

ALONG THE RIO GRANDE



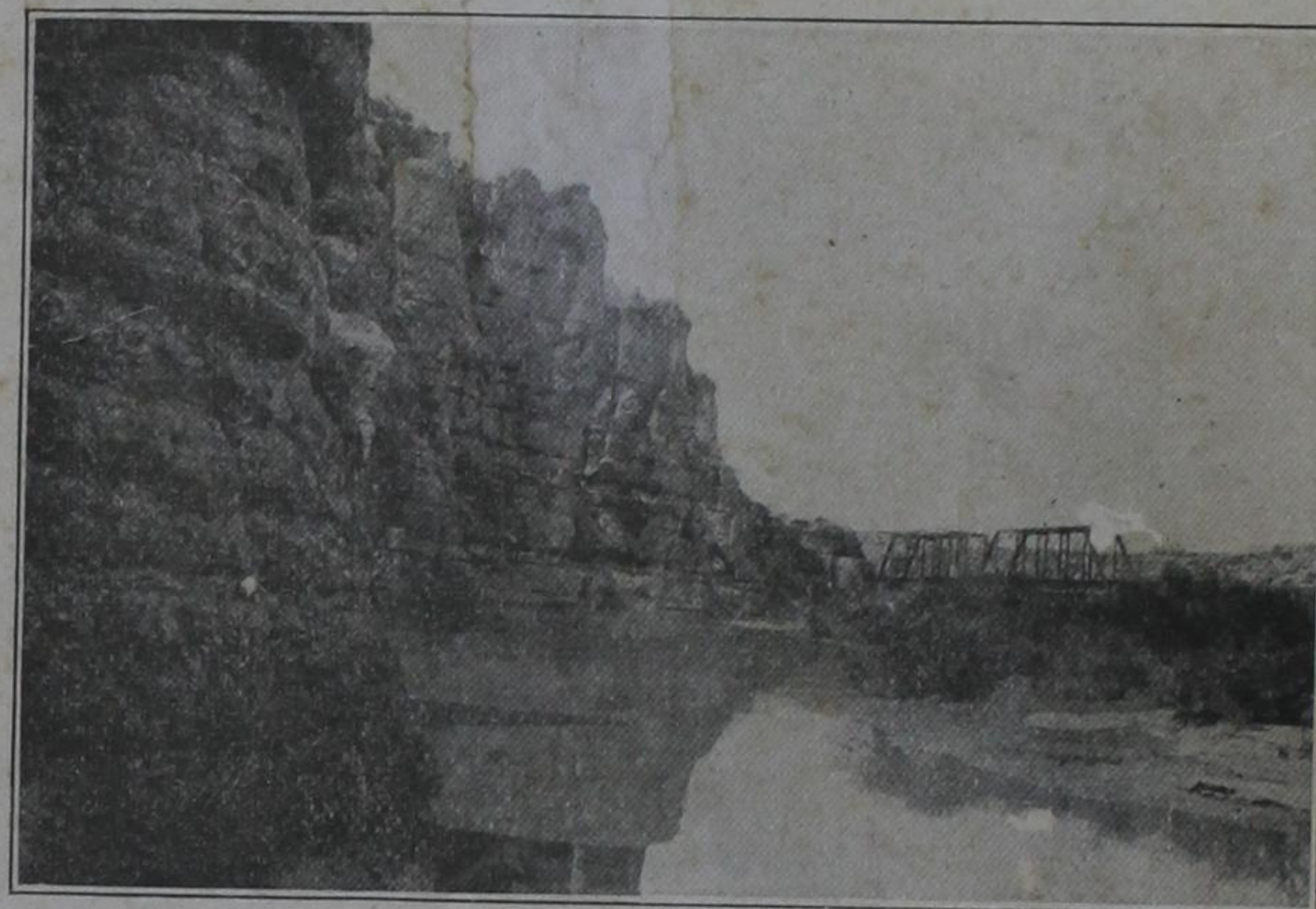


ALONG THE RIO GRANDE

SOUTHWEST COLLECTION
Texas Tech University
LUBBOCK, TEXAS 79409

1500 X
VEM

Scenes on the Line of the
Southern Pacific--Sunset Route
..... in West Texas

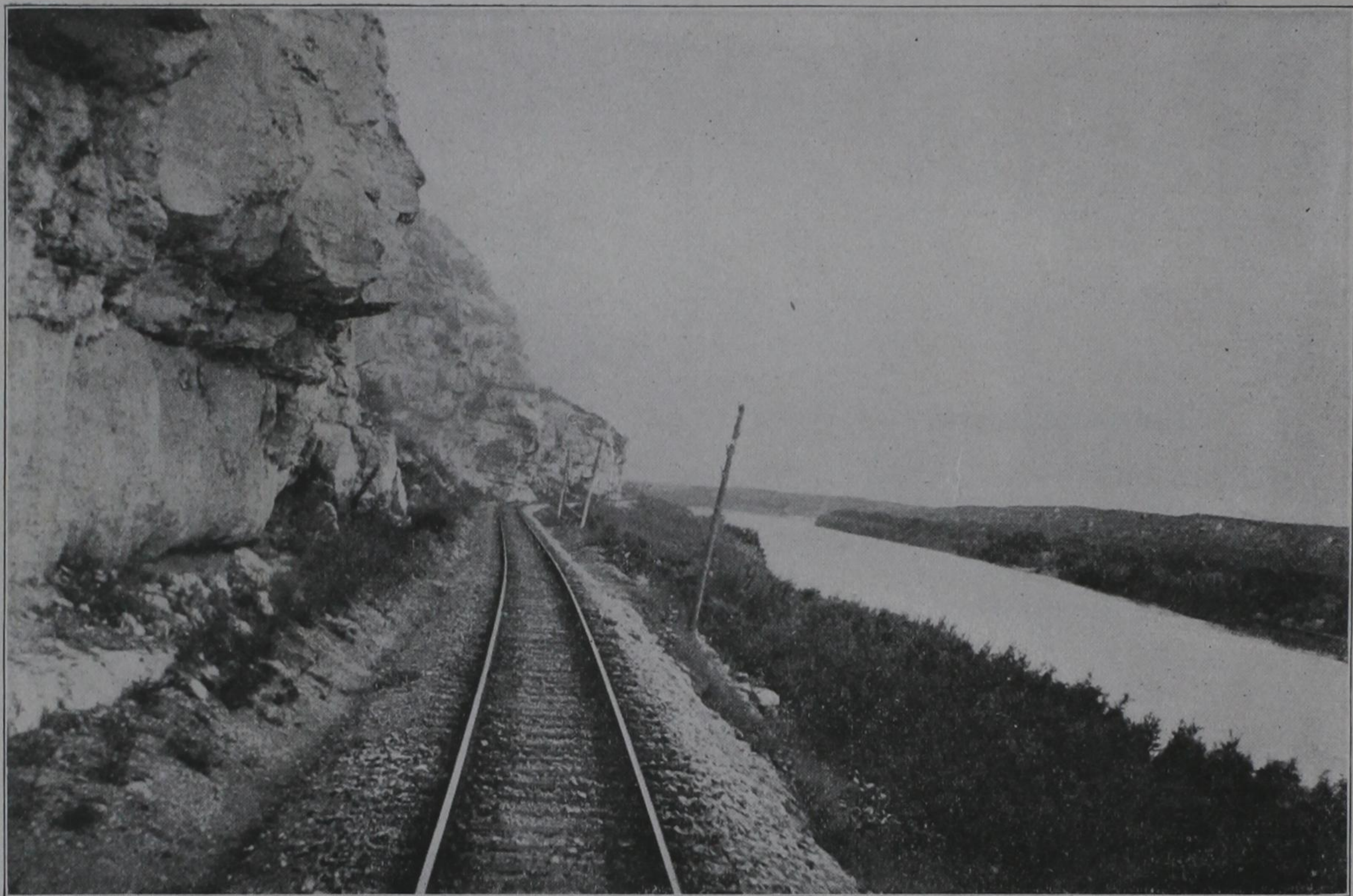


T. J. ANDERSON
General Passenger Agent

JOS. HELLEN
Assistant General Passenger Agent

Compliments of
Passenger Department
Southern Pacific--Sunset Route

Walton 191-3040-15-114
1970 114
1500 X
VEM



ALONG THE LEDGE OF ROCKS OVERHANGING THE RIO GRANDE.

