

PARTY OF NEBRASKANS VISITS THE GULF COAST COUNTRY

Inspects Lands of the Valley Fruit Farm and Garden Company in the Fruit and Winter Vegetable Belt

The day of the big cattle ranch in Texas is over. Where yesterday the big cattle man held sway, today the small farmer has control. Where yesterday the country produced enough to keep us hundreds, today the small farmer is feeding thousands. And in this great development of a new empire Nebraska is taking a very prominent part.

From Nebraska to Texas is a long jump, but the pioneers who carved an empire out of a desert have produced a generation of young men of the same blood and it is such as these that will make Texas one of the greatest producing states in the union.

An advance guard of Nebraskans has already reached the new empire and a visit to the Gulf Coast Country now is like a visit to near neighbors.

A number of Nebraskans just returned from the Gulf Coast Country where they went to inspect some land recently bought by the Valley Fruit Farm and Garden company of Lincoln, and every member of the delegation returned thoroughly convinced that Texas is the coming state of the nation for climate, health and productivity and that the possibilities of the new country are unlimited.

This delegation saw orange trees supporting 3,000 oranges each. They saw families making a living and doing well on five acres of land, which had been set to oranges, figs, peaches and vegetables. They saw larger tracts planted to cotton, rice and corn. They saw banana plants with bananas growing; they saw lemon trees growing fruit twice as big as the average size oranges sold in Nebraska. They saw dates growing; they saw camphor trees growing and they saw tea growing. They caught oysters out of Palacios Bay and they ate fish caught in the same bay. They saw artesian wells flowing on the open prairie and they saw Nebraskans at every stopping place. And every Nebraskan they saw was prospering. The Nebraskans also discovered that it is not necessary for a man to sit around and do nothing while waiting a year or two for his figs and oranges to bear. Between the rows of trees the farmers were growing vegetables of all kinds and something ripens every month in the year. The Bermuda onion is one of the staple crops and it was claimed in Texas that the Bermuda onion there out "Bermudas, Bermuda." Thousands of dollars are made each year off of these onions. Labor is cheap and the "boss" simply rides around and sees that the work is done properly. It took very short time for the Nebraskans to discover why the country has not been developed like the states of the north and a little incident that occurred at Houston tells the story.

Prefers to Wait for Rain.

The Nebraskans boarded a street car to visit an orange grove in the city which one of the party knew about. En route there a prosperous looking Texan suggested to the visitors that if they were sight-seeing they should have taken a car to another part of the city. When informed they were going to visit an orange grove the Texan smiled:

"I have been here for a long time," he said, "and this is the first I ever heard of oranges growing in Houston. I guess some real estate dealer has been stringing you."

In a ride of fifteen minutes the Nebraskans reached the home of G. Marti, where for years he has been cultivating orange trees. He had more than an acre planted in oranges and figs. Mrs. Marti escorted the visitors over the place and when asked why the oranges looked so small she said:

"We have had no rain for three months and the ground is just baked to a crisp."

Then Mrs. Marti took her visitors across a 200-foot space and showed them an artesian well of which she was very proud. It had never occurred to the owners to pump water to the grove and neither had the ground been plowed or cultivated for years.

In Houston the Nebraskans found a beautiful city which evidently had grown in spite of itself but it is awake now. The streets are narrow and across from one of the prominent hotels was the station. Around the fence enclosing the station were a score of negroes loafing or sleeping. Transportation of baggage was done mainly on two-wheeled carts with a bottom, but no end, drawn by hungry-looking mules and driven by negroes that looked like the mules. And they never hurried—but they charged by the job and not the hour which helped some.

And then the ice wagon came along. The name "Houston Ice company" was painted on the side. The wagon was a little frame box with a top set on wheels and three negroes rode in a doorway which opened toward the horses. In the wagon was a little chunk of ice—but the sign read "Ice 20 a hundred."

Japanese Making Good.

