

The Borderland Loop

By Z. E. BLACK

The call of the Pacific Coast country is irresistible. The cooped-up inhabitants of Eastern cities and the dwellers on the great plains alike feel that continuous tugging on their heart-strings—the irresistible urge to visit San Francisco, Los Angeles, San Diego, and other Western Meccas. The slogan, "See California First," is usually followed out by second, third, fourth, etc., journeys to this mighty playground for grown-ups, and this practice with Americans has grown from a habit to an ever recurring and always increasing appetite.

Stop off at any town in any section and ask the natives to what point they would like to make a trip. Nine out of ten of them will say, "San Francisco." Perhaps this is because it is considered the style nowadays, and citizens of the United States are strong for style. But what occasioned this "Everybody Do It" idea? You will say that it is because of the fact that California is the best-advertised state in the Union. And this is true in a way. Not only has she been given systematic publicity, but she has received prominence providentially. There's the picture in the geography of Balboa standing bare-legged in the waves of the Pacific. Then the gold discovery added a glamor of romance. And even the San Francisco earthquake offered a certain notoriety. And the rapid industrial evolution of this tall state has been the talk of the world. To cap the sheet comes the landing of the Panama-Pacific Exposition in 1915—a convincing proof that America wants to see Frisco and West of all. Sure, the reason why we want to see California the first time is because we have fallen victims to its publicity, but we return again and again because we like the show and love the actors and the picturesque natural stage-setting.

Everyone admits then to a hankering for California, and everyone agrees to meet their neighbors in San Francisco in 1915, if not sooner. The next question is "How will we get to the cage of the wild Pacific?" Emotional literature of numerous trunk-lines buttonholes one and professes excursion tickets of miraculous lengths. It is possible that by 1915 aircraft will be pronounced safer on account of ingenious inventions, and that many of us will steer westward through the winy blue. Here in the plains of Texas is one man with a team of dogs which he says he will drive through, and another with a sturdy burro and a snug cart which he claims will transport him to the "Exposition City." At night, on any street corner, one will hear boys planning for the journey to the Pacific coast, and some of them dare each other to "stamp it through" across a country. Several pioneer freighters of the Panhandle, whose regime was passed by the coming of the railroads a few years ago announce that they are going to shin across in their old-fashioned "prairie schooners," along the early trails across desert and mountain that Indian warriors often stained dull black with human blood.

The automobile will prove to be the convenience of a mighty crusade. For the auto offers the pleasures of pleasure with the minimum of objectionable features. The palace car runs in a groove of limited scenery, and the stages of the railroad journal are as fixed as fate. Besides, there are porters to be "tipped" and the dangers of wrecks to be encountered. And with airships, eliminating the element of danger, one passes so far above the beautiful landscape, that half of the enjoyment of the trip is denied. Those who plan to travel behind burro, dog or mule power will find their journey tedious and tasteless except for alkali dust. Automobiles, alone, offer ideal transportation for transcontinental "Seeing America First" trips.

When it was announced that in 1911 \$160,000,000 worth of motor cars were manufactured in the United States, even a blind man could see that motoring has passed its infancy in this country. Cars are being built now that are practicable and people are getting more and more to take their summer vacations by making trips in autos. Possessing the cars, they wish to utilize them in saving transportation and because they like the life of out of doors. Not a day passes but numbers of cars from far distant states roll through Plainview. The automobile is doing more to acquaint the American with his country than dozens of decades of railroad riding. Many of the tourists are prominent capitalists with bulging wallets. Seldom do they traverse the West without investing in land in some particularly promising locality. Since capital is the one thing that the sparsely settled sections need, it will be seen that the dissemination of same should certainly place the "honk" on the honor roll. Not only do the tourists often make investments, but they always leave a big bunch of expense money along their trail. Millionaires must spend their substance somewhere. Why not in America, where it was collected? Last year \$2,000,000 was spent by American tourists in Switzerland alone, because they did not know that they had the same wonders of scenery in their home country. Accuse the automobile of mak-

ing living high, if you will, but at least give it credit for what good it does, and this machine is certainly putting short the best crop that Europe has—American tourists.

The auto highwayman is not limited to a track of rigid steel, but still, like the locomotive, he must have a tried and true thoroughfare. Of the making of transcontinental routes there is no end. And the reason for this has been that all old highways possessed objectionable features. If it was not ice, and snow and cold weather, then stretches of sand hindered, or rivers were impassable, on account of floods, or precipitous mountains impeded where a careless turn of the wheel meant a broken car, maimed limbs or death. Some of the routes that have been logged are impracticable because they pass through sections so sparsely settled that water, gas, oils, machine shops and hotels are encountered in too seldom places—in short it's too long between drinks, either for the car or the passengers. Consequently the motoring magazines have been monopolized of late with a recounting of the adventures of ambitious motorists who have been endeavoring to discover and establish a logical, feasible route who have been.

