

Las Vegas Hot Springs, New Mexico

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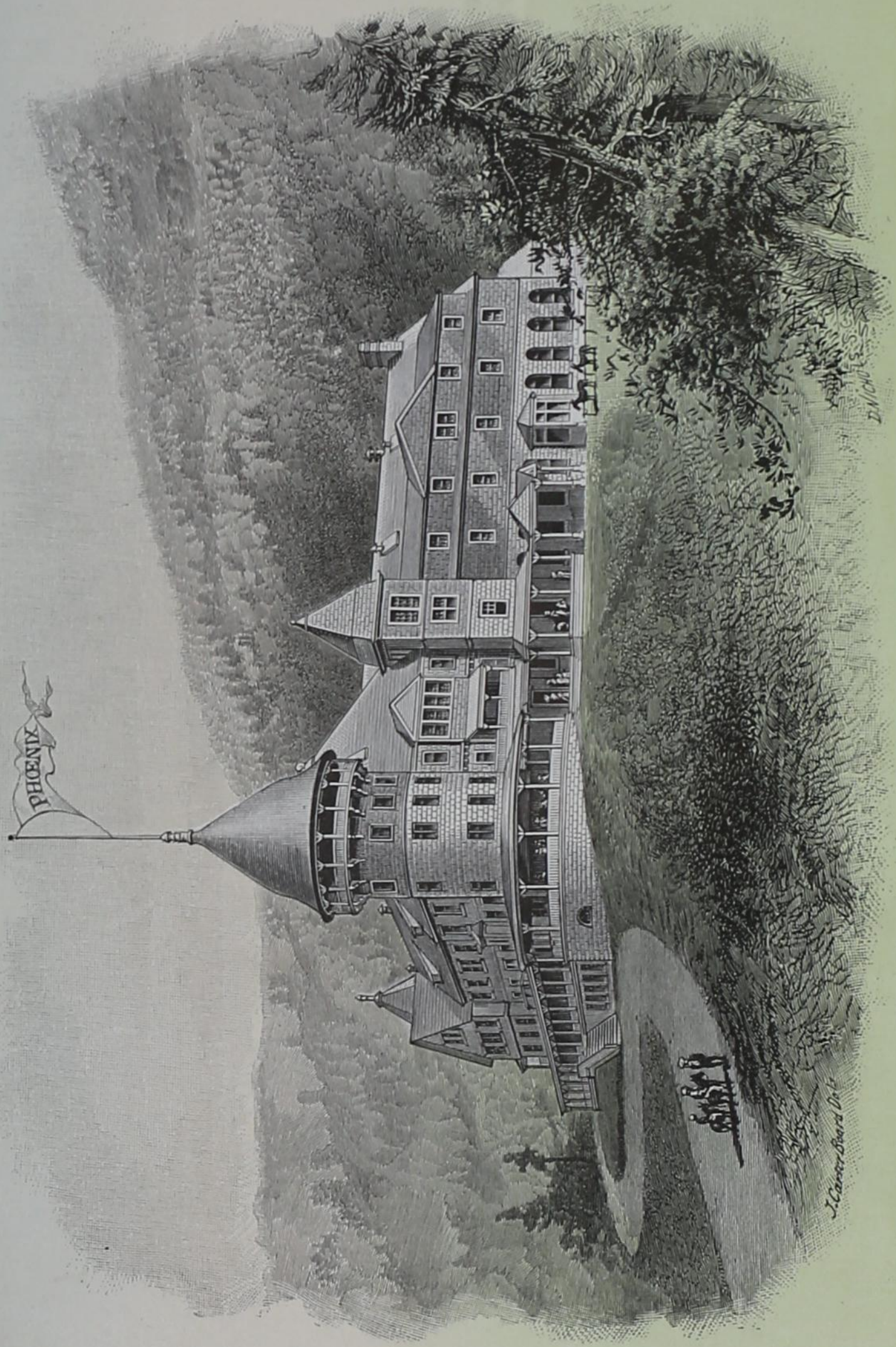




The  
Las Vegas  
HOT SPRINGS  
AND  
SURROUNDINGS  
NEAR LAS VEGAS,  
NEW MEXICO.

"The Karlsbad of America."





PHOENIX HOTEL.





Prepared for the Information of Tourists, Tired People, Invalids of all Classes, and those who seek a Summer or Winter Resort, with the benefit to be derived from Medicinal Baths and Mineral Waters.

*Atcheson, Topeka and Santa Fe Railway Co.*

PASSENGER DEPARTMENT  
SANTA FÉ ROUTE.  
1887.

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## Las Vegas Hot Springs.

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There is a sense in which the year 1846 is a very early date. All that was west of the Missouri was then what unexplored Africa is now. Civilization lay along the western border of Missouri like a ragged fringe, and between this and "the mountains"—lying no one precisely knew how wide and lone and far—were "the plains."

Across this wilderness, reputed by some to be a sandy desert like Sahara, and by others to be sparsely clad in grass, but by the great majority scarcely thought of, the only wanderers were those adventurous beings, the freighters and traders on "The Santa Fé Trail." They were regarded as sailors were in the old days when there was a romance of the sea; and, when they re-appeared at irregular intervals on the banks of the Missouri, they were looked upon as Captain Cook's sailors may have been when they came back from the Antipodes.

It was in many respects an important epoch, this year of 1846. It was the year in which Napoleon the Little escaped from the fortress of Ham. It was the year of the great famine in Ireland. Then was the twenty-ninth State admitted to the Union, and the northern boundary of our dominion, giving us the great Commonwealth of Oregon, permanently fixed. It is the date of the celebrated Wilmot Proviso, now serving only



as a mile-stone in the history of the slavery agitation. It was the year after the annexation of Texas, and the same which gave us the war with Mexico, and the possession of the nook in the unexplored mountains that shall presently be mentioned. Now, for the first time, the flag was borne across the wilderness, and a handful of soldiers became the heralds of all that was to follow.

For, asking but a piece, a mere slice, we took almost the loaf. California became ours, and with Texas, of course New Mexico, Arizona, and even a goodly portion of the Kingdom of Kansas. Most of us have by this time entirely forgotten that there ever was a cloud upon our title to regions that are now so indisputably American.

In that good year began the story of actual Western adventure,—a story the wildest and strangest, and the most heavily laden with results, in modern history. For the Mormons, counseling among themselves at Nauvoo, had made the resolve to place themselves, by an heroic pilgrimage, across the desert where the voice of the Gentile should never be heard, and they did it so effectively that the place of their settlement has been for years a strong competitive point for two or three trans-continental lines of railway. Then began to brew in the brains of young men the name of California, and in the years that immediately followed that desert path was lined with graves and became sodden with tears. Then, for the first time, the topography and character of the real West began to be truly known. The canyons were threaded, and the sweet mountain nooks given names corresponding not so much with their features as with the curious devilment of the times; and then were stranded here and there over the vast domain those men who once had sisters and mothers, who thenceforward were



Arabs and wanderers, and who gave to the West its dominant character for more than thirty years.

And they had ailments and diseases, as well they might, and it was pure necessity that led them to follow Mexican, and perhaps Aztec tradition, and experiment with such gifts of nature as might be hidden in mountain springs.

The fame of at least one of these places must have gone abroad very early amongst these wanderers; for it was during this very year, 1846, when what was called the U. S. Army erected the very first buildings at LAS VEGAS HOT SPRINGS, and used them for sanitary purposes. They were newly-arrived conquerors, without laurels and bloodless, but still conquerors of a land whose resources and extent neither they nor the Government knew. But they were looking for all the good things.

These springs, more than any other locality in a wide realm of mountain and plateau, were the subjects of tradition. They were even a subject of tribal jealousy, and were guarded by painted and feathered sentinels against use or seizure by some other tribe. The respect of men for the mysterious fountains freshly flowing from the laboratories of the gnomes and elves, and warmed in subterranean cauldrons, extends far back into savagery. The cures effected by them are accepted facts older than medical science. They were bubbling when the world was young; warmed, as now, by those mysterious fires that time has not cooled. The beasts knew them, and the best defined and most frequented highways of the wilderness, whether in Virginia, Kentucky or New Mexico, were made by the countless footsteps of the animals to and from the watering-places, long since usurped by men who followed an instinct as blind and as sure as that of the original health-seekers. In those old times,



when the waters of these forty fountains steamed and foamed unchecked, and ran away into the Gallinas, the deer came. They were lapped by the coyotes, stirred by the splay feet of vagrom buffaloes, splashed and bathed in by martens and swallows, and chattered over by the pied magpies from the hollow rocks.

Possibly, and indeed not improbably, some footsore follower of Coronado may have found solace here,—the first white man whose ills were cured where thousands have since been blessed. The descendants of this ambitious wanderer beneath strange stars, have for centuries since used and venerated the place.



They have forgotten the traditions, and even forgotten Spain. Their mode of conveyance was the donkey-train and the *carreta*, strangely contrasting with the modern palace car. About them was none of the glitter of helmets or the glamour of arms. Apache and Pueblo had retired, and buffalo and bear and coyote stood aloof. The chain of tradition and

descendancy was complete; for in this year 1846 the country and its future, and all it contained, passed into the hands of those who are aliens and strangers to all tradition, the born citizens of the Great Republic.