At Alvin the Nebraskans got their first glimpse of real fruit growing. There a Japanese has 400 acres of land of which 100 acres is under cultivation. He employs twenty-one Japanese helpers. Seven acres this man has planted to orange buds which he has grafted to the trifoliata plant. His entire crop has been sold, the price ranging from 35 cents to 75 cents for each tree. His income from this seven acres was about \$25,000 for the year.

In addition to the oranges, Mr. Aral was growing figs, tea, onions, camphor trees, beans and sugarcane trees. Tea, he said, grew better in Texas than in Japan. Mr. Aral imported his orange trees from Japan as he did his figs, and the other fruit he was growing.

It was at this same place that the delegation met up with James Reese who owns a farm near Lincoln. Mr. Reese has been in Texas for several years:

"No, I will never leave," he said in answer to the inquiry when he expected to come back home. My health is too good here for me to even think of leaving." Mr. Reese is the owner of a fruit farm.

Hospitality Imported from Nebraska.

From Alvin the delegation went to Blessing, a brand new town with cement walks and several new buildings, some con-

structed of cement. Here, at a great big hotel with an immense porch across front, which would be the envy of many hotel men in large cities, the visitors were treated with so much consideration and served with such a dinner that one of the visitors remarked, "This is a sample of a southern hospitality. It is the only place in the world where you get such treatment."

Then they met the landlady who introduced herself as Mrs. Parker of Omaha, Neb., who had been in Blessing one year. Mrs. Parker is the aunt of Mrs. Waterhouse, wife of the former principal of the Omaha High school, but now of Fremont. The southern hospitality had been imported from Nebraska.

At Palacios, "Palacios on the Bay, by the Sea," which is only about twelve miles from Blessing, the Nebraskans got another real shock. One of them had the idea he

wanted a piece of Palacios real estate upon which there was an orange grove.

"What will you take for this land?" he inquired with his hand on his pocketbook.

"It is not for sale," replied Dr. Stevens, the owner, who is somewhat of an orange and fruit wizard.

"What do you think it is worth?" persisted the Nebraskans.

"Father has refused an offer of \$1,000 an acre, the younger Stevens said, as the father left the crowd.

Nebraskans Take Annual Bath.

At Palacios, the Nebraskans indulged in their annual bath in the bay and got so expert they could catch jellyfish in their hands and not faint. A boat ride on the bay at night concluded the inspection of this coming little city, where oysters constitute a big industry, last year there having been shipped out \$450,000 worth from Port Lavaca across the bay. The early rising members of the party witnessed a young boy catch trout at the end of the pavilion just as fast as he tossed his hook into the water.

The land the delegation went down to inspect is seven miles from Palacios and nine

we simply plant something the next morning." That seemed to be the reason no land was for sale around that place by the small farmer.

Nebraskans Visit at Taft Ranch.

Sinton was included in the itinerary of the Nebraskans. This town is a part or was a part until recently, of the Charles P. Taft ranch of some 320,000 acres. A brother of Representative Hadsell, a member of the last session met the delegation here as did Mr. Margot, who is running a bakery and confectionery store there.

Mr. Hadsell, sr., has bought a cotton farm near Sinton and is being run by young Hadsell who seemed well pleased with his removal from Wesleyan university to the cotton field.

"My husband paid \$30.00 an acre for our farm last year," said a Mrs. Smith, who answered inquiries at a store in Sinton, but he has refused \$50.00 an acre for it.

Incidentally the people of this territory set great store by Mr. Greene the manager of the Taft ranch.

"Mr. Greene was greatly misunderstood when he first came in these parts," said Mr. J. D. Cook of Sinton, "but he is recognized now as the best friend Texas

has around here. He started things on a business basis. He made his men work and he drove other men's cattle off his ranch. His plan has proven a good thing and now he is one of the most respected men here."

