

CRYSTAL RIVER NEWS.

CRYSTAL RIVER, FLORIDA, AUGUST 18, 1905.

THE CRYSTAL RIVER COUNTRY

THE GARDEN SPOT OF CITRUS COUNTY AND THE MECCA OF HOMESEEKERS.

The Topography of This Section—Some of the Charming Scenes—The Town of Crystal River is the Home of Prominent People in the Business and Scientific World.

When tired of the cold, icy blasts of the North go South; when you go South go to Florida; and when you go to Florida go to Crystal River, in Citrus county.

"Go West, young man; go West," said Horace Greeley. "Go West and grow up with the country." But that was when the West was mostly a great uncultivated waste, and the "young man" did not exactly strike a picnic when he got there. When we say "Go South" we do not invite people into a country as yet uncultivated and uncivilized, but into a country where the primitive roughness has already been eradicated; where churches and good schools are already established, where there are good soils awaiting man's industry, with a temperate and healthful climate to make that industry pleasant as well as profitable; where there are yet many natural resources waiting for capital and brains to develop them, and where, be you rich or poor, there are a hospitable and congenial people, ready to extend the hand of welcome, provided you be but honest, industrious and law-abiding.

When we particularize and say "Come to Crystal River" it is because we know that Crystal River and its vicinities offer as many, if not more, varied opportunities to the laborer, agriculturist and capitalist than any other section in the South. It is not a farming country exclusively, nor yet a healthful and pleasurable winter resort only, nor but a country of mills and mines; but it affords a happy and profitable combination of the three—and following in the wake of the three come many other industries which spring up because of them.

owl wakes up and wonders what it is all about.

A walk through the hammock brings one to the river—the beautiful, gently flowing tidal Crystal River.

We walk up one of the great "Indian mounds" on its bank so as to get a more extensive view, and perhaps catch a glimpse of the great Gulf of Mexico into which Crystal River flows. Nearby are the great excavations where treasure-seekers in the cause of science and history have disturbed the bones of a fast vanishing race. The mound on which we stand shows evidence of having at some remote date been the wigwam home of some great chief of the red-man's tribe. Naturally one ponders on that mystic past, and in imagination again peoples the spot with the silent stoic forms of this picturesque race. The wigwam, the council fires, the calumet, the light canoes, all are pictured before us; and the gentle flow of the river below helps to make the picture a vivid one. Even the most unimpressible must pay a silent tribute to this brave, but vanquished, race. Ages hence, may not, perhaps, a race gifted with higher intelligence than our own stand here as we now stand, and wonder at the crude customs of our time?

Our reverie is broken in upon by the "chou chou" of a launch, or two laden with merry pleasure seekers, or perhaps merely towing a great raft of red cedar to the mill, or towing in barges full of the crude material wanted at the fiber factories. Then, perhaps, a large steamer comes along, and with masterful "blast" demands the right of way from all smaller crafts.

More gently come the white-winged

taste of lead and watch them then frantically giving huge rolling leaps towards the deep waters of the Gulf; or we may try to gather the fruit of the cactus, the prickley pear, which resents being interfered with as much as its near neighbor, the Spanish bayonet resents an attempt to rob it of its huge stalk of creamy, bell-like flowers. Perhaps we may spy an alligator swimming along lazily. Or we may see his more lazy mate lying asleep on a mudbank. It is fun to wake her up—at a safe distance.

FARM PRODUCTS.

The chief ones are cane, corn, sweet potatoes, melons, peanuts and the usual

bushels per acre as do the rich prairies of the West, the price per bushel right in the local market is often treble that in the West.

Hammock lands are best for corn, producing about thirty bushels to the acre. The islands on the immediate coast, being rich in muck and shell may yield more.

Sweet potatoes are a staple crop, yielding on pine lands about 50 bushels per acre on an average, with little attention after planting. Sweet potatoes sell for forty to sixty cents per bushel in the home markets. Farmers who are very far from markets sometimes use sweet



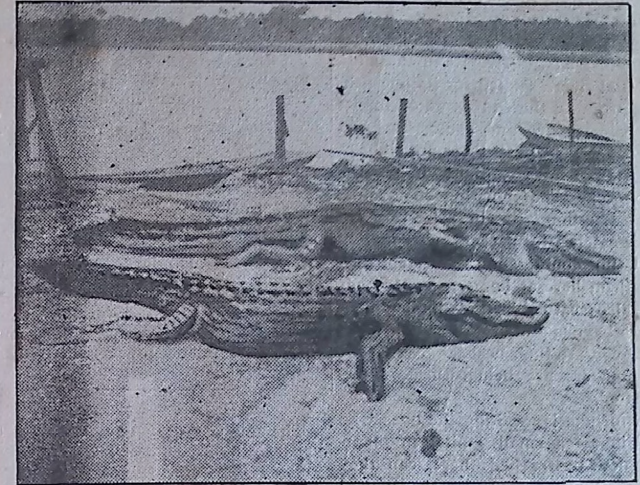
THE CRYSTAL RIVER SPRINGS.

THE CRYSTAL RIVER SPRINGS.

By M. M. STRATNER.

'Neath green, wide-spreading oaks all gaily moss-festooned;
'Mid sweet Aeolian strains to nature's chords attuned.
In revelrie they met—those fairie folks of yore—
A-glee with fairie wands and magic fairie lore.
To greet with welcome song their much-loved fairie Queen,
Who deigned, this witching night, to grace the woodland scene.

"What boon is it that I this night may grant to all?
What favors would ye that might in the fall
Which favored mortals may forevermore enjoy?
Far from the world of strife and all that may annoy?"



A COMMON SIGHT ON CRYSTAL RIVER.

beans, eggplants, cucumbers, onions and Irish potatoes.

FRUITS.

These are, first, the orange of course; but lemons, grape-fruits, peaches, pears, plums, Japan persimmons, scuppernong and the Thomas grapes and strawberries do well. In fact since the great freeze, which injured so many orange trees, fruit growers have turned their attention to these other fruits and were surprised to learn that they could raise them quite as profitably as they could the orange.

Fig growing too should be more extensively engaged in; and there should be established kilns and curing houses so as to preserve the fruit to commerce. There is no reason why we should import figs which have been handled and cured in Smyrna by the Lord knows whom, and we do not know how, when we may just as well have our own figs raised at home and cured by home people and clean home hands. California is making a success of fig culture—why should not Florida do so as well?

The fig does best on damp, shelly lands near the coast. The trees bear abundantly, require little attention and can be grown on lands almost unfit for anything else.

Bananas do well on the coast lands, but they have scarcely been raised a trial

CLIMATE.

The general climate of Florida has been so much written about that little more need be added. Yet it may be borne in mind that Crystal River is right on the Gulf coast. There is an immense area of salt water to the west and south, which insures a breeze, cooling, invigorating, all through the hot summer months. Residents who have moved here from the North say they have never felt the depressing and scorching heat here as they had in their former homes. Such a thing as sun-stroke is unknown. The summer days bring cooling showers generally accompanied by just enough electricity to purify the atmosphere.

As to the winters, it is enough to state that hotels and boarding houses and even private residences are full every winter with people who flock here from the North, because of the pleasant outdoor life they may lead here during the winter months.

THE POSSIBILITIES OF CASTOR BEAN CULTURE.

It has long been a matter of questioning wonder to us why Florida does not go heavily into the business of raising castor beans. In Kansas castor beans are the staple money crop, bringing from \$1.25 to \$1.50 per bushel. There they

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 ...able winter resort only, nor but a coun-
 ...try of mills and mines; but it affords a
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 ...three—and following in the wake of the
 ...three come many other industries which
 ...spring up because of them.

SCENERY.

For those who demand attractions bey-
 ...ond the merely practical, Crystal River
 ...has scenery as grand, romantic, as up-
 ...lifting as ever inspired a poet or saved a
 ...soul. There are vistas far-reaching and
 ...grand, where tall straight pines form
 ...aisles through which one instinctively
 ...looks for altars and naves beyond. The
 ...soft zephyrs whispering among the
 ...branches above, and the aromatic in-
 ...cense which perfumes the atmosphere
 ...makes the imagination revel in solemn,
 ...cathedral-like thoughts; 'tis verily a
 ...place for wordless but heartfelt prayer.

Leaving the pines one enters, perhaps,
 ...plats of scrub-palmetto, or "prairies,"
 ...where the broad-leaved palmettoes in-
 ...terspersed with wild flowers of varied
 ...hue and kind, give one the impression
 ...of an extensive open-air conservatory.

Then comes the hammock lands,
 ...where the bay and magnolia, the cedar
 ...and oak, the tall cabbage palm and many
 ...other trees of tropical verdure try to ou-
 ...trival each other in splendor and growth;
 ...yet which are entwined in a seemingly
 ...affectionate brotherhood of vines and
 ...trellised flowering plants altogether too
 ...varied to mention. In this cool, shady
 ...silence birds twitter and busy themselves
 ...with love and housekeeping affairs, the
 ...timid deer rests from the chase from the
 ...hounds, the possum and the coon hold
 ...high revelries, the wild turkey struts
 ...about in happy ignorance of Thanksgiv-
 ...ing Day, the mocking birds trill their
 ...happy song or mimic their feathered
 ...neighbors, and even at high noon the

...to the mill, or towing in barges full of
 ...the crude material wanted at the fiber
 ...factories. Then, perhaps, a large steam-
 ...er comes along, and with masterful
 ..."last" demands the right of way from
 ...all smaller craft.

More gently come the white-winged
 ...sailing boats. Schooners, sloops, shar-
 ...pies, "cat riggers—boats of all sizes dot
 ...the scene with their white sails, whilst
 ...here and there sturdy oarsmen send their
 ...light skiffs skimming about among
 ...them. Yonder is a happy quartette of
 ...negro fishermen running their nets
 ...around a school of the unwary fish. Yet
 ...loudly and musically proclaiming: "Wen
 ...de gin'ral roll am called I'll be dar."
 ...Farther on in the shade of the over-
 ...hanging trees sits an assiduous sports-
 ...man, holding a glistening rod with reel
 ...of the "very latest," intently waiting—
 ...one might almost say "listening"—for a
 ...bite. His guide, with gaff hook ready,
 ...his black face shining, his ivories in gen-
 ...erous evidence, his eyes ablaze with ex-
 ...citement, watches as eagerly as does his
 ...master for "dat dar big 'un what's gwine
 ...tuh be cotched dis time foh sho." And,
 ...as if in derision of all this invasion of man
 ...and civilization, the great tarpon leaps
 ...high up out of the water but a few feet
 ...from the boat of the Isaak Walton; the
 ...smaller fry leap merrily over the nets of
 ...the darkies, and the waters glide to and
 ...fro with the tide, regardless of the ob-
 ...structions of wheels and steam. Man,
 ...after all, remains subservient to the com-
 ...mands of a higher power, the God of
 ...nature.

We leave the waters of Crystal River
 ...and glide in among the numerous islands
 ...of Salt River. At "low tide" we may
 ...take a shot at the flocks of ducks and
 ...heron; we may corner up a couple of dol-
 ...phins in some bayou and give them a



"THE ROCK" ON CRYSTAL RIVER.

To greet with welcome song their much-loved fairie Queen,
 Who deigned, this witching night, to grace the woodland scene.

"What boon is it that I this night may grant to all?
 What favors would ye that might in the fall.
 Which favors mortals may love, and may prize,
 Far from the world of strife and all that may annoy?"

Thus spake the gracious Queen. Her subjects gathered nigh,
 In homage kissed her hand, and thus they made reply:

"The boon we ask is great; we beg the brightest gem
 Of those that cluster in thy brilliant diadem
 Of haloed lights upon thy fair and queenly brow—
 The boon we ask is great; but would'st, O Queen, deny us now?"

At once the snow-white hands removed the jeweled crown,
 Let fall the brightest gems of Fairyland renown.
 Not one, but more, she cast within that fairy ring,
 And wished to each the pow'r yet greater gifts to bring.

Next morn the sun arose to smile on land and sea,
 And where the fairie Queen had held her revelrie:
 "Forsooth!" he cried. "What change is this that hath been wrought?"

'Tis bubbling springs there are where yester-eve was naught
 But common earth and grass! And ne'er has there been seen
 Such rainbow hues of scintillating, silv'ry sheen!
 Methinks some diamonds rare must here have been dissolved,
 While 'bout them fairie forms in rhythmic tread revolved."

(He knew not that he'd guessed the truth about the springs;
 This query to his brow still off' a wrinkle brings.)

The fairies laugh in glee at good Old Sol's amaze,
 But keep themselves a-shield from his too ardent gaze.
 They fain would haste the speed, so his day's work were done;
 The time to them is long—those hours 'twixt sun and sun—
 'Tis when the dew-time stars light up the fairie rings,
 Their forms come dancing o'er the Crystal River Springs.

garden of vegetables. Forage plants of
 several varieties thrive exceedingly well,
 making stock raising and dairying pro-
 fitable. Stock and hog raising is still
 done on the wild grasses alone, but the
 best farmers are fast discarding such
 farming. Cotton does well, but other
 industries—or rather the good sense of
 the farmers who believe in variety farm-
 ing—have crowded out cotton.

Cane may be called the "money crop."
 This crop is as "sure" as any crop can
 be, and the demand for the syrup made
 from it is never exhausted. It will be
 but a matter of a few years when there
 will be sugar refineries established; then
 there will not be a more profitable pro-
 duct than cane. The farmers now sell
 their syrup in the local markets at about
 an average of fifty cents a gallon.

Almost all lands produce good cane,
 but the pine lands are preferred. Though
 the rich hammock lands produce larger
 stalks, they contain more water, neces-
 sitating more boiling in the making of
 the syrup.

Corn, while not yielding so many

potatoes for fattening hogs. Any of
 these lands are right for sweet potatoes,
 but sandy lands are best.

Melons! This is the land of melons;
 and that is all there need be said about
 melons.

Peanuts are raised mostly for fattening
 hogs. The crop is planted, and when
 matured the hogs are turned in on them
 to "root hog or die." Some may die,
 but it is because even hogs sometimes die
 because of having too much of a good
 thing.

For forage, the beggar weed, the vel-
 vet beans, the cowpea, the Bermuda
 grass and the millet take the lead. All
 these and some others grow luxuriantly,
 and all are fine either to fatten beaves or
 to keep milkers up to the standard.

For the truckster the hammock lands
 are best; and when you have a good
 farm of hammock land near to the Cryst-
 al River depot go in and win. Plant
 any and all sorts of vegetables for the local
 market, but for shipping try celery, cab-
 bage, cauliflower, tomatoes, lettuce,

Florida do well on the coast lands,

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 lands near the coast. The trees bear
 abundantly, require little attention and
 can be grown on lands almost unfit for
 anything else.

Bananas do well on the coast lands,
 but they have scarcely been given a trial
 as a money crop.

It may not be amiss to mention the
 mulberries. But not for its fruit alone
 is the mulberry tree valuable, but for
 the more practical uses to which its
 leaves may be put, namely in the feed-
 ing of silk-worms. They feed on mul-
 berry leaves, and the silk reeled and
 tested is as fine as that either of France
 or China. The worms here are remark-
 ably free from the diseases from which
 they suffer in foreign countries; to such
 a great extent is this true that France
 pays high prices for American silk worm
 eggs. The government has been re-
 cently trying to establish "test plants"
 or "cocooneries;" but surely the time
 will come when this great undeveloped
 industry, so especially adapted to Florida,
 will receive the attention it deserves.
 When it does, and "cocooneries" and
 silk culture are established facts, Crystal
 River will send in its fair quota of raw
 silk. And then the mulberry tree will
 flourish even better than the proverbial
 "green bay tree."

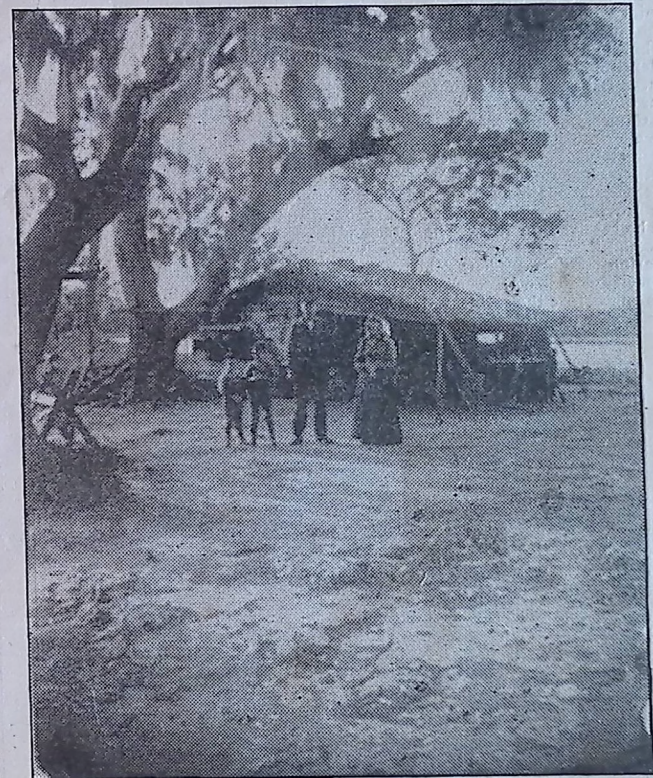
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 \$1.25 to \$1.50 per bushel. There they
 need good soil and careful cultivation,
 and then grow but to a medium size;
 here, on the very poorest soil, with no
 cultivation whatever, the castor bean
 grows to such a size that children climb
 them and play among their branches.
 The seed-clusters are of an enormous
 size, and seem to keep on growing and
 maturing almost the whole year around.

They grow from year to year, as it is
 seldom that our frosts are severe enough
 to cut them down in the winter. The
 possibilities of castor bean culture are
 great, but like many another industry,
 no one has happened to "think it over."

TOBACCO.

While tobacco has, as yet, not been
 grown as a staple in the immediate vi-
 cinity of Crystal River, it has been cul-
 tivated sufficiently to prove that the soils
 and climate are all they should be to
 make tobacco culture an easy success.
 The nearness of Tampa, one of the best
 tobacco markets in the world, is a point
 not to be lost sight of by anyone who
 may wish to engage in this industry.



RUSTIC, THOUGH HAPPY, HOME ON CRYSTAL RIVER.

NATURAL RESOURCES.

NATURAL RESOURCES THAT ARE ABSOLUTELY FREE TO ALL WHO MAY COME.

Fortunes Awaiting Those Who Invest in New Oyster Beds—Fishing for Markgt—The Sponge Beds Are Free—Game, Such as Deer and Bear, Are Still With Us, to Some Extent—Spanish Moss.

The natural resources which are absolutely free to any who may extend the gathering hand are mainly those contained in the rivers and the Gulf. Crystal river is noted for its fine fishing grounds, the Gulf is noted for its oysters, turtles and sponges. And best markets for all these are right at Crystal River—excepting only the sponges. The sponging boats must now take long trips in order to carry their catches to market, but a market will, no doubt, soon be established for them here at home. Oyster beds are also scattered freely in the numerous bayous and creeks of Salt river, but owing to their nearness to market, the oysters are being, there, exterminated.

A fortune is awaiting the ones who can invest a small capital in planting new oyster beds here, can they but wait a few years for the oysters to grow.

Fishing for market is indulged in by many. This fishing is done with gill nets. The best fish are the mullet, snapper, red-fish(channel bass), black bass, sea trout and the sheepshead. Then there are the dainty fish, mackerel and pompano, but one must go to the Gulf for them.

The gamy fish—the ones which the sportsmen go after—are the red-fish, cavally and the tarpon which, mounted, adorn so many of the homes and club rooms at the North.

The red-fish are gamy; the cavally are gamier; but the gamiest thing on the fish line is that great, graceful, glistening, plucky, beauty, the tarpon. He will tip the scales at from fifty to two hundred pounds, and when he is once safely landed both he and his lucky captor come in for all sorts of praise and congratulations.

When first hoked he leaps far out of the water, describing a bow of silvery splendor, and endeavors to shake himself free from the cruel hook.

When a tarpon is hooked, sportsmen's etiquette demands that all other fishermen in the vicinity draw in their lines so as to give the tarpon and his would-be captor plenty of room and

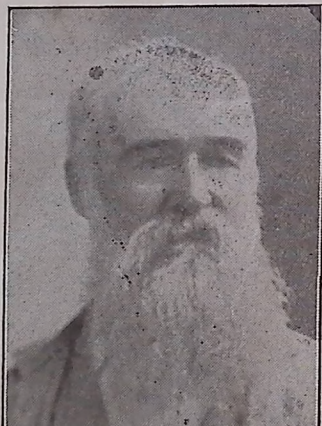
game all over Florida has been hunted, until a very few years ago, when the long-delayed game laws were put in force.

Another natural resource, is the long grey "Spanish moss" which is so much in demand for upholstering and mattresses. All along the rivers and in the denser hammocks the trees are abundantly festooned with it. After it has been gathered, being an air-plant, it is soon replaced by a new growth, securing to the moss gatherer an inexhaustive resource of revenue.

There are also large and ever-increasing "bars" of finely beaten oyster shells, which the Gulf waves deposit on the shore. These are used for concrete work, and are also gathered and shipped to inland towns where they are used as "grit" for poultry.

DR. J. D. BENNETT.

The subject of this sketch was born in New Bloomfield, Callaway county, Mo., in 1840; was educated at Westminster College, Fulton, Mo. At the beginning of the war he left school and entered the Confederate army under command of Gen. Sterling Price; was surrendered at Shreveport, La., then returned home, studied medicine, graduate at the St. Louis Memicar College. Practiced medicine in Assumption, Illinois. He came to Florida in 1883, on account of failing health, and raised a large, beautiful orange grove, which was swept from the earth by the freeze of 1896, along with almost all the groves in Florida. This was the first year the trees bore fruit. He then left the farm and came to Crystal River and practiced



Ice Plant, Crystal River.

HONORABLE JUDGE DE MURO.

George W. de Muro was born in Cardenas, Cuba, on the 4th of July, 1864. On the paternal side of the house Mr. de Muro is of Spanish descent, and his mother is a native of Newport, R. I.

At the tender age of 4, he was removed from Cuba to Baltimore, Md. He received his primary education in to public schools of that city. Later he entered the Newton Academy of Maryland, and then finished up at the Rock Hill college.

He came to Florida in 1883, and a year later he settled down in Citrus county and went into the orange business.

It soon became evident that Mr. de Muro was intended for a public career. He was first elected County Commissioner, then Justice of the Peace. During this time he was diligently studying law, and, in 1896, was admitted to the bar. He was then appointed to fill an unexpired term as probate and county judge of Citrus county, and at the later election was elected to succeed himself.

The Honorable Judge de Muro is, comparatively, yet a young man, so have attained to so high and responsible a position; this is due to his earnest application to his studies when a youth, and to the up-right steadfastness of his character as a man. The future holds out to him many a bright, beckoning finger, and all who know him are confident that the highest political honors will yet be his. His principles are such as stand for clean, honest and just laws; and he is exactly the man who will never hesitate to do his share towards seeing that they are rigidly enforced. He is heart and soul interested in any measure which will insure the welfare of the public. In the dispensing of his judicial pow-



a never-failing source of income. He owns his own sugar mill, and has the reputation of making as good, clear syrup as Florida can produce.

Early in life Mr. Priest married Miss Annie Winn, and has proven that, like President Roosevelt, he does not believe in race-suicide. His olive branches became so numerous that he was forced to build a home that would do for a small hotel. Nor was he stingy about the trimmings; in building a residence he believed just the same as in raising a family,—what is worth doing at all is worth doing well. His motto is: "The more, the merrier;" and he knows how to find room for all, and how to take the best of care of them, too.

Naturally, Mr. Priest considers the school question a vital one, so any educational matter that comes up finds him interested. The school and the church at Red Level owe much of their prominence and excellencies to the energetic efforts of Mr. Priest.

MR. N. BARCO.

Mr. Barco may be classed as one of the old landmarks of Crystal River. Though born in Lake City, Crystal River has the greater claim on him, as he came to this town early in life, and, as one might say, from the time of its birth, was one of its best, leading citizens, doing his utmost to further any enterprise which might accrue to the development and progress of the town, or to the welfare of its people. The cedar business, merchandising, orange and other fruit culture, the lumber business,—all have known Mr. Barco first as pioneer then as the most progressive and enthusiastic owner and promoter. Then, generally, after he had placed all these enterprises on a standard, paying basis he would abdicate in favor of others whom he found capable of carrying them on. He did not want to make all for himself; he wished others to have their chance.

Though busy with other work, he accepted the office of County Treasurer, which office he held for ten years. He has always voted the straight democratic ticket. While always working hard for the best of municipal government, the county, the state and the national government found in him ever a ready and helpful co-worker.

After all these years of usefulness, time commenced to tell on brother Nick. One morning he found a gray hair. He straightway sang out:

"Goodby to the days of follies and fun;
Goodby to the struggles for gold;
To others I'll leave this work to be done,
For, boys, I am getting too old."

Then he sold out all his interests in his various enterprises, and prepared to devote himself solely to his family and to his own comfort. He seated himself luxuriously under his own



Hon. Judge Bullock, Ocala.

identified with its weal and its woe from the time when but Indians trails marked the paths through the forests until now when the highest civilization has crowned the efforts of these courageous pioneers. He fought and bled for his country during the civil war. High martial honors were his, and still higher honors were tendered him, time and again, but these he waived aside leaving them to be deserved and acquired by the younger generation coming after him.

The Honorable Judge Bullock has his residence in Ocala, but his judicial duties take him far a-field, so he is well-known throughout the state; and everywhere, especially in Citrus county he has made many warm and true friends.

MR. J. W. KNIGHT.

Mr. J. W. Knight was born at Brooksville, the county seat of Hernando county, on the 23rd of August, 1855; was married on the 22nd of July, 1883, and his family consists now of himself, wife and six children, four girls and two boys.

In 1884, a year after his marriage, he located at what is now Floral City; and as he was the very first settler there, he has the honor of being the oldest citizen of that now thriving little town. Born a Floridian, he has lived a Floridian, and has never wandered away from his native heath with the intention of making a home for himself elsewhere. He has a great faith in Florida, and has a love for this, his native country which he has proven in many practical ways.

Viewed in a religious light, he is found zealous in the faith of the denomination to which he belongs, the Methodist, and in this he has fulfilled every office to which a layman can aspire.

He is also a prominent Mason, having ascended the masonic ladder by the York Rites to the degree of Knight Templar.

In municipal affairs he has served as justice of the peace during two years, after which he resigned. He was a member of the County School board

sheriff, and, no doubt, he will continue to hold the office as many years as he wishes, since, not only has he won the love and esteem of all his constituents, but he has adequately proven himself to be the right man in the



Sheriff Geo. Carter, Crystal River.

right place. No criminal after whom George had been sent was ever able to phaze him. When his eye holds you, when his lips say: "Come along," and when his grip tightens on you, there is nothing to do but to humbly obey orders. Though firm in all his dealings with criminals, he is always humane, treating them as gently and with as much consideration as consistent with the man's behavior. His "guests in seclusion" are well fed and cleanly housed—in fact, it has been said that some of the waywardly inclined think it rather a good thing to fall into the care of Sheriff Carter. Good board and lodging, with never a bit of work to do, and never a bit of abuse to put up with is quite a sinecure to some natures.

Though Mr. Carter has now reached the age of 32, he has never yet, himself, been arrested by a pair of feminine eyes, nor has he been captured in the matrimonial noose or handcuffed to his marital fate; really, this is the only thing which his friends can hold against George, and we think it is time for the highest of high sheriffs, Cupid, to start after him.

Well, Mr. Carter is a good, whole-souled fellow; and all who know him will be glad to see him succeed in all his ambitions.

TILLEYHURST.

Tilleyhurst is a large island around which both Crystal River and Salt river wind their way.

The cottage is built on one of the beautiful shell mounds on the banks of Crystal river. Standing on the front piazza of the cottage one has a view of the west course of the river for two or three miles—almost to where it empties into the gulf. Right at the east of the cottage the river makes a bend, and the water is very shallow. There

ed. Adorn so many of the homes and club rooms at the North.

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When a tarpon is hooked, sportsmen's etiquette demands that all other fishermen in the vicinity draw in their lines so as to give the tarpon and his would-be captor plenty of room and a fair-fighting chance. The issues of the chase and battle are followed, with intense interest and excitement is at a high tension. Among the betting fraternity great "stakes" are shouted from boat to boat. Practical (and otherwise) advice is freely (sometimes too freely and really irritating) given to the battling fisherman and pocket cameras are being anxiously pointed in hopes of a "snap" at one of those beautifully grand and powerful leaps.

It may be hours before the prize is finally landed and a distance of miles may be between the spot where it had been hooked and that where he had finally succumbed to the master mind.

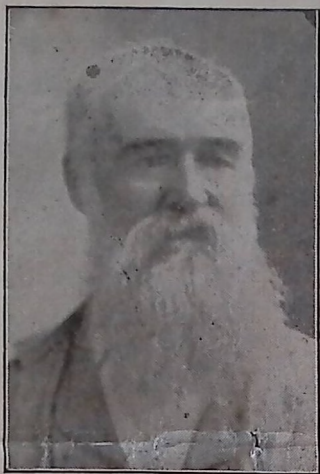
The tarpon season is from the first of April to the fifteenth of June, but the chance of catching them are good at almost any time of the year.

Porpoises, too, abound; they come into the rivers from the Gulf. There is much sport to be had in shooting them, but a market for their valuable hides and oil should be established at home, at Crystal River.

In the Gulf waters one finds the dainty pompano, the black fish and the mackerel; but the delicate and wholesome fish in the river are so plentiful and in such variety that there is little need of going so far as the Gulf for others.

Game, such as deer, bear and the smaller fur-bearing animals were, in former years so plentiful that the settlers had no need to worry about meat, or about his clothes—the latter he provided for himself with the money he received for furs. The otter and the mink are the most valuable fur-bearing animals here but they, especially the otters, are fast disappearing before the ruthless, destroying hand of man. In season and out, the

came to Crystal River and practiced



Dr. J. J. Bennett, Crystal River.

medicine until the present time, which he has found much more profitable than cultivating orange trees.

The Doctor was married to Miss Luella Huron, of Avon, Indiana, in 1873. He and his wife, have done much to advance education in Citrus county. He was president of the Board of Education for fourteen years. When he came into office there was scarcely a decent school house in the county. He remained on the Board to see nice comfortable and elegant buildings in every district in the county and the term lengthened from three to six, eight, and ten months. Seeing the necessity of trained teachers, and the very few home boys and girls who were able to teach, or had the means to go away to obtain an education, Mrs. Bennett opened a normal school in their house and gave instruction to those who desired an education. Nearly all the teachers of the county came for instruction in the advanced branches. Many were unable to pay for board and were taken in, expecting to pay when they could teach; and be it said to this noble band of boys and girls, almost every one paid up the last dollar when they began teaching.

The Doctor is also a staunch elder in the Presbyterian church. When he came here there was no church organization of any kind. Mrs. Bennett commenced a Sunday School the first Sunday after their arrival on their homestead and taught under a pine tree. This school, enlarged and developed into a Presbyterian church, which still flourishes, and has built a large comfortable church edifice with preaching every Sunday, and the members are erecting a large beautiful parsonage. The Doctor is tall and hearty, and does a large practice and bids fair to continue for several years, practicing his noble profession of medicine.

the man who will never hesitate to do his share towards seeing that they are rigidly enforced. He is heart and soul interested in any measure which will insure the welfare of the public. In the dispensing of his judicial pow-



Hon. Judge deMuro, Crystal River.

ers he is first of all just,—but with a justice tempered with mercy.

Of a thoughtful, reserved demeanor he lends dignity to his office. From his Spanish ancestors he has inherited the bearing of a courtier which is so natural to the true Castilian; but his personal friends find in him the genial, affable and obliging traits of his wholly American mother.

The Judge married a most estimable lady of Selma, Alabama, Miss Josephine Savarey, and the happiness of his home has been augmented by two very interesting children.

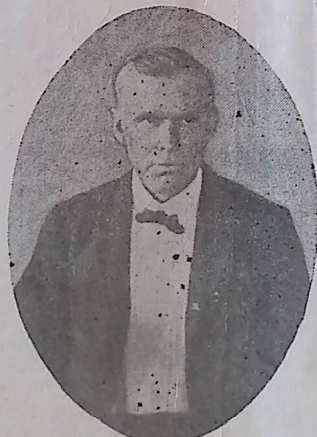
He is a prominent Mason, being a Knight Templar and also belonging to the Order of the Mystic Shrine, Woodmen of the World, Fraternal Union, Elk, and a member of the Grand Chapter of Royal Arch Masons of Florida.

MR. JEFF. PRIEST.

Mr. Priest is one of our solid, substantial citizens,—one of the sort who help along the community, and who make the world better for being in it.

He was born and reared a farmer right here in Red Level; and he has fully demonstrated the fact that the life of the farmer is the most independent one, if you've brain and muscle to make it so.

While there were still great areas of wild lands, Mr. Priest made use of the good pasturing by turning it into beef mutton and pork; later, when these lands began to be settled up, he went farming on truck and other crop lines. In this he has been most successful. Though raising almost everything a Florida farm can be made to produce, he pays most attention to raising cane. Of this staple product he plants a large acreage, and finds it

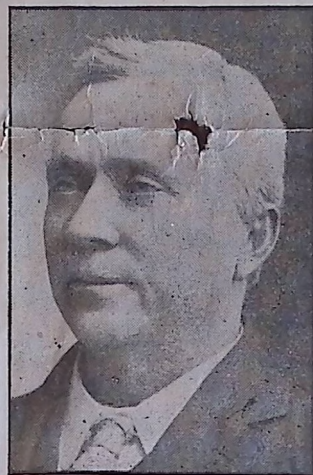


Mr. Jeff Priest, Red L. level.

the national government found in him ever a ready and helpful co-worker. After all these years of usefulness, time commenced to tell on brother Nick. One morning he found a gray hair. He straightway sang out:

"Goodby to the days of follies and fun;
Goodby to the struggles for gold;
To others I'll leave this work to be done,
For, boys, I am getting too old."

Then he sold out all his interests in his various enterprises, and prepared to devote himself solely to his family and to his own comfort. He seated himself luxuriously under his own



Mr. N. Barco, Crystal River.

vine and fig tree and did his "resting."

But he soon learned that he was not built for resting; in fact, he found that this "resting" was the hardest work he ever did in his life. It wouldn't do for Nick, at all, he might be willing to wear out, but never to rust out. So Mr. R. J. Knight employed him to look after his real estate business. He had had much experience in this before, so e'er long he was in the thick of the fight again; and if others remember that gray hair it makes no difference to Nick.

Mr. Knight controls over 200,000 acres of land, improved and unimproved, pinelands, flatwoods and hammocks, and Mr. Barco can show the corners and dividing lines of every section or part of section. He knows not only his own districts, but his county and a great portion of his state. He is one of the very best real estate agents in Florida. He can show more corners and lines than any other person in it. He can establish, he can locate any settler on exactly the kinds of lands suited to his individual wants, and he can establish any business man in just the locality suited to the man's business.

Mr. Barco is a man who believes in himself, and is ready to prove that he is justified in doing so.

HONORABLE JUDGE BULLOCK.

The Right Man in the Right Place.

The appointment of Mr. Bullock to the position of Circuit Judge had, from the very start, and still continues to have, the approval of all good and honest men, for the Judge has given ample proof that he is not only an excellent citizen, a man with a high sense of honor, but also competent to fulfill the most exacting duties of his high, responsible position.

In the pursuit of his profession he has been upright and honorable; his public career has been steadfast and unswerving; and his private life is a model of rectitude and purity.

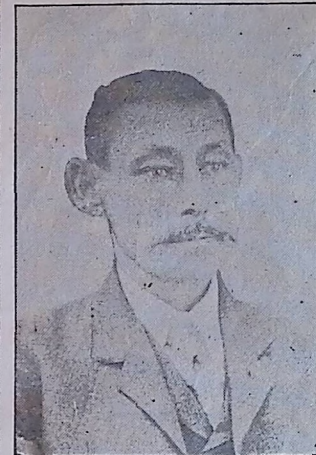
He is a man who, heart and mind, is wholly Southern. His father, General Bullock, was one of the pioneers of the State, and has been continuously

located at what is now Floral City; and as he was the very first settler there, he has the honor of being the oldest citizen of that now thriving little town. Born a Floridian, he has lived a Floridian, and has never wandered away from his native heath with the intention of making a home for himself elsewhere. He has a great faith in Florida, and has a love for this, his native country which he has proven in many practical ways.

Viewed in a religious light, he is found zealous in the faith of the denomination to which he belongs, the Methodist, and in this he has fulfilled every office to which a layman can aspire.

He is also a prominent Mason, having ascended the masonic ladder by the York Rites to the degree of Knight Templar.

In municipal affairs he has served as justice of the peace during two years, after which he resigned. He was a member of the County School board four years, and was chiefly instrumen-



Hon. J. W. Knight, Floral City.

tal in securing free school books in the county's schools.

Mr. Knight is a true, honest, enterprising citizen, and is well thought of in political, business, religious and social circles.

He was elected in 1904 to represent Citrus county in the Legislature and has certainly made a model representative, representing his county with honor and dignity. He was placed on some of the most important committees during the session, and never failed to "talk out in meetin'" whenever the occasion required it.

Joe Knight is an all-round good man, and has the confidence of the people of the entire county.

SHERIFF GEORGE CARTER.

Mr. George Carter, the efficient Sheriff of citrus county, though residing now at Inverness, was born and reared at Crystal River. He is what may be termed a self-made man. With few material advantages, he was early in life forced to hoe his own row—any sort of a row with any sort of a hoe—so, for several years, he followed the vocation of a fisherman. The fishing industry in those days was not what it is now, and only a precarious living could be made at it. This did not suit George; and though he believed that the future held something better in store for the fishing industry, he, himself, was not willing to wait for the future.

Meanwhile, Mr. Carter's fellows had been sizing him up; had noted his strong manly physique, his clean life, his industry, honesty, integrity and his all-around social and practical qualities, so they concluded that he was needed in a more public phase of the work-a-day life. In 1897 he was made leading deputy sheriff of his county, and this office he then held for six consecutive years.

In 1904 Mr. Carter was elected

after his marriage, he himself, been arrested by a pair of feminine eyes, nor has he been captured in the matrimonial noose or handcuffed to his marital fate; really, this is the only thing which his friends can hold against George, and we think it is time for the highest of high sheriffs, Cupid, to start after him.

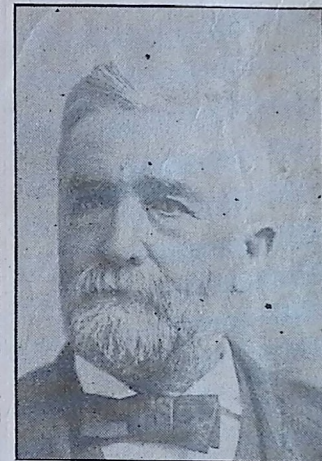
Well, Mr. Carter is a good, whole-souled fellow; and all who know him will be glad to see him succeed in all his ambitions.

TILLEYHURST.

Tilleyhurst is a large island around which both Crystal River and Salt river wind their way.

The cottage is built on one of the beautiful shell mounds on the banks of Crystal river. Standing on the front piazza of the cottage one has a view of the west course of the river for two or three miles—almost to where it empties into the gulf. Right at the east of the cottage the river makes a bend southeastward, forming a large bay in front of Sarondee, the home of the late H. Stratner. Out from this bay branches Salt river, going its way south and west of Tilleyhurst, on towards Homossassa, while Crystal river, itself, continues its way eastward up to the Springs at the town of Crystal.

Before the disastrous freeze of '96 Tilleyhurst boasted of a fine orange grove—a few of the trees had recover-



Mr. E. M. Tilley, Crystal River.

ed and are in bearing again,—but after the freeze it lay comparatively forsaken until it caught the eye of a wealthy Virginian who had come to Crystal River for the winter's fishing. Being high and dry, and so beautifully located, it has proven an ideal winter home, especially as the very best of fishing is at its very door.

Mr. E. M. Tilley, the present owner of Tilleyhurst, resides at Norfolk, Va. He is one of the most prominent men of Norfolk, and is, along with his sons and daughters, identified with most of its leading business, social, charitable and religious enterprises.

Nominally, Mr. Tilley has retired from active work; but a man with such a practical and successful past can never wholly surrender himself from the importuning demands of his friends and from matters pertaining to the public welfare. He is a man of unusual safe and practical judgment, with a big heart and open purse for the unfortunate, yet he is the most unassuming and modest of men. Always sociable, kind and pleasant, delighting in good company and living, he is a very lovable old gentleman. He keeps his cottage well-furnished, ready for his friends and himself whenever they choose to occupy it.

For so many years has Mr. Tilley spent his winters with us that we claim a half interest in him—and we really begrudge Norfolk the other half; may he be with us during many, many more winters.



THE A. R. KNIGHT BUSINESS BUILDING, Crystal River.

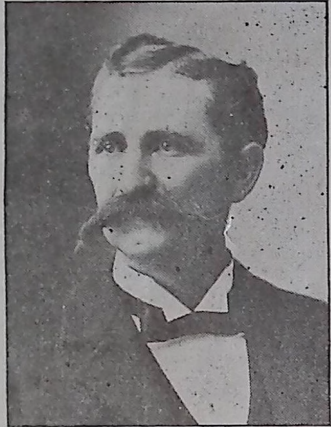
MR. B. F. WILSON.

Mr. B. F. Wilson was born in Hous-ton county, Tennessee, in 1862.

In 1884 he came to Florida, and find-ing no other place he liked so well, he cast anchor in what was then Her-nando county. (Hernando county then included what is now Citrus county.)

For several years he engaged in what was then the leading idea, name-ly: orange culture and the culture of citrus fruits in general. Later he was for several years in the phosphate bus-iness. Then he tried the mercantile business for six years, but every man has a particular niche in life into which he fits exactly, and this niche the voters of Citrus county found for Mr. Wilson when they elected him, unani-mously and against one of the most powerful political men the county then had, to the office of county treasurer. He was elected to this office in 1901, and in 1903 he was re-elected to the same office, which was further proof of the confidence and esteem of the people, and that Mr. Wilson had really found his true vocation in life, namely: that of a public officer of trust.

It is Mr. Wilson's chief aim in life



MR. B. F. WILSON, County Treasurer.

to show his appreciation of the good-will of his fellow citizens by proving strictly faithful to his trust. He takes a deep interest in the county's welfare and always (as far it is in his power to do so) lends a helping hand to every enterprise that has a tendency to develop the industries and natural re-sources of the county, or in any way accrue to the welfare of Citrus county and the people in it.

Mr. Wilson, personally, is a man whom to know is to love and trust. He makes a true friend and a lenient, charitable foe. Nothing delights him more than to know that success came to any one worthy of it, and nothing saddens him more quickly than to know that a fellowman has been over-taken by misfortune.

As a public officer, Mr. Wilson can always count on the future support of the voters of Citrus county for he has proven his efficiency and his hon-esty in the way he has always ful-filled the trust which they had already placed in him.

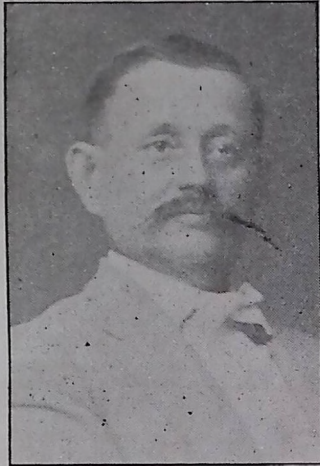
MR. JOHN WINN.

Mr. John Winn was born and reared on a Red Level farm; and, like all the farmers in Red Level, he has made a decided success at farming.

For the usual sensible start, he mar-ried, and built a neat and comfortable home. Then he planted orange and other fruit trees round about it, which soon made the home attractive and supplied it with the healthful and luxurious dainties of the table. While these were growing, he busied himself to put his fields into shape for the growing of such crops as would bring in the most ready cash. Though in-

MR. E. T. BOWMAN.

Mr. E. T. Bowman, mayor of Cryst-al River, Fla., was born and reared in Schuylkill, Haven, Pa. He came to Florida in 1879, and was one among the early settlers in this section who so assiduously applied themselves to the clearing land and planting orange groves, until the disastrous freeze of



MR. E. T. BOWMAN.

1892. After this freeze Mr. Bowman sought other fields, and embarked in the mercantile business and has en-gaged in this business ever since.

He has served our people in the ca-pacity of justice of the peace, and at the present time is a member of the Board of County Commissioners and is serving his third term as mayor of the town of Crystal River.

DR. H. M. TAYLOR.

