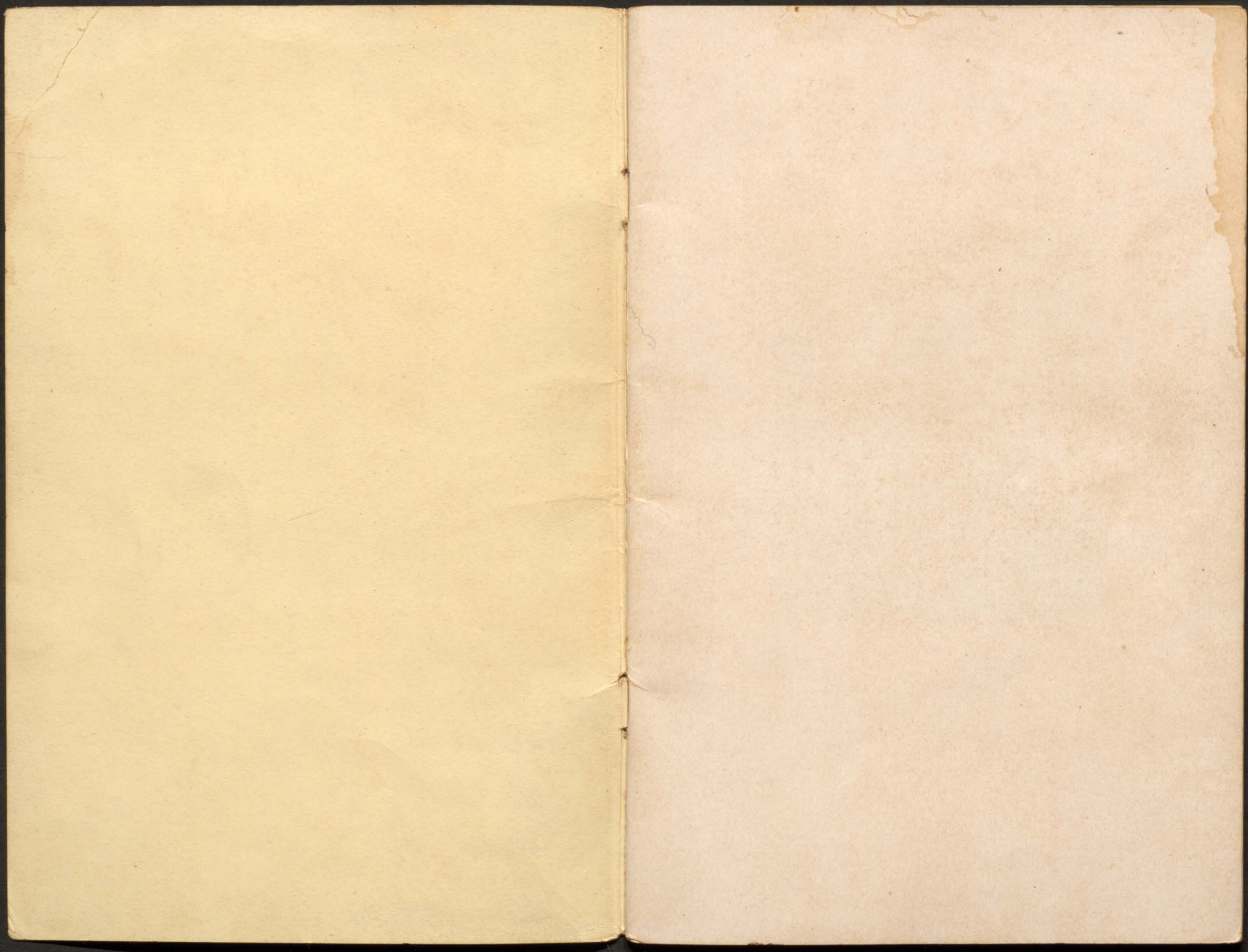


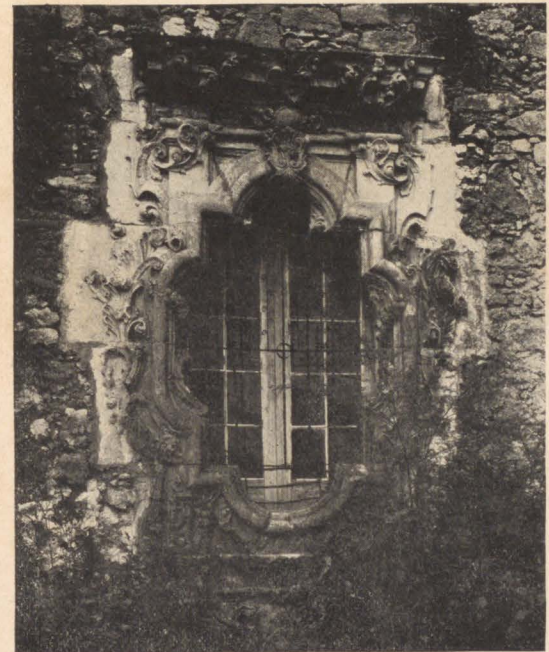
# San Antonio





# SAN ANTONIO

## TEXAS



### MISSOURI PACIFIC IRON MOUNTAIN

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B. H. PAYNE,  
GENERAL PASSENGER AND TICKET AGENT.  
ST. LOUIS, MO.

ISSUED BY  
THE PASSENGER TRAFFIC DEPARTMENT  
MISSOURI PACIFIC  
IRON MOUNTAIN  
1908

ILLUSTRATED BY  
HENRY STARK, JR.  
SAINT LOUIS

PRESS OF  
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The  
Alameda

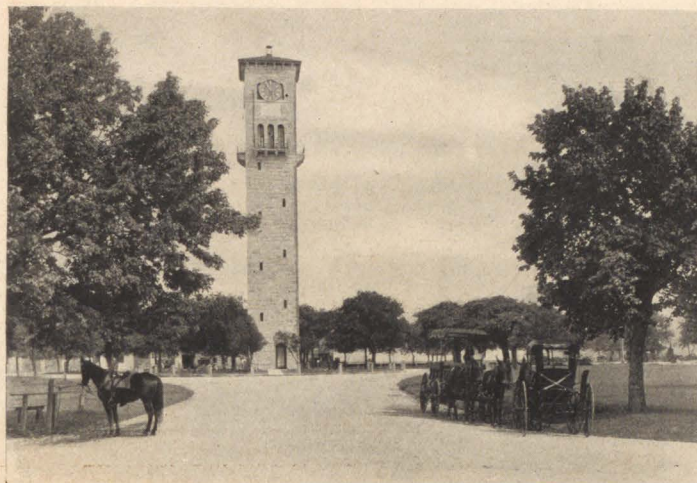


## SAN ANTONIO, TEXAS

HAVE you ever been to San Antonio? No? Then why not go there this winter? It is an ideal out-of-doors city, envired by an enchanting realm of romance and tradition; a delightful pleasure-ground for the tourist, and a real treasure-world for the seeker after the quaint, the unique and the unusual. *Now* is pre-eminently the time to go. The roses are blooming in the plazas, the zephyrs are whispering to the palm trees, the sun is shining warm and golden.



Our own Fall-time has been glorious, but Autumn, in all the gorgeousness of her pageantry, has passed us by. Every bush and tree, from the fragrant sassafras and graceful sumach to the lordly hickory and sycamore, hung out their gold and crimson banners to herald her approach, and spread soft carpets of Orient hues on every highway and byway in honor of her departure. Close in her wake followed the "melancholy days," and now the



Tower  
at Fort  
Sam Houston

## IRON MOUNTAIN ROUTE

merciless reign of the Storm King is at hand. With the laying bare of the landscape, the rustling of dead leaves and the chilling nip of frost in the air, there comes that impelling desire to follow the migrating birds to regions of balmy skies and sunny realms where Winter is but a name.

And what veritable birds of passage we are getting to be! Possibly one gets the travel habit. However that may be, at this particular season the average mortal longs to go a-searching for sunbeams, for if one has ever enjoyed the delights of perpetual sunshine and ever-blooming flowers in midwinter, the old fret is sure to assert itself and seize one each succeeding year.

Climate, after all, is merely a matter of latitude and altitude, and a desirable one is not difficult to find at any time of the year. No matter what the calendar-makers may say about the *four* seasons, we know that, so far as perpetual comfort is concerned, there need be only *one*. This is, of course, the result of the splendid facilities for travel with which the twentieth-century people are blessed—facilities which practically annihilate both time

San  
Antonio  
River



## SAN ANTONIO, TEXAS

and distance, and make it possible for us to view the beautiful scenes and places of earth without hardship or danger, and at the same time be as comfortably and as luxuriously housed as in our own homes.

In casting about for the most desirable spot in which to spend the winter vacation, how naturally does the fancy flit away to the sunny stretches of Southwestern plains where nestles that gem of resort-places—charming, historic San Antonio.

Few journeys offer the traveler a more pleasing variety of picturesque scenery than that afforded by the Iron Mountain Route between St. Louis and San Antonio. There is not a dull mile in the trip, but an ever-shifting, ever-charming panorama of beauty—from the dancing ripples of the Meramec to the sinuous windings of the "Old Santone."

