instances of children brought into the State while suffering from infantile paralysis are being investigated by Doctor Cairns.

Eight more children will go today from the Hospital for Contagious Diseases to the country branch of the Children's Hospital at Wynnefield, where there are already 32 convalescents.

For the first time since the beginning of the infantile paralysis outbreak Lower Merion township is suffering an invasion of the disease, with one case at Bryn Mawr, reported Wednesday night, and a second case at Ardmore, reported yesterday morning.

The Ardmore case is Alice, the 14-months-old daughter of Tony Rossi, of Lancaster avenue, near Holland avenue. The father is a shoemaker.

SKINNY SOMEBODY HIT BY TACK

Just for That the Police Have Begun a Crusade Against the Blow-Pipe

Police of the Sixty-fifth street and Woodland avenue station began a little vice crusade of their own today. The vice is the blow-pipe being used by the small boys in the district. Mothers have complained about it.

The blow-pipe is a small and seemingly inoffensive weapon that makes its appearance, of course, at "blow-pipe time," which comes annually between "roller-skate time" and "top-and-marble time."

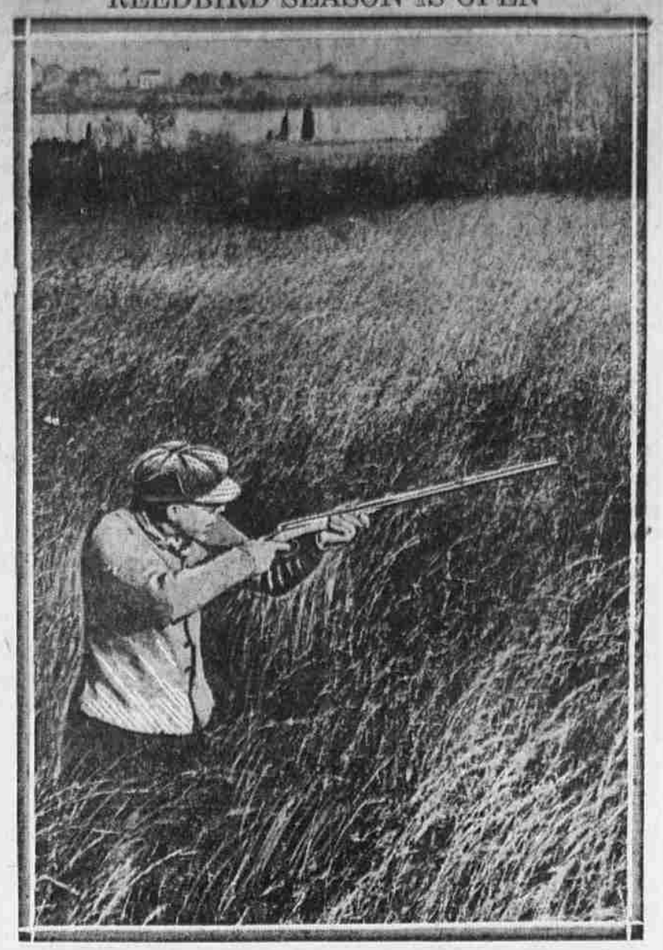
This season the blow-pipe had become a menace. Usually only small wads of paper or pieces of putty are blown through it, but now, the police say, the boys have come to use extraneous matter, so to speak. The present crusade was decided upon when this happened yesterday:

Skinny Somebody or other was walking by a doorway near Fifty-fifth street and Chester avenue. He heard a sputtering puff in the doorway and as he turned a piece of putty from a blow-pipe hit him in the head. It stuck there. Skinny pulled it down. Ouch! A tack in it! A tack!

Civil War Veteran Dead

Samuel McLaughlin, 78 years old, who died at a South Jersey seashore resort on Tuesday night, will be buried today in Evergreen Cemetery, Camden. He was well known to all the old residents of South Camden, and for more than 60 years earned a comfortable livelihood as a trapper. He was a Civil War veteran.

REEDBIRD SEASON IS OPEN



September, which restores the R to the calendar and the oyster to the menu, brings with it the open season for reedbirds. Daylight today was saluted by local gunners deployed along the marshy regions of extreme South Philadelphia and in adjacent haunts of the "reedy." This sportsman was snapped in the Rancocas marshland.

QUEST OF REED BIRDS BEGUN AT DAYBREAK

Crack of Shotguns Resounds Over Marshes as Season Opens. Many Bags Filled

The crack of shotguns resounded over the marshes early today. Mr. Reedbird knew that the enemy was after him; also that it was September 1.

There were no end of "reedies" in the neighborhood of Essington, Crum Lynne and Marcus Hook. They sailed along two by two and occasionally formed platoons when they saw ominous-looking gun barrels pointed skyward. Lots of them no doubt had to dodge many bullets on their way from other neighborhoods, and instinct told them that the gun was their worst enemy.

Trolley cars bound in a southerly direction were crowded with hunters at sunrise. Many of them went for the pure sport of the shooting; others had an eye to business and expect to get fat prices for thin birds from the local cafes and hotels.

