

Wood's Commercial College,
311 EAST CAPITOL STREET,
Washington, D. C.
Established 1885 and heartily endorsed
by its students.

SUMMER SESSION.

Now is a good time to commence. New
classes formed every Monday.

Proposition No. 1.

Complete Course in Shorthand Type-
writing, \$50. (This will entitle a per-
son to instruction, day or evening, until
proficient and position is secured.)

Proposition No. 2.

Complete Course in Book-keeping and
English, \$50. (This will entitle a per-
son to instruction, day or evening, until
proficient and position is secured.)

Proposition No. 3.

Complete Course in Shorthand, Type-
writing, Book-keeping, and any other
subject the pupil may select, \$65. (This
will entitle a person to instruction, day
or evening, until proficient and position
is secured.)

Proposition No. 4.

Complete Course of instruction in
Typewriting, \$10. (This will entitle a
person to instruction, day or evening,
until proficient.)

Proposition No. 5.

Complete Course for Government Position,
Civil Service or Census, \$10. (This
will entitle a person to instruction, day
or evening, until prepared to pass the
examination.)

Proposition No. 6.

Complete Course in English Branches,
\$50. (This will entitle a person to in-
struction, day or evening until profi-
cient.)

Proposition No. 7.

Preparation for College, including
Latin, Greek, English and Mathematics.
Private lessons or class instructions.
Apply for rates.)

Proposition No. 8.

Instructions during May, June, July,
August. Day sessions, \$20; three months,
\$15. Evening sessions, \$12; three months,
\$10.

Proposition No. 9.

Private and class instructions to coach
public school pupils so they can enter
next grade; three months, \$10; one
month, \$4.

The rates given are for cash, but satis-
factory arrangements may be made to
pay in installments.

WOOD'S COMMERCIAL COLLEGE.

Gentlemen:

I am indeed glad that I took the course
in Stenography and Typewriting in your
institution. After having attended five
months, I could write one hundred words
per minute.

I think all who conscientiously pursue
their studies under your guidance will,
in a short while, become thoroughly
equipped stenographers.

I can certainly recommend Wood's
Commercial College.

Very sincerely,
JAMIE H. ETHERIDGE.
Washington, D. C., Nov. 10, 1899.

Prof. Wood:
Am delighted with your method of
training pupils in the Civil Service
Course.

As a teacher of Book-keeping you
cannot be excelled; under your instruction
it becomes an intensely interesting
study instead of a "dry bug-bear of
accounts."

For a good, practical business educa-
tion, one must go to Wood's Commercial
College.

Wishing you unbounded success, I am,
Yours truly,
CLARA HARRIET JONES.
1012 I St., N.W., Washington, D. C.

To whom it may concern:

I advise all persons who have any idea
of attending a business college to take a
course at Wood's Commercial College,
on account of its quick and easy systems
in shorthand and type-writing and also
its experienced teachers. I was a pupil
of this College for five months in the
Shorthand Department, when I was
offered a situation as Court Reporter in
West Virginia, and it was through this
College that I was successful in my
work. I think that any student ought to
complete a course at this College in five
or six months, and with a great deal
of study and effort in much less time. The
Professor is very successful in obtaining
positions for his students and often gets
the best places a stenographer can hold.
I also consider it the best business col-
lege in Washington and one of the best
in the United States, if not the best.

JOHN WALKER FRSTON.
June 1, 1899.

BARGAINS!

The readers of this pa-
per are constantly upon
the alert to ascertain
where goods can be pur-
chased at the lowest
prices, and if a merchant
does not advertise and
keep the buyer conver-
sant with his line of
goods, how can he expect
to sell them?

THINK OVER THIS!

CANNING THE SALMON.

THE WORK AS EXTENSIVELY DONE
ON THE COLUMBIA RIVER.

How the Kingliest of All Fishes is
Caught, Killed, Dismembered, Cooked
and Canned—The Chinese Butcher at
Work—Remarkable Labeling Feat.