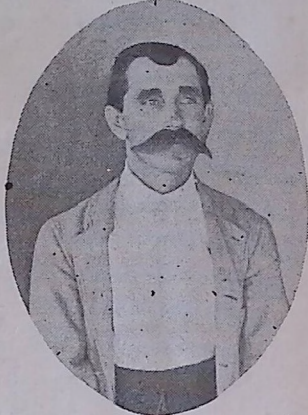
Dr. H. M. Taylor, born of one of the first families of Virginia has already made his mark in the professional world.

He is a graduated physician from the Atlanta Medical College, and has had an extended hospital experience; but not satisfied with that, he, in or-der to keep up with the progress of medical science, makes it a rule to attend as many medical lectures, and meetings of more renowned physicians as his already large practice will al-low him the time for. Besides this he is associated with various medical associations and leagues. He is a mem-ber of the State Board of Medical Ex-aminers, of the State Board of Medi-cal Associations, active member of the Board of Medical Councils and member of the American Tuberculosis League.

He came to Crystal River on the 15th of October, 1903; and in this short time has already made an en-joyable name for himself as an expert in his profession. He has that about him which, to physicians, is ever an open sesame to connection with the

**MR. B. V. ROWLAND.**

Mr. Rowland is a Georgia boy. He was reared among the Red Hills and long lanes of Georgia. It was in those wide fields and long rows that he followed the plow as long as his father held the reins over him. It was there that he learned the great statement of God, when he said that "man should live by the sweat of his brow." At the age of 19 he started out in the world for himself, with no edu-cation, and fortunately he at once saw his great lack of ability to meet the world as he wished. He at once began to strive for an education, and after a few years of hard work he was able to enter the N. L. W. College at Wrightsville, Ga., where, for several months, he heard the midnight cock crowing while solving the problems and learning the hard lessons that



MR. B. V. ROWLAND.

he must face the next day. But when he had finished his task there he was still not satisfied. As soon as he could save enough money he went to Jack-sonville and entered the Massey Bus-iness College, and just about the time he completed his commercial course, the city fell a victim to that great fire, which in about eight hours changed it from a great city to the largest ashbed that Florida has ever seen. After the fire he worked several weeks for the desolate and homeless people, distributing supplies and feeding the hungry with the gifts that were sent there by the good people from all parts of our country. From there he went to O'Brien, Fla., and accepted a position with Mr. J. Scarborough as bookkeeper and manager of his mer-cantile business and his work while there was so successful for his em-ployer that he could no longer resist the temptation to take the few dollars that he had earned and opened a little shop that he could call his own. Mr. Rowland came to Crystal River on February 9, 1904, and a few days later he opened up a line of general mer-chandise and has done a large and in-creasing business ever since he flung his store door open to the public.

He is polite and obliging and usually holds a customer whenever he gets one. He is very attentive to business and is classed one of our most substan-tial merchants. He is destined to climb to the top of the ladder. You can't keep down a young man with the good horse sense and good habits that he possesses.

GENERAL S. H. KELSEY.

General Kelsey is a native of Rush county, Indiana, and was reared there on a farm. His education was re-ceived in the district school and acad-emies of Indiana, and matriculated for the State University in the summer of 1862, and was arranging to enter same when the fever of war over-came him. He enlisted in the Eighty-fourth Indiana Volunteer infantry, serving with honor and distinction un-til the close of the war in 1865, in what was called the ARMY of the

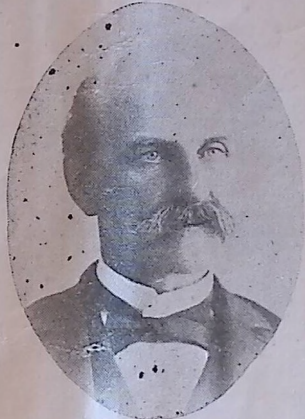
which he is a Past Grand Patriarch, and for 12 years represented Kansas in the grand lodges; a Past Chancellor in the order of Knights of Pythias, a Past Brigadier General in the Uniform Rank, Knights of Pythias, a Royal Arch Mason, and a Past officer in the order of United Commercial Travelers of America. He retired the 1st of April last as Adjutant General of Kan-sas, and from the reports of the press of his state, made the best Adjutant General the state ever had.

The general has cast his lot in Cryst-al River and we heartily welcome all such enterprising and useful citi-zens like himself to our town. He is going to engage in the manufacturing business and is now busily engaged erecting a large mill to saw hard woods, curly pine, etc. Later on he will begin the manufacturing of furni-ture.

MR. S. J. PARDOE.

Mr. S. J. Pardoe is one of our oldest citizens. He came here in order to engage in orange culture. In the meantime, he engaged also in the mer-cantile business, and afterwards in the saw mill business. After the big freeze of '96, when his orange grove was laid low he returned to the North; but he had drunk of the magic waters of Crystal River, so he had to return to Florida again.

For a few years he has been out of business, thinking he had arrived at an age when he was justified in taking the world easy, but he is getting rest-less, and is not so content as he might



MR. S. J. PARDOE.

be to remain idle; e'er long we will see Mr. Pardoe getting busy again.

Mr. Pardoe is quite an elderly gen-tleman, but he has more vivacity still than many a younger man can boast of. He is very jovial, fond of a joke —on himself as well as on any one else —and is ever ready to lend a helping hand. Quite a nice old gentleman to have about, is Mr. Pardoe.

MR. CHAS. E. ALLEN.

Mr. Chas. E. Allen, our genial tax collector of Citrus county, was born at Crystal River in 1863; but his pa-rents moved to Lecanto, the present home of Mr. Allen, in 1864, a year

ago. His father died immediately after the civil war, so Mr. Allen received but a common school education whilst growing up under the adverse circum-stances of the reconstruction days.

After coming of age, he settled down to farming, at which he made a decided success.

On the 10th of May, 1904, he was elected to the office of tax collector of Citrus county, which arduous and exacting position he has, thus far, filled to the entire satisfaction of the voters of the county.

Mr. Allen, though until lately not much known in public life, seems marked for a brilliant future career.

Modest and unassuming, he had to be sought out by the public; now that

MR. W. B. EDWARDS.

Mr. W. B. Edwards is one of our well-to-do Red Level farmers. Though raising the usual crops such as corn, potatoes, cane, melons, etc., he has paid most of his attention to the rais-ing of beef cattle and hogs. He owns large herds of good stock.

Mr. Edwards knows well that there is an ever-increasing demand for good Florida beef, and he knows, too, that this section of the country can pro-duce it as well as any other. Even the big packers of the North are ne-gotiating for vast tracts of Florida lands on which they may pasture cat-tle to help supply the world's meat materials, and Mr. Edwards can see no reason why the farmers who al-ready own lands, and who are already "on the spot" should not be the first



in these money making schemes. There is always a good and ready market right here at home for beef and pork; in fact, the supply runs short because of the many mill, turpentine and phos-phate men and their families who must be supplied, and who, themselves, can raise nothing whatever in the line of eatables.

"Uncle Billy," as Mr. Edwards is more familiarly called, believed in making sure, as near as possible, that his name would be perpetuated for of his nine children eight are boys. Nearly all are grown and are a credit to him, as they have branched out and each is making a name for himself. By the way, Mr. Edwards is a widower, and is far from being past the marrying age; "A hint to the wise (ladies) is sufficient."

DR. H. O. SNOW.

Dr. Snow, of Floral City, graduated at the Atlanta College of Physicians and Surgeons April 3, 1900. He holds a license from the State Board of Georgia and one from the Sixth District Board of Florida to practice medicine. Prior to his graduation he served a year in an army hospital in Georgia and in Cuba as steward. He practiced



DR. H. O. SNOW, Floral City.

medicine in Coffee county, Ga., one year since he graduated.

He was born and reared near Brook-sville, Fla., on "Snow Hill."

He loves his chosen profession, and enjoys a large and lucrative practice. Whenever he is sent for he does not

well-worn soils of the San Joaquin valley has been tried. The applica-tion of sixteen inches of water in-creased the yield of barley from nine to twenty-two bushels per acre. In a wheat field that produced only straw, four inches of water produced a yield of ten bushels per acre, and sixteen inches of water increased the yield to thirty-eight bushels.

An investigation into the value of irrigation in fruit orchards showed that the quantity of fruit increased where irrigation was practiced and that the quality was superior. Hun-dreds of growers contributed testi-mony to this effect. Alleged injuries to fruits and vines by irrigation was found to be due to errors in irrigation and not to irrigation itself.

One of the most important branches of work planned by the irrigation staff at the university is declared by Pro-fessor Fortier to be now under way in South California, where Dr. Lough-ridge is conducting a series of experi-ments in the orange groves to demon-strate what are the relative merits of shallow and deep furrows; how much more water is evaporated from a wet than a dry soil; what amount of water will produce the best results and when it should be applied.

Field experiments in irrigating wheat near Modesto by each of the three standard methods, viz., checks, furrows and flooding from field later-als, are being made. A continuation of the investigations of pumping plans, to determine how their efficiency may be increased and their cost de-creased, is in progress.

Machine Wrapped Oranges.

An article published in the Miami Metropolis describes an invention that will be as useful in this state as in California, if it proves to be a suc-cess:

The advent of California oranges wrapped with labels bearing the stamp; "Machine wrapped fruit; not handled by hands; sanitary results achieved; government reports indicate such methods are advantageous; care-ful inspection invited;" and what is more the apparently justified claim of the people who are promoting this method of wrapping oranges, make information about the type of machine especially interesting.

The affair looks much like a Mer-genthaler typesetting machine, accord-ing to a recently published description in the Riverside Press; and it was in-vented by Seth D. Tripp, a manufac-turer of shoe making machinery, who was in Riverside on a vacation twelve years ago, when he noticed the slow packing methods in a Riverside pack-ing house.

Mr. Tripp died, however, before he perfected the invention, and the work was taken up and completed by M. H. Ballard, a mechanical expert in Mr. Tripp's shops. After a long series of experiments at Lynn it was decided to bring the machine to Riverside and give it an actual working test in a packing house.

The machine is attached to the end of the grader and receives the oranges direct. It is simple in operation, com-act and perfectly automatic. "It re-ceives the fruit on an endless chain, attached to which are a series of cups, felt-lined and separated by rub-ber partitions. The wrappers are cut from a roll, after the manner of a per-fecting printing press, and after being printed are cut the desired size, when they are ready for the orange. A unique device twists the paper perfect-ly tight about the orange, which is held in place at the top by a rubber plunger, while the other end rests on a felt topped rod. The ends of the orange is in this position, and so close-ly is the orange wrapped that it is believed it will be practically imper-vious to moisture.

"A feature of the machine that will appeal to packing house men lies in the fact that a smaller sized paper can be used than in hand wrapping, and that a smaller number would

acquire to the welfare of Citrus county and the people in it.

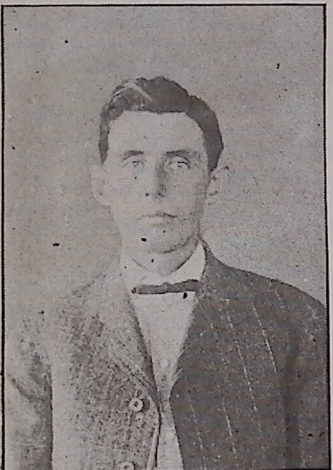
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MR. J. B. WINN.

which the farmer may depend for quick returns; the latter, especially, as, besides being ever in demand, and of the "imperishable" kind, it can be held until the price suits the grower.

What strikes the visitor most about Mr. Winn's home and farm is its neatness, cleanliness and order. There seems to be a place for everything and everything seems to be in that place. The only thing lacking to make this an ideal home is the absence of children. In this, Mr. Winn and his good wife have the sympathy of all who know them, since God had seen fit to call their little ones, one after the other, to a home in the Great Beyond.

Though Mr. Winn has no children to educate, he is, nevertheless, active in helping to establish the best of schools in his vicinity. The churches, too, always have his warmest interest and practical support.

He is a man of strict religious instincts, and has a good standing in his own and in the surrounding communities. Public enterprises, and political matters he gives his help wherever needed for the welfare of his fellowmen.

Associations, member of the Board of Medical Councils and member of the American Tuberculosis League.

He came to Crystal River on the 15th of October, 1903; and in this short time has already made an enviable name for himself as an expert in his profession. He has that about him which, to physicians, is ever an open sesame to connection with the



DR. H. M. TAYLOR.

best families—which means, incidentally, also the surest source of income—namely: the in-bred courtesy of the true gentleman, as well as the essential characteristic of a conscientious physician. A few minutes of serious talk with Dr. Taylor will convince any one that he has the honor of his profession at heart, and is heart and mind devoted to it. Once he takes a case in hand he becomes intensely interested in it, devoting the same care and thought to it may the patient be a pauper or one of the wealthy.

His regular practice extends within a radius of twenty miles or more from the town of Crystal River, and his work has, thus far, been distinctly marked with success.

Dr. Taylor is quite a young man, as yet; and there is no doubt that he has a brilliant life's career assured to him.

New Method of Watering Plants.

The following description of a new plan for watering hanging baskets was written for Lippincott's magazine by E. Rexford. It would be all right in careful hands and would save much time and trouble. But there is great danger that the earth would become too wet and be soggy and sour.

Right here I want to tell the lover of hanging plants how I keep mine supplied with water. Plants suspended from the ceiling are not easy to get at, and are frequently neglected or forgotten for days at a time. As a result, they are generally sorry-looking specimens. I take a tin can holding a pint or more. I make a hole in the bottom of it, just large enough to let water dribble through slowly. This I fill with water, and place on the soil in the center of the basket. Generally there will be foliage enough to conceal it. If there is not, it can be made inconspicuous by painting it a dull green. The slow, steady outflow of water will keep the soil evenly moist if the hole in the can is of the right size. This must be determined by experiment. It is an easy matter to fill the can every day, or oftener if necessary, and put it in place, but it is not an easy matter to mount a chair or the step-ladder and apply water in the old way.

claim business and his work while there was so successful for his employer that he could no longer resist the temptation to take the few dollars that he had earned and opened a little shop that he could call his own. Mr. Rowland came to Crystal River on February 9, 1904, and a few days later he opened up a line of general merchandise and has done a large and increasing business ever since he flung his store door open to the public.

He is polite and obliging and usually holds a customer whenever he gets one. He is very attentive to business and is classed one of our most substantial merchants. He is destined to climb to the top of the ladder. You can't keep down a young man with the good horse sense and good habits that he possesses.

GENERAL S. H. KELSEY.

General Kelsey is a native of Rush county, Indiana, and was reared there on a farm. His education was received in the district school and academies of Indiana, and matriculated for the State University in the summer of 1862, and was arranging to enter same when the fever of war overcame him. He enlisted in the Eighty-fourth Indiana Volunteer infantry, serving with honor and distinction until the close of the war in 1865, in what was called the Army of the Cumberland, under Rosencrans and Thomas in all their campaigns in Tennessee and Georgia.

In 1870, he emigrated to Kansas and located at Atchison on the Missouri river. He engaged in the furniture and carpet business, and for 23 years successfully carried on this business in retail and wholesale, but closed out in 1893.

At the opening of the Cherokee strip in Oklahoma, he and his family located in Kay county in that new country, engaging in the furniture and hardware business which he continued for two years, and then returned to Atchison.

While there he was selected by the territorial legislature as the expert accountant to audit the books and accounts of the Agricultural College and Experiment Station, and his printed report to the legislature shows one of the most exhaustive and comprehensive reports ever made in the territory. On the merits of this work the then democratic governor, Renfrow, recognizing Mr. Kelsey's integrity and ability as an accountant and business man, appointed him as president of the Board of Regents of the Agricultural College, which position Mr. Kelsey held until he returned to his old home in Atchison in 1895.

General Kelsey has served his city of 18,000 population on the board of education, city council and two terms as mayor, the latter during the boom times from 1885 to 1889; he then inaugurated the first street paving, and a great many other improvements, which have been continued until Atchison now is one of the best improved cities of Kansas.

He is a member in good standing of the following orders: I. O. O. F., in



GEN. S. H. KELSEY.

Mr. Pardoe getting busy again. Mr. Pardoe is quite an elderly gentleman, but he has more vivacity still than many a younger man can boast of. He is very jovial, fond of a joke—on himself as well as on any one else—and is ever ready to lend a helping hand. Quite a nice old gentleman to have about, is Mr. Pardoe.

MR. CHAS. E. ALLEN.

Mr. Chas. E. Allen, our genial tax collector of Citrus county, was born at Crystal River in 1863; but his parents moved to Lecanto, the present home of Mr. Allen, in 1864, a year

His father died immediately after the civil war, so Mr. Allen received but a common school education whilst growing up under the adverse circumstances of the reconstruction days.

After coming of age, he settled down to farming, at which he made a decided success.

On the 10th of May, 1904, he was elected to the office of tax collector of Citrus county, which arduous and exacting position he has, thus far, filled to the entire satisfaction of the voters of the county.

Mr. Allen, though until lately not much known in public life, seems marked for a brilliant future career. Modest and unassuming, he had to be sought out by the public; now that he has been found, and his abilities have been tested, he will, no doubt, be looked for further and higher public

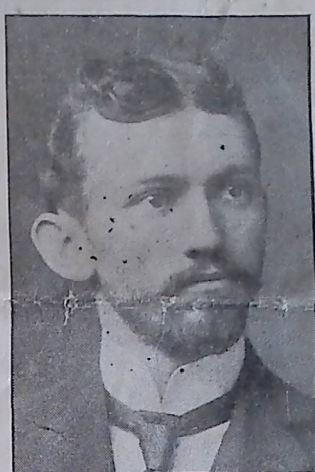


C. E. ALLEN, Tax Collector.

honors. Certain it is that he has made for himself many true and tried friends who will stand by him in his future ambitions.

Foot Rot in Orange Trees.

The Arcadia Champion says: The recent increase in cases of "foot rot" as it is commonly called, in the seedling groves of this section, is causing much uneasiness and in some instances considerable expense. The native sour orange tree of Florida is immune from this disease. In several groves in DeSoto county where the foot rot has killed a great many sweet trees there are sour trees also here and there through the groves, and in no instance has a sour tree ever been affected by this disease. Plant budded groves on sour stock and you will raise a grove that will bear every year and one that will never have foot rot and wilt. It has always been said that "He who planteth a seedling grove planteth for his children," but he who plants a budded grove on sour stock plants not only for himself but for all who come after him for many generations as nothing but freezes and fire will kill sour trees or buds on this stock.



DR. H. O. SNOW, Floral City.

medicine in Coffee county, Ga., one year since he graduated.

He was born and reared near Brooksville, Fla., on "Snow Hill."

He loves his chosen profession, and enjoys a large and lucrative practice. Whenever he is sent for he does not stop and consider whether the party who wants him is rich or poor—or whether he will get pay before he leaves the patient for his visit, or whether it will be booked as "charity work"—but goes and goes in a hurry, too.

He makes a specialty in the treatment of all lung troubles. He is going to start a "tent colony" in his town for the treatment of consumption, and expects to open up this sanitarium by December 1, 1905.

He is also proprietor of the Floral City drug store, an establishment which is an honor to his town.

Dr. Snow is a pleasant, affable and very agreeable gentleman, and can count his personal friends by the hundreds. The poor people of that section almost worship him—because they know that whenever they send for him he goes, and does everything possible for his patient. The people in the eastern part of the county say that the doctor has got a heart in him as "big as a meetin' house," for he always stands ready and willing to help the poor.

Irrigation Experiments.

The following account of some interesting irrigation experiments we clip from the Citrograph:

The work of the irrigation department of the Agricultural college for the year 1905 is the subject of a lengthy bulletin written by Professor Samuel Fortier, one of the best posted men in the state and a careful and patient investigator, and printed by the Department of Agriculture at Washington.

According to Professor Fortier the irrigation work which is of the most interest and importance is that to determine the effects of evaporation on surface land, shallow furrows and deep furrows. Experiments have been conducted at the Pomona station, where soil from various parts of South California were treated by the various methods used by farmers in their irrigating, the result going to prove that surface flooding is most wasteful and that deep furrows conserve much more water than do shallow furrows.

Experiments have been carried on at Berkeley to determine the effect of temperature on the rate of evaporation. The amount of evaporation was shown to be largely dependent on the temperature of the water.

The effect of water on cereals in

years ago, when he noticed the slow packing methods in a Riverside packing house.

Mr. Tripp died, however, before he perfected the invention, and the work was taken up and completed by M. H. Ballard, a mechanical expert in Mr. Tripp's shops. After a long series of experiments at Lynn it was decided to bring the machine to Riverside and give it an actual working test in a packing house.

The machine is attached to the end of the grader and receives the oranges direct. It is simple in operation, compact and perfectly automatic. "It receives the fruit on an endless chain, attached to which are a series of cups, felt-lined and separated by rubber partitions. The wrappers are cut from a roll, after the manner of a perfecting printing press, and after being printed are cut the desired size, when they are ready for the orange. A unique device twists the paper perfectly tight about the orange, which is held in place at the top by a rubber plunger, while the other end rests on a felt topped rod. The ends of the orange is in this position, and so closely is the orange wrapped that it is believed it will be practically impervious to moisture.

"A feature of the machine that will appeal to packing house men lies in the fact that a smaller sized paper can be used than in hand wrapping. Thus, a nine by nine wrapper would be used on the machine, while in hand wrapping a ten by ten wrapper would be required. A saving of twenty per cent. of paper is claimed, as well as far superior wrapping. Another advantage would lie in the fact that no large stock of assorted wrappers would be required, since the machine can be adjusted to any size and the roll paper only would be needed. The printing of wrappers would also be done away with, since the printing is a part of the wrapping process.

"To prove that the machine will not mar the skin of the fruit, eggs have been run through the machine and wrapped without cracking a shell.

"The machine wraps 72 oranges a minute or 40,000 pieces of fruit every ten hours. It would wrap a car in one and one-half days. For the ordinary packing house, five machines would be necessary to handle the fruit. The counter of the machine exhibited here, registers 1,713,537.

"Practically all the packers in the city have inspected the machine, and all are enthusiastic over its possibilities."

With labor a scarce and high priced commodity in California this invention ought to be a great factor in making the citrus business pay better profits.

What are the possibilities of production of an acre of land? George M. Clark, the champion hay crop grower of Connecticut, has produced 175,823 pounds of hay on eleven and one-eighth acres, over seven and three-fourths tons to the acre in one season. A French market gardener on two and seven-eighths acres has raised in a single season the total of 250,000 pounds of fruits and vegetables. Eight persons and one horse did the work and the manure cost five hundred dollars.—New England Farmer.

As has often been said the development of this great state has scarcely been begun. The Miami Record now calls attention to the fact that Dade county may yet become noted for the quality and quantity of sea island cotton that it will produce. The Record says: "An expert in cotton raising who has inspected one or two fields now growing in this section, states that the land here will produce as fine cotton and as much of it as any other portion of the South. The industry is a promising one."

WOODS OF COMMERCE.

THE VICINITY OF CRYSTAL RIVER ABOUNDS IN A GREAT VARIETY OF LUMBER.

The Resinous Curly Pine—The Red Cedar and the Great Pencil Industry—Large Quantities of the Valuable Cypress Are Obtainable in the Crystal River Country—The Palmetto, the Oak and Other Valuable Lumber.

The forestry is, by many, considered the main attraction of value to any particular part of a country. The tree of first importance here is, we believe, the pine. There are many varieties of pine, but the hard, curly, resinous pine is peculiar to the South. The vicinities of Crystal River abound in this pine, and it is the chief resource of its lumber commerce. It grows very tall, often with a circumference of six or eight feet, straight up, thirty or forty feet to its first limb. Its leaves or "needles" are longer than are those of ordinary pines, and, when gathered green and cured in the shade, are much used for pillows and mattresses, because their aromatic and resinous properties are conducive to healthful sleep.

During the months of March and April blooms form on the end of each limb and branch and a pine tree thus in bloom looks, for all the world, like a Christmas tree with candles placed ready for lighting and awaiting but the hands of the decorators and those of Santa Claus. Later, these blooms form a cone of hard brown leaves. These are useful for kindling fires and for decorative purposes.

The tree is full of resin and oils, making the lumber hard, heavy and durable, but needing good sharp tools to work it up. The grain is beautifully curly, and takes on a very handsome polish.

One of the greatest industries of the vicinity of Crystal River is the extracting of the oils and resin from the standing pines. The crude sap is taken to distilleries where they are distilled and the refined oils and turpentine is made ready for shipment. After the oils have been "bled" from the tree it is, of course, very much lighter and softer, but the lumber made from such trees is not so durable. The stumps, below the cut, are still very "rich" and soon companies will be forming to cut these up finely, tie them into convenient bundles and ship them North, to be used for kindling fires. Many a boy and girl, in pioneer times, studied the morrow's

conservatories; but here it grows taller and taller, shedding its lower leaves as its upper ones form, and stops not to send out branch or limb, seemingly but intent on reaching the clouds. When, after a few centuries, it has reached its height, it presents to the eye a straight pole, ninety or a hundred feet high, about two feet in circumference all the way up and topped with a waving mass of green fronds—a green ball, almost—about as large as a cart wheel. In that ball, even when the tree is young, is a bud a foot or more in length and as thick as a man's arm. It is incased in tough, fibrous layers called "boots." When cooked, as only a native can cook it, it is delicious. The tree produces immense stalks of blooms. These are excellent bee-food. After the blooms come berries—the berries from which the famous medicine, Palmetto Wine, is made. The "boots" and the leaves are very full of fibre, as is also the trunk of the tree. The bud with the "boots" on and the leaves are taken to the fibre factory to be made into brushes and packing for mattresses. The heart of the tree is fibrous but pithy; the outer part is tough and springy—much in demand for walking canes. The entire logs are much used for pilings as they are very durable under water, and also because the teredo bug shuns it. Above water it does not last long, but still it is useful for cheap log houses and outbuildings.

Cypress is the peculiar wood of the South, and much of it is found in the swamps near some portions of the gulf coast. It grows at its best on land that overflows. It grows very large at the base. Then it tapers up about ten feet. At this height it stops tapering and grows on in uniform girth up to sixty feet, before reaching its first branch. When wanted for lumber, the tree is deadened a year before cutting, in order to give it a chance to dry out so it can be floated out of the swamps. Then scaffolds are built so that the choppers can cut the tree where the tapering had ceased.

THE CRYSTAL RIVER LUMBER COMPANY.

The Crystal River Lumber Company consists of B. F. and R. J. Camp of White Springs, Fla., the Camp Manufacturing Company of Franklin, Va., and Mr. Jas. T. Rawls of Crystal River. These are all well known men with much experience and strict business acumen; and, from the very start, they put their business on a paying basis by using only the best and improved machinery and by so systemizing their various parts as well as the business as a whole that success could be but assured.

The first work, that of clearing away the dense forest preparatory to erecting the main buildings, was commenced but a year and a half ago, yet today they have one of the most extensive lumber plants in the South. There had been no dallying once the establishing of the plant had been decided on. They have one building 40x200 feet filled with busy saws, edger and trimmer, gangs, live rolls, steam "niggers," and stacker. Their dry kiln is 20x100 feet, the latest Moore's Improved, having a capacity of 15,000 feet per day. The capacity of the mill itself is about 80,000 feet per day. The company has built houses enough to comprise a small village in itself for the accommodation of the employees and their families, and also a large store and a commodious boarding house. There are, of course, also the many offices and other buildings usual to so large a plant.

They have nine miles of railroads, four engines and numerous trucks by which the timber is brought to the mill from inland; but a vast amount is also brought up the river in rafts and on steamers.

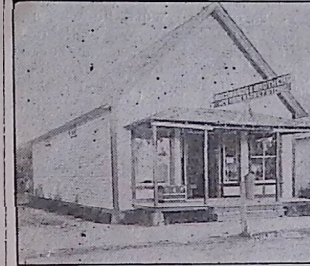
Much of the lumber is shipped via the gulf, so they have bought a large tug boat which tows the huge barges laden with lumber out to the ships waiting in the deeper waters of the gulf for their loads.

It were hard to tell the exact number of the hands, engineers, saw filers, road men, river men, bookkeepers, managers, lesser bosses, etc., employed by this company, as the ever varying demands of the business require changes almost weekly, but the numbers are more often increased than otherwise. They keep their employees well paid and well contented; there is seldom any friction between bosses and hands, and if through unforeseen circumstances an extra stunt of work

Mr. W. D. Edwards has established New York racket stores at other towns besides Crystal River, and each has proven a success.

The store at Crystal River is managed by Mr. Cleveland Edwards, and he makes a very good manager, indeed. He has two very efficient salesmen, Mr. Eldon Knight and Mr. Metcalf.

Mr. Cleveland Edwards is a cousin of the proprietor, Mr. W. D. Edwards and is the son of Mr. W. B. Edwards of Red Level. Though born and reared



The Racket Store.
Crystal River.

on his father's farm at Red Level, Cleveland, in early youth developed a propensity for a mercantile vocation, and commenced to fit himself for it. He applied himself diligently to his studies and then taught school for a while before finally taking his commercial course. He is a young man of splendid characteristics, has good, pure morals and is a conscientious Christian.

He is quite a youth as yet, only 21, and, considering what he has already achieved, he bids fair to make a decided mark for himself in the future.

SPARKMAN BROTHERS.

The firm of The Sparkman Brothers is a well known one. Mr. N. N. Sparkman came here ten years ago. Up to about three years ago he was engaged at the Williams' store; but then came his brother, S. W. Sparkman, and together they went into business for themselves.

In this short time they have established for themselves a reputation for square dealing and courteous treat-

SCHOOL BOARD OF CITRUS CO.

MAKES GOOD SHOWING—LUCID AND CONCISE REPORT OF PRESENT SITUATION.

Showing New Buildings Erected—New School Furniture Purchased—Repairs Made—Gratifying Financial Condition—Etc., Etc.

Inverness, Citrus Co., Fla., July 15, '05.
Editor S. A. Fackler,
Crystal River, Fla.

Dear Sir: In compliance with your request of July 3rd, we submit this report of the situation in the public schools in this, Citrus county. For the school year of 1904-'05 we had an enrollment of 720 white and 286 negro children, total 1,006, with an average attendance of 552 white and 243 negro, total 795. We had under contract 29 white and 3 negro teachers, total 32.

School Property.

During the last school year we added one room 20x36 to the Hernando school building; also a two-story addition 40x50 to the Inverness school. Besides repairing several other school buildings.

We have at present under contract three new buildings—one two-story, four-room building at Floral City. It will be comfortable and well arranged. Contract, \$2,300.

This building will be a credit to any community. A well designed two-room house, 20x40 for Pleasant Grove; contract \$400. The third is to be one room 18x24 for Camp, a new school created near South Dunnellon. In addition to these buildings we have purchased and paid for 60 double desks and 80 yards of 36-inch Hyloplate black boards.

The Board of Public Instruction of this county owns twenty-two comfortable and well supplied school buildings for white children, two with four rooms each, two with three rooms each and three with two rooms each, besides fifteen one-room buildings. For negro children in this county, three one-room buildings. Total value of buildings and lots, \$15,575. In addition to this the board has 520 double desks worth \$1,560, besides \$3,000 worth of "Free Text-books" and 350 square yards of good Hyloplate black boards. It is estimated that the school property we hold, including apparatus, etc., is easily worth \$22,000.

Financial Situation.

At the close of the school year on June 30th past, the office records show that the board expended for all pur-

poses \$8,309.82; outstanding warrants, \$85; balance in treasury July 1, 1905, \$2,743.52. Our school warrants are always at par—worth 100 cents on the dollar.

Conclusion: Our school children are all well provided with free books, comfortable houses, charts, apparatus, etc. Our buildings, as a rule, are as good as any in the state, furnished with double patent desks, heaters, splendid black boards and good cisterns. Our financial condition is good, school warrants are always paid promptly. The outlook was never better for higher salaries, taking into account (which has not been done heretofore in this report) the aid of sub-district funds. Our teachers are progressive and have qualified themselves for their work. We consider them equal in professional ability to any class of teachers in the state; therefore, the cause of education, in this county, will continue to prosper.

Respectfully submitted,
R. L. TURNER, C. A. MILLER,
Sec. & Co. Supt. Chm. Bd. Pub. Inst.

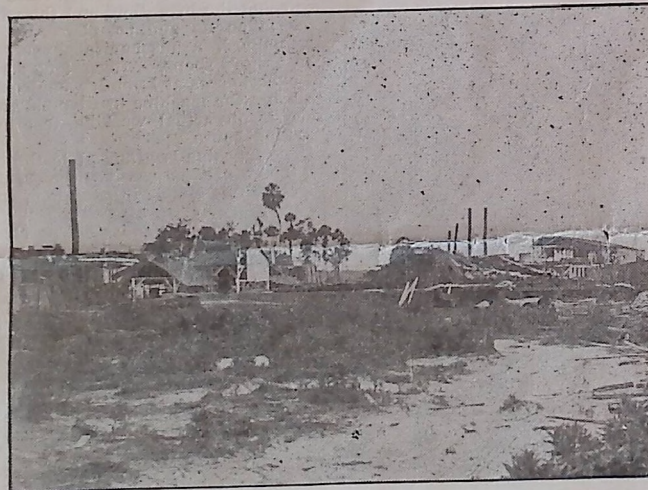
LAUNDRY NEEDED.

One of the crying needs of Crystal River is a good steam laundry.

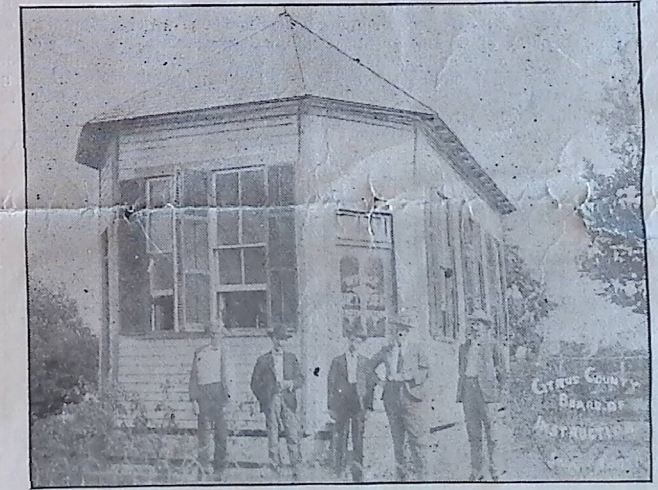
Hitherto, the good people have had to depend on the good will of the colored women; times are changing, and the colored help is not always to be depended on; so, we are often forced to send the laundry work to Ocala, over forty miles away. Even when the colored help agree to do the work, those who have fine laundering must send it to Ocala anyway.

The inconvenience of this—to say nothing of the extra expense of freight charges to and from Ocala—is quite a tax on those who have been accustomed to, and can not get out of the habit of, changing clothes at least once a week, anyway.

Whoever will come, right away, to Crystal River and put up a good steam laundry—be it Chinaman, Turk, Russian, Negro, or just a plain, common, everyday sort of a white man or company,—will be received with brotherly and sisterly love, open arms and open pocketbooks.



The Crystal River Lumber Co.'s Work, Crystal River.



Citrus County School Board.

Lessons by the light of a "fat pine"

Cypress lumber is very valuable; such high prices are offered for it

BAKERY NEEDED.

and other entertainments, picnic and

stumps, below the cut, a saw... "rich" and soon companies will be forming to cut these up finely, tie them into convenient bundles and ship them North, to be used for kindling fires. Many a boy and girl, in pioneer times, studied the morrow's lessons by the light of a "fat pine" torch.



The Crystal River Lumber Co.'s Work, Crystal River.

Next in rank comes the red cedar, growing very extensively on the west coast and in the hammocks. In moist, alluvial soil it grows to six feet in circumference and twenty or thirty feet up to the first limb. Both the leaves and the berries are very oily. From the berries is pressed the useful and fragrant cedar oil. It is said to keep out the ravages of the moth; housewives store their "best" linen and wollens in chests made of cedar wood.

The wood is dark red. Where quickly grown on very rich soil, in moist places, it is very straight-grained—so much so, that it is used almost exclusively in the making of pencils. There is a large mill at Crystal River which does nothing but saw up great rafts, steamer and carloads of cedar logs into small slats the length of a lead pencil. Where the growth of the tree has been slower, generally on high, rocky, or shelly ground, the grain is very curly, very dark and extremely beautiful. No wood takes on a more beautiful polish than red cedar.

The most interesting and unique tree is the cabbage palm. Tall, majestic; they stand as sentinels beside the rivers, creeks and coast. When young, the cabbage palms resemble the graceful potted plants of the Northern

Cypress lumber is very valuable; such high prices are offered for it that dealers can not resist the temptations to export the greater amount of it. Boards are often sixty feet or more in length and thirty inches wide. The seasoned wood is very light, both in weight and color. It is even and fine grained, yet very durable. It is soft, easy to work up, and takes a fine polish.

The live oak grows extensively in and about Crystal River. It is an evergreen and much liked for shade trees. For practical uses it is the hardest, heaviest and most durable wood in the South. It is often used as a substitute for iron in making rollers for cane mills and in many other ways. It is also valuable for its acorns, and a razor-back hog ceases to be "razor-backed" after he gets a fair chance at them.

The red bay is valuable because of its being so durable, when exposed to the weather. Both the wood and the leaves are aromatic. In foreign kitchens the leaves are much used for flavoring soups. Berries are produced which are very waxy. In ye olden times the frugal housewives used to boil the berries and extract the wax, to help out in the making of candles.

These are but a few of the many varieties of woods growing in the vicinity of Crystal River. Space will not allow us to particularize more.



A Happy Trio Boating on Crystal River.



Citrus County Courthouse, Inverness.

is required there is no grumbling, since all are well aware that every extra hour will be remembered.

This mill has brought and keeps in circulation a great deal of cash among the people of the town, and has been quite a factor in the building and in the improving it.

The personality of each of the members of this company is such as to insure friends. Genial, whole-souled fellows they are, in the social way, and honest, straight as a die in their business dealings. May they continue to prosper.

THE NEW YORK RACKET STORE.

W. D. Edwards, Proprietor; Cleveland Edwards, Manager.

One can not bring all of the great city of New York to a town the size of Crystal River, but W. D. Edwards has brought at least a part of that city here in the tony, up to date goods which have the New York newness and styles about them.

The latest styles in millinery, the daintiest and best fitting styles in ladies and gents' lingerees, the "latest cut" styles in ladies and gents' ready-made outer garments, the best wearing styles in footwear, the coolest and most comfortable styles in hammocks and matings, the swellest styles in trunks and other paraphernalias needed when traveling, the most satisfactory styles in prices and the truest of Chesterfieldian styles in courteous attendance—all these, and about anything in the line one might wish for, may be had at this store.

This Racket store at Crystal River is large, clean and as packed with goods as consistent with the comfort of the customers, and the salesmen do all in their power to display them for the close inspection of customers.

The customer who is learned in values and prices feels satisfied that he is being squarely dealt with; and the veriest tyro need never be afraid of having a "gold brick" scheme worked upon him.

ment which is equaled by few. This has brought them so much of the trade from the town and from the surrounding country that they soon had to enlarge their already roomy place of business. They have now two large departments; the dry goods and grocery department which includes paints, crockery, tin and wooden ware, and all that constitutes general merchandise, and the furniture and trunk department. In trunks, especially they have the finest and largest assortment ever brought to Crystal River. Besides these two departments, they have a warehouse full of corn, oats and other feed stuffs.



Sparkman Ero's Store. Crystal River.

Their motto is: "We will not be undersold," so if you find an article in their store which you can duplicate in kind and quality, but at a smaller price at another store, just let them know it, and they will make prices satisfactory.

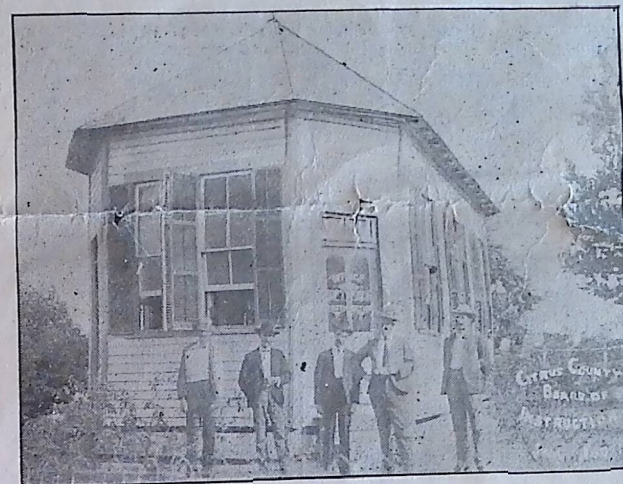
All goods bought of them are delivered free anywhere within the town limits; and often they put themselves to considerable extra inconvenience through mere courtesy.

Mr. N. N. Sparkman, with his interesting family, lives in a neat, comfortable home which he had built just about the time he went into business for himself.

easily worth \$22,000.

Financial Situation.

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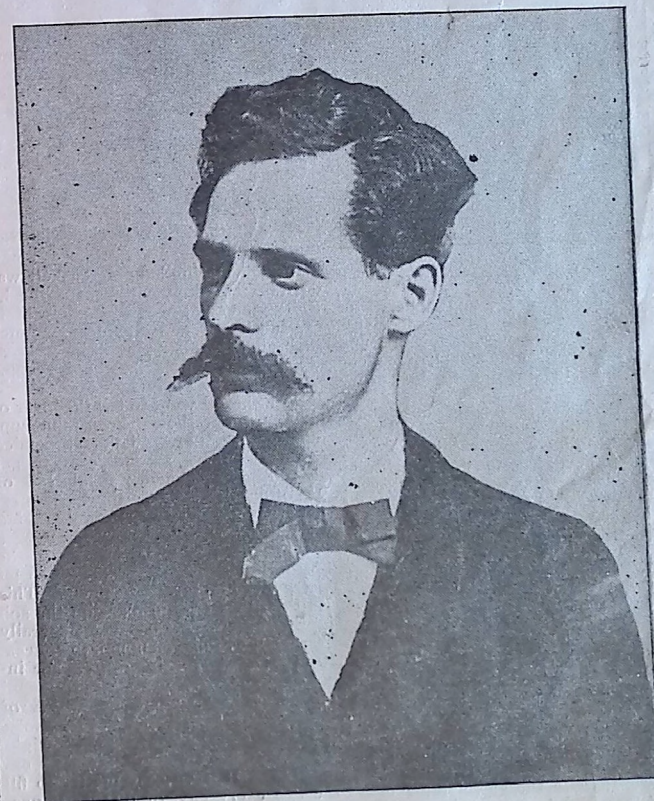
Citrus County School Board.

BAKERY NEEDED.

We are not wishing to disparage the abilities of our good wives when we present the fact that Crystal River is much in need of a good bakery; there are no better bakers of good bread and pastries than can be shown among our housekeepers; but the task of baking at every meal is too hard a one for the ladies. Besides there are many hotels and boarding houses to be supplied, to say nothing of the church

and other entertainments, picnic and launch parties, often gotten up on the spur of the moment, all needing the service of a baker.

Along with the bakery should be a confectionery. We all confess to owning a "sweet tooth" that was forgotten to be extracted in our blessed babyhood and we still cry for "tandy." But we're more particular than we were in that carefree long ago; and any old sort of "tandy" doesn't satisfy us now; we want the best of confection—and we want it fresh.



PROF. R. L. TURNER, County School Superintendent.



THE SWELL HOME OF W. C. KNIGHT, Crystal River, Built by Capt. W. C. Bull, of Ocala.

MR. R. L. BARNES.

Mr. R. L. Barnes is a native of North Carolina, but came to Florida to engage in the naval stores business. He brought with him the experience which assured him the desired success, as he had been engaged in the same line during the period of sixteen years prior to his coming to Florida.

The naval stores plant of Mr. R. L. Barnes is located at Etna, is run on an extensive scale, bringing in large returns and giving employment to a great number of men.

For some years Mr. Barnes had lived the life of a lonely widower, but, lately, Cupid remembered and took pity on him, sending one of Dunnellon's fairest damsels, Miss Eva Lee Hough, to banish the gloomy shadows from his previous lonely pathway. The matrimonial love knot was securely tied on July 12th, and then the regenerated Mr. Barnes and his fair bride went off for an extended bridal tour. They will visit Savannah, the Blue Ridge Mountains, Washington, New York and other points at the North. Returning, they will visit friends in North and South Carolina, and then come back to Florida and settle down to their anticipated happy home life at Etna. Mr. Barnes is naturally a jolly, good fellow, but we expect to see his smiles even brighter and broader than of yore.

In business Mr. Barnes is the man who watches for the good opportunities and knows how to catch them at flood tide. All who have had business or social dealings with Mr. Barnes speak highly of his honesty and liberality; he is a man who meets you on the level and treats you on the square. He has the good will of all who know him; now, in this new venture of his which Cupid has negotiated, we all congratulate him heartily, and wish for both himself and his bride a long life of unalloyed bliss and prosperity.