Whirling along in a palatial train, outstripping by far the fleetest-winged bird, soon the border-line of the Lone Star State is crossed. As one begins to have some conception of the vastness of area and of resources, and to

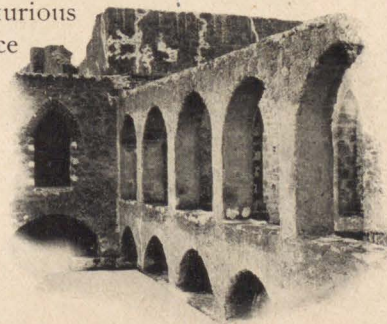
San  
Antonio  
River



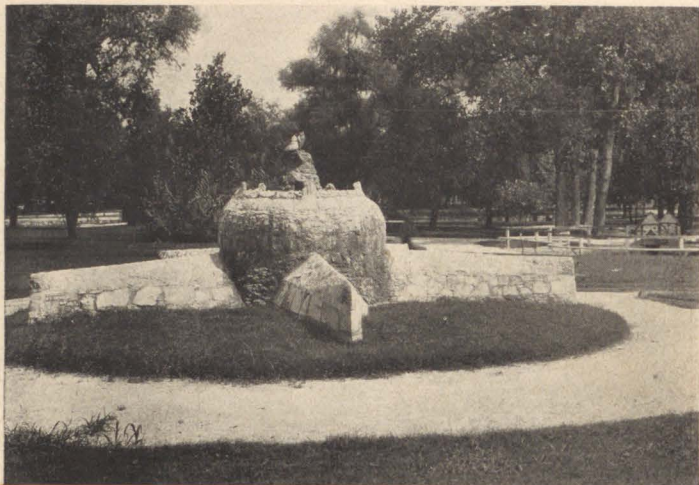
## IRON MOUNTAIN ROUTE

realize what an empire it is, thought turns back to the time when the creaking, travel-stained wagon of the mover was the only available means of transportation for the seeker after a home in the great Southwest. One can imagine the weary travelers, the jaded teams, the patient oxen, and even the forlorn but faithful dogs trotting dejectedly beneath the wagons, making their slow and tortuous progress through tangled woods and across turbid rivers, but with earnest eyes looking ever toward the El Dorado of their hopes and dreams.

A glistening highway of steel has obliterated the blazed roadway through the forest, luxurious palaces a-wheel have taken place of the rude canvas-covered wagons festooned with tattered quilts and homely odd and ends of the family belongings. The modern engine, throbbing and pulsing like a thing of life, has superseded the stumbling horse



The  
"Lone Star"  
San Pedro  
Park



## SAN ANTONIO, TEXAS

and the stubborn mule, and has converted what was once a toilsome trip of days and weeks into a few hours of pleasant travel.

But all honor to the sturdy pioneers who were willing to face dangers, known and unknown, and who had courage to endure the privations of frontier life that they might wrest a home from the wilderness and abide henceforth under their own vine and fig tree.

Those who come after owe them a mighty debt of gratitude, and well may their children and grandchildren rise up and call them blessed.

Perhaps no other State in the Union has so checkered or so romantic a history as Texas—a history fraught with the spirit of revolution, the spirit of adventure, the lust of conquest, the glory of patriotism,



Confederate  
Monument  
Travis  
Park

## IRON MOUNTAIN ROUTE

a matchless heroism and wondrous achievement. Where the peaceful sleepers in the valley of the Rio Grande are now awakened by the shrill whistle of flying engines, their predecessors, nearly four hundred years ago, were awakened by the dreaded war-whoop of hostile Indians.

The humble followers of the seraphic St. Francis traversed the prairies and death-lurking wilds of Texas, to bring civilization and Christianity to the savage Indians, more than a century before La Salle sailed down the Mississippi, and delighted the gay court of Louis XIV by the recital of his adventures, and almost a century before the Mayflower cast anchor under the shadow of Plymouth Rock. Therefore, while Texas is comparatively young as a State, it bears that impress of an older civilization, that mystic touch of antiquity so fascinating to the student and so delightful to the tourist.

San Antonio, founded in 1689 by the pious friars of Queretaro, holds a story of perseverance, heroism and pathos no pen, however gifted, is facile enough to relate. Born of the double ambition of Spain to check the west-

Entrance  
San Pedro  
Park



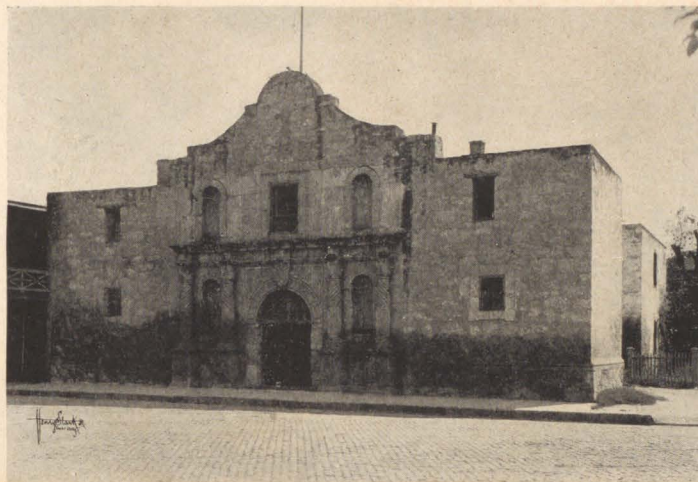
## SAN ANTONIO, TEXAS

ward advance of the French, and to extend the power of the Church in the New World, the sword and the crozier, the smoke of battle and the fumes of incense, the stern word of command and peaceful monotone of prayer commingled with equal potency in the development of the infant city.

History, romance and legend have woven their subtle spell throughout the empire commonwealth, but in this particular, San Antonio, with its time-stained, time-honored Alamo, stands pre-eminent.

It was here that Spanish priests and soldiers reared the first milestones of western progress; here the red and yellow banners of Castile were flaunted to southern breezes; here a mere handful of Texas frontiersmen threw off the galling yoke of Mexico in the most daring and spectacular warfare ever waged in any land. Here, too, more than half a century ago, the young Republic, which had in process of evolution been under dominion of many flags, was taken into the safe keeping of Old Glory, since which time it has developed into an empire indeed.

The  
Alamo



## IRON MOUNTAIN ROUTE

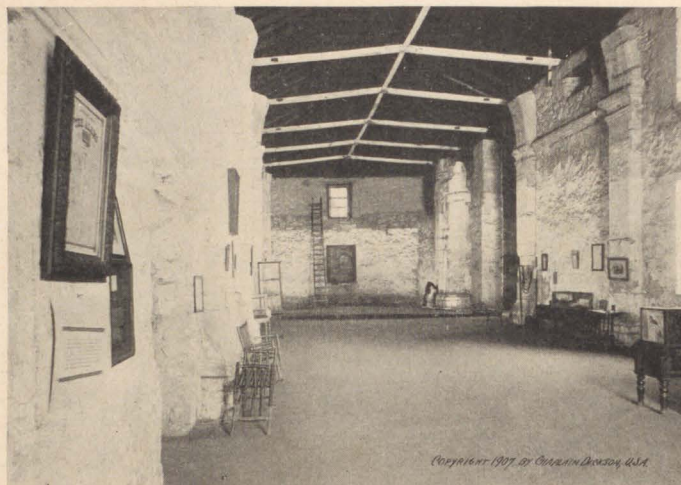
### THE ALAMO

**T**HE siege of the Alamo began on Wednesday, February 22, 1836. Colonel Travis and Lieutenant-Colonel Bowie commanded the Texans who had taken refuge in the Alamo, and whose numbers did not exceed 190. Against this little band was arrayed a Mexican force of not less than 6,000. Reinforcements had been promised, but had not been heard from, and on the 24th Colonel Travis issued the following appeal:

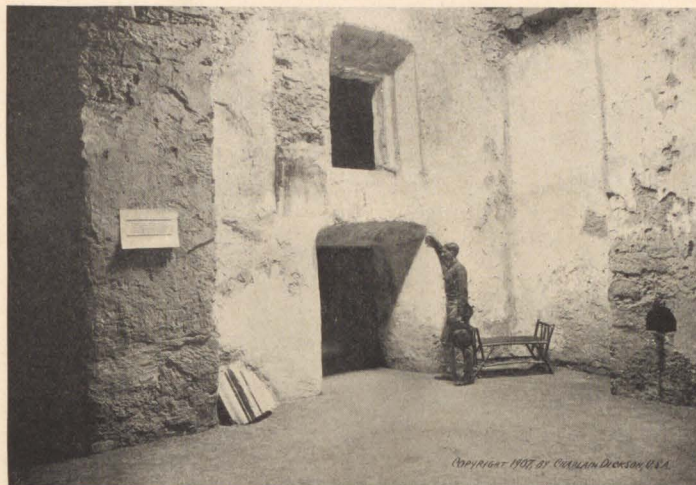
*Fellow Citizens and Compatriots:*

“I am besieged by a thousand or more of the Mexicans under Santa Ana. I have sustained a continued bombardment for twenty-four hours, and have not lost a man. The enemy demanded a surrender at discretion, otherwise the garrison is to be put to the sword if the place is taken. I have answered the summons with a cannon shot, and our flag still waves proudly from the walls. I shall never surrender or retreat. Then I call on you in the name of liberty, of patriotism, and of everything dear to the American character, to come to our aid with all dispatch.