TEX
20
s 727
A454

Along the Rio Grande



HIRLING like a fabled monster on bands of polished steel and in and out among the towering cliffs that hang high overhead, the wide windows of the limited express trains of the Southern Pacific present to the eye of the traveler the unique panorama of two republics — the United States and Old Mexico, far across the wide waters of the turbid Rio Grande del Norte rise the scalloped cliffs of the country of Maximilian and Diaz and far into





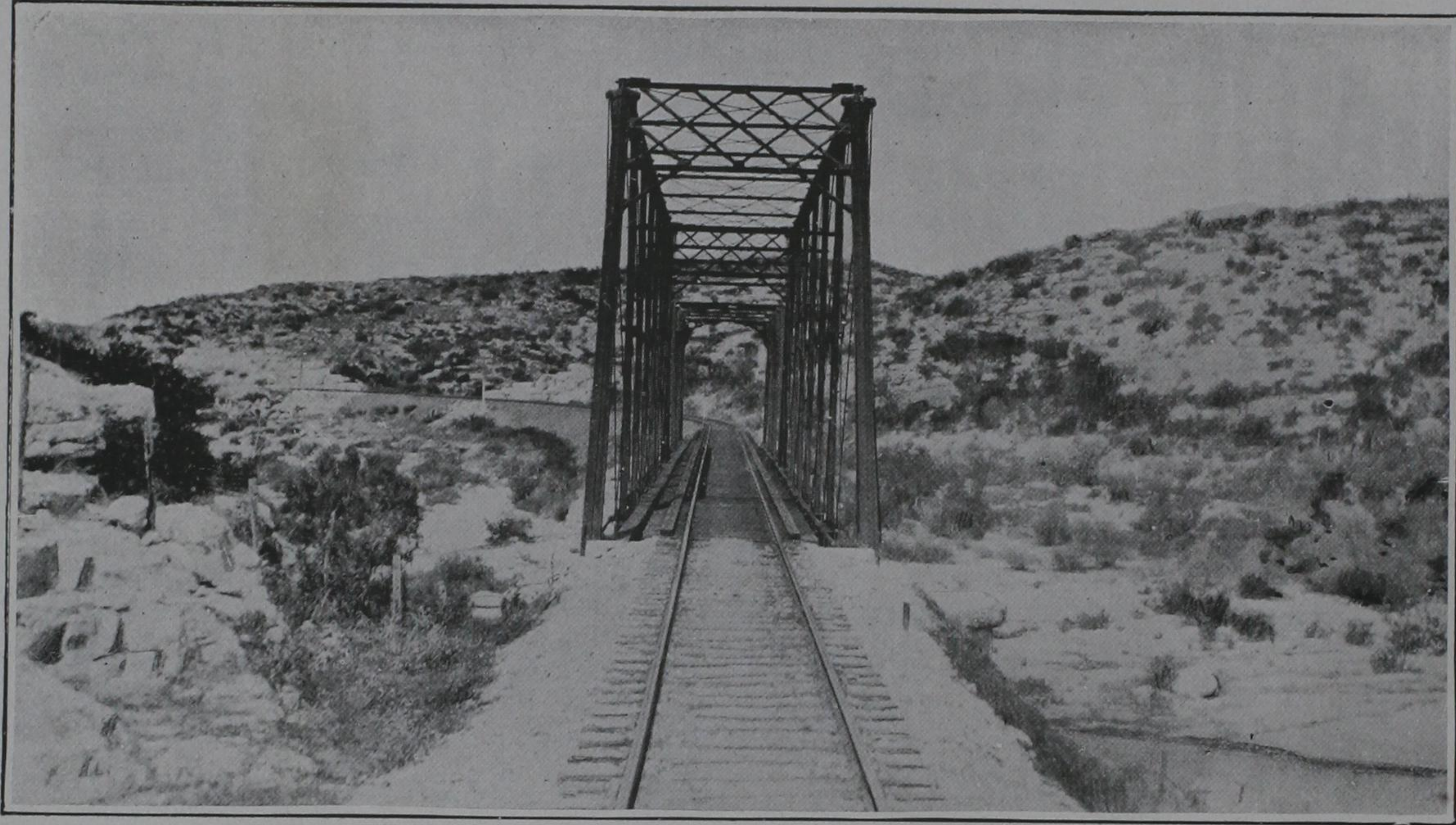
TAKING A "MOVING PICTURE" OF THE SUNSET LIMITED ON ITS WAY EAST FROM SAN FRANCISCO. GLIMPSE OF OLD MEXICO ACROSS THE RIO GRANDE.

Along the Rio Grande

the horizon the mountains of Mexico meet the cloud heights of that quaint land of Spanish America.

Coming from the slumberous lowlands of Louisiana with their gorgeous skies, and through the mesquite and chaparral of the plains of mid-west Texas, one is hardly prepared for the striking grandeur of this scenic route to the Pacific Ocean. From end to end the line of the Southern Pacific, from New Orleans to San Francisco, is a transition of scenic surprises, beginning with the half-French, half-American city of New Orleans and ending at the cosmopolis of the far western slope, for the quaint features which attract the tourist to New Orleans are too manifold and too interesting not to bear repetition, and





THE SCARRED HILLS OF WEST TEXAS.

Along the Rio Grande

that city has become more and more the mid-winter Gateway to the West; and while popular at all times, it is never more popular than during that peculiar period of Mardi-Gras, the carnival of which occurs annually, costing hundreds of thousands of dollars from private purses, and the splendor and whimsicality of which are not matched by any fiesta either of the new or old world. New Orleans is essentially the tourist's point of interest, and not a visitor to that city but plunges at once into the labyrinths of the quaint old quarter below Canal street, the population of which even to this day speaks little else but in the tongues of France and Spain. Here are the unique curio shops, the shops where the bric-a-brac, the medal-





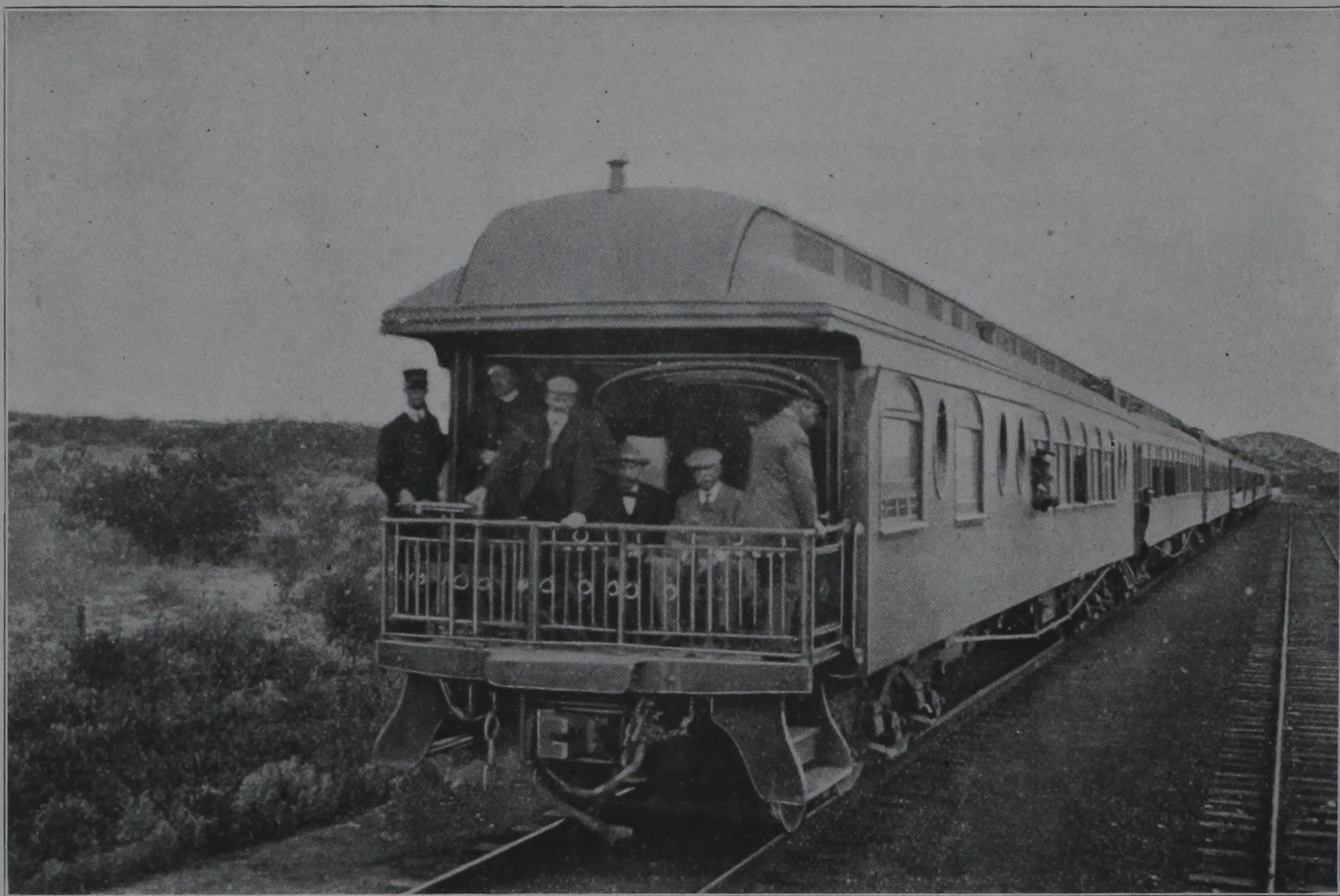
A CATTLE ROUNDUP IN TEXAS.

Along the Rio Grande

lians, furniture and ornaments of the last of the Louises and of Napoleon's era may still be found. Here also are those restaurants unlike those of any other of the world, and the cuisine of which, one experienced is certain to attract the traveler to an annual migration.

