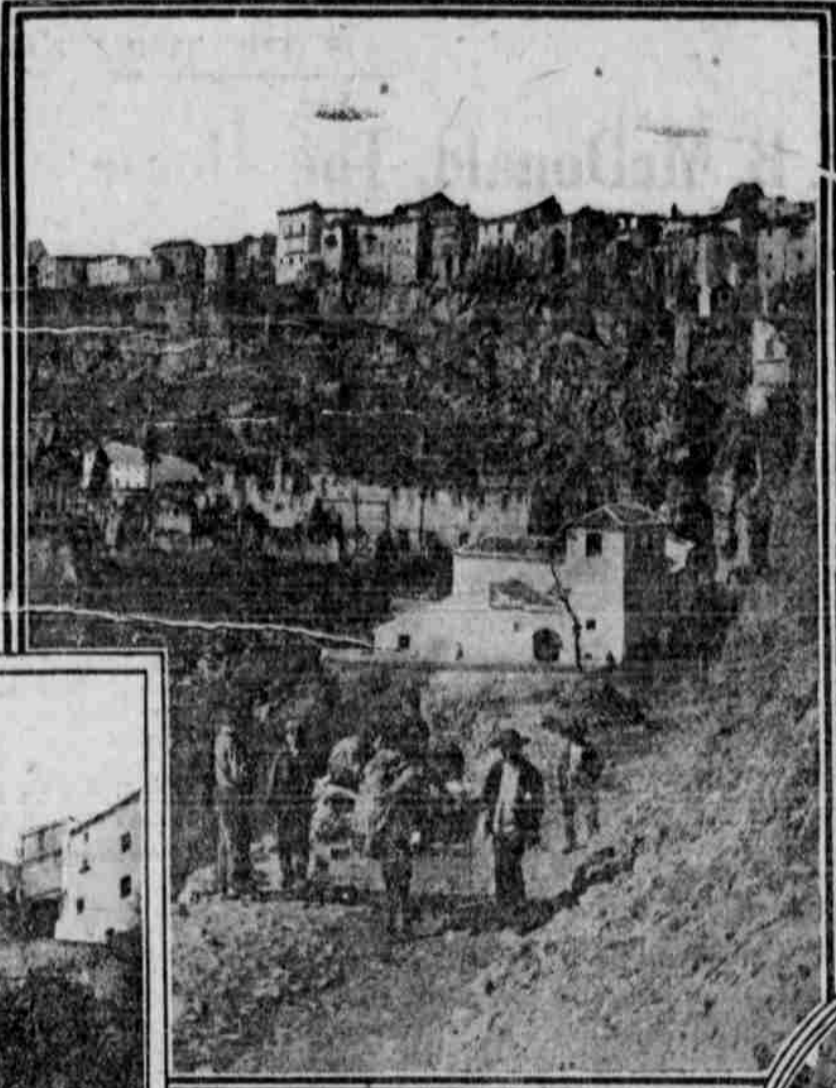


RONDA: A MOORISH TREASURY

By R.W. SNEDDON

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THE report that Mr. Perin of Baltimore has discovered during excavations under his recent purchase, the Casa del Rey Moro at Ronda, what may prove to be a valuable contribution to the history of the Moorish occupation of Spain, in the shape of treasure, mosaic and tombs will no doubt direct fresh attention to the town of Ronda itself. Ronda in the days when the Moors were all-powerful in Andalusia, a province which was the first and the last to own their sovereignty, was a place of supreme importance from the fact of its situation on an almost impregnable rock, and though it does not rank with Granada, which holds that jewel in Spain's crown, the Alhambra, it yet preserves sufficient trace of its former greatness to en-



THE OLD CITY OF RONDA, SET WITHIN WALLS AND FORTS ON THE HILL.



PUENTE DE SAN MIGUEL, RONDA



THE GREAT BRIDGE WHICH SPANS THE GORGE OF THE GUADALEVON AT RONDA



A QUIANT PART IN THE OLD TOWN OF RONDA

able it to rank favorably with its sister cities of the province, Seville and Cordova.