MR. GILLMAN WILLIAMS.

Mr. Gillman Williams is the son of Mr. James Williams and the late Mrs. Mary-Williams-Allen. Since the lamented death of that noble woman, his mother, Mr. Gillman Williams has managed the store which had been established and owned by her.

This store was first established in order to accommodate the many employees of the Dixon Cedar Mill near by, which mill was formerly owned by Mr. James Williams. Later, the ever increasing custom which came from others than these employees necessitated a larger store. The Williams' store is now second to none in the town, and it has the reputation of

C. Hemingway & Co., of Syracuse, N. Y., the price paid for the car being \$3,385.

In addition to the carload of fruit just shipped, the company now has about ten carloads more already canned and stored, only awaiting the arrival of cases in order that they may also be shipped. Orders are also on hand for this amount, and the entire lot will be shipped in a few days.

This means that an amount aggregating between \$30,000 and \$40,000 has been paid into a Dade county manufacturing concern, which, if shipped in the old way, would probably not have netted one-fourth that amount. And the operations of the concern have only fairly begun.

In connection with the above read the following editorial from the Tampa Weekly Times:

One or two canning factories have been established recently in the state, and it is noted that they have sold their entire output, presumably at a profit. It is a fact that should be considered in this section that the people have their choice between throwing away much of their vegetables or canning them. It always happens that there is a surplus or a waste, which could be used for canning purposes, and in either case it may be set down that the material costs practically nothing. If a man in the canning business estimates the cost of his material at the highest price of the season for that particular kind of stuff he would certainly appear to lose money. If he would estimate the cost at the net returns the stuff brings he would come out perhaps about even. But if he will consider that he uses what would otherwise go to waste he makes big money.

A man can send to the markets as much crop in one car of canned goods as in a dozen cars of refrigerated stuff, and at a much cheaper cost per car. Canned goods do not have to be iced, nor classed as perishable, nor dumped on the market the day they arrive, nor suffer from the tender mercies of Northern commission houses. They go into a market that is perfectly stable, they will keep till there is a demand for them, and they never have to be sold to pay freight bills. A car of canned stuff can be drawn against on a bill of lading, the same as wheat or any other staple

therefor an average price far in excess of what he would receive were he compelled to accept what is offered in a congested market.

It places him in direct communication with his town and county officials, whose representative capacity enables them to more fully serve his interests.

It gives him the important daily news, and keeps his local newspapers more fully informed of the social happenings in his neighborhood.

It renders fire protection, and is the best "thief catcher" in the world.

It is a protection to wife and daughters against the importunities of tramps and vagabonds, and gives a security that nothing else can.

It finds the strayed cattle, returns the lamkin to the fold, and becomes the shepherd of the neighborhood.

It gives his family church and social privileges they can not enjoy without it, while his rural neighbors are always within "talking distance," though many miles apart.

It affords his family, and especially his young people, the social converse so essential to their happiness, making home more attractive and therefore more enjoyable.

Over it he discusses business, politics and religion, debates "ways and means" with his neighbors, arranges picnics and club outings, school meetings and road work, in fact the thousand and one advantages where distance is annihilated. It makes rural life, the most ideal of all life, brings the whole country within the confines of a neighborhood and bestows upon the farmer many, if not all, the privileges of his city kinsmen. It is the most valuable investment he can make, pays for itself many times every year, and when once installed will make itself so indispensable as to remain a fixed adjunct to rural life.

In Dear Old England.

Many farmers are in the habit of grumbling at taxes and other expenses. How would they feel if subjected to the heavy drains described in the following from the Oklahoma Farmer:

When the American farmer is inclined to feel "gravely" over the conditions of his life he will find some consolation in the thought that farmers in other countries are worse off than he



PRETTY HOME OF R. J. KNIGHT, Crystal River, Built by Capt. W. C. Bull, of Ocala.

officer of health. This is practically another license. Flowing right through my farm is a splendid trout stream, yet before I can attempt to entice one of the spotted beauties from beneath its surface I have to take out another license.

"If I send my sow to a neighbor I have to go to the policeman for a license for her, which he issues on condition that she does not remain away more than four days. You may smile, but it's an official fact. If I sell my neighbor a few pigs I have to obtain a license to remove them. If I send a lot of fat baconers to town to be killed another visit to the policeman is necessary. If I decide to have them killed at home I must have my farm building licensed as a slaughter house.

"If I have only to turn my pig across the road to clover, again I have to visit that policeman. As all these licenses have been necessary for my business, and not one of them is for luxury, such as male servants, or ar-morial bearings, I really think that the farmer can justly claim that his business is the most licensed in the kingdom."

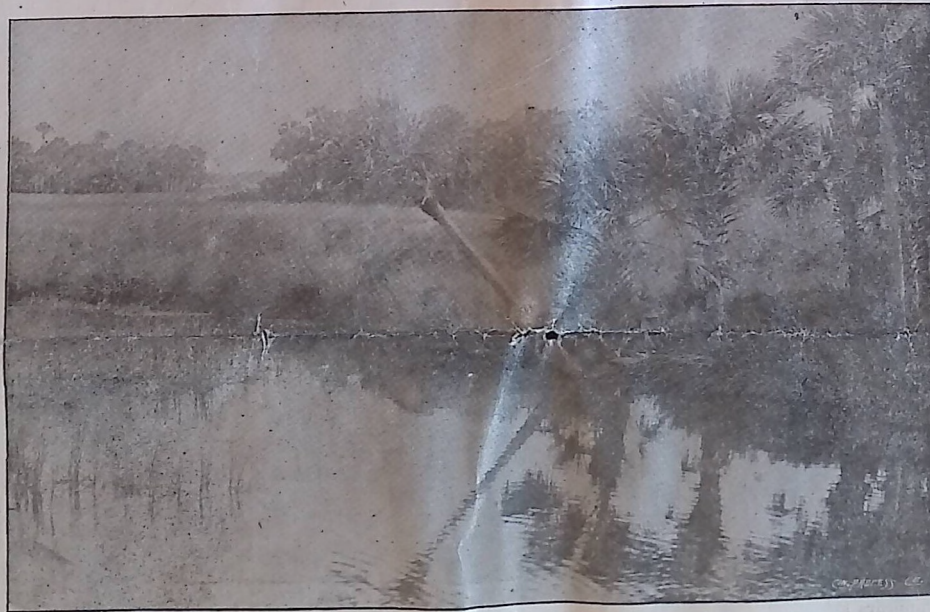
element is often the chief element in the account, and in many cases it seems to be the only one considered, but no problem was ever solved by the consideration of a single factor. In thousands of cases there are other points involved that entirely overshadow the money element.

In a great many instances that have come under my notice can I recall the ruin of character and the blasting of hopes among farmer's boys and girls, traceable to the pernicious influence of some debased employe. Becoming, as hired men necessarily must with most families, part of the household, if viciously disposed, the evil is peculiarly hazardous. This is so apparent that I am inclined to credit the farmer who employs such help with his full share of moral obtuseness or stupidity, rather than a willful disregard of the welfare of his children.

One of the greatest mistakes I remember my father to have made in my boyhood was the hiring of a single man, past 30, for a year. While this man was well dressed, agreeable in conversation and a splendid worker, he was as vile as the pit, a moral leper. I presume my father never heard an improper word from his lips, for no man ever so rough would use an oath in his presence. But as soon as the keener instinct of my mother discovered his true character, he was summarily discharged. My father did not need to explain to us boys; we knew the reason of his discharge well enough. It was to save us from moral contamination.

When I hire help I make it understood that I expect my help to be agreeable and that coarse language, profanity and obscenity are not agreeable to me. I once discharged the very best worker I ever had in my employ soon after the beginning of his second term because he would not skip the hard words. I said to him, "Lute, my boys are worth more to me than your labor, and if you will not bridle your tongue you must go." At the next offense he went, and now that my boys have become men, if they feel called upon to explain why they do not swear, I expect they will recall this incident as one of the reasons why.

No farmer is expected to hire a man for his society, neither is any man justified in utterly ignoring the social element in his help. I wish to be and will be social with my help, but I will not be social with a man, especially an employe, who will not omit the profane and obscene in conversation. The only remedy I know for this and many other evils of the sort is to get acquainted with your man before concluding a bargain with him. Take a little time. Talk with him so as to draw him out and if you can, get a recommendation about him from a



SCENE ON THE GULF COAST.

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This store was first established in order to accommodate the many employees of the Dixon Cedar Mill near by, which mill was formerly owned by Mr. James Williams. Later, the ever increasing custom which came from others than these employees necessitated a larger store. The Williams' store is now second to none in town; and it has the reputation of carrying in stock always the best and freshest of groceries and other supplies.

A glittering array of crockery, Queensware, and fine glass ware meets the eye as one enters the store. Dry goods, in the latest city patterns and qualities fill one entire side of this large store.

Mr. Hallie Edwards, the affable and very obliging clerk, hastens to meet all customers, and whilst weighing out groceries or measuring off dry goods regales the customers with the latest pleasant news and jokes, and they carry away with them the happy remembrance of his merry laugh. Hallie is a whole "Sunshine Society" in himself.

Near the store is a handsome family residence and hotel combined, where Miss Eunice Williams still carries on the business of entertaining travelers, which her mother had established. This hotel is but for the elite, and the house is always so well filled that Miss Williams must often turn guests away.

The Williams heirs own a great many houses, and they manage to keep them all well rented. The part of town called the Millside was almost entirely built up by that family, the family being one of the first of Crystal River, and also one of its pioneers.

His prices are as liberal as consistent with good work and good material. There is no hitch or delays once he has definitely taken the contract, and agreed on time and price. He has now contracts on hand which will keep him busy some time, so those wishing his services later, should not delay in securing them now.

The First Car of Canned Fruit Shipped from Delray this Week.

The Miami Metropolis of July 14th publishes the following item of information:

Tuesday, July 11, marked another important period in the progress, manufacturing development and rapidly developing business interests of Dade county, and more especially that enterprising community of Delray, the location of the Planters' Packing and Preserving Company.

The factory shipped on Tuesday of this week its first solid car of manufactured products. It was composed of 1,010 cases, containing 24,240 cans of fruit, weighing something over 20 tons, or 40,000 pounds, and was sold to the large wholesale firm of H.

commodity of that class. It is entirely safe for what it is worth, and if the garden farmers of Florida will go into the canning business with system and good management they will make more and better sure money than by raising winter stuff green and fresh for the market that somehow is more than half the time fated to bring so little money as to put the grower to grief.

The Times does not pretend to say that a rush into the canning proposition would pay anybody, but it is convinced that if our people were fixed to can the surplus, to interpose the tin can as a defense against low prices and the other evils they encounter they would come out better than most of them do now.

Telephone on the Farm.

We have frequently published clippings setting forth the value of the telephone to farmers. But we have never seen its advantages so clearly set forth in such condensed form as the following from the Wauchula Advocate:

A telephone on the farm is the best investment a farmer can make to say nothing of its convenience, and the expense is nothing compared with the benefits.

It saves time, "horse flesh" and money, making many trips to the village unnecessary.

It gives the farmer all the advantages of his village neighbor, by placing him in communication and easy access of all.

It calls the doctor, night or day, saving the time that may often mean life or death.

It orders supplies from his hardware or implement dealer sent out by parties coming in his direction, and in urgent cases by special messenger, saving the time, which to the farmer in seed time and harvest means many dollars.

It gives him the daily weather report whenever he cares to inquire, enabling him to avoid loss of crops by storm, and the opportunity of planning his work accordingly.

It enables him to call up his grocer and sell his butter, eggs and vegetables before they leave the farm, receiving

is. In England, for instance, farmers are compelled to take out more licenses to conduct their business than any other class of business men. Some idea of the enormous tax on English farming can be had from the following letter written by an English farmer to his brother in Michigan. He says:

"First of all, in January, I had to write to the excise officer for a form of exemption to keep my old sheep dog. The form came back in about a fortnight. Then I had to fill it up and return it before I got the license to keep it free of duty. Then I had to visit the postoffice to get another license, which cost me 7s, 6d; it is to keep a spaniel, so that I could hunt the rabbits from the hedge rows.

"Then I had to pay 10s. for a gun license in order to shoot the rabbits, and I had to go to another magistrate's clerk to have another license approved. This was for an assistant to keep the rabbits down on my farm which adjoins woodlands.

"As occasionally I drive the missus to market and sometimes ask a friend to ride I have again to go to the postoffice to get a 15s. trap license. A couple of months ago I injured my leg and could not climb up into my tram so I purchased a light-weight four wheel. A letter from the local officer of excise pointed out to me the fact that a license of a guinea had to be taken out.

"Cider running short I had to provide something for my farm hands to drink, so I thought that I would obtain a couple of sacks of barley malt, the barley being grown in England, and brew a few gallons of ale. To do this I had to take out another license.

"I have a traction engine, with which I do my farm work, such as threshing, etc., and between whiles a bit of hauling. This necessitates my taking out the most expensive license of all, a ten-pounder. On the farm there are usually a few partridges and a stray pheasant or two, reared and fed at my expense. To shoot these I have to obtain a game license which costs me 3 pounds.

"Now I sell a few gallons of milk, and to do this I have to get my premises registered by the local medical



SCENE ON THE GULF COAST.

Hired Help on the Farm.

It is very common at the North for farmers to hire hands by the month and board them in the house, making them one of the family. It is not so common in the South, but it is a bad practice any place. There are men that hire out for farm work, who are the equals in intelligence and moral character to any of their employers; but parents should be very careful about letting their children associate with hired help, unless they know their morals to be beyond question.

The points in the following from Coleman's Rural World, are well taken:

Though much has been written on this subject, there can more be written before the theme grows threadbare. It is a matter about which much is felt and in which many are interested. We do not expect to solve the problem for others. All men and women, compelled to hire help, must seek the solution in their own way according to their respective temperaments and circumstances. The money

for no man ever so rough would use an oath in his presence. But as soon as the keener instinct of my mother discovered his true character, he was summarily discharged. My father did not need to explain to us boys; we knew the reason of his discharge well enough. It was to save us from moral contamination.

When I hire help I make it understood that I expect my help to be agreeable and that coarse language, profanity and obscenity are not agreeable to me. I once discharged the very best worker I ever had in my employ soon after the beginning of his second term because he would not skip the hard words. I said to him, "Lute, my boys are worth more to me than your labor, and if you will not bridle your tongue you must go." At the next offense he went, and now that my boys have become men, if they feel called upon to explain why they do not swear, I expect they will recall this incident as one of the reasons why.

No farmer is expected to hire a man for his society, neither is any man justified in utterly ignoring the social element in his help. I wish to be and will be social with my help, but I will not be social with a man, especially an employe, who will not omit the profane and obscene in conversation. The only remedy I know for this and many other evils of the sort is to get acquainted with your man before concluding a bargain with him. Take a little time. Talk with him so as to draw him out and if you can, get a recommendation about him from a reliable person.

Practical Philosophy.

Life holds no woe for me, I know full well.

However even things may come to me today,

Some future joy is certain to dispel
The clouds that lower darkly o'er
my way.

And I have noted that one taste of bliss.

E'en though 'tis but a taste, hath joyous meed

To compensate for all that goes amiss.

On which a soul in sorrow long may feed.

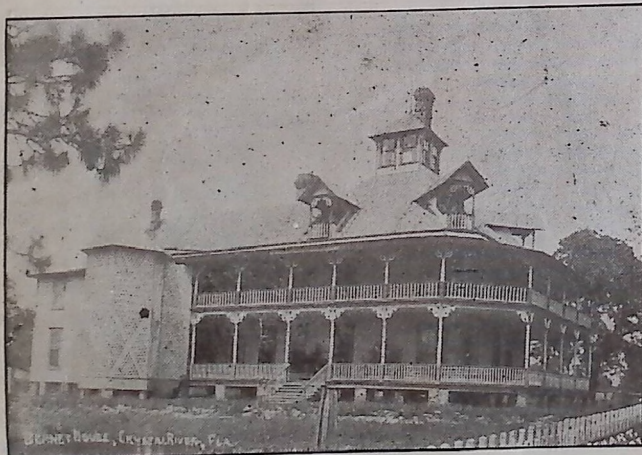
No night e'er was whose darkness did not fade;

No storm e'er raged whose course was not soon run,

And so my soul, by troubles undis-
mayed

Doth simply wait the coming of the sun.

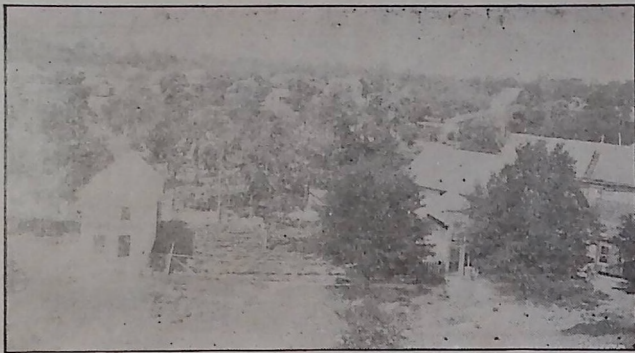
—John Hendrick Bangs.



DR. J. D. BENNETT'S HOME, Crystal River.



MR. J. W. WARD'S HANDSOME HOME, Floral City.



BIRDSEYE VIEW OF INVERNESS.

INVERNESS.

Inverness is a thriving town of 800 inhabitants. It is located inland, among the pines, and near the Tsala Apopka Lake.

It is surrounded by good farming lands; many of the farmers use the best of harvesters and other improved machinery, as do the farmers of the Great West. During the "orange period," and before the setback of '93, this part of the country was almost wholly given over to orange culture, but afterwards, growers realized that it is never best to "put all your eggs in just the one basket," and they realized also that the lands and the climate was suitable for the growing of other fruits and products besides oranges. Now one can see, growing about Inverness, beside the citrus fruits, pecans, pineapples, peaches, plums and other varieties of fruits—to say nothing of the general farm products.

Tsala Apopka Lake is a large, beautiful sheet of water, and has on its shores many handsome homes surrounded by beautiful tropical plants and flowers.

The town of Inverness is one of the neatest, cleanest, best laid out towns in Florida; and its sensible and progressive citizens take a pride in keeping shrubberies, flowers and birds are so plentiful that, walking in the streets of Inverness, one forgets the mereing on improving it, and in keeping its sanitary condition perfect. Trees, sordid, money grubbing phases of life, which are usually so prominently evidenced in other lively, hustling cities and towns. One feels closer to nature, and to its enticing beauties and sentiments of the higher sort.

And Inverness is the county seat of Citrus county; that means a whole lot. It means that it is, no doubt, fated to have the rapid growth which is generally the natural consequence of owning the Temple of Justice. Of course, the main county officials all have their homes at Inverness; and we must say, a more genial, courteous and affable set of men—either as men, merely, or as public servants—can not be found.

David Dickson's Farm and Some of His Farm Maxims.

Solomon said, "There is no new thing under the sun." This is proven to be true much oftener than people generally believe.

Up to date farmers are advocating deep plowing, shallow cultivation and heavy fertilization. It is usually supposed to be a new idea. This is a mistake as is shown by the Southern Cultivator in an article under the above title. The maxims of a man who made such a success of farming as is ascribed to David Dickson, may well be studied with care:

While down in Hancock county, through the courtesy of Mr. John D. Walker, of Sparta, its present owner, we made a pilgrimage to the old homestead of David Dickson, the most successful and noted advocate of progressive methods in Southern agricul-

32. The four great cardinal points in Dickson's system of farming are: Deep preparation, thorough manuring, surface culture and rotation of crops.

Put Your Best Effort in Your Work Without Regard to Pay.

Do not measure the interest you have in your work by the pay you are getting, or complain because you are asked to do some things for which others are supposed to get better pay. No one has ever yet got better pay by complaining about the character of the work they are asked to do. There is an abundance of people who can fill the minor positions in every branch of trade and commerce, but the world is all the time in search of leaders, of workers who can fill positions of trust and confidence, of those who are loyal to duty, let the duty be what it may. How often we hear it said of men or women who have been brought into sudden prominence by being placed in a position of trust and confidence or one requiring great executive ability: "I never heard of them before, I did not know there was such a person living." This may all be true, yet we venture to say that in nine cases out of ten, if the history of these people is carefully looked up, those will be found who have known about them, known of their unswerving integrity, of their loyalty to duty, or their faithfulness to their employers under all circumstances and conditions. It is true, there are cases where by the accidents of life some are placed in important positions who are very poorly equipped for any kind of work, but in most cases it is those who have been "faithful over a few things" who are made "rulers over many things." Then, again, every workman, let his position be ever so humble, should take a certain pride in his work which should impell him to put his very best effort in it without any thought of the remuneration he is to receive for it. No one ever became a great artist, no one ever painted a great picture, who was constantly thinking about the pay he was to get for his work, or who graded his enthusiasm and artistic skill by the dollars that were to come to him as the result of his effort. Great paintings exist because there had been born a great artist, who could not do otherwise than paint, an artist who had masterpieces painted on the canvas

1. The three great essentials are: first, the theory (true plan) of farming; second, the art of controlling labor, and executing all work to the best advantage with least labor; third, (last and best) success depends on quick perception, wise judgment, that seldom or never errs. How is this to be acquired except by the use of books in conjunction with practice.
2. All vegetable matter placed on your fields, will, in due time, turn to cotton and corn.
3. Land must be well broken before planting. Commence in time to do it; but the later done—in this latitude—the better for the land.
4. There is only so much corn and cotton in any manure, and the sooner you get it the better.
5. Plough deep, cultivate shallow, and you will have no trouble in growing crops.
6. Subsoil one-fourth your land every year.
7. That land pays best with guano, that pays best without it. And this is on soil that has plenty of vegetable matter in it.
8. Drain wet lands. Terrace hill-sides; then deepen your soil to the full extent of your ability.
9. I consider preparation half, and the best half of making a crop.
10. The planter should follow the laws that govern the universe, and only when he does can he reach the highest efficiency.
11. The planter should mix his own manures, and save the profit of manipulating.
12. The more vegetable matter you have on your land the more nitrogen you can command.
13. The more nitrogen you store away in your land, the more you can obtain from the atmosphere.
14. To be successful in agriculture, you must know where all the elements of plants are, and how to control them.
15. One inch of clay each year over a good soil, will do no harm in any land.
16. It requires till the 1st of May to break your land right, and this is time enough to finish.
17. Fill your soil with humus, to stick the sand together and to darken it. This will prevent its reflecting the heat, and will cause it to receive it gradually and to part with it the same way.
18. With clay lands, do the same thing, to make it ploughable at all times.
19. It is better to plant late than not at all, or in half-prepared land.
20. In 1868, I planted a twenty-acre lot, finishing the fifth day of May; used 800 pounds of my compound per acre. It made 32 bales. The lint paid a dividend on one thousand dollars per acre, after paying all expenses; and the land was in much better condition for another crop. Including the sale for seed, it paid a dividend on four thousand dollars per acre.
21. Vegetable mould should be kept up to the same standard as appears in virgin soil.
22. Rust is nothing but poverty

The Value of Birds to Fruit Growers.

This is one of the subjects that need to be kept constantly before the people.

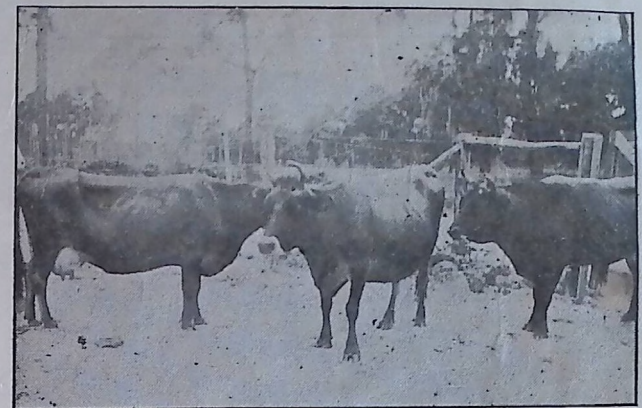
We think that the heading as given above, should be amended so as to include not fruit growers only, but every one who cultivates the soil in any way.

The article given below we clipped from the Rural Californian:

Birds are nature's check on insect life. By controlling the increase of certain insects they prevent the destruction of plant life, and without plant life, animal life—including that of man—would be impossible. Each species of bird has its special office. One cares for the leaves and twigs of the trees; still another guards the trunk and limbs from attack; still others hunt upon the ground, seeking their prey beneath the fallen leaves and loose soil.

The stomach of one Bob White quail has been found to contain more than 100 potato beetles; another had eaten 500 chinch bugs. Ninety of the destructive cotton boll weevils were found in the stomach of three meadow larks. A single robin had eaten 175 caterpillars; a chickadee has been known to eat 5,000 eggs of the canker worm in one day; a barn swallow will destroy more than a thousand flies and other winged insects every twenty-four hours; a pair of chipping sparrows were observed to carry their young more than 200 insects, mostly caterpillars, in less than one day; a night hawk will consume hundreds of injurious insects, continuing the beneficial work long after the day-flying birds have ceased their work and gone to sleep. A pair of nesting orioles will destroy thousands of the small, green caterpillars that are so destructive to the foliage of deciduous fruit trees some years in California. The farmer who kills one of these birds takes the life of one of his very best friends. Fifty per cent of the food of the red shafted flicker consists of ants, 3,000 of these having been taken from the crop of a single bird. The black phoebe destroys vast numbers of flies and gnats that annoy horses and cattle. Food is brought to the young of these birds every two or three minutes.

In California the black-headed gros-



SOME FINE JERSEY COWS, BELONGING TO MR. C. E. HERRICK, CRYSTAL RIVER.

but we must remember that by our own teaching the dumb brutes and the fowls have come to look upon us as their friends and expect food and kind treatment; not kicks and cuffs.

I know an old breeder who has raised and brought out many good birds, and yet the annually spoils about as many as he brings to maturity by his impatience. There is scarcely a bird in his yard that he can pick up without a great effort and much struggling and squawking on the bird's part. They are simply afraid of him. That chickens have a memory, and a good one, too, is plainly shown in this case. He has some birds two or three years old that will simply go frantic when he endeavors to handle them. But he is improving for he has learned many an expensive lesson for some of his birds have lost in the show room because of their wildness.

Although most of us know it is a critical time, how many of us can resist the temptation to meddle with the eggs when its time for biddie to bring off her brood? On account of too much moisture or some other cause she is delayed a day or two. Then we become impatient and crack an egg or two. Likely as not we find a live chicken but we have simply spoiled its chances of ever hatching. By our haste

times before acting in these cases and spare the birds.

We lose our patience because the rats, cats and dogs create damage in our yards but wouldn't we accomplish much more if we went about effecting a remedy in a cool, systematic way?

That is where the women folks just lay it all over us poor, quick-tempered men. They possess the necessary patience to make poultry raising a success and who ever heard of one of those kind failing?

Kindness wins what force can not gain. Nothing could be truer than that old adage.

When our fowls get lousy, do we all have the patience to take up each bird and carefully dust it with insect powder or louse killer, or do we just scatter a little exterminator around and say "guess that will fix 'em."

Sooner or later we must learn the lesson of patience in the poultry yard and if we do not, we will soon be out of the business from a successful point of view.

What an Acre of Ground Does.

A correspondent of the Progressive Farmer gives an interesting account of what one man has done with one acre of land. We certainly agree with the writer that the man had more to do with the remarkable success recorded than did either seed, fertilizer, or soil.

Visitors to the Charleston Exposition interested in agriculture were attracted by a large picture on exhibition in the North Carolina section. This picture represented an old Confederate soldier with his wife and two daughters in their garden gathering peas. This picture was made from a photograph of Mr. Lewis Grady's "Unique Truck Garden" in Kinston, N. C.

A certain seed house has been widely advertising this garden as a specimen of what can be done when their seed are used. A fertilizer company has been announcing that the results attained by Mr. Grady were due to their fertilizers. The Department of Agriculture of North Carolina assures all visitors to the State Museum that the remarkable yield of vegetables from Mr. Grady's garden is clearly due to the soil of Eastern North Carolina. Some of us who have watched the old man's methods of cultivation have gotten hold of the idea that the man has more to do with it than either of the above.

Mr. Grady's garden occupies just an acre within the corporate limits of Kinston. From the windows of the train on the A. and N. C. Railroad his garden may be seen about a hundred yards to the north of the railway track, perhaps four yards east of the depot. There is nothing unusual about the soil. The fertilizer used is a brand commonly used by fire-truck growers in this section. After preparing the land in early spring, about the only tool used by Mr. Grady are an ordinary hoe and a smaller hoe of his own



And Inverness is the county seat of Citrus county; that means a whole lot. It means that it is, no doubt, fated to have the rapid growth which is generally the natural consequence of owning the Temple of Justice. Of course, the main county officials all have their homes at Inverness; and we must say, a more genial, courteous and affable set of men—either as men, merely, or as public servants—can not be found.

David Dickson's Farm and Some of His Farm Maxims.

Solomon said, "There is no new thing under the sun." This is proven to be true much oftener than people generally believe.

Up to date farmers are advocating deep plowing, shallow cultivation and heavy fertilization. It is usually supposed to be a new idea. This is a mistake as is shown by the Southern Cultivator in an article under the above title. The maxims of a man who made such a success of farming as is ascribed to David Dickson, may well be studied with care:

While down in Hancock county, through the courtesy of Mr. John D. Walker, of Sparta, its present owner, we made a pilgrimage to the old homestead of David Dickson, the most successful and noted advocate of progressive methods in Southern agriculture. He practiced deep preparation, shallow cultivation and high fertilization fifty years ago, and reaped such a reward, that he left an estate of five hundred thousand dollars, when he died. He owned over thirty thousand acres of land, and had in his vaults in his own house, over \$200,000 in bonds. He made two bales of cotton per acre over large areas and from fifty to seventy-five bushels corn. He practiced the three-year rotation of wheat, corn and cotton, and said, that it paid to sow grain as a means of preserving and improving the land to raise the more profitable crops of corn and cotton. This is a very strong point and one very difficult to get impressed upon the minds of our farmers. Rotations are essential to the raising of cotton profitably. We can not say as much about this magnificent plantation and its management as we would like, but will write about it again. It is being managed by Mr. Heath, a gentleman who used to be one of Mr. Dickson's managers in his lifetime. During the winter we read "Dickson's System of Farming," as published by the Cultivator in book form in 1884; and marked then some of his maxims for republishing in the Cultivator. We give 32 of them below, and all would do well to preserve them, to be read over and over again:

14. To be successful in agriculture, you must know where all the elements of plants are, and how to control them.

15. One inch of clay each year over a good soil, will do no harm in any land.

16. It requires till the 1st of May to break your land right, and this is time enough to finish.

17. Fill your soil with humus, to stick the sand together and to darken it. This will prevent its reflecting the heat, and will cause it to receive it gradually and to part with it the same way.

18. With clay lands, do the same thing, to make it ploughable at all times.

19. It is better to plant late than not at all, or in half-prepared land.

20. In 1868, I planted a twenty-acre lot, finishing the fifth day of May; used 800 pounds of my compound per acre. It made 32 bales. The lint paid a dividend on one thousand dollars per acre, after paying all expenses; and the land was in much better condition for another crop. Including the sale for seed, it paid a dividend on four thousand dollars per acre.

21. Vegetable mould should be kept up to the same standard as appears in virgin soil.

22. Rust is nothing but poverty caused by land being depleted of vegetable matter.

23. Make just the amount of cotton wanted at paying prices; keep out of debt; be the creditors; make your supplies at home; then and only then, will you have power.

24. Large ears of corn are more easily gathered than small ones; the same is true of perfect bolls of cotton.

25. Compost manure should be spread on the ground, and applied immediately, so that the decomposition shall take place exactly when it is wanted.

26. From every source, let as much atmosphere into the land as possible.

27. There is no such thing as failure, when man does his duty in the cultivation.

28. Save a portion of your income every year, and buy everything for cash.

29. Make all supplies at home, that can be made.

30. Teach your laborers how to work; how to do it with ease and efficiency; and to do better and better work every day.

31. An over estimate of the importance of deep and thorough breaking of the lands for cultivated crops can not be made.



of his brain, and who must needs perforce of circumstances let them flow off of the points of his fingers onto the real canvas. The great works are done by those who feel that work is me if I do not this thing and even more, and not by those who are constantly saying, "Well, I earn all I get." It is a question whether any one earns all he gets if his heart is not in his work. It is a question whether it is possible for any one to do any kind of work as it should be done who measures his efforts entirely by the pay he expects to get on Saturday night. The man who grows thoroughbred stock, who plants and cultivates a crop of corn, wheat or potatoes, who does any kind of work on the farm, must have something else in mind, as he pursues his calling, besides the dollars that will finally come to him, if he expects to meet with the highest possible success. We can none of us work very long without some returns for our effort, but if we are true workmen we will not find all of our pleasure in the money we get. There ought to be to every man and woman some compensation in success gained; in seeing the completion of the work; in the experience of victories won; in the triumph over difficulties; in the consciousness of having done the best possible under the circumstances, and this is all any one can do. No one can read the history of a work done, like that of Burbank's, "the plant wizard", in his effort to create new varieties of vegetables and improve on old ones, without feeling proud that he belongs to the same race; yet it is clearly evident that the idea of personal gain has been a secondary thought in all his work, if it has had anything at all to do with the working out of any of his plans. It all resolves itself down to the simple proposition that the man who sells his effort in any position for purely personal gain, and has no interest in his work except the dollars he can get out of it is sure never to make very much progress in life, or to be very well remunerated for what he does; while the laborer who takes pride in his work, with no special reference to pay is sure ultimately to be well paid for what he does, and he will also find the path to progress clear, and many invitations to step up higher awaiting him along it.

beak, the robin and the orioles search out and feed upon the pupae of the codling moth. The valley partridge, when induced to visit grounds infested by the Fuller's rose beetle, will soon exterminate that destructive intruder. The tiny California bush tit is of untold benefit in destroying eggs, grubs and insects injurious to trees. In the crop of one mourning dove were found more than 700 seeds of harmful weeds. If birds take some of the farmer's fruits and garden crops it is because they have no other vegetable food provided for them. When we have learned to count them into our families, and to provide something for their sustenance in return for the good they do us, as we provide for our domestic fowls, we shall find the birds do little harm to our gardens. No man has the moral right to sweep the land clean of the natural food of birds, and then deny them a bit of his fruit and a few of his scattered grains.

Patience With Poultry.

We read of the patience of Job, but hens are not mentioned in the list of live stock that constituted his riches. The American Poultry Journal gives some of the reasons why patience is necessary for a successful poultryman.

Patience is a strong link in the chain of success in poultry raising. A very strong link indeed. Lost patience, lost poultry profits, is about the quickest way to express it.

As a rule, successful poultry raisers possess an exceedingly large amount of patience; and if this were not true, few of them would ever rise to that plane called success.

Few of the old breeders require any caution in this direction, and no greater number of young fanciers would if they but stopped to consider that every step must be a forward and not backward.

It is not always lack of ambition over which we lose our patience, but rather over zeal. Because a hatch does not come off on schedule time, up go our bristles and the feathers fly.

Occasionally we meet an old breeder who fails to hold his temper when things go wrong and also we note that venting his spite on the birds but lays another stone wall across his path.

If our birds were possessed of human intelligence and speech there might be the smallest atom of excuse

we have caused it to bleed to death. The process inside that shell was not complete, consequently the chick not ready to hatch. Another possible prize winner's chances spoiled. Regrets are useless. We knew we ought not, yet we did.

An ambitious pullet mounts the fence and hies herself to greener fields. Can we blame her? Over in the garden the grass is green, the berries are ripe and bugs are plentiful. Why shouldn't she have a taste of the world's good things?

She knows not why she is a prisoner. Then do we have ample patience and coax her back with bits of choice edibles or do we take a club and chase her, and thereby drive her everywhere but the place we wish her to go? Coaxing will get her back in that yard in just as good condition as she left but chasing out will result only in scaring her out of a month's growth, retard her actions and make her just so much later in arriving at an egg producing stage. Just how much damage it has done we can not tell for we have not given her a chance to show how good a bird she would have become.

Its all because we don't stop to think at the time. Just think three

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Mr. Grady's garden occupies just an acre within the corporate limits of Kinston. From the windows of the train on the A. and N. C. Railroad his garden may be seen about a hundred yards to the north of the railway track, perhaps four yards east of the depot. There is nothing unusual about the soil. The fertilizer used is a brand commonly used by the truck growers in this section. After preparing the land in early spring, about the only tool used by Mr. Grady are an ordinary hoe and a smaller hoe of his own manufacture made from a buggy spring bent at a right angle and bolted to a hickory hoe felle.

Mr. Grady told me recently that he had something in his garden to sell every day in the year. He believes in intensive cultivation. He rents the acre of ground, paying \$20 per year rent, and nearly every year raises radish enough in odd corners to pay the rent. One year he sold \$23.20 worth of radishes, besides having enough for his family and sending quite a number of bunches to his friends. He has a great diversity of crops. This year he planted his peas January 2nd, and will continue to plant something up to next January. Throughout the season as he removes one vegetable from the garden he immediately plants another in its place. He grows in his garden radishes, turnips, mustard, garden peas, beans, corn, okra, lima-beans, kale and collards. He keeps his ground highly fertilized and works it thoroughly.

During the past three years his income from this one acre has been as follows: \$147.70, \$183.50, \$181.05.

This strikes me as being fairly good showing for an old crippled Confederate soldier working for a few hours in the morning on one acre of land. He has produced enough vegetables to supply a family of five and then sell in three years \$412.25 worth.



HERD OF FINE JERSEY CATTLE OWNED BY MR. R. J. KNIGHT, OF CRYSTAL RIVER.



CAPT. R. H. MATSON'S ORANGE GROVE, Near Inverness.

Only a Cluster of Violets.
 Only a cluster of violets
 Brought from over the way
 A gift from my neighbors fair children,
 Merry and happy in play.

Only a cluster of violets,
 White, with a faint tint of blue,
 Gathered in the morning so early,
 Their petals still glisten with dew.

In the midst of my sad desolation,
 And lonely forbodings and fears,
 They came as a gift from the angels,
 Spanning the gulf of the years.

Swiftly my thoughts traveled back-ward,
 O'er life's dreary pathway of gloom,
 And I thought of my many lost loved ones
 Till they seemed to stand near in the room.

Oh, dear ones, so long have your faces
 Vanished beyond the dark sea,
 Yet this sweet little cluster of violets
 Brings you so near to me.

Only a cluster of violets,
 Yet they whispered so soft and low,
 That the ones whom I thought lost forever
 Are near me wherever I go.

Oh dear little blossom so spotless,
 Emblems of purity,
 You are lightening the gloom of existence,
 And giving clear vision to me.

Only a cluster of violets,
 Yet how much they seem to me,
 Messengers sent from heaven,
 Breathing sweet purity.

Only a cluster of violets,
 The fragrance is filling my room,
 The thoughts which their presence awaken
 Are gently dispelling my gloom.

I glance at my neighbor's fair children
 Engaged in their innocent play,
 And invoke choicest blessings from heaven to rest
 On the little heads over the way.
 Park's Floral Magazine.

Hardy Flowers for Florida.
 Hardly in this connection means flowers that will endure the early heats, the drouths, the "rainy season" and the midsummer sunshine on the sandy soil which is so much in evidence in some portions of this state.

No one who has not had a personal experience with these conditions can realize their effects on many of the floral favorites of northern gardens. One can often accomplish a partial success by carefully shading from the heat and watering the plants, but nothing can forestall the rain and this excess of moisture combined with the heat scalds the roots which often die in spite of our efforts.

Hence painful memories of floral disaster haunt many a Florida homesteader who planted with enthusiasm only to reap disappointment. If one would avoid failure he should waste no time with plants unsuited to a semi-tropical climate. An inspection of the native flora might help one to a decision.

Every observing visitor has noted the unusual abundance of many members of the natural order, Compositae. The yellow blossoms of the helianthus are mirrored in the crystal waters of the inland lakes, while in their season, acres of Rudbeckias, Vernonias and host of other composite flowers glorify the flatwoods with their banners of purple and gold.

Many of the composite flowers are co-extensive with the whole United States. The Solidago or golden rod, for instance, which is to be found from our northern borders to the Gulf of Mexico. The Cacalea Cocinea is a native of the East Indies, the Marigol

Valuable Tress and Shrubs.
 Mr. Joseph Meehan describes several desirable ornamental trees and shrubs. Arbor Vitae can be grown in Florida and the Golden ferns are more showy than the common. We have no doubt that Mahonia aquifolia could be successfully grown here. In our search for ornamental trees we are too apt to neglect our native species; some of our oaks are very beautiful when grown in the open ground where they have a fair chance to develop.

Our native trees are attracting atten-



THE HOME OF MR. J. B. WINN.
 Crystal River.

tion elsewhere. In some situations a deciduous tree is preferable to an evergreen. The Nyssas or Sour Gum are very handsome symmetrical trees.

MEEHAN'S GOLDEN ARBOR VITAE.

What is known as Meehan's golden Arbor vitae is a golden-tipped variety, found in a bed of seedlings, many years ago. The extreme tips of the shoots are golden. On the whole, it is not as good a golden color as that of the George Peabody, another golden form of this Arbor vitae. But it differs in this, that whereas the Georgia Peabody has the same upright habit of growth that the typical one has, the Meehan's golden is of a far more bushy character. It is much broader in proportion to its height than is the Peabody.

These golden forms are particularly beautiful at all seasons of the year. Reference has been made before to their beauty in early summer, when the new growth is well advanced. Even now, in the depth of winter their golden yellow foliage is very pleasing; and were I asked, I would advise those who are contemplating

FURTHER NOTES ON MAHONIA AQUIFOLIA.

My notes on Mahonia aquifolia, which appeared in The Florists' Exchange a short time ago, have attracted much attention. In addition to what other correspondents have said, J. Hetherington, Portland, Ore., now writes:

"You are doubtless aware that large quantities of Mahonia aquifolia grow wild in these parts. If there is anything you should wish to know as to its habits, etc., in western Oregon, I should be pleased to inform you. It is a beautiful thing at this time of the year, and is almost universally used at Christmas for decorative purposes. Do you consider it would stand the climate of the East?"

As I have before said, this evergreen shrub does very well here, and is much valued; and it is worth all the good words these correspondents have to say for it. When in a sheltered place its bronze-colored leaves of Winter remain uninjured all through our Winters, but when exposed to much sun and wind the leaves become brown and disfigured. But the wood is seldom injured, no matter how low the thermometer registers. In many of our public grounds and our private places large numbers of it are used, often in masses and when in flower, in early Spring, the show of yellow is greatly admired.

As already mentioned by correspondents and by myself, Mahonia aquifolia is very useful for Christmas work by florists and this suggests the making a note of those who can furnish it, for reference when the proper time comes. And it should serve, too, to remind those who can sell the sprays, to advertise the fact when next winter approaches. Many florists would be glad to get hold of a lot of it then.

SOUTHERN OAKS IN ENGLAND.

One of our nurserymen recently received an order for a collection of oaks for England, coupled with the request that Southern sorts were not to be included, it being feared they would not live outdoors there. The fact is probably every one of the strictly Southern oaks would live there, for all but two or three of them get through the winter at Philadelphia. There come to mind only these that are not hardy in that city: Virens, laurifolia, Catesbaei and cinerea. Others which, if not strictly Southern or more so than they are Northern, and which do well throughout the Middle States, are: Lyrata, aquatica, Phellos, and falcata. The Phellos and falcata ap-

For horticultural purposes there is but the one species of sour gum in the North, the multiflora. Getting South, the Nyssa aquatica takes the place of the Northern one, and in appearance and in its seeds it differs but little from multiflora. Experts can tell the seeds apart; those of the Northern one being less flattened than those of the Southern species.

Besides these two, there are two others in the South, Nyssa capitata and Nyssa uniflora; and in foliage and fruit these differ very much from the others. The leaves are large, and the fruit of both is as large as a small plum; that of N. uniflora particularly



RED LEVEL SCHOOL HOUSE.

looks like it. Both of these are swamp-loving trees; and for the matter of that, our Northern one, already mentioned, delights in low ground.

The way to propagate these sour gums is to procure the seeds in autumn, clean them of pulp and sow them outdoors at once. Failing this, preserve them outdoors at once. Failing this, preserve them over winter in damp soil, sowing them early in spring. There is a weeping form of the Northern N. multiflora, which is increased by budding.

The following are some more notes by Mr. Joseph Meehan in another number of The Florists' Exchange. Japanese maples are very beautiful we think that a lath shelter would probably be all that would be needed in this State.

The Tulip tree is a native of Florida and a very beautiful tree when not in bloom. The only objection to it is that it is deciduous.

SITUATION FOR JAPANESE MAPLES.