Interior  
the  
Alamo



Monks'  
Burying  
Ground  
in Alamo



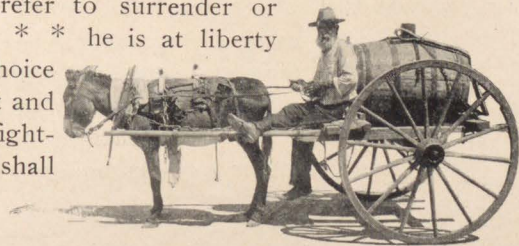
## SAN ANTONIO, TEXAS

The enemy is receiving reinforcements daily, and will no doubt increase to 3,000 or 4,000 in four or five days. Though this call may be neglected, I am determined to sustain myself as long as possible, and die like a soldier who forgets not what is due to his own honor and that of his country—Victory or Death!”

About two hours before sunset on the 3d of March the bombardment suddenly ceased. Colonel Travis collected all his men ; he stood for some moments apparently speechless from emotion, and addressed them substantially as follows: “My Companions: Stern necessity compels me to employ a few moments afforded by this probably brief cessation in the conflict in making known the most interesting, the most solemn, melancholy and yet welcome fact that humanity can realize—our fate is sealed. Within a few days, perhaps a few hours, we must be in eternity. My call on Colonel Fannin remains unanswered, and my messengers have not returned. Then we must die. Our business is not to make a further effort to save our lives, but to choose the manner of our death. But three modes

## IRON MOUNTAIN ROUTE

are presented to us ; let us choose that by which we may best serve our country. Shall we surrender and be deliberately shot, without taking the life of a single enemy? Shall we try to cut our way through the Mexican ranks and be butchered before we can kill thirty adversaries? I am opposed to either method. Let us resolve to withstand our enemies to the last, and at each advance to kill as many of them as possible. And when at last they shall storm our fortress, let us kill them as they come. Kill them as they scale our walls! Kill them as they leap within! Kill them as they raise their weapons and as they use them! Kill them as they kill our companions, and continue to kill them as long as one of us shall remain alive! \* \* \* but I leave every man to his own choice. Should any man prefer to surrender or attempt to escape \* \* \* he is at liberty to do so. My own choice is to stay in the fort and die for my country, fighting as long as breath shall





San  
Pedro  
Spring

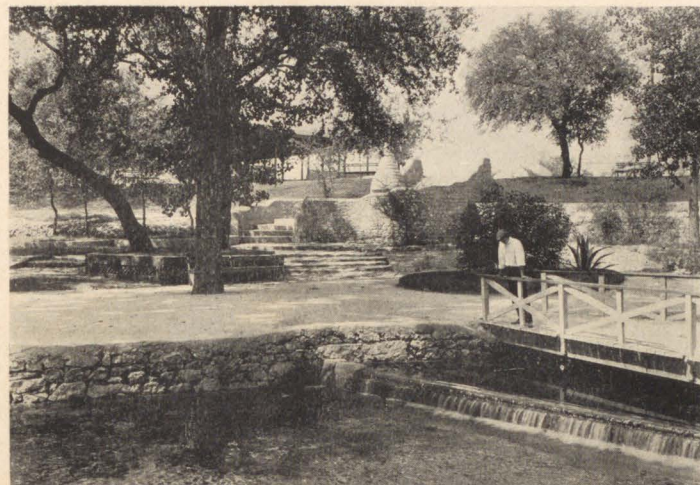


## SAN ANTONIO, TEXAS

remain in my body. This will I do, even if you leave me alone. Do as you think best, but no man can die with me without affording me comfort in the hour of death."

Colonel Travis then drew his sword and traced a line upon the ground; then resuming his position, said: "I now want every man who is determined to stay here and die with me to come across the line. Who will be the first? March!" The first respondent was Tapley Holland, who leaped the line at a bound, exclaiming, "I am ready to die for my country!" His example was instantly followed by every man in the line with one exception. Colonel Bowie, who could not leave his bed, said: "Boys, I am not able to come to you, but I wish some of you would be so kind as to move my cot over there." Four men instantly ran to the cot, and each lifting a corner, carried it over.

The following account of the last day's siege is from a Mexican authority: "The final attack began at the sounding of the bugle at 4 A. M., March 6, 1836. The troops moved in silence; they reached the fort, planted scaling ladders and commenced ascending; some mounted on the



San  
Pedro  
Park

## IRON MOUNTAIN ROUTE

shoulders of others. A terrible fire belched from the interior; men fell from the ladders by the score, many pierced through the head by balls, others felled by clubbed guns—the dead and wounded covered the ground. After half an hour of fierce conflict and the sacrifice of many lives the column of General Castillon succeeded in making a lodgment in the upper part of the fort to the northwest corner of the convent.

"The Mexicans, inspired by success, continued the attack with all energy and boldness. The Texans fought like devils! It was at short range—muzzle to muzzle, hand-to-hand, musket and rifle, bayonet and bowie knife, all mingled in confusion. Here a squad of Mexicans, there a Texan or two. The crash of arms, the shout of defiance, the cries of the dying and wounded, made a din almost infernal. The Texans defended desperately every inch of the fort until resistance became impossible. The Alamo was entered at daylight, but the fight did not end until nine o'clock, when every Texan engaged in the siege was dead!

San  
Fernando  
Cathedral



## SAN ANTONIO, TEXAS

"After the capture of the Alamo, Santa Ana marched to the vicinity of Houston, where his army was defeated and himself taken prisoner by the Texans under General Sam Houston, at the battle of San Jacinto, April 21, 1836. This practically ended the war and gave Texas her independence."

As the Texas spirit still pervades this vast commonwealth of southwestern plains, so does the spirit of Travis and Crockett and Bowie pervade the gray old adobe, the venerated Alamo, the cradle of Texas liberty.

Personally speaking, the pathetic story of the Alamo had ever held for me a peculiar fascination. It is not wonderful, then, that on my first visit to San Antonio, I went direct from my sleeper to this historic, tragedy-haunted old shrine. Indescribable emotions thrilled me as I wandered with reverent tread along the dim corridors, or paused to read the legends on the walls relating the progress and details of that terrible siege. I felt that I was standing on holy ground. I noted where the fatal dead-line had been drawn, and stood with tear-dimmed



Alamo  
Plaza

## IRON MOUNTAIN ROUTE

eyes in the little nook of a room where brave Bowie breathed his last, his body literally transfixed with a score of Mexican bayonets. Nor could I find it in my heart to censure, overmuch, poor, flinching Rose, in whose soul the joy of life was too intense to become a willing martyr. Yet, as his fate is uncertain, after that eventful night, there is little doubt that he also met death, and that, too, without the honor and glory that must ever enshrine the memory of his comrades.

Historic and interesting? Yes; but how sweet it was to get out into the golden sunshine and loiter along the beautiful Alamo Plaza, with its riot of blossoms and feathery palms and spreading umbrella trees; to look up to the blue skies that brood so tenderly over this peerless southern city, and simply to live in the glorious, peaceful present.

The hallowed Alamo is now the property of the State. The Daughters of the Republic of Texas are its custodians. Thousands register here annually, and seldom does a tourist leave the sacred old shrine without carrying away some fitting souvenir as a memento of the occasion.

Concepcion  
Mission



## SAN ANTONIO, TEXAS

### THE MISSIONS

HOW beautifully, yet how pathetically, is the history of San Antonio recorded in the crumbling ruins of her old missions—those silent footprints of the padres which even time refuses to erase. These old landmarks, linking modern with mediæval times, are irresistible magnets to the tourist, and are reached by beautiful driveways through the country. They lie within a radius of twelve miles of the city.

It may prove interesting to note here that the good St. Francis, who founded the Order of Franciscan monks that blazed the trail of civilization in the Southwest, was the saint, nature-lover and scholar from whom the great poet Dante received much of his inspiration. Who can measure the far-reaching influence of such a character?

The missions were built as follows:

The Alamo, on Alamo Plaza, was built 1718; San Fernando Cathedral, on Main Plaza, was built 1734; Mission Concepcion de la Acuna, two miles from Main Plaza, was built 1731; Mission San Jose, four miles south



San  
Jose  
Mission

## IRON MOUNTAIN ROUTE

of Main Plaza, was built 1720; Mission San Juan, six miles south of Main Plaza, was built 1731; Mission Espada, eight miles south of Main Plaza, was built 1731.

Well-nigh two centuries have passed away, and the roseate dream of monkish rule has long since faded, but these slowly crumbling monuments, these vanishing dreams of the old world, still dominate city and valley. Broken and crushed and solitary they may be, yet vital, dignified, undying.

A short walk from the Alamo brings one to the San Fernando Cathedral, which faces the Main Plaza, with its great beds of violets and evergreen shrubs. San Fernando is to San Antonio what St. Peter's is to Rome, the Dom to



Interior  
San Jose  
Mission



## SAN ANTONIO, TEXAS

Cologne, St. Paul's to London, Notre Dame to Paris, and the Zocalo mammoth to the City of Mexico. It was from the age-black rear roof of old San Fernando that Santa Ana cannonaded the Alamo when he began his revengeful siege in 1836.

A curious and foreign spectacle confronts the visitor who attends a Sunday-forenoon mass at San Fernando, whose cosmopolitan audiences are composed of Americans, Mexicans, Spaniards, French, Italians, Indians and Negroes, all devoutly religious and quite unconscious of the strangers' gaze.