Ronda has always been a town of horse tamers and smugglers, traits no doubt derived from the Moor; for the Andalusian has in his blood something of the oriental, which is reflected in his speech, his manners and customs. Almost all the terms of farming and husbandry he employs are Arabic, while the dance and music he revels in has a distinctly eastern character. He invariably has, too, in his head some idea of treasure finding, and, as many know to their cost, he has succeeded in interesting with his "Spanish Prisoner's Treasure" tale many who own to have been bitten. Now, however, it seems as if there was some ground for the treasure seekers' hallucination. Treasure has been stated to have been found, and in a spot where it might reasonably have been expected to be. The castle of the Moorish king, in the Calle San Pedro, Ronda, built in 1042 by a worthy fellow, Al Motabbed, who had the pleasing habit of converting the skulls of his captured enemies into jeweled drinking cups, from which he could drink his wine, and who must often have gone forth to cool his heated head on the platform which to this day hangs over the vast chasm of the Tajo, seems ready to reveal its secret. There is already one subterranean passage known, the Mina de Ronda, which leads by a stair of 365 steps, one for every day in the year, to a grotto below which was excavated by Christian slaves at their Arab master's bidding, so as to provide the city with water in case of a siege, which gave rise to the proverb, "Dios me guarde del zaque de Ronda," since in such event the poor slaves would be set to the endless task of raising water from the depths below. Whether it is a branch of this passage which has been found to lead to the subterranean galleries which report had always located as being under the castle, we have not full information, but it seems reasonable to suppose so.

Ronda itself is two towns in one. There is the old Moorish town, whose winding lanes play strange freaks of ups and downs, full of quaint small houses with heavy walnut doors and heavily grated windows, sheltered by the old Arab towers and walls, perched on a spur of the hills, circled by the Guadalevón, which girdles it as the Tago does the city of Toledo. There is the new town, which is more or less a typical Spanish town of badly paved streets and low white-washed houses, but which is the most interesting to the neighbors of Ronda, since it contains the Plaza de Toros, where the Andalusian bull provides brave sport during the annual Feria, one of the most interesting fairs in Spain, and which possesses this striking advantage—that the carcasses of the tired old hacks bestridden by the picadores can be cast over the precipices which fringe it and left to the scavenging offices of the vultures, which it pleases the inhabitant to point out to the unwary stranger as being the more kingly eagle.

If you can conceive a great rock cut in twain by a vast chasm having on its north part the new town and on the south the old, you have Ronda. Between the two halves at a depth of nearly 400 feet boils and swirls the turbulent river, which still serves to turn the Moorish mills, where corn is ground in the same way as it was done five—seven—nine hundred years ago.

Looking down on them from the new bridge or Puente Nuevo, which straddles with one single span the narrowest part of the black gulf, the mills look like toys and the millers like ants. The bridge itself is a marvel, 230 feet across and of immense height. It cost its architect his life, for, falling from the parapets, he was dashed to pieces in the depths below. One may pass by the quaintly interesting old church of Santa Ma-

ria la Major, which in Moorish time was a mosque and still retains some of the familiar cupolas, and going to its right descend to the two lower bridges, the Puente de San Miguel and a specimen of Moorish bridge building, the Puente Viejo, finally descending to the lowest Moorish mill, past which the river dashes in seething rapids and from which the view to the great bridge above, which seems suspended in the clouds, is a sight to be remembered.

When you ascend to the new town and stand upon the public promenade with its walled platforms and look down upon the clustering roofs of the old town, the fertile tilled land spread out below, the river 600 feet under you and the purple mountains standing out clear and bold against the blue sky, feeling the fresh, exhilarating air blow upon your face, you can well imagine that the dwellers in Ronda cannot help being what they call themselves in their proverbs, "En Ronda los hombres a Ochenta son Pollores."—"In Ronda the men at 80 are chickens," for they have every inducement to preserve their vitality and vivacity, though they take good care not to overwork themselves in their flour milling, fruit growing and vine cultivation, the wine from which, an excellent brand, may have something to do with the Andalusian gaiety of spirit, so unlike the reservedness of many of their countrymen.

WOMEN OF THE ARCTIC

Every spring hundreds of brides journey to Alaska and fully as many young women go north, with more or less trepidation, to be married, so that the number of homes in the neighborhood of the arctic circle grows larger each year. The trepidation only lasts while the brides are "cheek-chalked," or tenderfeet. After they have watched the ice go out and are real "sour doughs" they want no sympathy because fate sent them to a country where coal is \$30 a ton and lemons \$1

a dozen. You cannot find an Alaskan who will find fault with Alaska and so every one is satisfied, the mining camps at Dawson, Fairbanks and Nome, or the cabins out along the creeks, miles and miles from what we call civilization hold only happy housekeepers, women who know more about canned goods and what can be done with a tin of beans than anybody on either continent, says the Housekeeper.

Everything that comes to their doors is canned, milk, eggs and potatoes, as well as the vegetables that we all use. In the larger camps fresh vegetables are brought in by steamer in the summer and until the shops bloom with a wealth of succulent green things, but only the anecdotes of these delicacies reach "the creeks." The gardens at Dawson are famous, for almost any vegetable will grow if the housewife will bother to plant it. Although the season is so short the sun shines night and day the cabbage keeps the same hours.

