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St. Louis, Brownsville & Mexico Railway
AND CONNECTIONS.
The publisher is constantly in receipt of letters from readers congratulating him upon the appearance and contents of the Magazine. We may be pardoned for giving a few samples of the prevailing sentiment:

"Without wishing to flatter you, I consider your last issue the finest example of the art preservative I have ever come across."

"Let me offer my congratulations. Your magazine is a stemwinding jim-dandy. The illustrations are the finest I ever saw."

"The material used is of the highest class of excellence, and its typographical make-up simply superb."

"It is full of good things, and, no doubt, if it is widely distributed, will be the means of bringing thousands of homeseekers to Texas."

"We are in receipt of your very excellent and beautiful magazine, for which we must predict a brilliant future."

"It is ahead of all magazine literature that has come under my notice recently."

"I think the pictures in the one issue I have seen well worth the cost of one year’s subscription."

And we have hundreds of others just as good. These are merely samples.

Of course it makes us blush to reveal these priceless treasures of the sanctum sanctorum, for our modesty is great. But we thought you readers who have to date neglected to give substance to your views of us might be led into the way of rectitude by the influence of good example.
But seriously, we are thankful for these kind words. We appreciate them more than we can tell. It is an aphorism that "Nothing succeeds like success," and it is equally true that nothing encourages success like encouragement. When people tell us that the results of our efforts please them, we know we are succeeding.

To be told that one looks well will make one feel well. On the other hand, let a man be told by a dozen of his friends that he really looks badly—ought to go to bed and call a doctor—the chances are favorable that the close of day will find him in bed, surrounded by nurses and a score of solicitous friends and relatives. Such is the susceptibility of the human mind to suggestion.

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We are not adherents of the faith of Mrs. Eddy, nor of that of the Dr. Dowie that was, but we can't escape the conviction that a good part of the evils of the world are purely imaginary—that they exist only in the mind of the other fellow.

You get up in the morning feeling a little rocky—maybe your digestion is not on straight. On your way to your place of business you pass Col. D. A. M. Grouch, one of your neighbors and business competitors. He is also troubled with a "sourness." You look at each other and just as you do, your digestion gets a little more crooked, and his sourness grows more sour. You both scowl, frown, nod, and walk on. Each thinks the other "has it in for him." You proceed to your place of business. Your partner is a good fellow, was out late the night before, and has a dark brown taste this morning. Your confidential clerk is a high-rolling society shark, danced until 3 G. M. this morning, has a headache and feels like he had been struck by a rainbow. Your stenographer, a budding lass of questionable years, who wears both her heels and her hair high, and hums "Would You Care" while she makes you think she's working, is trying to find an easier job, and last night sat up until 12:30 entertaining her best beau; this morning she's petulant, sleepy and cross.

You strut into your office with a patronizing glow on your countenance—the walk has helped your digestion. When you have strutted your little strut, you glance about you. The concentrated essence of crabbed sourness permeates the air and stifles you. So they have "got it in" for you, too. A righteous indignation possesses you and a look of divine scorn gleams from your eyes. Your partner, your clerk and your stenographer, they see it; they feel it. "So he's got it in for us" arises the silent chorus. And so the days come and go, and neither you nor they make any effort to correct the mis-impression.

Who's wrong, you or the other fellow? You say he is and he says you are. Who's right? You both are. You both need the attention of a liver doctor.
Why don't you cheer up? Don't be a grouch; life's too short. Don't swell up with false pride; it may put water on your brain. Be happy, be agreeable, and you'll be decent. Remember that—

It's easy enough to be pleasant
When life flows along like a song,
But the man worth while is the man with a smile
When everything goes dead wrong.

Also that—

There is so much Bad in the Best of us
And so much Good in the Worst of us
That it hardly behooves any of us
To talk about the rest of us.