In addition to the government work in the Gulf near there, the Taft people are spending \$1,000,000 cutting a deep water way along their seven-mile coast. This will enable the big ships to come right up to the ranch. The Nebraskans were informed that this ranch has a contract to furnish the government 400 head of beef daily for use in the Panama country.

At Beville the Nebraskans were both disappointed and pleased. They expected to learn much of the value of Texas soil as a fruit grower at the experimental station. Instead they found at the station that practically nothing was being done. The old superintendent had been discharged the week before and a new man placed in charge, who as yet is not onto the ropes. The legislature appropriates only \$5,000 for the support of the institution for the biennium and it is not equipped to do the work. The orange and lemon crops there were very poor, though the grapes and cotton looked good.

But across the town a few miles out, where the farmer himself looked after his fruit, the visitors had all their doubts removed and left the place with a good taste in their mouths. Here Mrs. Link has several acres planted to oranges, lemons and figs. Some of the orange trees are 12 years old. All were loaded down, the branches in some instances being practically bent to the ground. On one of these trees there were 3,000 oranges. Last year the owner said there had been sold from this same tree 4,000 oranges. The price paid to the owner was from 25 cents to 50 cents a dozen. This year the yield from this particular tree was bought by the Commercial club of Beville to be used as

an exhibit at the state fair. Lemons were shown here that were larger than a man's two fists.

On Trail of R. L. Metcalfe.

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"How is my old friend Richard L. Metcalfe?" he inquired as he introduced himself. "Metcalfe was county clerk of Greene

county when my father was county judge. Metcalfe lived at Springfield. I was young then, but I remember him well. He wrote a book while he lived in Springfield. We called him Dick, or at least the men folks did."

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Beville, as its name indicates, is a hustling little place of about 5,000 and while its people set great store by the good honey their bees produce, it was named after General Bee.

Refuse to Sell for \$1,000 an Acre.

After the Dr. Stevens orange orchard at Palacios the Nebraskans saw a boy, Clifton Payne, 12 years old, doing a stunt that no 12-year-old boy in the state of Nebraska will ever be able to do. Because first the child labor law would prevent the Nebraska boy working as this boy was doing, and second, because he would not have the orange trees to work on. The boy was grafting the orange buds onto the trifoliata plant, which is harder than the orange and on which all the orange trees in Texas or at least in the Gulf Coast country are grafted. Farmers in the delegation who had grafted trees, legislators who had never grafted saplings in open eyed amazement at the clever little worker. He received one cent for each bud grafted and his daily income was an

average of \$1.00. He had been at work for Dr. Stevens for only one year and was considered the best "grafter" in that section of the state. He explained to the visitors in detail the cultivation of oranges, figs, the umbrella tree, which is the one tree in Texas that every one has for ornamental purposes. He gave instructions in the cultivation of the beautiful palms which are in every front yard, the banana plant and the flowers and bushes. He worked on the place where the owner refused \$1,000.00 an acre for his farm.

Nebraskans in Texas are by no means slow, though they do say that persons living there a few years get the lazy habit of sitting in the shade and let the others do the work. The train was flagged one day out on the prairie and A. N. Hollishead, a Platte county boy, got aboard and recognized some of the Nebraskans. He was doing tolerably well.

Platte Boy Doing Well.

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entire state to come to San Antonio in November and attend the exhibition. Inasmuch as there are so many Nebraskans already there, he assured the visitors from the north that they would not get lonesome for home folks.

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upon land which will force the big owners to sell or pay a tax on land valued at the same price as the small improved farms are valued.

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NEW TRIBE IN ARCTIC CIRCLE

Discovery of Strange People on Island Off Coast of Alaska.

From a land of ice and snow, where the natives drop their bows and arrows and flee at the sight of white men, and where spiders are half a foot long and over, W. J. Bower, well known to Arctic whalers, arrived in San Francisco from Point Barrow, the most northerly habitation of whites in the Arctic circle, by Captain Foley's steam brig, the Jeannette.