Condensed milk is the arctic housekeeper's standby and you would not believe how much was used unless you saw the pile of empty tins. Every woman has to learn to make muffins and cake all over again until she knows just the proportions of milk and water that will produce the light and feathery result. Canned eggs offer a similar course of study and so do tinned potatoes to the woman who must serve three palatable meals a day from canned or dried foods.

It is a wild, free life these arctic women live. They know how to shoot and can keep the larder replenished when the men are busy. They can

also take a big pan of pay gravel and wash it until the specks of gold are free from dirt. In their fur parki and bucklucks they can trot beside the dog sled on the winter trail and when the journey of several hundred miles is over they can play Mendelssohn or Chopin on the piano that takes up half the room in the little cabin.

"We never sleep," declared a happy arctic housekeeper. "In the summer it is light for 24 hours and it is not worth while to go to bed and in the winter, when it is dark for 24 hours, we have to be doing things to forget the darkness, so there is no chance to sleep."

But whether they sleep or not they look fresh and unfagged like the days they go forth to so joyfully meet.

MOTOR CAR CIVILIZATION.

Let our wild people rush up against Mr. Auto and they will not want for a lesson. The auto, like war, is rounding up and quieting and soothing our wild Comanches and Mohicans. Around our greatest cross streets one no longer sees ancient jackass stunts, no hollering or shrieking and running; everybody is all attention and, as fear of the Lord is the beginning of all wisdom, so a military attention in an army of wild Willys is the beginning of that blessed discipline which we need.—New York Press.

DEGENERATED THROUGH TIME.

Though "Snooks" as a name is hardly beautiful, its origin is respectable enough. Kindly people picked up a little foundling boy at Sevenoaks and started him in life after baptizing him "William Sevenoaks." He became lord mayor of London in the reign of Henry V., was knighted and died in 1432. He left benefactions to his native place that were doubtless misused, as was his name, which degenerated to Snooks.

FARM GARDEN

FARM NOTES.

Good care of the ewe may save the lamb.

Does the barn smell stuffy these mornings? Fix that ventilator.

Every moment that is not used to the best possible advantage is wasted.

The man who turned his hogs in the clover field now finds himself in financial clover.

The man who plows with a purpose will always beat the man who spurs without planning.

There is no better time than this to make those movable nests and roosts you have been talking about.

Sheep not only pay their own way but make up for losses caused by scrub cows and other derelicts on the farm.

Do not be afraid to praise the children for unusual acts of ability. It gives them courage and stimulates ambition.

While you are backed up to the big stove in the grocery store don't leave your team shivering in the cold unblanketed.

In selling breeding stock, male or female, never let big prices tempt you to let the top notchers go. If you do you will in time be able to produce anything but second rate animals.

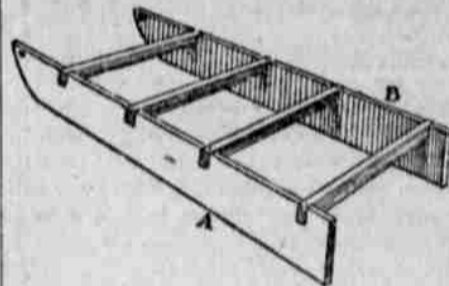
Everything keeping nicely in the cellar? An iron kettle filled with the hot coals from the kitchen stove and set on the floor of the cellar every night will keep it dry and pleasant, but not too warm.

On your way to town while wondering why you didn't have more eggs to take in, try and recall how many days lately you have let the hens' drinking water freeze up. Eggs are largely composed of water; you must remember that.

RUNNERS FOR A PLANK SLED

Easy Matter to Construct them if Directions Are Carefully Followed.

A plank sled is a very useful farm implement for use in the winter. They are not at all expensive and are easy of construction. A good method for making them follows:



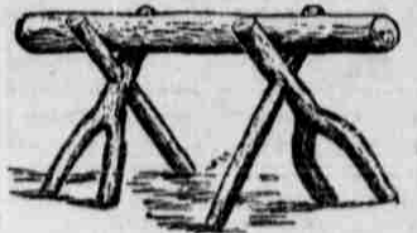
Runners for Plank Sled.

A and B are the runners of the plank sled shown in the accompanying illustration and are made of two-inch plank 10 inches wide and 8½ feet long. The cross pieces are made of 2x4 material, three feet four inches long, and are mortised into the side planks as shown, and spiked together.

SAWBUCK MADE ADJUSTABLE

One Shown in Illustration That Will Commend Itself to Every Farmer in Sawing Logs.

An adjustable sawbuck which is shown herewith will commend itself



Horse for Holding Logs.

to every farmer who has to saw large or long logs, says Farm and Home. It is made by boring a two-inch hole in two crocheted logs and inserting a stout cross stick in these holes. This forms a pair of tripods which may be set in any position and for any size of logs.

Vitality of Seeds.