He was that king of all kingly
fishes—a Royal Chinook. Fresh from the
limitless freedom of unfathomed
seas, from untracked journeys to mys-
terious feeding grounds, whose loca-
tion no man has yet been able to
guess, he was beautiful beyond com-
pare; in form, graceful, symmetrical;
in color, a silvered harmony. Science
stands baffled in the presence of the
salmon. For whether he goes, on de-
parting from his native stream, or by
what strange fate he is drawn to re-
visit the scenes of his early infancy,
not even the wisest can tell.

It was early morning. The lordly
Chinook lay in lowered cage, where
his captor had flung him. There was
a score of others of his kind in this
cage, all of which had been consider-
ably knocked in the head by the boat-
puller, as they were drawn up, splash-
ing and struggling, out of their native
element.

"He'll tip the scales at sixty pounds,"
remarked the boat puller, with a touch
of enthusiasm.

"Sixty-five," sententiously replied
his companion; "he'll weigh sixty-five
as sure as he weighs an ounce—the
finest fish we've caught this season."

Later, when recounting the notable
events of the year's catch to inter-
ested comrades and rivals, that fish
loomed large in memory, and they
swore him an eighty-five-pounder,
which, according to the late Hollister
D. McGuire, is the Chinook's maxi-
mum weight. But the almond-eyed
Celestial who delivered him over to the
"butcher" by means of a gaff
hooked into his gills, regarded him
with sullen resentment. Sixty-five
pounds taxes one's strength somewhat
to lift. The Chinaman was not partial
to big fish; besides they were monoto-
nously common in his experience.

The cage, full to overflowing, was
swung slowly upward, its contents
gleaming and glistening in the sunlight.
Magnificent creatures, every one of
them, but the sixty-five-pounder had
an air of regality that was all his
own. He was lifted to the "butcher's"
block, where a Mongolian decapitated
him at a single stroke. Another sweep
of the knife deprived him of fins and
tail, and a swift incision, accompanied
by a dexterous turn of the wrist, left
him minus his limited internal mechani-
cism.

A mere shapeless lump, shorn of
every grace save that of color, the
shining, coral-sided salmon was slid
into a vat of running water, washed
with care and rapidity, and lifted out
upon a slightly slanting table, before
which stood the "slicer," who gave
him a few effective downward strokes
with a sword-shaped blade, and
passed him on. The next man treated
him to a shower bath, and put him
into the draining tank. From the
draining tank he went to the cutting
block, and was cut into small slices
by an automatic knife.

It was here that he lost his identity.
He was still salmon, but no longer a
salmon. He had become just an in-
distinguishable part of a mass of coral-
colored section of fish, and in this
divided condition he was carried by
Chinese helpers to the "fillers." The
"fillers," also Chinese, packed the severed
salmon into cans, which were
then placed in trays—two dozen cans
to the tray—and washed by means of
an automatically revolving brush. The
cans then went to a man who fitted
tops on them, and who, having re-
turned them to the trays, dispatched
them to the "crimper," who clamped
the tops with a little hand tool and
sent them rolling down a shallow
trough, or boxed incline, where they
were soldered as they rolled. Then
they were rolled down another incline
to give the solder a chance to cool.
After this cooling process they were
placed again in the trays, and the
tiny puncture in the top of each can
was touched with the soldering stick,
and thereby rendered airtight.

They were now ready for the boiling
vats, in which they were allowed to
cook a certain fixed time, after which
they were taken out and placed in a
large iron "cooler." A man, a Chi-
nese, with a hammer, in which was a
sharp pointed tack, then punctured
each can, with a single light tap, to let
out the air and steam.

Another man, again a Chinese, sol-
dering stick and iron in hand, imme-
diately sealed the punctures, and the
cans were then in readiness for the
second cooking. This differed some-
what from the first, in that the cool-
ers, each of which, square in shape,
was large enough to contain 144 cans
and so heavy that the aid of a block
and tackle was required in the hand-
ling, were swung into place, in great
retorts, wherein was room for twenty-
four coolers, and the steam turned on
for sixty minutes. At the end of this
period, the block and tackle being
again in requisition, they were lifted
out and submerged in a bath of slight-
ly diluted lye, rinsed under a cold-
water shower, and left to stand over
night on the cannery floor.