Leaving New Orleans from the very heart of the city, the magnificently equipped and solid vestibuled train, headed with the modern oil burning locomotive, free from smoke, from dust and from cinders, speeds away and is taken bodily across the broad Mississippi River, and there on the western side resumes its journey toward the Sunset Seas. It passes through the romantic country of Evangeline and through the rich suc-





THROUGH THE PLAINS AND HILLS OF WEST TEXAS.

Along the Rio Grande

cession of sugar and rice plantations, which evidence the thriving prosperity of both old and new Louisiana. At Beaumont, just across the Texas line, is that great oil field, the myriad gushers of which in 1900 astounded the world. Twenty miles beyond are the oil fields of Sour Lake, a discovery of only a few months, which already rivals its older neighbor. When Houston is reached, Galveston, the water-Phoenix, is but a few miles away on the Gulf of Mexico, and one of the greatest shipping ports of America.

San Antonio is the Mecca of health, where thousands assemble to receive the benefits of its pure and salubrious atmosphere, and it is one of the most cosmopolitan cities of America





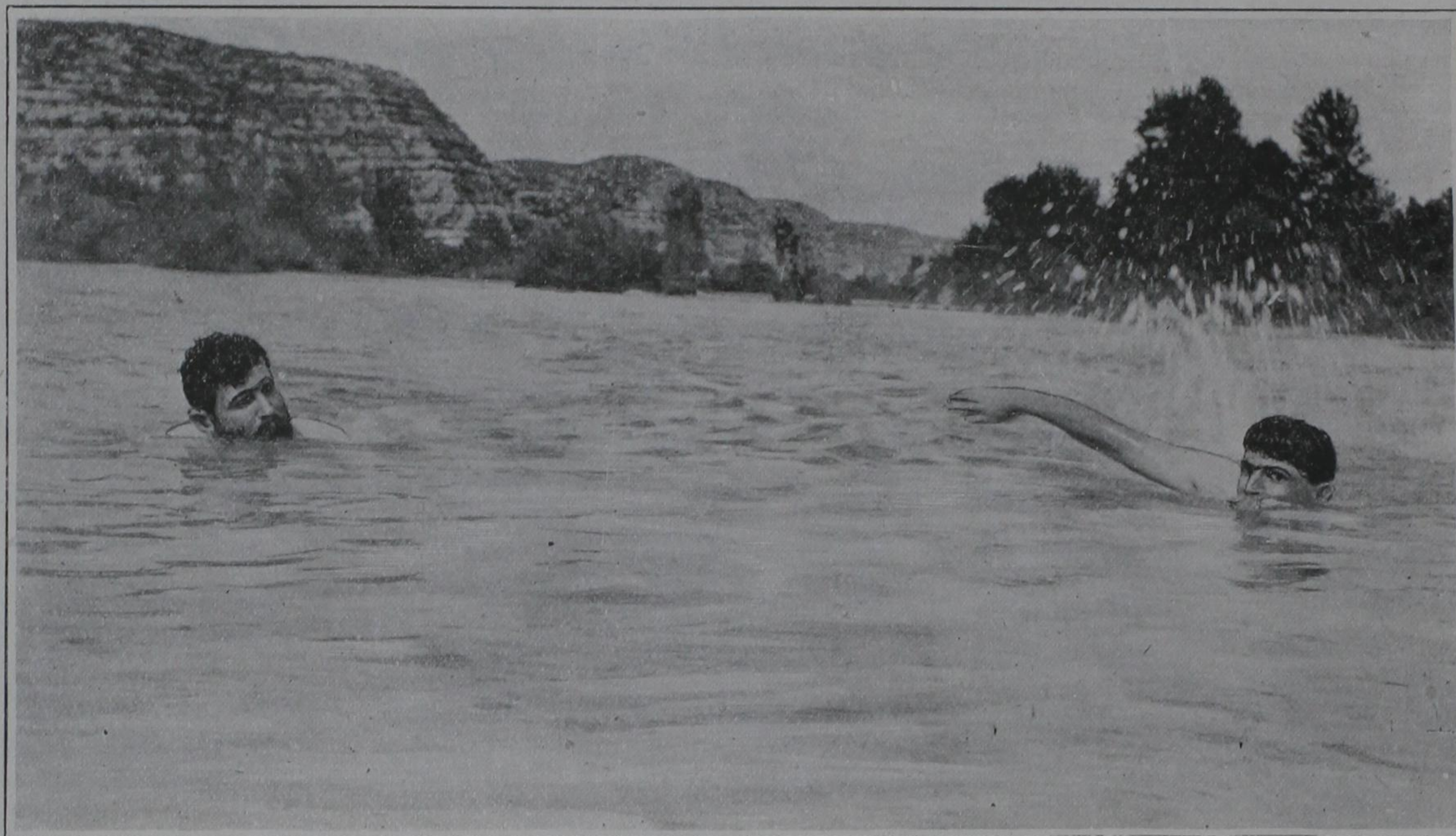
THE FERRY ACROSS THE RIO GRANDE AT LAS VACAS, MEXICO, OPPOSITE DEL RIO, TEXAS.

Along the Rio Grande

Here are the first evidences of old Spanish occupancy, and the Alamo stands a battle-scarred memorial to the heroism of Travis and Bowie, and that small band of dauntless Texans, whose surrender was but coincident with their deaths.

Beyond San Antonio are the great cattle plains of Texas, and it is not until Del Rio is reached that the exquisite panorama of the "Two Republics" comes full into view. A short distance beyond the city the picture appears before the eye, and for miles upon miles the train speeds through some of the most gorgeous scenery of North America, the Rio Grande and the mountains of Old Mexico on the one side and the gray-green convolutions of the Texas mountains on the other. The





MEXICANS SWIMMING THE RIO GRANDE TO THE AMERICAN SIDE.

Along the Rio Grande

roadbed lies upon a shelf of rock overlooking the swift moving current of the saffron river and in and out among the rocks, some of which hang high overhead and form a half arcade. Beyond these hanging rocks and rising shear from the clear waters of a small rivulet, stand the corrugated walls of a most striking spectacle of nature, and stretching away to the right is seen a perspective of mediæval castles towering high into the sky and bringing before the imagination pictures of old ruins of chivalry and knighthood long past. This is Casa Canon, a small stream forming the moat into which are thrown the shadows of towers and battlements, turrents and bastions, the like of which are not to be seen on the continent of North America.





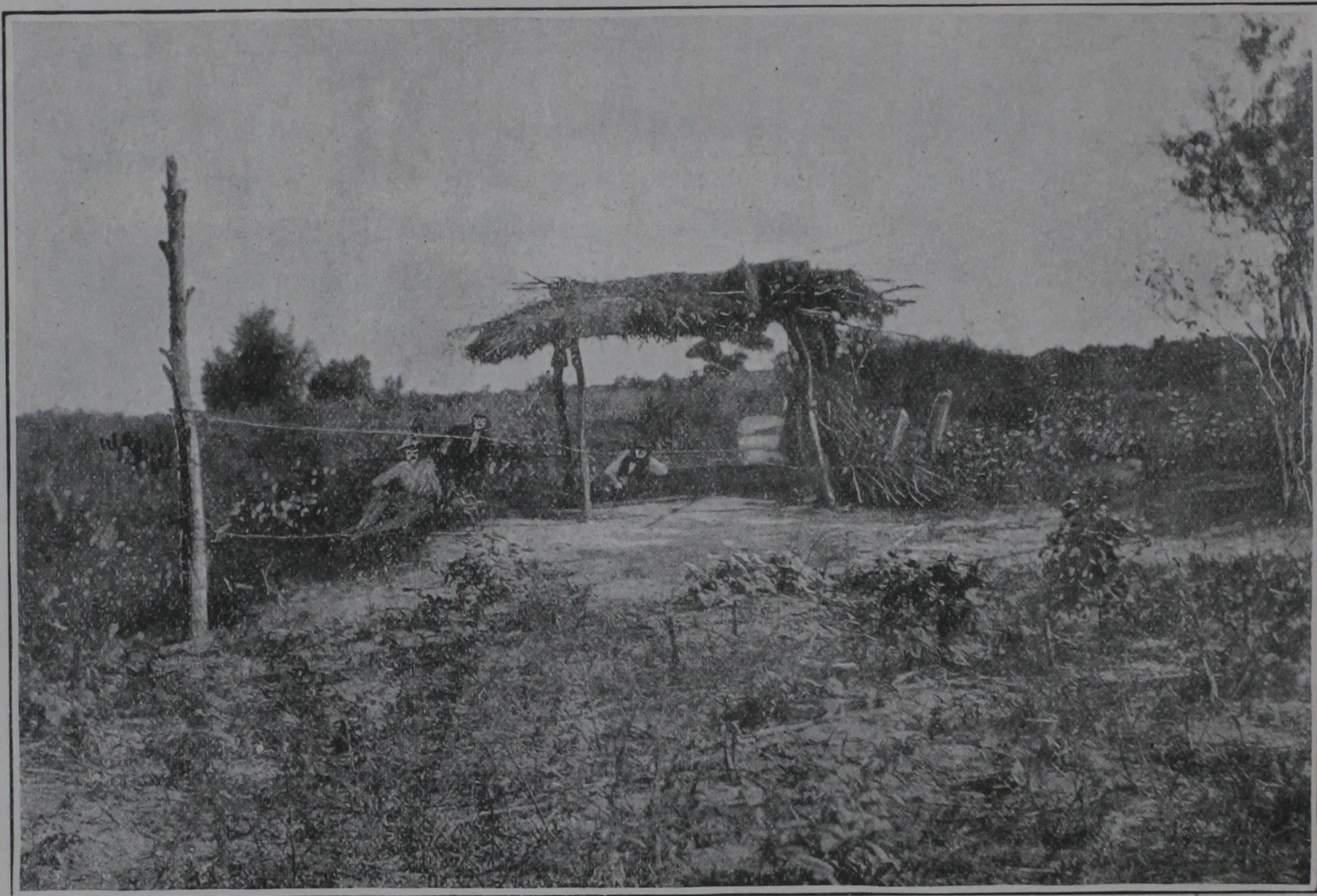
VISITORS FROM OLD MEXICO.