It is puzzling to find just the right place to plant a Japanese maple. If in a fully exposed place, the leaves scorch in summer. If in a

of our old friend the tulip popular: "Liriodendron tulipifera (the tulip tree), so called because of its immense, wide crimson blossoms, resembling a tree covered with dazzling crimson tulips; it has large, handsome foliage, very hardy, and is in every way a magnificent tree for lawn or shrubbery." Well, this would indeed be a tree among trees. Unfortunately, this tree does not produce flowers anything like crimson tulips; the flowers are greenish yellow, blotched bright orange; beautiful, if not crimson. Aside from the mistake in the color of the flowers, the tulip tree well deserves the prominence the advertiser referred to gives it. In foliage, growth and flowers it is all that could be desired. It is rather hard to consider it as a tree to be grown for the sake of its flowers, because of its lofty growth. It has to attain some age and height before it blooms, and when this stage is reached the flowers, many of them, are so far overhead that they cannot be enjoyed and admired as they would be were they nearer the ground. Ordinary trees, when full grown, are 80 feet or more in height, and when in rich river bottoms, where they often grow, they have been known to reach over 100 feet, with a trunk of 6 feet in diameter. As a rule, the trunk is not thick in proportion to its height.

To enjoy its flowers as much as possible, it is better to head the tree back when young, and again from time to time as it grows. This tends to make of it a spreading tree, with branches near the ground, where the flowers can be seen when they expand in late spring.

As it is, many a one has never noticed the blossoms of the tulip tree, large and beautiful as they are.

The Value of Standard Potassium Cyanide for Fumigation.

From The Florida Agriculturist.

The value of standard potassium cyanide instead of the apparently slightly cheaper soda compound should be carefully considered by citrus growers before selecting the latter for use in fumigation practice.

As the name implies, the former is a compound of potash, the element so useful in commercial fertilizers, while the cyanide of soda furnishes no waste product of value from an agricultural standpoint.

In these days of close figuring one should clearly understand the value of the numerous by-products which occur in agricultural and horticultural practice, and so plan his operations as to obtain the least possible absolute waste. From cyanide of potash and sulphuric acid, as used in fumigation practice results the formation of bi-sulphate of potash, which has a high agricultural value as a plant food. It is a compound perfectly soluble, and therefore immediately available for plants and furnishes the same potash as is purchased in commercial fertilizers, and which is so heavily drawn upon by citrus trees and which fulfills so important a function in maintaining the delicate flavor of the fruit.

The saving in the fertilizing ingredients thus obtained, provided cyanide of potash is used instead of the sodium compound, which latter aside from its insecticidal value is of no agricultural value, is sufficient to warrant the attention of growers, especially those who are in the custom of purchasing fertilizers, and of using large quantities of fumigation material.

The cheapest material as to initial cost is frequently the most expensive when the by-products of the slightly more expensive initial material is considered.

With the ordinary practice of fumigation the value of bi-sulphate of potash as a fertilizer is no less than \$1.00 per acre and as some fumigators may even double the cyanide used in this form, the amount may

Citrus trees are often the host of both these forms of pests, scale and white fly. Fumigation, when properly conducted, is the most effective protection and remedy for the scale, and white fly. The fly is killed by one-half the quantity of cyanide required for the scale. The scale needs twice as much cyanide, or double the time of treatment, that is sufficient for the fly. A tree of given size if fumigated for the fly needs but half as much cyanide, or half the time of treatment, needed for the same tree if treated for the scale. For the same reason, peach trees and orange trees of the same size, one infested by scale insects and the other by the larvae of the white fly, require radically different treatment.

This is all very simple. The fact needs no further explanation; but the attempt to fumigate is often made by persons who have never taken pains to investigate the facts or principles involved. If they happen to have had experience with one kind of tree, or have fumigated for one of the two purposes for which they know the process is used, they jump to the conclusion that details adapted to one form of application, or quantities and time of application, and duration successful in one case is equally adapted to the other. They proceed on this supposition and failure is the result.

If interested persons will firmly fix in mind the fact that the white fly requires only one-half the punishment needed to kill scale insects, one of the chief causes for unsatisfactory results will disappear.

For the white fly the approved amount of cyanide is three-fifths of an ounce for 100 cubic feet of space to be filled by gas. One-half more of sulphuric acid is used than of the cyanide, and the acid is diluted by half as much more water as of acid.

The acid should always be added to the water. The immediate result is great heat to the mixture. An important fact often overlooked, is that if the cyanide is added to the hot acid-water mixture, the amount of gas liberated is increased by about one-tenth. The effectiveness of the cyanide is by this simple means increased about ten per cent. The practical cost of the cyanide is diminished in the same proportion.

Another important fact often overlooked, is that in the fumigation of nursery trees, even citrus trees, they should be entirely defoliated for perfect results. The fact that citrus trees are seldom entirely defoliated for transplanting, or shipping accounts for many a case of unsatisfactory results of fumigation. Had all leaves been removed, and with them all hiding places for larvae, good results might have been expected.

A recent movement to substitute cyanide of soda for the heretofore universally used cyanide of potash, as source of cyanide gas, I believe should be discountenanced. The slight saving in the first cost of the new material is more than balanced by the considerable value of the residue from the cyanide of potash. The product of its treatment with sulphuric acid is sulphate of potash, the very material bought and paid for in all high-grade fruit tree fertilizers.

The practical bearing of this fact is this: One pound of cyanide of potash after use for fumigation, gives the orchardist one pound of the most valuable of all tree fertilizers, that is, sulphate of potash, at a mere insignificant cost. The same quantity of the sulphate of soda, costing only a trifle less at first, leaves an absolutely useless and valueless sulphate of soda; a nuisance to be gotten rid of and which in accumulated quantity is the cause of the sterile alkali soils of desert places.

A Warning.

It is a well established fact that trouble never always comes from ty-



GRADE SCHOOL BUILDING.

too shady one their rich colors fall

experience with these conditions can realize their effects on many of the floral favorites of northern gardens.

One can often accomplish a partial success by carefully shading from the heat and watering the plants, but nothing can forestall the rain and this excess of moisture combined with the heat scalds the roots which often die in spite of our efforts.

Hence painful memories of floral disaster haunt many a Florida homesteader who planted with enthusiasm only to reap disappointment. If one would avoid failure he should waste no time with plants unsuited to a semi-tropical climate. An inspection of the native flora might help one to a decision.

Every observing visitor has noted the unusual abundance of many members of the natural order, Compositae. The yellow blossoms of the helianthus are mirrored in the crystal waters of the inland lakes, while in their season, acres of Rudbeckias, Vernonias and host of other composite flowers glorify the flatwoods with their banners of purple and gold.

Many of the composite flowers are co-extensive with the whole United States. The Solidago or golden rod, for instance, which is to be found from our northern borders to the Gulf of Mexico. The *Cacalea Cocinea* is a native of the East Indies, the Marigold of tropical America, and the Dahlia of Mexico.

My first effort at growing annuals in Florida, was in newly cleared ground unfertilized and bordering on the flat woods. It had not been ditched and during the "rainy season" was subject to verflow. In this crude soil I dropped the seeds of about one hundred different packets. Of all this number, but one endured these untoward conditions. A few came up, struggling feebly for some weeks, then died. The Cosmos lived and bloomed emphasizing "the survival of the fittest."

After several years absence I returned to my home in Orange county. It was late to sow seed for summer bloom. Only one variety survived—the Gailardia, which flourished in spite of the withering drouth and in soil which burned the hand like hot embers. The ants attacked it, as ants will in Florida, but it defied them all.

I once planted several varieties of annuals, in a city back yard. It was largely made soil of broken bricks, stones, sticks, tin cans, etc., with a small portion of mold and stiff clay. Only one variety lived to bloom. It was the Zinnia. I then decided that the Compositae furnished the hardiest plants in existence.

Leguminous plants are very common in Florida. I once heard a native say that "anything like a pea or a bean would grow," in that state. There are hosts of other kinds which offer themselves to the floriculturist both for botanical study and for ornamental purposes.

Mrs. Jennie S. Perkins.
Washington, D. C.

Escalloped Potatoes.—Pare and slice thin potatoes enough to fill a medium-sized pudding dish. cover with cold water and let stand three or four hours. Drain, and dry on a linen cloth. Grease the dish and add alternate layers of potatoes and cracker crumbs, butter, pepper and salt and a little sugar; then pour in one pint of milk and bake. Cover the dish for one hour then open it and brown daintily.

By being so devoted to duty that we become by nature dutiful; by nobly following noble examples; by standing as far as mortal may, with a conscience void of offense, will surely afford us that taste of bliss, which few of us most covetous need.

Some who grow this magnolia say it is apt to die back partly at times, and instances of this have been noted. This occurs to other Japanese trees and shrubs, but it never seems to hurt them to their destruction.



GRADED SCHOOL BUILDING.

the planting of evergreens the coming spring, not to overlook the setting out of some golden Arbor vitae, golden yews, and other golden-tinted evergreens.

The propagation of these evergreens is by cuttings, made now, and placed in boxes of sand, in a warm greenhouse. After being in the cutting boxes a month or more, a little more heat can be given them, and they should be well rooted by spring.

THE FRUIT OF MAGNOLIA KOBUS.

In *Magnolia kobus*, a Japanese species now fairly well known in collections, there is not much, if any, gain over what kinds were common in collections before it. The foliage and habit of growth are different, but its white flowers are not as large as those of the old Chinese white, *M. conspicua*, and those acquainted with both would unhesitatingly choose the latter if limited to but one of the two, as both flower at the same time, practically. But in the way of fruit pods, which are produced in great abundance by *M. Kobus*, there is something of uncommon interest, as in addition to their carmine color, one peculiar to the seed



J. J. PRIEST'S HOME AT RED LEVEL.

proach North to Philadelphia, both growing within the city limits, an both ending there, so far as I know. Two or three falcata exist in a wild state, within the boundary of Fairmount Park.

Coming back to the request of the party for such oaks only as would grow in England, there would be little risk in sending every kind indigenous to our country. The greater number of species of oaks we have grown both North and South. The white, pin, scarlet, red, black, mossy cup, chestnut, post black jack, and others are, some of them, to be found almost from the limit of both North and South, while others are in the border States. There is one thing connected with this subject which must not be forgotten, namely, that although a certain tree may grow from far North to far South, the seedlings from the Southern trees will not be hardy in the North. It is meant, of course, those from far South. There seems no question that a tree in time fits itself to its surroundings. Hardly in a perceptible way, perhaps, in one's lifetime, but everything points the way to believing that it does occur. Oaks, hickories, and other trees which are found in our Northern woods grow, many of them, in Southern woods as well, but it is of no use sowing seeds of the latter in the North; the seedlings will not prove hardy, having in mind those from far South.

A CHAPTER ON NYSSAS.

There seems less appreciation of the merits of the sour gums than there should be. A more beautiful tree than a young, thrifty specimen of the one native of the North, *Nyssa multiflora*, could not be found. It is clothed all summer long with its lustrous green leaves, and those leaves become of a rich scarlet color in autumn, perhaps a richer scarlet than the foliage of any other native tree assumes. Besides this, there is its crop of berries, black when ripe, and not unattractive, and affording a treat for birds.

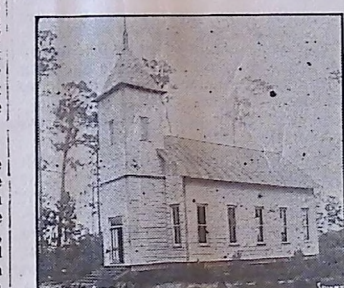
One reason why the tree is not oftener seen in collections may be assumed to be the difficulty of trans-planting the hardest of trees to handle in this respect. But to overcome this planters know what to do. Transplant often, and prune back hard. The whole class of trees difficult to handle can be moved successfully in this way. There must be several transplantings before the trees are six feet high; and it should be started when the seedlings are two years old.

too shady one, their rich colors fail to develop. If possible to plant them where they escape two or three hours of the noonday sun, it will suit them better than any other place. Besides this, they need a good lot of moisture in the soil. Not a wet place, but where the roots will be in moist soil, as this will insure some coolness of the roots as well. Those who grow the stock for sale will find it a paying business to plunge the pots in the summer, in a bed of leaves, sand, or some other material easily handled; and if sales are not expected the same season, place them in a spot almost entirely lit, even if not so well colored.

Of all the sorts in cultivation, the blood-leaved *A. polymorphum atropurpureum* is the most esteemed. Just when the leaves are fully expanded in spring, the red color is intense. It is then that the florist who has a lot of this maple in pots finds a great demand for them, for it is at this period of the plant's development one of the most striking features on a lawn. It is a mass of red color, just like a bed of red flowers. The sort mentioned is the most popular of all, but not far be-

hind it is the purple cut-leaved variety, *A. dissectum atropurpureum*. The finely dissected foliage is its chief attraction; but in addition to this there is a half-drooping habit, an umbrella shape, as it were.

All of the Japanese maples are much called for; and those who have a stock in pots find sale for them all summer long. In fact, pot shrubs and trees are now looked for from those who sell such stock.



BAPTIST CHURCH, RED LEVEL.

LIRIODENDRON TULIPIFERA (CRIMSON?)

An enterprising advertiser in Gardening Illustrated has this to say

absolute waste. From cyanide of potash and sulphuric acid, as used in fumigation practice results the formation of bi-sulphate of potash, which has a high agricultural value as a plant food. It is a compound perfectly soluble, and therefore immediately available for plants and furnishes the same potash as is purchased in commercial fertilizers, and which is so heavily drawn upon by citrus trees and which fulfills so important a function in maintaining the delicate flavor of the fruit.

The saving in the fertilizing ingredients thus obtained, provided cyanide of potash is used instead of the sodium compound, which latter aside from its insecticidal value is of no agricultural value, is sufficient to warrant the attention of growers, especially those who are in the custom of purchasing fertilizers, and of using large quantities of fumigation material.

The cheapest material as to initial cost is frequently the most expensive when the by-products of the slightly more expensive initial material is considered.

With the ordinary practice of fumigation the value of bi-sulphate of potash as a fertilizer is no less than \$1.00 per acre and as some fumigators may even double the cyanide used in obtaining this figure the amount may even be doubled, thus making it a point well worth consideration.

George Wright.

In connection with the above the following written by Prof. H. E. Stockbridge for the Southern Cultivator contains considerable more information on this important subject:

CYANIDE FUMIGATION.

For several years the fumigation of certain fruit trees for the purpose of destroying insect pests has been largely practiced. The extermination of the San Jose scale is by far the most extensive use of the process. More recently the practice has been used for protecting citrus trees from their serious enemy, the white fly.

These two different uses of the same principle have led to considerable confusion, which has often resulted in failure to secure satisfactory results. This confusion and the resulting dissatisfaction might easily be prevented by a more clear understanding of the changes in treatment necessary because of the great difference between the two objects sought. It will be my endeavor to make these differences more apparent in the hope that the causes of some failures may thus be prevented.

The first, and most important difference between the two objects attempted, lies in the very unlike character of the two enemies attacked by the process. The scale is not only extremely tenacious of life, but its vital parts are protected by an almost impervious and hermetically sealed covering. This covering or scale, is nearly impenetrable to all liquid sprays and washes.

There is another important difference between the two insects. Namely: The white fly is always attacked in either the egg or larval stage. In both of these conditions, it is as compared with the scale, very susceptible to poisonous sprays and gases. The cyanide gas is particularly effective at this time.

This difference in the susceptibility of the two insects to poisons, because of the protected condition of the scale and the unprotected state of the fly, renders one-half of the quantity of cyanide necessary for killing the scale sufficient for exterminating the white fly.

are seldom entirely eradicated by transplanting, or shipping accounts for many a case of unsatisfactory results of fumigation. Had all leaves been removed, and with them all hiding places for larvae, good results might have been expected.

A recent movement to substitute cyanide of soda for the heretofore universally used cyanide of potash, as source of cyanide gas, I believe should be discontinued. The slight saving in the first cost of the new material is more than balanced by the considerable value of the residue from the cyanide of potash. The product of its treatment with sulphuric acid is sulphate of potash, the very material bought and paid for in all high-grade fruit tree fertilizers.

The practical bearing of this fact is this: One pound of cyanide of potash after use for fumigation, gives the orchardist one pound of the most valuable of all tree fertilizers, that is, sulphate of potash, at a mere insignificant cost. The same quantity of the sulphate of soda, costing only a trifle less at first, leaves an absolutely useless and valueless sulphate of soda; a nuisance to be gotten rid of and which in accumulated quantity is the cause of the sterile alkali soils of desert places.

A Warning.

It is a well established fact that typhoid fever always comes from typhoid germs taken into the stomach either in food or drink, usually the latter. There have been numerous cases in this state where the people drank no water except that from artesian wells so deep that the water could not possibly contain any fever germs. Where did they come from? Unfortunately the cows were not furnished with artesian water but drank out of any old pond or puddle that was convenient. This might very easily account for many cases of fever.

The Lakeland Sun publishes a warning as follows:

We have just read with much interest a paper upon the subject of sanitation and possibility of drinking water being polluted with foul matter. For instance cess pools located near our lakes will have a tendency to fill the water with animal matter of a foul nature thus destroying fish and poisoning the water. Of course it may require years for the lakes to become thus affected but it will surely come if something is not done to prevent it. The cause could be removed now in time to prevent what in after years may become something to be regretted. The city water coming as it does from a depth of 460 feet must necessarily be pure, yet at the same time contagious diseases come from polluted water of lakes and shallow wells. Cows drinking this water would necessarily produce foul milk and this drank would carry with it diseased germs. Nothing adds more to the attractiveness or value of a town than cleanliness. Our people and those in authority should spare no time in looking into this matter. We do not wish it understood that we are a hobbist or crank on this subject but know full well that our citizens would much prefer cleanliness to filth, health instead of disease. Let us carefully look into this matter and study the problem well, thereby doing all we can to preserve the perfectness of our town as a health resort.

Every mother should have the little book at hand, when her child comes to her and pleads: "Tell me a little story." Pansy cottage has no little children in it, but the illustrated group shown elsewhere shows there are children's children, to whom grandpa will read these stories, when they come across lots to see him and get cookies from grandma.

CRYSTAL RIVER NEWS.

Published Weekly at Crystal River, Citrus County, Florida.

Crystal River Publishing Co. PUBLISHERS.

Official Organ County School Board.

S. A. FACKLER, Ed. and Bus. Mgr.

Entered at the Crystal River, Florida, postoffice as second-class matter.

ADVERTISING RATES:

1 inch	1 mo.	3 mos.	6 mos.	1 year.
3 inches	\$0.50	\$ 1.25	\$ 2.00	\$ 4.00
6 inches	1.25	3.00	5.00	10.00
1/2 column	2.00	5.00	10.00	18.00
1 column	3.50	9.00	18.00	35.00
1 column	6.00	18.00	35.00	65.00

Double column, double above rates. Local notices five cents per line each insertion.

In conclusion we would say to the general public this: Do not come to Florida or to Citrus county if you expect to find a country with no drawbacks whatever. Such a place is not to be found on this side of the happy land o' Canaan. When the Lord said to Adam: "Cursed is the earth because of thy sin; thorns and thistles shall it produce for thee; and in the sweat of thy brow thou shalt eat thy bread." He said "the earth" and he meant the earth, every nook and corner of it; so, of course, Citrus county has its "thorns and thistles," too. In what these thorns and thistles consist, every one must determine for himself. To some the bright sunshine is "a thorn," others grumble at a dinner if there be no olives, yet would be too indolent to secure the olives for themselves, were they domiciled even in the Garden of Olives, itself. Many would also go through life with a good thing right within reach, yet because of some little "thorn" such as work or earnest endeavor thought, "a thorn" which they are too dull or too indolent to tackle, they fail to grasp the good thing; yet these very persons are the ones who find so many faults with whatever place or position they may happen to occupy. They forget that they were given a will power and a mind which, had they cultivated it properly, would have taught them to rise above and conquer many of the "thorns and thistles" of life's pathway. A man may have very little wealth, yet own the earth, or he may have millions and yet be wretchedly poor; it all depends on what sort of a man he is.

The right sort of a man will find, comparatively, few "thorns and thistles" to contend with in Citrus county. He will have cool, sea breeze summers, and temperate winters. He will find soils which need but good judgment in selecting for particular needs in order to respond liberally to his intelligent toil. He will find an atmosphere as healthy as deserving to be who faithfully or even a little sensibly, adheres to physical and moral laws.

CRYSTAL RIVER.

This, our Special Edition, is so crowded that we have not the space to devote to a general write up of the town and surrounding country which would really do it justice; but the many business write ups in this issue alone prove that Crystal River is a booming, hustling, get-there-and-keep-a-going town. The town hasn't been born a very long time ago, but it is a prodigy which rightfully exclaims: "I'm here; I'm big; I'm still a-growing!—and the rest of the world had better not forget it."

At the west there is the great water highway, the Gulf of Mexico, of which the river, Crystal River, is one of its safest and most delightful harbors. At the east, lit the high, salubrious, piney lands. From and towards the north comes and goes the busy train, and from the outside world.

The fish and oyster business is one of the pioneer industries, natural to the proximity of the river and gulf waters.

We also need a laundry, a bakery and a dentist.

Hotels we have, to suit the most fastidious, or the ones to whom money is a matter of the future as far as its plentifulness is concerned.

Of churches there are the Presbyterian, the Methodist, the Baptist and the Christian. As to schools, there is the graded high school in town, whilst every nearly district has also its school. The colored people, too, have their schools and churches.



THE BAPTIST CHURCH.
Crystal River.

In the surrounding country are the great turpentine plants, and the farms and cattle ranches. We would like to induce some thrifty German farmers to come and settle among us. Our own people are so accustomed to an easy happy-go-lucky sort of an existence that they are not so quick to see the many undeveloped resources lying about them.

There are still great tracts of land needing to be farmed on the intensified system—a system that Southern blood is not heir to. Besides, new people bring in new ideas, new brawn and muscle, and new life in general.

There is work for all; there is money for all; there is a hearty welcome for all.

CELERY CULTURE FOR CRYSTAL RIVER.

There are some few of us whose tastes have not yet been educated up to celery as an article of daily diet; yet, when we get that run-down feeling, or when our digestive organs go all squee-gee we hasten to the doctor and pay him for telling us to use celery. Then we hie away to the drug store and pay a dollar a bottle for a nostrum or compound that has the name and a very little of the article itself among its ingredients.

And Crystal Riverites could, and should, have celery fresh and crisp on their tables during at least six months of the year. It is doubtful that in any part of the United States there is a section of country more suitable for the culture of celery than we have right here round and about Crystal River.

Celery wants moist, but well-drained soils; there are here hundreds of acres of moist lands, owing to the proximity of the rivers.

Mulching is necessary in order to raise good celery; there is an abundance of pine straw and the high marsh grasses which make the best of mulching. Celery needs moisture always, but requires it in abundance while making its greater growth, which occurs in the late summer; that is just the time that we have our rainy season, when we have copious showers every day. Celery must be blanched in order to make it white and tender; the usual way to blanch celery is by the use of boards; almost any sort of refuse lumber will do for this; our many mills now have to burn refuse lumber so that it may not take up space needed for good commercial stuff. The Northern and Eastern states can supply the markets with celery from June until December, then Florida has her celery ready to ship

THE JOSEPH DIXON CRUCIBLE COMPANY.

The Joseph Dixon Crucible Company became owners of the factory in Crystal River, Fla., November 30, 1887, upon the death of the former owner, Mr. James Williams, who had brought it here from Tampa, in 1882, so as to have it in the center of the best cedar territory.

This territory extends now from beyond St. Marks on the north and west, and Tampa on the south; besides much cedar is shipped here by carloads from points all over the interior of the state.

Mr. Lewis Williams was the first representative manager of this mill under the Dixon ownership, dating from December 1, 1887, to the time of his death on June 20, 1890.

The present manager, Mr. C. E. Herrick, of Crystal River, was appointed July 1, 1890, and has been at the head of this plant up to the present date. He has proven himself to be exactly the right man in the right place; and has always kept both the prosperity of the business and the welfare of the employees well in mind. His business capacities are wonderful, considering the large number of workmen he must control, the many different phases of the business he must manage and the large area of territory he must traverse. And, withal, he finds time for the responsi-



MR. C. E. HERRICK,
Manager of the Dixon Cedar Mill, Crystal River.

bilities of home life, the courtesies of social life and the exactments of good, and prominent citizenship.

The product of The Dixon Cedar Mill, here, furnishes the stock cedar for covers of the incomparable Dixon pencils; the reputation of which for toughness, smoothness and good marking qualities is proverbial. The Dixon Company has tested and proven the fact that the Red Cedar of Florida is better adapted for pencils than any other woods, being of closer texture and smoother grain; therefore, they



THE DIXON CEDAR MILL.
Crystal River.

use this exclusively. The Dixon pencils are the only ones made of this Florida cedar.

The number of men actively engaged in the work of furnishing this stock, already cut into pencil lengths, ready

and the skillful business acumen which knows how to regulate the margins of profit is the cause of this.

The Dixon Crucible Company are miners, importers and manufacturers of all kinds of crucible, lubricants and graphite products.

Besides their plant at Crystal River, their real crucible works and general offices are in Jersey City, New York, San Francisco, Philadelphia, Chicago, Pittsburg and London.

Jersey City is headquarters; and there the company was established in 1827, and was incorporated in 1868.

Co. Supt. R. L. Turner.

The excellence, and in most instances, the superiority of Citrus' public schools is easily found to be due to the conscientious, energetic and intelligent endeavor of superintendent R. L. Turner. Possessing a studious mind, a knowledge of the latest and best methods, a love for the work and ability to carry out the most approved line of work, it is but natural that the public schools should be known for their excellence.

Superintendent Turner has drafted many convenient and profitable forms for the office, especially, one very large record-book which is highly endorsed and recommended by the State Educational Department. Mr. R. L. Turner was born near Dunnellon, Citrus



MR. R. L. TURNER, County Superintendent.

county, Florida in 1872. Was educated at the public schools, of Jasper, Florida, and finally two years in the Normal and Law departments of John B. Stetson University. He immediately engaged in teaching and continued in the work until upon the earnest solicitation of friends he was induced to become a candidate, in 1900, for the office of Superintendent of Public Instruction of his county and has since held this position with honor to himself, entire county and state.

Mr. Turner is a born teacher, and possesses a love for the work. He pre-

paring a schedule of salaries which has been highly praised by the state and adopted by several county school boards. Our "County Course of Study" drafted after his ideal of rural school work has been uniformly endorsed by leading teachers through-

managing to get for himself a good education between whales. Early in life he accepted a position as clerk in the Williams' establishment. This position he has held until he reached a high rung,—until, in fact, he became one of the managers, and until he was counted a friend and confidant of those who employed him.

But Hallie has still higher ambitions; and he keeps his constituents on the "tenter hooks" lest these ambitions take from them his very much needed and thoroughly efficient services.

Hallie is a financier and a speculator. He had noted the trend of coming prosperity, and had wisely invested in real estate and in town property at just the right time. Now he is already to be reckoned among the prominent, tax-paying citizens of Crystal River. Youthful ambitious, when combined with such honesty, industry, integrity and general uprighteousness as Mr. Edwards is noted for, are bound to be realized in time, so his friends confidently look forward to seeing him take his place among the industrial and political leaders of his town, county and state.

The personality of Mr. Edwards is a serious one when matters require earnest thought, but it is an exceedingly pleasant and jolly one when only the lighter lines of life hold his attention. As a salesman, he is a pronounced success. It is really somewhat in the nature of a treat to be permitted to do trading where one is waited on by so courteous and genial a gentleman. He has a laugh which, once heard, is never forgotten, and the remembrance of it has ever the power of dispelling the blues. He has a good word for all, and the clearness of his eye, and the radiance of his smile is bright and far-reaching.

Thus far, Mr. Edwards has managed to escape the matrimonial noose—by what secret, but evidently successful, strategy we are unable to guess; but we know that many bright eyes look askance at this dilatory youth, and many a fender heart has he set pulsating at a speed far beyond its normal beat. Hallie is the catch of this town, and could make his own choice from the bright galaxy of pretty, smiling and only too willing maidens.

MR. J. B. CUTLER.

Some years ago Mr. Cutler was trainmaster on the Atlantic Coast Line, but here at Crystal River, he is more familiarly known as "The Ice Man." This does not mean that Mr. Cutler always keeps cool, no matter how trying the circumstances, nor what the thermometer is trying to do. Neither does it mean that he is cold-blooded, cold-hearted or anything of that sort; it simply means that Mr. Cutler has gone, very extensively, into the business of manufacturing ice; and not only has he established a large plant at Crystal River, but has established ice manufacturing plants also at Dunnellon and Lakeland. There is quite a difference in having ice right at home and in having to send to some distant city for it; so now all the people, of three towns at least, rise up and bless Mr. Cutler.

No doubt, Mr. Cutler supplies a great many of the other towns along the line with this frozen needful.

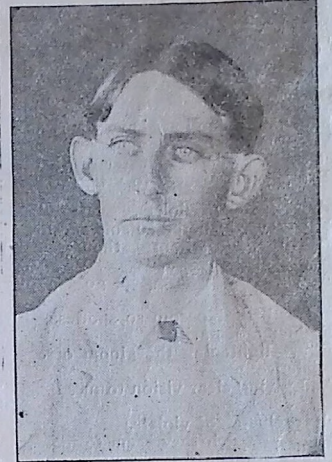
Mr. Cutler is also one of the Crystal River Fish Company. He keeps a good commodious naphtha launch on the river, mainly, we suppose, to be used in the fish business, but we notice that Mr. Cutler frequently delights in giving his many friends from all over Florida enjoyable trips out to the gulf in it whenever they come to Crystal River. Frequently lunch parties are made up here at home among the young folk, and the launch is hired for these pleasant trips. Mr. Cutler keeps a good engineer constantly in charge of the launch, who is ready to start out with it at a moment's notice.

Mr. Cutler is a man of a pleasing and

MILLER & SMITH.

The firm of Miller & Smith is new but both heads of this firm have had considerable experience in the mercantile line.

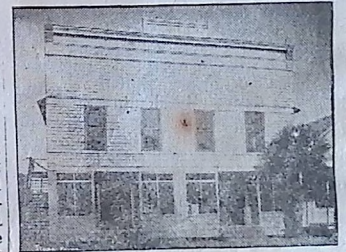
Mr. Herman Miller was born and reared in Crystal River. His father was one of the first settlers, and established a store when Crystal River was yet cutting its milk-teeth. After his aged father died, and he, himself, had finished his commercial education, Herman and his brother, Fred, went into the mercantile business together. This they carried on successfully for several years, but death came and deprived Herman of his brother and partner. A few months later, Herman



MR. H. G. MILLER.

sold out to Mr. Blanton, and thought to go out of business, altogether, but the commercial instinct was too strong for him. About a year later, he built a large two-story double department store; and, with his brother-in-law, Mr. Robert D. Smith, as partner, again went into business.

Mr. Robert D. Smith was born in Cokesbury, Abbeville county, S. C. When quite a youth he decided to come to Crystal River. He arrived here November 28, 1891. He was then a stranger in a strange land, and was without money and friends; but he had that which is a passport to success anywhere, namely: pluck, industry and a high moral standard which he was determined to live up to. For several years he held a position in Mrs. Mary

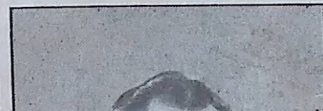


MILLER & SMITH STORE.

Williams-Allen's store, finally having full charge of this large store of general merchandise. Later he held other high salaried positions, the most prominent being that of head bookkeeper of The Dixon Crucible Company. This position he held for two years, to the entire satisfaction of the manager, Mr. C. E. Herrick.

The first of this year he decided to go into business for himself and on May the 8th, he was already opening up and marking goods.

This large store of Miller & Smith is on Citrus avenue. It contains everything in the line of general mer-



gent toll. He will find an atmosphere as healthy as deserving to be who faithfully or even a little sensibly, adheres to physical and moral laws.

CRYSTAL RIVER.

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At the west there is the great water highway, the Gulf of Mexico, of which the river, Crystal River, is one of its safest and most delightful harbors. At the east, lit the high, salubrious, piney lands. From and towards the north comes and goes the busy traffic to and from the outside world. At the south—well, at the south is Homosassa.



THE PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH.
Crystal River.

Mills, taken collectively, we have three—not one or two-horse affairs, but mills that count their employees by the hundreds, and mills that have railroads of their own; besides, all negotiations are complete for another to be put in operation as soon as the workmen can put up the buildings.

Of mercantile houses there are seven large ones and some smaller ones. There are two well stocked drug stores and two first class physicians for the ailing. Several large new store rooms are built, and in process of being shelved and otherwise made ready for business.

There are, of course, the other smaller businesses; the ice cream and cool drink parlors, book and magazine agencies, barbers, cleaners and dyers, etc.

There is also the extensive ice factory, with its delivery wagons; the dairy wagon who brings the products of the dairy to our doors; the meat and the country produce men, and other minor factors for the comfort of the people.

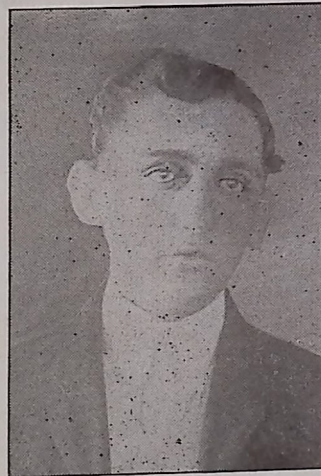
for the culture of celery than we have right here round and about Crystal River.

Celery wants moist, but well-drained soils; there are here hundreds of acres of moist lands, owing to the proximity of the rivers.

Mulching is necessary in order to raise good celery; there is an abundance of pine straw and the high marsh grasses which make the best of mulching. Celery needs moisture always, but requires it in abundance while making its greater growth, which occurs in the late summer; that is just the time that we have our rainy season, when we have copious showers every day. Celery must be blanched in order to make it white and tender; the usual way to blanch celery is by the use of boards; almost any sort of refuse lumber will do for this; our many mills now have to burn refuse lumber so that it may not take up space needed for good commercial stuff. The Northern and Eastern states can supply the markets with celery from June until December, then Florida has her celery ready to ship North during the months from November until June—just the months when all green stuffs bring a fancy price in the North. Celery is to be shipped in crates; we have the crates manufactured right here at home. Celery does best in muck and re-claimed soils, and muck lands are already rich in nitrates, and cultivation adds the potash; well, there are muck lands to be had almost for the asking.

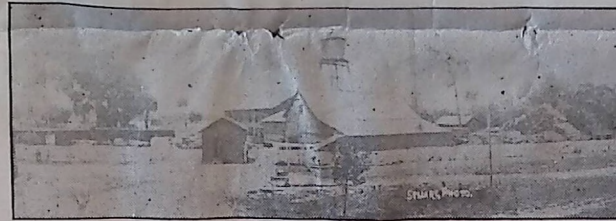
The annual expense of growing celery, including seed, labor, wear and tear of implements, and the needful fertilizers (which on muck land is merely nominal) do not exceed \$100 per acre on lands far less suitable for celery than are our lands; a fair estimate of the yield would be 1,500 bunches; these, at the very lowest figure, would bring 15 cents per dozen bunches by the crate, leaving a net balance of \$125 profit.

About the first remark which Northern men make when viewing our river lands is: "What fine celery farms you could have here!" We haven't got them, though, yet; but the time is not far off when we will have them.



MR. CLEVELAND EDWARDS,
Manager of the Racket Store.
Crystal River.

fact that the Red Cedar of Florida is since held this position with honor to better adapted for pencils than by himself, entire county and state. other woods, being of closer texture and smoother grain; therefore, they possess a love for the work. He pre-

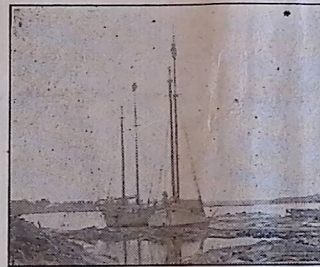


THE DIXON CEDAR MILL.
Crystal River.

use this exclusively. The Dixon pencils are the only ones made of this Florida cedar.

The number of men actively engaged in the work of furnishing this stock, already cut into pencil lengths, ready for the groovers is, at the Crystal River plant, about 250, including the choppers and raftsmen. The employees in the mill proper, men, women and children number about 100; these, with their families, aggregate about 1,000 persons whose sustenance is dependent upon the operation of this industry.

Two naphtha launches, one schooner of sixty tons, and many smaller crafts have been put on the river to facilitate the bringing in of the huge rafts and boatloads of the timbers.



UNLOADING VESSELS AT THE MILL.

There is a whole lot to be learned by the uninitiated regarding the choosing of a pencil, and the Dixon Company can teach it—and more, it can supply the practical demands in any and every sort of a pencil.

The company issues an index which is a complete guide for the users of pencils, as it sets forth the different degrees of hardness or softness required for special purposes. As the Dixon Crucible Company makes about 1,000 different varieties there is no excuse for worrying along with a pencil which is not suited exactly to one's hand and business. Every Dixon pencil bearing a certain mark indicating its particular grade is found uniformly exact always. Once know just what suits you and all further anxiety and trouble in choosing your pencils is obliterated.

Besides the pencils and crayons, the company makes the best of rubber tips, erasers and disc.

Taking into consideration the many expenses attached to the manufacture of the finished article, when it is of such perfection as are the Dixon pencils, it is wonderful that the prices are so low. No doubt, the great advance in improvements in modern machinery,

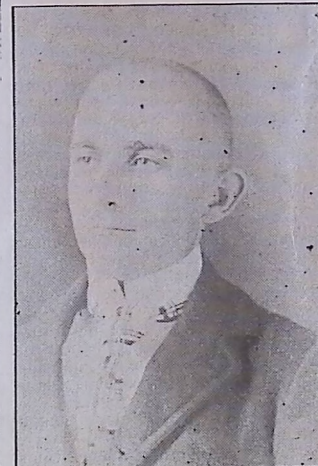
pared a schedule of salaries which has been highly praised by the state and adopted by several county school boards. Our "County Course of Study" drafted after his ideal of rural school work has been uniformly endorsed by leading teachers throughout the state. He was the promoter of a county school paper, and is the editor of "The School Review." He has labored hard for the organization of County Normals, thereby rendering great service to young men and women, and in fact, has done much by personal solicitation to maintain the best normals ever conducted in the county. Then, too, all this was done without one cent of expense to the School Board, for the first time in the history of the county.

Mr. Turner is the secretary of the State Convention of County Superintendents, and a member of the Executive Committee of the Florida Student Help Fair. He takes a deep interest in his work, and being worthy, fully merits this notice.

And before we close this article we want to state that he takes just as much interest, and works as hard for the best interest of country schools as he does for town schools. They are all treated alike. School work is truly a labor of love with him.

Mr. Hal Edwards.

Mr. Hal Edwards was born and reared at Red Level, a sub-district of Crystal River. He spent his early youth on a farm, working hard, but



MR. HALLIE EDWARDS.

only has he established a large plant at Crystal River, but has established ice manufacturing plants also at Dunnellon and Lakeland. There is quite a difference in having ice right at home and in having to send to some distant city for it; so now all the people, of three towns at least, rise up and bless Mr. Cutler.

No doubt, Mr. Cutler supplies a great many of the other towns along the line with this frozen needful.

Mr. Cutler is also one of the Crystal River Fish Company. He keeps a good commodious naphtha launch on the river, mainly, we suppose, to be used in the fish business, but we notice that Mr. Cutler frequently delights in giving his many friends from all over Florida enjoyable trips out to the gulf in it whenever they come to Crystal River. Frequently launch parties are made up here at home among the young folk, and the launch is hired for these pleasant trips. Mr. Cutler keeps a good engineer constantly in charge of the launch, who is ready to start out with it at a moment's notice.

Mr. Cutler is a man of a pleasing and obliging personality and is very much liked. He belongs to numerous lodges, and has a good standing in them. His business rating is high and he has always been found honest and a man of his word.



MRS. WILLIAMS-ALLEN'S STORE,
The Oldest Business House in Crystal River.

MR. WILL KNIGHT.

Mr. Will Knight is a native of Georgia. He was born and reared in the vicinity of Valdosta, but early in life he came to Crystal River and invested largely in real estate, especially in turpentine lands.

He joined his brother, Mr. R. J. Knight, in the naval stores business. The plant in which Mr. Will Knight is particularly interested in is the large turpentine plant which runs two stills, and is situated about five miles east of Crystal River, at a place known as Lee's Mound.

With his estimable wife and very interesting children, Mr. Knight has his home in town. His residence is one of the finest—if not the finest—in Crystal. It is large and of a most tasteful architecture, the inner parts being finished in beautiful natural woods and fancy tilings.

Mr. Knight is a man of quiet demeanor, but sociable and kind withal. Public enterprises, or any measure proposed for the good of the town, be it educational, religious or municipal, finds him with a ready and helping hand.

Gladly would we welcome more like him.



MILLER & SMITH STORE.

Williams-Allen's store, finally having full charge of this large store of general merchandise. Later he held other high salaried positions, the most prominent being that of head bookkeeper of The Dixon Crucible Company. This position he held for two years, to the entire satisfaction of the manager, Mr. C. E. Herrick.

The first of this year he decided to go into business for himself and on May the 8th, he was already opening up and marking goods.

This large store of Miller & Smith is on Citrus avenue. It contains everything in the line of general mer-

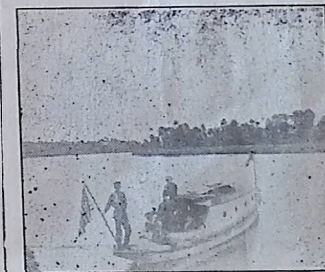


MR. R. D. SMITH.

chandise, dry goods, shoes, groceries, crockery, glassware, paints, etc. These are in two separate departments. Other departments contain feed stuffs, furniture and a full line of trunks. This firm is determined to supply the trade with every call.

Their stock is complete and new; not an article of stale or shop-worn goods can be found on their shelves. They have had a good summer trade, and already the new fall goods, everything in the line of ladies' and gents' furnishing goods, are arriving.

Both these men are courteous and will give customers good value for their money.



MR. HERRICK'S LAUNCH, With Pleasure Party on Crystal River.

FISHING INDUSTRY.

THIS IS ONE OF THE GREAT AND GROWING INDUSTRIES
OF CRYSTAL RIVER.

Besides the "Regular" Fish Business, We Have Turtle Fishing, Oyster
Fishing and Sponge Fishing as a Side Issue—Sponging is an
Especially Profitable Business in Crystal River.

This is an industry with many branches.

Besides the dealing in the table fish proper, the turtle, oyster, and sponge fishing may be classed under the head of the Crystal River Fish Commerce.

Of fish there are eight varieties which fill the main demand as "market" fish, the fish for the epicures—but there are many other varieties which are very good eating, but which natives who have such a freedom of choice would declare "second class." Nevertheless, with the advent of the canning factories, these really delectable fish will soon come into demand.

Oysters, too, which now are shipped away in bulk (in the shell) will then be canned, and shipped in this handier and more condensed form.

Turtles! Well, turtles are very slow-going, patient creatures and will submit to be treated in most any old way. Now they are still being

shipped "dry so" on the flat of their backs, and many a turtle soup at Delmonico's in New York owes its flavor to the waters of Crystal River. But the time is not far distant when Mr. Turtle will arrive at Delmonico's seasoned and stewed and ready for the soup-plate.

Sponging is carried on just out from Crystal River in the gulf, and is a very profitable branch of the fishing industry. The canneries which will be established principally because of the fish and oyster trade, will, nevertheless, be as well equipped for the canning of fruits and vegetables.

Farmers have been slow to raise any very large quantities of fruits and vegetables, simply because there is no canning factory near to take care of such truck as, in the main, it is too perishable to stand shipping in its natural or fresh state. Even now, thousands of bushels of fruit, especially pears, go to waste, annually, because of the want of a home market.

Tropical and Semi-Tropical Fruits.

The July number of the Florida Fruit and Truck Grower contains an interesting article on this subject.

Most of its statements are correct. The only criticism that we have to make is in regard to the list of orange growing counties. Probably many localities in other counties could show as fine orange groves as can be produced in the counties named. We know it to be a fact beyond dispute that there are some as good orange groves in St. Johns county as any of their age in the state.

The last paragraph contains an error, the writer after speaking of strawberries says: "All other small fruits are very successful."

As known at the North, the term small fruits includes currents, raspberries and gooseberries, none of which thrive in this state. In fact, we do not

sides. And as to Greece, Belgium and Switzerland, you might roll them up together, drop them down upon Florida's broad bosom and then have a sharp hunt to find them amidst her lakes and forests.

