



STEEL TRAINS SOUTHWEST

STEEL
Chair
Cars

STEEL
Coaches

STEEL
Dining
Cars

FRED HARVEY
Meals

Excursion Fares

from

St. Louis, Kansas City, Chicago

and many other points to the

Texas Gulf Coast Country

are in effect on the

First and Third Tuesdays each month

For full information, address

A. HILTON

General Passenger Agent

Saint Louis

South Texas Land Company

251 Main Street

CONNEAUT, OHIO

TEXAS Gulf Coast COUNTRY

*The land
where men*

GROW RICH



Frisco Lines

ISSUED BY
PASSENGER TRAFFIC DEPARTMENT



SAINT LOUIS.

Get a Farm in the Texas Gulf Coast Country and Grow Rich

EVERYTHING and everybody grows rich down in this magnificent section along the Brownsville Line, where the soil runs as deep as 28 feet—where the climate makes living a joy—where opportunity goes out of her way to be sure and find you.

All the years that farmers have been straining and striving and struggling to keep ahead of the mortgage in spots where the changing seasons divide the year into periods of both work and enforced rest, herds of cattle were being pastured on lands which have already earned ten per cent income on \$3,000 values to the acre. Ridiculous? Well, you can hardly be blamed when you doubt it. It doesn't sound logical that there should be an available inch of such ground if such profits can actually be taken from it. You are asking yourself all sorts of whys and hows; you're wondering over the fact that no one ever spoke about the Texas Gulf Coast country before—*nobody knew about it*.

Cattlemen owned all this area and they were not farmers. How could the ranchers know what soil was there when there wasn't a plowshare in hundreds of miles? When they came to the Gulf Coast they found it covered with chaparral and mesquite trees and cactus plants; they allowed their cattle to roam out over these prairies and eat what they found; they were selling meat and were satisfied to make a profit, a net profit of \$20

or \$30 a head on beef, never realizing that by allowing fourteen acres of land to graze each head of beef they were losing money instead of making it (losing money because they were losing the chance to put the ground to a better use); that the profit from farming fourteen acres would be many times the profit from a steer, and that they could raise enough grain or truck on such a piece of land to take care of fourteen human beings and the steer besides; because underneath the hoof-trodden earth there was and there is today the most wonderful deposit of rich alluvial soil on the American continent. Before the cattle came, the buffaloes had surged in herds of millions over these same acres, fertilizing the section, until what with the untold centuries of deposited manures and the chemicals taken to the ground from the decaying grasses and tropical foliage, there was built up, year by year, a black, fine, deep stratum of soil, in which anything would and does flourish.

Outsiders did not visit the lower Gulf Coast of Texas. It was too far away; too hard to reach; there was nothing to bring them there; no commerce was carried on; there were no activities except those of the cowboy, and no railroads penetrated that section except at the Bay of Corpus Christi, and that was looked upon solely as a bathing and fishing resort. When the ranchers wished to reach a big city like Houston or San Antonio, many of them were forced to ride or drive more than a hundred miles, so that even if people had believed that the

Texas Gulf Coast was an ideal agricultural area, the lack of transportation facilities and the knowledge that there were no means for shipment would have made it an unwise place for farming.

But the railroads came; the opening of the Panama Canal promised a big trade along the coast; the extension of Mexican railroads made it advisable to establish connecting branches at Brownsville, across the line from the Mexican terminus. The lower Gulf Coast country had its opportunity at last. Settlers always follow the railroad. Wherever the smoke of a locomotive is seen the smoke of a chimney is found. A new pioneering began. Men cleared away the brush and dug the plow through the soil, and wherever they made a clearing and furrow the earth which had been waiting for centuries to prove itself closed around the seed and produced results never before or since equaled in the history of agriculture.

Some planted Bermuda onions, because the climate of the Texas Gulf Coast is the same delightful farming, ocean-swept climate as that of Bermuda. And not only were they successful, but already Gulf Coast onions of the Bermuda type bring a better price and are better than those of Bermuda itself. Some planted sugar cane, and in less than a year saw towering fields more than ten feet in height. They set out cotton, and Texas Gulf Coast cotton brought the record price. They found that they could raise oranges, and now along the Texas Gulf Coast there are splendid young groves of this golden

fruit. The most delicate and valuable garden crops found instant success, ripened in unbelievable time and attained unbelievable size.

There was only one drawback—insufficient water. But with artesian wells, and the Rio Grande at hand, it was a simple matter to establish pumping plants and gravity canals and to irrigate the river through the fields. The equable climate, free from humidity, and therefore never oppressive, but dry and snappy and full of zest, made it possible to keep the plows at work and the harrows in action twelve months in the year. There is never a day along the Texas Gulf Coast when a man need be idle. You can keep things going during every month of the year; there's always some sort of a crop that you're harvesting.

Continuous agriculture, with the constant use of the soil, brings profits which seem ridiculously exaggerated to a man who only knows what it is to wrestle with the thin-soiled areas, where only a few months can be spent in the fields—where variety of crops is limited by the rigors of the climate, and where the same climatic conditions limit the quality of the produce—where expensive fertilizers must be bought and their cost deducted from market prices—where months of compulsory rest eat up the profit of short season, and leave a man at the end of the year either in debt or with just a living.

The time has come to abandon such farms; they are not worth the splendid labor that is devoted to them; let their workers come down

to the Gulf Coast country of Texas and average up for the hardships they have endured; let them put half the energy into a Texas Gulf Coast farm that they devoted to their work in the past, and five years of effort will find them richer than they ever hoped, enjoying better health than they ever knew, with more comforts than they ever possessed.

Things in the Gulf Coast country of Texas grow with luxuriance, and grow steadily. Every day is a day which calls you into the field, every inch of a farm is a spot where something will sprout. You can use the same land two and three different times in the same year; your net returns are enormous; you live instead of exist; you are perpetually spending your vacation, enjoying a delightful climate. Near at hand are the most beautiful waters of the continent, a superb surf, which can be reached within a few hours even from distant points.

Think what a chance you will give your children when you rear them in such surroundings, when you bring them up in an atmosphere so pure and strengthening that they must grow and stay sturdy and rosy and ambitious! There are numerous schools, good schools, filled with the sons and daughters of good people—the finest type of American has come here to make the country. There are dozens of splendid towns in the midst of every farming stretch—towns that show a twenty-year progress in five years, with modern stores and good hotels, and every merchandise and convenience that you can find in any section.

The Gulf Coast country of Texas is filled with professional men, who have found that they can make more money off a few acres than they could gain at law or medicine—with business men who preferred the certain profit of Texas Gulf Coast farming to a wage from clerking, or income from a struggling enterprise in some places where the crowd had become too great and the rewards too small, because too many saw the first chances and took advantage of them before they had their opportunity.

They live in comfort, in security and in luxury. They lead healthy, normal lives in the open. In the Fall there is always the covey of quail in the fields; a few miles back there are deer and turkey; in the waters of the Gulf are the gamest fish known to the angler—sea bass and Spanish mackerel, and the mightiest of all stalwarts of the deep, the superb, courageous, silver-scaled tarpon, famed throughout the lands of the world as the noblest quarry that ever struck a line. The coves of the coast hold shell-fish in myriads, and here are found the sweetest and healthiest oysters in the world, possessing the distinction of fitness for the table every day in the year. And then, too, in the Fall, which is always like a Spring and but little different from the Summer or the Winter—bright by day and breeze-swept by night—the ducks by millions and millions settle in the marshes and the air sings with the sonorous honk of the great gray goose, darkening the heavens in lines that stretch from the lakes of Canada. Here is the perfect country.