But we have permitted our religion to side-track our ideas for a minute. Frankly, we believe Gulf Coast Line Magazine can hold its own with any publication anywhere in the matter of typography. But we are not satisfied. It must grow better as it grows older. While we are determined that it shall improve in a literary way, its principal aim shall be in the direction of "picture perfection."

Nowadays, when the battle of progress is raging at white heat and men are crowding as much achievement in the short space of the working day as possible, they have little time to read. They want to learn things they don't know, but they want them told briefly. They want knowledge served up to them, not only in short order style, but in concentrated form. Hence, the growing popularity of illustration in newspapers as well as magazines. A picture is the silent expression of an idea; a story is a word-picture of an idea. The one is capable of being grasped and understood in an instant; the other can convey its meaning only to him who takes time to read.

We were asked by an intelligent and thoughtful business man the other day, why we didn't make Gulf Coast Line Magazine unique in the field of journalism by interspersing its reading matter with advertisements instead of restricting them to a specially designated section. He said he thought all magazines would eventually be compelled, by commercial sentiment, to adopt that policy, and that it was a good opportunity for Gulf Coast Line Magazine to set the pace, and finally feel proud in having established a new journalistic fashion.

Our answer to the query was, that while we were not in anywise unmindful of the importance, nay the necessity, of the advertisement as an essential part of the modern magazine, we deemed the text matter too important to be jeopardized in this manner. Likewise, we thought that such a plan would hardly serve the best interests of the advertiser.
System is everything in modern business, and it is most important in the modern magazine. It is to the interest of the public, the reader and the advertiser, no less than to the publisher, to have system and uniformity in its arrangement.

Anyhow, in the case of a publication that has a fixed purpose, a purpose to do good and help others, the advertising section is merely a means to an end, and the means are not to be exalted above the end. In the achievement of that purpose, the advertiser and the publisher are mutual beneficiaries, for, after all, their interests are one and the same.

An article of more than usual merit in this number is the discussion of "The Climate of Southwest Texas" by Prof. Joseph L. Cline, director of the Corpus Christi station of the United States Weather Bureau, and we commend it to our readers.

When we stop to think of it, there is nothing which exerts a more forcible influence upon the habits and doings of men than does climate. It is the one fixed and unchangeable element. Soil and moisture conditions can be changed artificially, but climate is what it is, and will remain so until a superior power sees fit to alter it.

Therefore, the exhaustive data of Prof. Cline's article will prove of inestimable benefit to the man who may be looking toward Southwest Texas, either with a view of location or investment.

In each issue up to the present time, we have published one or more articles dealing with some phase of the agricultural resources of the Texas Coast Country. In this number, such discussion is lacking. The reason is twofold.

In the first place, the three months just gone, in the present order of things, constitute the off-season with the Coast Country agriculturist. There is no good reason, let it be understood, why there should be any off-season at all, for the Coast Country is just about as efficient in crop production at one time as it is at another. Of course, markets are better sometimes than others. The truck-grower, for example, gets from two to five times as much for his product in the late winter or early spring as he can in the summer or fall, for the simple but very good reason that during the season first named he has no competition.

In the second place, we wanted to tell the public some things of interest about the new railroad which has made development in the Coast Country possible.

Transportation is always important; as a commercial factor, it is essential. A railroad's principal service to a community is that it
brings with it a demand for commodities. It brings the demand and the market to the very door of the producer. It introduces the consumer to the producer, and provides ways and means for their future intercourse. This is the reason why Southwest Texas last spring shipped 500 cars of truck to Northern markets when, two years previous, it didn't produce a pound commercially. People can exist without railroads, but commercial activity can not.

Hence we thought the public might be interested in learning about the Gulf Coast Line, its physical characteristics, its facilities for serving its territory, and its effect upon conditions therein.

We, therefore, believe that the article in this number, "The Building of a Modern Railroad," is well worth the consideration of those who are concerned in the future of the Texas Coast country.