In this year, as stated, was erected the first building at LAS VEGAS HOT SPRINGS. It is memorable by contrast; for it was of *adobe*,—the sun-dried bricks that make all this curious and ancient country resemble Nubia, and remind one of the upper Nile. This structure was, of course, for the uses of the only



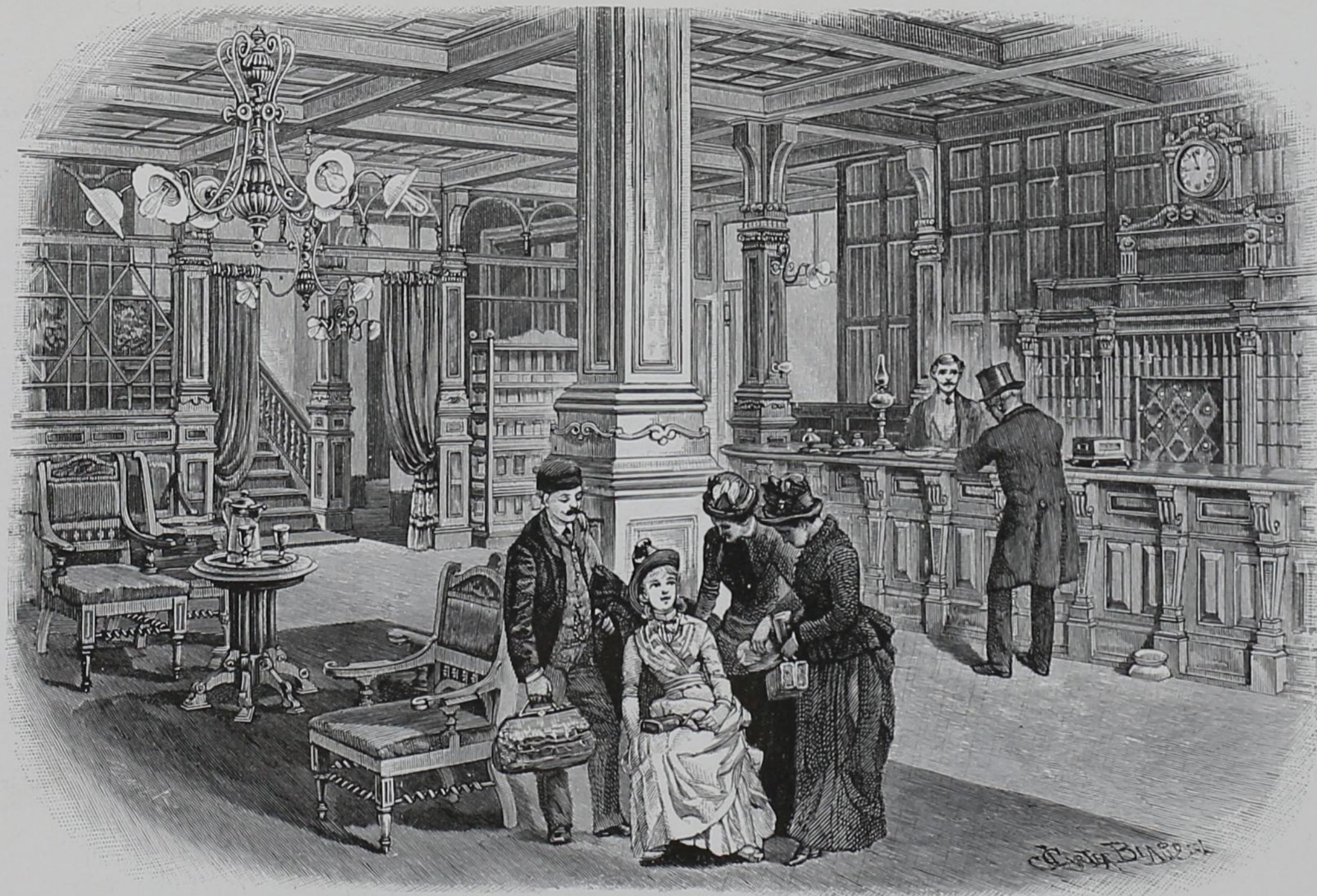
Americans who had as yet come,—the soldiers of the United States Army. So it continued to be used for hospital purposes as late as 1862; a date much better remembered than the former by many a veteran. Then came the straggling crowd of civilians until 1879, when the first of the splendid hotels that have since marked the spot was erected. This hotel still stands, a memento of the first beginning of the present epoch.

For that had happened without which the empire west of the Missouri would have remained forever all it was to the



Kit Carsons and the Bents, and the lonesome caravans of the Santa Fé Trail. A railroad was built. It came creeping slowly across the face of the desert like an attenuated smile. It was a very lonesome invader at first, and had for its stations the curious towns of the prairie dogs, whose protest against the infringement of the rights of the most ancient form of Squatter Sovereignty are said to have been as vigorous, if as ineffectual, as more intelligent efforts have since been. The coyotes added their united voice to the popular clamor of a





THE HOTEL OFFICE.



vast region that is now checkered with hedgerows, and green with orchards, and dotted with farm-houses.

The adequate reward for the courage that prompted so apparently perilous an enterprise came, and came quickly; and, having transformed the desert,—a desert so entirely misnamed that its soil would be valuable in many older portions of the country by the cart load as a fertilizer,—the line crossed into New Mexico, and attention was directed to the LAS VEGAS SPRINGS.

It followed that the hotel mentioned above was erected in 1879. The road which shortly afterward, as now, was popularly known as the SANTA FÉ ROUTE, acquired by purchase the Springs and surrounding grounds, and in April, 1882, a fine hotel known as the "Montezuma" was built. In January, 1884, this structure was unfortunately destroyed by fire.

The present fine building is of stone, and does not occupy the site of the Montezuma, but has been placed higher up on the hill-side. The occurrences which preceded its erection prompted its name, THE PHOENIX. It is substantial in construction, and entirely modern in plan and furnishings. Warned by former experience, its builders have intended it to be what is usually considered fireproof, and it is probably as nearly so as it is possible for a building to be unless constructed as only a very few in this country are. It at least presents a striking contrast to the usual summer hotel. It is solid and massive in exterior, roofed with slate, isolated, and more plentifully supplied with water under high pressure than perhaps any other building of its kind in America. A reservoir let into the solid rock of the hill-top holds nearly a million gallons of clear water, and this is led into the hotel from an elevation which gives an unvarying pressure much greater





DINING ROOM — PHOENIX HOTEL.



than that in an ordinary water-main. Within the building there is no means which ingenuity has so far devised as a protection against accident by fire left out.

The PHOENIX has some 250 rooms for the use of guests. They are variously, but all elaborately, furnished, and many of them are gems in the art of house decoration. The purpose of a watering-place hotel has been steadily borne in mind. The oddity of the ground plan, which is to be observed in the diagram, is caused by an arrangement which makes almost every room assigned to a guest open to sunshine at some hour of the day, morning, midday, or afternoon. It is a sunny country; possibly it is, with the exception of the plateaux of central Mexico, the most brilliant climate in the world. To all who are invalids, or who have been too long accustomed to the gray skies of the North and East, this is an important fact. To a region of pine-clad mountains, cliffs, rounded hills, canyons, running water, and wide plateaux (vegas) that reach to the bounding range on the other side, sometimes a distance of a hundred miles, this almost perpetual sunshine is an additional and enduring charm. People who come here are frequently content with having no other occupation than watching its constantly varying effects upon their Titanic surroundings. Sometimes it gleams upon vast masses of distant snow that lie against a sky for which the frequent word "cerulean" affords no comparative, and with an effect for which one can find no similitude save in some vision of the Apocalypse. Nearer at hand the lights and shadows are like those produced by the electric light on a scale whose magnificence can never be imitated by human endeavor, and every mountain stands in black and gold against a dome of blue. Every hour has its changes. Nature needs here but these materials to create

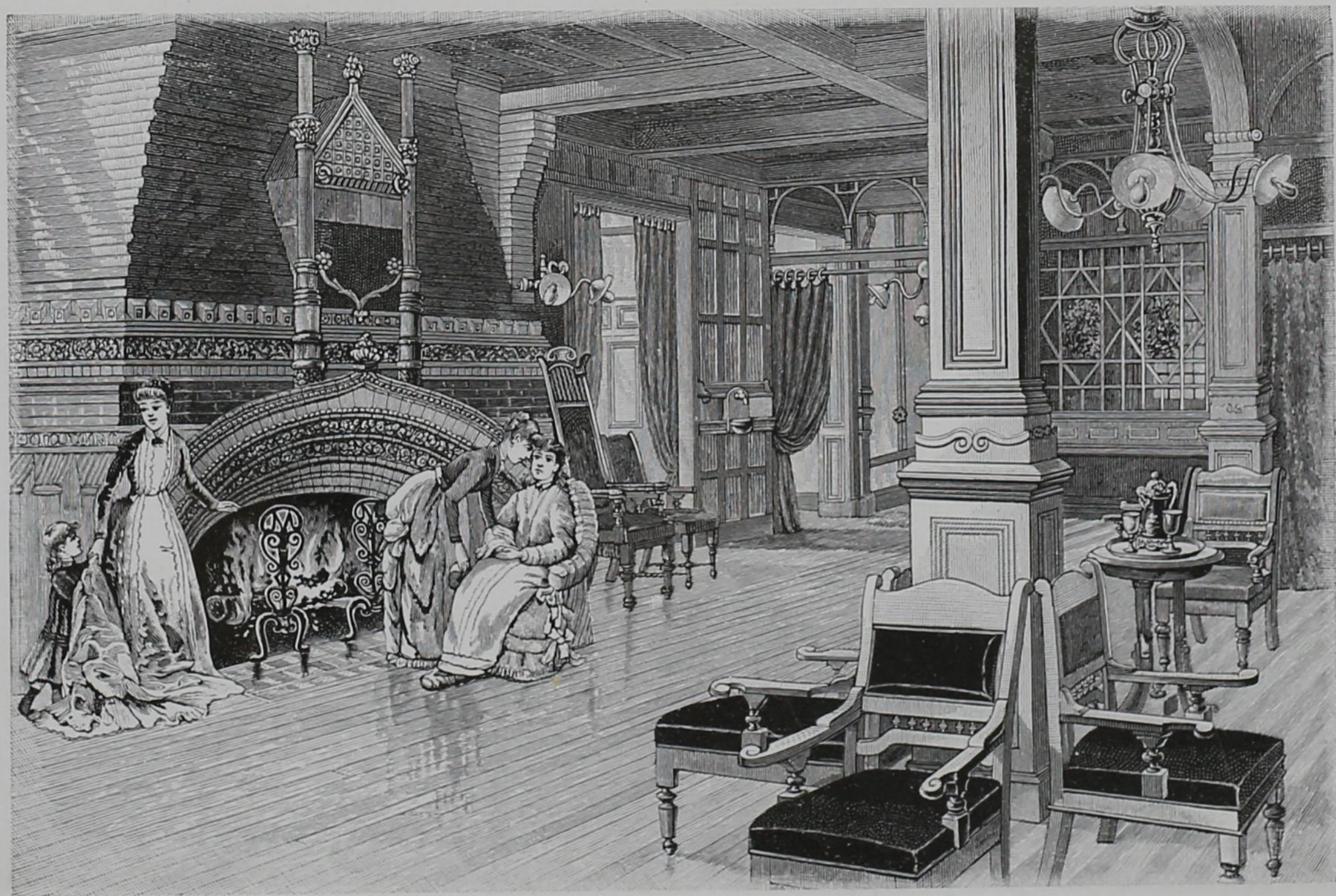
visions whose majestic charm exerts its spell alike on infancy and age, whose infinite changes never exactly repeat themselves, and which go on in endless succession forever.