Inside, a soft-stained light falls across prayerful faces of placid saints, the Madonna and Child and the scenes on Calvary. The antiquity and associations of San Fernando invest a service there with strange and solemn fascination. It is a Mexican shrine of worship, and the soft footfalls of the worshipers, the murmuring of many prayers and the muffled click of beads are in quiet keeping with the solemn, brooding peace that now envelops it. To *do* the other missions one should take time. Indeed,



San  
Juan  
Mission

## IRON MOUNTAIN ROUTE

the very calmness of these old piles themselves is a rebuke to twentieth-century haste. The Mission Concepcion is the first *en route* and the best preserved, but like all the rest it has suffered complete demolition of its outer walls. The Mission San Jose is the only one of the missions beautiful as a ruin. It has been pronounced by capable critics the finest ruin on the American Continent. Its marvelous statues, exquisite carvings and delicate frescoes are indeed wonderful achievements when one considers the date of its building and the wilderness wherein it was built. Huica, the Spanish architect, is given the credit of its design, and the entire facade, with its cherubs, saints and wreaths, is said to have been brought from Spain to the City of Mexico, thence through forests, over mountains, across rivers, to its present site.

The mission-builders possessed wondrous artistic discrimination; for no style of architecture could have been in more harmonious touch with its environments. It is rhythm, cadence and rhyme pervaded by an atmosphere that comes not from earth or sea or sky. It is absolute Art.

A  
Residence  
Street



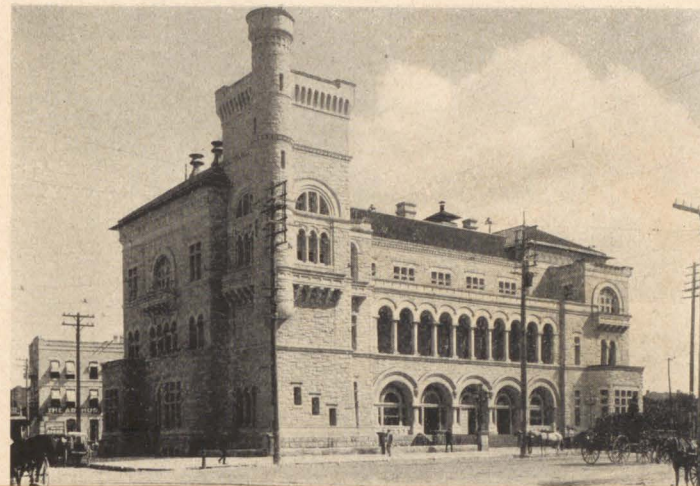
## SAN ANTONIO, TEXAS

Unconsciously the tourist surrenders to an impelling charm—the spirit of consecration it may be—and as one loiters and lingers amid the reminiscent shadows, fancy can almost catch the echo of sweet bells a-tune chiming out, as of old, the sunset and the dawn.

The Franciscan dynasty ended suddenly with the secularization of the Mission property by the Mexican Government to replete the exhausted treasuries of Santa Ana. Sadly the good fathers forsook the scenes of their long and arduous labors.

Today the missions are, for the most part, decaying legacies and fragmentary reminders of a time the world can never see again—a time forever past.

But Texas should never fail to revere the early heroes who strove in toil and blood to lay the foundations of her civilization, the sons of St. Francis, from fair Andalusia.



Post  
Office

## IRON MOUNTAIN ROUTE

### A WORD ABOUT MODERN SAN ANTONIO

**I**N the midst of a most beautiful environment, nearly a thousand feet above the level of the sea, tenderly sheltered by a circling crescent of purple hills, with blossom-crowned villas stretching away to groves of pecan and walnut, sits enthroned this queen city of southern plains. There is no other place in all this sun-kissed land to which one surrenders so completely. It appeals to one from every pleasing and desirable standpoint, ensnaring the fancy and capturing the heart ere one is aware.

But San Antonio, beautiful as it is, did not arise at the wave of a magician's wand, neither was it handed down perfect as a gift of the gods. It has abundant reason for being.

San Antonio is an expression of the combined forces of nature, art, money, enthusiasm, energy and brains. The location, climate and arching skies of blue are the gift of nature; the magnificent homes, splendid thoroughfares, the glorious parks and plazas, are the work of man. These master forces, each a fitting supplement of the other,

Road in  
Brackenridge  
Park



In the  
Menger  
Court

## SAN ANTONIO, TEXAS

have wrought in harmony, and the result is San Antonio—famous as one of the beauty spots of America.

From a weary battle-ground to one of the most attractive cities in the country is a long step, but this is the condensed history of San Antonio. But back of this seeming transformation scene there lurks a wondrous civic pride. Yes, civic pride is the keynote to the situation. Talk to any one of the wide-awake, progressive men in the commercial organizations of the city, and you will readily see that they are a unit where the welfare of their municipality is concerned. And what a wondrous power it is—this unity of purpose and concentration of vital force.

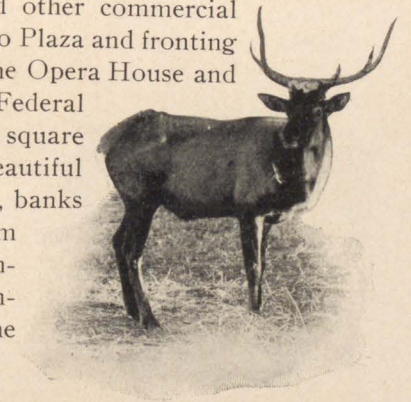
San Antonio has twenty-three parks and plazas, embracing 427 acres. These are kept in excellent condition under the supervision of a park commissioner, and are made especially attractive by a preponderance of tropical and semi-tropical trees, shrubs and flowers.

The largest in area is Brackenridge Park, which contains 200 acres, and in point of natural beauty is not excelled on the continent. San Pedro Park embraces

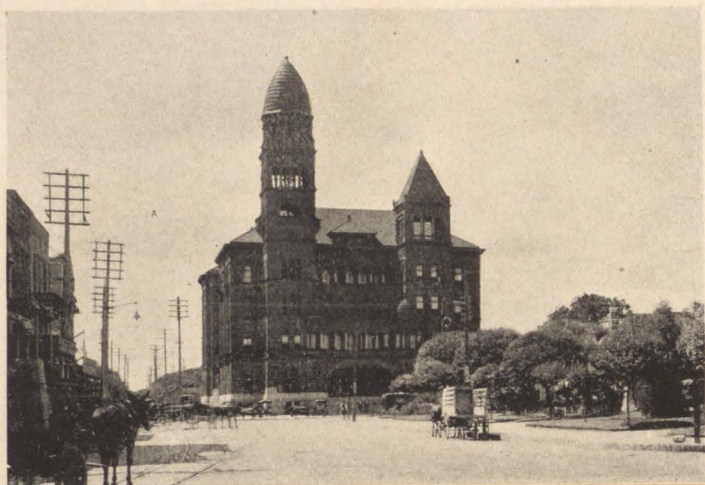
## IRON MOUNTAIN ROUTE

forty acres and is a place of rare natural beauty, which has been greatly enhanced by recent improvements.

Plazas are indeed distinguishing features of San Antonio. Though characteristic of the towns of Latin-America, there is no other American city where there are so many of these breathing-places or such charming ones. Alamo, Main and Military plazas are right in the business heart of the city, and around them are collected the greater portion of the retail establishments, the hotels, the city and government buildings and other commercial institutions. Around the Alamo Plaza and fronting on it are the Menger Hotel, the Opera House and Club, the Post-Office and the Federal Court House. The center of the square has been converted into a beautiful garden, with playing fountains, banks and beds of flowers, which bloom the year around; clumps of symmetrical semi-tropical trees, conspicuous amongst which are the



Court  
House



## SAN ANTONIO, TEXAS

graceful China berry trees, with their rich, dense foliage. These trees grow with more luxuriance in San Antonio than anywhere else, and their exceeding grace and beauty attract the attention and admiration of all.

Facing Main Plaza are San Fernando Cathedral, the magnificent County Court House and a number of business houses. The central area, like that of the Alamo, is laid out in a handsome park and pleasure ground.

Military Plaza is one block west of Main Plaza, and was, prior to the erection of the new City Hall, which now occupies the center, the rendezvous and stamping ground of the Mexican contingent of the population. It was on

this square the midnight suppers of chile con carne, hot tamales and tortillas were spread, and the beautiful tamale queen reigned supreme over her hungry nocturnal subjects.

These picturesque denizens have been driven by the improvements of civilization to other haunts, but



City  
Hall



## IRON MOUNTAIN ROUTE

one may still find them in the Mexican quarters in all their peppy glory.

In addition to these more prominent and, historically, more interesting plazas, are a number of others scattered about the city, giving a most agreeable variety and charm to what would otherwise be the stereotyped block after block of built-up squares of the average town.

The metropolitan appearance of the business houses, the beautiful residences, fine churches, schools and public edifices of San Antonio are a source of congratulation to her citizens, and a subject of surprise and admiration to her guests.

In no other city, perhaps, can one see so vividly contrasted the spirit of a wideawake progressive present with that of a romantic, mediæval past. Noting this contrast is one of the interesting features for tourists, for there is much in the personality, habits and customs of the Mexican contingent to entertain the stranger, especially those who have not become imbued with the spirit of modern times, but still retain their primitive ways and manners of living.