This is a day of big things, a day of consolidations and of trusts, political and social, as well as industrial trusts. It is the natural trend of civilization. The trust is a vehicle of progress. (We know there are all kinds of trusts, good, bad and indifferent. We are talking about the good ones.) Our standard of achievement has been set so high that it requires organization, combination, co-operation, or whatever you may call it, to get results on a scale to satisfy our big ideas.

Those of our readers who like to hear about big things will find their appetite quickly appeased if they will read the article in this number entitled, "A Stupendous Irrigation Project." This is an exposition of the plans of a syndicate which is building a gigantic irrigation system in the Rio Grande Valley. The enterprise in all its details is fascinating, and if it is carried out to its logical conclusion, as it certainly will be, it will take its place as the biggest irrigation project in the world.

One of the achievements which the American Rio Grande Land and Irrigation Company contemplates in the consummation of its vast scheme is the creation of the greatest sugar producing district of the continent in the Rio Grande Valley. It doubtless has the appearance of a rather extravagant undertaking, but conditions are all in favor of its realization.

Under irrigation, Rio Grande Valley soil produces more and better sugar cane than any other quarter of the continent where its culture has been tried. It produces a greater per cent. of saccharine, the sugar producing element, and yields continuously from seven to ten years without replanting.

A feature article in our next number will be a full and complete technical discussion of the culture of sugar cane in that region.
Five years ago a man bought thirty acres of land immediately adjoining the city of Corpus Christi on the west, for $13.00 an acre. He was a poor man in the strictest sense of the word. He was not only without the necessary means to pay cash for the land, but he even had to get a local merchant to “grub-stake him,” as the saying is.

But the land was productive and the man was energetic. A few days ago he sold the thirty acres for more than fifteen times what he paid for it, and with $10,000 cash in his pocket, departed for a locality where he could buy cheaper land, and maybe turn the same trick again.

During the five years in which the land was earning $10,000, it also yielded a comfortable livelihood for a large family.

Shortly after the first transaction, fifteen acres of the tract mentioned were sold at the remarkable figure of $240 per acre.

The instance just discussed epitomizes in a most accurate and lucid manner the Southwest Texas land situation as it is today.

It is only fair to remark, just at this point, that probably the most important factor in fixing the value of the particular body of land under discussion was its proximity to the city of Corpus Christi. However, the purchase price was not one iota in excess of the land’s value in agricultural production. In fact, under proper care and cultivation, by which from two to four crops can be grown on the same land each year, probably two times the amount of the selling price can be realized in net profit in one year. But this is true of almost any acre of land in the Southwest Texas Coast Country, and some of that land can still be bought at as low a price as this particular tract, which are now selling at $240 an acre, was purchased five years ago.

But, as we said before, this bit of land brought a high price because of its nearness to a growing city. In other words, it was people that made the land valuable. That’s the whole matter in a nutshell. The coming of people, of homeseekers, homebuilders, landseekers, land buyers and investors, is working the inevitable result—the advance in land values.

Land is like any other commodity, other things being equal; its value is fixed by that inexorable law of supply and demand. Few people, lots of land, low values; little land, many people, high values.

Of course there are numerous other considerations, such as climate, soil, transportation facilities, environment and desirability.
of location, that are potent factors, but usually they, or the lack of them, are the causes for the presence or the lack of people.

There were times in Southwest Texas, and not so many years ago, when great tracts of land changed hands at a consideration of less than a dollar an acre. People were few in those days, and cattle was about the only product the land would grow, it was supposed. But things are different now. The long felt want of transportation, that agency which probably does more to influence the doings and the comings and goings of men than any other, has been filled. The land has been found to be a hundred times more valuable in agricultural production than it ever was under the regime of the cattle-men, and now people are coming to find the larger opportunities, which they failed to realize whence they came.

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Today the price of raw farming land, in small tracts such as the average settler wants, ranges from $10 to $30 an acre, the matter of location being the fixing factor. This is the same land we were just talking about, the land that the stockmen owned. Under the old order of things, when it took ten acres a year to raise a single steer, the gross production of one acre at no time exceeded $4.00.