The effect of this sunshine upon the human body, even in midsummer and at midday, is contrary to the usual experience in other lands. It warms and cheers, but does not heat and exhaust. One readily basks in it in June or August. Sunning themselves is the favorite pastime of the aborigines, Mexicans and Indians alike, and has given them a reputation for laziness which they may not entirely deserve. They are a healthy and long-lived people, and the instinct which teaches them to sit in rows on the sunny side of an adobe building, hugging their knees and blinking at the scenery, may have much to do with it.

Thus the long balconies and extensive porches of the PHOENIX HOTEL have their purpose, and are not intended merely as architectural adornments, which they are not. They are for those whose mood it may be not to climb, or walk, or ride burros, whose youth and spirits have been tamed, or who sagely know that what they get from that balcony long and wide, and without exertion, is quite enough. The sunshine falls in wide sheets there all day. First, in the early morning the eastern one is flooded, and during the remainder of the day one has but to move one's chair or take another of the numerous lounging facilities scattered about.

Those who have traveled farthest, know best the strength of the indefinable differences that may exist between two localities. There are a set of sensations, never catalogued, pertaining to every place, and which are peculiarly its own. It may come very near to describing those of LAS VEGAS HOT SPRINGS, to say that there is all the brightness a glowing sun can give, tempered by the solemnity of pines and vastness.





AN OPEN FIRE.



But there is utterly lacking the languor of the palm. Some people complain of what they call a certain "stickiness" of Florida,—a warmth without exhilaration,—a certain dreamy dread of the hovering mosquito, and a vague feeling that one must fan oneself or perish. This is the bane of the southern coast-resorts. You cannot have the sea and eight thousand feet of elevation at one place and the same time. One must choose between the two.

The immediate surroundings of the hotel have as much to do, possibly more, with the pleasure and comfort of a sojourn there as the building itself has. It is but a dot on a very large map, a nook in one remote corner of a mountain world, but it is all one can occupy, and very fortunately located. The place itself is a dell, a vale set round on three sides with mountains, a Cyclopean sea-shell with notched edges. It is such a place as, judging from precedents very celebrated, would have been chosen, in the days when feudalism had its choice of all things, for a Baron's castle. It would not be a bad point in military operations now. To the westward out of this little green cup in the mountain's flank opens the canyon down which flow the waters of the Gallinas (*Gal-ye-nas*) River. This name is not very descriptive in its prettiness, for, with the workaday Mexican, and in the sweet tongue of Castile, this snow-born torrent, with all its pretty cascades and laughing rapids, is but Hen Creek. This canyon is walled on its southern side for some distance by gray cliffs that rise sheer up to the table-land,—some four hundred feet,—and on the northern side by lower spurs with numerous side-canyons.

Opposite the entrance of the river is the notch that seems to have been made purposely for its exit, and through which are seen, as through the embrasure of a gigantic fortress, the wide



green meadows called Las Vegas (Lahs *Vaygas*), — The Meadows,—from which the town, the Springs, and a vast extent of country, are all named. The view lies straight down the little valley where the Gallinas has ceased to purl and be romantic, and exists chiefly for the irrigation of *chili* and melon patches, and the refreshment of the burros and goats, to the town, six miles away, and far past that, sixty or seventy miles across the plain, to where the opposite mountain wall leans against the flecked and spotted sky.

Within, the floor of the fortress, some acres in extent, is carpeted with grass so emerald green that its nativity is betrayed,—for it came from Kansas. But it thrives in its new locality; and, though it cannot excel in gracefulness the plumed tufts of the native mountain *gramma*, it leads many a practical man into reflections upon what these wide meadows and mountain slopes will be when clad in this living carpet the winter through. Dotted with flowers, crossed with elaborate walks, and adorned with statuary and fountains, with all the mountain world around unchanged and changeless, this little nook reminds one of an elaborate feminine toilet encountered in a canyon, and is the sure reminder that the Saxon has come.

This, besides the familiar railroad station, and the hotel and its necessary surroundings, is almost the only attempt at “improvement.” Man does not with impunity draw his artificialities across God’s reservations with the general effect of making them more attractive. Mountains, pines, sunshine and clouds, rocks, dells, grass, flowers and water have attracted men in all times. It is impossible to imagine a temple grand enough to fit the surroundings of such a place. There is a charm in climbing where you are not sure a man has been before you.





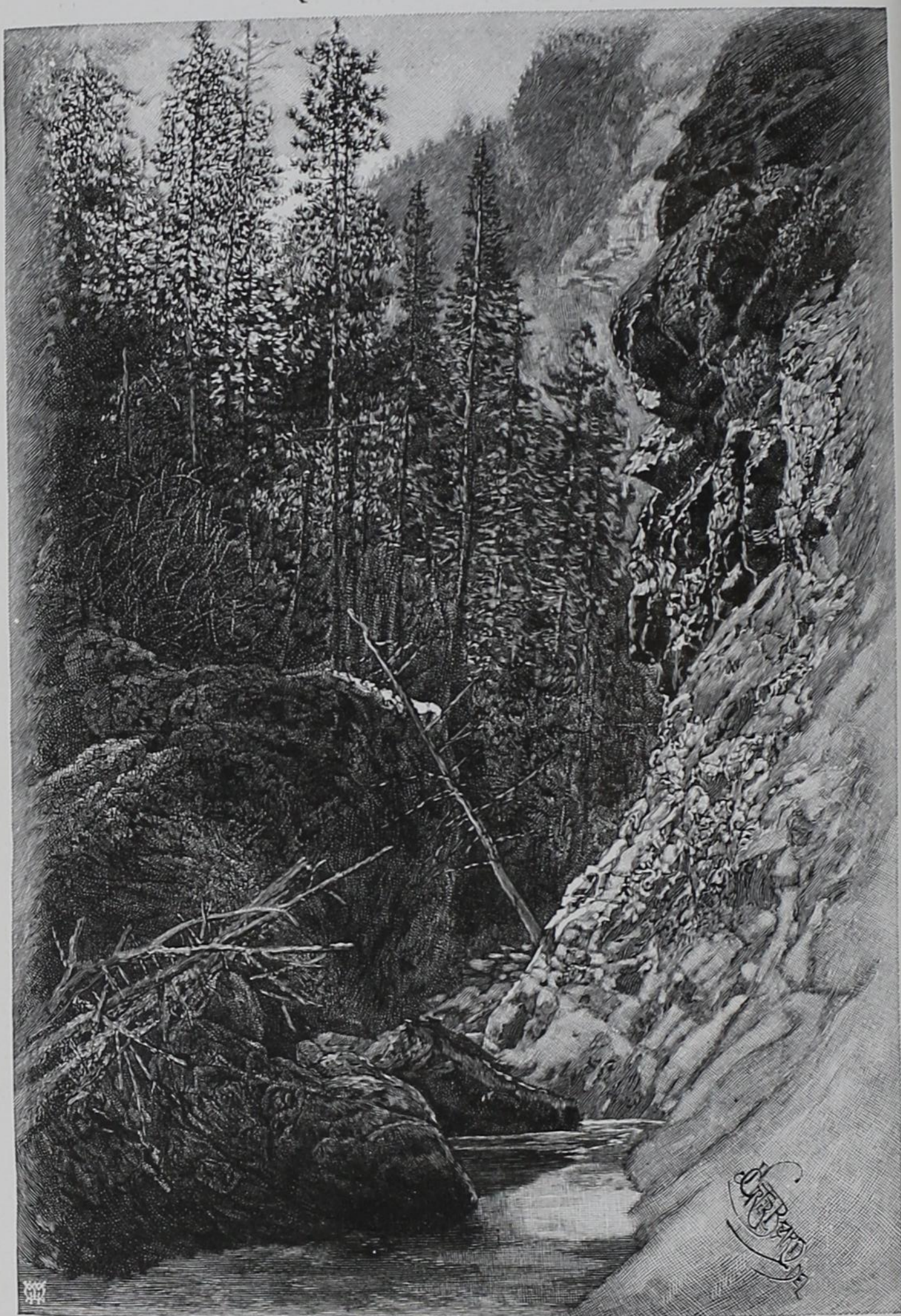
IN THE CANYON.



But, to thoroughly enjoy it, you must be able to get back for dinner if you wish, and that is the case here.