Along the Rio Grande

A short distance beyond the train passes over a bridge which spans a stream of picturesque beauty. This is the Devil's River, the waters of which are cold as ice and clear as crystal, and beneath the surface of which can be seen strangely formed rocks, and fishes darting in and out among them. The valley of this river is broad, and from the base of the high cliffs which wall it on either side stretch gentle, verdant slopes shaded by the dense foliage of trees, conspicuous among which are the great pecan trees of Texas. Here and further towards its origin is to be found splendid fishing, while wild turkey and deer exist in abundance for the hunter of large game.

Some miles beyond this point the train passes over one of





A MEXICAN CUSTOM-HOUSE.

Along the Rio Grande

the most celebrated bridges known to the engineering world. This is the colossal Viaduct, a steel bridge across the Pecos River Canon. This bridge is 321 feet high—the highest bridge in North America and the third highest bridge in the world, while it measures 2184 feet from end to end, and from a distance appears to be standing upon legs of wire, but which in reality are immense steel constructed columns.

Just to the north of Marfa is Fort Davis, a celebrated army post, nestling in the heart of the Sierra del Muerta and Apache mountains, where large game, bear and panthers abound. This is also a health resort, almost as noted as San Antonio. Just a few miles east of this point the Southern Pacific reaches its





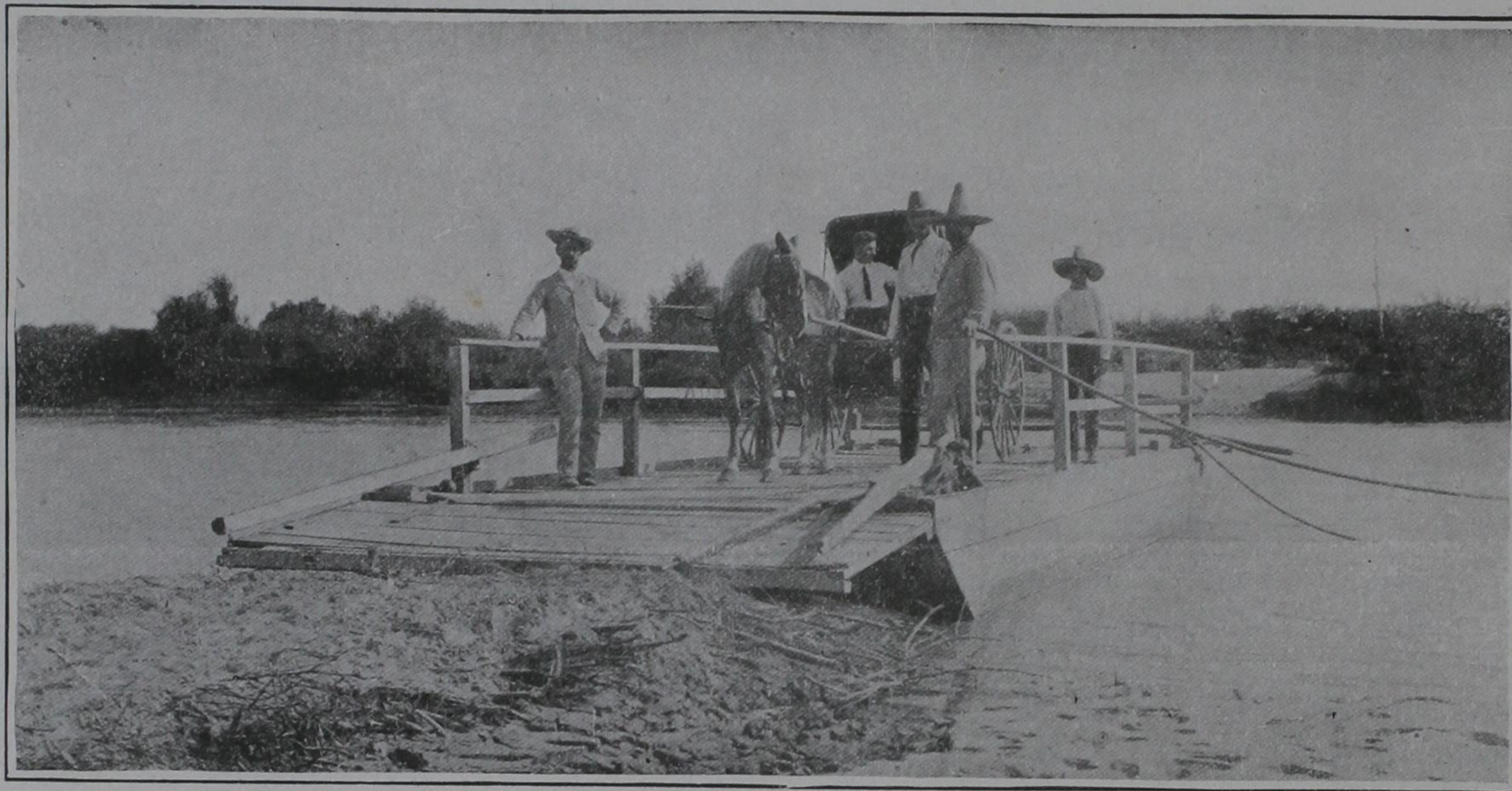
PATIENT OXEN DRAW CORN FROM THE PROVINCES TO LAS VACAS.

highest latitude, going over the apex of its route at a height of 5082 feet.

El Paso is the gateway between Texas, Mexico and California, and a city of curious interest. Across the Rio Grande is the city of Juarez, in Old Mexico, where many of the most noted bull fights occur during the winter season.

From one end of the Atlantic System, beginning at New Orleans, to the other end at El Paso, the traveler is carried through many phases of life and scenery which are to be seen in no other way than over the route going along the border line of the Two Republics of North America, and comes in contact with a people whose unique customs, picturesque appear-





TEXAS RANGERS GUARDING THE SOUTHERN BORDER OF THE UNITED STATES FROM INVASION OF MEXICAN CATTLE THIEVES.

ances and soft patois are unlike that of any other country, for here abound the Mexican and the cowboy in all their western glory.

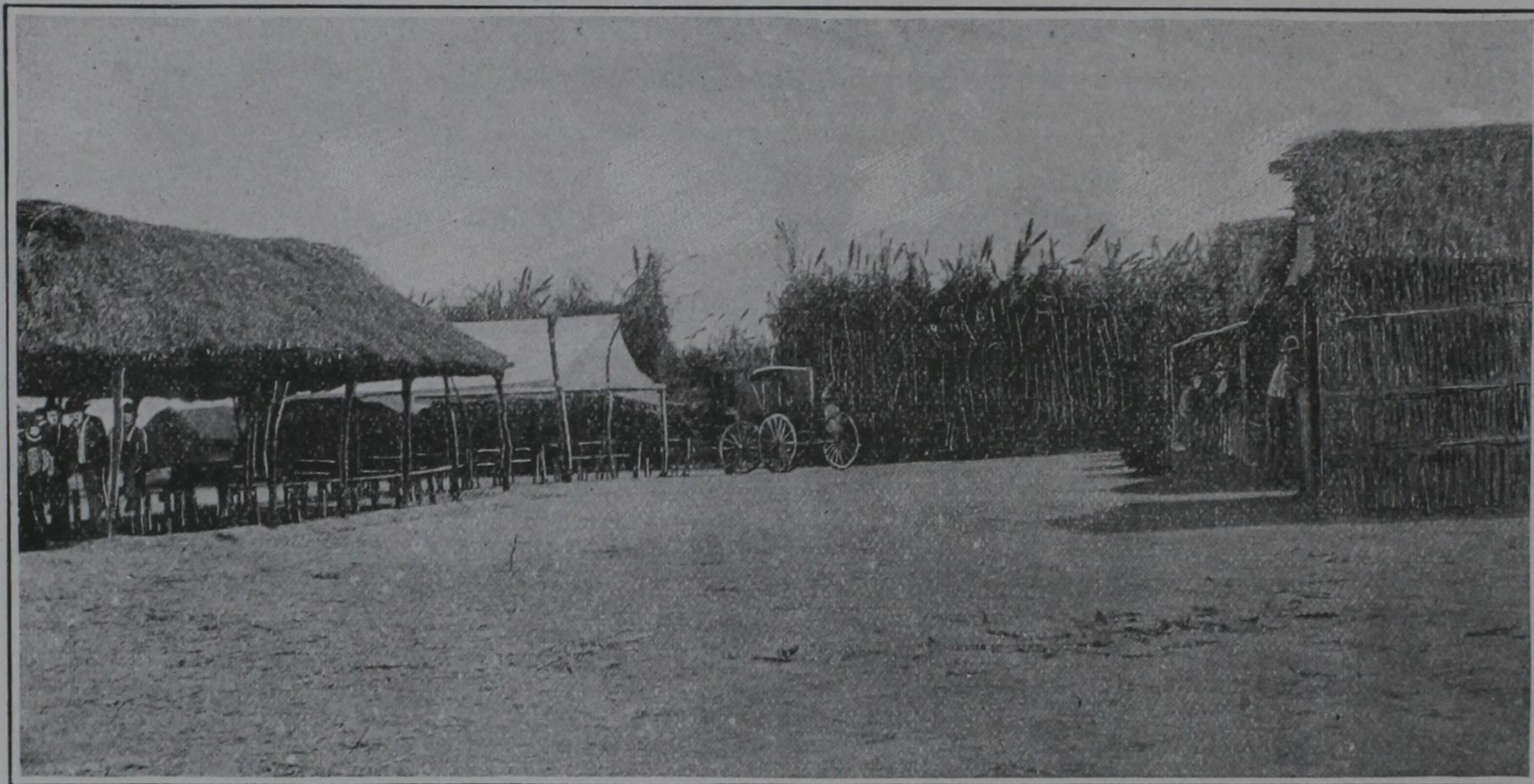
What the Girl and the Growler Said and Saw