Bower, with others on the gasoline schooner Olga of San Francisco, penetrated into a part of Prince Albert Land where white men had never been before, and he has something to remember his visit by. The sight of his left eye was destroyed by the sting of a gigantic spider, and he comes here in the hope that it may be restored by treatment.

Nearly three years ago Bower left San Francisco to join the Olga at Point Barrow as steward and trading agent. The Olga shaped its course for Prince Albert Land and reached a point estimated to be about 1,500 miles to the eastward of Point Barrow. Here the people of the Olga found a colony of natives of a different type than they had ever seen, and apparently there was something strange about the white men from the natives' point of view, for they were very timorous when approached.

"The morning we came near their habitation," said Bower, "four natives approached the vessel in wonderment. They carried bows and arrows and each had a little dog trailing along behind him attached to a cord of walrus skin. We sent some of the lower-circle natives in our crew out to meet them, but they were frightened at first. Seeing this, the visitors, after some time, laid down their weapons and stretched out their hands, symbolizing friendship. They spoke a different tongue than any of the people of the north I had encountered before, but we managed to make ourselves understood. They lived in abodes made of rocks in winter and in snow houses in summer. Their articles were of stone, the knives of copper and deer horn, the spoons of musk ox horn and their only implements of sewing was a strange four-cornered needle made of copper, with which they made very deft strokes.

"The entire village was in terror at first at our approach, but we finally convinced them that we were not hostile. Some of their older men said that they had once seen a party of white men, but it was back many years, maybe half a century. The men they saw were probably of McClure's party, which went on an expedition to Prince Albert Land in 1825.

"Never before had any of us seen such enormous spiders anywhere in the Arctic. Some of them were six inches long and others still larger. We spent a long time at the place and the spiders appeared when it began to thaw. They were frightful looking things, but the natives did not seem to mind them.

"The country is mountainous and even the natives never attempt to penetrate its vast reaches of snow and ice. Part of the route we took with the drift was that covered by Roald Amundsen, the explorer and discoverer of the Northwest passage. On our return to Point Barrow the Olga got caught in the ice 120 miles north of there and we were compelled to abandon it for the winter, making our way to Point Barrow over the ice desert as best we could. The other members of the crew returned to the schooner in June, but I decided to come back to civilization and try to get back the sight of my left eye, which was disabled in such a horrible manner that I shudder at recalling the event."—San Francisco Chronicle.

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miles from Blessing. It has been bought by Lincoln people and the tract contains nearly 30,000 acres. It is drained naturally and is covered now with wild hay, and is ready for the plow, no clearing being necessary. The soil is especially adapted for the production of all sorts of citrus fruits and vegetables, and in advanced and scientific agriculture. The soil is a chocolate sandy loam with clay sub soil.

Francitas a Coming Town.

In the exact center of the tract a station house has been erected on the St. Louis, Brownsville & Mexican railway, and the town has been named Francitas. The furthest point of the land is 24 miles from this station. It is bordered on one side by the Caranchau river. On the side of the river adjoining the land a park has been reserved for the benefit of the

public. From Francitas to Palacios which is a summer and winter resort, the trip can either be made by boat down the river or by railroad.

On a tract of five acres near Alvin the Nebraskans were introduced to one of the most satisfied women they met on the entire trip.

"I have been living on this farm for seventeen years," she said. "I came here a bride from New York state. We have been growing oranges and figs for a number of years."

"What will you take for the farm?" she was asked.

"It is not for sale."

"What do you think it is worth?" said the Nebraskan.