For there are no more beautiful walks than may be had in the immediate vicinity. "Up the canyon" is usually the first attempt, as the road is almost level, and there is considerable diversity of view, and at least open air and sunshine. A mile or two above, the way becomes narrower; and, as one looks back across the pines, it is only a benign glimpse of the cupola of the hotel that reminds him of how near he yet is to solid comfort, while the cleft grows narrower and the shadows deeper. As the wedge-shaped fissure known as Gallinas Canyon bends and turns among the rocks the way grows steeper, and there is a spice of actual climbing, and some delightful question as to the easiest way. Glens open and close again. The water has ceased to rush except at intervals. There is everywhere a slippery carpet of brown pine-needles. The gloom increases because the sun has set temporarily behind the cliff. There is a preternatural silence. Nothing, and nobody, to all intents and purposes, was ever there before. Yet, if you go far enough you will find that there has been. He was a man, traditional and yet actual, and he wandered up the pass very likely with a purpose very different from yours. He meant to stay, and did stay. The cave in which he lived, and a cross carved upon a tree, and various other remains of him may yet be found. He seems to have been the last of all the hermits, and he chose his retreat in a locality where piety does not seem to have had many demonstrations so sincere. Fed, not by the ravens, but by passing people, he lived and died in "Hermit Canyon." The visitor will find, should he ever try to visit the hallowed spot, that he could not well have gone further from the haunts of men, or deeper into the unbroken silences of the Rocky Mountains.





HERMIT CANYON.



The Gallinas, in the ancient times of some ten years ago, was a famous trout-stream. Now, so far as the most accessible parts of the stream are concerned, *Salmo Fontinalis*, if there at all, is seldom hungry. But he still lurks in lonely nooks, and in the quiet pools which the average tourist never finds. Three and a half miles up the Gallinas Canyon, turning to the left and going another mile up a lateral cleft, you may still find him, together with a solitude, shade, and surrounding of natural beauty not to be excelled in any corner of the world.

So it is now with regard to game and fishing in all the Rocky Mountain region. The tourist, before he comes, knows that the mountain wilderness is vast to the extent of thousands of square miles. He does not believe that it has been explored, and understands that it is not occupied. But the fact remains that there is no corner of it that is not familiar to somebody, and frequently visited. There *is* game, but Ephraim does not any longer come and eat up the Mexican farmer's watermelon-patch, and deer do not browse through the watches of the night on the roasting-ears. At the headwaters of snow-born rivers, where the saw-mill and the ranchman have not yet come, the speckled trout still leap, and the deer play in the moonlight. But it takes a mountaineer, professional and hardened, to find them. As a rule, every animal has been supplanted by a man; a man with an occupation, and with womenfolk and children. No one who has once seen with astonished eyes the miracle of that civilization that has followed the railroads in the West, can see in this statement aught that is not natural and reasonable, or wish for a return of the primeval times. Only the mountains, the "eternal hills," remain as they were when their battlements were



reared above a molten sea, and the sun of the first morning of the present creation kissed the gray escarpments that all the centuries have not crumbled.

But it is not imagined that the average health and rest seeker is, or wishes to be, an explorer. The velvet dame, the gentleman in tweeds, the average maiden, wish to turn several times a day from nature as it was when time was young to those associations, pastimes and dinners which pertain to the highest type of civilization. We want both nature and art. It happens—for no contrivance of man could have made it so—that in this respect the LAS VEGAS SPRINGS is unequalled. Walks abound in all directions. Up sloping hill-sides, and amid pines and pinyons, the way is steep enough for any beginner. Three hundred feet from the hotel one may easily find a place where he can look for seventy miles across the world. And in this little climb you will have passed, possibly unnoticed, a hundred and eighteen varieties of mountain flowers. Go higher and you will get still more; for, so far as these minute, delicate, and often very lovely flowers are concerned, there are a dozen zones between the hotel and the cliff, on whose ledge you may, if you wish, delightfully dine.

Half way up, the massive reservoir shows a cut-stone rim above the ridge. The building has sunk into semi-obscurity behind the pines, and only the long gray roof, an occasional window, and the cone-shaped tower, with its floating banner glinting in the sunshine, afford one a hospitable glimpse. The whole place gives one the idea of being preternaturally dustless and abnormally clean. There is only one tall chimney in sight, over against the sloping mountain, and the black volumes of smoke from out its peak seem to float away up Peterson's Cañon, or to lie in hazy rifts against the mountain-side.





LOOKING DOWN THE VALLEY.

Charles B. Mason



This chimney is the reminder of the incongruous necessities of civilization. By it live the whirring electric light machines and the automatic pumps that cough under their breath beneath the banks of the stream. It is far enough away, and yet one could wish it were not necessary. So also is the silence broken by the scream of the locomotive half a dozen times a day. It is absolutely necessary, and, withal, very convenient. We came that way, and that way shall we go. But who could expect any wild denizen of the mountain to stay where this shrill echo wanders in echoes among the canyons fifteen miles away from the busy little depot? Clearly, Ephraim has gone, and the coyote has ceased to bark, and even the tufted mountain quail rustles so quietly along his path that one seldom sees him.

But suppose for a moment that you decline to walk; that you cherish a private opinion that one can do that at home if one wishes.

Then, one of the ancient customs of the country has originated a curious fashion. You must ride a "burro" (*Boo-ro*). Of all the beasts of the field, there is probably none more sorrowfully and grotesquely comical than is the New Mexican donkey. He is sad of visage and lean of flank, and his ears strike you with new wonder, though you knew they were very much out of reason and proportion always. His humility includes the very colors of his hide; for he is gray or brown almost invariably, and he often bears upon his shoulders the sign of the Cross,—emblem of the one day of honor and triumph in his sombre history, when he walked upon the strewn palm branches into Jerusalem. One usually encounters the burro entirely at leisure, and the expression with which he gazes at you as you pass by might haunt you in your dreams.



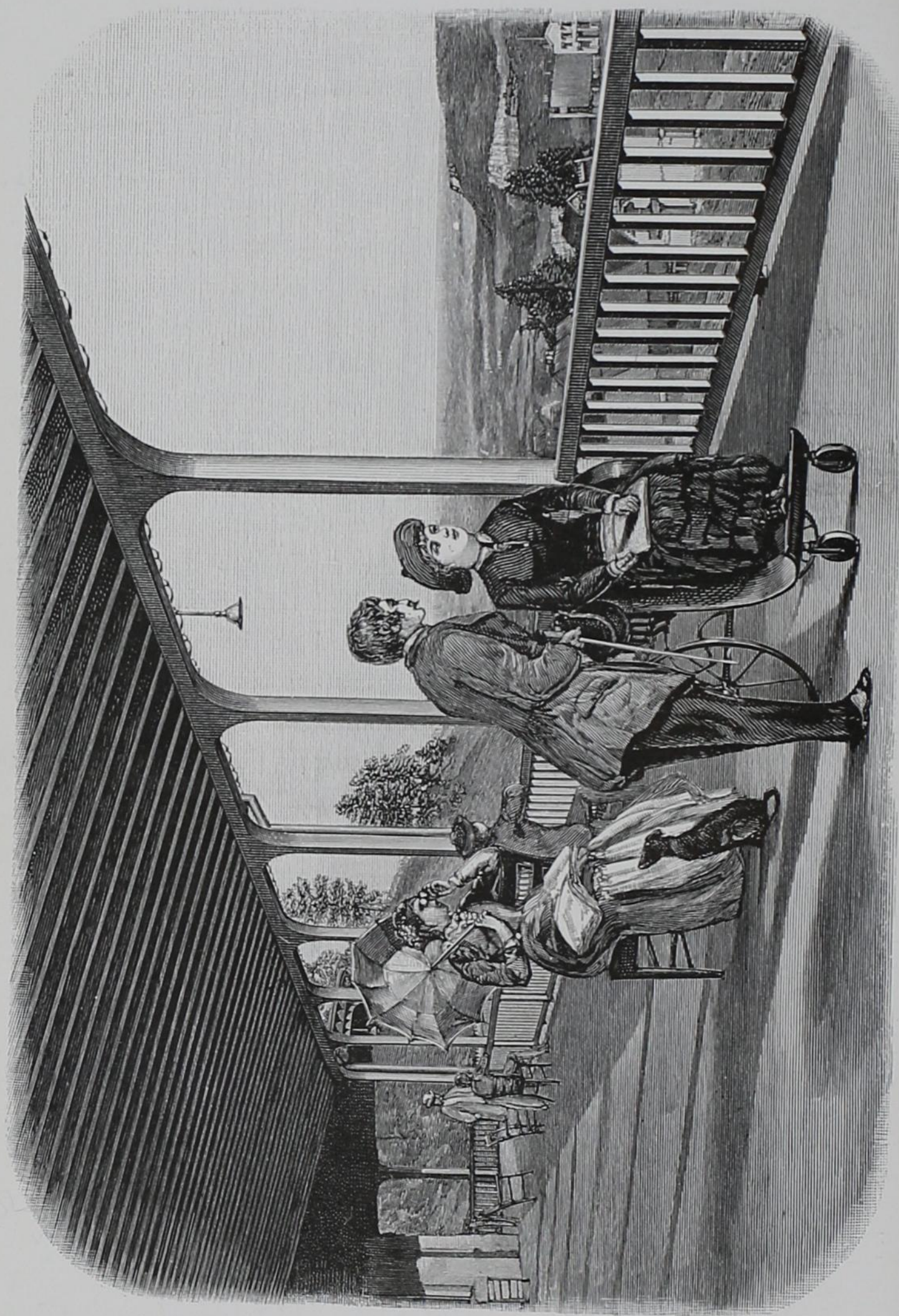
Yet the idea has been conceived to make this apparently slow and stupid animal minister to your lazy pleasures by carrying you over these mountain paths; burro riding is one of the things. If your first impression is that he can't carry you, you may dismiss the apprehension. Long before the Saxon came, these canyons resounded with the cry, oft repeated, "*Array! Burrico!!*" with every "r" rolled vindictively, and with an increased clatter of the little hard hoofs over the stones at every cry. He is the bearer of loads immensely larger, and sometimes heavier, than himself, time immemorial. He will carry you, or two of you. He is the delight of all the children and girls, and the difference between the slimmest Vassar student and fat, fair and one hundred and eighty, does not affect his spirits in the least. He ambles and shambles, and protests against the heel of the oppressor with ill-natured and superfluous twitchings of his tail. But his little black hoofs cling to the rock like a goat's, and, if you do not let the burden of the unspoken sorrow he bears upon his countenance weigh upon your mind, he will give you, with all your friends and lunch baskets, a very pleasant day.