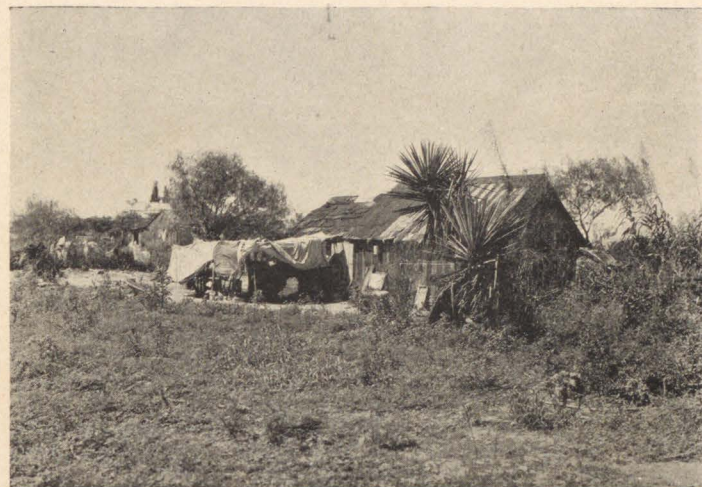
On  
Military  
Plaza



## SAN ANTONIO, TEXAS

These classes in their native costumes are extremely picturesque. One meets them on the roads to the missions, or congregated in groups in Milan Square, wearing very broad-brimmed sombreros, gaudily ornamented with silver braid and trimmings, white shirts, light-colored breeches, gay sashes about their waists, and the inevitable corn-husk cigarette, and not infrequently accompanied by a diminutive donkey or burro loaded almost to invisibility with hay, mesquite wood or other commodities of barter.

But to see them at their best, or worst, one must make a journey to the jacales, out in the adobe-dotted tract between the San Pedro and the Alazon. One is transported to a seemingly alien land full of surprises. The jacale itself affords unlimited opportunities for the kodak-snapper, and a glimpse of the life within will present a puzzling problem for the student of human nature. Jacales are built of any material that happens to be available. The skeleton walls are a few stray sticks or pickets driven crazily into the ground and covered with old blankets and thatches of straw.



On  
Kerr  
Hill

## IRON MOUNTAIN ROUTE

At the door, always open, kneels the woman at the matat, a primitive corn mill, used in the pounding out of tortillos, the Mexican johnny-cake; on her knees in front of the matat the woman mixes her meal, meat, cheese and pepper, and with her stone roller and her deft hands she rolls and pats her delicious edibles into marketable shape. Like her indolent husband, she has found no new ways to shorten labor—wants none. The acequia ditch is well enough for a wash tub, a great flat rock suffices for a scrubbing board, and, squatting on a little plank thrown across the ditch, the senora washes her coarse linen in the bright water.

The Mexican man one meets everywhere, and everywhere the same liquid eyes, the same appreciation of the *dolce far niente*. Clinging to his ancient traditions, his inertia unshaken by the skirmishing of his white neighbors, a tiny woman to pound his tortillos, a





Brackenridge  
Park



## SAN ANTONIO, TEXAS

sunny day, a great sombrero, and the Spanish-Aztec finds life well worth living. They are experts at manufacturing trinkets, images, feather work, jugs, bottles, and idols in clay, baskets, blankets, saddles and similar articles. In selling these products of their skill, and in vending candy and tamales, they have no superiors.

San Antonio possesses one gift of Nature which never loses its charm for the visitor—the picturesque San Antonio River, or “Old Santone,” as the natives tenderly call it. I have never seen a more truly poetic stream. It has its source in beautiful crystal springs a few miles out of town, and winds with sinuous bends and turns right through the heart of the city. Myrtle and cresses and tropic plants border its margin, while trailing streamers of Spanish moss swing gracefully from overhanging branches of trees along its shore. As I stood on a rustic bridge watching



The  
Lake

## IRON MOUNTAIN ROUTE

its serpentine meanderings, I found myself quoting from Tennyson’s “Brook,” as it sings its rollicking song:

By thirty hills I hurry down,  
Or slip between the ridges,  
By twenty thorns, a little town  
And half a hundred bridges.

I chatter, chatter, as I flow,  
To join the brimming river ;  
For men may come and men may go,  
But I go on forever.

The Old Santone does not “chatter;” it just goes a-singing on its way, but instead of slipping under “half a hundred bridges,” it slips under more than two thousand ! And I wondered if the boastful little English brook would lose any of its conceit if it could know about its modest American cousin.

San Pedro River also runs purling through the city, and is scarcely less fascinating, with its dreamy, rhythmic flow, and its quiet pools where nestle great beds of water lilies.

Officers' Row



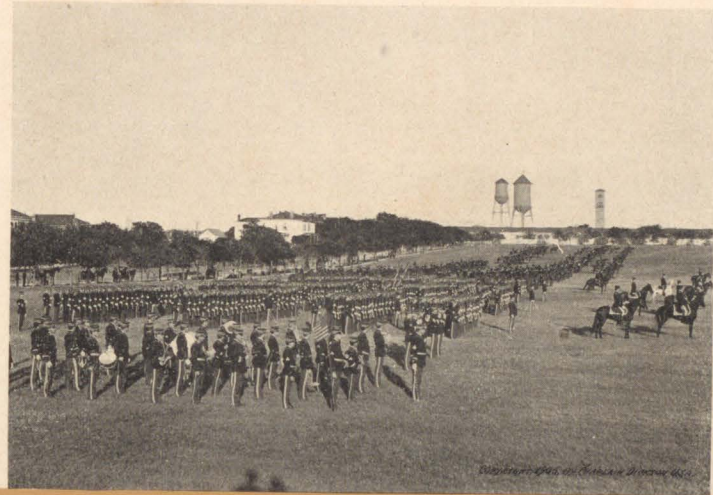
## SAN ANTONIO, TEXAS

### GOVERNMENT MILITARY POST—FORT SAM HOUSTON

**S**AN ANTONIO has always been an important military post, and is now the headquarters of the Department of Texas, embracing the States of Texas, Louisiana, Arkansas and Oklahoma, comprising eleven garrison posts.

This Government post, Fort Sam Houston, is among the largest in the United States, and contains nearly six hundred acres, including the target range. It was chosen on account of its strategical position and exceedingly healthful climate. Fort Sam Houston has been enlarged to double its former capacity, and distributes in the City of San Antonio over \$1,000,000 per year. Expensive additions are constantly being made, in view of the fact that it will soon be made a Brigade Post. Up to date, it represents in round numbers a Federal outlay of two and a half million dollars.

The Commanding-General and his staff reside in San Antonio. The spacious parade grounds of Fort Sam Houston have been the scenes of many spectacular drills



Grand Review

## IRON MOUNTAIN ROUTE

and military maneuvers, some of which were witnessed by Presidents Harrison, McKinley and Roosevelt. Nothing, however, in the way of a military spectacle could have been more imposing than the grand review before the visiting Secretary of War (Taft) in 1906, when all "the pomp and circumstance of war" was in evidence on every hand. The close proximity of a military post of this character and grade adds a most pleasing touch to the social life of a city. In San Antonio, where society-folk flock, like vast beives of butterflies, every winter, the pleasure feature is very dominant. The gay uniforms of the officers of the army, mingling with the dainty gowns of women, lend color and éclat to social function, forming fascinating pictures which linger in the memory long after the season is over. The weekly dress parades and daily concerts in the residential esplanade are most attractive features of the post, and are universal in appeal to both citizens and visitors.

It was at Fort Sam Houston, too, that Theodore Roosevelt trained his famous "Rough Riders"—a troop,

Sabers  
Drawn



## SAN ANTONIO, TEXAS

one might well say, without a parallel—a brief sketch of which seems worth while in this connection. When Roosevelt conceived the novel idea of recruiting a regiment from among the men of his old Wild West, Secretary Alger offered to make him Colonel of such a command.

This plan, on being made known, not only set the plainsmen and mountaineers aflame with excitement, but fired the imagination of adventurous Eastern youth as well. Telegrams, making applica-

tions to serve in the ranks, poured in from all directions. While thousands of these had to be declined, Roosevelt determined to accept enough picked men, of athletic taste, from the older States to form a troop. A most remarkable lot of private soldiers these proved to be when they came to Washington, D. C., to be mustered in. Among them were graduates from all the famous Eastern colleges and universities; members of



Artillery  
Charge



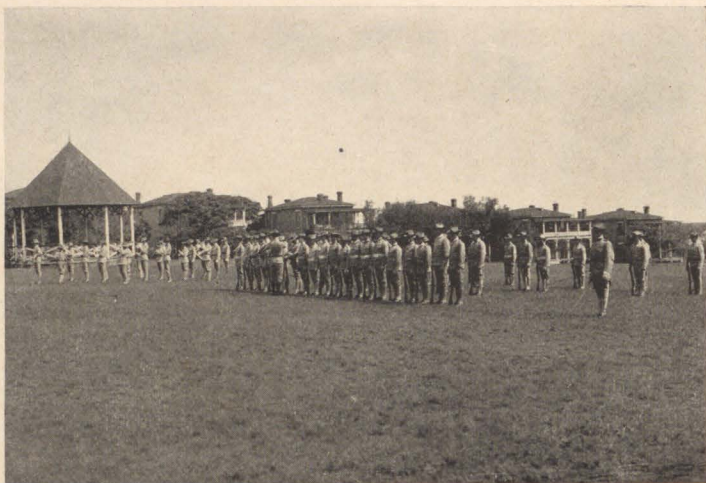
## IRON MOUNTAIN ROUTE

ultra-fashionable clubs of New York and Boston; troopers from fancy mounted militia of big cities, and champions and next-best players of foot ball, tennis, polo, rowing and track athletes from Harvard, Yale, Princeton and Columbia.