"It is not for sale and I don't care to put a price on it. I am satisfied here. You see back in New York, when it freezes-us out, we can do nothing for a year. Here if there should come a freeze,

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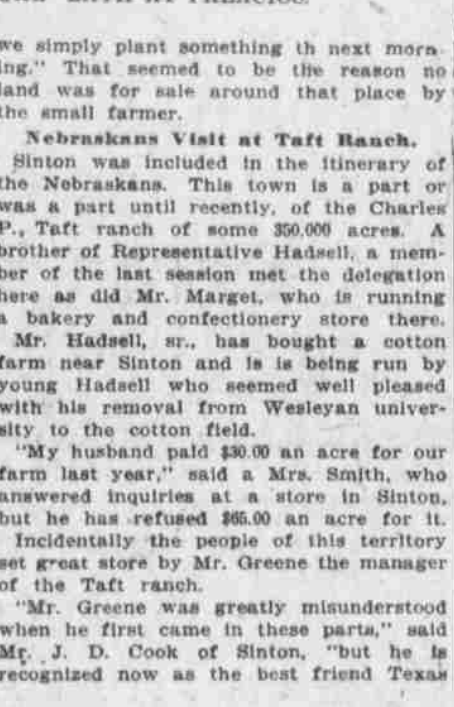
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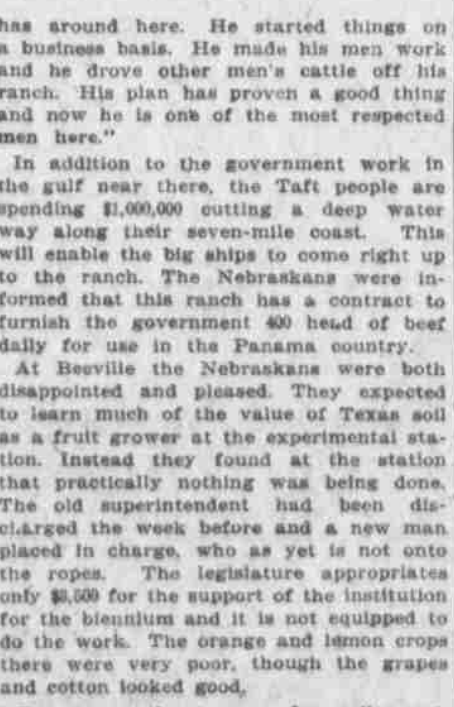
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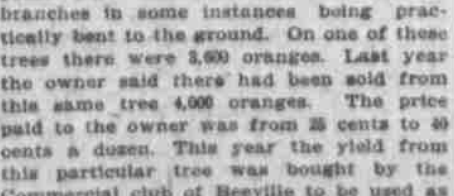
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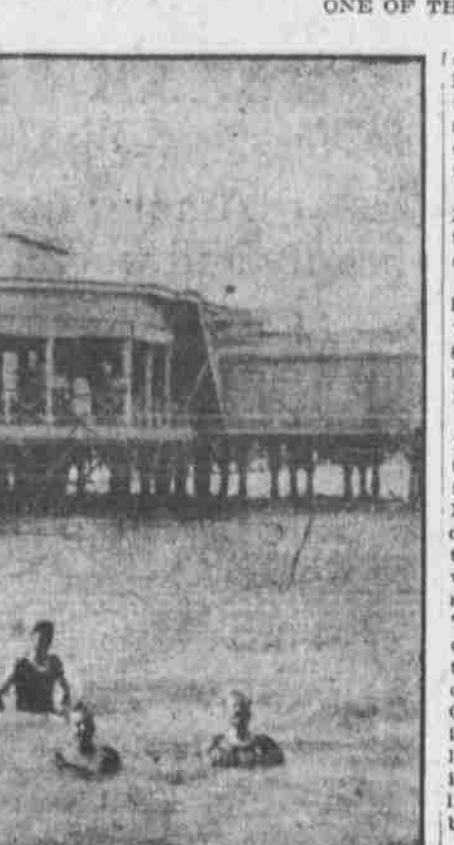
