

"OH, YOU CIDER!"

Fall is the season when man is moved to praise of things humble in origin, but rich in fulfillment.

The inevitable predictions as to the character of the coming winter are being made. And it was just as inevitable that they should disagree.

Americans are not the only ones who engage in the search for lost treasure or unclaimed estates.

Receipts of sheep at Omaha make a new world's record, more than 63,000 having arrived in one day.

Has aviation as a "sport" no longer power to attract? Reports from the old world are to the effect that the principal British and continental meetings this year resulted in financial loss to their promoters.

California astronomers report the breaking up of a big sunspot into a group of uncommonly small fragments.

A Washington man has been arrested and fined for selling "adulterated eggs."

A magazine writer explains that aviation in dreams is due to functional disturbances of a slight nature.

Good Mothers

Future of Society Lays in Her Hands

By REV. MADISON C. PETERS

THE OLD SAYING, "Like mother like son," is historically correct. Henry IV. of Germany becomes a miserable prince, but blessed with a wise mother, Louis IX. of France grows up to be a man of God.

Sir Walter Scott's mother was a superior woman, a lover of poetry and painting. Byron's worst enemy was his mother—she was proud and ill-tempered.

General Grant's mother went into a room at a certain hour each day during the war to pray for her Ulysses. President McKinley left the capital and the affairs of state to watch at the side of his dying mother.

John Quincy Adams, till the day of his death, said the little prayer his mother taught him, "Now I lay me down to sleep."

If the world was lost through woman, she alone can save it. The future of society is in the hands of the mothers.

Our homes have made America peerless among the nations. Any encyclopedia of American biography will prove that our most illustrious statesmen, our most distinguished scientists, our most eloquent preachers, our merchant princes, and our great benefactors came from the humble families where mothers rule, not as queens of fashion.

Out on the big cattle ranges of the Southwest it is the common practice of the nestor or cowboy, when he makes his camp for the night, to put hobbles on his work horses or saddle ponies.

There's a reason. With the hobbles on, the animals are so impeded in their walk that they can cover but a little distance, even in the course of an entire night, and the owner goes serenely to his slumbers, knowing that his beasts will be in range of his vision on his awakening.

The restraining thongs, attached only to the forelegs, do not prevent them from cropping the rich prairie grass, but effectually hinder their straying to a great distance from camp.

Now, of all ungainly, ungraceful looking objects on earth, I put a hobbled horse, or rather did up to this day, when my eyes for the first time beheld a hobbled woman.

How can there be grace without ease and freedom of movement? A hobbled woman ought to be taken out and shown the limp and hobbled hop of a hobbled horse, and I honestly believe that one look would cause her to change her skirts.

Poison ivy, which nearly every one realizes is a dangerous vine, has three leaves on one stem. If people knew the vine they naturally would avoid coming in contact with it, as it is poisonous.

I have walked barefooted through the vines many times when I was a boy and have never been poisoned by it.

There are about two months when it is dangerous and this time is between the third week in July and the second or third week in September, depending on the frost.

The only way to exterminate the vine is to kill all the roots and the new shoots that have formed the same season, for the vine spreads very fast and is not easy to kill.

I have never been poisoned, but I know what it does, for dad's face was so swollen that he couldn't see for a week.

If any man needs better wages and shorter hours it is the drug clerk. A drug clerks' association would go a great way toward remedying this, but time and again has this been tried.

The clerks at one time had an organization going at a fair headway when some one disappeared with a greater part of its funds. This discouraged the clerks and now it is very hard to get them together.

If these clerks could be organized it would mean more pay and shorter hours, which are what they deserve.

This would benefit the people in general. The body of clerks is getting smaller and smaller. Tell me, why should they learn the business, when a plumber, carpenter or any tradesman gets more pay than they do?

One must be a lover of the business to stick and I am one of these.

No prescription would then be filled by a clerk who is half asleep, which is often the case now. In this way mistakes are made and the patient is in danger of an overdose. It is hard nowadays to get a man or boy to learn the business.

The body of clerks is getting smaller and smaller. Tell me, why should they learn the business, when a plumber, carpenter or any tradesman gets more pay than they do? One must be a lover of the business to stick and I am one of these.

RUBBER IN TEXAS

Good Commercial Article Made From Guayule Shrub.

Plant Grows Abundantly in Southwest Texas and is Baled About Like Hay—Crushed Into Powder Something Like Sawdust.

When the discovery was first announced that a good quality of commercial rubber could be made from the guayule shrub, which grows abundantly in southwest Texas and Mexico, the announcement was the occasion for many extravagant stories in the daily press.

From time to time during the past year there have been announcements of leases of rubber plant rights by the land department of Texas, the proceeds of which go to the school fund, but it is doubtful if many Texans are aware that the rubber-making industry is actually on its feet in Texas, and that 200 men are employed at the little town of Alpine in the task of turning a hitherto worthless shrub into money.