The salmon was now canned, and so
far as the canning was concerned, the
process was complete, but there yet
remained many things to be done be-
fore it was ready to be sent out into
the markets of the world, shipped to
every port and sold in every city and
town on the face of the civilized
globe.

Next morning the cans, in open
trays, containing each 200 cans, were
automatically dipped into vats of
crude varnish. In this simple fash-
ion they received the coat of brown

lacquer that robbed them, most ef-
fectually, of their unfinished appear-
ance, and after drying for a day, they
were ready for the labels. These labels
were applied by hand, but with a
machine-like rapidity and precision
rarely attained by any save the Chi-
nese workman. Being duly labeled,
each can was wrapped in tinted tis-
sue paper and packed with others, to
the number of four dozen cans, in
boxes. The boxes were nailed and
stenciled and the salmon was ready
for shipment.

In so short a time and in such fash-
ion was the kingliest of fishes arrested
in his career, caught, killed, dismem-
bered, cooked and canned—trans-
formed by alien hands and in a few
brief hours, from the proudest fish
that swims—the unapproachable Chi-
nook of the great Columbia—to a mere
fragment, incased in tin and labeled
for a hungry world to see and buy and
eat.

Any housekeeper who, accustomed
to the better grade of fish, designs a
salad, and, opening a can of Columbia
River salmon, finds instead of the
richly flavored, tempting bit of color
she expected to see, a whitish, unin-
viting mess, unworthy the time-hon-
ored title of Chinook, may safely
conclude that she has gotten hold of a
sample of the fall pack.

The extension of the close season is
a matter which calls for the imme-
diate and serious consideration of all
concerned. From the 15th of Febru-
ary to the 10th of April and the month
beginning August 10 and ending in
September 1, it is clearly evident, not
a sufficient period to protect either the
fish or the cannerymen.

There is one place where Chinese
"cheap labor," which, by the way, is
cheap only in name, is thoroughly ap-
preciated, and that is in the salmon
cannery. "No other help can do the
work with such neatness and dispatch
as the Chinese," said a canneryman.
"We find it eminently satisfactory to
contract with a Chinese 'boss' at so
much per case, and we guarantee so
many cases. If the pack falls short
we make good the guarantee, and if it
runs over the leathen profits. Other
cannerymen make practically the
same arrangement."

Regarding the dexterity of the Chi-
nese in handling the fish, some really
marvelous things are told. For in-
stance, in the matter of labels: One
man has been known to label 8000
cans a day, pasting his own labels
and applying them by hand; 6000 is
considered a good day's work.—Port-
land Oregonian.

Message From the Sky.

Another step in advance has been
made in the matter of telegraphing
without wires. A Frenchman, M.
Joseph Vallot, who has charge of the
observatory on Mont Blanc, has been
experimenting, together with two
friends, and has proven that tele-
graphic connection can be established
between the earth and a balloon, when,
in the latter, there is the necessary ap-
paratus, without the use of a wire.

A balloon was sent up near St. Den-
is, in the car of which was a receiver.
Messages were both received from and
sent to earth. In order to catch the
message from the earth, a copper wire
150 feet long was allowed to hang
from the car of the balloon. On the
ground a telegraph wire 120 feet long
was attached to a small gas balloon,
and thus was kept in a perpendicular
position by being attached to the
earth. When the big balloon reached
a height of 2500 yards, and was al-
most four miles distant, horizontally,
from the dispatching station, messages
were very successfully exchanged.—
Philadelphia Record.

A New Leper Colony.

Dom Santon, a member of the Bene-
dictine community of Liguge, who is
also a physician, having for many
years devoted himself to the study of
leprosy, traveling for this purpose in
many parts of the world, has, with
the consent of the Council of Hygiene
and the approval of the French Gov-
ernment, purchased property in the
Vosges, and proposes to establish an
asylum for lepers, to be called the St.
Martin Sanatorium. It is estimated
that there are about 400 lepers in
France, 150 of whom are in Paris.
Among them are many missionaries
and nurses, who have fallen victims
to their devoted care of sufferers in
other countries, and also a number
of officials and soldiers, who have con-
tracted the disease in the colonies.