In breezy descriptive personal vein does H. S. Kneedler describe this picture route through West Texas in the publication, "From Storyland to Sunset Seas."

"Del Rio!" said the Girl, "that has a Spanish sound."

"I like the old name of the place best," responded the Colonel; "it was San Felipi. There are some wonderful springs a mile northeast of the town. They burst from the foot of low,



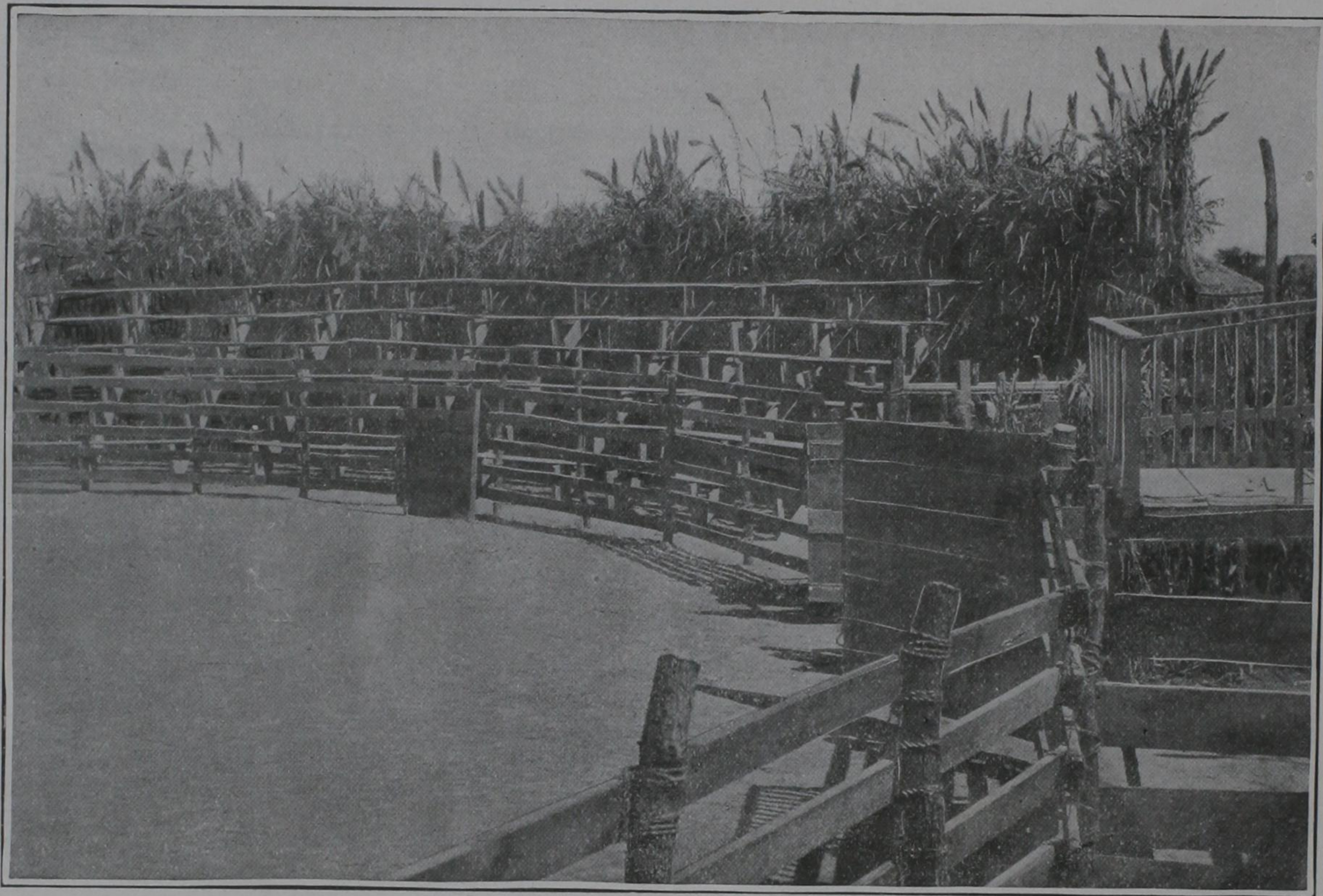


PLAZA BEFORE THE BULLFIGHTING ARENA AT LAS VACAS. THE ARENA WALLS ARE BUILT OF BAMBOO.

rocky hills, and so great is their flow that, besides furnishing water for the town and the railroad, for the ice factory, cotton gins and grist mills, and irrigating 3,000 acres of land, a great volume runs to waste in a swift, bold stream that flows toward the Rio Grande. There are abundant deposits of red and yellow ochre a mile east of town, and thorough geological survey will doubtless reveal other mineral wealth."

The system of irrigation here proves what can be done in this soil and climate," remarked the Growler. "Something like 8,000 or 10,000 acres are in cultivation. The soil is a rich loam and produces all sorts of fruits, vegetables and grains. I have seen sixty bushels of corn, or one and a half bales of





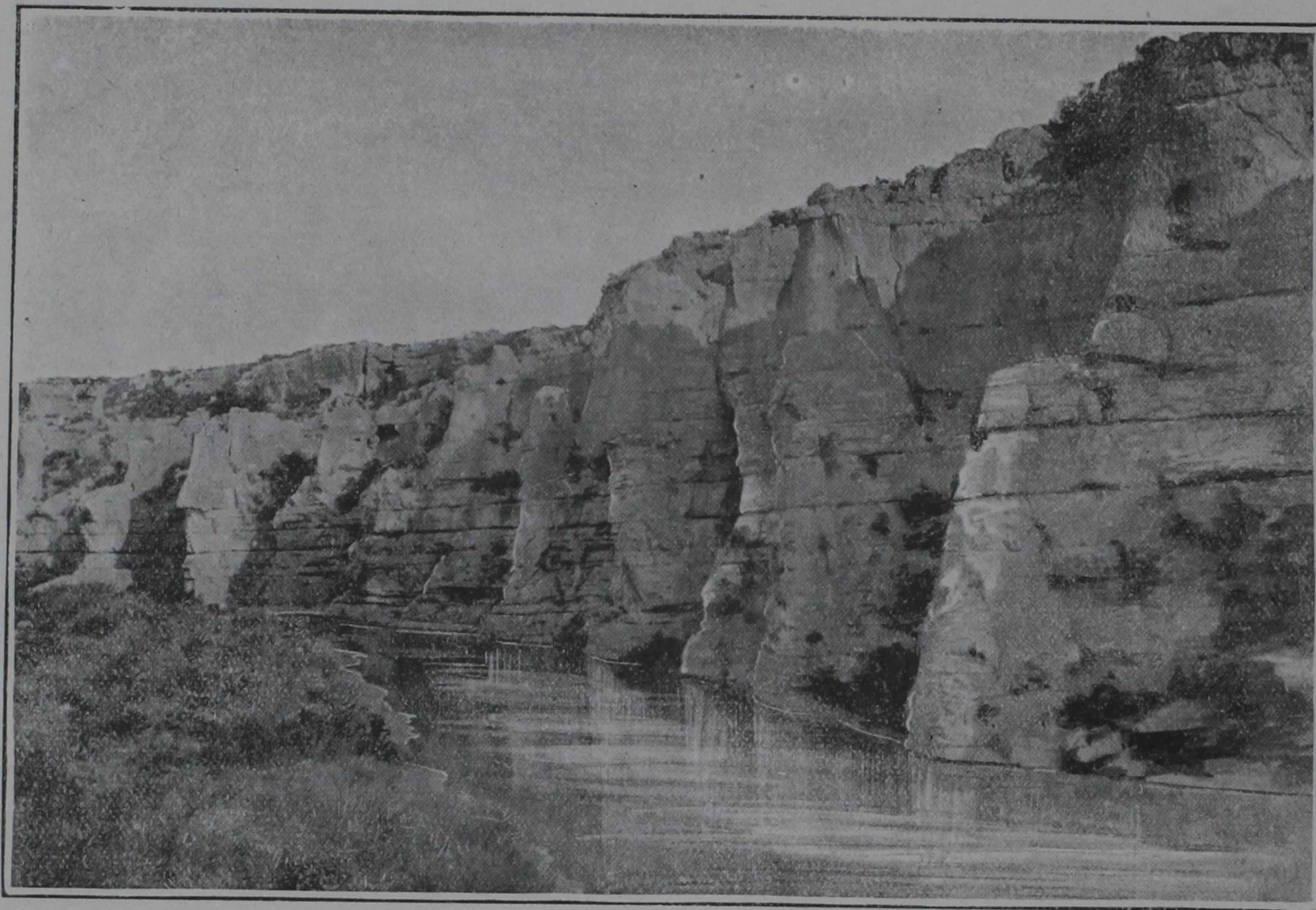
WITHIN THE ARENA AT LAS VACAS, MEXICO.