In Jersey, especially along Rancocas Creek, two score of hunters were on the marshes at dawn. The birds flew rather low, and most of the sharpshooters gathered a good bag in short order.

Some of the veteran hunters say, however, that the birds will not be at their best for a week or two. About September 15 there will be a general onslaught on the reedies from all directions. Only the expert dodgers will live to warn their descendants against the opening of the season next year.

ONE DEAD, TWO ILL, FROM 'DOPE'

Overdose Kills Man Who Lived Above "The Arsenal"; Quarrel With Sweetheart Leads to Suicide Theory

One death from drugs and two cases of men who nearly died from overuse came to the attention of the police since midnight.

Tony Vova, 1329 Vine street, died in the Hahnemann Hospital after being taken from his room above The Arsenal, a restaurant at Tenth and Winter streets, known as the "hang-out" of Tenderloin drug fiends. He is thought to have taken heroin with suicidal intent. A letter from his sweetheart showed the pair had quarreled.

William H. Saunders, 24 years old, 542 North Twelfth street, is in a serious condition in the Hahnemann Hospital. His cousin, with whom he lives, told the police Saunders did not use drugs, and thinks some one drugged him. Saunders is a waiter and gets through work at midnight. When he didn't come home this morning, the cousin went out to look for him and found him unconscious on a step at Eleventh street and Ridge avenue.

Magistrate Collins sent Raymond James, 25 years old, 918 North Ninth street, to the House of Correction at Collins's request. He was arrested early this morning in a vacant house at 910 Winter street, almost unconscious from drugs. A man with him escaped.

Bumper Apple Crop Assured

HARRISBURG, Sept. 1. — Apple crops larger than normal yields are expected in Elk, Forest, Mercer, Potter, Susquehanna and Tioga Counties.

READING ELKS AWARD PRIZES TO PARADERS

Successful Competitors in Street Pageant That Made Convention Memorable

READING, Pa., Sept. 1.—Prizes amounting to $1000 were awarded today by the Reading Lodge of Elks to the competitors in the big parade of yesterday.

The awards were made by the 12 judges, stationed at different points along the line of march, and are as follows:

Fifty dollars to lodge having largest number of uniformed members, Lebanon.

Fifty dollars to the lodge (from Pennsylvania) coming greatest distance, McKeesport.

Fifty dollars to lodge making best appearance, Easton; honorable mention, Hazleton.

Fifty dollars to lodge having largest band, South Bethlehem, with C. M. Schwab's Bethlehem Steel Band of 100.

Thirty-five dollars (first) to lodge having best band, Pottsville; (second) $15, to Ashland; honorable mention to Lebanon, but it could not be considered, as it already had been given a prize.

For the five most handsomely decorated floats: (First) $100, Mahanoy City, girls on swings; (second) $75, Reading, T. C. Auman's car, entitled, "Peace"; (third) $50, Harisburg, "A Little Dutch Garden"; (fourth) $25, Ashland, "A Box of Sweets"; (fifth), $10, Reading Ladies' Auxiliary.

For the five most handsomely appearing floats in line of parade occupied by ladies only, except driver: (First) $100, Mahanoy City; (second) $75, purple float with twenty Reading ladies; (third) $50, peace float, Reading; (fourth) $25, Harrisburg Dutch Garden; (fifth) $10, "Box of Sweets," Ashland.

FLAMES RAGE IN COAL MINE

Inspector Helps Owners Fight Blaze Threatening Long Vein

POTTSVILLE, Pa., Sept. 1.—A fire is raging in the fifth level of the Oak Hill Colliery, at Duncott, near here. Mine Inspector M. J. Brennan, of this city, is aiding the colliery officials in the plans to extinguish it.

This vein is also mined by the Pine Hill Colliery, about two miles west, which will also be endangered should the flames gain sway.

HORRORS! 'WHAT IS IT?' SETS PAOLI A-SHIVERING WITH FEROCIOUS LOOKS

Beast Terrorizing Community Not Like Anything Classified by Linnaeus, Agassiz or Colonel Roosevelt

IT'S AWFUL! READ AND SEE

Birdseye Views of Paoli's Zoological Phenomenon

PAOLI "folks" upset by nocturnal visits of a queer-looking animal.

One resident says beast looks like white Shetland pony with face like a low-browed Filipino. This resident describes beast as having three legs and no tail.

Another resident says animal has a face like Teddy Roosevelt and wears huge tortoise-shell spectacles.

Still another frightened Paolite says the beast has face like an Egyptian mummy and the body of a donkey. He adds animal laughs like maniac.

Others run so fast after first glimpse that they are unable to offer descriptions of alleged monstrosity.

Out in Paoli today most everybody is asking with bated breath and fearsome glances over the left shoulder, "Have you seen it?"

Of course, a few, including some commuters and the candy drummer who dropped off in Paoli this morning to visit his trade, didn't know what it was all about, so they inquired: "Seen what?" Paoli folks were only too glad to tell them all about "It," so that they could come in on the shudders, shivers and shakes which have been traversing the vertebrae of Paoli folks since last Wednesday night.