"Neither the extreme northern nor the extreme southern counties of Florida are adapted to the culture of the orange. It can not endure the frosts of the former, nor does it flourish so thrifty in the extreme southern portions of the peninsula as in the more central sections. The true orange belt of the state lies between the parallels of latitude 24 1-2 and 29 1-2 north and south, extending from the gulf to the Atlantic. While bearing trees are found in almost every county of the state, yet the favorite habitat of the golden fruit is unmistakably indicated by the extensive wild groves of the central lake regions, where once on a time they grew as luxuriantly in the section named. Here, located between the boundaries described, we find the true Florida climate. Here the orange reaches the climax of perfection and richness. To this region is due the fame of the Florida Orange. In this belt, so-called, are the counties which produce the great crops for commerce; they are Orange, Volusia, Marion, Brevard, Polk, Sumter, Lake, Osceola, DeSoto, Lee, Hernando, Pasco, Hillsborough, Dade and Manatee. In this section orange culture attains its highest ideal.

Most of the soils within the orange belt will produce good oranges. But of course some are better adapted to its rapid growth than others. The richer the land the more vigorously the tree will grow, the more abundantly it will fruit. The orange tree is a gross feeder, and the more it eats, provided its home is a healthy one, the better for its owner.

Hammock lands are richer in humus and potash than the pine lands. Both of these elements of vegetable growth are specially needed by the orange; hence its growth on hammock land is quicker than on pine land. But this is true as a rule, only at the outset. In a few years the hammock grove will have devoured all the food "lying around loose," and then it must be fed, like the pine land grove, from its owner's pockets. Hammock lands in the same localities cost far more than the pine lands, both in the original purchase money and in the expense of clearing. There are magnificent groves on hammock lands, but there are also many others just as valuable located on pine lands. In fact, the adherents of the latter are growing in numbers year by year. The fact is there is little to choose between them. Both are the home of the orange. The one

South Florida offers to those who desire to engage in fruit growing. It is not alone a fruit producing plant, but possesses a fiber of special strength and fineness.

Pineapples are grown in the following counties for market: Brevard, Dade, Monroe, Lee, Hillsborough, DeSoto, Orange, Polk, Pasco, Volusia, Lake and Osceola.

The pineapple is to some extent an air plant, and like most plants of that nature thrives best upon high, light, dry and sandy soil. For no plant is so particular as to the character of soil required for its perfect development.

"The physical characteristics of a soil" are of primary importance and determine largely the adaptability of a soil to certain crops. Moisture is the all-important factor in controlling plant life and upon its supply depends, to a great extent, the kind of vegetation best suited to a soil.

"In a general way, all our soils are shown to belong to the same type, a type which is marked by the absence of any appreciable amount of sand, silt and clay."

The banana, coconut, guava, sapajillo, mango, alligator pear, tamarind, sugar apple, etc., are grown to some extent in South Florida, but the full possibilities for their extensive cultivation and marketing are but in their infancy. That their full development is not far distant is certain.

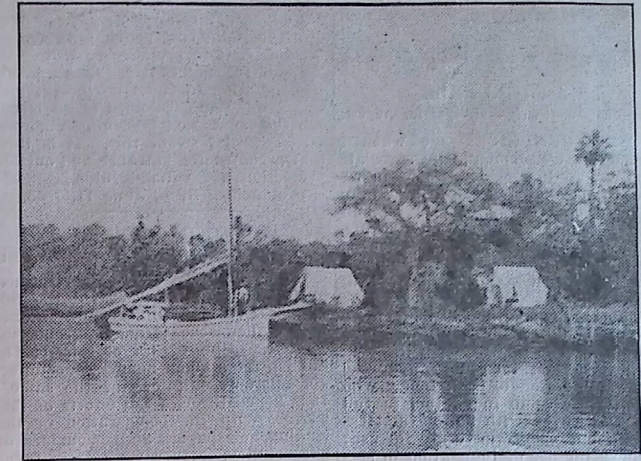
Peach growing for the market is new in Florida, but remarkably successful and it will be but a few years before the Florida peach will become as famous as the Florida orange. Especially successful have the growers of this luscious fruit been in Alachua, Marion and Lake counties. Figs, pomegranates, pears and apricots all do well in most sections of the state.

Of the small fruits, the strawberry is beyond question king. In the early season the grower secures as high as \$1.00 a box (quart) ranging down to 25 cents later in the season, while still later the home markets are supplied at lower prices. Many of the returns received by the successful strawberry grower seem fabulous. All other small fruits are very successful.

Standard in Trees and Fruits Generally.

It is much like going away from home to learn the news, to go outside of Florida to read Mr. Taber's views, but we found the following article in the Peach Grower of Savannah, Ga.:

In his paper prepared for the West Baden convention, just before sailing



A SCENE ON CRYSTAL RIVER.

continued and increasing orders from those who know a good thing when they see it.

"As an illustration, I would mention my experience with a little fruit called Kumquat—a species of citrus—and, therefore, related to the orange. I have for several years experimented as to the best way to handle this fruit and for the past few years have shipped it as follows: Cut the fruit in bunches; with leaves attached pack in strawberry baskets, in paper lined strawberry crates; have the top of each basket present the appearance of a full compact pack of select fruit and have in interior of each basket bear out the promise; the bright, green foliage intermixed and contrasting with the handsome yellow fruit and the whole effect accentuated by the tint of the strong, smooth paper used for lining the crates—which paper opens out smoothly when the lid is removed.

"Now, any one who has never seen this fruit packed in a manner similar to that described above, has no idea how his fingers will feel around for some loose coin in order to change ownership for one or more baskets of this prepossessing fruit. I shipped 145 crates of this fruit this year and the net returns were \$740.39—a little over \$5 a crate average, f. o. b. my shipping station. Every crate of this fruit was shipped to commission men—and, therefore, sold as nearly on its merits as fruit ever does. At the same time I was making these shipments and re-

if he is wise, work for his constituents, and, in return, receive a boost from each."

Dooms Florida Oranges.

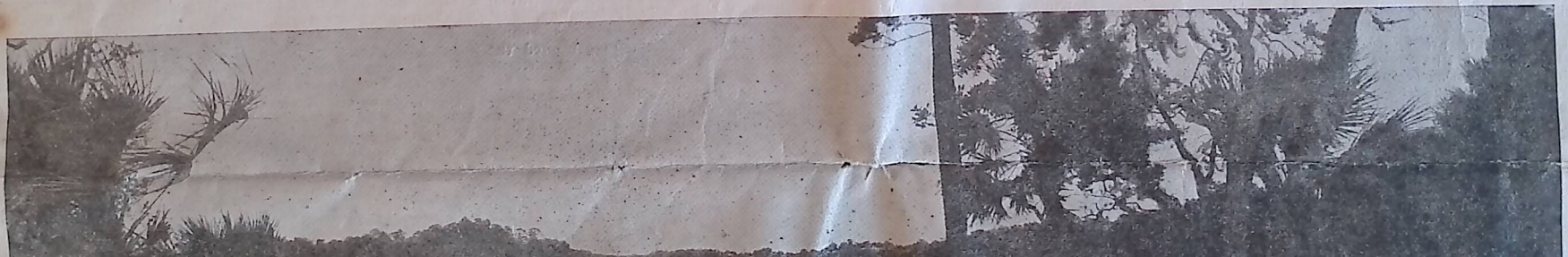
The editor of the Cocoa and Rockledge News says:

The July 8th number of the New York Packer contains the following spiteful and fateful allusion to Florida oranges. The boast of the correspondent is that the last season was the best California oranges had ever known in the New York market, and then continues as follows:

That next season will also be a good one is indicated by the results of an examination of the Florida groves, which are reputed to promise not over 1,000,000, against 2,500,000 before the freeze. This seems to show that Florida will not be a factor next year, and if that is demonstrated it will be forever laid aside. Two years of inability to satisfy the demand for their product will result in their being pushed permanently out of the market.

That's all right, brother, but the woods are full of buyers right now snapping up every little old Florida orange that can be found. Florida growers have so far managed to get good prices for all the fruit they have been able to raise, and know nothing of the distinctly humiliating loss of \$2,000,000 on fruit actually marketed as is reported of the California grower for the past year.

When people want really good or





A BEND IN THE RIVER.

think that currants or gooseberries can be grown here at all. We have ripened a few raspberries in Florida. If any one will take the necessary trouble and go to a little extra expense they may have raspberries every year. It is only necessary to order large clumps of red raspberry plants in the fall, set them out carefully on good soil and mulch them well. Next spring you will have some berries but by the following fall your bushes will all be dead.

Nowhere in the world, in similar area, can there be found a section capable of supplying such a vast variety of fruits as Florida. In addition to most, or nearly all of the fruits produced in higher latitudes, Florida reigns supreme in the production of tropical and semi-tropical fruits, such as the orange, the lemon, the pomelo or grapefruit, the lime and other members of the citrus family. The Florida orange is especially famous, for both its delicious flavor and its admirable shipping qualities.

Florida in regard to size and consequent variations of temperature. The truth is that Florida is a very large state. Stretching north and south, her beautiful evergreen forests and sparkling rivers and lakes spread grandly over the face of the earth for a distance of four hundred miles. Now, we all know that four hundred miles from north to south anywhere in the temperate zone, is sufficient to cause considerable difference between the winter temperatures of places located at either extremity. And this is especially true of Florida. Each degree marks a decided change of temperature, far more so than the same distance in the mainland states. Just think for a moment! Florida is one of the largest states in the whole Union, the largest of any east of the Mississippi river. It is seven times as large as Massachusetts. It is larger than all the following states rolled into one: New Hampshire, Vermont, Massachusetts, New Jersey, Maryland, Delaware and Rhode Island. It is one-fourth larger than the state of New York and out of sight and leave a nice little margin of nine thousand square miles before

costs more at the outset in the price of the land and its preparation, the other costs more in fertilizing materials.

With most persons, the great difference between the prices of hammock and pine lands is sufficient to determine the purchase of the latter. Where pine lands of the best quality can be bought from ten to twenty-five dollars an acre, adjoining hammock land is held at from twenty-five to one hundred dollars an acre, often even higher than this. Again, it costs not less than fifteen to fifty dollars an acre to properly clear hammock land, while the same result may be accomplished on pine land at from ten to twenty-five dollars. And by the word "properly" here we mean to thoroughly clean out the underbrush and small trees from the hammock, leaving large trees for protection of the grove, and on the pine land to leave the ground clear and smooth, no unsightly stumps to encourage the growth of weeds and the presence of wood lice.

But there is one point that we would impress upon the intending grove owner. How much or how little the land may cost, it should invariably be selected near some assured shipping point, either present or prospective, when the trees shall have "come into bearing."

It is better to pay one hundred dollars for five acres near a railroad station or steamboat landing than to pay ten dollars an acre for fifty acres five or more miles distant.

Of the other citrus fruits the pomelo or grapefruit stands decidedly most prominent, and has within the past few years reached a place in public esteem from which it can never be dislodged. It is in fact a hardier fruit than the orange, and at ruling prices is one of the grandest paying fruit crops in the world. The tree is extraordinarily long-lived, many fine bearing ones now have served through three generations. The lemon and the lime are only cultivated in almost the extreme southern portion of the state, but are very profitable.

Both on the west and the east coast of Florida the pineapple is grown with splendid success, and the industry is one of the most profitable which

for Europe. G. L. Taber, Glen Saint Mary's, Fla., said:

"It seems to me that the best methods of improving our standards in trees and fruits is a subject that is of vast importance to us all, but one where nothing but individual effort can be of much avail, and this effort is, and necessarily will be superinduced more from the intensely practical dollar-and-cents standpoint of the individual shipper than from any other. Notwithstanding all the enlightenment and alleviation the centuries have brought, human nature remains much the same as when Adam capitulated to his other rib, and paid the asking price for the finest apple on the tree, by the way, we are free to infer it was not a Ben Davis. The precedent thus established—and more or less adhered to since—has made it incumbent upon some of us to hustle to produce a little better than those offered by the other fellow. The antipodal method of procedure towards complete success remains, as it remained through the centuries to let the other fellow do the hustling and then appropriate the results—fellow and all.

"Talking it for granted that a vote by this society would show a 100 per cent majority of production over appropriation, then what is there left for each of us to do, as individuals, but to produce and place on the market, trees and fruits that shall command attention and sale when placed in competition with those of the rest of us?"

"Theoretically, we might improve our standards in either trees or fruits by unanimously 'resolving' to do so—giving a range of specifications to apply to each grade. Practical results, however, would continue to demonstrate each one's individual interpretation and inclination. You can not 'resolute' a box of fruit of medium quality into one that will sell as fancy; and there are other things than height and caliper that affect the appearance and the actual value of a tree. The problem of 'Improving our Standards' is one that the individual must settle for himself. The improvement, in whatever direction or directions it can be made, will be attested to by

ceiving these satisfactory prices, I was receiving numerous inquiries from other growers of kumquats, wanting to know what on earth they should do with their fruit; that they could not sell it and that consignments made brought no satisfactory returns.

Here is the inducement. "There is a very large contingent of buyers of either fruits or trees that is not only willing, but anxious to secure the best. The advanced price that really fancy stock will bring and the almost absolute certainty of disposing of it in large quantities if the standard is set up a notch over the other fellows, are, it would seem to me, sufficient inducement towards working to this end. The methods to be employed must be settled by individual shipper, but if he is determined to establish a deserved reputation for either fruits or trees, the methods will suggest themselves—or at least, come as a result of careful study and experiment. The man who is content with mediocrity can look for nothing but mediocre returns from a mediocre trade. The man who is anxious to attain the top rung of the ladder will,

anges they invariably buy Floridas, and Florida will supply the fancy trade yet awhile, at better prices than California can hope for her fruit.

Teaching agriculture as a regular study is no longer an experiment in the high schools of Missouri. Superintendent Hays of the Columbia high school, in that state, writes of his work in this connection: "It affords me much pleasure to state that the class organized in scientific agriculture at the beginning of the second year of the high school is doing satisfactory work. The pupils are manifesting an enthusiastic interest, and the results which are being obtained are fully equal to our expectations. The work is a decided success in every respect."—New England Farmer.

"And his last end is worse than his first," quoted the Sunday school teacher. "What does this refer to, children?"

"A bee," promptly answered the freckled boy, who had just joined the class.



A TARPON CAUGHT FROM CRYTAL RI VER.



A FIFTEEN MINUTES' CATCH ON CRYSTAL RIVER.

FOUNDATION IN SECTION-HONEY.

Its Use Strongly Condemned.

BY F. GREINER.

From The American Bee-Keeper for August.

IT HAS SURPRISED me when I read what statements the associate editor, Arthur Miller, made in regard to sugar being used largely to produce comb honey. It is difficult for me to believe any such a thing, possibly because I have never even thought of doing it myself and know of no other bee-keeper in my vicinity who does.

But, as friend Miller has taken up the cudgel and is hot after this kind of adulteration, I wonder if he will not go a step farther and pursue the other adulterators of comb honey who not only use comb foundation in full sheets, yes even with bottom starters at that, but openly advocate its use? I believe the use of foundation in sections is largely responsible for the many stories of manufactured comb honey, which are circulating as well as the readiness with which they find believers. A consumer of honey reasons thus: "If these bee-keepers are shrewd enough to give us a substitute for the comb, they will surely know enough to mix up the syrup and do the rest."

Editor Hutchinson values comb honey built by the bees at 5 cents per pound above the article that is built on artificial foundation. There is fully such a difference in the value and in the cost of production. Comb honey with artificial foundation as a base should be branded as a fraud without each box of honey, each section, has on it in plain letters: "The honey contained in this box is built on artificial midrib."

Our bee journals could help the matter along by keeping a standing list of bee-keepers in their journals who will not use comb foundation in section honey, at least not more than one square inch per box, which is sufficient to start the bees straight. I don't wish to be too hard on the foundation users by asking the publication of their names. Wishing to be an honest man, wishing to deal fairly with my fellow-men, I know I could not look them in the face unblushingly if I had outwitted them by selling them an inferior article of comb honey at a high price, a price which in their innocence they were supposing to pay for the genuine bee product.

Comb foundation is a good thing, but the health food congress should be after it when it is used in comb honey offered for sale.

The poorer an article we produce, the more adulteration we practice, the more we will have to advertise to make a market. It would only seem fair that the foundation users pay the bill for the advertising to be done by the Honey Producers' League. The dues of the straight men, if they are expected to join the League, should be so low as to be nominal. The good article will advertise itself; it is the poor article which needs advertising. Naples, N. Y., July 4, 1905.

AUGUST IN THE APIARY.

BY ARTHUR C. MILLER.

From The American Bee-Keeper for August.

AUGUST TO MOST of us seems the very height of the bee season is yet a critical time in bee management. The prosperity of the colonies tempts to division and in-

is no danger of there being too much stored. Fall nectar is as good as any other for wintering provided there are bees enough to properly ripen it. In the cool fall nights it requires a goodly population to ripen the nectar and in all too many colonies at that season the population is small. Vigorous queens will prevent this. It is then that a contracted entrance and outside protection are valuable aids. Providence, R. I., June 11, 1905.

COMB HONEY.

From The American Bee-Keeper for August.

In March, 1905, there was formed in Chicago and incorporated the following month in Illinois an organization called the Honey Producers' League. One of its objects is "to publish facts about honey and counteract misrepresentations of the same." It is hoped through the efforts of this league, with the co-operation of the leading newspapers and magazines of our country, to turn the tide in favor of the use of honey as a daily food and also, as before stated, to endeavor to correct the popular delusion that comb honey is a man-made article.

Some twenty-five years ago a noted "professor," in order to work off a superabundance of "fun," as he termed it, published the statement that honey comb was manufactured, then filled with glucose and sealed over, all with appropriate machinery. It seems that the press of those days was waiting to welcome such a yarn and forthwith scattered the news throughout the length and breadth of the land. It was so well done and seemed to be so eagerly swallowed by the public that its unfortunate repetition has been going on during all the years. The very best of metropolitan dailies, as well as the most conservative monthlies of largest circulations, have been deceived by the comb honey misrepresentations and have unwittingly aided in its further dissemination.

Almost for the last twenty years there has been a standing offer of \$1,000 made by a reputable firm for just one pound of the so-called manufactured comb honey. But if there is any such article in existence, strange to say no one has as yet proved his claim to the reward offered. The fact is, comb honey has never been made except by bees, as otherwise it is a mechanical impossibility.

It is true that the liquid honey—honey taken from the original honey comb by centrifugal force—is sometimes adulterated with glucose and offered as a pure article, but the various state food laws are fast getting after such adulteration and either compelling its true labelling or driving it from the open market. At least since the passage and enforcement of such laws in various states adulterated liquid honey is disappearing from the field of food products.

To sum up, then, any comb honey found upon the market in small wooden frames can be relied upon as being absolutely pure bees' honey. Of course, the flavor may not always be the same, as each nectar-yielding variety of flower produces honey of its own peculiar aroma, just as the pure maple sugar or syrup tastes of the maple and not of the beech or oak.

It may be said, further, that the prospects for a generous crop of honey to be harvested throughout the country the next two or three months seem to be excellent at this time. So in all probability there will be plenty of this most healthful sweet for every inhabitant in the land, and each should see to it that he gets his share.

ferent from the same article produced in the Central and Eastern States as the fruits of that State are different from those in New England. In the same way, the honey from Texas differs very widely from that produced in Ohio, or honey from Florida from that in Texas. Some honeys, like that from buckwheat, are very dark; others are not only dark but ill-flavored, and should never be sent to market, but be sold to the baker or fed back to bees for rearing young bees.

Two-thirds of the States in the Union have pure-food laws; and one may rest assured that, in all the States where such laws are in force, both honey in the comb and in the liquid condition, generally called "extracted," is and must be the genuine product of the hive.

The oft-repeated misstatements about adulterated honey and manufactured comb honey in the newspapers and magazines has made it necessary for The Honey Producers' League to put out this statement, for the reason that the general public has come to believe that a large part of the honey in the market is adulterated or manufactured. If the dealer will join with the bee-keepers in helping correct these monstrous lies, it will materially increase his sales of both comb and liquid honey.

THE HONEY PRODUCERS' LEAGUE.

GEORGE W. YORK, Manager,
Chicago, Ill.

N. B.—Do not store comb honey in a refrigerator, cold storage, or cellar. These are the very worst places you can put it. It should always be kept in the warmest and driest room you have. It is advisable to keep liquid or extracted honey in the same warm dry place.

Growing Cauliflowers.

Cauliflower as a market crop is rapidly increasing in importance. It was at one time supposed that Long Island, New York, was the only section of this country in which Cauliflower could be successfully grown, owing to the climatic conditions and character of soil, but it has been proven by numerous successful experiments that it will grow in most any section of the country, especially along the coast.

Culture of Cauliflower does not essentially differ in general from that of cabbage. The soil is prepared in the same manner, the seed is sown and the plants are set in the same way. The culture, however, that is usually given cabbage is not sufficient for Cauliflower. Cabbage will suffer with impunity an amount of abuse in cultivation that will be fatal to Cauliflower, which insists not only in thorough tillage, but good, liberal treatment as regards manure, and will at no time during the growing stage tolerate neglect in any respect.

We think that in the State of Florida Cauliflower can be successfully grown if proper attention be given the seed-bed and cultivation be constant and thorough. There is no crop in which there is so much uncertainty as the Cauliflower.

No calculation can be made as to the time of sowing seed or in setting the plants that will insure success; a great deal depends upon luck. Not infrequently the slow man, who is always behind in everything, will reap the greater reward; hence the necessity of a series of plantings, one of which will almost invariably succeed.

It was at one time thought that the character of the soil was the

used by specialists in plant production. In flower culture, producing improved varieties by selection has received much attention. Dr. Dorsett, now at the head of the national plant introduction gardens at Chico, relates this simple bit of experience, when with the department at Washington, which clearly illustrates the law. From a bed of violets, he selected seed from the most prolific plants, destroying all that did not produce a given number of blossoms. Continuing this, in a short time he had a strain of violets that uniformly produced fully twice the number of blossoms as did the original plants.

Remarkable progress has been made in the scientific breeding of grains, in recent years, especially in producing varieties adapted to special conditions of climate, soil and purpose of product, to the immense advantage of farmers in the grain growing states.

For instance: Corn has been bred to increase its oil content until its market value for making glucose has been increased five cents per bushel. Over five million bushels are used by the Glucose Sugar Refining Co., of Chicago alone, annually.

The application of these principles to improving our great commercial fruit products has made slower growth. Something has been done in apple growing. Mr. Powell tells me that in the best apple districts in the East, special strains of some varieties, such as the Baldwin have been bred by careful selection, so long that improved types have been secured, so distinct and permanent as to be recognized in the markets, where they command a price in advance of the general market price of that variety.

More attention has been given to improving the grape, by special breeding, perhaps than any other fruit. The best Florida viticulturists go through their vineyards at fruiting seasons, marking the branches bearing the bunches most nearly perfect for the purpose of propagating new vines are taken from no others.

Mr. J. W. Mills, recently promoted to field assistant of horticulture, tells me of an interesting experience while manager of the Pomona Experiment Station. In a nursery of some 300 varieties of grape cuttings, several cuttings while taking root, put out one strong branch which bore a bunch of grapes the same year.

These fruiting branches were marked and cuttings from them were planted the next year. From these cuttings, every cutting of some varieties, and a larger percentage of other varieties, bore from one to four bunches of fruit the first season—that is while the cuttings were taking root—while but here and there a single bunch was set on cuttings from vines that did not bear the first season.

A simple but striking illustration of the law that like begets like. The achievements of Mr. Burbank, which have deservedly attracted the attention of the entire intelligent world, are not results of new discoveries, but of the application of well known principles of plant breeding, by a man who has devoted his whole life to developing these laws, with appreciation, enthusiasm and an expert facility in applying them, amounting to genius.

Yet in spite of the success in the application of various lines of deciduous fruits, little systematic effort has thus far been made towards applying them to our citrus fruits, to either the preservation of their best features, or to securing other fixed improved qualities. While there are special difficulties to overcome the possibilities of improving our orange product by scienti-

All this simply indicates that special features may be avoided or secured, as may be desired, by careful breeding. We may not only breed to increase the average prolificness of the tree or improved eating qualities of the orange, but other specially valuable characteristics, such as carrying and keeping qualities, ability to stand lower temperature, etc. Professor Webber has secured this last feature in one of his new varieties. But in adapting it to regions of materially lower temperature than our California orange climate, he necessarily sacrifices other desirable qualities of the sweet orange—which depend upon high temperature. When scientific breeding is properly applied to our citrus culture, as I am sure it soon will be, I have no doubt but strains of our favorite navel will be produced, which will meet the needs of our Southern California orange lands, where slightly lower temperature sometimes severely damages the ordinary navel without greatly changing its most desirable qualities. In conversation with Mr. Frazier, president of the Riverside Trust company, the largest producer of citrus fruits in California, concerning investigations as to bettering the orange industry, he said: "In my opinion, one of the most pressing needs is for some means of holding back the too early ripening of many of our navels." I see no good reason why in time we may not have a strain of navel oranges adapted to soils and exposures which now urge ripening at a time undesirable for marketing—and sooner or later I am satisfied present varieties will be bred in directions that will better adapt them to fixed conditions, and to improve already desirable qualities.

If I am right in these premises, it seems to me that the possibilities of increasing the value of our orange product by scientific breeding are very great. Had all the orange nursery stock that has been planted in Southern California during the past fifteen or twenty years been grown from buds selected by men expert in plant breeding, with a sole view of securing fruit of the most desirable qualities, it would be difficult to estimate the increased value of the present orange acreage.

The Weather and Fertility.

Anything that affects the fertility of eggs is of great importance to every one who wishes to raise chickens.

A correspondent of the Pacific Rural Press says:

That the weather has a very marked effect on fowls, regarding the fertility of the eggs, is a well known fact, and is often the cause when other reasons are assigned for this undesirable condition.

One reads repeatedly in the columns of the poultry press and journals devoting space to these matters cautions as to feeding and exercise and general management to insure the fertility of eggs; but there is, I believe, as much dependent upon the weather as any one thing in this connection.

While fertile eggs are to be had at all times of year in greater or less numbers, the natural season for hatching in the spring of the year, after danger of severe cold is past, seems to be known to the hen, and, if the season be one of unusual conditions, there are bound to be interruptions in the fertility not experienced in seasons of uniformly good weather.

This has been a season particularly noticeable the country over, as the writer has had letters from Mexico to

made such an average sounds rather fishy:

W. I. Beeson of Healdsburg claims to have all records broken for the number of eggs laid per hen. From 500 hens he secured an average of 206 eggs per hen for the year. He has been interested in the business for some time and says his smallest net income was \$1.50 per hen annually while he has made as high as \$2.50 annually off each hen. Mr. Beeson raises cabbage, kale and rape for green feed and keeps only the Brown Leghorn variety of poultry. He now has 500 grown hens and 1,000 young chicks and is furnishing many eggs to Petaluma chicken men for setting this year as it is said that they have been unable with the White Leghorn to get an average of 200 eggs per hen annually.

Variations in the Business.

There are some tricks of the trade that our readers have not yet learned. We found the following in the Petaluma Poultry Journal:

Several Petaluma people sell "just hatched chicks," many being kept in this vicinity and many others being shipped to considerable distances. When shipped they are placed in shallow trays holding 100 each, and a piece of burlap tacked over the top. The following is from the Southern Poultry Courier:

We are glad to note that a good many poultry people are going in for special work. If there could be any danger of overdoing the poultry business this specializing would prevent it for some years to come.

Among the new things offered us, the most attractive to our mind, is the "just hatched chick" industry. This is founded upon the well known fact that a just hatched chick will live two or three days without food of any kind, and can be shipped from one end of the country to the other arriving in perfect condition and growing off as well as if they had been hatched at home.

This industry started in a small way by a man in New Jersey has grown so rapidly that he has more orders than he can fill and handles orders for any number from 50 to 1,000 or more. He has a large flock of breeders on his own farm and also colonizes pure stock among farmers in his neighborhood and pays them above the market price for all eggs they can supply. As soon as the chicks hatch they are put in cotton lined boxes, well protected but ventilated, and shipped at once by express, arriving usually without loss or sickness. In Ireland this is quite an old industry and is varied somewhat by shipping "live eggs"—or eggs that have been incubated the days or two weeks before shipment so that when they arrive they have only to stay under the hen a limited time before the chicks are out.

This just hatched chick business can be made to pay and we think a good trade can be built up in this section. Some people do not want to be troubled with running an incubator and yet they can in our mild climate raise a nice brood of chicks in a brooder or even without a brooder in the warmer months. These chicks can be sold the day they are hatched at from 8 to 15 cents each and are profitable to the breeder at these figures and the buyer does not have to pay for infertile eggs, eggs broken by shipping, by the hens or in other ways.

Tropical Fruits.

The great bulk of tropical fruits grown in Dade county are found in

the Honey Producers' League. The dues of the straight men, if they are expected to join the League, should be so low as to be nominal. The good article will advertise itself; it is the poor article which needs advertising. Naples, N. Y., July 4, 1905.

AUGUST IN THE APIARY.

BY ARTHUR C. MILLER.

From The American Bee-Keeper for August.

AUGUST TO MOST of us seemingly the very height of the bee season is yet a critical time in bee management. The prosperity of the colonies tempts to division and increase. Winter seems far away, so far that it seems absurd to think of it much less take any steps toward preparing for it. But the veteran will know that not only does the successful wintering of his bees depend upon his management now but that his next season's honey crop will be materially diminished by lack of proper care at this time.

Now is the time to requeen all colonies having queens two years old, and by two years old bee-keepers mean those which are completing their second honey season. Hence queens reared in late July and August should be good for the next two summers, while queens reared last spring before the honey harvest should be replaced a year from now. Some bee-keepers requeen every fall, others permit the bees to look out for this matter themselves, but the most profitable way seems to be the biennial method.

At this time, when in most places little or no honey is being gathered, it is well and easy to weed out poor combs replacing them with good ones or sheets of foundation. The keeper of but a few colonies may get much pleasure in cutting out patches of drone comb, crooked places, etc., and fitting in their place pieces of straight worker comb. It is even possible to patch out combs with pieces of foundation. To the keeper of many colonies, the sorting over of combs is often neglected though there is little question that the work is profitable. The busy bee-keeper, however, has no time for cutting and patching, all poor combs going into the wax extractor.

If the apiarist has a choice colony from which he wishes to rear drones, now is the time to put in some drone comb. The best place to put a sheet of drone comb is the second from the side of the hive. For very early drones the best results will be secured where the lower third of three or four of the central combs are of drone cells. It is well when going through the colonies now to fill out each hive with its full complement of combs and get the brood chamber in such shape that it will not have to be materially disturbed again. If some colonies have an excess of sealed combs of honey the surplus may be given to less prosperous stocks. The principle is to so arrange the combs that the bees may be left from now on as undisturbed as possible, to the end that they may patch and repair and glue to their hearts' content and arrange their stores as their instincts guide them. When man meddles with their winter larder he is very apt to so disastrous it as to cause more or less disastrous loss even to the extent of death of the colony.

In localities favored with a honey flow from fall flowers a surplus is some times secured, but often it is more profitable to let the bees crowd the brood nest all they can. If the colonies contain vigorous queens there

found upon the market in small wooden frames can be relied upon as being absolutely pure bees' honey. Of course, the flavor may not always be the same, as each nectar-yielding variety of flower produces honey of its own peculiar aroma, just as the pure maple sugar or syrup tastes of the maple and not of the beech or oak.

It may be said, further, that the prospects for a generous crop of honey to be harvested throughout the country the next two or three months seem to be excellent at this time. So in all probability there will be plenty of this most healthful sweet for every inhabitant in the land, and each should see to it that he gets his share.

GEORGE W. YORK,
Manager the Honey Producers' League,
Chicago.—Chicago Daily News.

TO EDUCATE THE PUBLIC.

Anything which may tend to enlighten the public in regard to any phase of the honey business, and particularly as to its advantages over many other commercial sweets for table use, is commendable.

As an initial step in this matter of education, the Honey Producers' League has published a circular to be distributed through the manufacturers of supplies, by enclosing them with each shipment of sections sent out. Producers are invited to make use of them in every way that may appear advantageous, and beneficial results are anticipated. The circular is as follows:

TO THE PURCHASERS OF THIS HONEY

The producer of this Comb Honey, and also the undersigned, guarantee that the product in these sections, or small frames, was all made by honey-bees.

There is no such thing as manufactured comb honey. It never was made, and never can be, newspaper and magazine articles to the contrary. If any one says there is such a thing as manufactured comb honey on the market, just tell that person that the National Bee-keepers' Association, an organization of over 2,000 members, through its General Manager, N. E. France, of Platteville, Wis., will pay \$1,000 for proof of such machine-made combs filled with glucose or any other cheap syrup, and capped over by means of machinery without the aid of bees. Also, a corporation capitalized at \$300,000, all paid in, has had for many years a standing offer of a like sum for the same so-called manufactured comb honey as described, and the offer is still good. In addition to this, the bee-expert, a life-long bee-keeper, now in the employ of the Department of Agriculture at Washington, has repeatedly, in government bulletins and in public addresses, denied the existence of any such product. For evidence of this fact, refer to the report of the Secretary of Agriculture for 1904, page 83; also to Farmers' Bulletin No. 59, for 1905, pages 32 and 34, also issued by the Department of Agriculture, entitled "Bee-keeping," by Frank Benton.

It may be well to state that the basis for these comb-honey canards is possibly due to the fact that the flavor of honey in one locality may be very different from that of another; that when one tastes of a honey quite different in color and flavor from that which he used to eat on the old farm, he concludes it is adulterated or manufactured, especially if it be of poor quality. As a matter of fact, the comb honey from California is just as dif-

ferent from that in the State of Florida as Cauliflower can be successfully grown if proper attention be given the seed-bed and cultivation be constant and thorough. There is no crop in which there is so much uncertainty as the Cauliflower.

No calculation can be made as to the time of sowing seed or in setting the plants that will insure success; a great deal depends upon luck. Not infrequently the slow man, who is always behind in everything, will reap the greater reward; hence the necessity of a series of plantings, one of which will almost invariably succeed.

It was at one time thought that the character of the soil was of the greatest importance in the cultivation of this crop, but recent developments have shown most conclusively that the condition of the soil is much more important, and that climatic conditions existing where seeds are planted have more to do with the success and failure than either. Whatever the nature of the soil may be, new ground can always be more surely depended upon for a crop than to let it follow some other.

Cauliflower is more sensitive to checks in its various stages of growth than cabbage. A strong steady growth should be encouraged, rather than a rapid one. It is a mistake to make a seed-bed too rich; in a bed heavily manured, the plants will make a rapid growth and are much more liable to a check when transplanted. It is better to start the plants in poor soil and transfer them to a richer one, and they will be then in much better condition to assimilate plant food.

The most important part of the Cauliflower cultivation is the growing of the plant; the lack of system and knowledge of the plant's necessities in this respect have been the causes of more failures of crops than all others combined. Good plants can never be obtained by leaving them where the seed is sown until they are supposed to be ready for transplanting. As soon as the leaves are one-half inch long, the plants should be pricked out into finely prepared soil and set one-half inch apart in rows one inch apart; again, when the third pair of leaves are one inch long, they should be again pricked out (this time for convenience of transplanting them into the field), placed into shallow boxes about two inches deep; set the plants about an inch apart each way; water thoroughly as soon as the box is filled; let them grow on until the proper time for setting them in the field; this will insure almost absolute success. The plants will have formed a solid mass of roots, and with a little care in transplanting, the plants will not receive the slightest check in growth, which is so essential to success.

The most successful crops of Cauliflower grown in this country are from imported seed. It has never been found profitable for seed-growers in America to grow this crop.

Scientific Breeding of Citrus Fruit.

The following from the Citrograph will be interesting reading to all growers of citrus fruits:

J. H. Reed in Fruit World: Scientific breeding of animals, that is, producing varieties, with desired, fixed characteristics, by following established laws, has long been understood, and practiced to an extent that has revolutionized the character of some of our domestic animals, within half a century. The same principles are

which have deservedly attracted the attention of the entire intelligent world, are not results of new discoveries, but of the application of well known principles of plant breeding, by a man who has devoted his whole life to developing these laws, with appreciation, enthusiasm and an expert facility in applying them, amounting to genius.

Yet in spite of the success in the application of various lines of deciduous fruits, little systematic effort has thus far been made towards applying them to our citrus fruits, to either the preservation of their best features, or to securing other fixed improved qualities. While there are special difficulties to overcome the possibilities of improving our orange product by scientific breeding I believe to be very great and that the time has now come when not only the scientists, but the commercial growers of nursery stock, and practical orchardists will turn their attention to it in a larger degree. And I look for as distinct and important results as have been achieved in plant breeding, in other industries. Hereafter, for the most part, the effort of the nurserymen has been to raise good, thrifty young trees, and of the orchardist, to raise oranges in quantity. We must now see to it that we produce the kind and quality of fruit demanded in the well supplied markets, if remunerative prices are to be received.

Professor Webber of the plant breeding laboratory of the Department of Agriculture at Washington, in the year book just published, gives a most interesting account of two new citrus creations he, in collaboration with Professor Zwingle, has produced.

While these new varieties are interesting and will doubtless prove of considerable value, in my opinion, the fact of their being able to produce these new citrus varieties, with the sought-for characteristics, is of far greater importance, than the creations themselves, clearly indicating the possibilities of materially modifying the characteristics of our present varieties by plant breeding.

I think the need now is not so much new varieties of oranges, as improved, fixed strains of oranges, as improved, fixed strains of varieties we already have. The time may come when the great markets for citrus fruits will demand a better orange than the Washington navel in its best estate. But at present, our strictly best navels seem to satisfy the most exacting connoisseurs of citrus fruits, and they always bring remunerative prices. The discouraging fact is that this best fruit now composes so small a percentage of the entire product.

It will be claimed at once that the difference between the high and lower grades is explained by cultural conditions. This is quite true to a large degree, but I think all observant orchardists agree that there are certain objectionable features in the product of many individual trees, and entire orchards, which the best cultural conditions will not overcome. They can neither be cultivated, fertilized nor irrigated out, but must be bred out.

Cultural conditions do not change natural, fixed characteristics of a given variety. Structure, content, flavor, etc., may be modified by the treatment of the trees, but the general characteristics of the fruit remain practically the same under all treatment. To materially modify these, we must change the nature of the plant itself, if the change is for improvement, and this is only done by putting in, and keeping in, the blood of the best typical individuals of the given variety.

The achievements of Mr. Burbank, which have deservedly attracted the attention of the entire intelligent world, are not results of new discoveries, but of the application of well known principles of plant breeding, by a man who has devoted his whole life to developing these laws, with appreciation, enthusiasm and an expert facility in applying them, amounting to genius.

While fertile eggs are to be had at all times of year in greater or less numbers, the natural season for hatching in the spring of the year, after danger of severe cold is past, seems to be known to the hen, and, if the season be one of unusual conditions, there are bound to be interruptions in the fertility not experienced in seasons of uniformly good weather.

This has been a season particularly noticeable the country over, as the writer has had letters from Mexico to Washington asking the reason of low per cent of fertility, one party reporting, also, but eleven fertile eggs from a prominent Eastern breeder among fifty eggs incubated.

While proper feed and care are necessary, conditions to insure the hatchability of eggs, a spell of inclement weather will lower the average fertility in a very marked degree, and where some individual hens are inclined to lay a larger number of fertile than the general run of the flock despite the weather conditions, the greater number are affected as stated.

Poultry breeders have accomplished much for the improvement of flocks, but it is impossible for them to rear flocks that shall be uniformly heavy layers of fertile eggs at a season when conditions for their rearing a brood without human attention are not such as to insure the safe rearing of their chicks were they to have stolen a nest away from the protection of buildings. Much can be and is done to insure fertility by the housing of birds and furnishing well filled scratching sheds, thus in a measure guarding the birds from outside weather that might lower the average fertility; but this is only the condition on the plants of extensive breeders who look to early hatching. Where eggs are to be incubated during the stormy season, they should be gathered on such days as are pleasant, and the bird fairly comfortable outside and not by force of the cold, compelled to turn every moment of their lives to the seeking of food to keep up the bodily heat, as the females that are indifferent to the attention of the male birds are in many cases those that require frequent visits from the male bird to insure the fertility of their eggs—in some cases this is every day—while others lay strongly fertile eggs for seven to ten days after the male birds have been taken from the pens.

The males, too, feel the changes as well as their mates, as cold, wet days see them less active and inclined to perch in some sheltered spot rather than to be running about. Make summer conditions as much as possible, but the hen will bring forth the best chicks at the time she thinks is best for them to come out, be it February or June, and the time is determined by the number hatcher where the eggs are properly cared for.

Big Lay of a Hen in Healdsburg Town.

We clip an item from a California exchange which was credited to the Press-Democrat. Healdsburg is in the same county with Petaluma, the great poultry town of California. A record of 200 eggs per hen per year, is not unheard of for small flocks, but to make a claim that a flock of 500 had

clucks are out. This just hatched chick business can be made to pay and we think a good trade can be built up in this section. Some people do not want to be troubled with running an incubator and yet they can in our mild climate raise a nice brood of chicks in a brooder or even without a brooder in the warmer months. These chicks can be sold the day they are hatched at from 8 to 15 cents each and are profitable to the breeder at these figures and the buyer does not have to pay for infertile eggs, eggs broken by shipping, by the hens or in other ways.

Tropical Fruits.

The great bulk of tropical fruits grown in Dade county are found in the southern portion. The mango and Avocado pear are two of the most profitable and popular fruits grown.

The crop of mangoes on the whole is fine and some are beginning to come into market. The larger part of this fruit grown here now is from seeding trees, yet we have never tasted a poor mango. A large number of growers are paying more attention to securing budded stock and the bulk of plantings now are the improved varieties.

Not many years hence the mango will be known thoroughly in the northern markets and will be a competitor with the peach. In fact, we think that there is not in all the thousands of kinds of fruits that are grown one that compares with a high grade mango.

The Avocado pear, so called, can scarcely be classed as a fruit, yet it grows on a tree. It is like a vegetable in taste and consistency. However, it is classed as a fruit and a royal one it is. Few people really like it at first, but after a few trials they become extremely fond of it. It is said that the Avocado pear is as nearly a perfect food as any fruit that is grown. The crop will be a fairly good one this year. Each year the demand for the two named fruits in the Northern markets has been increasing and will increase more rapidly in the next few years. "To know them is to love them."

The sapadillo comes next as a market fruit, but on the account of its softness it is not a good shipper and it is practically good only for home markets. This fruit is generally admired by the majority of people and on nearly every homestead there are trees bearing.—The Homeseeker.

People who grumble at an occasional big freeze in Florida, and the loss of some trees and oranges, can possibly find comfort in the fact that way down in Maine, in Kennebec county alone, ten thousand apple trees were killed by the cold last winter, which means a loss of at least \$250,000. Take it all in all, year in and year out, Florida is just about as exempt from such losses as any state in the Union. We lose less by fire and flood and tornadoes and freezes than most other states, if we do have our ups and downs.—Punta Gorda Herald.

The Composition of Some of the Concentrated Feeding Stuffs on Sale in Florida, is the title of Bulletin No. 79. This concerns every one who buys feed for stock. The showing for many kinds of feed is very poor, the real value as food is so much below what it should be, at the price charged. All these bulletins are sent free to any address in Florida. We advise you to send for them at once. Write to the Florida Agricultural Experiment Station, Lake City, Fla.

THE BOTANY CLASS.

LESSON NO. 1.

We hardly know how to begin. There is a very general misapprehension of the study of botany. It is usually looked upon as a deep study, beyond the comprehension of common people. This is not true in any sense of the words. We first took up the study as an amusement, when confined to the house by poor health.

A few years later we made use of it. We began collecting wild plants for dealers. It proved to be a profitable business. When we moved to this state we found that our Northern botanics were of very little use as there were a great many flowers and plants here that were not described. So we sent for a copy of the Flora of the Southern United States. By the aid of this book we were able to identify most of the flowering plants and ferns found in this section of Florida. Later we engaged in business which allowed little or no leisure for such studies. Several times, within two or three years, when we have attempted to analyze a new flower, we found that we had become so rusty from want of practice that we had difficulty in determining the name. Of course, the facility will return with renewed practice.

In these lessons we shall try to make everything as simple and plain as can be done and still give a true understanding of the idea.

It will be impossible within the space available to do more than give an outline of a course of study. Those of you who are anxious to learn all that you can about the flowers of your neighborhood should send for a copy of the Flora of the Southern United States by Dr. A. W. Chapman. Botanical works are always expensive. The price of this book is \$4.00. We hope that as many as can will get it. By having this botany at hand you can soon learn to find out the name of a new flower without outside help. Without a book the best that you can expect will be to learn the names of those plants that we may describe. Gray's School and Field Book of Botany is the simplest that we know.