The Alpine Avalanche thus interestingly describes the process:

"The guayule shrub grows to the height of about eighteen inches with a spread of about the same; the body of the shrub is about one inch in diameter, roots running horizontally. The leaf is long and narrow, light colored and the veins running to the point of the leaf. Above the plant are numerous lesser stems that bloom and bear seed. The shrub grows at an average elevation of about five thousand feet, generally found on low, rocky hills and high table land.

"The plant is gathered by men who go into the field with a press and a crew of Mexican laborers who pull the shrub. The shrub is baled about like hay and hauled to the factory at Marathon, where it is carefully inspected and fed into a machine that crushes and cuts it into a powder resembling saw-dust. This product is then transferred to the pebble mill, which is a revolving drum containing over a thousand pounds of imported flint pebbles the size of eggs. A quantity of water is added and the whole mass is revolved for several hours. The product is by the action of the pebbles reduced to a pulp and is transferred to large vats where, after being chemically treated and the water heated, a scum rises similar to the process of boiling sorghum. This scum is taken off and carried to the cleaning department, where all foreign matter is removed from the gummy mass that is made into rubber.

"The next process is the sheeting machine, where the gum is fed between rollers under dripping water; the sheets are folded until they come out perfect. They are next taken to a table, where they are cut to fit shallow pans and put in a drying oven—it has turned from yellow to black. It is now placed in a press and comes out a slug of solid rubber about six inches square and two feet long. It is then dusted with soap-stone and wrapped in cloth and mailed up in a box made to fit it.

"The price of the shrub delivered at the factory has averaged about \$35.00 per ton. The factory, when running night and day, employs about two hundred men, most of the labor being performed by Mexicans."

Cause of Ropy Milk.

Bacteria cause ropy milk and are usually found in the milk utensils and not in the cow's udder. Clean up, disinfect and whitewash stables and perfectly scald and sun dry milk utensils. See that the drinking water and water used in cleansing the vessels are free from contamination.

If the milk is affected when drawn from the udder, says Breeders' Gazette, the cause is garget and bacteria in the udder. For that treat by physicking the cow, giving a tablespoonful of salt-peter twice daily in water for a few days and then mixing half an ounce of sulphate of soda in feed night and morning for a week. The milk will be safe for pigs and chickens.

Hog Cholera Cure.

If you will give five drops of crude carbolic acid to each hog it will prevent the rest of the bunch from catching the disease. This is a remedy that has been used by our family with good results. We have never had a sick hog after giving acid mixed with food. We don't let them have anything else until they eat up the feed with the acid in it. The hogs will not eat it very readily. The same remedy will answer for chickens with cholera, only give them but two drops per chicken.—W. H. Burke, Clarksville, Tex.

Volga Cabbage.

Volga cabbage has made a remarkably fine showing at the Pennsylvania State College during the past season. This is a comparatively new variety that is well adapted to limestone soils. The plants are sure headers not nearly equal to Danish Ball Head in this respect. It may prove quite valuable as a late cabbage, and it certainly possesses special merit for limestone soils.

Watering Window-Box Growths.

Don't be sparing of water on your window boxes. Ninety-nine cases of failure out of a hundred results from a lack of sufficient water. Being exposed to the air at all times, evaporation takes place rapidly. Apply water by the pailful instead of bowlful, and there need be no failure to grow just as good plants in the window box as in the garden beds.

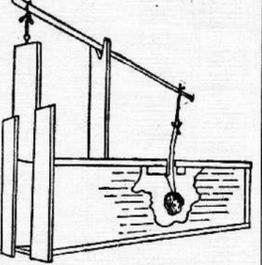
Spoiling Promising Foal.

Many a promising foal is spoiled through lack of good food or unsuitable feeding, and haphazard and wrong methods of breeding are not the only cause of such a great number of inferior, weedy and undersized horses being raised by the farmer.

DAMAGE CAUSED BY RABBIT

Makes Its Hiding Place in Brush Piles, Grass, Weeds and Briars—Should Be Removed.

We picked up recently, a government bulletin on "The Rabbit As a Farm and Orchard Pest." This gives some very interesting statistics regarding the damage caused by the little cotton tail, but no specific statement is made as to money loss to orchardists from the rabbit, says National Fruit Grower. This bulletin, among other things, says the cotton tail is fond of frequenting farms and plantations and makes its "forms"



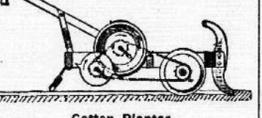
A Dead Sure Trap.

under brush heaps or in tufts of grass, bunches of weeds, briars or bushes. It occupies this form by day and at night moves about, feeding. The point we want to make here is that the up-to-date fruit farmer would not have these brush piles, grass, weeds and briars anywhere around, so the cotton tail would have hard work to hide, hence would be apt to stay away.