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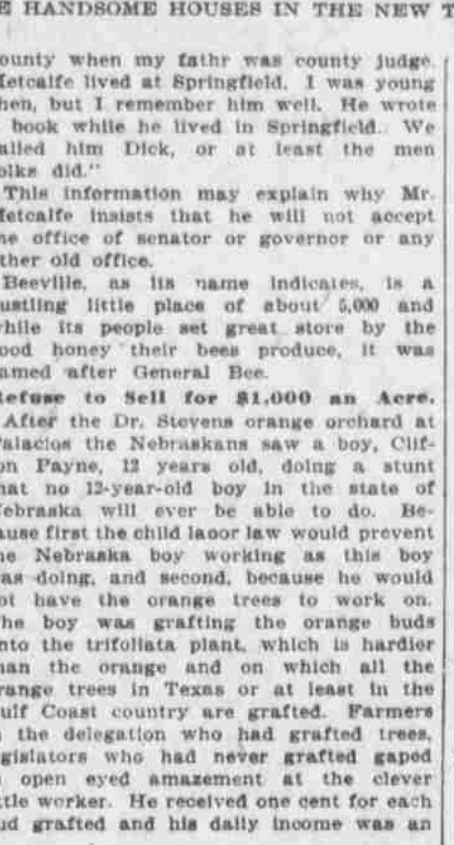
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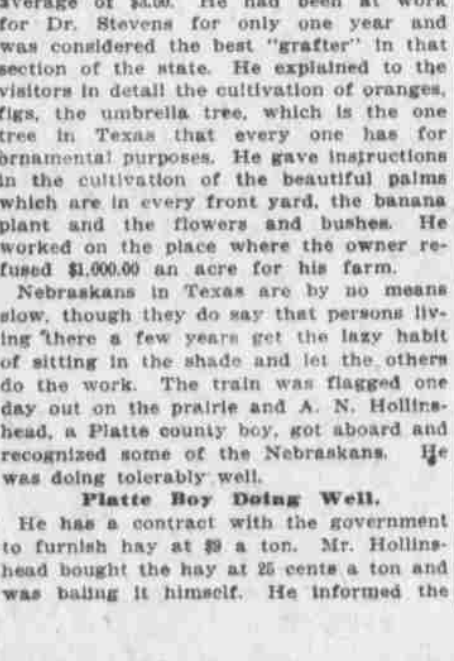
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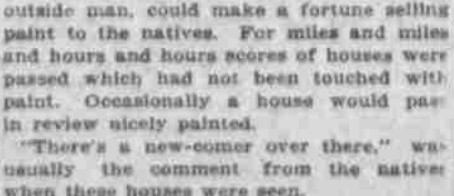
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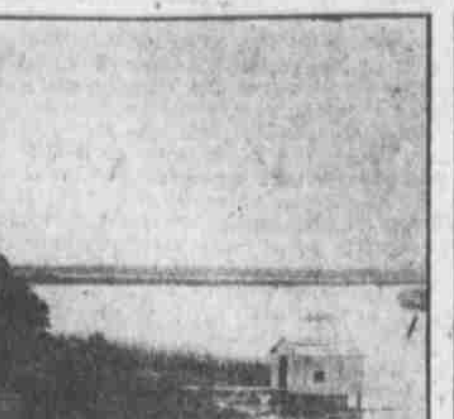
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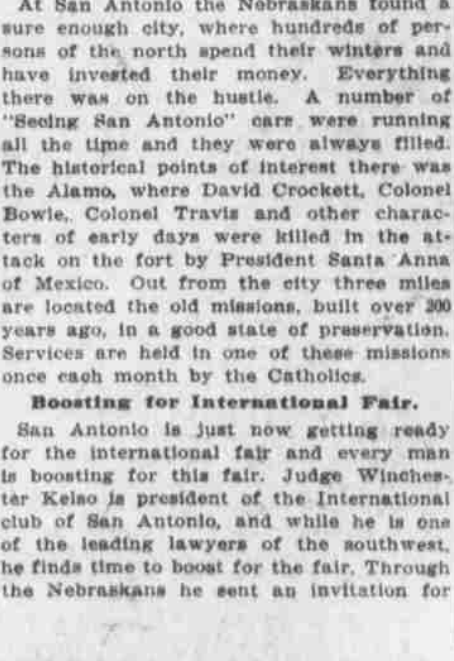
ORANGES GROWING ON THE STATE EXPERIMENTAL FARM IN THE TEXAS GULF COAST COUNTRY.