Most of the established Northern routes were impossible in the winter on account of snow. Turning southward, a fairly good road was found through Colorado and Utah but the long winters and the high passes across the mountains were objectionable for all the year travel. Then a was blazed over the Continental divide through Southwestern States, following the old Santa Fe trail into New Mexico. Leaving Santa Fe the automobilists pushed straight through the wilderness of Northern New Mexico and Arizona to Phoenix, in the latter state. The loggers suffered many hardships, in places having to cut their way through forests or cross high elevations. Deep rivers were encountered and the scattered cattle ranches, in the absence of settlements, had to be depended upon for what assistance was received en route.

C. H. Lester, of Watertown, N. D., traveled this route in 1910 and decided that it was not practicable for both summer and winter travel. So in 1911, he set out from his Dakota home to find a better road across the central column of the United States to the Pacific Coast. Driving due south from Watertown, he struck the Santa Fe trail at Hutchinson, Kansas, and then followed it westward until he arrived at Dodge City, Kan. From this point he turned southwest, skimming the mountains and sandy valleys of Colorado and Northern New Mexico, and following the lines of least resistance across the Panhandle of Texas, through Amarillo and Plainview on to Roswell, N. M. The stretch of road from Dodge City to Roswell led in the main across very level plains country, and through county seat towns. From Roswell he proceeded south through Alamogordo and Las Cruces to the city of El Paso. The route leads westward from El Paso by easy stages through Deming, Lordsburg and Rodeo, N. M.; thence to Douglas, Bisbee, Tucson, Florence, and then Phoenix, Arizona, where the old Santa Fe trail is again encountered and followed by way of Agua Caliente, Yuma, San Diego, Los Angeles to San Francisco.

Mr. Lester was so enthused over his discovery that the natives along the route realized their opportunity, and set about to find some transcontinental touring organization that would adopt, establish and give publicity to the find. The Transcontinental Touring Club of America, with its head offices at Chicago, was interested and sent their chairman of tours, Mr. Harry C. Drum, entirely over the road this spring. Mr. Drum found enthusiastic support in his organization work, holding well-attended meetings in each town of considerable size, and being escorted from point to point by local automobilists. He made the trip from Dodge City, Kansas, to Phoenix, Arizona, a distance of 1350 miles, in twelve days, which is a remarkable record when it is considered both day and night meetings took up much of his time and that an accurate log of every mile of course was recorded. The route Mr. Drum pursued was practically the same as that pointed out by Mr. Lester, save that Mr. Drum went entirely through to the Pacific coast. On his return to Chicago, he recommended the new highway so highly that the directors of his organization immediately adopted it as a branch and subsidiary. These people had been renting their travel over the Santa Fe trail, but now they claim to be the only club in the United States that can offer their tourists excellent continental crossings both winter and summer alike.

The organization of the southern course has been perfected with head-

quarters at El Paso. It was named the "Borderland Loop" because it touches the Mexican border at both El Paso and Douglas. The geographical divisions consist of three legs, each with a local vice president, acting directly under orders from Chicago. The few stretches of sand along the way are being rapidly whipped into shape, and the route has been signposted almost the entire length. The Transcontinental Touring Club is now issuing a route book which will be a comprehensive guide to its members, and as soon as the book is off the press, the club promises to launch a publicity campaign of the advantages of the Borderland Loop. Inducing travel should be as easy as the new route has more strong "talking points" than any other similar project, and it will be simply the matter of showing the tourists that that which he long has sought at length has been discovered.

Many have already made the trip over the Loop, and without an exception they are enthusiastic over its future. Mr. and Mrs. Rich A. Cass, of Los Angeles drove through last month from their home in Los Angeles to spend the summer in Chicago. Their big "Whiston Six" had experienced no disasters, and to automobiles, and their running time had been remarkably short. These people had been across the mountains on several other transcontinental routes, but said that the Borderland far exceeded them all, even though it was the newest.

From talking with many who have made this run, the following advantages seem to greatly appeal to tourists: About all the sand to be contended with is within the borders of California, and that will shortly be obliterated; there are no dangerous mountain passes, in fact a lady or child under twelve years of age can drive the entire route; snow and mud are negative factors in impeding progress over the Borderland Loop, thus making possible travel the year round over a route of low altitudes; there are no streams to ford, and no possibility of being detained by swollen waters; the natives without exception are chivalrous, open-hearted Westerners, ever ready to succor the tourist in any manner of distress, sturdy little towns are at convenient distances, and as the route leads through a section where there is an automobile to every five families, machine shops, rubber repair factories, garages, gas, oils, etc., are at hand for the chauffeur's every need, the tourist is not "held up," either for supplies or for lodging, and the hotels are far from bad; the traveler is never away from the line of railroad, telegraph, telephone and daily mail; signposts preclude the possibility of losing the route, and there are splendid watering places for those who wish to "camp out" and thus get "back to nature."