cotton, or four hundred bushels of potatoes grown to the acre. It is a great grape district, the Lenore or Black Spanish grape flourishing with almost unexampled luxuriance, producing as high as 20,000 pounds to the acre. A great deal of wine is made here and sells at \$1.00 per gallon when new."

"Isn't there a mineral spring hereabouts, too?" I asked.

"Yes," said the Growler, "on the southern limits of the town there is a famous mineral well, of which Prof. Everhardt made the following statement: 'So far as my own experiences goes, there is only one sulphur water in the State that possesses all the qualities of a first-class water, and that one is found at Del Rio. This water stood for over six weeks in my laboratory





CASA CANON WITH ITS RUGGED BATTLEMENTS RISES FROM A SMALL, CRYSTAL STREAM.

without losing appreciably any of its properties. Taking everything into consideration, it stands at the head of any sulphur water found in the United States, and is probably equal to any found elsewhere in the world.'"

Six miles beyond Del Rio the road enters a cutting and begins to skirt the bank of the Rio Grande. At times the waters of the river wash the shelf of stone upon which the track is laid. On the right the great wall of gray rock rises in castellated turrets, sometimes projecting in roof-like masses that overhang the track. Here and there, from the cavernous mouths of caves, great flocks of swallows and bats issue forth as the train clatters by. With affrighted cries they circle about for a time and then





THE CAVES OF CASA CANON, WHERE THE APACHE INDIANS HIDE FROM PURSUIT.

retreat into the dark and mysterious recesses again. Off to the left are the misty blue mountains of Mexico. Here the two republics confront each other belligerently and with the menace of stern granite walls, while between the placid river flows. Ten miles beyond, the Devil's River, an affluent of the Rio Grande, is crossed. Its crystal clear waters abound in trout that tempt the sportsmen. After crossing the river the train runs through Seminole Cave Canon. Here again the great primeval rocks rise like the buttressed walls of a castle in Lombardy. They are honeycombed with caves, the interior walls of which are daubed in places with paint and marked by indecipherable hieroglyphics. In these caves the roaming bands





THE TURRETS AND TOWERS OF CASA CANON.

of Apaches once sought shelter when too closely pursued by the troops, and were wont to lie in secure hiding while the soldiers were mystified by their sudden disappearance.

When Comstock is reached, the Santa Rosa Mountains can be seen, towering blue and bold, seventy miles away in Mexico. Here one begins to realize the purity and rarity of the atmosphere on these high plains. The eye acquires a power lost to it in other latitudes. That hill over there is thirty miles away, but you would aver that it was only five at most. To the foot of those bluffs is twenty miles, but if you relied upon vision you would say you could walk to them in half an hour. Continually one is deceived by this forshortening of distance.



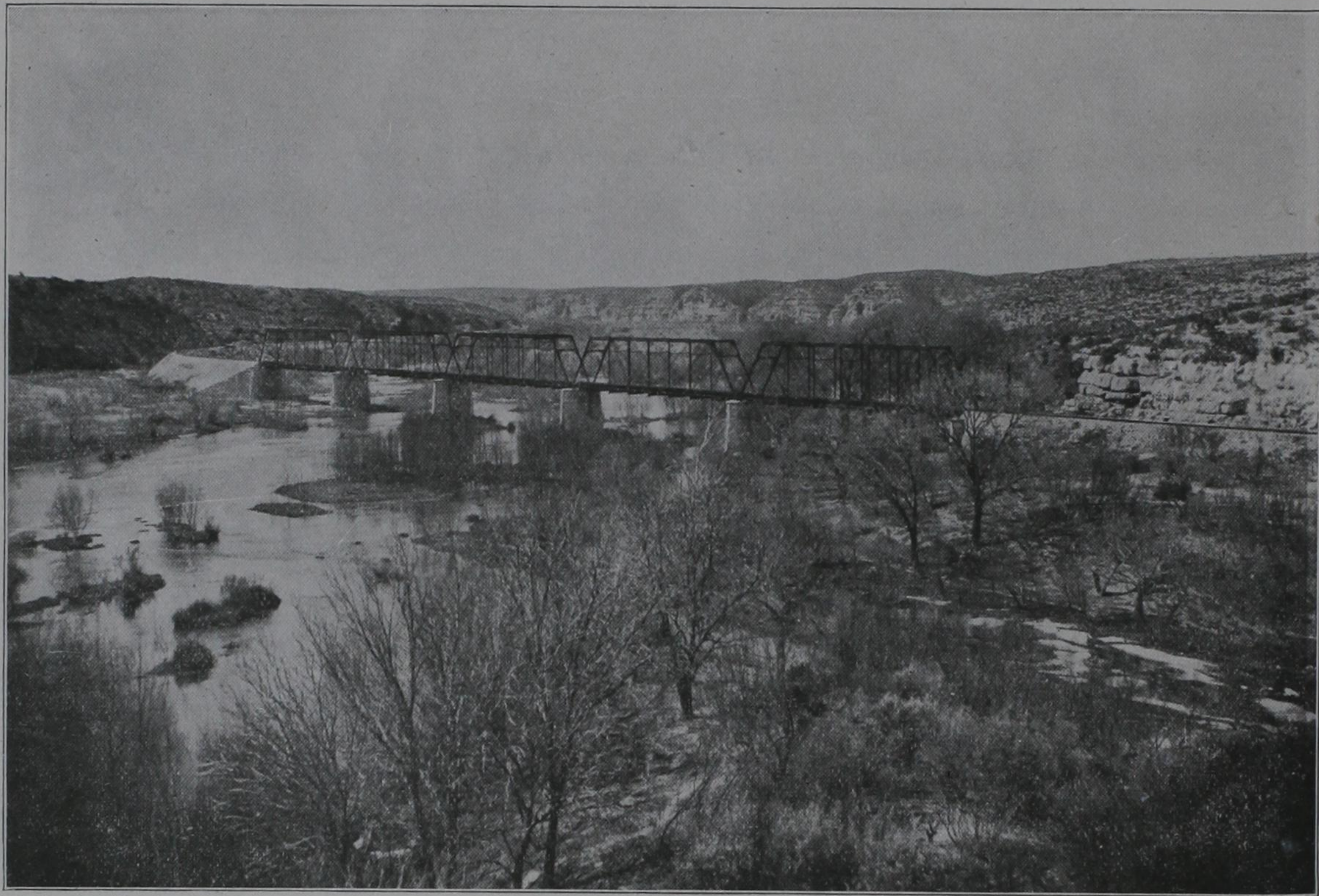


CASA CANON IN THE DRY SEASON,

From Langtry to El Paso every foot of the way seemed to suggest something of romantic interest connected with the pioneer life of the country to the Colonel or to the Growler. The wide sweep of verdure-clad or barren landscape, the rugged near-by butts or far-off blue chains of towering mountains, the presence of a frontier fort, with its trim buildings and flying colors, everything revived incidents that added an element of acute interest to the journey.