They were, in fact, men one would least expect to become willing targets for Spanish bullets.

As this unusual troop was about to be mustered in, Lieutenant-Colonel Roosevelt thus addressed them: "Gentlemen, you have now reached the last point. If any one of you doesn't mean business, let him say so now. An hour from now it will be too late to back out. Once you are in, you've got to see it through. You've got to perform without flinching whatever duty may be assigned you, regardless of the difficulty or the danger attending it. You must know how to ride, you must know how to shoot, you must know how to live in the open. Absolute obedience to every command is your first lesson. No matter what comes, you musn't squeal. Think it over, all of you. If any man wants to withdraw he will be

Guard  
Mount



## SAN ANTONIO, TEXAS

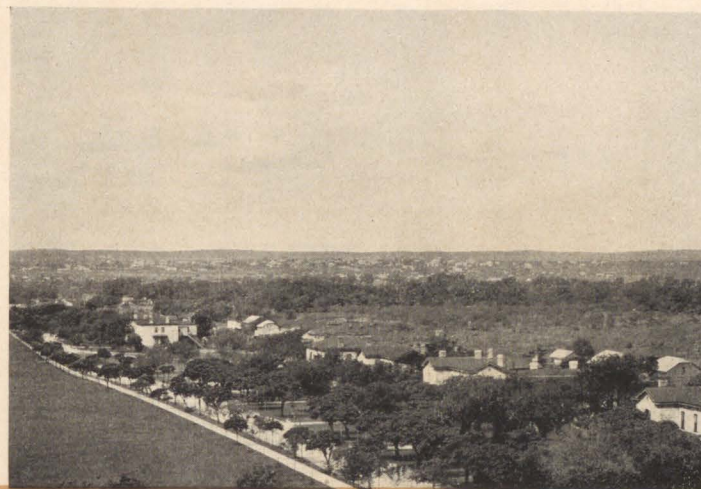
gladly excused, for there are thousands who are anxious to have places in this regiment."

Not one showed the white feather.

When the men from the East arrived in San Antonio, they were permitted to have one last taste of their accustomed luxuries. They went to the Menger Hotel and ordered the best breakfast the house could serve. After they had eaten it they bravely declared, "It's all off after this," and cheerfully entered upon the simple life of the camp.

Here Roosevelt found the most strangely assorted command that had ever assembled under the Stars and Stripes. With the exception of the fifty men from the East, the force was drawn from the great cattle country he knew so well, and from the mountains which he had roamed in his hunting trips. The men came from lonely hunter's cabins and shifting cow-camps. The captains and lieutenants were sometime-graduates of the regular army, who had settled in the West. Other officers had been sheriffs and marshals and deputies, who had fought Indians and white

Parade  
Grounds  
San Antonio  
in Distance



## IRON MOUNTAIN ROUTE

bandits. There were cowboys bearing such picturesque names as Happy Jack, Rattlesnake Pete, Smoky Moore, and there were Cherokee, Chickasaw, Creek and Pawnee Indians. There were also half a dozen Texas rangers, a big Australian who had served in the bush, a lion-tamer from Arizona, a noted scout from the Canadian northwest, an Italian trumpeter who had been a soldier in Egypt and China, and a famous broncho-buster, who couldn't keep step on parade because he had "walked so little."

Can one imagine a more heterogeneous company? Yet, after a few days of reserve on both sides, the college-bred men from the East and the bronzed rustlers from the West



Commerce  
Street



## SAN ANTONIO, TEXAS

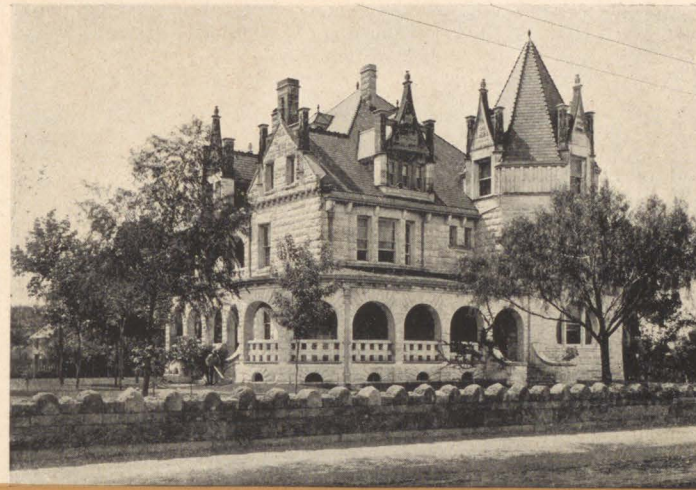
were merged into an indistinguishable mass of good fellowship. These were the "Rough Riders," the dauntless men who followed their leader in that daring and spectacular charge up San Juan Hill.

Some of them fell, but *not one of them flinched!*

The amusement and playground side of San Antonio is most attractive. Here are the finest golf links in the South, and with a few exceptions the finest in the whole country. The membership is large, enthusiastic, and very expert. During the season, when the city is filled with people from all over the United States, many of whom are votaries of the sport, contests on the links are frequent, and scores are made that are difficult to duplicate.

Near San Antonio is located the well-known polo ranch, where horses are trained for this sport and shipped all over the country and abroad.

The "Battle of Flowers," that gorgeous spectacle of beauty and bloom which takes place in the open every April, when in less-favored climes spring is still lingering in the lap of winter, is a permanent festival. On these



Residence  
on  
Government  
Hill

## IRON MOUNTAIN ROUTE

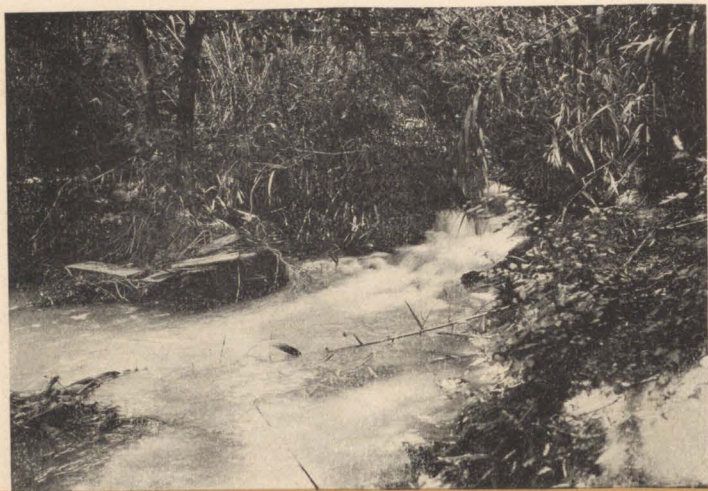
occasions every house, lawn and thoroughfare are charmingly decorated, and the entire period is given over to pleasure and open-handed hospitality.

The beautiful flower-bedecked equipages in grand parade, the riot of blossoms and foliage, all accentuated by the éclat of wealth and fashion, form one of the truly colorful pictures of the city's social life.

Votaries of rod and gun who spend a season at San Antonio will be convinced that they have really found the mythical "Sportsman's Paradise."

The laws of Texas will not allow game killed in one county to be taken to another, or out of the State. As a result, the country literally teems with game. The shooting season for the majority of game covers the months of November and December only. All kinds of game is found. Dove and quail are almost as plentiful as the English sparrows in the East. Wild turkeys gobble around nearly every farm house. Deer are almost a nuisance, as they even destroy growing grain within a few miles of the city. The streams are full of fish; the coast

Falls of  
San Antonio  
River



## SAN ANTONIO, TEXAS

at and within easy reach of Rockport and Corpus Christi appears to be the home of the duck, goose and waterfowl generally, and is certainly the home of the tarpon. More tarpon have been caught near Rockport in one day than have been caught in Florida waters in one season. More ducks and geese have been killed in these waters in one season than at any other noted waterfowl resort in three seasons.

Like all other wide-awake cities, San Antonio has reduced sight-seeing to a fine art. The tourist no longer needs to be "held up," so to speak, by conscienceless cab drivers, if money is a consideration, for the street railway company operates a "Seeing San Antonio" service, which covers all places of interest in the entire city.