These are but outlines, the merest suggestions, of the life of a single day at LAS VEGAS HOT SPRINGS. The average traveler is not so easily satisfied, and every description of a watering-place is suspected of being at least slightly colored. It may happen, too, that these pages will chance to fall under the eye of one who will ask, and not unnaturally: "Well, now, where is this place, considered from the standpoint of an ordinary map of the United States?"

Las Vegas is 35 degrees 40 minutes north latitude, and 28 degrees 15 minutes west from Washington.

This places the locality upon about the same latitude with





BALCONY — PHOENIX HOTEL.



Raleigh, N. Carolina, and Nashville, Tenn. The Bermudas are in 32 degrees 20 minutes. It is in the region of considerable heat in the summer season, and the valleys and some of the lower plateaux in New Mexico are very warm.

But *elevation* in all cases answers for *latitude*. Else the highest Andes, and such heights as Popocatepetl, almost on the equator, could not be covered with eternal snow.

Las Vegas—the PHOENIX HOTEL itself—is 6,767 feet above sea-level. Southern elevations mean *coolness in summer*. That is why one goes to them, and, for the same reason, to the northern woods and lakes.

But the elevations of southerly latitudes have other characteristics. One of these is that the difference in temperature between Summer and Winter is not so great as that which occurs every year in lower latitudes. Mackinac must necessarily lose its charm in January. So, for that matter, must every resort on the Atlantic coast north of Florida, and that must, in its turn, lose all its attractiveness for visitors in the Summer months.

Therefore the claim is made that LAS VEGAS HOT SPRINGS is both a Summer and Winter resort, and so it is considered by a fair proportion of those invalids who seek climates and thermal baths as suited to their infirmities. It is not alleged that this is the realm of perpetual summer, and, while upon the point, it is possible that a brief statement of facts may serve to better explain.

The record thus far kept shows that the mean temperature of DECEMBER is 52 degrees; JANUARY, 41 degrees; FEBRUARY, 49 degrees; MARCH, 56 degrees; APRIL, 58 degrees.

JANUARY has 22 clear, 5 fair, and 4 cloudy days. FEBRUARY has 23 clear, 3 fair, and 2 cloudy days. MARCH had in one case 3, and in another 2, cloudy days.



The ancient and curious city of Santa Fé, just across the mountains from Las Vegas, is 339 feet higher, and in a comparatively treeless and unsheltered situation. The statement of mean temperatures there, from 1871 to 1883, as furnished by the Signal Service Bureau, shows that this average temperature for a period of ten years was, to be exact, 47.09 degrees.

#### SANTA FÉ, NEW MEXICO.

(Elevation of station above mean sea-level, 7,106 feet.)

#### MEAN MONTHLY TEMPERATURES.

COMPUTED FROM THE THREE TELEGRAPHIC OBSERVATIONS.

Year.	Jan.	Feb.	Mar.	Apl.	May.	June	July	Aug.	Sept.	Oct.	Nov.	Dec.	Means
1871.....												33.0	.....
1872.....	26.9	33.7	37.7	44.6	58.2	65.8	66.7	66.7	59.6	48.7	33.3	33.0	47.9
1873.....	28.7	31.3	43.7	42.7	54.7	65.3	70.0	64.3	60.0	49.7	42.7	29.5	48.6
1874.....	31.7	27.9	36.0	41.1	56.3	67.6	69.5	67.6	58.3	51.0	38.7	29.7	48.0
1875.....	28.1	31.2	33.4	45.9	58.1	67.5	64.0	65.3	57.6	52.8	38.8	32.9	48.0
1876.....	29.2	33.0	36.4	48.7	54.4	63.9	67.3	64.3	59.0	48.3	36.3	29.1	47.5
1877.....	32.0	33.8	44.3	41.3	52.5	64.4	66.5	66.1	60.0	47.1	34.3	29.3	47.6
1878.....	22.1	30.4	40.1	46.6	55.2	62.2	70.3	68.2	58.0	50.9	39.2	26.4	47.5
1879.....	29.2	37.0	47.5	48.0	60.0	65.2	70.0	68.0	62.5	49.8	36.9	28.1	50.2
1880.....	29.2	24.2	32.4	44.0	56.1	65.4	67.4	64.5	56.8	45.7	29.6	29.4	45.4
1881.....	23.7	33.6	36.7	51.2	57.2	68.6	68.6	65.5	58.8	49.8	33.6	.....	.....
1882.....	29.3	32.5	41.4	46.1	53.6	63.6	67.9	64.8	58.5	50.1	39.8	32.2	48.3
1883*.....	26.8	36.1	43.9	44.9	54.6	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....
Means ....	28.1	32.1	39.5	45.4	55.9	65.4	68.0	65.9	59.0	49.4	36.7	30.2	47.9

\* Station closed June 15, 1883.

NOTE.—The daily means are obtained by dividing the sum of the readings at the three telegraphic observations by three; the monthly means by dividing the sum of the daily means by the number of days in the month.

[SEAL.]

[FORM No. 149 B.]

Over the whole of New Mexico, the average humidity is 38 per cent. There is a theory, however, that the country is more rainy than it formerly was, and a feeling which has grown into a modern superstition, laughed at and yet believed in, that the rain comes wherever the SANTA FÉ ROUTE extends its lines. The belief is not entirely groundless, for the change in respect to moisture that has come over all the regions it crosses, once considered deserts, is almost miraculous.





LOOKING DOWN THE CANYON.



Bearing in mind this low percentage of moisture, in the New England States the humidity is 73 per cent.; in the Middle Atlantic States, 74 per cent.; in the South Atlantic States, 79 per cent.; in the Ohio Valley and Tennessee, 73 per cent.; in the lower Mississippi Valley, 58 per cent.; and even in Denver, Colorado, 42 per cent.

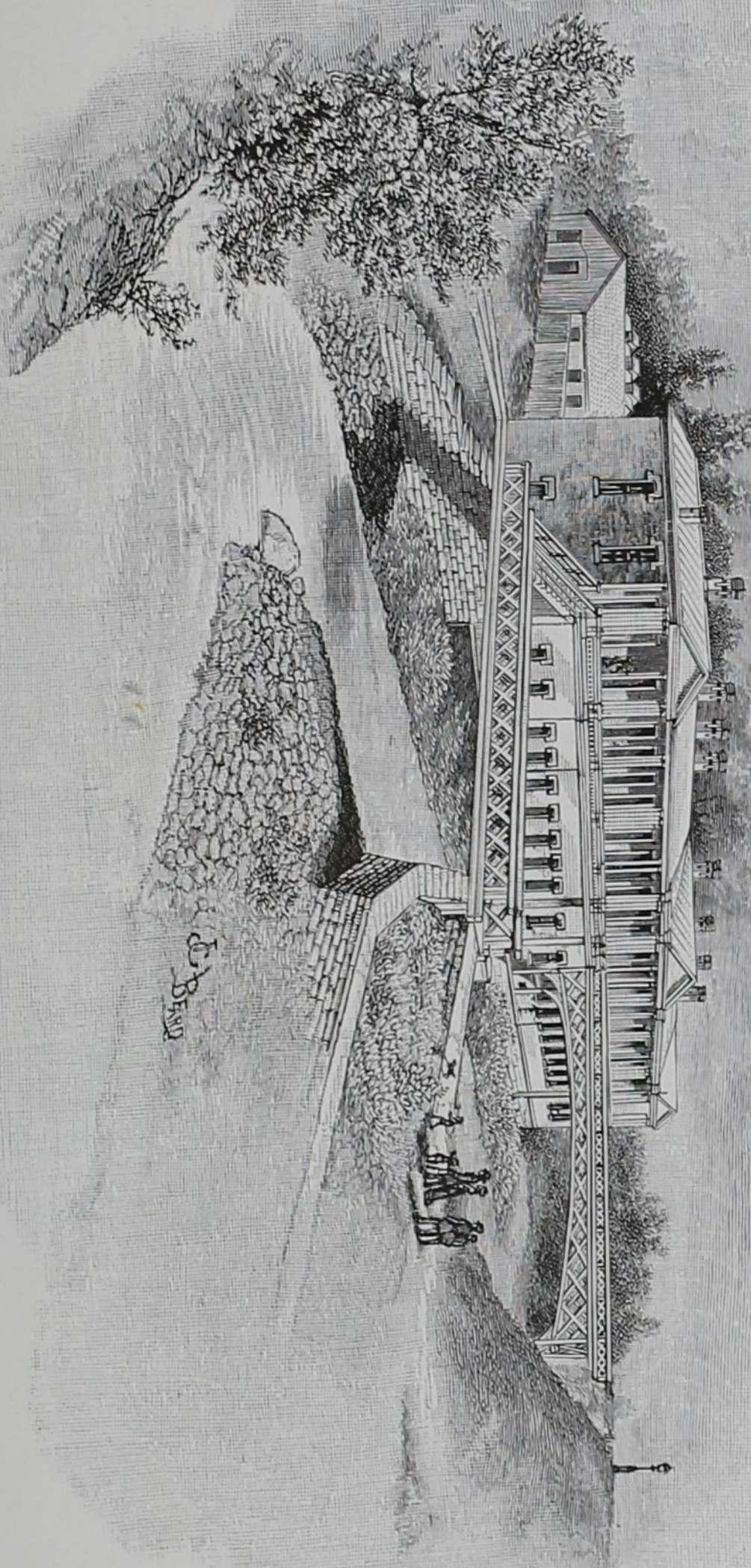
Medical men seem to agree upon certain points, in climates where benefit is to be expected in pulmonary and respiratory diseases; briefly these: DRYNESS; a WARM ATMOSPHERE, with little liability to extreme and sudden changes; SHELTER FROM HIGH WINDS AND DUST-STORMS, AND AS MUCH SUNSHINE AS POSSIBLE.