A TEXAS VINEYARD DOING DOUBLE DUTY—BEANS GROWING BETWEEN THE ROWS OF GRAPE VINES.



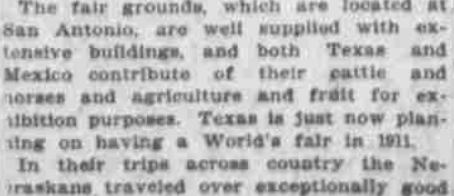
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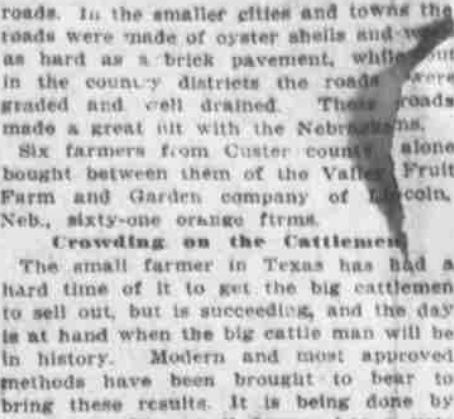
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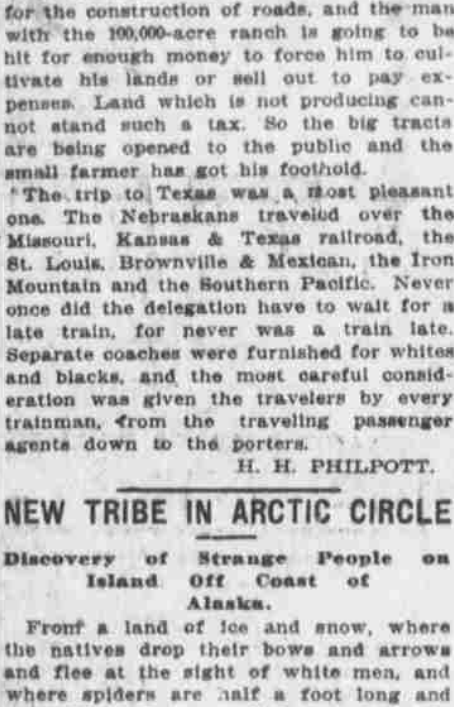
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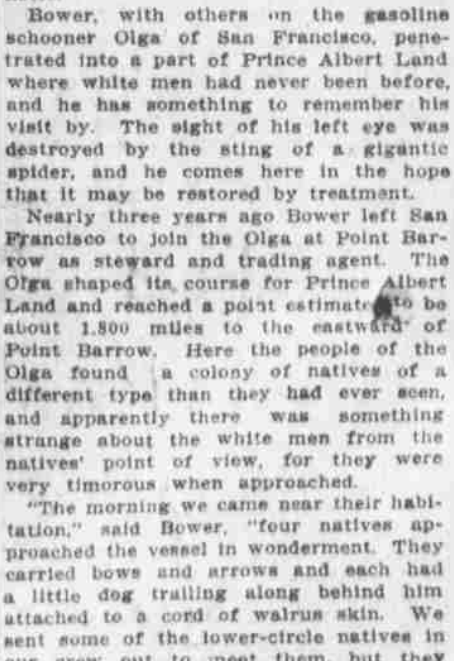
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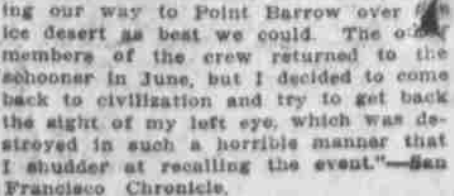
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