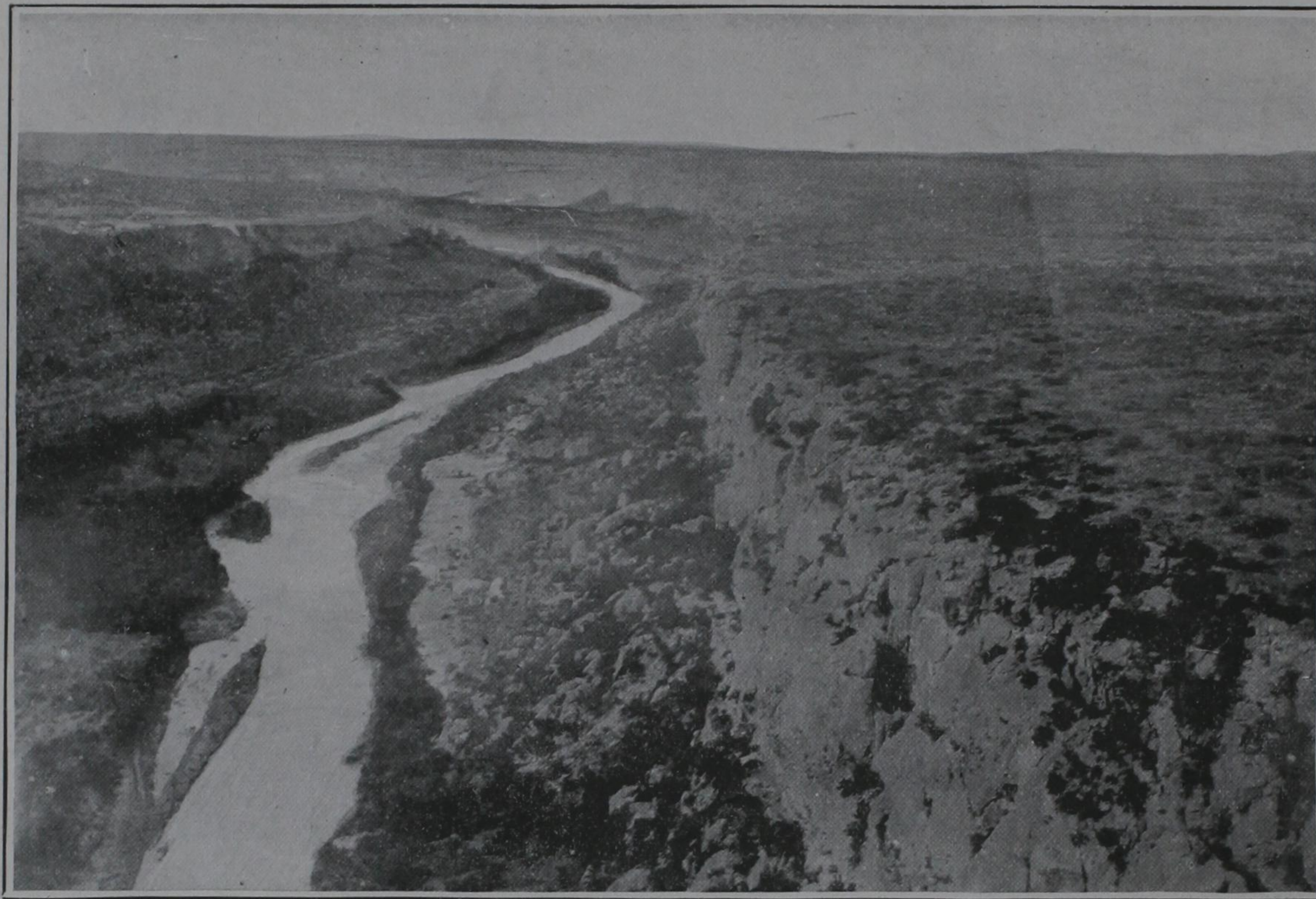
From Paisano to Marfa the road runs through the beautiful Le Sano Pass of the Santa del Muerto Mountains for fourteen miles. Paisano is the summit of the Sunset Route, glorifying in an altitude of 5,082 feet. The whole pass varies but little



DEVIL'S RIVER, WHERE FISH ABOUND AND WILD DEER AND TURKEY HAVE THEIR HAUNTS.

from this high altitude. On either hand the precipitous bluffs rise at an acute angle thirteen hundred feet higher. Their steep sides are covered with a dense growth of live oaks that makes a shivering carpeting of living green all the year. The scenery is exquisite throughout the entire distance. From Marfa to Sierra Blanca - ninety miles—the line follows the great Van Horne Valley. The spurs of the Eagle mountains are on the left—the Caresas or Santa del Muerto's on the right and the valley, maintaining an average width of twenty miles, is as level as a floor, the elevation above the sea being 4,512 feet at the highest point and 4,012 at the lowest. The soil is





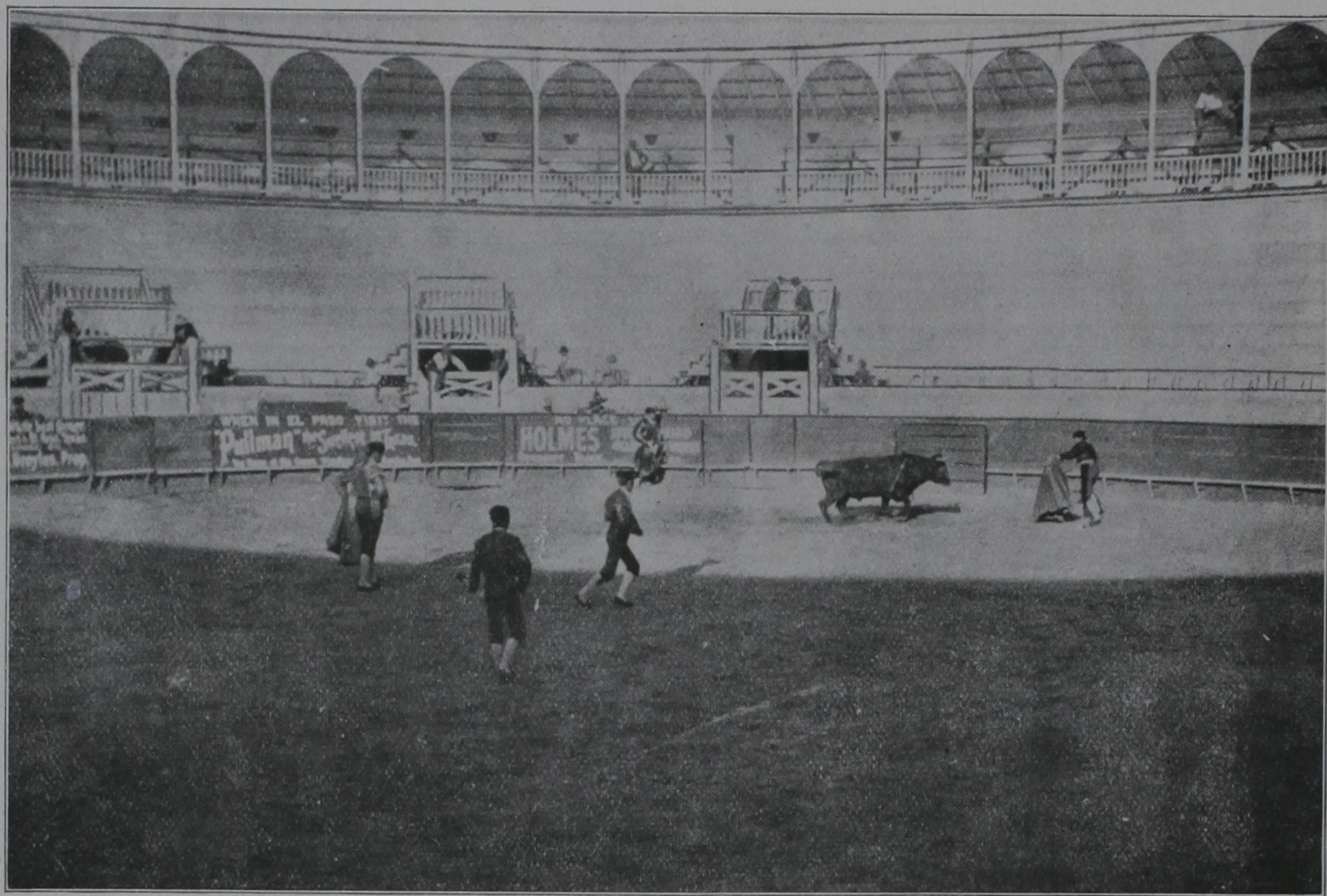
LOOKING DOWN PECOS CANON FROM THE VIADUCT AT AN ALTITUDE OF 321 FEET.

as fertile as any in the world, but the absence of water makes it unproductive. At Fay, almost midway of the valley, the Southern Pacific sank a well to a depth of 2,012 feet, but secured even then a very indifferent flow of the much sought fluid. This is the favorite grazing ground of the antelope, and often herds of them can be seen from the car window.

"Here's Malone Station; come out on the platform and see the horseshoe curve," said the Colonel.