The period for which the seeds of different plants maintain their vitality varies a good deal. The seeds of some vegetables are worthless after they are two years old, while the seeds of other plants improve with age until a certain period. For instance, the seeds of artichokes are good until they are three years old; asparagus, four years; beans two years; kidney beans, one year; beets, ten years; broccoli, four years; cabbage four years; carrot, one year; cauliflower, four years; celery, ten years; corn, three years; cucumber, ten years; eggplant, three years; endive, four years; kale, four years; leek, two years; lettuce, three years; melon, ten years; pea, two years; pumpkin, ten years; radish, four years; salsify, two years; spinach, four years; squash, four years; tomato, two years, and turnips, four years.

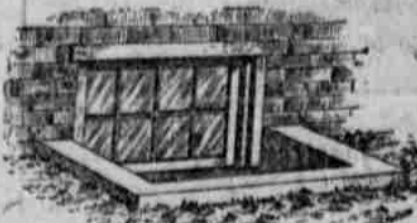
How to Save Corn.

Some farmers neglect the 25 to 50 cents that the battening of cracks in the coop would cost, and each month feed a dollar's worth of extra corn in order to supply the animal heat needed.

WAY TO VENTILATE CELLAR

Good Method Sometimes Used Is to Dig Out Space in Front of Window, Making a Little Area.

A cellar that meets modern requirements must be dug in ground that is well drained, either naturally or by artificial means. It must be remembered that a cellar is not, first of all, a storeroom; it is an essential part of a well-planned house, especially necessary in the northern states in helping to keep an equable temperature, and if its walls and floor are what they should be it prevents dampness and ground air from rising into the house.



Good Cellar Ventilation.

If the house is set close to the ground the cellar windows must be wide enough to compensate for their lack in height and must be set opposite each other in order to insure good draft. A method that is sometimes used is to dig out a space in front of a window, making a little area which, laid in either brick or stone, may be whitewashed and reflect light into the cellar as shown; it also allows of sinking the cellar window deeper and obtaining better ventilation.

BENEFITS OF STABLE MANURE

One of Its Valuable Features Is Its Salutory Effect Upon Physical Condition of Soil.

(By N. N. Peterson.)

The value of manure is not to be wholly measured by its chemical content. One of the most valuable features of barnyard manure, a value which no commercial fertilizer contains to any appreciable degree, is its salutory effect upon the physical condition of the soil. The fact that this may not be expressed in dollars and cents in no degree detracts from its importance. Every tiller of the soil knows decaying vegetable matter in the soil gives to it a quality, a power of production, a capacity to retain moisture, and adds to its friability as does nothing else.

Organic matter in barnyard manure performs another important function—it sets free some of the locked-up plant food that already resides in the soil. All soils contain great quantities of fertility that is in such forms as to be useless to plants. The dissolution and decay of the organic matter tends to free and make available these stores of plant food. And the decay of the vegetable matter also generates materials which decompose the soil particles and promote various soil activities which result in increased productivity.

In short, barnyard manure from any source is the most valuable and beneficial by-product of the farm, and its intelligent preservation from loss and use upon the land by the farmer would prove of greater value to the world than all the gold mines of the continent can ever be made to yield.

KEEPING PLANTS IN WINTER

Great Danger of Too Much Heat and Care Must Be Taken Not to Over-water When Growth Is Slow.

There is great danger to house plants in the winter months by too much rather than too little heat. A cool side room off the living room is a very desirable place for them, and then be careful about overwatering when plant growth is slow.

The Chinese primrose is one of the best of winter blooming plants, but it is much neglected for the reason that some little skill and a good deal of patience are required to raise good plants from the seed.

For winter blooming nothing is more beautiful than the oxalis, which comes in pink and white and lavender. Three or four bulbs of the different colors planted in one pot produce a fine effect.

Chinese lilies should bloom in five or six weeks after planting. Put the bulbs in a glass dish and fill the bottom of the dish with pebbles and odd shaped small stones.

World's Wheat Crop.

Broomhall's final estimate of the 1909 wheat crop of the world, places the total wheat production of the wheat acreage of the world at 3,347 million bushels, an increase of 285 million bushels over the production in 1908, a 427 million bushel increase over the crop of 1907. The production in Europe aggregated 1,872 billion bushels, being 160 million bushels over the 1908 crop. The crops of North and South America reached 1,040 million bushels, or 80 million bushels over last year. It is likely that this great production will not be more than enough to supply the demands of the world's population.

Beware of Fire.

Give the man who is inclined to smoke in the barn a kindly invitation to do his smoking somewhere else. In half an hour one spark of fire can undo the work of years.

Chemical Fertilizers.

Chemical fertilizers used haphazard are often a poor investment. Used with care and calculation, they pay well.