Possibly no climate can be expected to be entirely satisfactory, or satisfactory in every case. But it is at least certain that here the terror of the Summer solstice,—the “Dog-Days,”—and the opposite danger,—the “Blizzard,”—are both unknown. All residents of New Mexico, Spanish or American, wear the same variety of clothing the year round. Blankets are requisite upon beds every night. In winter there are more blankets, and an additional coat. Furs and overshoes in one season, and fans and umbrellas in the other, are not necessary, and are seldom seen.

There is a “rainy season.” It is due about midsummer, and is so called because for the remainder of the year it may be said to scarcely rain at all. There is no need of any apprehension on account of it; for it is by no means the rainy season of the tropics. It rains gently, and not very frequently, at best; sometimes once in three days, sometimes for an hour or so every day for two or three days, with occasionally a genuine old-fashioned down-pour. In the intervals the sun shines most brilliantly, while the russet mountains



BATHING HOUSE — LAS VEGAS HOT SPRINGS.





take on a livid green from foot to crown. But here the rain is not always felt; it is often only seen, and, when such is the case, it is hard to imagine any atmospheric phenomenon more harmlessly beautiful. The showers come marching in procession over the mountains, trailing graceful curtains finer than lace over the crags, and passing far off to right or left on the horizon. These fairy rains seem to cover small areas, and to be composed principally with a view to scenic effect. But they are really very wet when actually encountered, and in the vastness of the country somebody else's rain seems smaller than it really is.

#### HOW TO GO THERE.

Some very imperfect suggestions as to the early history of LAS VEGAS HOT SPRINGS, and of the country, have been given on preceding pages. The story would still more lack completeness without at least a general outline of the most wonderful industrial romance of any age or country,—the story of the Western railroads.

Long before even the eastern portion of this country had been explored, war and hunting and visiting parties of Indians had made their trails all over the vast region. They had paths through the forests, and across the plains, and over the mountains. The trails of one region blended with those of another, and all were known. The primeval forest was dotted with black spots around a charred stake, and on the plains there were bare places where the fires of buffalo chips had gone out and the ashes had blown away. On these trails, so narrow often as to be almost imperceptible, companies of warriors went out, often never to return. Before or since there have not been such ceaseless and indomitable wanderers. Wherever there

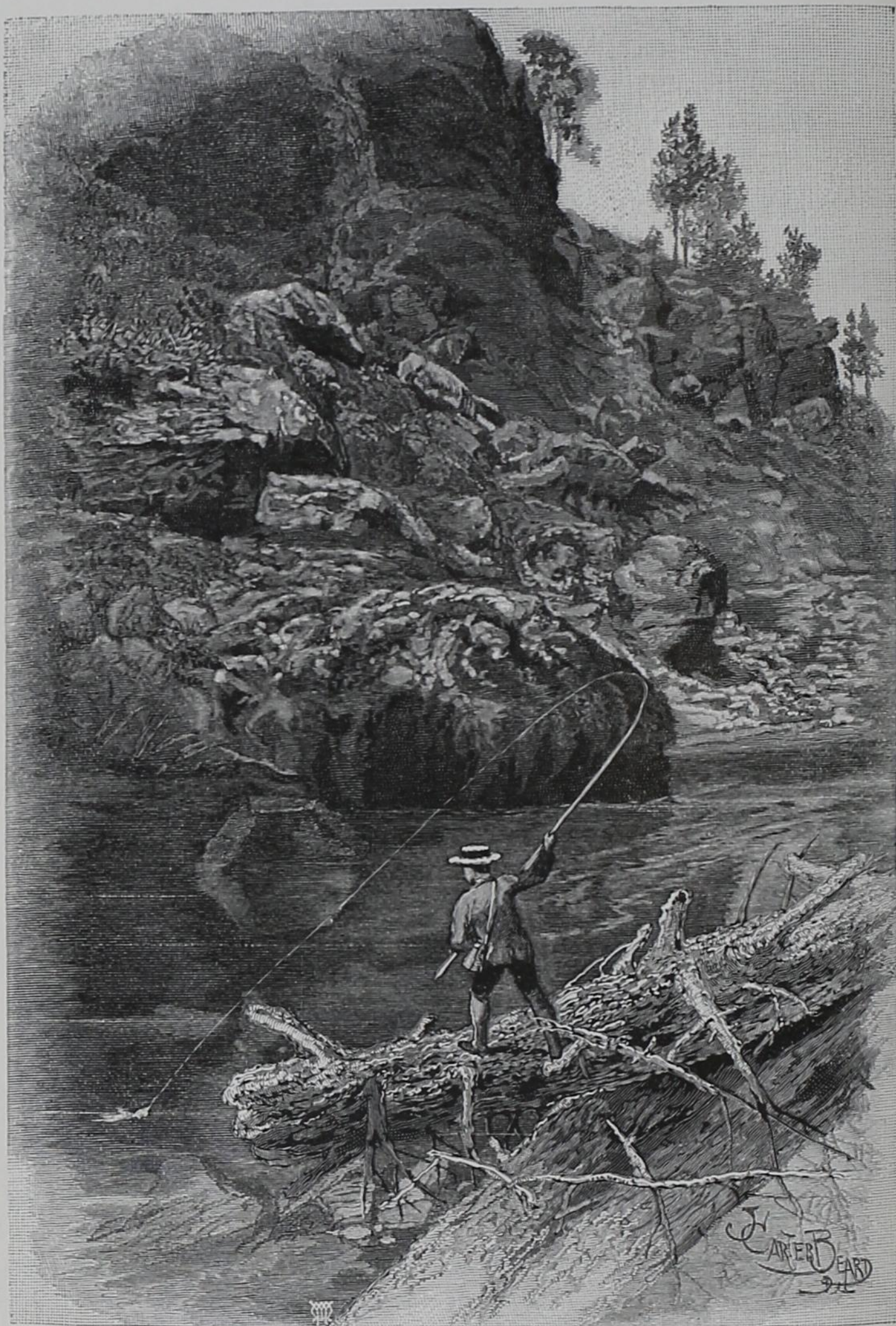


was a stream there were canoes; wherever there were mountain ranges they knew the canyons, and they had discovered, farther back than any history, the few scattered embrasures in the grim escarpments of the Rocky range. The mystery was that they were not colonists; that they never staid; that they traveled incognito, and left no sign. They lurked, and explored by stealth. Guided by an instinct of direction as mysterious as that of the wild goose, they left all their journeys unrecorded, and the wilderness absolutely unchanged by their presence.

The historic highway known as the Santa Fé Trail has been alluded to. But the road was not first made across the plains and all the dreary reaches of the *Llano Estacado* by white men. The Indians knew it first. It had been traveled for perhaps thousands of years. What we know as the Raton (*Rah-tone*) pass was *their* objective point also. So, when you see the old road from the car windows, you may reflect that you are looking upon the unused paths made by prehistoric wanderers over one of the most familiar regions of the world. The roads that lead to Mecca; the sand-drifted highways of the Sahara; the very footsteps of Christ; are not more ancient. As most of those have been abandoned, so has this, to be usurped by that most brilliant and beneficent of human achievements,—a railroad.

The faint remains and mementoes of the ancient times still remain to every traveler by the Santa Fé Route, whether he journeys to LAS VEGAS HOT SPRINGS, to California, to Arizona or to the City of Mexico. Chosen from the suggestions given by savages, Spaniards, and American adventurers, the route is so replete with interest that it has been stated to be "better than a volume of travels." The scenes described by Washington Irv-





TROUT SPRINGS.



ing so graphically, and yet so vaguely as to locality as to leave the impression that he himself did not know where he was, are yet visible amid the surroundings of the most wonderful material growth in the history of civilization. No citizen of this realm can rightly know the actual growth and capacity of his country until he has crossed southern Kansas, and seen, at least from the car windows, that land of the Apache, the buffalo, the coyote and the prairie dog, which was soon to prove a greater boon to the average toiler than twice the territory ever was before in any other land.

After this he enters Colorado and New Mexico, traversing, however, only the extreme southeastern corner of the first named. The last still remains a land of quaint and curious customs and inhabitants to all strangers. The Mexican village, drowsy in the sunshine of three centuries, is further back in the little valleys, and nestled in the nooks of the streams and mountains. But close beside the track there is enough to interest in the towns that are half-Mexican and half-American; in the people who wear *sombreros* and *rebosas*, and guide the caravans of gray and bridleless donkeys along the streets, and whose black-eyed children play beside the rails.

Las Vegas, the good-sized semi-American town that is the main-line stopping-place for the Springs, is not lacking in the features that make one wonder if he be still in the United States, combined with others that make him very sure he is. The little line that runs to the Springs, six miles, still continues the curiousness of Mexican life. Even immediately outside the rampart that walls the locality of the Springs, is the little hamlet of Las Vigiles (Lase Ve-he-lees),—the watches, or vigils,—where the curious sect of Penitentes (Pen-e-ten-tees)—the Penitents—hold their orgies during Passion week.