INVENTS A COTTON PLANTER

Plow-Like Implement is Arranged with Plow or Opener at One End and Coverer at Other.

Mr. Thomas' N. Seay of Columbia, S. C., has invented a cotton planter, an illustration of which is given herewith. It consists of a plow-like implement, comprising a frame with a plow or opener at one end and a coverer at the other.



Cotton Planter.

er at the other, says Scientific American. A driving wheel is mounted directly behind the opener and is geared by means of a chain to a seed reservoir, consisting of two cups mounted mouth-to-mouth with a narrow space between them, in which a seed-wheel projects. The latter is also geared to the driving wheel and serves to drop the seed at measured intervals into the furrow opened by the plow.

Points of a Dairy Cow.

A good dairy cow possesses rather thin, pliable, elastic skin. A coarse, harsh handling skin is a poor indication. When cows possess these qualities of skin they are rarely good producers.

Much attention should be given the udder of the dairy cow—a large udder does not indicate that it is a good one. They are often very fleshy; a good udder should be elastic and pliable, and shows many folds when milked out. The teats should be placed equal distance apart and this is generally always the case of the udder is symmetrical and well proportioned. Large milk veins are good indications, the more winding and branching they are the better the indication. The veins do not carry milk, as many think, but carry the blood from the udder to the body and the more blood that passes through the udder the more milk there is produced, because the milk is produced from the blood.

General Farm Notes

When nights turn cold and the weather is stormy, the cows should be stabled.

The coat should be taught to respect the whip and it will never be worn out on him.

In plowing one should seek to turn over a narrow furrow rather than a wide one.

When a dealer buys apples he is pretty sure to cut into both ends of the barrel.

Get stable manure on the orchard land during the early fall and right along through the winter months.

There are now about 483,000,000 sheep in the world. About 55,000,000 of them are in the United States.

Not a few farmers use a tin can gravity cream separator in which cold water is used to do the separating. Oats straw makes a good roughage for idle horses when it is well saved, but feed a little hay along with it.

Heifers that will come fresh next March, one-year-olds and calves, may be kept at pasture until the middle of next month.

For those who wish to raise large numbers of early chickens or who keep only non-flocking hens the brooder is a necessity.

A uniform flock of thrifty sheep, whether white or brown faced, purebred or grade, is a source of much pleasure to the lover of animals.

Do not use the corn fields for your eyes after picking? No better place on earth, but take care that there is not too much grain left, else they will be foundered.

A ewe showing too much masculinity, and a ram showing too much femininity are to be avoided, for such animals are apt to produce progeny that are not uniform. A good authority on horses says that the gray will live the longest, and that the roans come next in order. Blacks seldom live to be over 20, and creams rarely live more than 10 or 15 years.

ST. AUGUSTINE OUR OLDEST CITY



The Sea Wall at St. Augustine.



OLDEST HOUSE, BUILT 1562

THE RECENT Cuban hurricane which swept across to the Florida peninsula and, among other places in its path, greatly damaged St. Augustine, serves to call attention to this our oldest and perhaps most interesting city. The entire business section of the city was flooded with rushing sea water, while the wind and waves created havoc, the water pouring over the famous sea wall.

The spirit of manana—tomorrow—is so visible in St. Augustine the moment the traveler alights from his train that he does not need to be told the Spanish name once lived in and ruled the town. There is not another city in the United States, not excepting such few typically alien towns as lie along the Mexican border in the far southwest, which is so foreign. No matter where the visitor goes he finds reminders of old Spain, constantly beckoning him to behold her ancient glories.

Yet here there is a delightful blending of the old and new. Spain left many old buildings which are quaint and odd in their typically Spanish and Moorish architectural features, and their methods of building are still followed to a considerable extent, adapted, of course, to modern needs. It is nearly a century since Spain ceded Florida to the United States, but St. Augustine remains as a living reminder of the rule of the Don, and the shadow of the Andalusian regime remains. But it is a shadow without gloom. Every where in this old, old city the spirit of Spain is breathed, but only to the wonder and delight of the visitor, never with bitter memories.

The wealth of many millionaires has been lavished on St. Augustine. Realizing that the chief charm of the old city was its antiquity and that its monuments and structures left by the Spaniards were necessary to its life, as it were, the ancient landmarks have been preserved or restored, and many sections are as Spanish as they ever were in the days of the haughty governors of Castile. The Spanish flag floats on two centuries over the bastions of San Marco, and were it to be suddenly raised again on that old fort the Spanish effect would be complete.