The horseshoe is one of the most remarkable pieces of engineering on this part of the road. On the wild sweep of broken and mountain-hemmed plain it describes an almost complete circle—a ten-degree curve with a one per



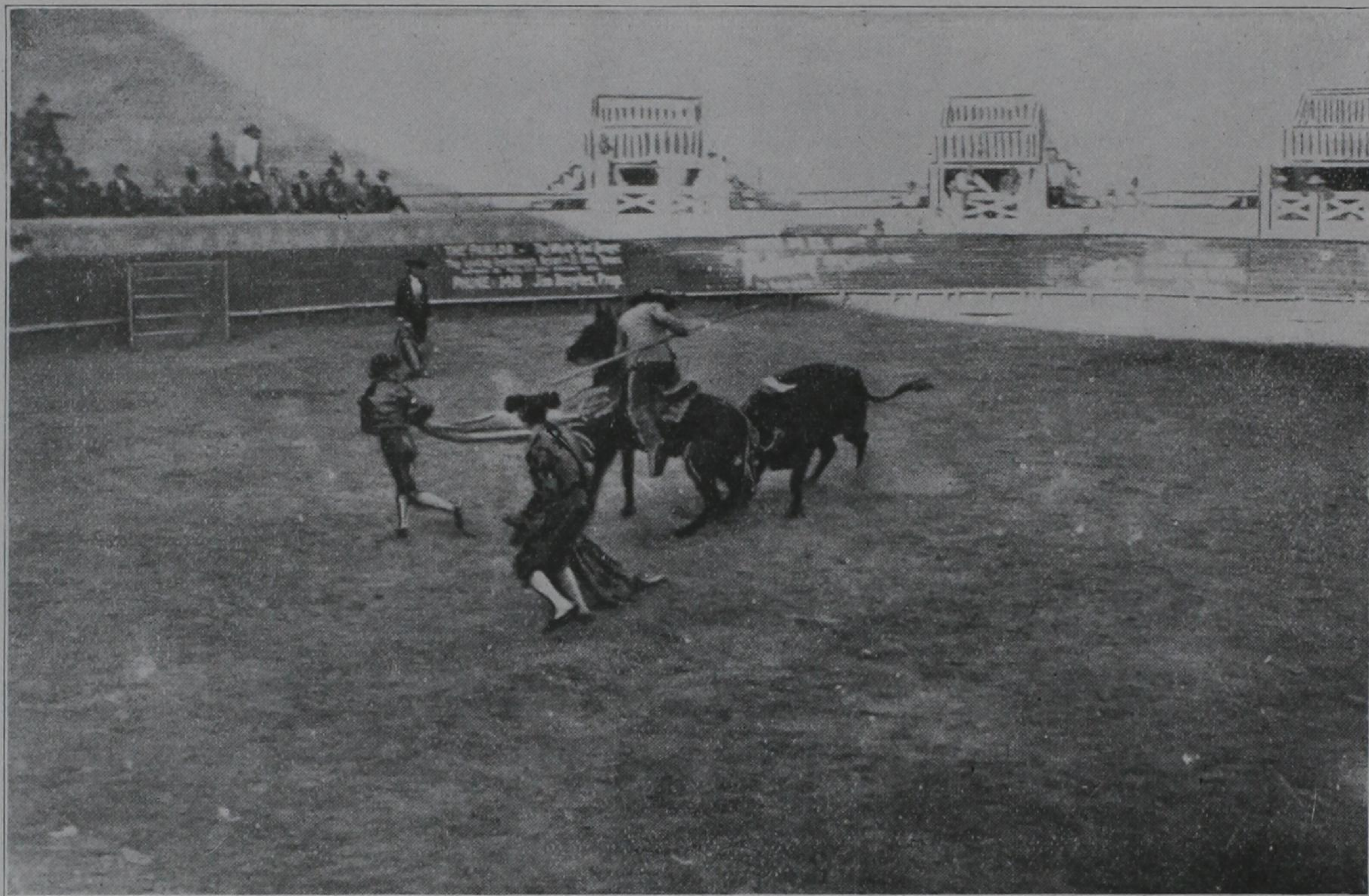


BULL FIGHTING AT JUAREZ, MEXICO (OPPOSITE EL PASO.)

cent grade all the way. It is a mile around, and after forming the loop is less than two hundred yards between tracks.

For fifty miles on each side of El Paso is a country susceptible, with irrigation, of the highest cultivation. It is the natural home of the Mission grape, which, from the peculiarities of soil and atmosphere and climate here, takes on a flavor equalled by no other grown elsewhere. These grapes were originally brought from Spain by the early Catholic priests, and have flourished here ever since. Much wine was once made in the region, but now so great is the demand for the product for table use that almost all are shipped for that purpose as they ripen. The average altitude of the district is 3,700 feet, but





AN EXCITING MOMENT IN THE BULL RING.

beside the vine, all varieties of fruit, including quinces, peaches and pears, grow to perfection.

At Ysleta, a quaint town of adobe houses set down in broad green fields and shady orchards, an ancient irrigation system shows what can be done with even primitive agricultural methods. Here lives the remnant of an old tribe of Indians belonging to the Pueblos, maintaining their language, Catholic in their belief, but preserving their ancient traditions in spite of the innovation in their faith, and celebrating, with weird rites and spectral fires upon the mountain tops, the season of harvest and sowing. They keep to themselves, and will take no part in any mining; though credited with a knowledge





CLIMBING TO CLOUDCROFT, NEW MEXICO, NEAR EL PASO.

as to the location of rich and virgin veins. The story goes that when the Spaniards conquered Mexico, the forefathers of these Indians of Ysleta were among the natives who were confined in the silver mines and compelled to work, ill-fed and oppressed by a slavery that was the death of thousands. After the Spaniards were driven out, the aborigines entered into a compact never to show a mine to any one nor to work in one themselves. They even filled with dirt and rocks the old shafts which were the scenes of their sufferings, and planted trees and cacti over them to hide all traces of their existence. And the traveler who looks out of his window at the bronzed and stolid faces in the fields must wonder whether under those grim

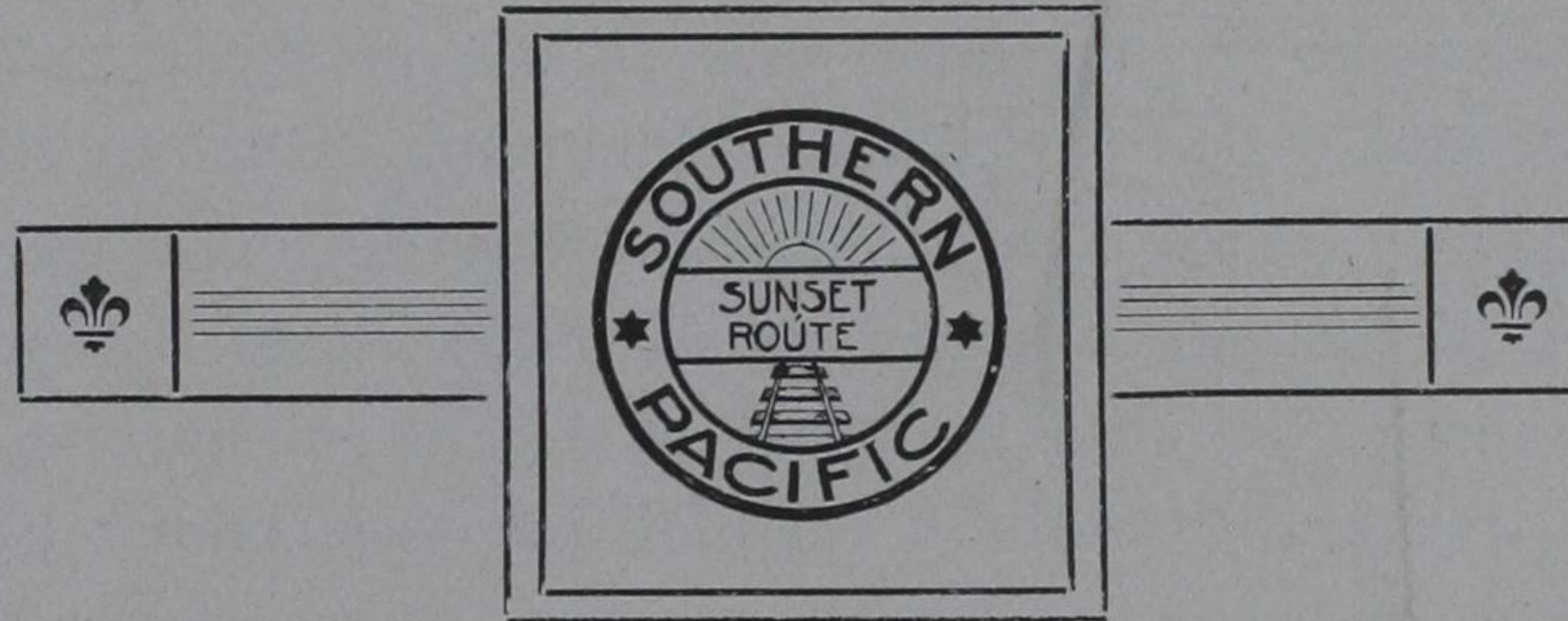




AT THE SUMMIT OF CLOUDCROFT, 9,000 FEET.

and expressionless features is hidden a memory of their wrongs
and the secret of wealth locked up in the sombre hills that
buttress the world hereabouts.

Along the Rio Grande





OIL BURNING LOCOMOTIVES



ONE of the most, if not the most noticeable feature observed in the service of the Southern Pacific, and the feature that attracts the attention and comment of the traveler, is the use by this railroad of oil burning locomotives, all of those now in use in the passenger service having been "converted" from coal to oil burners. Due to this one may travel from New Orleans to San Francisco without seeing or feeling a cinder, and only when the boilers are fired up for extra speed, is smoke visible. Even then it remains but a few moments, so with the oil burning locomotives and oil on the tracks, the Southern Pacific is free from smoke, free from dust and from cinders, and the traveler remains clean and comfortable throughout

WRITE FOR SUNSET LITERATURE

T. J. ANDERSON, G. P. A.

JOS. HELLEN, A. G. P. A.

HOUSTON, TEXAS

SOUTHWEST COLLECTION
Texas Tech University
LUBBOCK, TEXAS 79409