Yet the lessons given, to be studied before the pupils take up the analysis of flowers, occupy 194 pages. Chapman's Southern Flora is not intended as a text book for schools, but for use in determining the names of plants by those who have some knowledge of botany. Still, the explanations and definitions that the author thinks it necessary to give occupy 16 large pages of fine print.

Prof. Willard N. Clute, editor of *Ishing* for more than two years a series of articles called *Botany For Beginners*. We can not possibly do any better than to quote from these lessons.

"Although we now have numerous books for popularizing the study of our wild flowers and an equal number of manuals by the use of which, under the guidance of a teacher, one may become familiar with the science of plants, there is still to be heard the complaint, from the beginner working alone, that he makes progress slowly. One of his chief grievances is the excessive use of technical terms; even the popular works bristle with them. The fact is that botany, like all other sciences, is first of all exact, and the terms in use convey such definite ideas that the botanist finds it much easier to use them when writing for the beginner, than to select other terms more readily under-

standing. The very centre of the flower certain bottle-shaped bodies, the pistils. These organs always have the same relative position. The pistils are always in the centre of the flower, the sepals on the outside and the petals and stamens between. The terms sepals, calyx, petals, corolla, stamens, and pistils are necessary for even the beginner to know but they are all in such common use that they are doubtless already familiar.

In the stone-crop flower these different organs are so close together that most of its resemblance to a branch is lost, but in the blossom of the spider-flower (cleome) the parts are much more leaf-like in arrangement. Here we see a circle of four small sepals, and above it the four petals each on a stalk while the single pistil in the centre is raised above them all.

Every complete flower has these four kinds of organs but not all flowers are complete. The two kinds necessary to the plant are the stamens and pistils. In the production of seed, it is necessary that some of the yellow dust or pollen contained in the stamens should fall upon the pistil and stimulate their embryo seeds into growth. Otherwise no seed would result. Thus the stamens and pistils, being the only organs essential to the work of the flower, are called the essential organs. The sepals and petals have no such important offices to fill and are absent from the flowers of many species. When present, their functions are principally the protection of the essential organs from cold, wet and mechanical injury and the attraction and guidance of the insects that assist in transferring the pollen from stamen to pistil.

Leaving out of consideration, for the present, flowers of irregular shape, it will be found upon counting the parts of the flower that there is not much variation from certain definite numbers and that five and three are prime favorites. In the five-parted flowers there is normally a calyx of five sepals, a corolla of five petals, a set of five stamens and another of five pistils. When the number in any circle varies it will be found to be some multiple of five.

The pistils are frequently less than five but such cases are due to a consolidation of the original five. Examples of five-parted flowers may be found in the apple, peach, pear, buttercup, cinquefoil, blackberry, mallow, phlox, pink and saxifrage. Such blossoms are usually associated with plants having broad and net veined leaves.

In the three-parted flowers, sepals, petals, stamens and pistils are found in sets of three or multiples of this number. An excellent example is found in the trillium which has three sepals, three petals, six stamens and one pistil though the latter shows very plainly that it is a consolidation of three. (The trillium is a very common wild flower at the North. The best example of easy access in Florida, would be our common wild red lily. In this the parts are the same as in the trillium, except that the sepals, the three outside parts, are just like the petals in color.—Ed.) The three-parted flowers are usually found on lily-like plants with narrow, parallel veined leaves. Examples may be found in the lily, crocus, amaryllis, tulip, iris, onion and water-plantain. In most of these there appear to be six petals of the same color and no sepals, but a close examination will reveal the fact that the three that were out-

producing a tiny tube which makes its way downward through the loose tissues of the style to the ovary and there stimulates the embryo seeds into growth. If no pollen falls on the stigma, no seed will be formed in the ovary. The stigma is therefore usually moist and sticky so that the pollen will adhere to it and is borne in the position most favorable to the reception of the pollen.

Plants have many ways of securing pollination and the stigmas vary in shape to suit their needs. In flowers that are pollinated by insects the stigmas are seldom very conspicuous, but in wind-pollinated plants, such as grasses and sedges, they are often long and feathery to enable them to catch any pollen that may happen to be floating by. Frequently, too, the stigma is not terminal, but the stigmatic surface may extend down one side of the pistil. For some interesting examples of stigmas the student may examine the blue flag (Iris), the evening primrose (Oenothera), the poppy (Papaver), the pitcherplant (Sarracenia), the spatterdock (Nuphar), and the lily. The principal office of the style seems to be to hold the stigma in the proper position for pollination. In some cases it is very long as in Indian corn, where each strand of the "corn-silk" is a single style. Ordinarily the style grows from the top of the ovary, but occasionally it is produced at the side and in the mint family it grows from the base.

In five-parted flowers there should be at least five pistils but it is seldom that a flower contains this number of separate pistils. Examples of this, however, may be seen in the flowers of columbine (Aquilegia) and live-for-ever (Sedum telephium). There are often less than five, as in the cherry, joined together. There are various ways, where others are supposed to be suppressed, but more frequently what at first sight appears to be a single pistil consists of the original number joined together. There are various ways of ascertaining whether this is so or not. In a compound pistil there is usually a little ridge where each pistil joins the others and along which the seed pod opens, later as in the violet and pansy. Often only the ovaries are consolidated as in the St. John's-wort. (This is a common yellow flowered shrub that blooms all summer in the flat-woods of Florida. Ed.) when the styles and stigmas show the number of pistils. When the style and stigmas also, are united, the compound stigma usually has as many lobes as there are pistils. By cutting through a compound ovary one can usually decide how many pistils have been consolidated by counting the number of cells, each cell, of course, representing a single pistil. Thus in the Amaryllis, a three-part flower, what appears to be a single pistil is really composed of three. In a few cases, however, the consolidation has gone so far that the partitions in the ovary have disappeared. The consolidation of the pistils always begins at the base. The ovary may be compound and the styles and stigmas separate, but these latter are never united unless the ovary is, also. Among flowers with compound pistils may be mentioned the lilies, evening primroses, and oxalises.

The pistils, whether simple or united, are likely to be few in number—usually five or less in five-parted flowers. In some

find themselves sold out to the Wells Fargo. Places we once could send packages to at a single rate now require a double.

There is not a civilized country on earth that divides up its postoffice business with express companies as we do.

No one thinks of asking for free postage, but many of us use express franks—possibly this throws a little light on our opposition to the parcel post.

Things sent by registered mail are safer than if sent by express, because the penalty for rifling mail is much more severe than for appropriating express matter. You can monkey with Tom Platt, but you can not play the same game with your Uncle Samuel.

We now have a postal treaty with Belgium which allows that country to mail packages to the United States at a less rate than we can send packages for at home. Moreover, the limit in weight of the package is twenty pounds, not four. So you see we really have the parcel post now, but to avail ourselves of it we have to go over to Belgium to mail our packages.

When John Wanamaker, the man who inaugurated the one-price system, and the greatest merchant of his time, was postmaster-general of the United States, he was asked his opinion of the parcel post. "Splendid," was his reply, "splendid—I wish we might have it here!" "Well, Mr. Wanamaker why can not you inaugurate it?" "There are five insurmountable obstacles." "Will you name them, please?" "First, there is the American Express Co.; second, the United States Express Co.; third, the Adams Express Co.; fourth, the Wells Fargo Express Co.; fifth, the Southern Express Co."

Farmers everywhere pray for the parcel post. Sixty-nine per cent of our population lives in cities of ten thousand and under. Sixty-nine per cent of our population is urban or suburban. We want the parcel post.

Tom Platt plays Mephisto and keeps the stage waiting while he stuffs his weasel skin. Soon Tom Platt will be consigned to Limbus—he blocks the gangway.

Express companies practically serve only one-third of the people. The rest of us they prey upon.

The rural free delivery has educated the party that inaugurated it. Every good thing begins as something else, and no one seemed to anticipate the R. F. D. would be an object lesson in applied socialism.

No sooner had the rural carriers commenced their tasks of carrying mail than the people along their routes began asking them to do errands.

Instead of forty farmers going to town to buy forty spools of thread, one man, the mail carrier, with his little wagon, did the business. This useful servant of Uncle Sam besides carrying letters and newspapers, carried telegrams, thread, binder twine, sugar and sacks of flour. In many instances his business increased so that he drove two horses instead of one, and had a wagon that could carry a ton.

All he officially had to do was to get over his route within a certain time and deliver and gather his mail. Beyond this the department made no restrictions.

But soon the express companies saw what he was doing. Sears, Roebuck & Co. shipped him goods by freight and he parceled them out along his route. The express companies and the local merchants combined and complaints

millet, roots, etc., but such farms are the exception rather than the rule. There is a great deal of light land in New England that is better adapted to corn than to permanent mowing. All such land is suitable to the growth of millet. Both corn and millet are worth more to farmers in the southern half of New England than to those of the more northern portion where oats and barley thrive with little danger from rust and other diseases. But millet often does well quite far North, and its value is gradually becoming better known. One great advantage of this crop is in the short time required for its growth. Like corn it is a hot weather plant and does not thrive when sown early in the season before the soil and weather become warm. The first of June is early enough to sow it any year, and in Southern New England it will make a full crop put in a month or six weeks later. I have sown it in August but that is too late unless the weather continues warm later than usual. When from injury to the hay crop on account of drought, one finds that fodder is going to be scarce and high in price, then it is that millet will prove of most value, for any good plow land turned over after removing the hay in June will produce a full crop of millet if the work of preparation is well done. The earlier the grass is cut in June, the better. Then the land should be plowed immediately, seeding to it that the after cultivation with harrow or cultivator will not disturb the grass side of the inverted turf. The cultivation ought to be very thorough so as to make the very best seed bed possible. At the same time manure or fertilizer should be applied in sufficient quantity to fully feed the expected crop. Less manure is needed than for land to be kept in grass for a number of years, but it would be a waste of time and money to sow millet on land too poor for producing a crop. Much depends on getting a quick, thrifty growth at the start, and for that reason manure that is partially rotted down and finely pulverized is much to be preferred over that drawn direct from the stable.

As time is valuable at this season, and especially for such quick growing crops, fertilizer that can be applied in much less time than manure comes in particularly well in raising millet. The quality will depend upon the character and strength of the land. I have generally used from 800 to 1,000 pounds to the acre on land of fair quality. Although millet grows quick it is a hearty feeder of available fertility. The quicker a crop grows the faster it has to feed.

I would not expect rye or wheat sown directly after harvesting a heavy crop of millet would make a very vigorous start unless the land were treated to another dose of manure or fertilizer. Millet is a good crop for smothering weeds in fields where they would grow in midsummer if not disturbed. The crop grows so rank that weeds have no show whatever. For this reason millet is entirely unfit to sow in connection with grass seed for permanent mowing or pasture. The season of millet is also the poorest in the year for sowing grass seed. I have never grown the new Japan millet but have seen it growing and have noticed that cattle eat it with great relish. I think it may be preferred to some of the older varieties, though they are all valuable in their place. The large German or Golden millet produces very heavily on good land and, although quite coarse, is well liked by cattle especially

will give fully as good, if not better, results in Indiana than either the broom-corn or Japanese varieties. Personally we prefer either the common or Hungarian varieties. We have had the best success with these when grown for a hay crop. In case a seed crop is desired we can not state which kind is the best, as we have never had any experience with millet for this purpose, but we can see no reason why results in seed production should be very different from that of hay. Either variety will produce a heavy crop of hay under favorable soil and climate conditions. The Hungarian variety is usually thought to give slightly the largest yields of hay, but there is little difference experienced in yield of seed. These were the first varieties of millet to be introduced into this country and where this class of grass is wanted one can make no mistake in selecting either of them.

The seeding of millet may take place any time after the ground becomes thoroughly warmed. It usually requires about one hundred days for millets to mature seed in this latitude. Of course, the exact time of sowing may be governed by the use to which the crop is to be put. If a seed crop is sought, the last of May or the very first of June should be the time; if hay or soiling is the object a few weeks may do as well. As with other crops, the preparation of the soil should be as thorough as possible. That is the seed bed needs to be of a fine tilth, but not firmly compacted, as a loose and porous soil is much the best. Millets like best a soil of medium loam, neither too clayey nor too sandy, and possessed of fair fertility. The plants are surface feeders and the more plant food found in the surface soil the better for the crop.

The amount of seed to sow per acre depends somewhat upon both the manner of seeding and the use to which the crop is to be put. When grown for hay it may either be sown broadcast or drilled, and a half-bushel or a trifle less seed will be required. If a seed crop is the object, about half as much seed is used, or if drilled in rows which admit cultivation, as is practiced in some sections, even a less amount of seed is needed. Seed from rather thin seedings is usually plumper and of better appearance than seed from more thickly sowed fields. For hay millet should be cut before fully matured, as the quality is firmer and more relished by stock. It can be cut any time after blooming, but it is best to wait until the heads are fairly well advanced. For seed the crop is harvested when in the dough stage.

If July is early enough to sow millet in the Northern states, then August or even September will do very well in Florida. The *Mirror and Farmer* says:

It is not too late to sow millet for a forage crop and add materially to the supply of cattle food. It is a hot weather plant and requires not more than sixty days in which to sufficiently mature for feeding purposes. There are several varieties differing in form to some extent, but perhaps the Japanese millet is grown more extensively than any other. By cutting the grass on land before the 10th of July it may be plowed and safely sown to this crop. The millet crop seems to have a good effect upon the physical condition of the soil by its vigorous roots penetrating it in all directions, although this is mainly confined to the top of the ground, as it is a surface feeder. It seems to have great effect in eradicating chess grass, as growing a single crop has been known to al-

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books for popularizing the study of our wild flowers and an equal number of manuals by the use of which, under the guidance of a teacher, one may become familiar with the science of plants, there is still to be heard the complaint, from the beginner working alone, that he makes progress slowly. One of his chief grievances is the excessive use of technical terms; even the popular works bristle with them. The fact is that botany, like all other sciences, is first of all exact, and the terms in use convey such definite ideas that the botanist finds it much easier to use them when writing for the beginner, than to select other terms more readily understood. The writer believes, however, that botany can be taught without a large amount of technical language and has prepared this series with this special end in view. Technical terms will be used only when they can not be avoided.

The Flower in General.

Excepting the herb-gatherer and the horticulturist, it may be said that the world's interest in botany centers in the flowers of plants. So pronounced is this that the word flower is often popularly used to indicate not only the blossom but the plant that bears it. In botany, of course, the flower is only that part of the plant that produces the seed or fruit. Not so very long ago it was believed that the color, form and fragrance of flowers was designed solely for the pleasure of mankind, but the case has gradually been proven otherwise and we now know that certain insects, rather than ourselves, are the individuals that plants strive to please. It is, however, only another indication of the wonderful harmony of creation that man should find so much pleasure in objects not intended primarily for him.

At the beginning we may ask what flowers are for. Their most obvious office is that of setting seed and so perpetuating the species as well as extending its dominion, for seeds can travel much farther and faster than ordinary plants can.

All our common plants, except the ferns and their allies, bear flowers at some period of their life cycle.

Plan of the Flower.

A flower is simply a modified branch and all the floral organs are transformed leaves, or more properly, are produced from what might otherwise have been leaves. This at first seems rather difficult to believe, but Nature, herself, has given us many hints in the matter. Thus in certain geraniums the central part of the flower, which we may regard as the end of the branch, continues to grow and to produce a new flower, or even a truss of flowers, rising out of the old ones.

Apples and pears have been found with a leafy shoot growing out of the 'blossom end' showing very clearly that the parts of the flower are in the nature of modified leaves. That singular object, the green rose, is like other roses in the bud, but when it opens, it shows that all its petals have reverted to small green leaves.

Upon examining some simple flower, such as the stone-crop, we find it consists of four kinds of organs. Beginning on the side next the stem there is a circle of five green leaf-like objects, the sepals and collectively called the calyx. Next is a circle of colored leaflets, the petals of which form the corolla. Then comes a circle of thread-like organs with little knobs on the ends, the stamens, and last in

the pistil though the latter shows very plainly that it is a consolidation of three. (The trillium is a very common wild flower at the North. The best example of easy access in Florida, would be our common wild red lily. In this the parts are the same as in the trillium, except that the sepals, the three outside parts, are just like the petals in color.—Ed.) The three-parted flowers are usually found on lily-like plants with narrow, parallel veined leaves. Examples may be found in the lily, crocus, amaryllis, tulip, iris, onion and water-plantain. In most of these there appear to be six petals of the same color and no sepals, but a close examination will reveal the fact that the three that were outside in the bud are slightly broader and thicker than the rest and so, for our purpose, may just as well be called sepals. The six colored divisions of three-parted flowers are usually called collectively the perianth."

We have quoted the most of one lesson. If you do not preserve your papers you should cut out these lessons and paste them into a scrapbook, for you will need to refer to them many times.

If there is anything that is not plain or clear do not hesitate to ask questions. But remember that we are preparing this matter on July 25, and it will not appear until August 2. So it will not be possible for answers to be printed under about three weeks from the date of your letter. We will give directions for putting up and mailing specimens in two or three weeks.

THE BOTANY CLASS.

Lesson II.

Prof. Willard N. Clute, in his second lesson in the American Botanist, begins with:

The Essential Organs.

The essential organs of the flower—the stamens and pistils—are the very ones that to the casual observer may seem least essential. From the standpoint of beauty, at least, the sepals and petals are of most importance, but use and not beauty is the plant's first requirement and all the delicate hues and varied modifications of petals and sepal are but so many aids to those insignificant looking organs in the centre of the flower. The contents of stamen and pistil must be joined or no fruit will set, and in consequence the flower will fail to accomplish the very object for which it was produced.

THE PISTIL.

The pistils always occupy the centre of the flower, excepting in the case of a few staminate blossoms when no pistils are present. A typical pistil such as that of the plum, is a bottle-shaped organ with three well defined regions. The enlarged lower part, containing the embryo seeds, is the ovary. The slender portion above is the style is of least importance and is top the stigma. Of these three parts, the style is of least importance and is not found in the flowers of many species, the stigma in such cases growing from the top of the ovary, as in the trillium. (We do not think at this time of any flower found in this state in which the stigma is actually sessile but in several cases the styles is so short that the stigma is almost sessile. Ed.)

The stigma is the part of the flower that receives the pollen grains from the stamens. In the process of fertilization the pollen falling on the stigma germinates there, each grain

representing a single pistil. Thus in the Amaryllis, a three-part flower, what appears to be a single pistil is really composed of three. In a few cases, however, the consolidation has gone so far that the partitions in the ovary have disappeared. The consolidation of the pistils always begins at the base. The ovary may be compound and the styles and stigmas separate, but these latter are never united unless the ovary is, also. Among flowers with compound pistils may be mentioned the lilies, evening primroses, and oxalises.

The pistils, whether simple or united, are likely to be few in number—usually five or less in five-parted flowers. In some species, however, the number is greatly increased, as in the strawberry where there are a large number collected in a conical head which forms the berry. Other examples may be found in the buttercup, anemone and clematis. In the tulip-tree (Liriodendron) and the Magnolias, the pistils are arranged in a spiral, forming a sort of cone, while in the poppy the numerous pistils are in a circle and united.

This concludes the second lesson as given in the Botanist. Does it seem very dry work to you? The foundation of a beautiful building is often of coarse, rough material, but it is a necessary part of the structure. So in the study of Botany the preliminaries are dry and tedious, but they are absolutely necessary. Both the lessons already given and several that will follow should be learned and then the papers carefully preserved for future reference. Probably it will not seem interesting until we begin to study the flowers themselves. We shall get to it as fast as possible, but the foundation must be laid first. If it is not a substantial one the superstructure will not be of any value.

Parcel Post.

Some prominent and prosperous business man said that the secret of success was to "Keep everlastingly at it." If this be true, and we have no reason to doubt it, then the agricultural press of the country must, eventually, win in the contest for a parcels post.

Indeed, the pressure for a parcels post is not confined to the agricultural papers.

A subscriber has just sent us a clipping from a literary magazine. The article is an excellent one and was credited to The Philistine:

One great economic betterment that thinking people in America are asking for is the parcel post.

What is the parcel post?

It is an extension of the business of the postoffice department so that all business now done by express companies shall be done by the postoffice department.

Gradually the postoffice department in all civilized countries has grown until it is now the best example we can name of a socialistic betterment. It works for all, and no matter how rich or how influential you are you can not buy stamps at a discount.

With the express companies, however, it is different—if you know how, you can participate in the perquisites. Express rates are arbitrary, changeable and very often towns that are on the line of the American Express one day, awake the next morning to

little wagon did the business. This useful servant of Uncle Sam besides carrying letters and newspapers, carried telegrams, thread, binder twine, sugar and sacks of flour. In many instances his business increased so that he drove two horses instead of one, and had a wagon that could carry a ton.

All he officially had to do was to get over his route within a certain time and deliver and gather his mail. Beyond this the department made no restrictions.

But soon the express companies saw what he was doing. Sears, Roebuck & Co. shipped him goods by freight and he parceled them out along his route.

The express companies and the local merchants combined and complaints were lodged with the postoffice department.

An order was issued that carriers should not carry packages that were eligible to mail unless such packages were stamped.

This cut out all packages that weighed four pounds or less—all such had to be stamped. But the carriers still carried bags of flour, dogs, calves, and occasionally led horses. They also carried telegrams, but on each placed a two-cent stamp, making it a letter.

But behold, on July 1, 1904, an order went out that no carrier should carry anything that was not strictly mail matter.

Then the farmers howled, and they will howl more. They will howl until they get their parcel post.

Why shouldn't the carriers serve the people by carrying anything the people need or want? And nobody can tell why excepting Tommy Mephisto Platt and the local merchants.

But many of the local merchants realize that the R. F. D. is a good thing for them. The carrier used to bring them many orders and in various ways served them by delivering goods to their customers. That leaves Tom Platt alone a kicker against the parcel post.

What good are the express companies?

None at all. Everything they do and every service they render could be done safer, better and one-half cheaper by the postoffice department.

The political parties can give us the parcel post. They must and will in pure self-defense, if for no other reason. Political parties, like department stores, carry goods the people want. We want the parcel post and want it badly.

Value of Millet as a Forage Crop.

If you find that you are likely to be short of hay, it is not too late to grow a crop of millet. On good soil it will make from three to four tons of hay per acre. If cut at the proper time and well cured there is no better hay. The New England Farmer publishes an article about millet as follows:

Too many farmers are still ignorant of the great value of millet as a forage crop. I would as soon think of farming without raising grass and hay as to try to get along through the year without putting in a crop of millet. Under present conditions the dairy farmer especially needs to try to grow all the good cow food possible on his own land. The man who always brings back a load of grain from the village every time he carries his milk to the creamery must be doing an extra good business if he can pay for the grain and have anything left as profit. There may be farms so well adapted to the growth of hay that not much plowing need be done for annual crops like corn

It is not too late to sow millet for a forage crop and add materially to the supply of cattle food. It is a hot weather plant and requires not more than sixty days in which to sufficiently mature for feeding purposes. There are several varieties differing in form to some extent, but perhaps the Japanese millet is grown more extensively than any other. By cutting the grass on land before the 10th of July it may be plowed and safely sown to this crop. The millet crop seems to have a good effect upon the physical condition of the soil by its vigorous roots penetrating it in all directions, although this is mainly confined to the top of the ground, as it is a surface feeder. It seems to have great effect in eradicating chess grass, as growing a single crop has been known to almost destroy it. This may be partially due to the vigorous cultivation of the land in hot weather, in preparing the seed bed, but more to the effect of the rank growth which the millet roots make. About a half-bushel of seed should be sown broadcast and the crop should be cut before the seed forms. From two to three tons of the best of cured fodder can be grown per acre upon land in fairly good condition. Any one who has had experience growing millet is sure to continue growing it, for its yield under good conditions and its feeding value can only be appreciated by a trial.

Making Silage in Florida.

If any of you have had doubts about the use of ensilage in Florida, you can have them put to rest by reading the report of a Florida farmer as published in the Rural New Yorker: I have been feeding silage for the past 18 years, and have had no trouble in preserving it. I am now using two underground silos, with a combined capacity of 165 tons. I have tried several different crops for filling, such as cow peas, velvet beans, and kaffir-corn. They all kept well and made a fair quality of silage, but I think that in point of economy and quality of feed, there is nothing to compare with fodder corn. The corn should be cut when the grain begins to glaze, or as our Southern farmers will understand best, when the fodder is ready to pull, which should be about the last of July or first of August. However, it is seldom that we can wait quite this late, as the corn begins to tire, and unless there is sufficient rain to keep the lower leaves green there will be more loss than gain by waiting. Sometimes in a very dry season we have to cut before the corn quite reaches the roasting ear stage. There is but one special precaution necessary to keep silage in this or any other climate, and that is to pack thoroughly, and if your silo be square, special care must be taken in packing the sides, ends and corners.

In order to give our readers an idea of the popularity of millet as a hay crop we copy two more articles on the subject. The next one is from the Farmer's Guide.

The various varieties of millets are now being grown to considerable extent in many sections of the country. They offer the farmer certain advantages which can not be gained from other crops. As a summer catch crop for the production of hay, millet is admirably adapted to conditions in this section. It also offers advantages in the way of furnishing a covering for the ground during summer and at the same time may yield the grower profitable returns as a hay or seed crop. There are three distinct groups of millets which are now grown in this country. The commonest and perhaps the most important of these groups is known by the general term of foxtail millets and includes the common millet, Hungarian millet and German millet. The other groups comprise the brown-corn millets and those known as Japanese millets, and while not at present so widely grown as the former they are daily coming into more general favor, especially where the growing seasons are short and greater drought-resisting qualities are desired. Under ordinary conditions, however, one of the foxtail varieties, we believe,

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I have never fed silage later than July 15, though I see no reason why it should not keep all summer. However, we do not need silage here after June 1, as there are so many green crops that can be fed direct from the field. I do not consider that there is any room for comparison between silage and dry fodder for this locality, as owing to our uncertain climate it is impractical to shock our corn.

R. F. BRADFORD.

Leon Co., Florida.

Before we rail at the public press about their stories of adulterated honey it will be well for us to clean our own Augean Stables.

The Captain of the Fire Brigade

BY WINIFRED KIRKLAND.

It is hard to tell why we disliked the self-government ideas so much at first. I suppose it was because we thought it was Esther Horneck's idea. And we dislike Esther Horneck. It is a little hard after you have been three years in a school, and you and your "crowd" have had things pretty much your own way, to have a new girl come in and turn everything topsyturvy.

Esther started a dramatic society and a debating society and a literary society the first month. Imagine the work! And also she talked self-government. She had two sisters in college, and did not see why boarding schools should not have self-government like colleges.

Now self-government is not any fun, at least, that is what we thought then. So long as you have a teacher to watch and see that you do not break the rules all you have to do is just to see that you do not get caught. But if you are on your honor, then you have to keep every rule all the time.

Now Esther is attractive and enthusiastic, and she was very popular with all the new girls, and with the faculty, too. And she talked and talked, until at last Mrs. Sinclair herself said we might try self-government, that is, try it in some particular first.

Our crowd did not want it, but Esther's crowd got the majority. All of us old girls were angry enough to find that the school was going to be run by a majority. We did not think it was fair. At the school meeting, when it was all decided, Esther's crowd was beaming. They had heard that Mrs. Sinclair was going to let us have self-government, and the question was, What should be the thing in which we were to make the experiment first?

Should it be promptness at meals, or going to bed at ten, or order at opening exercises, or what? Some people said that Esther had a grand, new idea about this, too. In a racket of clapping, Esther got up to speak.

She does not speak well. Her eyes get shiny and her cheeks get red, and she certainly can talk. Sometimes you almost forget that it is Esther.

She said a lot first about what a grand thing self-government is, how much more womanly it is to watch ourselves than to allow ourselves just to be watched. She said that the colleges had shown how well girls could govern themselves, and why could not boarding schools follow their example?

Of course, she said, we were not to have the entire discipline of the school at first. But if we showed that we could manage some one department of school government, then we could go and take up others.

Pretty soon she came to her proposal as to what this department should be, and what do you think she proposed? A fire-drill, of all nuisances!

She said we ought to have a systematic fire-drill. It was dangerous not to have an organized fire-brigade in such a large school. Of course, as this was Esther's idea, it was cheered by Esther's crowd, made into a motion, voted on and carried before we had a chance to turn around.

Then Esther rose and talked some more. There was a good deal of talk about what she said about the dif-

It grew to be awful tiresome. I believe even some of the teachers thought Esther was too energetic, and went to Mrs. Sinclair about it; but she would not interfere, and she would not let any of the teachers be present at a fire-drill. We were to have it all our own way, or rather Esther was to have it all her own way.

You may imagine our crowd was not very nice to Esther at this time. But no matter what you did or said to Esther, she never seemed to notice; she was so full of her old notions about self-government and school spirit and the fire brigade that she did not seem to feel anything for herself at all.

One night a lot of our girls were in my room, and we just decided then and there that we would not put up with it any longer. The next time those old bells rang for fire drill, we would not go. Who in the world could make us?

We did not have long to wait. That very night, just as I had fallen to sleep, all those bells suddenly went off like mad. Sheer force of habit pulled me out of bed and into my kimono, still too sleepy to know what I was doing.

I was taking up my towel when I remembered our resolution, and sat down on the edge of the bed wide awake and determined not to budge. I found afterward that exactly twenty girls were acting in just the same way, all our third center corridor, in fact.

I could hear the girls scurrying out over our heads. Out in our corridor I could hear the hall guards repeating, "Rally on the third north, fire wall stairs!" Fire wall stairs, and it was as cold as Christmas!

Pretty soon came a pounding at the doors. Nancy Voorhees, our corridor captain shouted:

"Girls, girls, wake up! Didn't you hear the bells? Where are you?"

Then the doors began to open. "Oh, you are awake!" cried Nancy. "Do hurry!"

Nobody stirred. Nancy's face looked queer. "What is the matter, girls?"

We began to come out of our rooms and gathered together. "We aren't coming!" I said.

Nancy looked at us, then turned and flew. An instant afterward we saw Esther's red bath-robe come scudding down the corridor toward us. She stopped a second because Miss Edgerton had appeared and had said in her usual fussy way:

"Can I help you, Esther?"

Esther laughed back at her.

"No, indeed, Miss Edgerton. We are not used to having you at fire drills. The poor little dears might think it was a real fire if you came."

Then Esther stood before us, her red bath-robe tied in tight about her waist, her long braids falling over her shoulders. I shall never forget her face. It was all ablaze with color, and her eyes were like steel, and her lips had a regular Napoleonic set. At first she was going to make us go!

If she had ordered us to go then, I do not know what would have happened—for we would have moved. Then her face changed. I never saw any face look quite so sweet; it was as if all the self in it just went out.

She said, "Don't you please

to board in the village for the rest of the year, but now we are all under one roof again.

We have self-government this year, and Esther is president. The vote for self-government was unanimous, and so was the vote for president. It was the first time anything unanimous ever happened in this school.—Youth's Companion.

Raising Tomatoes.

Prof. P. H. Rolfs has furnished to several newspapers an article on this subject.

The one we print was clipped from the Miami Metropolis. Of course, it will be too late, when this reaches our readers, for the directions as to frosted plants to be of any use for this season. But it may be that they will be used at some future time.

The following directions are written on the supposition that the tomato vines needing treatment have lost all, or nearly all of their foliage by the recent cold weather. Vines that have retained most of the foliage and some fruit should, of course, be treated somewhat differently.

Pruning.—By this time all the vines that are alive will have sent up from one to a dozen suckers. To permit all of these to grow will, necessarily, exhaust the plant and eventually produce only a small quantity of inferior grades of fruit. It is therefore absolutely necessary to do some kind of pruning as soon as possible. As a matter of fact it should be done immediately, if it has not already been accomplished.

This pruning out process gets rid of the half-dead vines and gives the suckers better opportunity to grow. In selecting the suckers that are to remain preference should be given to those that occur nearest the root. This work can be accomplished easily by cutting off the old vine above the first, second or third sucker. If the plant is a weakly one, only one sucker should remain, and only three should be left on the most vigorous plants.

Getting rid of the old, half-dead leaves greatly reduces the danger from leaf destroying fungi, especially the species that is known as rust.

The number of suckers that the plant will produce if left to itself, will tax the root and other suckers to their extremity, so that only spindly and weak stems will be produced. If, however, the number is reduced to three or less, those remaining will be strong, vigorous ones, and will, in a very short time, begin to set bloom.

Fertilizing.—The reasons for applying fertilizers immediately after the plant begins to grow are various. The most important fact, however, is that most of the tomatoes had attained considerable size, in fact many of them had produced nearly all the leaves they were going to before fruiting, thus using up the leaf-making element of the fertilizer, leaving in the soil the fertilizer that was going to be used for producing fruit.

For the plant to produce another set of leaves it will be absolutely necessary, in many cases, to supply fertilizer for this purpose.

As soon as it is determined that the tomato field is to be continued a hundred or a hundred and fifty pounds of nitrate of soda per acre, should be applied. This will stimulate the plants into a rich growth and develop a large leaf area.

As soon as a large leaf area has been produced and bloom buds are beginning to show, a fertilizer high in potash and phosphoric acid should be

young fruit has reached the "gem" size. The greatest care should have been taken to anticipate this trouble and the spraying mixtures used early if there is any indication of rust.

Gathering and Packing Peaches.

The peach season is near at hand. Those who are new at the business will find some valuable hints in the following from Farm and Ranch:

Now comes the gathering, packing and handling of the fruit. If you have cared for your orchard properly, and have a large acreage, you had better prepare to get busy when gathering time is on. It is going to require good judgment, good management and a whole lot of help to get all your peaches out at the right time and handled carefully, assorted, packed and loaded into the cars in good shape.

Those who have never had the experience of shipping a big crop of peaches can not sorter imagine what is to be done, nor how it is to be done. Of course, everything has to be done through a system, and you will have to rely upon others to help you through the work. You will have to have reliable foremen and hold each responsible for his department.

The shed is the most responsible place, and next to that is the orchard. You will have to stay at the shed yourself. I have never found a foreman that could hold that department down. There are hundreds of things there that will have to be looked after and if you are not very careful you will find that you are out of nails, out of crates, or bottoms, sides, tops, heads, or you will find that you have not enough help in nailing on tops, or that there are not enough packers, or that there will be some faulty peaches packed, and if you are not very careful your force will be idle half of the time, or you will not have half enough force to put up all your stuff.

After you have gone through one packing and shipping season you will see the folly of a large orchard, but it takes experience to demonstrate these mistakes, and I am of the opinion that fruit growing in Texas will be revolutionized within the next few years. Watch and see if there are not a whole lot of these big orchards abandoned and there will be a great cry of overproduction. But peach growing in Texas is here to stay, for there is not a better peach grown in the United States than there is in Texas, and to those who go at it in a systematic way, as they do in California, Georgia, Michigan and other large peach growing states, there is a nice profit in it. But I am about to depart from my subject.

I will outline the system under which I expect to try to handle my crop of peaches this coming season. I expect to use every precaution and care to keep from bruising the peaches. It is my intention to use a square box or baskets to gather in, and take the peaches direct to the wagon, and not empty them in other baskets, as has been the practice. A peach should not be handled any more than is absolutely necessary. My packing tables will be padded and the peaches delivered therein very carefully so as not to bruise them in the least.

Carriers.—A peach should never be gathered wet and they should not be packed hot, but should be placed in some cool place and allowed to get thoroughly cool before packing and loading them into iced cars. I think that I will use the California square box, and wrap all of my early peaches. This box will be packed in three grades and number of peaches in each

I hope what I have had to say through Farm and Ranch will stimulate a better and more thorough method of orchard culture, and I think the press should take this subject up and leave nothing unsaid to show the growers their error.

Horses or Oxen.

We do not think that many of our readers will feel inclined to give up their horses and go back to oxen for farm work.

Yet an article published in the American Cultivator shows that in some respects they would be much more profitable:

The New Hampshire Experiment Station has been keeping an account of the cost of feeding a horse, that weighed 1,200 pounds, for a year, he being kept at moderately hard work, and say that it costs \$74.32. In round numbers, then, it costs \$150 a year to feed a pair of such horses, and the cost of shoeing would be about \$15 more, while repairs to harness and keeping them cleaned and oiled would make another \$10. Then the ordinary farmer will not make such a pair of horses last more than ten years, and many would use them up in half that time. Say that they cost \$300, which is not a fancy price, and yet does not mean a cheap pair that can not do a fair day's work. Can they do any more work on a farm than a yoke of good four-year-old oxen? Can they do any work that the oxen can not, unless it be on mowing machine or reaper? We know that the oxen can work best in swamps or among stumps. It costs less for the yoke and chains than for a harness. They are more easily taken care of. When not at work they can feed in the pasture, and they require little grain feed, unless working very hard or being fattened, and if well cared for after three or four years at work they can be sold for beef for much more than they cost at three years old, while if the farmer raises them himself they seem to have cost him nothing.

More than one farmer who fails to make much more than a fair living at his business will find upon investigation that it costs him from three to four hundred dollars a year, and some of them much more than that for a horse team to do the work that his father used to do with his oxen. His father raised his calves, trained them and worked them. Sometimes he sold one or two yoke of steers, sometimes a yoke of fat oxen. When he did so it seemed almost like finding so much money, and often he put it in the bank or let it out on mortgage. Now the son has to go to the bank or raise money by giving a mortgage every few years to purchase a new team of horses.

We have known a man to buy a yoke of three-year-old steers in the spring, work them hard six days in the week, giving them good hay and about four quarts of meal a day until October, when the work lessened and the grain was increased. In November he sold them as beef for about \$30 more than he paid for them. If horses had done the same work they would have wanted more grain, and probably would have been valued much less in the fall than they cost in the spring.

We have said the oxen might not work as well on the reaper or mowing machine. But they might also. We have had three or four-year cattle that would walk for miles as fast as any pair of horses and force many horses to trot a part of the way to keep up with them, and a pair of old cattle that walked faster than the ordinary farm horse. A part of that

or some field or garden plants somewhere else, but there is always something in his favor. He does not work "early and late," yet he never wastes an hour, and his crops are always clean. His family table is the best kept in the whole country.

He never hires a day's labor unless absolute, pressing necessity demands it, nor will he accept pay for work done for a neighbor; it must be paid in labor. He will give away fruits, vegetables and plants worth several dollars, yet if he parts with a peck of grain worth 21 cents he will expect the odd cent of change. He pretends to despise all farm papers, farm schools, farmers' institutes and the like, and while he takes a daily and several weekly newspapers, he has never taken a farm journal. He would not give a dollar more for a bull that had a pedigree back to Bate's Hubback than he would for one of Jersey, Red Poll, Hereford, or Shorthorn mixture, and the more spots a pig had, the more apt he would be to keep it as a breeder.

Still, he has made money and has improved his land. One son is worthless, but the other a steady farmer, one daughter married a teacher and the other daughter is a teacher. His crops are about as good as those grown by his more progressive neighbors, who have not as much money at interest; his fences are better, but I do not think that his land has improved in fertility as much in the past ten or fifteen years as lands near him. Now I do not intend to tell you whether this man lives in Kansas, Missouri or New York, but this is no fancy sketch and I have given you a true story of a real farmer, who owns and operates a farm of about 100 acres. While he spent two weeks at the World's Fair, Hagenbeck and the Galveston flood had more charms for him than the agricultural display, and he would not have swapped a bushel of his old-style corn for a bushel of the best seed corn there. Will G. W. Waters, Old Man Young, C. A. Bird, or others, answer the questions asked at the beginning of this article? ? ?

Don't Discourage the Philadelphian

A Philadelphian has established a bee colony on the roof of his place of business with a view to cultivating bee stings for the cure of rheumatism. The man may be foolish, but he is not mad.

The theory of the rheumatism relieving power of the bee sting, according to the Scientific American, is one of long standing, especially in some country districts. There is a remote possibility that the poison of the sting may neutralize the acid in the blood which is presumed to be the cause of rheumatism, but Professor Benton, the bee expert of the entomological division of the Agricultural Department, does not think so. He himself suffers from rheumatism at certain times of the year, although he has been stung by bees many thousand times.

At his own suggestion he took a honey bee and, holding it by its wings, allowed the insect to sting his hand. After separating the body from the sting, the latter, by convulsive muscular action, forced its way still deeper into the flesh, thus supporting the theory held on this point by the Philadelphia man and many others, that the sting remains active after separation; but the professor's observation is that parting with its sting does not, contrary to popular belief, kill the bee.

It appears that the immediate incentive to the Philadelphia man is the announcement of an enterprising firm of manufacturing chemists in the Quaker city that it will buy up all

She said we ought to have a systematic fire-drill. It was dangerous not to have an organized fire-brigade in such a large school. Of course, as this was Esther's idea, it was cheered by Esther's crowd, made into a motion, voted on and carried before we had a chance to turn around.

Then Esther rose and talked some more. There was a good deal of talk in the school, she said, about the different cliques, and how unfortunate it was that they should pull apart as they did. She said that in history they called cliques parties and factions, and we all knew how injurious these were to good government. It was just the same with a school. She wished that when it came to school questions we could put aside our personal opinions, and care more for the school than for ourselves.

Esther sat down in a perfect storm of cheers, but everybody was not cheering and clapping, although it sounded like it. I saw Natalie Jewett getting ready to clap, but I frowned at her, and she did not dare.

So we were in for fire-drills. And Esther herself was in for chief fire captain.

Perhaps you think you would have liked it! To be sitting peacefully studying in study hour, with three "quizzes" ahead for the next day, and one of Carol Turner's 2 a. m. spreads behind you, and then to hear whiz, bang, clang! All the corridor bells breaking loose together! You dropped your books, rushed to your room, clapped down the windows, banged the transom, snatched up a towel, slammed the door and flew into the hall. There, every twenty feet, a girl would be standing, repeating like a cuckoo clock:

"Rally on third corridor north!" or "Rally in the dining room!" or "Rally in main hall, first floor!"

And you must instantly fall into orderly line, and march to the aforementioned destination, wherever it might happen to be, and you must be perfectly quiet in the line, and obey your corridor captain just as if she had been a teacher, or Esther would be after her—and after you!

And Esther allowed just one hundred and twenty-five seconds between the first clanging of the corridor bell and the assembling of the entire school at the rally, and if you were late! We did not much enjoy being scolded and ordered about by Esther and Esther's corridor captains, just girls like ourselves!

Sometimes the drill would come at night, perhaps after we were all in bed, and out we would all have to scramble, and rush to the rally, kimonos and towels and hair all flying.

As likely as not, this evening parade would end on the fire-wall staircase. There was one at each end of the building, where the wings join the main corridor. The staircase is a little narrow, winding affair of iron, and it is shut in by iron walls, and has sliding doors of sheet iron on every door. The fire-wall stairs are chilly and narrow—there's just room to go down in single file. Sometimes, no matter how sleepy and cross we were, Esther would keep us marching up and down those stairs, and actually out of doors when we got to the bottom, until I really believe we could have done it in our sleep.

long, I shall never forget her face. It was all ablaze with color, and her eyes were like steel, and her lips had a regular Napoleonic set. At first she was going to make us go!

If she had ordered us to go then, I do not know what would have happened—for we would have moved. Then her face changed. I never saw any face look quite so sweet; it was as if all the self in it just went out.

"Girls," she said, "won't you please come? I'm not ordering, I'm just asking, just as a favor, this once, please."

And we went, but we were pretty sulky.

We marched to the third-floor fire wall staircase. The fire wall doors on the third had been drawn; one of them was left open just enough for us to squeeze through to the little dark, cold staircase. The door down on the first floor, leading right out of doors, was open, and the wind whistled up.

Half the girls were already down and out when we started from the top. Esther was at the very end, as usual. As we went down, she called in that ringing voice of hers:

"When you get down, shut the fire wall doors into the first floor corridor!"

She was ordering again! "Let's not!" I said to the girls behind me, and we did not. Esther was still on the third floor. We were all shivering in the night air outside at the bottom. Esther opened the window, just as she was about to start down, and called, "Is everybody down safe?"

"Yes," somebody answered.

We could see Esther just as she put her hand on the door to squeeze through to the stairway. Then there was a sudden report and roar, and a great sheet of flame went sucking up the fire wall stairs as if through a great funnel!

It was a real fire! It had spread from the cellar to the first floor, and there, fanned by the wind from the open door, it had licked its way through the corridor doors we had left open!

And where was Esther? We looked. We did not make a sound. Only Natalie turned, covered her eyes, and laid her head on my shoulder. I could feel her shiver all over. It seemed as if in an instant all the wing was ablaze.

Then we saw Esther! We saw her running, running, past window after window. But flames ran, too, over her and under her. It all depended on whether she could reach the main staircase before they did. The main staircase is only of wood. She reached it. She got down. She was not hurt a bit. Only when she saw her, Natalie and I both sank down on the ground. I felt as if I was going to faint.

Esther came right over to us. "Why didn't you shut those doors?" she asked.