San Marco, by the way, is probably the greatest object of curiosity to visitors. The United States government has renamed the place Fort Marion, but modernization cannot take away its quaintness nor its charm. Over the door of the Sally port, the coat of arms of Spain still looks out, carved in stone, and nearly as sharp as in the days when it came across the ocean; and all the "Fort Marions" in creation cannot modernize that. It is one of the first things the tourist sees when he comes to the old fort, and it prepares him for the typically Spanish things he will find further on.

Visitors like to stand long in the shadow of the walls of Fort Marion, and climb to its watchtower at the corner of the rampart. The sentry towers, too, are attractive, and the place is visited over and over again. What there is in this old fortification that exerts so subtle a charm is a mystery. Other places there are in this country which have more of history and a great deal more of importance, but they have not the power to attract. To me the fact that it is the only example of mediaeval strongholds on the American continent is something of a reason, and doubtless others are similarly impressed.

The spirit of Spain hovers over the old fort. In imagination one sees the soldiers of centuries ago looting about the place, gambling, duelling, quarrelling, drinking, swaggering, quarrelling, and there they left their strongest imprint that we have in any part of the American continent. Fort Marion is in charge of a rapid-fire ordinance sergeant of the United States army, who takes the visitors to the many points of interest. He has every detail of the settlement of the fort and the establishment of the fort at his tongue's end, and once he is started on the story there is no side-tracking him until he has finished.

Fort Marion is the water end of the old Spanish works, which began at the city gates away over at the other side of the town. Between the entrance and the main fort it has a barbican, a small fortification which may have had its uses some day in the past. The fort is surrounded by a moat and originally was reached by two drawbridges, one of which extended from the glacis and the other from the Sally port, which is now the only entrance.

In the casements are to be seen the old dungeons where the soldiers who had gained the enmity of the commandant or the governor were confined in chains. Let it be whispered, however, that the thrilling tales of skeletons found chained to the walls and of the tortures authorized by the inquisition and carried out by its agents are largely if not wholly moonshine.

From the watchtower, a beautiful view is gained of the Matanzas river, Anastasia Island, the rolling sand dunes and the heaving sea beyond. On Anastasia stands the "barber pole lighthouse," so named because it has been painted black and white in spiral stripes so that mariners may distinguish it from other beacons. The bathing beach of St. Augustine is on Anastasia Island also. Here landed the band of Huguenots who were slaughtered by Pedro Menendez, away back in the sixteenth century, after they had been induced to give up their arms by false pretenses. Menendez sent boats to them, brought them over in small bands, bound them when out of sight of their waiting comrades, blindfolded them and took them behind the sand hills where he put them to death. All this, done in the name of "religion," happened in America, not in medieval Europe. The Matanzas is aptly named. Matanzas is Spanish for massacre, and the name and memories cling pertinently to the spot.

The ocean constantly moans on the beach of Anastasia Island. Superstitious persons say it is wailing for the victims of Pedro Menendez; others claim that the soul of the murderous governor is bound in the waves and that there it will always stay, mourning and weeping for the evil deeds of Menendez in the flesh.

The slaughter of the Huguenots is not the only massacre remembered here. Not far from the United States barracks, once the old Franciscan monastery, is a military cemetery, in which three white pyramids rise conspicuously to mark the spot where rest the bones of the massacred men who went out against the Seminoles under Major Dade.

The Plaza de la Constitucion derives its name from an old monument which is unique among the memorials of the new world. The shaft, which is very ancient in construction and design, was erected at the time many others of similar character were raised in the cities of Spain to commemorate the granting of a more liberal constitution to the Spaniards. But not for long were these monuments permitted to stand. Soon the new constitution became irksome to the nobility. The court found the common people enjoying too many privileges. So, as was the case in those days when a king thought his people were becoming happy and contented under privileges not enjoyed before, the constitution was revoked and a return to tyranny ensued. Then the monuments were torn down. Not one remained of all of them, except the modest shaft away over in America, and there it stands on the Plaza at St. Augustine, at once a memorial to liberty and tyranny. Strange that the only monument standing to the liberal (though temporarily so) American soil, is it not?

The old palace of the governor general of Castile as their escutcheons, are always visited early by tourists. The ride from the modern railroad station to a modern hotel built in the charming Spanish style extends through these gates, and thus at once that indefinite blending of the ancient and the modern is noted.

On the Plaza stands the old slave mart, a plain open structure reminding one slightly of the Greek Parthenon, though there is nothing Grecian about the stumpy, square tower which rises from one end, nor is there suggestion of Grecian architecture in the stout, square pillars which uphold the roof. Along the sea wall one finds many quaint and curious buildings, and all through the town reminders of Spain are thickly scattered. The city wall may be traced the entire length, but the gateway is about the only tangible reminder of it that is left.

Getting an Education. "Has your son learned much since he went to college?" asked the new minister. "Naw," replied Farmer Oatcake, "but I hev, by hen!"