So far as it is known, John J. Harrigan was the first of the townspeople to "see it." Mr. Harrigan's reputation for veracity has never been questioned. He is a church member in good standing, and he has never been given to "seeing things." So when John J. Harrigan described the "critter" he "met up with" last Wednesday night at 10:30 o'clock, while returning from the annual fair of the Paoli Volunteer Fire Department, something like a thrill of horror ran through superstitious ones in the village.

A NEIGH AND A BRAY

Mr. Harrigan had just reached the stone gate posts of a driveway leading to the estates of H. W. Biddle and Mrs. J. H. Dingee when a noise, which Mr. Harrigan termed "a cross between the neigh of a horse and the bray of a donkey," smote the quietude of the stilly night.

"I looked around," said Mr. Harrigan, "and saw standing under a street lamp on Central avenue the queerest looking 'critter' I have laid eyes on. At first glance the beast looked like a little white Shetland pony. But when I looked again I saw that the beast had a face like an ape or a low-browed Filipino. The animal seemed to be grinning at me fiendishly, and I beheld to my [illegible]er that it had only three legs and we[illegible] [illegible]inus a tail.

"Say, I could feel my hair lift up and tip back my hat. In ghost stories I have read about folks being frozen with terror and that's just the way I felt. I felt that I was going to pass in my checks when the beast gave another snort and ambled toward me on its three legs.

"I came out of my trance and legged it down Central avenue toward home. I was never called a good runner, but I must have broken several records in that race for safety.

"I could hear the beast snorting and galloping behind me. The critter gave up the chase about ten yards from my home, but I didn't let up runnin' until I had put the front door between me and the beast."

The next villager to be shocked by sight of the beast was Ben Potter. Ben was sauntering along Central avenue about 11 o'clock last night, when he was startled by what he described as unearthly laughter.

"It sounded like a maniac hooting over the demise of his mother-in-law," said Ben. "I turned around and saw a sight that froze my blood. I should say that the animal was a cross between a goat and an Egyptian mummy, although it had no horns. The 'critter' was equipped with a perfect set of teeth like Teddy Roosevelt, and, so help me, cross my heart, the beast wore big tortoise-rimmed spectacles. I took no chances on the speedway. I scrambled up into a nearby fruit tree as fast I knew how. The beast encircled the tree several times, and then gave the thing up as a bad job and went away. I remained up in the tree for a half hour, and then went home."

Herbert Drown, a farmer living at Berwyn, two miles from Paoli, was driving through Central avenue, Paoli, at 1 a. m. yesterday.

COMMUNITY TERRORIZED

"On Central avenue near the Dingee estate," said Drown, "a queer-looking animal came into the roadway and trotted alongside my horse. I should say that the beast had the face of a ram and the body of a Shetland pony. I didn't like the company of the animal, so I whipped up my nag and got away from it."

Arthur and Lewis Ney got a glimpse of the animal last night, and they lost no time in departing from the locality.

The "animal" was the sole subject for discussion last night in the courtroom of Squire Michael Harrigan. A number of residents were gathered there as witnesses in the case of Frederick E. Hastings, a paper manufacturer of Devon, who was arraigned on the accusation of failing to blow his horn on July 2. Before calling this case, Squire Harrigan announced that a "strange animal" was terrorizing the community, and he asked the citizens assembled to keep a lookout for the beast.

Paoli's last animal scare occurred 20 years ago this month, when a bear escaped from Martin Brothers' one-ring circus.

New Story Begins Tomorrow

"The Wings of the Morning," a masterpiece of fiction, by Louis Tracy, begins in tomorrow's EVENING LEDGER. It is the most thrilling story which the EVENING LEDGER has ever offered its readers, and has been proclaimed by scientists correct in every detail and not without the scope of human possibility.

PRESIDENT MAKES FRIENDS ON HIS WAY TO SEE SENATORS

Speaks to Colorado Couple He Finds Strolling in Grounds

WASHINGTON, Sept. 1.—The Capitol grounds were deserted save for a few sightseers when the President arrived this morning to renew his fight for eight-hour day legislation. He was walking along the sidewalk from the Senate office building, whistling, when he overheard a man and his wife mention Colorado. The President stopped, tipped his straw hat, and, smiling, spoke to them.

"Did I understand you to say you are from Colorado?" he asked.

"Yes," the man replied. "I am J. B. Fleming, of Boulder, Col., and this is Mrs. Fleming."

Then as the President replied, "I am always interested in people from Colorado," Mr. and Mrs. Fleming somewhat confusedly asked in concert: "Why, you're the President, aren't you?"

The President admitted the soft impeachment.

"Well, I'm a sort of distant relative of Mrs. Wilson," Mrs. Fleming said.

The President then told them a story about Mrs. Wilson. He said he had just received from some Indians out West a beautiful piece of bead work upon which tradition said Pocohontas was working at the time of her death. At the conclusion of the story Fleming said:

"Well, Mr. President, are you going to be able to stop this strike?"

Just then the secret service operatives reported the Senate leaders were ready for him and he left his new friends with a smile, but with their question unanswered.