We did not answer, but Esther knew why. Suddenly her face began to work so queerly, there in the red light of the fire.

"If the fire had come a minute sooner when you were all on the stairs!" she said, and she put out her hands as if she could not see, and were feeling for something. Then Mrs. Sinclair stepped out from somewhere, and put her arms round her.

The fire was not so bad as it looked at first, and the slow old Mayside Hose Company did arrive, and put it out after a while. About thirty of us had

As soon as it is determined that the tomato field is to be cultivated, a hundred or a hundred and fifty pounds of nitrate of soda per acre, should be applied. This will stimulate the plants into a rich growth and develop a large leaf area.

As soon as a large leaf area has been produced and bloom buds are beginning to show, a fertilizer high in potash and phosphoric acid should be applied. This will harden up the plants and produce a solid fruit.

Plowing.—As a rule the farmer and vegetable grower frequently assumes that when he has killed all the weeds in the field his duty in the way of plowing is done. No greater mistake could be made.

The killing of weeds is merely an incident which brought about the necessity of cultivating. The most important factor, however, in cultivation is the aeration of the soil. In greenhouses and conservatories the aeration of the soil is accomplished by setting the plants in pots and tubs. In the field it is accomplished by cultivation.

Another important factor to be considered under plowing is the conservation of moisture in the soil. By careful methods of cultivation and fertilization there is very little of our land that becomes too dry for growing a crop of tomatoes. We, however, too frequently neglect, especially the cultivation.

In cultivating it is not necessary to run the plow deeply into the soil and tear up the roots of the tomato plants. Shallow surface cultivation is easily sufficient to thoroughly aerate the soil and conserve the moisture.

In plowing for the first time, if the tomato vines have been pruned, it would be well to draw up to the plant some of the soil. This will enable the new suckers that are starting to produce a new set of roots, and thus help the parent stock to support the crop later.

Staking.—It is too well known to need reiteration here, that staking tomatoes has produced the maximum crop of the finest fruit. Staking tomatoes also brings the fruit in earlier by eight or ten days. Since every tomato grower who is sufficiently careful with his work to stake his plants, is also careful enough to remove surplus suckers.

In addition to producing the finest crop on staked tomatoes, this permits a much more thorough application of spraying materials, whether dry Bordeaux, or the Bordeaux mixture be used.

Staking also keeps the fruit up from the ground and does away with the very serious, and often extensive losses incurred by the small green worm, which attacks the crop more or less severely every year. The worm referred to is the one that eats into the tomato and hides on the ground through the day time.

Spraying.—As soon as the tomato fruits are beginning to appear, and have made a considerable leaf growth, the most careful attention should be given to the matter of inspecting for spotting or rust. If the atmospheric conditions should be favorable to the spread of this disease it will be especially severe about the time the

carriers. A peach should never be gathered wet and they should not be packed hot, but should be placed in some cool place and allowed to get thoroughly cool before packing and loading them into iced cars. I think that I will use the California square box, and wrap all of my early peaches. This box will be packed in three grades, and number of peaches in each box stamped in plain figures on the end of the box, and for my Elbertas I expect to use the six basket carrier. I don't think that I will use a single four basket crate. I have been convinced for several seasons that they are not the package for peaches. You can not pack a uniform grade of peaches in it. It is a fraudulent pack on the face of it. It is so arranged that you are forced to put the small peaches in the bottom and the large ones on top. I may use an assorter for each packer, but I expect to do most of the assorting in the orchard. I mean that I do not expect to grow any inferior peaches.

Inferior Shipments.—The place to do the grading and assorting is in the orchard, and until it is done there it will never be done. As long as sorry and knotty peaches are grown they will be packed and shipped. If your trees have three or four times as many peaches on them as they should have they are going to be small and knotty, and you are going to dispose of them; if one association rules you out you will go to another. It is a sure thing that the inferior stuff is going on the market, no difference if the shipper has to pay the freight. He is going to ship and until the growers grow better stuff there is no relief in sight.

Distribution.—This will be my last article of this series in Farm and Ranch. I did expect to touch upon the sale and distribution, but that subject has been discussed over and over, and by men who are in much better position to know about it than I am, so I will not undertake to enlighten any one upon that subject, for it is a proposition too hard for me. I would suggest that the best information to be gotten upon that subject is from those who have not done any shipping, or from those with the least experience upon the subject.

I can not concur with some in the opinion that the distribution is the whole thing, for there are peaches shipped out of Texas every year that the grower himself would not pay freight on from one town to the other, no difference how hungry he might be for peaches. In fact some people ship peaches that they would not like to feed to high bred hogs. They do this every year and they do it from every shipping station, in spite of the best inspection that can be had, and they will continue to do so as long as they grow that kind of stuff.

In my opinion the grower has to solve the sale and distribution question, and it is up to you to grow the best stuff or get out of the business. The day is not far in the distance when two-thirds of Texas peaches will not pay cost of transportation unless better and more systematic methods of growing and packing them are practiced.

After separating the body from the sting, the latter, by convulsive muscular action, forced its way still deeper into the flesh, thus supporting the theory held on this point by the Philadelphia man and many others, that the sting remains active after separation; but the professor's observation is that parting with its sting does not, contrary to popular belief, kill the bee.

It appears that the immediate incentive to the Philadelphia man is the announcement of an enterprising firm of manufacturing chemists in the Quaker city that it will buy up all the bee stings that may be offered at the rate of \$10 a thousand, with the purpose of monopolizing the rheumatism cure.

How to extract the stings profitably was, of course, the most difficult problem confronting the Philadelphian, but he seems to have solved it in a way. Taking advantage of the well known antipathy of the bee to the horse, or to anything that is touched by the odor of the horse, he rubs a rubber cloth over one of these animals, places it in a position convenient to the bees, when the latter, driving at it furiously, bury their darts in the fabric, and in attempting to draw back leave them there. Then the Philadelphia man picks the stings out, counts them, packs them, and when he has a thousand of them he will test the sincerity of the chemical concern.

Is He a Good Farmer?

A contributor to Coleman's Rural World asks the above question. How would you answer it?

I want to tell the story of one farmer, who does not live far from my own home, and I want our readers to decide the above question as well as this one, "Is he a good man to follow?" He moved to his present farm just at the close of the war, and the farm was in a badly run-down condition, with absolutely no buildings or fences on it, while he was more than \$1,000 in debt. Today he has the best barn and as good a house as can be found in the country, the best fenced farm in the township, the land in fairly fertile condition and several thousand dollars at interest. His farm implements are all out of date and if he was buying today he would try to get others just like them. I am not sure of the fact, but I think his farm team harness is the same set he had when I first knew him, and I know that some of his implements were old ones forty years ago. He never buys a new hoe, until the old one is completely worn out, and has had one new ax since I first knew him, while he never owned a steel garden rake in his life. His farm methods are of the same age, and the same grade as his tools. He cultivates his crops three times and "lays them by"; he throws his manure out and lets the rain fall on it until he is ready to haul, and then, summer or winter, he hauls it out and puts it in piles on the land next to be put in crops. He never buys improved seed, excepting when some neighbor has proved it to be a success near him, and then only at the market price. His corn is the same "cobby," "chaffy," tall growing variety that has been grown for forty years, and his potatoes are the kind I got of Bill Peters in 1872.

Somebody says, "he is a stingy, miserly man," but let me tell you the other side. He wears tailor-made clothing, five-dollar shoes, has the highest priced buggy and the finest set of driving harness in this section, and he never was known to fail to generously respond to charity's call. He is one of the best of neighbors, and at no time since he has lived near here, has he not managed to have a majority of those near, under small obligations to him. It may be a basket of fruit here, an hour's assistance there,

Still, nothing should be said or done at present to discourage the Philadelphia man. It would be cruel to throw cold water upon anything that promised to take the form of an original enterprise in Philadelphia.—Chicago Inter-Ocean.

R. A. Green, the well known commission man, showed us account sales of two cars of cantaloupes on the 26th. One car brought \$217 net, the other \$13.45. The quality in both cars when packed and shipped was the same and shipped on the same day. The difference in price was caused by one car being properly iced and the other defectively so. This want of proper icing has caused the loss of many thousands of dollars in Florida this season.—Ocala Star.

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Then Esther rose and talked some more. There was a good deal of talk in the school, she said, about the different cliques, and how unfortunate it was that they should pull apart as they did. She said that in history they called cliques parties and factions, and we all knew how injurious these were to good government. It was just the same with a school. She wished that when it came to school questions we could put aside our personal opinions, and care more for the school than for ourselves.

Esther sat down in a perfect storm of cheers, but everybody was not cheering and clapping, although it sounded like it. I saw Natalie Jewett getting ready to clap, but I frowned at her, and she did not dare.

So we were in for fire-drills. And Esther herself was in for chief fire captain.

Perhaps you think you would have liked it! To be sitting peacefully studying in study hour, with three "quizzes" ahead for the next day, and one of Carol Turner's 2 a. m. spreads behind you, and then to hear whiz, bang, clang! All the corridor bells breaking loose together! You dropped your books, rushed to your room, clapped down the windows, banged the transom, snatched up a towel, slammed the door and flew into the hall. There, every twenty feet, a girl would be standing, repeating like a cuckoo clock:

"Rally on third corridor north!" or "Rally in the dining room!" or "Rally in main hall, first floor!"

And you must instantly fall into orderly line, and march to the aforementioned destination, wherever it might happen to be, and you must be perfectly quiet in the line, and obey your corridor captain just as if she had been a teacher, or Esther would be after her—and after you!

And Esther allowed just one hundred and twenty-five seconds between the first clanging of the corridor bell and the assembling of the entire school at the rally, and if you were late! We did not much enjoy being scolded and ordered about by Esther and Esther's corridor captains, just girls like ourselves!

Sometimes the drill would come at night, perhaps after we were all in bed, and out we would all have to scramble, and rush to the rally, kimonos and towels and hair all flying.

As likely as not, this evening parade would end on the fire-wall staircase. There was one at each end of the building, where the wings join the main corridor. The staircase is a little narrow, winding affair of iron, and it is shut in by iron walls, and has sliding doors of sheet iron on every door. The fire-wall stairs are chilly and narrow—there's just room to go down in single file. Sometimes, no matter how sleepy and cross we were, Esther would keep us marching up and down those stairs, and actually out of doors when we got to the bottom, until I really believe we could have done it in our sleep.

her long hair falling over her face. It was all ablaze with color, and her eyes were like steel, and her lips had a regular Napoleonic set. At first she was going to make us go!

If she had ordered us to go then, I do not know what would have happened—for we would have moved. Then her face changed. I never saw any face look quite so sweet; it was as if all the self in it just went out.

"Girls," she said, "won't you please come? I'm not ordering, I'm just asking, just as a favor, this once, please."

And we went, but we were pretty sulky.

We marched to the third-floor fire wall staircase. The fire wall doors on the third had been drawn; one of them was left open just enough for us to squeeze through to the little dark, cold staircase. The door down on the first floor, leading right out of doors, was open, and the wind whistled up.

Half the girls were already down and out when we started from the top. Esther was at the very end, as usual. As we went down, she called in that ringing voice of hers:

"When you get down, shut the fire wall doors into the first floor corridor!"

She was ordering again! "Let's not!" I said to the girls behind me, and we did not. Esther was still on the third floor. We were all shivering in the night air outside at the bottom. Esther opened the window, just as she was about to start down, and called, "Is everybody down safe?"

"Yes," somebody answered.

We could see Esther just as she put her hand on the door to squeeze through to the stairway. Then there was a sudden report and roar, and a great sheet of flame went sucking up the fire wall stairs as if through a great funnel!

It was a real fire! It had spread from the cellar to the first floor, and there, fanned by the wind from the open door, it had licked its way through the corridor doors we had left open!

And where was Esther? We looked. We did not make a sound. Only Natalie turned, covered her eyes, and laid her head on my shoulder. I could feel her shiver all over. It seemed as if in an instant all the wing was ablaze.

Then we saw Esther! We saw her running, running, past window after window. But flames ran, too, over her and under her. It all depended on whether she could reach the main staircase before they did. The main staircase is only of wood. She reached it. She got down. She was not hurt a bit. Only when she saw her, Natalie and I both sank down on the ground. I felt as if I was going to faint.

Esther came right over to us. "Why didn't you shut those doors?" she asked.

We did not answer, but Esther knew why. Suddenly her face began to work so queerly, there in the red light of the fire.

"If the fire had come a minute sooner when you were all on the stairs!" she said, and she put out her hands as if she could not see, and were feeling for something. Then Mrs. Sinclair stepped out from somewhere, and put her arms round her.

The fire was not so bad as it looked at first, and the slow old Mayside Hose Company did arrive, and put it out after a while. About thirty of us had

solely necessary. My packing tables will be padded and the peaches delivered therein very carefully so as not to bruise them in the least.

As soon as it is determined that the tomato field is to be continued, a hundred or a hundred and fifty pounds of nitrate of soda per acre should be applied. This will stimulate the plants into a rich growth and develop a large leaf area.

As soon as a large leaf area has been produced and bloom buds are beginning to show, a fertilizer high in potash and phosphoric acid should be applied. This will harden up the plants and produce a solid fruit.

Plowing.—As a rule the farmer and vegetable grower frequently assumes that when he has killed all the weeds in the field his duty in the way of plowing is done. No greater mistake could be made.

The killing of weeds is merely an incident which brought about the necessity of cultivating. The most important factor, however, in cultivation is the aeration of the soil. In green-houses and conservatories the aeration of the soil is accomplished by setting the plants in pots and tubs. In the field it is accomplished by cultivation.

Another important factor to be considered under plowing is the conservation of moisture in the soil. By careful methods of cultivation and fertilization there is very little of our land that becomes too dry for growing a crop of tomatoes. We, however, too frequently neglect, especially the cultivation.

In cultivating it is not necessary to run the plow deeply into the soil and tear up the roots of the tomato plants. Shallow surface cultivation is easily sufficient to thoroughly aerate the soil and conserve the moisture.

In plowing for the first time, if the tomato vines have been pruned, it would be well to draw up to the plant some of the soil. This will enable the new suckers that are starting to produce a new set of roots, and thus help the parent stock to support the crop later.

Staking.—It is too well known to need reiteration here, that staking tomatoes has produced the maximum crop of the finest fruit. Staking tomatoes also brings the fruit in earlier by eight or ten days. Since every tomato grower who is sufficiently careful with his work to stake his plants, is also careful enough to remove surplus suckers.

In addition to producing the finest crop on staked tomatoes, this permits a much more thorough application of spraying materials, whether dry Bordeaux, or the Bordeaux mixture be used.

Staking also keeps the fruit up from the ground and does away with the very serious, and often extensive losses incurred by the small green worm, which attacks the crop more or less severely every year. The worm referred to is the one that eats into the tomato and hides on the ground through the day time.

Spraying.—As soon as the tomato fruits are beginning to appear, and have made a considerable leaf growth, the most careful attention should be given to the matter of inspecting for spotting or rust. If the atmospheric conditions should be favorable to the spread of this disease it will be especially severe about the time the

solely necessary. My packing tables will be padded and the peaches delivered therein very carefully so as not to bruise them in the least.

Carriers.—A peach should never be gathered wet and they should not be packed hot, but should be placed in some cool place and allowed to get thoroughly cool before packing and loading them into ice cars. I think that I will use the California square box, and wrap all of my early peaches. This box will be packed in three grades, and number of peaches in each box stamped in plain figures on the end of the box, and for my Elbertas I expect to use the six basket carrier. I don't think that I will use a single four basket crate. I have been convinced for several seasons that they are not the package for peaches. You can not pack a uniform grade of peaches in it. It is a fraudulent pack on the face of it. It is so arranged that you are forced to put the small peaches in the bottom and the large ones on top. I may use an assorter for each packer, but I expect to do most of the assorting in the orchard. I mean that I do not expect to grow any inferior peaches.

Inferior Shipments.—The place to do the grading and assorting is in the orchard, and until it is done there it will never be done. As long as sorry and knotty peaches are grown they will be packed and shipped. If your trees have three or four times as many peaches on them as they should have they are going to be small and knotty, and you are going to dispose of them; if one association rules you out you will go to another. It is a sure thing that the inferior stuff is going on the market, no difference if the shipper has to pay the freight. He is going to ship and until the growers grow better stuff there is no relief in sight.

Distribution.—This will be my last article of this series in Farm and Ranch. I did expect to touch upon the sale and distribution, but that subject has been discussed over and over, and by men who are in much better position to know about it than I am, so I will not undertake to enlighten any one upon that subject, for it is a proposition too hard for me. I would suggest that the best information to be gotten upon that subject is from those who have not done any shipping, or from those with the least experience upon the subject.

I can not concur with some in the opinion that the distribution is the whole thing, for there are peaches shipped out of Texas every year that the grower himself would not pay freight on from one town to the other, no difference how hungry he might be for peaches. In fact some people ship peaches that they would not like to feed to high bred hogs. They do this every year and they do it from every shipping station, in spite of the best inspection that can be had, and they will continue to do so as long as they grow that kind of stuff.

In my opinion the grower has to solve the sale and distribution question, and it is up to you to grow the best stuff or get out of the business. The day is not far in the distance when two-thirds of Texas peaches will not pay cost of transportation unless better and more systematic methods of growing and packing them are practiced.

would have been valued much less in the fall than they cost in the spring.

We have said the oxen might not work as well on the reaper or mowing machine. But they might also. We have had three or four-year cattle that would walk for miles as fast as any pair of horses and force many horses to trot a part of the way to keep up with them, and a pair of old cattle that walked faster than the ordinary farm horse. A part of that was due to their having been trained to walk quickly, and a part was due to the breed. Small cattle like the Devons, Jerseys or Ayrshires are naturally active and easily learned to walk fast, while the larger Durhams and Herefords like to move more leisurely, and this is true of grades as well as of thoroughbreds.

Is He a Good Farmer?

A contributor to Coleman's Rural World asks the above question. "How would you answer it?"

I want to tell the story of one farmer, who does not live far from my own home, and I want our readers to decide the above question as well as this one, "Is he a good man to follow?" He moved to his present farm just at the close of the war, and the farm was in a badly run-down condition, with absolutely no buildings or fences on it, while he was more than \$1,000 in debt. Today he has the best barn and as good a house as can be found in the country, the best fenced farm in the township, the land in fairly fertile condition and several thousand dollars at interest. His farm implements are all out of date and if he was buying today he would try to get others just like them. I am not sure of the fact, but I think his farm team harness is the same set he had when I first knew him, and I know that some of his implements were old ones forty years ago. He never buys a new hoe, until the old one is completely worn out, and has had one new ax since I first knew him, while he never owned a steel garden rake in his life. His farm methods are of the same age, and the same grade as his tools. He cultivates his crops three times and "lays them by"; he throws his manure out and lets the rain fall on it until he is ready to haul, and then, summer or winter, he hauls it out and puts it in piles on the land next to be put in crops. He never buys improved seed, excepting when some neighbor has proved it to be a success near him, and then only at the market price. His corn is the same "cobby," "chaffy," tall growing variety that he has grown for forty years, and his potatoes are the kind I got of Bill Peters in 1872.

Somebody says, "he is a stingy, miserly man," but let me tell you the other side. He wears tailor-made clothing, five-dollar shoes, has the highest priced buggy and the finest set of driving harness in this section, and he never was known to fail to generously respond to charity's call. He is one of the best of neighbors, and at no time since he has lived near here, has he not managed to have a majority of those near, under small obligations to him. It may be a basket of fruit here, an hour's assistance there,

sting, the latter, by convulsive muscle action, forced its way still deeper into the flesh, thus supporting the theory held on this point by the Philadelphia man and many others, that the sting remains active after separation; but the professor's observation is that parting with its sting does not, contrary to popular belief, kill the bee.

It appears that the immediate incentive to the Philadelphia man is the announcement of an enterprising firm of manufacturing chemists in the Quaker city that it will buy up all the bee stings that may be offered at the rate of \$10 a thousand, with the purpose of monopolizing the rheumatism cure.

How to extract the stings profitably was, of course, the most difficult problem confronting the Philadelphian, but he seems to have solved it in a way. Taking advantage of the well known antipathy of the bee to the horse, or to anything that is touched by the odor of the horse, he rubs a rubber cloth over one of these animals, places it in a position convenient to the bees, when the latter, driving at it furiously, bury their darts in the fabric, and in attempting to draw back leave them there. Then the Philadelphia man picks the stings out, counts them, packs them, and when he has a thousand of them he will test the sincerity of the chemical concern.

It is suspected in scientific as well as in other circles that the manufacturing chemists are advertising for bee stings with the purpose of later on introducing a rheumatism cure which will be "just as good." However this may be, the idea that the bee stinging industry could possibly be monopolized is pronounced to be utterly absurd by those who are familiar with bee culture in this country. A hive or colony of bees, says Professor Benton, ordinarily contains from 30,000 to 60,000 insects.

There are many apiaries in the United States which contain from 1,500 to 1,700 colonies, and if these do not average more than 50,000 bees to the colony the production of bee stinging poison for the cure of rheumatism, assuming that there was any serious intention of commercializing the stings, would be sufficient for half a year to supply the demand for half a century. The only way, therefore, in which the bee sting monopolist could maintain his bee stinging plant on a profitable basis would be to discover some means whereby the number of rheumatics in the world might be multiplied many times over.

Still, nothing should be said or done at present to discourage the Philadelphia man. It would be cruel to throw cold water upon anything that promised to take the form of an original enterprise in Philadelphia.—Chicago Inter-Ocean.

R. A. Green, the well known commission man, showed us account sales of two cars of cantaloupes on the 26th. One car brought \$217 net, the other \$13.45. The quality in both cars when packed and shipped was the same and shipped on the same day. The difference in price was caused by one car being properly iced and the other defectively so. This want of proper icing has caused the loss of many thousands of dollars in Florida this season.—Ocala Star.



Board of County Commissioners, Citrus County.

THE COUNTY COMMISSIONERS OF CITRUS COUNTY.

The office of County Commissioner is one of responsibilities, requiring careful and well-balanced judging abilities, not only in small matters, but in matters involving the progress of public enterprise, which should benefit every taxpayer of the county, in consistency with the amount of tax money which has been paid in. It is often, too, a thankless office, for with the best of fore-thought, using the most cautious solicitude and judgment, mistakes may creep in, or some few will count as mistakes which accrue really to the welfare of the greatest number of people. Citrus county pays over \$11,809.50 county taxes annually; and the proper dispensing of these public moneys is no trifling matter, when men of honor and with conscientiousness regarding a public trust are in the offices.

But Citrus county has intelligent voters who know pretty well just the sort of men they can trust to manage their municipal affairs rightly, and they generally find the right men to put in the right place.

The present incumbents of the offices of County Commissioners of Citrus county are: Capt. R. H. Matson, Mr. John S. Pedrick, Mr. J. Y. Barnes, Mr. F. L. Rooks and Mr. E. T. Bowman.

These men are all live, wide-awake men, who are not content to draw their salaries, simply, but who honestly try to earn them. All questions, from "the good roads movement" to the taking care of the poor lone pauper, have always been considered carefully, lest the public moneys be squandered or lest they be withheld when the judicious and proper improvement of the county and its prosperity demanded the expenditure of the same.

Of course, in all counties are some who find fault with the way in which the public funds are used; mostly because they cannot understand, or do

every public matter under consideration; but in Citrus county the number of the disgruntled ones is small, owing to the fact that its County Commissioners are people of the people, and not men of graft or "rings."

at home and take care of him as usual—as a good wife should.

The Judge felt really sorry for his fellows. They looked so lonely. The best they could do was to bunch themselves and their loneliness together, and spend the hours 'twixt dinner and bedtime—their bedtime—in telling stories, drinking lemonade and looking over some pictures.

One evening the Judge laid his judicial finger alongside of his very judicial nose, and fell to reasoning thus: "The boys haven't their good wives to take care of them. First thing they know they'll get into some mischief. I'm their friend. It's plainly my duty to be with them more, so that my presence may be a restraining influence on them."

When he mentioned the thought to his wife, she agreed with him. "Yes, dear, it might be for the best. See, at Mr. N—'s house, across the way, is where they have met for this evening. I can see them from this window. See, they are in the room directly opposite. They have forgotten to lower the blind. Shall I wait up for you, dear?"

"N-no, I guess not," replied the Judge, absently; for he was making a mental note about that blind.

The Judge was welcomed with open arms, of course, and immediately his health was drank in—lemonade. He then made his little speech, and they allowed him to look at the pictures.

But he forgot all about the blind.

All went on merrily. Each told his latest fish-story, and then invented the one that was to happen at some future time. Then they sang songs of "Comrades, when we were boys" flavor. After these came the confidential reminiscences of the first sweetheart each one had had—and they drank to each sweetheart's health (in lemonade, of course). Meanwhile they toyed reflectively with the pictures; those representing queens, no doubt, reminding them of their own absent "Queen of Hearts."

The Judge was beginning anew to sympathize with his desolate friends when, suddenly, a clock struck the

"What! Surely, it cannot be!" and the Judge hastily compared the time of his watch with that of the ormoluon on the mantelpiece; there was no denying or in anyway obliterating the fact that it was two o'clock—two in the morning.

ture; he had said things, too, about that picture when no one else was about; he said things about it now, and with an emphasis that had been wholly lacking on former occasions. Then he turned the lights out.

When he got out into the hall again he said to himself: "Guess I'd better make the rounds." In every room in the lower story all the gas jets were doing their best. One by one they went out, after the little twist of the wrist that was now becoming a matter of habit to the Judge. As he went along the Judge considered whether it were best to pay that gas bill by foregoing his next intended fishing trip or by becoming an alderman.

Arriving again in the hall, he heaved a sigh and turned out the remaining light, and thought he would now go softly up stairs to his bed.

The hall was now in darkness—but no! What was that soft light on the stairway? An oil lamp! By all the Gods of Darkness, a common, smelly oil lamp! When, before, had the elegant home of the Judge been profaned by an oil lamp—plain kerosene oil lamp! The Judge was now waxing wrathful.

"Ppough!" out belged the massive cheeks of the Judge, and out went that light.

He then took a firm grip on the banisters, and was not quite so particular whether his step was light or not.

Came a turn in the spiral stairway, and there sat another lamp! "Ppough!" and out it went. Another turn in the spiral, another "Ppough!" another bit of darkness.

Now the Judge sat down on a step and pondered. "What in the—no, I musn't swear. There is,—there must be—a reason for all this. Not a soul stirring, yet lights everywhere." He rubbed his eyes; he scratched his head; but no illuminating thought came to him, though it was evident that some very great illuminating thought had come to somebody else.

Finally he got up again and stepped to his debroom door. The Judge steadied himself; such an innovation of things unusual were enough to make even a judge a bit shaky on his legs. He stood there awhile wondering whether he would be greeted, here too, by a flood of light. Or was, perhaps a curtain lecture awaiting him?—no; his Madame was not of that sort. Resolutely, he now opened the door. The lights were there of course, in full blaze; but only the sweetest of slumbers was pictured on the countenance on which he gazed.

"How can—anyone—sleep in such

allow of cultivation between, he raised a full crop of corn; and this without using any fertilizers whatever. Hammock lands have as good soils as can be found anywhere for cabbage, cauliflower, asparagus, celery, lettuce, radishes and forage plants. The finest flavored oranges and the largest grow here; but they are so tender and full of juice that they do not stand shipping so well. Lemons, figs, bananas and grapefruit do best on these river hammocks. Higher hammock lands are found interspersed among the pine lands wherever there is considerable "dip" in the general surface of the country. These, too, are very fertile, but they lack the natural protection from the light frosts in the winter, which the nearness to the water-courses secures.

The pine lands are sandy, but with great variety as to sands. Some are fertile naturally, while others need the addition of commercial fertilizers in order to secure good crops. Many who had thought their pine lands hopeless were made jubilant in getting big prices for it because of the great beds of phosphate hidden in it.

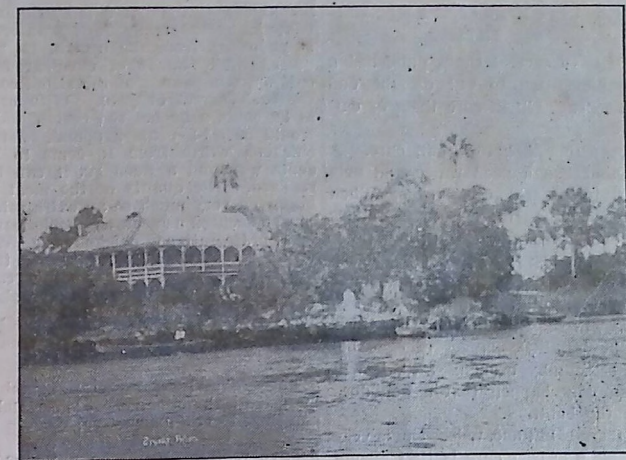
"Outing and Resort."

"Over the hills and through the valleys
List to Nature's wooing call.
Seek the field, the shore, the wild-wood:
Summer comes with joys for all."

Of all the remarkable social evolutions of recent days, there is none more marked than the outing and pleasure moment. In varying seasons of the year, mountains and shores are attracting increasing thousands, the catering to whose wants has resulted in many sections in business of great proportions."

To the significance of this phase of modern life we wish to add our mite of commendation. The custom of a yearly outing is becoming more universal and wide-spread. Everywhere people in larger numbers are resorting to mountain and seashore. They go earlier and stay later than was once the practice.

From other than a mercantile point of view the good that accrues in health and comfort to all classes from the custom is well-nigh incalculable. Change, life out of doors, physical ac-



THE ISLE O'SARONDEE,
Capt. Geo. H. Stratner's Lovely Home on Crystal River.

THE ISLE O'SARONDEE.

The above heading is the name Capt. Geo. Stratner's poetical wife has "dubbed" their beautiful home, which is situated just three miles down the river.

Capt. Stratner moved here from Illinois in 1883, located at his present place. Immediately upon his arrival he went to work, building a home and clearing land, preparatory to planting out an orange grove. He had a fine grove in bearing when the freeze came in '96. Not to be daunted, he went to work again after the freeze and has lived to see and enjoy the fruits of his many years of hard labor and patient waiting, for he has brought his grove into bearing again. Besides oranges, he has many other kinds of fruits, such as plums, figs, bananas, dates, lemons, etc.

And, no better land for truck and general farming can be found in the state, than his.

Here you find the best fishing in Florida—especially for tarpon. Their home is large and commodious, but himself and wife liking the quiet of this retreat and loving home life in preference to hotel life, they have not made room for more than a few special guests.

The home circle of this happy family consists of father, mother, three beautiful and accomplished daughters and one handsome, industrious and dutiful son. And, we want to say, that during our stay upon this mundane sphere we have met and mingled with many families, but this one seems to be the happiest and most affectionate—when all are together—we have ever seen. But then, we can easily account for this. The children have been reared right by their parents. They have received the correct home-treatment while growing up.

Mrs. Stratner is one of the brightest women in the state. As a writer it would be a hard matter to find her equal in Florida. The best periodicals of the country are always anxious to receive her matter, and pay her well for it.

FLORAL CITY.

Floral City is situated in the eastern part of Citrus County near the line of Hernando and is a hustling wide-awake town of about five hundred

successfully, also much attention is paid to the raising of good beef and pork.

The farmers turn their cane crops into sugar and syrup themselves, and they have the reputation of making as good syrup as can be made in Florida.

The Red Level people are also progressive, especially in religious and educational matters—as is evidenced by their good school and church.

LECANTO.

Lecanto is situated in almost the geographical centre of this (Citrus) county. Its population is near 500. Its surface is rolling both the hills and the valleys being covered with a splendid growth of yellow pine. The healthfulness of this section is exceptional, its altitude being considerable for this portion of the State. Malaria is almost unknown. The soil varies from a gray loam to heavy black, both soils having red clay sub-soils ranging from eight inches to several feet in depth.

Until the double freezes of '94 and '95 orange culture was the principal industry, this being supplemented by stock raising and general farming on a small scale. The soil being adapted to quality and flavoras was raised to orange culture as good fruit as here as any place in the state. Since the freeze however general farming on a large scale supplemented by stock raising is the principal industry. Corn, peanuts, chufas, velvet beans, melons and oats beside the usual garden and lesser field crops are grown. The velvet bean of recent years is being grown for fattening stock in winter. This is developing into quite an industry. The land grows fine peaches in a few years this will prove an important industry. Peach trees on this soil grow to large size and are very long-lived. One tree we know of has a spread of more than 30 feet. Several fields of corn will average 25 bushels to the acre. Hay making is occupying the attention of our farmers more each year. Improved machinery is being introduced as rapidly as the means of the farmers will allow. Already this section boasts of reapers and binders, mowers, hay presses, pea hullers, corn planters, silky plows and disk harrows as well as the other minor tools.

As to education this locality boasts of a large two-story school building,

ly try to earn them. All questions, from "the good roads movement" to the taking care of the poor lone pauper, have always been considered carefully, lest the public moneys be squandered or lest they be withheld when the judicious and proper improvement of the county and its prosperity demanded the expenditure of the same.

Of course, in all counties are some who find fault with the way in which the public funds are used; mostly because they cannot understand, or do not like, the way in which every public matter under consideration; but in Citrus county the number of the disgruntled ones is small, owing to the fact that its County Commissioners are people of the people, and not men of graft or "rings."

ONE ON THE JUDGE.

By M. M. Stratner,
Crystal River, Fla.

[Written for the News.]

There is a beautiful little southern city where there are Generals and Majors, Captains and Colonels galore. There are also some Judges. There is one Judge very much in particular.

There isn't one thing wrong about this Judge. Everybody loves him, for he is the jolliest, big-hearted, courtly old gentleman you ever saw.

Now this Judge has a family which is just as nice, just as well beloved as is he, himself—very nearly as well, anyway. The Judge rules his family by love, of course, but also by the good old rule of three: "Rise early; be good all day; lights out at ten." Regarding this latter part of the rule the Judge is emphatic. The neighbors are not quite sure whether the gas bill or the "Early to bed and early to rise" maxim is the chief incentive, but they are sure that "Lights out at ten" is a decree from which those of his household seldom take an appeal to the higher courts.

In the summer, as fashion commands, the ladies of this city have a little way of their own of hieing themselves off to where the cooling sea-breezes blow, leaving their better-halves to solitary bachelordom and poker.

But not so with this Judge's lady. She had married on the "For better, for worse" plan; if her husband could dispense with sea breezes, so could she; besides, one day's company of the Judge was more to her than all the sea breezes that ever did or ever would blow, so she was determined to stay

one that was to happen at some future time. Then they sang songs of "Comrades, when we were boys" flavor. After these came the confidential reminiscences of the first sweetheart each one had had—and they drank to each sweetheart's health (in lemonade, of course). Meanwhile they toyed reflectively with the pictures; those representing queens, no doubt, reminding them of their own absent "Queen of Hearts."

The Judge was beginning anew to sympathize with his desolate friends when, suddenly, a clock struck the

"What! Surely, it cannot be!" and the Judge hastily compared the time of his watch with that of the ormolou on the mantelpiece; there was no denying or in anyway obliterating the fact that it was two o'clock—two in the morning.

With as much dignity as he could muster, considering all circumstances, the Judge took leave of his fellows, and crossed the street, musing on the fact that time is fleeting and life is short. Arriving at his own residence he opened the door softly—he is a very considerate man, and did not wish to disturb his family.

"Why! What! and the Judge stopped on his threshold in astonishment; all the hall lights were in full power!

"Extravagance!" murmured the Judge as he stepped in and quickly turned out all the jets but one. "Before I put out that one I had better have a look into the parlor," said he unto himself.

"Jee-ho-so-phat! Every gas jet ablaze here, too! O those girls! Their swains get them so rattled that they forget to turn off the gas after they get through with their courting. Fellows'll know a thing or two when they grow up and have gas bills of their own to pay!" Soon the parlor was left in darkness.

"Wonder if the library has got the illuminating fad too?" and the Judge stepped across the hall and opened a door. Six brilliant lights beamed on him from the chandelier.

The Judge dropped into the nearest chair and fell to considering things. "What is, or what has been doing in this house, anyway? Is anybody newly born, or newly dead? Or (and now a sudden chill struck him) have I gotten into the wrong house?"

But, no; for as he looked about the room he saw, plainly his own lounging chair, his own desk, table, and,—yes—there was himself looking down from the wall. There was no doubting that picture, for he had often thought things about that same pic-



Unloading Palmetto Buds at the Fiber Factory.

a glare of lights!" was all the comment he made as he turned out these lights as he had the others, and then crept silently into bed.

The Judge was up before day; but he did not run the lawn-mower, or trim the roses, or feed the pet rabbits, or examine the auto, or hunt caterpillars, or punch the bees to make them get off to work. He just sat on the piazza, thinking.

Later, at the breakfast table, he looked about at each member of his family for signs; but not a sign could he see. He could not lower his dignity by asking questions, so there was nothing for him to do but carry on his part of the early morning chats as usual.

When the meal was over, and as he was leaving the room, he heard his daughter say: "Mother, why did you go down stairs last night—or this morning, rather, for I heard the clock strike two?"

But "Mother" had made herself busy with the waitress, and appeared not to have heard the question; so the Judge went on into the parlor and stood by the window, looking thoughtfully over at the house across the street. He could see into the very room—suddenly he understood; there was the blind still up, the blind he had forgotten to pull down.

THE SOILS.

It has been said that there are a dozen different varieties of soil in every section of land in Florida. While this may not be true exactly, it is a fact that the varieties of soil about Crystal River are many. This is so because of the nearness of the Gulf at the west and south, the high rolling pinelands at the east, with "flat woods," hammocks and scrubs at the north. Naturally, near the water-courses the soil is rich, mucky, and according to the nearness of the Gulf, salty. The marshes are so rich in alluvia and humus that the soil is often dug and used to fertilize the poorer, sandy soils which are but layers upon layers of decayed oyster shells, and for some certain products are very well suited. The soils of the hammock lands are exceedingly rich in fertility. We know of one farm on the river where the owner planted an orange grove, and year after year, until the trees became too large to

activity and ultimate contact with nature are better than a thousand tonics. These, as naught else, make for health, strength and reserved powers of mind and body.

The attractions of the city compared with the beauties of nature are dull and unsatisfying. The one is real, the other is artificial. The book of nature was surely written by the invisible hand. It is an ever-abiding miracle. The city is built by man, and it bears the imperfections, the stigma and the shame of all things human.

In the Life of Humboldt, the great naturalist, we read: "Man is a product of soil and climate and is brother to the rocks, trees and animals. He is dependent on these and all things seem to point to the truth that he has evolved from them. Humboldt discovered very early in his career that the finest flowers grow where there are the finest birds, and man separated from birds, beast and flowers could not possibly survive."

The growing tendency among the denizens of the city to return to the soil, to take increasing pleasure and delight in rural ways of life, is a most wholesome sign of the times.—Boston Cooking School.

A Rest Nook.

Our home is in the country. There is a small grove a short distance from the house and here the mistress planted her Rest Nook. Some rustic benches were constructed; a home-made table for books, magazines and work basket; some common wooden chairs and a good supply of linen and denim-covered cushions. Besides these there were two hammocks—one of the wire variety for the children. A large awning was used to help regulate the shade, and a small camper's tent was set up for the youngsters.

The housework was planned with wisdom and forethought and simplified as much as possible. The children's enthusiasm was boundless and each one found some way to help with the home duties so that mother could go with them to the Nook. Two afternoons of each week were set apart for Nature-study. Sometimes the mother went with the children to the woods where they studied the birds and flowers; sometimes to the river for fish and sometimes to meadow or thicket for berries.

When the day's work was done, the father joined the family at the Nook and the cool twilight hour was spent together.—C. B.

we have met and mingled with many families, but this one seems to be the happiest and most affectionate—when all are together—we have ever seen. But then, we can easily account for this. The children have been reared right by their parents. They have received the correct home-treatment while growing up.

Mrs. Stratner is one of the brightest women in the state. As a writer it would be a hard matter to find her equal in Florida. The best periodicals of the country are always anxious to receive her matter, and pay her well for it.

FLORAL CITY.

Floral City is situated in the eastern part of Citrus County near the line of Hernando and is a hustling wide-awake town of about five hundred inhabitants. Many phosphate plants are located within a radius of a few miles of the place which turns loose several thousand dollars every month, of which the merchants of the town reap the benefit of.

The lands which surround this town are rich and fertile, and the farmers in that section are prosperous and happy. They raise the greatest abundance of "hog and hominy" every year for home consumption and some to spare.

Some of the live citizens of Floral City are: J. W. Word, Jr., Hon. J. W. Knight, Dr. C. O. Snow, J. T. Rawls and S. D. Moon. When these five enterprising citizens put their shoulders to the wheel—and all pull together—something happens.

The people of this town, as a rule, are generous and very religious, and take a deep interest in all school and church matters. Floral City can boast of having one of the largest and prettiest school buildings in the county—a picture of which appears in this issue.

RED LEVEL.

Red Level is, one may say, a suburb of Crystal River. It is essentially, a settlement of farmers. It is a fine grazing and farming country. The main, up-to-date farmers there are Mr. J. J. Priest, Mr. J. B. Winnard, Mr. W. B. Edwards. These, as well as others, at Red Level have proven that a Florida farm will insure a luxurious living to anyone who brings to it the pluck and good judgment necessary to make farming pay anywhere in the United States.

The staple money crops at Red Level are: melons, sweet potatoes, and sugarcane; but other crops are raised

meatons and bats beside the usual garden and lesser field crops are grown. The velvet bean of recent years is being grown for fattening stock in winter. This is developing into quite an industry. The land grows line peaches in a few years this will prove an important industry. Peach trees on this soil grow to large size and are very long-lived. One tree we know of has a spread of more than 30 feet. Several fields of corn will average 25 bushels to the acre. Hay making is occupying the attention of our farmers more each year. Improved machinery is being intro-

duced as rapidly as the means of the farmers will allow. Already this section boasts of reapers and binders, mowers, mny presses, pea hullers, corn planters, sulky plows and disk harrows as well as the other minor tools.

As to education this locality boasts of a large two-story school building, having a faculty of three teachers and an enrollment of sixty. The need of our farmers as to lumber is supplied by a saw mill located about the center of the locality.

A. S. King.

Summer Shortcakes.

Banana Shortcakes.—Two cupfuls of flour, one large teaspoonful of baking powder, two tablespoonfuls of creamed butter, a pinch of salt, and sufficient milk to make a soft dough. Roll out in two thin layers, and spread butter between so that they can be separated without cutting after baking. Bake in a quick oven, split, butter generously and spread between the layers and over the top the following filling:

Grate the peel of half an orange and use with the pulp of two oranges; rub five ripe bananas through a sieve, add the orange and one cupful of sugar, then stir in one-half cupful of thick cream sweetened and whipped.

Cherry Shortcake.—Prepare a portion of dough exactly the same as in the last recipe; spread the bottom layer with cherries that have been stoned and sweetened, put on the top crust and more fruit. Serve with whipped cream. Canned fruit may be used if necessary.—Woman's Home Companion.

A Recipe for Success.

Keep your head cool, your feet warm, your mind busy. Don't worry over trifles. Plan your work ahead and then stick to it, rain or shine. Don't waste sympathy on yourself, if you are a gem some one will find you."



Col. Nic Barco's Beautiful Residence, Crystal River.



The High School Building, Floral City.

How to Cure Hens of the Egg Eating Habit.

We have several times published a recommendation to cut off the end of the hens' bill to cure them of eating eggs.

Prevention is better than cure. A hen that has a good range and gets plenty to eat, seldom eats eggs. When closely confined there is more danger but even then there is little danger unless an egg gets broken. Keep plenty of oyster shells, ground bone before them all the time and the egg shells will soon be so hard that there will be but little danger of eggs being accidentally broken. Still, it will occasionally happen that a hen does form the habit.

If there is but one, unless she is very valuable, the best cure is that recommended for a sheep-killing dog, that is to cut its tail off, close behind the ears.

Last winter we ran out of shell and bone and did not get a fresh supply at once. Before long we found that we were not getting as many eggs as usual, but we merely thought that the hens had stopped laying.

After a while we found that the hens were eating their eggs. We then tried cutting off the bill of each one. It worked all right, but in a few weeks we found that the bills had grown out again as long and perfect as before they were cut at all. We went over them all and cut the bills a second time. Since then we have had no more trouble.

In cutting up a very sharp knife and cut carefully and as soon as a little blood shows stop at once. If any one has tried this plan and it has not been successful it must be because the bills grew out before the hens were cured.

How Do You Account for It?

Editor Poultry Department:

For years I have kept hens, mostly a mongrel lot of mixed blood, Plymouth Rocks, Wyandots and common mixed stock. Two years ago I got some eggs of White Wyandots and Rhode Island Reds, and said to be from pure bred stock. From these eggs I only got a very few chickens, and raised one cock and two hens of each breed. The next season, having only one yard, they all ran together and at the end of the season I had a lot of mixed chickens. Before the next breeding time I had three more yards. Selecting some of the hens most like the Wyandots, I put them with what full bloods I had into a yard by themselves.

