

Secretary of Florida's Growers and Shippers Association

LLOYD S. TENNY VISITS VERO AND INDIAN RIVER FARMS.

Lloyd S. Tenny, secretary of the Florida Growers' and Shippers' League, after a look over the lands of the Indian River Farms Company recently, gave them his hearty endorsement.

Mr. Tenny, accompanied by Mrs. Tenny and their two children, stopped at Vero on their return to Orlando from an automobile trip to Miami in the interest of the league. While there he spent nearly half a day inspecting the development work, looking over the land and visiting some of the groves in the vicinity.

Mr. Tenny was particularly impressed with the E. C. Walker grove, declaring he had never seen a finer one. The size of the trees, their thrifty condition and the entire absence of disease all excited his comment.

"I had no idea there was any such development work as this being done on the East Coast," said Mr. Tenny. "I know of no better project in Florida, and it is far superior to most that I have seen. In my opinion, a man is taking no chances in buying this land. Its value is certain."

Mr. Tenny is a strong advocate of general farming in Florida. He believes it is a mistake for the Florida farmer to put all his eggs in one basket. By growing a variety of products he will reap a greater profit than if he devoted himself exclusively to citrus fruits, in Mr. Tenny's opinion.

Much of the land seen by Mr. Tenny at Vero he regards as exceptionally well adapted to general farming. This is particularly true of prairie lands, on which there will be no expense for clearing, he said.

"It is unfortunate that the notion should be so widespread that Florida land is suited only to the growing of citrus fruits," Mr. Tenny said. "Nothing could be farther from the truth, and more people are finding it out every year. No part of the United States is better suited to raising hay than Florida. This is no longer a theory and it is some day going to make Florida one of the great beef-producing states.

"If I were starting an eighty-acre farm, I should not devote more than fifteen acres of it to citrus fruits. I should use a few acres for some of the better-paying vegetable crops, such as tomatoes, and the remainder I should put in hay and other crops that would produce feed for cattle and hogs.

"I am not afraid of an over production of citrus fruits, because I believe that no matter how many are produced there will always be a demand for the highest quality. The increase in production may result in eliminating the unfit, but the grower who produces the best fruit will always find a market for it at good prices."

Arrangements were made with Mr. Tenny to return to Vero during the summer to address the Indian River Growers' Association. As a result of his trip down the coast, a large number of new members have been added to the Growers' and Shippers' League. The objects of the league are to protect the interests of Florida farmers in every possible way. It is accomplishing much good in the matter of freight rates and in fighting various plant diseases.

Automobiling Through St. Lucie County

By Jos. Hill.

What many people declare to be the most beautiful automobile drive in the United States is one of the attractions of St. Lucie county, Florida.

Winter tourists to the lower East Coast have long been familiar with St. Lucie county's extensive pineapple fields, her fine orange and grape fruit groves, her excellent roads and the beauties of the Indian river, but most of them return north too early in the spring to enjoy her at her best. It is in May or June that the visitor will gain the most illuminating idea of this wonderland in the making. Probably the time will never come when nobody will be afraid to stay on the East Coast of Florida during the summer months. Old ideas are difficult to remove but each year winter visitors are remaining later in the spring and learning to their surprise that here is one of the places in the United States where people can escape from the heat of summer. The northerner on the East Coast in the summer time soon perceives that the term "hot weather," is only comparative. He ceases to be surprised on being aroused from the enjoyment of a refreshing ocean breeze that would make the fortune of any northern summer resort by the remark of a native that, "its terribly hot today isn't it."

On a day like this, and it would be hard to find any other kind in May, at least, a drive down the river from Ft. Pierce to Sewall's Point is about as delightful an experience as anyone with the least love of nature in his make-up can ever have. The distance is twenty miles and all the way the hard, white, smooth road skirts the river bank. Stately cabbage palms mingled with drooping cocoanuts, fringe the roadway on either side. Between the trees to the eastward the traveler catches glimpses of the two mile wide stretch of blue water that forms the Indian river, an occasional sail boat or motor boat adding a touch of life to the scene.

Lining the road on the other side are a succession of winter homes and residences of the pineapple growers. This is the oldest settled portion of the county and the surroundings of most of the houses leave no doubt that Florida is appropriately called, "The Flowery State." In the early summer the riot of color is at its height. Hardly a tint is unrepresented. The blossoms overflow from the yards and straggle along the roadside peeping out from between the palm trees and oak leaves. The hibiscus is everywhere and the oleanders in pink and yellow are hardly less in evidence. White jasmine, Spanish bayonets and a long list of other brilliantly colored plants and flowers add their quota to the array of beauty. But surpassing in size and brilliancy and dwarfing them all is the Royal Poinciana, king of all tropical trees. Like a tree aflame, it appears in the distance with its spreading mass of scarlet blossoms. Few cherry trees grow larger than the Royal Poinciana and a cherry tree loaded with ripe fruit is colorless beside the flaming gorgeousness of the blooming poinciana.

Back of the attractive bungalows and handsome residences on the river bank extend the pineapple fields far over the ridge. Here on the purest of white sand St. Lucie county produces 600,000 boxes of pineapples in an average season and the growers receive for them more than three-fourths of a million dollars. Late in May the picking season begins and the fields, packing houses and shipping stations are scenes of intense activity.