Near by is Mesa de la Cruz (Maysa day lah *croos*),—the Hill of the Cross,—and all down the valley of the Gallinas lie the melon and onion patches, and plod the swarthy farmers.

It may be somewhat startling to state without qualification that New Mexico is a foreign country. It has long been under the American Flag; but it was, until the railroads came, only politically a part of our domain. To any one interested in ethnology, it is, with its sister, Arizona, very foreign and very interesting. The old civilization still remains, and



MEXICAN FARMER.

the picturesqueness of old Spain is scattered all over the country. An isolated civilization always produces quaint results, and to the Mexican we may add in this country the still older and stranger civilization of the Aztecs, Toltecs, or whatever they may be decided to be, as represented in the people, who are called Pueblos (*Poo-aib-lo*). The name means simply a settlement, a village, and is given for convenience. All other Indians were wanderers. These—not "Indians" at all in our sense—lived always in villages, and cultivated the ground.

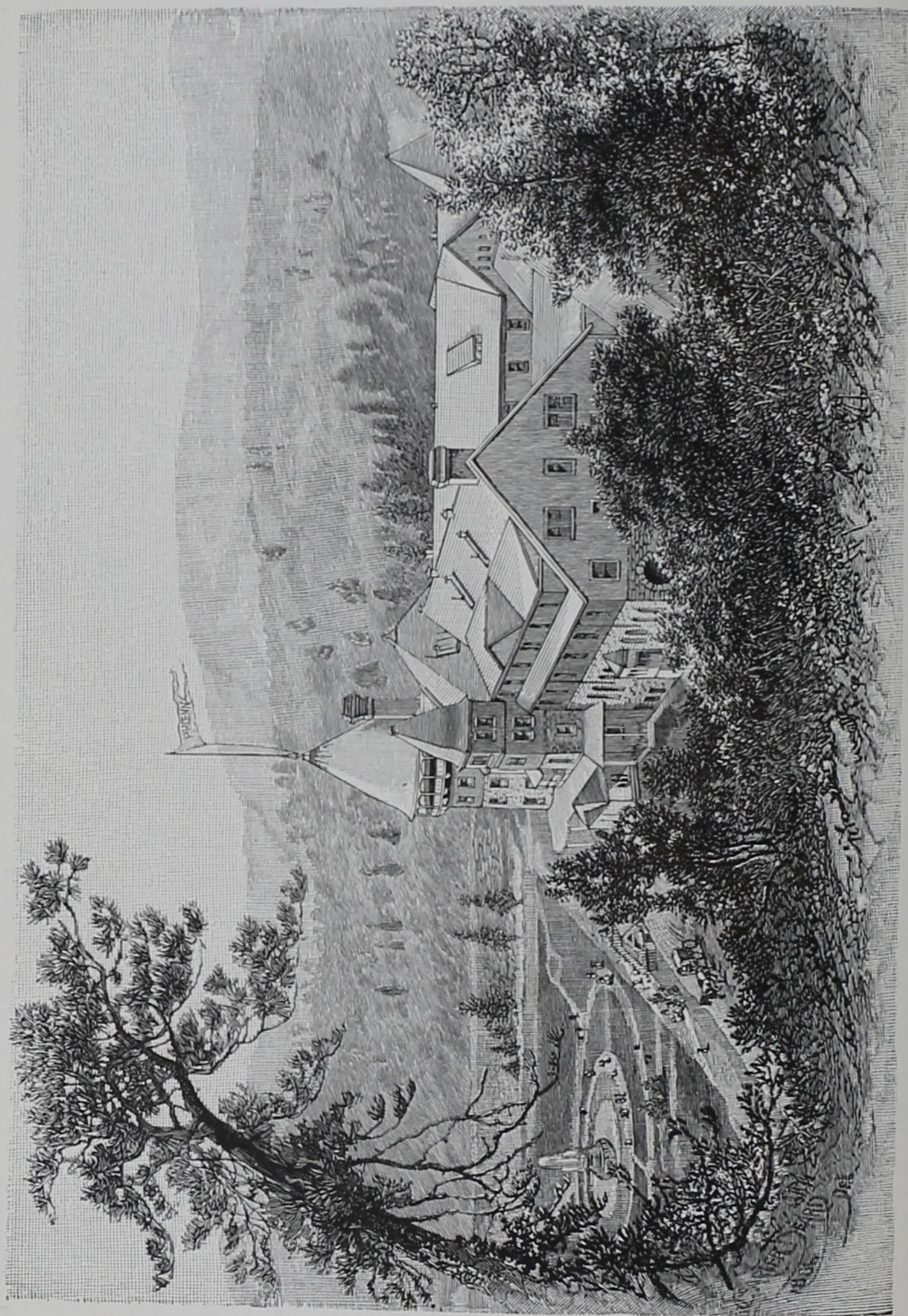


The nearest pueblo to LAS VEGAS HOT SPRINGS, or at least the most convenient, is that of Tesuque (*Tay-soo-kee*), eleven miles from Santa Fé. There the ways and doings of these patient, hospitable and long-suffering people may be seen, if not studied, with very little pains, and much in the fashion of a picnic.

Santa Fé (*Santah Fay*), as it is the oldest, is also the most curious of the cities now inhabited in this country. It is, as it has been for three centuries, in all respects a capital. Not the least interesting fact is that it is a religious as well as a civil centre. It is partially spoiled now by buildings built of brick. But the flavor of the old, old times, and the intervening times when the American pioneers gave its life an additional flavor, still hang about it. It is less than one half-day's pleasant ride by rail from the Springs, through some of the most charming mountain scenery in the world.

Decidedly the most mistaken idea one could imbibe would be that life in this country means personal discomfort. The dominant and penetrating power of the century is American civilization. It has brought everything with it thither, and the most curious feature of the country is that it is the land of the telephone, the electric light and the daily paper; that the little Saxon boys and girls go to school, and look, as they go, precisely as they do elsewhere; that their mothers are precisely as such women are in an Eastern town, and their fathers are unchanged as to dress, demeanor and conversation. And yet beside it all, and running with it, is the stubborn old life of the Spanish peasant, as poor and as quaint as it ever was at home. It is, as ever, "a land where it is always afternoon." You may find it so. Your average countryman has ceased to notice it. He has not time. You have; that is





HOTEL AND PARK FROM RESERVOIR HILL.



what one goes there for ; and the charm of the country, if half invited, will make for you a lasting memory of pleasant days.

### THE SPRINGS AND BATHS.

The springs, from which the place takes its name, are about forty in number. They are situated on a little plateau on the bank of the Gallinas. Some of them are of considerable volume, and one of them—known as “No 6”—furnishes at least 30,000 gallons of water daily, at a temperature of 140 degrees Fahrenheit.

Those that are considered of greatest utility have been walled, and finished with all customary conveniences. Many of them are not necessary to the bath-house supply. From those so used the stream flows directly to the baths, or to tanks from which it is conducted thither to furnish cold water as desired.

Aside from any medicinal properties possessed by these waters ; and these properties are not only undoubted but very evident,—they are cosmetic in their action upon the skin, and have an effect not to be obtained by any formula thus far patented. The skin is given a velvety and pliable texture delightful to all feminine visitors.

The water of the most approved of the springs is constantly flowing in the hotel, easily accessible to all.

All the varieties of baths known to the public are given here, and separate apartments are provided, with all bathing appliances, for such patients as for any reason it is necessary to separate and treat apart. But, except tub baths, which are usually given at a temperature of from 90 to 110 degrees Fahrenheit, all baths are usually prescribed by a licensed physician.





ON THE CLIFF.



The celebrated "Mud Baths," similar to the famous "peat" baths at Karlsbad, are a feature at the springs. The percolation of chemical water for a long period of time through the turf and soil near the springs, first suggested the use of the warm "mud" as a remedy.

In practice each tub is filled half full of mud, first freed from all foreign substances, and then mixed with warm spring water to the consistency of thin mortar. At the time of bathing, the mixture is warmed by steam to the temperature prescribed by the physician. After this bath the patient is placed under the graduated *douche*, hosed off, and rubbed down clean and dry, and given a couch in the resting-room for thirty minutes, or longer.

Those who have doubts as to the efficacy of this form of bath, owing to a suspicion that the mud has not been given any healing qualities by the mere soaking of it with spring water, should remember that, even if the doubt were well founded, the remedy is still good. It was not originally discovered by educated science, and is a natural treatment used time immemorial by savages, and even by some of the beasts. The *poultice*, without drugs, is one of the oldest, and remains one of the most popular, forms of healing. "Sand" baths and "earth" baths are older than civilization. These mud baths act like a huge poultice, extracting by free sweating diseases that have baffled the skill of the best physicians. Strange as it may seem, they are immensely popular with both sexes, and are even considered a luxury by the most fastidious.

The main bath-house is built of the native red sandstone of the country, two stories high, and two hundred feet long by forty-two feet wide. The building is one of the handsomest and most convenient ever erected for bathing purposes.



Standing on the brink of the Gallinas, it is approached from the front by handsome bridges. The attendants, male and female, are selected from similar institutions throughout the country, and are experts. The baths for males and those for females are in separate wings of the building. The capacity of this establishment is 1,000 baths per day, and the variety may be partially indicated by this list :

SHAMPOO—ELECTRIC—MEDICATED—VAPOR—VAPOR AND PACK  
TUB, ORDINARY—TUB AND PACK—MUD BATHS—  
SPECIAL TREATMENT—MASSAGE.