Today that same identical acre, if it is made the object of the energetic husbandman's careful attention, will yield a net profit of anywhere from one to several hundred dollars. This is no fairy tale; it has been and is being done by scores of farmers. This is the reason why people are coming to the Texas Coast Country in carload shipments, and incidentally buying land.

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Just one more point. It is a sure and certain tendency, patent and comprehensible to every man of sense, for land values to seek the level of land's productivity. Land that will yield a net profit of several hundred dollars an acre every year is certainly worth more than land that will return only a mere fraction of that amount.

Here in the Texas Coast Country lands are selling at prices that, in many instances, are hardly more than a tenth part of what the land will produce in one year.

Texas Coast Country land values are sure to enhance with great rapidity during the next two years, doubtless one hundred per cent. and maybe more, and the time is not far distant when they will reach the level of the land's productiveness.

Land is the foundation—indeed, the only true foundation—of wealth, because it is the one source of production. Therefore, it naturally follows that the safest investment a man can make is to plant his dollars in a bit of dirt. And the particular section where
dirt is going to grow fastest in value is the Texas Coast Country. Beneath the surface of that fertile soil there lie in fruitless dormancy unsought fortunes for ten thousand men.

* * *

"WHAT REALLY MAKES LAND VALUABLE"

When men are seeking new locations and how to better themselves, we hear a good deal about comparative and relative land values.

We often hear the remark, "well, the lands of this section are unquestionably rich and very productive, but they're not any better than the strong black soil of the prairies of the Middle West, nor the alluvial of the Mississippi Valley."

While we are not by any means willing to admit that such a position is tenable, let us assume for a moment, just for argument's sake, that there are lands in scores of other localities in the United States which are just as fertile as Texas Coast Country lands.

Then comes the question, "what makes land valuable?" "Productivity—earning power," we answer. "What makes productivity, or earning power, as you call it?" is the next query. Now we're getting at the bottom of the matter.

It is not fertility of soil that primarily makes land valuable, for fertility is really an artificial thing, something that can be planted on the rock of the barren mountain side, or picked up and transported by the whims of an unruly river to another locality a thousand miles away, or it can be made by the judicious use of commercial fertilizers.

The real, bed-rock reason for land values, measured from the standpoint of productiveness, is climate, for climate is the one great fixed and unchangeable factor in production.

You can change and even make soil, but you can't, in any way, alter climate.

Whenever a man buys a patch of land, he gets a bunch of climate along with it, whether he wants it or not.

What, then, is the influence of climate on the value of land? Well, if productiveness fixes values, climate should have some effect upon values, for climate determines both the possibility and degree of production.

In states of the Middle West and the Mississippi Valley, on those rich lands previously mentioned, farmers, if they are lucky, make one crop a year. What's the trouble? The climate.

The real difference between lands in the North, East and Middle West and Northwest, and Gulf Coast Country lands is not in the
substance of the soil, but with the climate that "goes with" the land.

The climate that "goes with" land in the section first mentioned is of the sort that limits production to five or six months, or one crop a year. Contrasted with this, the climate that "goes with" Gulf Coast Country lands is such as to make production possible almost any and every month of the year. Instead of the one scant crop, which the farmer in less favored sections snatches, as it were, from the ground while the sun smiles between snow storms and blizzards, the farmer in the Coast Country of Texas can make from two to four crops a year, as may suit his fancy and his needs, and almost without exception they are crops which yield a per acre profit many times greater than those that are adapted to the whimsical weather conditions of the North.

Under such circumstances, are not comparisons odious, as the saying is?

There is no getting away from the proposition that when a man buys land, he buys more than dirt, he buys climate; at least he gets it and has to take it whether he wants it or not. This is the reason why lands in the Texas Coast Country are some day going to be worth from five to ten times what lands in the North, valued at from $50 to $300 an acre, are now considered to be worth. And yet these Gulf Coast Country lands can now be purchased for one-fifth the cost of those Northern lands.