After passing through half a dozen small towns straggling along the road its end is reached at Sewall's Point. Here have been built some of the finest homes in St. Lucie county, high on the bluff overlooking the Indian river, the St. Lucie river, the St. Lucie inlet and the Atlantic Ocean. The view from Sewall's Point is alone worth a trip to Florida. Looking eastward one can see far out into the white-crested Atlantic. Northward the wide expanse of the Indian river is in sight as far as the eye can reach. Coming from the west is the wide and deep St. Lucie river, which will one day afford a harbor for ocean craft and give the east coast another shipping point. Money for opening the inlet to permit the entrance of large boats has already been appropriated by Congress, and when the work is completed St. Lucie county will have another great advantage added to her long list of attractions.

Florida To Be Richest State Agriculturally In the Union

"Drainage is fast becoming one of the fixed policies of this state," said a prominent Floridian, who did not wish his name to be used after he had given an interesting talk on Florida lands generally at the Mason hotel yesterday, "and that notwithstanding the early opposition of the public, due largely to ignorance of the practical results of draining lands.

"And drainage should as appropriately become a policy of the national government as its policy of reclamation of arid lands through irrigation methods, or the improvement of the rivers and harbors of the country.

"In Florida we should have this subject more at heart than almost anything else, because such a large area of the state is composed of land that will be invaluable when drained, but which now is valueless for any purpose, with its burden of water covering the surface.

"Ten years ago these vast areas in Florida were considered worthless and could be bought for 50 cents and less per acre, and the seller would smile when he got his money at the gullibility of the purchaser.

"Today, on account of their proven susceptibility to complete drainage at a ridiculously low figure per acre, many thousand acres of these same so considered 'worthless marsh lands,' favorably located, are selling for one hundred dollars per acre, with the water on them, and the purchaser knowing it from personal inspection before he buys.

"What these lands will really be worth when they are drained is merely speculative guessing, for some of them are now producing crops annually amounting to as much as \$1,200 per acre per annum—of course, where the water has been successfully removed. Such land as that is almost priceless in value.

"When the drainage of the Everglades shall have been accomplished, as it surely will be in the next few years, Florida will be the richest state agriculturally in the entire Union, and indeed it is doubted if the fabled delta of the Nile, or of the Ganges, will be able to bear comparison with the products to be yielded by southern Florida."—Jacksonville Times-Union.

Florida Weather

Tampa, June 11, 1914.

Dear Billy—So you want to know something about the weather down here, do you? Well, I'll tell you. According to the natives, they get a much better crop of weather in the winter than they do in the summer. Perhaps they do, but on the square, I can't figure how they are going to produce anything to beat what we are enjoying right now without infringing on the Garden of Eden.

Why, man! if they could raise a climate like this up North, they'd build a fence around it and charge admission. Yes, they would! And it's ten to one they wouldn't have a free list.

When I wake up in the morning, Billy, and find a mess of sunshine scattered all over my room playing tag with a fresh salt breeze from off the bay, it sure does make me sore. I want to kick myself for not blowing down here sooner. I can look out of my window and get an eye full of joy at every glance. You'd have to see it to appreciate it. Green grass, palm trees, flowers enough to decorate a national cemetery, and the air is just splashed with perfume. Class is a tame name for it. I can hear the mocking birds tearing off this Melba stuff by the yard. And, say! a mouthful of this real atmosphere is sure one grand little tonic. It just jams joy right into your system and makes you feel like a regular fellow all the time. Better take my tip and come down, where you can get in on a little real life. You'll find everything all to the merry and soon be galloping around with a face full of happy grin.

I had a lot of people try to crowd the hot-weather idea on me before I came down here. I'll tell you straight, Billy, it's all bunk. It doesn't have a chance to get hot in Florida. Why, as soon as it begins to get a little sultry, along comes a nice young breeze from off the coast and backs the heat right off the boards. The best little heat chaser of them all is the rain. Now, I never used to have a bit of affection for rain until I came down here; but I'm for it strong now. It rains businesslike in Florida. You don't have to run around sky-gazing for two or three days wondering if it will or won't, and in the end get soaked proper because you guessed wrong and left your shower cane at home. No, sir! When it begins to cloud up in this country you can rest assured that there's something coming.

Say, you ought to see it rain. It doesn't last long, but when it comes, it comes right. Why, a good, healthy Florida shower would make Niagara Falls look like a leaky hydrant, and the beauty of it is, ten minutes after the storm has passed you can't find a drop of water on the streets. The water drains off, the sun comes out again, and everything is as fresh as an express clerk. Every leaf and blade of grass looks as bright and clean as a new silver dollar, and the air is cool and refreshing. I told you about the mocking birds being permanent residents of this locality. Well, that ought to be enough to insure this climate against anything the knockers can spring about it; you never heard of a mocking bird loafing around in a a bum climate, did you? I guess not, and let me say this much, Billy anything that's good enough for a mocking bird is good enough for Yours Truly.

While I'm writing I want to let you in on something good. I am the original fall guy, and take it from me, I got mine proper yesterday. Some of my friends who are wise to the fact that I am a tenderfoot decided to make me the goat for a little comedy