A Swiss Village Under Mud.

The village of Klosters, near Davos-
Platz, Switzerland, at the top of the
valley of Prätigau, is struggling under
six feet of mud. High above it towers
the Rhatikon, a stately range of moun-
tains, which have the nasty habit of
occasionally sending an avalanche of
mud and stones and trees down upon
the inoffensive village which lies at
its feet. Thirty years ago was the
date of the last of these disasters
until recently, when a heavy rainstorm
brought down a mud avalanche on
Klosters, which lies in front of an
inflow of the mountain. Enormous
boulders were pitched forward like
balls thrown in giants' game of skit-
ties.—London Sphere.

Artificial Cyclone Box.

A Kansas City inventor proposes an
artificial cyclone machine for extract-
ing the feathers from chickens in large
packing houses. His scheme is to
place the fowl to be defeathered in a
receptacle into which are turned sev-
eral cross currents of air, from elec-
tric fans revolving at exceedingly high
speeds. It is claimed this machine
will strip a bird of its feathers in a
few seconds.

Spider Poison.

Most spiders are possessed of poison
fangs, but very few are dangerous to
human beings.

RELIABLE DAIRYMEN.

DIRECTORY OF LEGITIMATE DEALERS.

The following dairymen are known to the Editor of the CITIZEN as reliable producers, who own their
herds of cattle and deliver their own product. There are no milk hucksters in this list.

BENNING FARM DAIRY,

J. P. REILLY, Proprietor.
Benning, - - - D. C.

Established 1892. Pure milk right from the
farm served in sealed cans twice a day.
Customers are invited to inspect my dairy
at their pleasure.

HILLOCK DAIRY,

JOHN BERGLING, Proprietor.
Brentwood Road, Md.

Established 1894. Pure milk served to my
customers fresh from the dairy every
morning.

Chevy Chase Farm Dairy,

GEO. A. WISE, Proprietor.
Chevy Chase, - - Maryland.

Established 1881. I try to serve the very
best quality of milk it is possible for a man
to produce. My herd and dairy farm are
open to inspection at all times.

AGER'S FARM DAIRY,

I. B. AGER, Proprietor.
Hyattsville, Maryland.

Established 1879. I have a herd of thirty-
five cattle—mostly Jersey's—and deliver
whole milk fresh from the farm every
morning.

GUDE'S DAIRY,

ALEX. GUDE, Proprietor.
Hyattsville, Maryland.

Established 1884. Pure milk delivered
fresh from the farm every morning.
My dairy and herd will always bear
inspection.

OAK GROVE DAIRY,

D. McCARTHY, Proprietor.
Bladensburg Road, D. C.

Established 1885. Fresh milk delivered
direct from my dairy farm every morning.
Two deliveries a day contemplated soon.

St. John's Park Dairy,

Mary Harriet Hatcher, Prop.
Brookland, D. C.

Established 1896. Pure milk delivered
every morning. We invite an inspection of
our place at all times.
My milk for children a specialty.

CHEVY CHASE DAIRY,

H. G. CARROLL, Proprietor.
Chevy Chase, - - Maryland.

Established 1897. Fresh milk direct from
the farm served to customers every morning.
An examination of my premises invited at
all times.

Woodside Farm Dairy.

JOHN HERRIGAN, Proprietor.
3601 O Street N. W.

Established in 1885. Pure Durham
and Alderney milk from Woodside Farm
Dairy, on the Ridge Road. Two deliv-
eries daily. Prompt service.

CEDAR GLEN DAIRY,

P. H. HORN, Proprietor.
Benning, D. C.

Established 1899. Milk delivered twice
a day in Washington.
Special attention paid to milk for babies.

GRAND VIEW DAIRY,

JOHN S. ORRISON, Proprietor.
Takoma Park, D. C.

Established 1895. The quality of milk I
serve is gaining me new customers every
day. My place will always bear in-
spection.