In another yard I put the pure bred Rhode Island Reds and a few of the best pullets as near like them as I could. The rest of my poultry were in two yards containing the full blooded males. From these eggs I have raised some beautiful chickens that have every appearance of being pure bred. But I also have some chickens that do not resemble any of the hens that laid the eggs.

There are some black, some speckled black and white resembling hens in the yards of mixed fowls, but not at all like any of the hens that laid the eggs.

How do you account for it?

INQUIRER.

would eat. They were fed grit and charcoal occasionally and watered twice a day from the trough. It required 5-2-3 pounds of clear ground oats or four pounds of the sifted oats for each pound of gain. With oats at 30 cents a bushel the cost of gain would be 5-1-2 cents a pound. With chickens worth from 10 cents to 15 cents a pound a good profit can be realized. The quality of the meat is improved very much so an extra price can be secured as soon as people learn what crate fattened chickens are. We would recommend that farmers try this method of fattening so they can realize the highest price and be able to market the extra birds in autumn.

The Arkansas Hen.

The following doggerel contains more truth than poetry. It is certainly amusing, if not instructive:

I have read of Maud on a Summer day,
Who raked the meadow sweet with hay,

I have read of the maid in the morn,
Who milked the cow with the crumpled horn.

I have read the lays the poets sing,
Of the rustling corn and the flowers of spring;

But of all the lays of tongue or pen,
There's naught like the lay of the Arkansas hen.

Long before Maud had raked the hay,
The Arkansas hen commenced to lay;

And before the milkmaid had stirred a pail,
The Arkansas hen had laid an egg.

The corn must rustle,
The flowers must spring,

If they hold their own
With the barn yard ring.

If Maud is in need of a Sunday gown
She doesn't hustle the hay to town;
But she goes to the store and buys a suit,

With a basketful of fresh hen fruit.

If the milkmaid's beau makes a Sunday call,
She doesn't feed him on milk at all.

But works up eggs in a custard pie,
And stuffs him full of chickenry.

And when the old man wants a horn,
Does he take the druggist a load of corn?

Oh, no! He simply robs a nest,
Takes the eggs to town—You know the rest.

He hangs around the court house ring,
Talks politics and other things,
While his wife stays at home and sews;

But is saved from want by the self same fowls.

For while her husband lingers there,
She watches the cackling hen with care;

And gathers eggs, and eggs she'll hide,
Till she saves enough to stem the tide.

Then hail all!
To the Arkansas hen,
The one that never lays and never flows!

For the busy, persevering, useful fowl.

Cotton may be king,
But it's plainly seen
That the cackling hen
Is the Arkansas Queen.

—Paragon (Ark.) Democrat.

Dry Feeding and Fertility.
We have expressed our favorable opinion of dry feeding.

The following from the American

fruit to fall prematurely. Just watch a flock of little chicks in an orchard. They seem to be constantly chasing insects, many of them so small we can scarcely see them; but we know when a chick catches one of them by the chick's self-satisfied manner. That chick has probably saved several apples, and it is good for the chick. The poultry destroy the root enemies of the trees. Most enemies of fruit trees pass through three stages of life, and one of these is generally a worm, and many of these worms burrow in the ground under the trees. Just dig up the old sods a little under a fruit tree, scatter a little grain there to get the chickens started, and see how thoroughly and earnestly the hens will dig. And they do this, too, without damaging the rootlets, as you often do by a thorough cultivation. Many a fruit grower fails to cultivate his orchard as he should, lest he peels the trunks of the trees or unduly cut the roots. Just a few strokes here and there with a pick or a strong fork followed by scattering small seeds, and the hens will do his cultivation just right.

The poultry enrich the ground. The properly cared-for hen is a busy creature. She seems happiest when working hardest for something in the ground. During these working hours her droppings, so rich in the needed nitrogen, are scattered where they will do the most good. An exchange on this subject says: "The fertilizing value of the droppings of a well-fed hen (and when we come to speak of feeding, we shall advocate liberal feeding) are worth much to the truck gardener or orchardist. For good hen droppings we much prefer to pay \$1 per barrel than to buy commercial fertilizers at the market prices."

If two trees of the same size are planted, one in the poultry run and the other elsewhere, the difference in the growth and vigor can readily be noted at the end of the first season.

An Improbable Story.

The item, quoted below, probably originated in some reporter's brain. It is a very improbable, in fact an impossible, story. At 15 cents per dozen, \$450 would pay for 3,000 dozen. That would be 10 dozen to be laid by each of the 300 chickens in 8 days. But suppose it was 30,000 instead of 300, then each one must lay 6 eggs within the 8 days. This is an impossibility, a few would lay one or two eggs but hens crowded up that way and traveling on the cars would very seldom lay at all after the first day.

"Freight that pays its own way is a novelty; yet that is what is done of some of the freight that comes to California, says a Kansas paper. In shipping a carload of chickens to California at this time of the year the eggs during the eight days of transit about pay the freight. The car holds about 300 chickens and each day the eggs are gathered, and at the end of the journey 100 cases will have been filled, which, when sold at 15 cents a dozen, will realize \$450 which will about pay the charges on the car. Cases are taken along and all calculation made on the daily supply of eggs."

The 300-Egg Hen.

A writer in the Pacific Fancier, believes that the 300 egg hen is not only possible but probable. He says:

I believe we will soon have a 300-egg-hen-per-year. Way up in Maine at the experiment station experts are trying to see what they can accomplish by breeding under scientific conditions along these lines. As yet the work has not gone far enough to make it possible to announce definite results beyond the fact that the experiments

Crate Fattening Poultry.

Here is another description of the crate-fattening method of preparing chickens for market. It was written for Poultry Life in America.

Crate-fattening is the greatest discovery that has ever been made in poultry culture. While the writer was in Texas last fall, I had the pleasure of visiting the Lyon poultry farm at Sherman and there I saw the first crate-fattening establishment that I had ever happened to run across.

Said Mr. Purdy, the manager, "We buy all of the chickens that we can get, fatten them up and send them to St. Louis. It is perfectly surprising how cheap we can buy them. We can double the weight of a three pound bird in three weeks, and we easily more than double our money on the venture, but of course, we take the risk, and it is worth something."

The fact of the matter is since the packing companies are putting in crate fattening plants, the producer who expects to be able to sell his birds to first hands, must do the same thing, or else get left in the race. Nor is the undertaking so vast as one might suppose. Swift & Co., have their crates arranged one on top of the others, five tiers high, with pans underneath to catch the droppings, but when a person does not care to fatten more than two thousand at a time, they may all be put on one level, with slats on the bottom, to let the dropping through to the floor, so that the coops are always clean. The fronts should be slatted also, but between the coops the partitions should be of thin boards so that the birds will not fight. Not more than four birds should be put in each compartment.

The crates may be raised to about the height that is handy to reach and the front should be furnished with a trough for the feeding. At the Orpington ranch, in Los Angeles, the birds are fed oat meal and milk; Swift's feed oatmeal, white cornmeal and milk, while on the Lyon farm the feed consists of shorts, cornmeal, mixed up with water, with a feed of meat meal, three times a week.

Some people take equal parts of fine corn meal, oat meal, shorts and barley meal. This sort of feed does not make the yellow flesh that our trade used to demand, but they are getting educated to the fact, that the white flesh is better, moreover it is said that where the birds are not fattened on corn, there is more fat distributed in streaks through the meat, where it makes the meat sweet and juicy and less fat on the intestines, where it is a sheer waste of the raw material.

The poultry raiser who only raises even two hundred chickens a year, can well afford to put in a little crate-fattening plant, for it will only cost a trifle, and there is intense satisfaction, in producing the best. The crates may be put in any old house that happens to be vacant, or it may be in a shed, in fact in "any old place." It does not need to have windows, for as soon as the birds have eaten, they must be kept quiet, so that they will not fret, so they do not need much light, in fact, the less the

better. If you happen to make yours in an open shed, you can hang up a curtain and let it down when the birds have eaten.

In Canada the government has taken hold of the crate-fattening scheme, with a view to educating the farmers how the best quality can be produced, but it is not necessary that Uncle Sam follow suit, for in the United States our farmers so much patronize the poultry press, that they can get their information from that source. There is an intense satisfaction in accomplishment and he who would ac-

Starting in the Poultry Business.

A correspondent of the Milwaukee Sentinel says:

How much land, stock and capital would it require for two young men to establish an egg farm? All food will be raised on the place and the cash profit must be not less than \$1,500 annually? This inquiry lies before me.

It is impossible to answer such questions satisfactorily to all parties. So much depends first upon the young men and second upon the locality and kind of fowls. Under average conditions forty acres would be needed to supply 1,500 hens with feed, and that number would be required if one is to go by the old rule—and it is a fair one—of \$1 profit to the hen if \$1,500 profit be obtained each year.

Unless these young men have had practical experience in poultry raising I would advise one of two courses, either secure a position with a poultryman who is making a success of his business, as they must needs learn any other profession, or begin with a few fowls and learn to care for them successfully, growing into a large number so fast as experience warrants.

Well, there are at least four kinds of poultry raisers in this industry at the present time, and some of them certainly make poultry raising pay them.

The first class consists of persons who have the best and most convenient of modern housings it is possible to build for the purpose, and high quality fowls, and who feed their fowls according to the requirements of science. Up to date methods are used in the compound of the feed, in the care of the fowls, and in the marketing of the eggs or birds.

The second class is composed of the poultrymen who have the money to equip themselves and stock up their plant with everything needful in a first class manner and who have done so, but who lack the knowledge to make their venture a practical success. They have fine buildings and fine fowls, but they give just any kind of feed that is the most handy to get and then pay but little more attention to their fowls either in their house or yards. The buildings soon become haunts of poultry vermin and the yards devoid of green food and reeking with filth. Their pretty high priced biddies deserve better treatment.

The third class comprises poultry raisers that have good fowls but have never provided them with good houses and proper care. Their only wish is to get the most out of them at the smallest outlay of feed or care. They have purchased their fowls from a breeder who by feed and selection has built up an enviable egg record flock, and for a time these well nourished, well-bred biddies do fill the egg baskets and they do make money for their new owners, but indifferent care, poor shelter, and improper feed do not conduce to large profits, so, after a time, these fowls are sent to market and some other breed is purchased, only to be subjected to the same unwise management and untimely sending to the shop.

The fourth class is composed of persons that have poor hen houses and poor fowls, and, to all appearances, have no ambition for anything better. They give their hens just any old kind of feed; they don't pay any attention to the pesky things anyhow; they are amazed that any one should suggest that a hen house needs a tri-weekly cleaning. They get scarcely any eggs and they have always found that the hens that have poor hen houses and

hot weather successfully. So well have I thought of the scheme for years that I have been sorry we did not incorporate it in our house when it was built. We cannot put it in now, as the only place where the elevator could possibly be put in would take it through our furnace coal bin, which cannot be moved. We could have the well dug in the cellar and an elevator from the cellar down into it. But this would require going down stairs to it. Under a house about 15 feet below the surface of the ground would do very well for the bottom of this cooling pit. Our well outdoors is but little deeper than this, and the temperature of water keeps quite cool all summer. When we used to use it things kept nicely that were lowered to the water. Our cellar bottom is 6 feet below surface of ground, so we would hardly need to make a well more than 9 feet deep. I should case it with 20 or 24-inch sewer pipe, cemented together; then the well would always be tight and clean. The movement of the elevator up and down would, I think, keep the air pure. At 15 feet down in the earth, under a house, summer heat or winter cold would scarcely affect the temperature any. A dumb waiter going only down into the cellar will save many steps and prove a nice thing. Quite a few have them. But running it down into a well will be a decided addition to its value. Any ingenious man who is handy with tools can make one and rig it up. There should be pulleys above and a rope and weight to balance the weight of loaded elevator. The pulleys can be arranged so the weight can go up and down in an out-of-the-way corner. When the elevator goes down into a well the weight will probably need to move from top of kitchen through the floor to bottom of cellar. Or perhaps the rope can go through a partition and have weight in a woodshed, or even in a nearby out-building, or outdoors. I put the weight in a shop 12 feet away when fixing something of the kind for a friend once, nailing two boards together V-shaped, and fastening them over to the rope. It is still working all right. The boards over the rope were to keep it dry, of course. Food will not keep as well in a pit of this kind as in a good refrigerator, with plenty of ice, but it will do quite as well and will be cheaper in the end than buying ice or going to the expense of putting it up. And then there are many so situated that they cannot have ice anyway. It will cost them but little to rig up so they can keep things fairly cool. In some soils the well may only need to be plastered up with cement, not using sewer pipe, or even stones. Where water is likely to come near the surface at times, so as to make trouble, perhaps the well can be dug in a dry time and cemented so as to keep water out. There is always a way. If you cannot do any of these things now, you can be thinking about them and getting ready. There is much pleasure in anticipation, in looking ahead. It makes life brighter. And meanwhile, if you can put things on the cellar bottom at a point where

water from roof runs down so it is always wet under the floor, with a tight box over them, made of thick boards, they will keep much cooler than on a shelf. Hang the box by hinges to a heavy plank, and have rope and pulley and weight to balance so it will lift easily. You can get these screw pulleys for 3 cents each and use sash cord for rope.

One Acre Enough.

Many years ago a book was published entitled "Ten Acres Enough." It

Rhode Island Reds and a few of the best pullets as near like them as I could. The rest of my poultry were in two pens, one for males and one for females. From these eggs I have raised some beautiful chickens that have every appearance of being pure bred. But I also have some chickens that do not resemble any of the hens that laid the eggs.

There are some black, some speckled black and white resembling hens in the yards of mixed fowls, but not at all like any of the hens that laid the eggs.

How do you account for it?

INQUIRER.

(We can not answer this question and pass it on to our readers.—Ed.)

Grate Fattening the Chickens.

Brief description of the simple apparatus necessary and the kind of feed used. (Bulletin 91, Minnesota Experiment Station.)

Last week we gave an article from the Petaluma Poultry Journal, on crate fattening cockerels.

The next number of the same paper contained an article on the same subject which is as follows:

There are two methods of finishing chickens for market that are practiced in both Canada and the United States. One is to place the chicks in crates and let them feed from a trough in front. The other is to remove the chicks from the crate and feed with a cramming machine. Both are very successful in the hands of experts. It seems to be easier to learn crate fattening than it is to learn the cramming system although better results are claimed for cramming. We made one test of crate fattening last year. Twenty-four well bred Plymouth Rocks were selected and placed in two crates. These crates were each six feet long, twenty inches high and twenty inches wide with doors at the top and divided into three pens, each containing four cockerels.

The crates are made of 1x1 inch strips running lengthwise of the crate and 1-1/2 inches apart except the front where the strips are placed perpendicularly and two inches apart to enable the chicks to put their heads out between them to eat. They are fed from a shallow trough set two inches from the front of the crate. The crates are set on saw horses twenty inches from the floor so the droppings can drop through the slatted floor onto sand underneath where they can easily be removed. The crates were placed in an open front shed so the chicks had plenty of fresh air without draught. In cold weather, of course, they should be kept in a fairly warm house.

These chicks were about three months old when the test began and the twenty-four weighed 87.4 pounds. At the end of twenty days they weighed 123.6 pounds, making practically a gain of one and a half pounds each in twenty days. These chicks were fed ground oats (with the coarser hulls sifted out) mixed quite wet with butter milk or skim milk and slightly salted. They were fed three times a day for the first two weeks and twice a day thereafter. Care was taken not to feed too much at once, and they were never fed quite as much as they

Then hail all!

To the Arkansas hen,

When you get up your hens and quit a howl,
For the busy, persevering, useful fowl.

Cotton may be king,
But it's plainly seen
That the cackling hen
Is the Arkansas Queen.
—Paragould (Ark.) Democrat.

Dry Feeding and Fertility.

We have expressed our favorable opinion of dry feeding.

The following from the American Poultry Advocate indicates that dry feeding also increases the fertility of the eggs:

We are sometimes asked as to the advantages there may be in fertility of the eggs laid by hens that are fed by the dry feeding method, and a letter recently sent us by Dr. Nottage gives valuable light upon that point. A Mr. Boulton, living in Connecticut, was advised by a neighbor to send to Dr. Nottage for some eggs from which to hatch early chicks, and sent him an order for a hundred eggs, in February; following is his verbatim report upon them:

"We put yours in one tray (100 eggs) and marked them, and in the other tray put a hundred eggs from a man of a great deal of reputation who feeds mash. I wanted to test the difference, thinking it might show in the fertility. Of your hundred, 16 were infertile, and of his, 64! I paid the same price for both, and I think the result shows well for your method of dry feeding."

Experienced incubator operators well know that the measure of fertility is (approximately) the measure of weak germs left in the machine at first test, and expect that about the same proportion of the eggs will fail to hatch that there are infertile. As 64 per cent of the eggs from the mashed hens were infertile, it is fair to suppose that 64 per cent of the 36 eggs remaining would be weak germs and fail to hatch. That would give 23 (plus) of weak germs, and a "fair expectation" of 13 chicks to hatch. Of the dry fed hens' eggs there were but 16 per cent infertile, which would indicate but 13 (plus) weak germs, and a "fair expectation" of 80 or 81 chicks to hatch. Quite a difference there!

Orchard and Poultry.

The idea at the bottom of an article in the Rural Californian, is excellent, but it would take a large flock of chickens to keep the weeds down, in a Florida orange grove. If you keep chickens in an orange grove, do not let them roost in the trees, nor is it wise to coop them long at a time under any one tree, it puts too much ammonia in one place and is likely to cause disease. Plum trees planted in a chicken yard are not apt to be troubled by curculio.

The chickens destroy insect enemies of the fruit. With all your trap-pings the insects do get past you. The hens may not get all that remains, but they and the little chicks will get many of them. Poultry like fruit and chickens in an orchard will eat the immature fruit as it falls, and in doing so kill off the worms that caused the

charges on the car. The charges are taken along and all calculation made on the daily supply of eggs.

The 300-Egg Hen.

A writer in the Pacificancier, believes that the 300 egg hen is not only possible but probable. He says:

I believe we will soon have a 300-egg-hen-per-year. Way up in Maine at the experiment station experts are trying to see what they can accomplish by breeding under scientific conditions along these lines. As yet the work has not gone far enough to make it possible to announce definite results beyond the fact that the experiments are proving successful.

We all know that hens do not lay at the same rate all through the year. The original hen of the forest laid only for a few weeks in a year, and we have to-day very much improved on the forest hen. Some hens now-a-days lay nearly all the year round, and it should be the one aim of every breeder to eventually raise a race of chickens that will lay as well in winter as in summer. It is the one aim of the scientists in Maine to bring this to pass, and particularly to induce the hen to distribute her output evenly through the months from January to December. The fact that some hens do this better than others goes to show that much may be accomplished along these lines by careful attention to breeding. By the way, did you ever give an egg careful attention? When we speak about the meat of the egg we are nearer the truth than some of us think we are, for the yolk of the egg is the meat, and you as beginners in the poultry business may come across what is commonly called jellied eggs; when broken it stands up plump all right but there is very little starch about it; simply jelly. I do not know what causes it, I have been in the poultry business for many years, and I have studied the outside and the inside of the egg, have experimented for years to find out what causes the jellied egg, and I have not discovered it yet, but I do not think it is good to eat, and again you may get some eggs with clots of blood in them about the size of a bean. Some hens are nervous; they are easily frightened from the nest and fly off with a loud noise. The first egg it lays will not be affected, but the second one will have the clot of blood in the yolk. When the wife sees it she says it is a chicken and throws it away, but this is a good egg. In fact, the meat or yolk of the egg is full of blood, and very fine veins, but it is only in such cases as this that it becomes visible. Most people think there is nothing much to learn about the inside of the egg, but you might give your life to the study of the egg and acquire valuable information all the time. Say you start with a half dozen good hens, have trap nests for them, and proceed to test them for laying eggs. Keep a careful record of the number of eggs each hen lays, and the most accomplished performers you keep for breeding. Incidentally you select the largest eggs for hatching, and no telling but what you will be one who will give to the world the 300-egg hen. Go to it. You have my best wishes for success.

do not conduct to large profits. So after a time, these fowls are sent to market and some other breed is pur-

better. If you happen to make yours in an open shed, you can hang up a curtain and let it down when the birds have eaten.

In Canada the government has taken hold of the crate-fattening scheme, with a view to educating the farmers how the best quality can be produced, but it is not necessary that Uncle Sam follow suit, for in the United States our farmers so much patronize the poultry press, that they can get their information from that source. There is an intense satisfaction in accomplishment and he who would accomplish the most with poultry culture, must be up with the times. Not only that, but the top is the profit; see to it, that you get the top.

Selling Eggs by Weight.

This is advocated by a writer in the California Agricultural Journal. There is no doubt that selling by weight is the only fair method and we should be glad to see it made the law of every state.

An injustice to producers, as well as consumers, is the practice of selling eggs by the dozen instead of by the pound, just the same as meat and other commodities are sold.

It is a well-known fact that eggs vary greatly in size, and were the pound rate established people would get just what they paid for. Little eggs and big eggs would then be on the same footing, and neither would have an advantage over the other.

It is manifestly unfair for the producer to get for his large eggs—eggs laid by Minorcas, Wyandottes, Plymouth Rocks, Langshans, Houdans or Cochins only the same price as eggs laid by Leghorns, Polish, Hamburgs or Bantams. And yet this is the rule when eggs are sold by the dozen. And it is just as unfair for the consumer to pay the same price for small eggs as for large eggs.

Some eggs weigh 14 to 18 ounces to the dozen. Other eggs weigh 25 to 30 ounces to the dozen, yet all sell for the same price under the dozen rule. Suppose you ask your grocer to give you 30 ounces for a pound weight, or the grocer might just as well ask the same for 16 ounces as he does for 25 or 30 ounces. Yet this rule will apply to the dozen way of buying and selling eggs.

No such system of buying and selling obtains in any other branch of trade. And reform in the egg trade is necessary. Of course, it will take some little work to inaugurate the plan of buying eggs and selling them by weight; but when once commenced it will soon become the custom.

Let poultry and farm journals agitate this question, not spasmodically, but all the time. The argument is all on the side of selling eggs by the pound. Nothing of much force can be said against it. Once the custom, and people will wonder why it had not always been the custom.

The egg trade of the country is a tremendous big thing, and eggs should be sold and purchased in all fairness to seller and buyer, as will be the case when they are sold by weight instead of by the dozen.

do not conduct to large profits. So after a time, these fowls are sent to market and some other breed is pur-

chased, only to be subjected to the same unwise management and untimely sending to the shop.

The fourth class is composed of persons that have poor hen houses and poor fowls, and, to all appearances, have no ambition for anything better. They give their hens just any old kind of feed; they don't pay any attention to the pesky things anyhow; they are amazed that any one should suggest that a hen house needs a tri-weekly cleaning. They get scarcely any eggs and they have always found that the sons that have poor hen houses and worth. Which class are you in, friend?

How to Keep Food Cool in Summer Without Ice.

There are many families, in this State, that will find a valuable hint in the article written for the Practical Farmer, by Mr. T. B. Terry, which we copy below:

Dr. G. G. Goff, Lewisburg, Pa., has kindly sent us a description of a model kitchen belonging to a neighbor. One contrivance that seems to me especially valuable is an elevator, or dumb waiter, which runs from the kitchen to the cellar below, and then on down into a well. The well is a dry one; that is, it does not go down to water. The object of the well is to keep things cool without ice. Food of all kinds can be placed in the elevator on shelves and then the whole frame lowered to the bottom of the well. You have, many of you, put things into a pail, or into the water bucket, and lowered them into the well in hot weather; we have, and it does nicely, only it is unhandy. The plan of an elevator to carry things down into a well that is only used for this purpose is entirely practical. In fact, many years ago a friend of ours in this town dug a well and failed to find water. Determined not to lose his work, he stoned up the hole and used it for food and milk in

looking ahead. It makes life brighter. And meanwhile, if you can put things on the cellar bottom, at a point where water from roof runs down so it is always wet under the floor, with a tight box over them, made of thick boards, they will keep much cooler than on a shelf. Hang the box by hinges to a heavy plank, and have rope and pulley and weight to balance so it will lift easily. You can get these screw pulleys for 3 cents each and use sash cord for rope.

One Acre Enough.

Many years ago a book was published entitled "Ten Acres Enough." It had a great run and probably was the means of inducing hundreds of men to try trucking or gardening. Soon afterwards another man wrote a book, "Five Acres Too Much." This recorded one failure. There have been many great successes. One of these is reported by the American Farmer as follows:

Samuel Cleekle of Glenn county, Cal., is heralded as the man who has lived on a single acre of land for thirty years and not only made a comfortable support for himself and wife, but was able to save an average of \$400 a year beside. It was done by irrigation and intensive farming. A Pennsylvanian is about to follow this example on an acre of land in Colorado and is confident of success, by utilizing every foot of space as is done by professional gardeners. The Spokesman-Review insists that the same can be done in many find all the land they want is ton, with favorable location and climate. If this becomes general and many find all the land they want is one acre, the awful spectre of an overcrowded world that can't feed its population, will disappear. There would be more than enough land for all, if one acre only satisfied many. Even "the little farm well tilled" was supposed to require a number of acres and will have to yield its fame to the tiny tracts above described.

HOTEL ORANGE

At INVERNESS, FLA.,

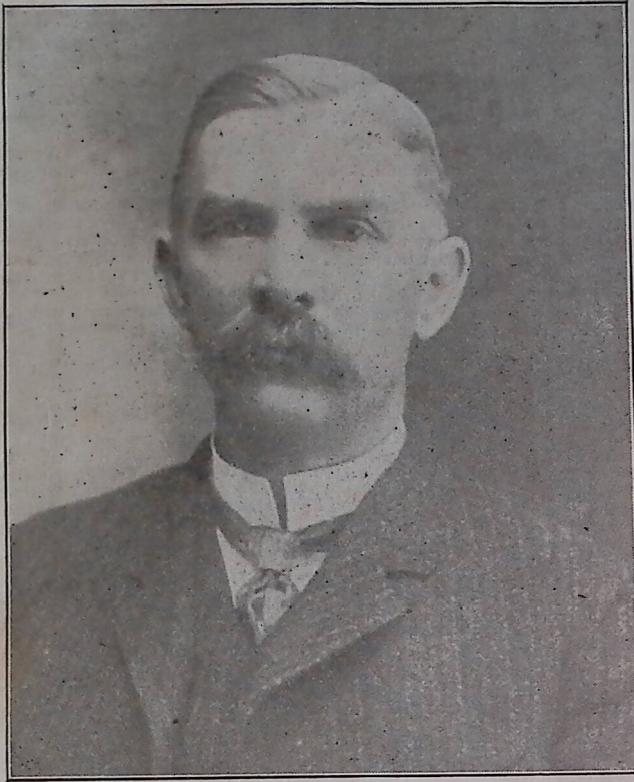
Is now open. First-class in every respect. All modern improvements.

Bath Rooms—Hot and Cold.

Line Suite of Rooms for families. Table supplied with everything the market affords. Fishing and hunting in this section unexcelled in the State.

Rates, \$2.00 per Day.

R. H. MATSON, JR., Prop.



MR. R. J. KNIGHT.
Largest Naval Stores Operator in Florida.

offices in the upper story are his. In public enterprises for the improvement and general good of the town Mr. Knight is the most generous and indefatigable citizen we have. Churches, schools, charities, political and local causes, all find Mr. Knight with a ready hand and purse.

In 1899 he married Miss May, the eldest daughter of our leading physician, Dr. Bennett. He owns one of the finest residences in town and he, with his charming wife and interesting children, have made their home a model one of sweet, old-time Southern hospitality and good cheer.

The personality of the man is altogether pleasing. One might forgive a bit of pride, boastfulness or ostentation in a man who had achieved so much, but, in reality, it were hard to find a more quiet, unassuming man than Mr. R. J. Knight. Never has he been known to seek notoriety, being well content with the love of his family and friends, the respect of his fellowmen and the trust of his employees.

J. W. WARD, JR.

J. W. Ward is a native of South Carolina; but, in 1901, he came to Florida and settled at Floral City. He at once engaged in the naval stores business on a very extensive scale, providing work and consequent sustenance for a large number of hands, and incidentally putting much money in circulation throughout the country. He has been very successful in his business, as he brought into it energy and sound business principles.

Owning much good land, Mr. Ward also tried his hand at farming. Besides shipping much truck, he supplies his employees and their families with over twelve thousand pounds of vegetables annually.

He also has interests elsewhere; is a stockholder in The Florida Bank and Trust Company, and The Naval Stores Export Company of Jacksonville, and is the vice-president of The South Florida Naval Stores Company of Tampa.

All the foregoing shows that Mr. Ward is a man of parts; the kind of a man who is a real benefit to the coun-

try. They find in him an ideal landlord—attentive, courteous and ever on the alert to discover new comforts and luxuries which he may provide for his guests.

Capt. Matson is chairman of the board of county commissioners and is assiduous in furthering the welfare of the county affairs as far as consistent with its present wealth and its future progress.

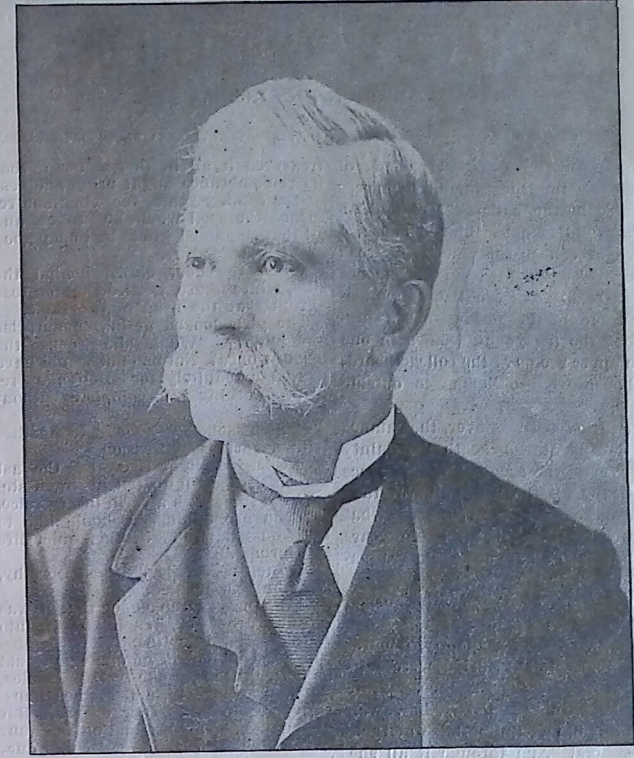
Personally, Capt. Matson is a jovial, good-humored man, with a ready smile for the happy and a ready hand for the unfortunate. He is one of the best all-around-right men in the county, and has ever evinced the best of judgment in political, municipal and social matters. He is well worthy the esteem of all right-thinking people.

KAOLIN.

About the same time that the phosphate discoveries were made in Florida, Kaolin, too, was found. Citrus county has many valuable beds of kaolin, but the commercial eye of the public has not yet penetrated into the future possibilities of kaolin mines and kaolin plants, so there is a grand "first chance" for some capitalist.

Kaolin is pure white clay used in the manufacture of the finest porcelain. The mining of kaolin is much like that of phosphate. In the pit are necessary the dredge boat, pipe and pump. The boat, though, has not the long upper arm and bucket, but has a submerged arm and iron fingers with which it stirs up the bottom of the pit. Then the mixture of sand, kaolin and water is pumped up by steam to go its rounds, the sand to the dump piles, the kaolin to the tanks, and the water to wherever it is needed—perhaps back to the pits to be again used in the washing.

A large pipe leads from the pit to the washer where the mass is churned over and over, and is then passed on to the separator. This separator is a large basin built on an incline, and is divided into three compartments, all containing water for the washing. The washing is done by a system of endless chains, belts, pulleys and scrapers. The sand is thrown one way and the water containing the kaolin flows into large, shallow



CAPT. R. H. MATSON, of Inverness.
Chairman Board of County Commissioners.

WALTER F. WARNOCK.

Mr. Warnock was born January 20, 1875 at Bottsford, Sumter county, Georgia. Moved with his father to Sumter county, Florida, in 1884. Moved to Floral City in 1890, and while there learned the printer's trade in the office of The Floral City Times. Later moved to county seat, Inverness, with The Phosphate Field, which succeeded the Floral City Times.

In 1893 Mr. Warnock was editor of The Phosphate Field, but gave that up to enter the establishment of McAllister & Brooks as bookkeeper, which position he held until January, 1897, when he entered the county clerk's office as deputy. In 1900 he was, himself, nominated as clerk in primaries; then, in 1904, was again nominated to succeed himself. At the time of his election he was the youngest clerk in the state.

Mr. Warnock makes a very efficient clerk of Circuit Court, and there is no doubt that he will continue succeeding himself, unless his friends run him for a still higher office.

Walter still has a soft spot in his heart for his first love, the printer's trade, and says that if the good people of Citrus county see fit to turn him down and can put a better man in his place, he will sit himself upon a high stool, put a goosequill behind his ear and announce himself as a bona fide printer.

surroundings resultant to the dark days of the '60's.

Mr. Knight's parental home—the home of his ancestors for generations, past—is near Valdosta, Ga. In that city he as a boy took a clerkship with the Hall Bros., but as he grew up to manhood he realized that he was not of the sort that could contentedly occupy a subordinate position, be it ever so lucrative; he felt that he must be his own master; nay, more; he felt that he was born to command.

As a beginning he started in the naval stores business, with a partner, Mr. T. G. Cranford, at Wade, Fla.

This was twelve years ago. Four years he prospered; then, in '96, came the devastating storm which tried the very souls of the turpentine men; not a tree was left standing on Mr. Knight's turpentine farms.

In no wise daunted, Mr. Knight, to use a German simile, "smiled though the play was bad," and went forth in search of pastures new. 'Twas then the good fates brought him to Crystal River.

It would take columns to tell of the gradual, but sure, developing of the various naval enterprises founded by Mr. Knight since he came among us. He established the firms of Knight & Knight, at Citronelle; Knight & McIntosh, at Freeman, besides individual plants at Dunnellon, Etna and Nocatee. These firms control over 150,000 acres of land, and own the assets of the



A GOOD PLACE IN WHICH TO ESTABLISH A SILK-GROWING PLANT.

A circular of information regarding silk culture has been approved by the Secretary of Agriculture, James Wilson. Congress has appropriated money for the purpose, and agrees to buy the raw silk at from 75 cents to \$1 per pound of choked cocoons. The Agricultural Department also agrees to furnish free the cuttings or plants of the real silk mulberry, and also enough eggs ("seed") for a fair start in the business, with a book of instructions regarding the rearing of the silk-worms, caring for cocoons, etc.

The time is not far distant when there will be a silk-reeling, as well as a silk-growing, establishment put up somewhere in the South; and there is no reason why Citrus county—Crystal River, in fact—should not have that plant.

The first step towards securing such a plant is to prove ourselves entitled to it. How? By as many as possible clubbing together to each raise enough silk to prove to the government that silk can be raised profitably here, even though it is sold at a dollar per pound in its cocoon state.

The writer of this has had experience in raising silk; but that was years ago when the government had no time to

the industry before it will pay. One whole family—unless it be the sort of family which Roosevelt puts a premium on—could not raise enough silk to make a reeling machine pay, or keep it busy; and it is in the reeled silk the greater profits lie.

Much space is not necessary. An ordinary room which can be kept free from mice, roaches and wasps will harbor all the silkworms which two or three persons can attend to. After the mulberry leaves and the eggs have been provided, two dollars, or less if there is a man about who is handy with tools, is all the capital required for the raising of raw silk, i. e., silk in the cocoon state, and unreeled.

There is a great demand for eggs from American silk growers, as American "seed" is said to be freer from diseases than the European "seed." The simply raising of "seed" is often more profitable than the raising of cocoons.

The writer has raised a large quantity of silk here near Crystal River, and was never troubled by disease coming among the silk worms. She raised the worms on the common wild mulberry, yet it reeled as long and compared as finely in quality as did that grown in China and in France.

As to any difficulty in raising the necessary food for the silk-worms, we all know that nowhere does the mulberry flourish as it does right here.

MRS. GEORGE H. STRATNER.

THE PHOSPHATE INDUSTRY.

doubt that he will continue succeeding himself, unless his friends run him for a still higher office.

Walter still has a soft spot in his heart for his first love, the printer's trade, and says that if the good people of Citrus county see fit to turn him down and can put a better man in his place, he will sit himself upon a high stool, put a goosequill behind his ear and announce himself as a bona fide editor—an editor to stay.

(Privately, we do not believe Walter would be so liberal, too good-hearted, too hail-fellow-well-met, and such fellows don't get rich as editors. Walter doesn't look as if he could dum any one for an overdue subscription; and as to telling the would-be village-poet that his (or her) poetry(?) is not worth a dollar a line!—No, Walter couldn't do it. He'd pay the dollar, print the line, and trust to luck that nobody would read it.)

Mr. Warnock is a Mason, being Past Master of Citrus Lodge No. 118, at Inverness, and Captain of the Host in Inverness Royal Arch Chapter. He is also a member of Pilgrim Commandery No. 7 Knights Templar and of Morocco Temple Ancient and Arabic Order Nobles of the Mystic Shrine.

On the 9th of July, 1896, Mr. Walter Warnock was married to Miss Alice Wilson, of Inverness, and they have now a lovely girl baby.

MR. R. J. KNIGHT.

Born during the time when his country was being devastated by war; rising, as one might say, up and away from the coffin that had been already prepared for him during his infancy, the child grew to boyhood, then on to manhood amidst all the discouraging

the good fates brought him to Crystal River.

It would take columns to tell of the gradual, but sure, developing of the various naval enterprises founded by Mr. Knight since he came among us. He established the firms of Knight & Knight, at Citronelle; Knight & McIntosh, at Freeman, besides individual plants at Dunnellon, Etna and Nocantee. These firms control over 150,000 acres of land, while the assets of the various places amount to some \$337,000. In short, Mr. Knight is the largest naval stores operator in the state.

Another of Mr. Knight's enterprises, to be developed in the near future, is a mill to be used solely in the working up of the hard woods. He has also schemes on the tapis for utilizing much of the waste materials usual to turpentine plants and saw mills.

Mr. Knight may also be classed as an agriculturist. He is having lands cleared and drained preparatory to planting rice, celery and other less cultivated products—products for which this part of the country seems so especially suited. Fruits, too, especially peaches are being planted by acres by him. It is said that he is paving the way for a canning factory; and like a man of forethought, he wants to make sure of having the material ready for the canning.

Fine, blooded stock is another of his undertakings; and he has great tracts of land marked out for future pastures.

Besides running these enterprises, Mr. Knight is a heavy stockholder in The Crystal River Publishing Company. He also owns an interest in The Crystal River Lumber business. The largest and handsomest double store building, with pleasant, roomy



MR. J. W. WARD,
of Floral City.

ty and town in which he lives. Politically, his views are straight democratic and all right; public questions find in Mr. Ward a valiant and staunch champion.

The personality of the man is that of the courteous, genial, hospitable Southern gentleman. His home is one of the finest, and best appointed residences in the county. Himself and wife, with their three bright children represent a home-life to be envied, for a happier one can scarcely be found. The friend or "the stranger within their gates" who have once enjoyed the hospitality of this ideal home are ever after happier because of the memory.

CAPT. R. H. MATSON.

Capt. R. H. Matson has one of the most ideal homes, located in one of the most picturesque spots of Florida. It is on an island entirely surrounded by the Tsalala Apopka lake, near Inverness.

The big freeze of '96 had swept away the orange groves, but it could not mar the beauties which nature had lavished on this spot; and neither could it extinguish the vim and ambition of Capt. Matson, for he has now not only orange trees but also a great variety of other tropical fruit trees in bearing. He has also achieved success in the culture of pecans and hickory nuts. The house is located on an eminence which affords a magnificent view, and frees it from mosquitoes, flies and other insect pests.

Capt. Matson has built a beautiful and commodious hotel at Inverness, which is the pride of the town. It is called the Orange Hotel, and is in every way first class, with all the modern improvements such as baths, etc.

Rates are \$2 a day and upward, according to the services required. Whole suits are furnished to guests as well as single rooms.

There is no doubt about it that Capt. Matson knows what the traveling public and the winter tourists want, and he sees to it that they have it if they

tanks. Here it is at rest, and the kaolin, which is insoluble in water, settles to the bottom. Now these tanks are beautiful to look into; the pure white sediment at the bottom, seen through the cerulian blue waters has a beauty peculiarly its own.

After the kaolin is well settled the water is drawn off and the mineral is forced through pipes into the presses in the press rooms. After the press work—the modus operandi of which we have not here the space to describe in full—the kaolin is in the form of large, pasty sheets, and is, by machinery, carried up into the kilns or drying rooms. When perfectly dry it is put into bags and shipped away to the potteries.

There is no reason why Citrus county should not also be shipping this valuable natural product of the mineral kingdom out to the general world.

BEE CULTURE.

Just a glance at the profusion of wild flowers, at the great bunches and clusters of palmetto blooms and at the deep green, sweet, aromatic verdure everywhere about tells that this is the land of free honey. Hitherto one needed but to take a day off and go "bee-tree hunting" in the woods in order to get a year's supply of honey, but the influx of settlers is naturally followed by a lessening of this free-for-all luxury. Yet where any product flourishes profusely in a wild state, there, of course, this product can be successfully cultivated. One desirable method of bee culture peculiarly adapted to those who have but a slim purse to start with, or who like to indulge in camp life and ever-changing scenery, is to build a barge, place the hives on it and float to and fro on the rivers, camping at various places along shore just long enough to gather the honey nearby, while it is at its best and plentiful enough so as to allow the bees no time to waste in hunting after the sweets of life.

The "stationary" bee farmer will here find many varieties of bee food easily cultivated—if his bees really need more than that which nature provides.

son Why county—Crystal River, in fact—should not have that plant.

The first step towards securing such a plant is to prove ourselves entitled to it. How? By as many as possible clubbing together to each raise enough silk to prove to the government that silk can be raised profitably here, even though it is sold at a dollar per pound in its cocoon state.

The writer of this has had experience in raising silk; but that was years ago when the government had no time to study the silk question; when companies who played on the ignorance of the people bought cocoons for 35 cents per pound, sent them to France to be reeled, and made about 600 per cent clear profit. (Some claim that the profit was far greater than that quoted.)

Could the toilers of a country, or a section of country, but be content to take the goods which the gods have provided, and develop the resources already at hand instead of wasting time and money—and force—striving after the unattainable, 'twere better for all concerned and for the country itself.

Nowhere more than in the South, in Florida, in Citrus county especially, are climate, atmosphere and soils so particularly adapted to silk culture, yet, thus far, no move has been made by capital to take advantage of these facts. True, one may find among the aged ladies of the best families a few who tell how they had, in the old days, delighted to use but the silken hose of their own manufacture, and make all sorts of dainty silken trifles for which they had but their own industry and skill to thank. But, like "The Lost Chords," these traits of skill seem to have vanished.

Silk culture is light, cleanly work, and it is so interesting that once started it is hard to put away. Old men and women, persons too weak to endure hard labor, cripples and even quite small children can do the work.

But there must be many engaged in

the silk worms. She raised them on the common wild mulberry, yet it reeled as long and compared as finely in quality as did that grown in China and in France.

As to any difficulty in raising the necessary food for the silk-worms, we all know that nowhere does the mulberry flourish as it does right here.

Mrs. GEORGE H. STRATNER.

THE PHOSPHATE INDUSTRY

The phosphate industry is too well known to need description; suffice it to say that it is an industry that is ever growing; and now that the various companies interested have come to a better understanding, and have made a common cause of matters to benefit them as a whole, it bids fair to become yet far more important as a money factor.

In 1890 Florida shipped 18,368 tons of phosphate; in the year 1903 it had increased its tonnage to 462,822.

It is admitted everywhere that the high grade of Florida phosphate has no competitors, either in quality, quantity or cheapness of production.

The opening of Port Inglis, on the Gulf, near where the waters of the Withlacoochee River and the Crystal River meet, has given a renewed impetus to the mining of phosphate, as the transportation expenses have been thus considerably lessened, and the facilities for quick transportation have been increased.

To this port much is now shipped via the Withlacoochee River, but the Camp Phosphate Company of South Dunnellon has applied for a charter to build a railroad direct to the Crystal River, by which river the phosphate barges can get to the large ships waiting in the deeper waters of the Gulf with greater dispatch



MR. WALTER F. WARNOCK.
Citrus County's Efficient Clerk of Circuit Court.



Mrs. M. STRATNER, Authoress.
(Mrs. Geo. H. Stratner.)