Not only is this an inexpensive, but it is a most satisfactory way of sight-seeing. The versatile megaphone artist is, of course, on hand with his well-learned local history, injecting, whenever possible, a bit of humor, and lets no guilty beauty-spot or historic point escape attention of his party. And really there *is* a lot to see. Starting from the Alamo Alameda, which seems to be the center



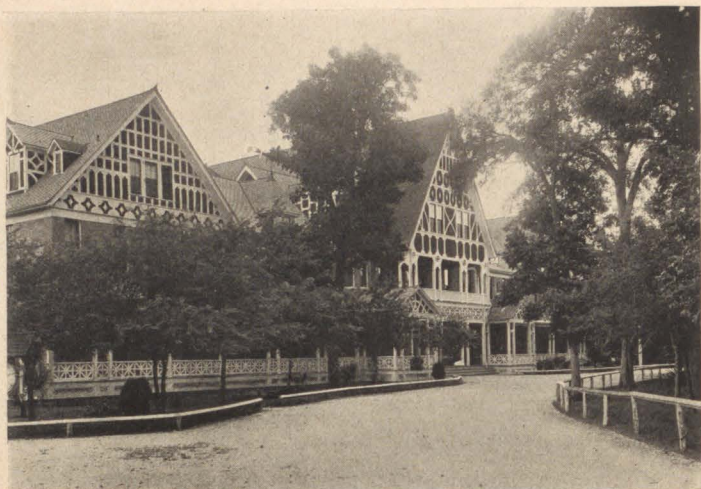
San  
Antonio  
River

## IRON MOUNTAIN ROUTE

from which all things radiate in San Antonio, the trip includes the Federal, county and city buildings, the plazas and parks, the Cathedral, the old Spanish palaces and homes, the residences of modern millionaires, the fort and cemeteries, fashionable heights and villas, the colleges, schools, churches, depots, irrigated gardens, the golf and tennis grounds, manufacturing plants, the Mexican quarter, Carnegie Library and the United States Arsenal. The trip also skirts beautiful suburban sections, which will ere long be home sites, if the city's ambitions are to be realized.

One of the most attractive features of the city consists of electrical displays. The domes of prominent buildings are covered with incandescent lights of different colors; gorgeous signs are seen on the fronts of business houses, and an evening promenade down either Houston or Commerce Streets from Alamo Plaza to Soledad and Main Plaza is under illuminated arches, plentifully distributed, the beauty of the scene intensified by alternating colored lights and the uniqueness of advertising electric signs on either side.

Hot  
Sulphur  
Wells  
Hotel



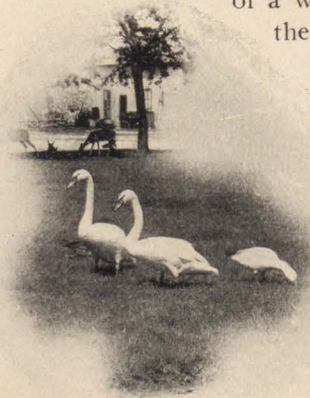
## SAN ANTONIO, TEXAS

Fashion, ever on the alert for the superlative, has set her seal on San Antonio as an ideal place for outdoor sports, for happy days in a palatial resort hotel, and for delightful drives through winding ways to the old Missions, and automobile spins over the fine country roads.

The Hot Sulphur Wells Hotel is the rendezvous for this particular class of tourists. This magnificent hostelry, with its wonderful spa and baths, is situated in the midst of a wooded park, and impresses one as the great private villa of an aristocrat.

So popular has this resort become that it necessitated the addition of a hundred new rooms and suites for the present season.

Usually every available room is booked weeks in advance of occupancy. The spa derives its name from three artesian hot sulphur wells, varying in depth from



In  
Brackenridge  
Park

## IRON MOUNTAIN ROUTE

fifteen hundred to three thousand feet, with a combined daily flow of a million gallons. These waters range in temperature from 103 to 106 degrees F., and have gained an international reputation. Hot Sulphur Wells Hotel is five miles from San Antonio, and is reached by the electric cars.

The resort is under very able management, and offers everything to satisfy the æsthetic as well as the material side of human nature.

A new million-dollar hotel with five hundred rooms is now in course of construction on Houston Street. The acquisition of such a new century de luxe hostelry will serve to attract to San Antonio thousands of habitual winter resorters who may have wearied of other seasonable haunts of prosperous Americans.

San Antonio provides ample accommodation to suit every purse, for all who come. In addition to the hotels and apartments, five hundred good homes have opened their doors to the stranger within the gates.

Why not go to San Antonio now?

In  
Brackenridge  
Park



## SAN ANTONIO, TEXAS

### BRIEF NOTES ABOUT SAN ANTONIO

San Antonio is one of the handsomest cities of the North American Continent. It has four hundred and thirty-eight miles of streets, sixty-one miles of electric lines, twenty-three parks and plazas, fifty churches, twenty-six schools, one hundred and fifty-eight manufacturing establishments, sixteen halls and two theaters.

The assessed value of property for the year ending December 31, 1906, was \$38,290,600, an increase over the previous year of \$2,035,220.

San Antonio has a complete and modern water-works system, owned by a private corporation, using one hundred and twenty-eight miles of water mains. All water is obtained from fourteen artesian wells, having a capacity of forty million gallons per day.

The growth of Texas travel of the better class, for several years past, argues significantly for the future of the great southwestern State as the first and favored region for the American winter vacation period.



In  
San Pedro  
Park

## IRON MOUNTAIN ROUTE

### HOTELS

American, 501 Avenue C.....	\$2.00 up.
Angelus, 104 S. Alamo.....	E. \$1.00 and \$1.50.
Argyle, Alamo Heights.....	\$2.50 up.
Bancroft, 323 St. Mary.....	\$2.00 up.
Bexar, 327 E. Houston.....	\$2.00 to \$4.00.
Castle, 605 St. Mary.....	\$1.50.
Commercial, 107½ S. Flores. . .	E. \$0.75 and \$1.00.
Elite, 405 W. Commerce.....	E. \$1.00 and \$1.50.
Eureka, 115½ S. Flores.....	\$1.50.
Glenarm, 319 St. Mary.....	\$2.00 up.
Hotel Alamo, 323½ Alamo Plaza.	E. \$0.50, \$0.75 and \$1.00.
Hot Sulphur Wells Hotel.....	\$3.00 up.
Laclede, 714 W. Commerce.....	E. \$0.50 up.
Maverick (new), 324 E. Houston.	E. \$1.00 up.
Menger, Alamo Plaza.....	\$3.00 up.
Mission, 124 Heimann.....	E. \$0.75 up.
Plaza, 508 Dolorosa.....	\$1.25.
Southern, Main Plaza.....	\$2.00 and \$2.50.
St. James, 313 E. Houston.....	E. \$0.75 up.
Thompson (The), 603 Soledad....	\$2.00 up.
Union, 111-113 Aransas.....	\$1.00 and \$1.50.



San Jose  
and  
Concepcion



## SAN ANTONIO, TEXAS

There are ninety-five private boarding houses, and accommodations, with or without board, can be secured in over four hundred residences. Board and lodging at private boarding houses range from \$20.00 to \$35.00 per month. Rooms rent from \$18.00 to \$25.00 per month.

The Business Men's Club of San Antonio will be glad to furnish list of these private boarding houses and residences upon request.

### PULLMAN SLEEPING-CAR RATES

Pullman Drawing Room, St. Louis to San Antonio .....	\$26.00
Pullman Drawing Room, Memphis to San Antonio .....	18.00
Pullman Double Berth, St. Louis to San Antonio .....	7.00
Pullman Double Berth, Memphis to San Antonio .....	5.00
Pullman Tourist Car, on certain days only, double berth, St. Louis to San Antonio.....	3-50

**T**HE direct route from or through St. Louis, Mo., or Memphis, Tenn., to San Antonio is via the Iron Mountain. This line offers the tourist the choice of two excellent, through trains every day—one leaving St. Louis in the morning and the other in the evening. Direct connections with these trains are made from Memphis.

These trains carry Pullman Standard Drawing Room Sleeping Cars and handsomely appointed dining cars—meals a la carte.

Iron Mountain trains depart from the St. Louis Union Station, at which all trains entering St. Louis arrive, giving tourists practically through service from their home city.

The Union Station at St. Louis has thirty-two terminal tracks and over four miles of trackage under the train shed. The tourist will welcome a few moments between trains to see this wonderful cosmopolitan center of activity and then board freshly ventilated and thoroughly cleaned cars.

A representative of the Missouri Pacific-Iron Mountain is on duty at this station at all hours to assist strangers and particularly ladies and children.

After leaving St. Louis there is no change of cars necessary to reach San Antonio. The trip through Southeastern Missouri, over the Ozarks, through the cotton fields of Arkansas and Texas—into the Sunny South, will never be forgotten. There are many advantages in taking this route to Texas, which will be gladly explained to you by any representative of this Company.

A glance at the enclosed map will show how direct this route is to San Antonio from points in the North, East and Southeast through St. Louis and Memphis, and from points in States as far west as Kansas and Nebraska through Coffeyville, Kas., Ft. Smith and Little Rock, Ark.

Round-trip tickets to San Antonio may be obtained at ticket offices of this Company and those of our connections, reading over the Iron Mountain Route, at very low rates. Winter tourist tickets are on sale daily until April 30th, good for return passage up to and including June 1, 1908. These tickets allow liberal stopover privileges in both directions.

Round-trip Tourist tickets to Mexico City with extreme return limit of nine months from date of sale may be obtained daily all year at reduced rates, permitting stopover at San Antonio and at other points enroute on the going trip within three months from date of sale and on the return trip within final limit of nine months.

On certain days each month, there is a very low round trip rate in effect to San Antonio and other points in the West and Southwest via the Iron Mountain. Our representative will be glad to give you information about this rate and arrange further details of your trip.