Besides such attractions as have been alluded to in the foregoing pages, there are many of an artificial character scattered about the place,—museums of curiosities peculiar to the country,—an aviary, a bear-cave, a deer-house, a green-house, etc., etc. The hotel is supplied with such facilities for amusement as may be rendered necessary by rainy days—billiard-rooms, ball alleys, etc., for men and women; cozy and retired reading and sewing rooms; and, as mentioned, porches ample and long for walking. One wonders why, in this country, it is necessary to pay so much attention to the conveniences and luxuries of a mere hotel. The joy of living is out of doors. But people do not live by this rule, and “mine ease in mine inn” has been so well provided for that one need not necessarily go out of doors at all.



## ANALYSIS AND MEDICAL OPINIONS.

The following analysis of the waters was made by Dr. Walter S. Haines, Professor of Chemistry in Rush Medical College:

CHEMICAL LABORATORY, RUSH MEDICAL COLLEGE,  
CHICAGO, May 23, 1887.

J. J. RANSOM, M. D.,

Chief Surgeon and Manager Med. Dept. A., T. & S. F. R. R., Chicago, Ill.

*Dear Sir:*—I have subjected to chemical analysis the sample of water you recently placed in my hands from Spring No. 6, of the Las Vegas Hot Springs, New Mexico, and I find that each standard gallon of 231 cubic inches contains:

Carbonate of Calcium.....	0.89 grains.
Carbonate of Magnesium.....	0.15 "
Carbonate of Sodium.....	8.38 "
Carbonate of Potassium.....	0.28 "
Sulphate of Sodium.....	3.35 "
Chloride of Sodium.....	14.68 "
Silica.....	3.50 "
Alumina.....	0.10 "
Volatile and organic matter.....	0.32 "
Carbonate of Lithium.....	Traces.
Bromide of Sodium.....	Trace.
Total...	31.65 grains.

In its chemical composition this water resembles, in many respects, the waters of the famous hot springs of Teplitz, in Austria, while in its two chief active constituents, the carbonate and sulphate of sodium, it may recall the somewhat analogous, though very much stronger waters, of Karlsbad, justifying, in a degree, the name often given it of "dilute Karlsbad water." This dilution, however, is more frequently a benefit than a disadvantage, for it permits a larger amount of the water to be taken, thus securing the valuable solvent and eliminating powers of the water itself, together with the remedial virtues of its mineral constituents.

Yours respectfully,

WALTER S. HAINES, M. D.,  
Professor of Chemistry in Rush Medical College.

CHICAGO, May 10, 1887.

*Dear Doctor:*—I think there is no doubt that Las Vegas is the great future watering place of America.

Respectfully, etc.,

W. H. BYFORD, M. D.



## LAS VEGAS HOT SPRINGS.

COLLEGE OF PHYSICIANS AND SURGEONS, OF CHICAGO,  
President's Office, 271 Michigan Ave.,  
May 28, 1887.

J. J. RANSOM, M. D.

*My Dear Sir:*—I have examined the analysis made by Prof. W. S. Haines of the water from Spring No. 6 of the Las Vegas Hot Springs. The water is of the class termed alkaline-saline, and its composition indicates that it should be useful in cases of chronic rheumatism, gout, biliary and renal calculi, and some forms of dyspepsia. Whether it would prove so I am unable to say; but certainly the experiment of testing its efficacy could not be otherwise than delightful when made in the glorious climate of Las Vegas, especially in the fall and winter months.

Yours, very truly,

A. REEVES JACKSON, M. D.

CHICAGO, May 27, 1887.

I am familiar with the Las Vegas Hot Springs, and have no doubt of their utility.

CHAS. GILMAN SMITH, M. D.

CHICAGO MEDICAL SOCIETY,  
President's Office, 2406 Prairie Avenue,  
April 1, 1887.

J. J. RANSOM, M. D.,

Chief Surgeon A., T. & S. F. R. R.

*Sir:*—Referring to your inquiry, it gives me pleasure to state that I have sent a number of patients to the Las Vegas Hot Springs, New Mexico, and the results obtained have been generally very gratifying and satisfactory. There is no question as to the many remedial virtues of these Springs.

I am, very respectfully,

EDM. J. DOERING,  
President Chicago Medical Society.

COR. TWENTY-SECOND ST. AND WABASH AVE.,  
CHICAGO, June 1, 1887.

The uniform climate of Las Vegas, New Mexico, has long been known to exercise a highly favorable influence upon consumption, asthma, and other diseases of the throat and lungs.

A valuable additional advantage to a large class of invalids is shown to exist, by the recent analysis of the waters of the Hot Springs of Las Vegas, by Professor Haines, of Chicago. A comparison of this analysis with those of the most celebrated springs of Europe, justifies the belief that the tide



of travel of the "health seekers" will be turned westward, and that Las Vegas will soon be ranked with the great health resorts of the world.

JAMES F. TODD, M. D.,  
Secretary Examining Surgeons for Pensions.

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CHICAGO, June 1, 1887.

DR. J. J. RANSOM,  
Chief Surgeon, etc.

*Dear Sir:*—I believe these springs will soon become famous, and that patients who can not take physic will no longer be obliged to visit the foreign resorts, as Karlsbad, Rakoczi of Kissingen, or Teplitz, but will find at home all that is offered by a banishment abroad.

Nature has placed this cure for those afflicted with congestion of the liver or spleen, or malarial diseases, at our very door.

Yours truly,

RALPH N. ISHAM, A. M., M. D.,  
Professor of Principles and Practice of Surgery, Chicago Med. College.

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CHICAGO, May 31, 1887.

In my opinion, Las Vegas is situated in the best region of the United States for the cure of consumption, hay fever and malarious diseases.

EDMUND ANDREWS, M. D., LL. D.,  
Professor Clinical Surgery, Chicago Medical College.

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125 STATE STREET,  
CHICAGO, May 31, 1887.

J. J. RANSOM, M. D.,  
Manager Med. Dept. A., T. & S. F. R. R.

*Dear Doctor:*—During last summer I took a deep personal interest in investigating the sanitary advantages of the eastern slope of the Rocky Mountains on account of the poor health of my eldest daughter, and, with my wife, visited many of the most promising places of Colorado, Utah and New Mexico. There is no doubt but that this high plateau, extending from Montana on the north, through Wyoming, Colorado and New Mexico to Texas on the south, is one vast sanitary region, where all the needs of the invalid, it would seem, might eventually be satisfied.

We found the most accessible regions to be about Denver on the north, and at Las Vegas, Santa Fé and Albuquerque toward the south. The altitude varies as much and is as great as any would likely require,—from 5,000 feet at Albuquerque to over 7,000 feet at Santa Fé, and something over 6,000 feet at Las Vegas.

The sunshine is almost perennial; during the two months we spent there, there was not a single day we did not see the sun. The moisture in the



atmosphere and the rainfall are reduced to a minimum by the location to the eastward of the great mountain ranges. The air is clear and pure, free from noxious germs, and wonderfully invigorating. And in the matter of home comforts,—good places to eat and to sleep,—matters of no little moment to the invalid especially, and to the tourist as well,—we were greatly surprised in New Mexico. The eating houses along the line of the Atchison, Topeka & Santa Fé Railroad are models of their kind; neat and clean, with good food and enough of it, and plenty of time to eat it. At Albuquerque we found a bustling railroad town growing out of one side of the quaint old Mexican town of the same name. Here are good hotels, a pleasant people, and an active business place.

At Santa Fé, the oldest town in the United States, are some of the oldest houses, one over three hundred years old,—and this was built of sun-dried brick,—adobe,—which tells enough of the dryness of the climate and the brightness of the sun.

At Las Vegas we find again the old Mexican town, with its low adobe buildings about the plaza,—a century or more old,—and the modern American town, with its screaming locomotive, and within easy reach, because connected by rail, are the wonderful Hot Springs.

These Springs boiling out of the ground at a temperature of 110° to 140° F., make one think Hades must be near. But one will soon forget all thoughts of danger after he enters the bath, and enjoys for the first time the luxury of a bath without soap, in water heated by the central fires.

Rheumatism, and the diseases dependent upon deficient excretion, and blood poisoning, one would think would be readily washed out here.

And these springs seem to be equally well adapted for patients with pulmonary diseases; for we have here the dry, pure air, the equable temperature, the altitude and the sunshine, which those patients so much need and must have, and, hardly of less importance, they will find here good food and home comforts; a luxurious hotel, as fine as can be found in any of the large cities, and as fully equipped with every modern appliance.

And the journey to Las Vegas may now be made as readily and as comfortably as to any of our southern or western cities.

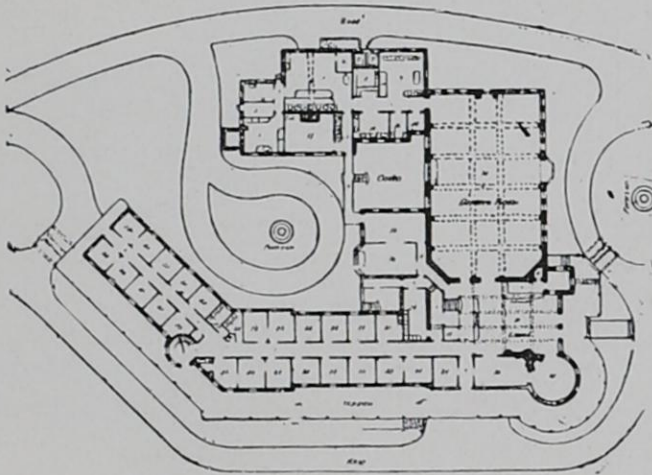
The Pullman Sleeper is on all trains, and the eating houses of the Atchison, Topeka & Santa Fé Railroad are as good as any in the country, and better than most; and the railroad hotels are under the same management, so that an invalid may stop on the way, and find good accommodations.

With these vast natural and artificial advantages, the Las Vegas Hot Springs must become one of the Great Sanitariums of this wonderful sanitary region.

Very truly yours,

DANIEL T. NELSON, M. D.





GROUND PLAN.