Yes, people are waking up, but some of them a few years from now will be kicking themselves because they overslept.

* * *

"CONTENTMENT."

To be satisfied, absolutely and entirely, is about the most impossible condition that the race of men tries to assume, and yet it is the end for which all men are striving.

At first blush, this is a rather confusing situation. It is pretty hard to understand why men will keep on forever and eternally trying to attain something they know they can't have. It seems as foolish and absurd as the crying of the peevish child for the rainbow, or the baying of the dog at the moon.

The man never lived who, when he drew the drapery of his couch about him and closed his eyes to eternal sleep, was entirely satisfied with what he had or in what he had achieved. Ever and anon we hear of a man who, people say, is altogether contented and happy. Most of us will, doubtless, be slow to accept such statements as true, for by hard dint of experience we are all just a little pessimistic with respect to the possibility of such a condition.
There is a German legend that tells of a great King, who, like Ponce de Leon in his vain search for the fountain of perpetual youth, was seeking the delusive source of true happiness. He was told by his wise men that if he could wear the coat of the happiest man in his kingdom, he would never again know sorrow, pain nor sadness. Relying on the counsel of his wise men, the King forthwith began to search for the happiest man in his domain. Day after day, week after week and year after year he hunted. He invaded the homes of the rich and the poor, in city, village and country, until he had examined and questioned all of his subjects from the highest to the lowest. But still the happiest man could not be found.

When the last years of his life were slowly ebbing their fitful course, he was one day walking in the wood that surrounded his magnificent country seat in a secluded and remote quarter of his kingdom, when he came upon a man in peasant’s garb seated on the green sward and whistling the songs of the birds that filled the branches of the trees above his head. Not the sign of a worldly care was discernible in the man’s countenance. The King’s eyes feasted on the scene for a moment. Then he approached the man and asked him why he was so happy. To which the man replied, “Because I haven’t a care in the world. I am, indeed, the happiest man in all the world.”

“Therefore, sir, I am thy master and command thee to give me thy coat,” said the King. “What, my lord, a coat? Sire, I have never owned a coat in my life.”

And how many men there are and have been and will be, whose faithful efforts must meet the same sad fate.

The truth of the matter is that satisfaction, contentment and happiness, like success, are not possessions but attributes. A man cannot have them; he can only be them.

And when we stop to think, and consider the whole broad scheme of the Creator, “who doeth all things well,” it’s not so bad that things are as they are. If it were possible for men to realize and have all they wanted here, this old world would be pretty apt to settle in a rut and be a rather slow place to live in. It is only the everlasting and eternal fight for the unattainable that makes life worth the living. As Browning made the painter say: “A man’s reach should exceed his grasp or what’s a heaven for?”

If a man lives right and tries hard, he will no doubt get all that’s coming to him some day. Anyhow, the supremest of life’s pleasures is the satisfaction that comes not from HAVING but from DOING, the knowledge of the doer that he has done the best he could. That man may rest assured that his deeds, regardless of his attainments, will receive the divine approbation of Him who said of the woman who bathed his feet and dried them with her hair, “she hath done what she could.”
That man who, like the Irishman in mid-ocean without his Almanac, decides to take the weather as it comes, tries hard, does right, frets not with his neighbors nor his God and accepts his portion, be it meager or be it much, with happy grace, and who does what he can to make the world brighter and better, that man gets the most out of life there is in it.

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**"A QUESTION OF NUMBERS."**

MRS. SARAH PLATT DECKER, President of the National Federation of Women's Clubs, recently had some interesting things to say about President Roosevelt and his views on the rather racy question, commonly termed "race suicide."