The following Traveling and Passenger Agents of the

MISSOURI PACIFIC IRON MOUNTAIN

are constantly looking after the interests of these Lines, and will call upon parties contemplating a trip and cheerfully furnish them lowest rates of fare, maps, guides, time tables, etc., or they may be addressed as follows:

**BOSTON, MASS.**—LOUIS W. EWALD, New Eng. Pass'r Agt., 192 Washington Street.  
**CAIRO, ILL.**—ELMER SMITH..... Passenger and Ticket Agent, Union Depot.  
**CHATTANOOGA, TENN.**  
I. E. REHLANDER, Trav. Pass'r Agt., Room 420 James Bldg., cor. 8th and Broad Sts.  
**CHICAGO, ILL.**—ELLIS FARNSWORTH..... District Passenger Agent, 186 Clark St.  
H. D. ARMSTRONG..... Traveling Passenger Agent, 186 Clark Street.  
C. C. CARSON..... Traveling Passenger Agent, 186 Clark Street.  
**CINCINNATI, OHIO.**  
R. T. G. MATTHEWS, General Agent, Passenger Department, 419 Walnut Street.  
E. C. FULLER..... Traveling Passenger Agent, 419 Walnut Street.  
**DENVER, COL.**  
H. C. POST..... Gen'l Western Frt. and Passenger Agent, } Cor. Seventeenth  
J. H. GINET, JR..... Traveling Passenger Agent, } and Stout Sts.  
**FORT SCOTT, KAN.**—J. A. HOLLINGER..... Passenger and Ticket Agent.  
**FORT SMITH, ARK.**—A. T. SANDERS..... Passenger and Ticket Agent.  
**HOT SPRINGS, ARK.**—GEORGE W. THOMAS..... Passenger and Ticket Agent.  
**INDIANAPOLIS, IND.**—C. D. BOYD..... Traveling Passenger Agent,  
Rooms 516-518 State Life Building, 15 East Washington Street.  
**JOPLIN, MO.**—C. H. ROHRER..... District Passenger Agent, 114 West Fourth Street.  
**KANSAS CITY, MO.**  
C. E. STYLES..... Assistant General Passenger Agent, 209 Sheidley Building.  
E. E. BLECKLEY..... Traveling Passenger Agent, 209 Sheidley Building.  
S. E. LOWE, JR..... Traveling Passenger Agent, 209 Sheidley Building.  
E. S. JEWETT..... General Agent, Passenger Department, 901 Main Street.  
I. E. SHERWIN..... Passenger and Ticket Agent, 901 Main Street.  
**LEAVENWORTH, KAN.**  
P. C. LYON..... Passenger and Ticket Agent, 230 Delaware Street.  
**LINCOLN, NEB.**—F. D. CORNELL..... Pass'r and Ticket Agent, Twelfth and O Streets.  
**LITTLE ROCK, ARK.**—W. C. BARNES..... Passenger and Ticket Agent.  
G. A. A. DEANE, JR..... Traveling Passenger Agent.  
**LOS ANGELES, CAL.**—T. D. CONNELLY..... General Agent, 230 South Spring Street.  
**LOUISVILLE, KY.**—J. H. GALLAGHER..... Trav. Pass'r Agt., Room 301 Norton Bldg.  
**MEMPHIS, TENN.**  
H. D. WILSON..... Assistant General Passenger Agent, 40 South Main Street.  
C. E. ROUNDTREE..... Traveling Passenger Agent, 40 South Main Street.  
**MEXICO CITY, MEX.**—H. C. DINKINS..... General Agent, Cinco de Mayo No. 3.  
**MILWAUKEE, WIS.**—L. D. KNOWLES..... General Agent, 114 Wisconsin Street.  
**MONTREY, MEX.**  
J. H. SEARLE..... Traveling Freight and Passenger Agent, Plaza Hidalgo No. 1.  
**NEW YORK, N. Y.**—W. E. HOYT..... General Eastern Pass'r Agent, 335 Broadway.  
C. A. PARKER..... Traveling Passenger Agent, 335 Broadway.  
HARRY B. FINN..... City Passenger Agent, 335 Broadway.  
**OMAHA, NEB.**  
T. F. GODFREY..... Passenger and Ticket Agent, 1423 Farnam Street.  
TOM HUGHES..... Traveling Passenger Agent, 1423 Farnam Street.  
**PITTSBURG, PA.**  
H. L. PEASE..... Central Passenger Agent, Rooms 315-325 Bessemer Building.  
**PORTLAND, ORE.**—W. C. McBRIDE..... General Agent, 124 Third Street.  
**PUEBLO, COL.**—C. E. WAGAR..... General Agent, 313 North Main Street.  
**SACRAMENTO, CAL.**—J. T. SKELTON..... Passenger Agent, 1017 Second Street.  
**ST. JOSEPH, MO.**—BENTON QUICK..... Pass'r and Tkt. Agt., 426 Edmond Street.  
**ST. LOUIS, MO.**  
W. H. BISSLAND..... Assistant General Passenger and Ticket Agent.  
C. B. GAUSSEN..... Pass'r and Ticket Agent, S. E. cor. Sixth and Olive Streets.  
J. M. GRIFFIN..... City Passenger Agent, S. E. cor. Sixth and Olive Streets.  
W. H. MORTON..... Passenger Agent, Room 400 Union Station.  
DANIEL DELANEY..... Traveling Passenger Agent.  
**SALT LAKE CITY, UTAH.**  
I. A. BENTON..... General Agent, Passenger Department, Dooly Building.  
**SAN ANTONIO, TEX.**—W. E. FITCH..... Southwestern Pass'r Agt., 122 Alamo Plaza.  
**SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.**—W. J. SHOTWELL..... General Agent, 36 Powell Street.  
**SAN JOSE, CAL.**—W. B. TOWNSEND..... Passenger Agent, 44 E. Santa Clara St.  
**SEDALIA, MO.**—J. W. McCLAIN..... Passenger and Ticket Agent.  
**TEXARKANA, ARK.**—E. C. DURHAM..... Ticket Agent.  
**TOPEKA, KAN.**—F. E. NIPPS..... Ticket Agent.  
**WICHITA, KAN.**  
C. K. BOTHWELL..... Passenger and Ticket Agent, cor. Douglas and Wichita Sts.

MISSOURI PACIFIC  
IRON MOUNTAIN

M I S S O U R I - K A N S A S - T E X A S L I N E S

---oOo---  
 Passenger Traffic Department  
 ---oOo---

SAN ANTONIO HOTELS

ARGYLE HOTEL - Alamo Heights  
 American Plan  
 \$20.00 to \$25.00 per wk, single

CROCKETT HOTEL - 301 E. Crockett  
 European Plan.  
 \$1.50-\$2.00 per day and up.  
 \$2.00-\$3.00 per day, double.

GUNTER HOTEL - 205 E. Houston  
 European Plan  
 \$4.50 per day and up, single  
 \$4.00 per day and up, double  
 All with bath.

JEFFERSON HOTEL - 105 Jefferson  
 European Plan  
 \$1.50-\$2.00 per day, single  
 \$2.50-\$3.00 per day, double  
 Special rates to parties.

LANIER HOTEL-Travis&StMarys Sts  
 European Plan  
 \$1.50-\$3.00 per day, single  
 \$3.00-\$4.00 per day, double  
 Special rates to parties.

ROBERT E. LEE HOTEL-Travis&MainSts.  
 European Plan  
 \$2.00-\$2.50 per day, single  
 \$3.50-per day up, double  
 All with bath

MCCLEAN HOTEL - 230 Ave. E.  
 European Plan.  
 \$1.00 & up per day, single  
 \$2.00 & up per day, double  
 Special rates to parties

MENGER HOTEL - Alamo Plaza  
 European Plan.  
 \$2.00 per day, single  
 \$3.00 per day up with bath  
 \$3.50 per day, double  
 \$5.00 per day up with bath.

PLAZA HOTEL - St. Mary's St.  
 European Plan  
 \$2.00-\$3.00 per day, bath, sgl.  
 \$3.50-\$5.00 per day, bath, dbl.

PRUDENTIAL HOTEL - Main Plaza  
 European Plan.  
 \$1.00 per day & up, single  
 \$2.00 per day & up, double

ST. ANTHONY HOTEL - E. Travis St.  
 European Plan.  
 \$3.00 per day & up, single  
 \$5.00 per day & up, double  
 Above rates with bath.  
 \$2.00 per day & up, single  
 \$3.00 per day & up, double  
 Above rates without bath.

TEXAS HOTEL-Martin & Navarro  
 European Plan.  
 \$1.00 per day & up, single  
 \$1.50 per day & up, double  
 \$2.50-\$3.00 per day, with bath

TRAVELLERS HOTEL - 218 Broadway  
 European Plan  
 \$1.50-\$2.00 per day, single  
 \$2.00-\$3.00 per day, double

HUTCHINS HOTEL -Cor. Garden &  
 St. Mary's,

American Plan  
 Single - \$2.50 up  
 Weekly - \$15.00 up  
 Monthly- \$30.00 up  
 European Plan  
 Single - \$1.00-\$2.00 per day  
 Double - \$2.00-\$3.00 per day  
 Several suites - \$5.00, \$6.00,  
 \$7.00  
 Weekly rates upon application