RUPPERT FARM DAIRY,

J. O'KEEFE, Proprietor.
Brightwood Avenue, - - D. C.

Established 1894. I own my own herd of
cattle and make two deliveries a day.
My dairy plant and milk will always
bear inspection.

BRIGHTWOOD DAIRY,

MRS. C. ROBINSON, Proprietor.
Brightwood, D. C.

Established 1888. We deliver morning's
milk only every morning.
Our night's milk is all sold to
dealers.

GRANBY FARM DAIRY,

BARRETT BROS., Proprietors.
Bunker Hill Road, - - Maryland.
(P. O. Brookland, D. C.)

Pure milk and cream, delivered to any
part of the city. Prompt delivery.
Satisfaction guaranteed.

Sligo Mill Road Dairy,

ISAIAH KREGLO, Proprietor.
Woodburn, - - - D. C.

(P. O. Address, Mt. Pleasant, D. C.)
Established 1896. I serve pure milk right
straight from the farm every morning. An
inspection of my methods and dairy solicited.

JERSEY DAIRY,

D. ALLMAN, Jr., Proprietor.
2111 Benning Road.

Established in 1895. The present proprietor
was born and brought up in the business.
Has a herd of 27 Jersey cattle. Two deliv-
eries a day throughout the city.

Crystal Spring Dairy,

HUGH McNAHON, Proprietor.
Brightwood, D. C.

Established 1888. I have Jersey cows only
and serve the very best milk I can produce.
If you want to see a fine herd of cattle,
come and see mine.

HOYLE'S FARM DAIRY,

MRS. A. J. HOYLE, Proprietor.
Congress Heights, - - D. C.

Established 1894. We serve first-class milk
all bottled on the farm. Dairy always open
to inspection.

Buena Vista Dairy,

O. A. LANDON, Proprietor.
Suitland Road, near Suitland, Md.

Established in 1880. I am on the farm
with fifty head of cattle and deliver only
pure milk that will always bear in-
spection.

SUITLAND DAIRY,

E. L. HILL, Proprietor.
Suitland, Maryland.

Established 1898. Pure milk straight from
the farm delivered every morning.
Milk for Babies and Children a specialty.

CHILLUM FARM DAIRY,

W.M. McKAY, Proprietor.
Woodburn, (Terra Cotta), D. C.

Established 1880. I serve pure milk right
from the farm every morning.
I think the best is none too good for
my customers.

Douglas Place Farm Dairy

EDW. MARKHAM, Proprietor.
Douglas Place, Benning Road, D. C.

Established 1896. I spare neither pains
nor expense in trying to produce milk that
is a No. 1 in quality. Plant always open to
inspection.

TERRELL'S DAIRY.

A. TERRELL, Proprietor.
Arlington, Virginia.

Established 1891. I serve milk straight
from the farm every morning. My milk will
stand the test every time.

Glen Eilen Farm Dairy,

GEO. T. KNOTT, Proprietor.
Conduit Road, D. C.

Established 1889. Milk from my dairy is
guaranteed to be both clean and pure.
I always solicit the closest inspection.

GREEN HILL DAIRY,

W. B. WILLIAMS, Proprietor.
Riggs Farm, Maryland.
(P. O. Address, Chillum, Md.)

Established 1898. I serve pure milk straight
from the old established Riggs Farm every
morning. Come out and inspect the place
at any time.

PAYNE'S FARM DAIRY,

M. J. PAYNE, Proprietor.
Bladensburg, - - Maryland.

Established 1890. It is my aim to serve
my customers with the very best quality
of milk. I invite an inspection at any
time.

PALISADES DAIRY,

W. L. MALONE, Proprietor.
[Conduit Road, D. C.]

Established 1892. Pure milk and cream,
served in any part of the city every morn-
ing. All orders by mail promptly
attended to.

PERSISTENT ADVERTISING BRINGS SUCCESS.

Your Advertisement
in this Space would
be seen by many
readers.

IF YOU WANT TRADE,
SECURE THE SPACE.