After paying her respects to the President, and characterizing his appeals as unqualified, Mrs. Decker waxes exceedingly wroth and proclaims that "it is time to take steps toward saying, by legislative enactment, if need be, who the future fathers and mothers of the children who are to keep the Nation's head up, shall be." Then, insisting at some length that "it is a vital question," she concludes by declaring that the Federation of Women's Clubs will initiate "an educational propaganda which shall have for its watchword, "A CLEANER AND LESS NUMEROUS RACE."

While we can hardly refrain from wishing the Federation well in its unique undertaking (simply because it is unique and we are not a little curious to know how it will terminate), we are afraid it is "up against" a hard proposition.

The truth of the matter is that the average Club Woman—if the popular conception of her is correct—has already solved the problem, at least its "numerous feature." Just what method the Federation will employ to inspire respect for and practice of its ideals on the part of our more than 80,000,000 of people of all classes, dispositions and temperaments in this country, remains to be seen. Obviously, they won't be able to get all the women of the land to join a club, because not all of the women of the land have the time and money. Some of them, it is sad to relate, have household duties to attend to; others, unfortunately, have some of that numerous race to occupy their time. The great obstacle in the way of the successful promotion of the scheme is going to be the poor little children themselves.

A peculiar tendency, which has been noted by sociologists generally, in recent years, is an uncompromising aversion on the part of money to children. It seems strange, but the two don't appear to go together. It is a surprising fact that—now we are speaking of an average condition, to which there are, of course, exceptions—the
wealthier the family, the smaller it is, the fewer children there are in its personnel. Occasionally we find a family that is both wealthy and numerous, but nine times out of ten we discover, upon investigation, that the wealth came after the children.

To thoroughly analyze this tendency and find its causes would be a difficult matter, but it is quite evident on the face of things that money and children don't mix well. Why? Well, children stand in the way of the proper enjoyment of wealth, at least they do in the conception of the rich. If "my lady" wishes to attend Mrs. Gotrocks' reception this afternoon and Mrs. Gayboy's ball tonight, she couldn't do it to the best advantage if she had a houseful of young children. If she wants to join Mrs. Standard Oilbilt's house party at Newport for the season, she couldn't get entree for a bunch of mischievous children. No, they might get tangled up in the bric-a-brac, or jar against the "Venus of Milo" statuary. In short, my lady with the money can't spend it to the best interests of her selfish ends of pleasure if she has "numerous" children. The nursery incubator helps some, but it has a few defects.

Mrs. Decker may or may not belong to this class. The chances are she does, for if she didn't she would hardly have the time or money to be President of the National Federation of Women's Clubs. Most club women belong to the same class, or have ambitions in that direction.

The patent point in the whole matter is that there is animus in the Federation's plea; its mind is made up on the subject and it is, therefore, incompetent to judge. The picture the artist penned was appropriately denominated, "Some women prefer Dogs." Those who don't will decide the question for themselves and to the nation's glory.

In conclusion, may we be pardoned for presuming to suggest an amendment to the battle-cry of the misled organization? Instead of "a cleaner and less numerous race," why not make it "CLEANER AND MORE NUMEROUS HOMES"? Here is a work somewhere within the bounds of your reasonable influence—something you can reasonably hope to accomplish.

But a word of warning: don't attempt to reach "to lands beyond the sea." Remember this work, like true charity, must begin at home. Look to the home—it will take care of the race.

“A CRING NEED OF TEXAS.”

If a man faithfully devoted his energies to the successful consummation of a righteous cause, is it not right and proper that he should be made the recipient of some of the benefits accruing therefrom, if
there are any, and if no one gets hurt because of the fact? It seems so to us. Anyway, it is deemed etiquette in politics, where the politicians get the "pie."

But seriously, every man, according to the spirit of the Golden Rule, should get just what is coming to him. It's a good brand of religion that gives everybody, even the Devil, his dues.

But right here in Texas today, there is a situation which gives no evidence of emulation of that rule.

It is a fact, which no one will dispute, that Texas is great because of agriculture. Other forces have contributed something to that greatness, but they are all secondary to and even dependent upon agriculture.

