

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 accordance with the amount of tax money which has been paid in.

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. Mason, Mr. John S. Pedrick, Mr. J. Y. Barnes, Mr. E. L. Rooks and Mr. E. T. Boyman.

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 not believe, the money is being used for 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 "tricks."

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 god 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

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' twist 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?"

"No, no, I guess not," replied the Judge, assentingly; for he was making a mental note about that blind.

The Judge was welcomed with open arms, of course, and immediately his health was drunk 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 "Convales, 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 hour. "What! Surely, it cannot be!" and the Judge hastily compared the time of his watch with that of the ornamental 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! I 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-

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 on 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.

"Pough!" 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! "Pough!" and out it went. Another turn in the spiral, another "Pough!" another bit of darkness.

Now the Judge sat down on a step and pondered. "What in the—no, I mustn'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 bedroom 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, perhaps, by a flood of light. Or was, perhaps a certain 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, parsnips, 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 away. Lemons, figs, bananas and cranberries best on these river hammock lands are found on the pine lands, where there is a considerable "dip" in the general surface of the country. These lands are very fertile, but they lack natural protection from the light in the winter, which the nearness of water-courses secures.

The pine lands are sown with great variety as to seeds. Some are fertile naturally, while others need the addition of commercial fertilizers in order to secure good crops. One who had thought their pine lands worthless were made jubilant in getting big crops for it because of the great bulk 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 boys for all."

Or 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 widespread. 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-



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

city and ultimate contact with nature are better than a thousand tonics. These, as taught 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 look 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. His life 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.



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 '00. 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, bayberries, 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 like the quiet of this retreat and having 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 beautiful 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 town of Hernando and is a bustling, wide-awake town of about five hundred inhabitants. Many physicians' offices are located within a radius of a few miles of the place which turn loose several thousand dollars every month, of which the merchants of the town reap the benefit.

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 live 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. Winnand, 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

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 center of this (Citrus) county. Its population is near 800. 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 subsoils ranging from eight inches to several feet in depth.

Until the double freezes of '04 and '05 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 flavor, 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, chinas, velvet beans, melons and oats besides 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 20 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, peckers, corn planters, sulky plows and disk harrows as well as the other modern 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.

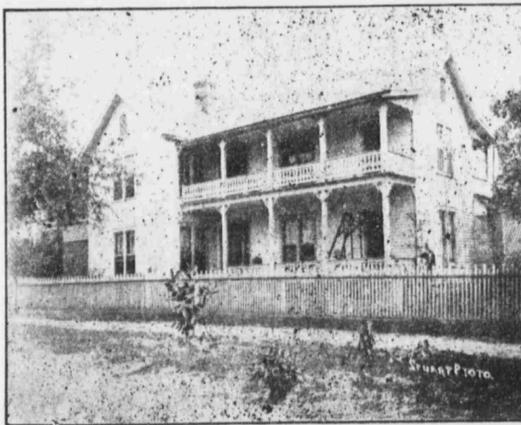
Banana Shortcakes.—Two cupsful of flour, one large tablespoonful of baking powder, two tablespoonfuls of creamed butter, a pinch of salt, and sufficient milk to make a soft dough. Roll out in two thin layers, and spread butter between so that they can be separated without cutting after baking. Bake in 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.

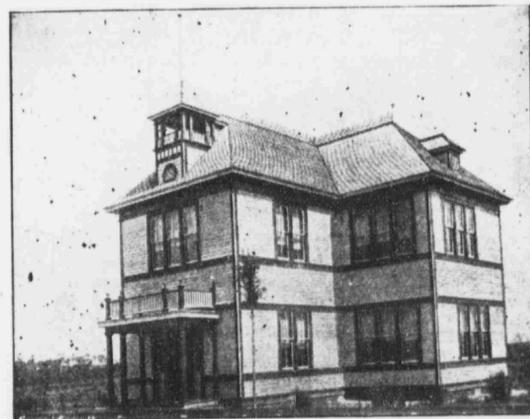
Cherry Shortcake.—Prepare a portion of dough exactly the same as in the first recipe; spread the bottom layer with cherries that have been stoned and sweetened, put on the top crust and more fruit. Serve with whipped cream, canned fruit may be used if necessary.—Woman's Home Companion.

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.