With less than one-tenth of her total area under cultivation, Texas annually produces an agricultural wealth that exceeds $300,000,000. In the diversity and extent of the products that make that magnificent wealth, Texas, without question, leads the Union.

With a cotton crop that yearly averages 3,000,000 bales, or twenty-five per cent. of the world's production, people are prone to overlook the fact that Texas also produces 200,000,000 bushels of grain every year. Last year, for example, the corn crop of Texas equalled 139,146,404 bushels, nad sold for $68,181,738.00.

But these are facts with which every school boy is, or should be, familiar.

As is well known, the United States Department of Agriculture has been doing splendid work in Texas during recent years in behalf of the state's agricultural development. The benefits returning from this work have been manifold, and there is no gainsaying the fact that Texas owes much of her latest progress to the kind assistance of that invaluable adjunct of the Federal government.

But the Federal department has been and still is severely handicapped in its efforts. It is hampered by the mere fact that it is a Federal institution. Its interests are too extensive, too general; it has "too many irons in the fire" to permit it to do the vital, special and more particular work the state needs.

In her rapidly growing and expanding condition, Texas needs help; her farmers need advice. The assistance of wise men is needed to find out the other "half that has not been told." Problems of culture, of climate and of soil require solution. And as the state grows and people increase, these problems will multiply.

In such an exigency, the question is asked, why don't the state come to the front and take the matter in hand? Well, hasn't Texas a Department of Agriculture, we answer. Yes, she has, but it's a mighty sorry affair, we are compelled to add. She has, indeed, a Department of Agriculture, a Department of Insurance, a Department of Statistics and a Department of History, all in one—a most imposing
and formidable array of high-sounding phraseology that means nothing, and, as far as results go to show, accomplishes less. The idea of connecting in the same breath such unimportant, trivial and insignificant matters as insurance, statistics and history, with a thing of such tremendous importance as agriculture! Why, even the Federal government, although at this particular stage of the game it probably ought to, has no Department of Insurance, much less a Department of History.

But we don't want to criticise. It is altogether probable that when this weird, heterogeneous department was created, it fully met all requirements in all its varied and sundry prerogatives, for there was a time, and not so very long ago, in those wild and wooly times that once made Texas famous, when men cared more about life insurance and history, especially eulogies and biographies, than they did about farming.

But things have undergone a wonderful change here in Texas. No matter what conditions may have been "before the war," or even a decade ago, Texas today needs a State Department of Agriculture, a real, live, active, properly equipped department that shall be prepared to work along lines similar to those followed by the Federal institution. What Texas needs is a department that can do detailed work.

It is devoutly to be hoped that those budding solons who go up to Austin this winter to again "save the state" from everlasting perdition, will not permit the sun of their opportunity to sink to its eternal rest without attempting, at least, to rectify this ridiculous and really shameful state of things.
FREIGHT RATES ON TRUCK

For the information of those interested, who may desire to know the cost of transporting truck from principal points in the Gulf Coast Country of Southwest Texas to the leading markets of Texas, the North and Middle West, we reproduce herewith a table showing freight rates per hundred pounds, carload lots.

RATES IN CENTS PER 100 POUNDS, CARLOADS

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<td>St. Paul, Minnesota</td>
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<td>Minneapolis, Minnesota</td>
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ON THE FIRST AND THIRD TUESDAY OF EACH MONTH

A VERY LOW RATE

Is Effective From Northern States to BROWNSVILLE
And All Points on the

ST. LOUIS, BROWNSVILLE AND MEXICO RAILWAY

| From CHICAGO and Return | $25.00 |
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Homeseekers' Tickets are limited to thirty days and holders are privileged to stop off at any and all points on the St. Louis, Brownsville and Mexico Railway, either going or returning within final limit of ticket.

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WM. DOHERTY, G. P. & T. A.
CORPUS CHRISTI, TEXAS