Besides, there is excellent scenery. Who does not want to see New Mexico and Arizona, the two new stars that Uncle Sam has added to his flag? Sidetrips can be easily made in any direction, and the most ancient civilization of America inspected. Cliff-dwellings covered with the mould of centuries ago, the signs of the earliest irrigation in the United States as practiced by the Indians and Spaniards in the Rio Grande valley, painted rocks that bespeak the rude artistry of the redskin—all offer a rich field for the camera. Irrigation almost the year round supplies the tourists with fruit and vegetables that have not been canned in load cars. Then there is tropical old Mexico, of which the people of the United States are going to want to learn next year after year. Across the international line from Nogales, Arizona, is the Spanish town of Agua Prieta, where several battles were fought during the present Mexican revolution. And across the river from El Paso is Juarez, which has been making history so rapidly. Mexican souvenirs, cigars, serapes, opals, and interesting scenes for the camera may be had at these picturesque points. And if you like you may see a real bull fight, and judge as to whether or not it is as interesting as the world series or the Presidential election, or football. As soon as this revolution is over there will be some rare opportunities for investment in Mexico, which, you might say, is America's "last West."

And if you are tired of mountains, and Mexicans, and "Chille" and other highly-spiced scenery, the smooth plains of Texas and Kansas offer a soothing contrast. Who does not want to see Texas, the historical "Lone Star State," the "William H. Taft" of the Union, as some one has expressed it? Many side trips may be planned and carried out with profit, and you will see that Texas is not as "wild and woolly" as the name sounds. The masses of Texas and Kansas were once the homes of cattle and buffalo exclusively, and even now a set of buffalo horns may be picked up occasionally. But the and the ranges of the old regime are now purple with alfalfa, irrigated by bubbling from two million gallons per day wells, or having with wheat and oats, or dark green with those camel-like crops—kaffir corn and maize. However, wide-spreading shallow lakes are recovered with ducks the most of the year, and on many of the remaining big ranches may be

Religion and Medicine



S. B. HESTERMAN, M. D.

Is there an intimate relation between religion and medicine? Yes, there is. The old-time healer was also the priest. Theology and medicine have not maintained a separate existence very long. They used to be one. Yes, there is an intimate relation between religion and medicine.

It is well known of a person who eats with unthankfulness and ill-natured spirit, that his food will not have the same effect as if he were in a kindly mood. The same is true of medicine. If a person swallows a medicine with suspicion, has no faith in its action, is more or less afraid of the one who gives him the medicine, it cannot do him as much good as if he had unwavering faith in it.

The mind has a wonderful influence over the body. Those who believe that a loving Father controls the destiny of mankind, are a great deal better prepared to meet the vicissitudes of life and to overcome

disease than the one who has no such faith. A truly religious man makes a better patient than an irreligious man.

In using the word religion I am not referring to any particular kind of religion. The Jew and the gentile, the Catholic and the Protestant, each have a religion in which they believe. They also agree in the essentials.

A religious man may believe that it is necessary for him to use every means in his power to get well. He may believe that it is perfectly proper for him to employ doctors and take medicines. But he also believes that when he has done the best he can there is a higher power that has charge of his affairs, that absolute justice will be done him, that no evil thing can befall a good man. He goes forward with confidence, sick or well, rich or poor, and gets a great deal more comfort out of life than the man who has no religion.

I have found myself saying many times to people who have a chronic ailment, "You need religion as well as medicine. You need faith in an overruling providence that guides everything to wise ends; that the affliction of disease teaches a lesson that every one should strive to learn."

This does not mean that sick people are to sit down and trust that an overruling providence will do everything. Nothing of the sort. He is to use remedies guided by his best judgment, but in the use of them he can believe that all things are well and that in the end all things will come out right. Any medicine has a better chance to cure a man who holds such a faith.

Some men are so faithless and unbelieving, so restless and desperate, their minds so unsettled, that even the best of medicine has little chance to do them any good. Therefore I say that religion is often quite as necessary as medicine, that the want of religion frequently defeats the ac-

tion of the best medicine. Many a chronic invalid has searched in vain for a physical remedy simply because he has lost his grip on vital religion, the religion that not only provides salvation in the world to come, but soundness of body and mind in the world that is.

Yes, there is a most intimate relation between medicine and religion. Other things being equal, the irreligious man stands a poor chance of getting well when he is sick, while the religious man frequently gets well in the most astonishing way after the doctors have all given him up to die. With a firm faith in a rational religion and an obedient use of the right remedy a great many hopeless invalids could be restored to perfect health.

Well, you have made it clear as to what you mean by religion. But what is the remedy, you would recommend?

Of course I would recommend different remedies for different conditions. But the particular remedy that I am interested in at this time, the remedy that meets more chronic ailments that are dependent upon catarrhal derangements.

I am furnishing a book on catarrhal diseases which I send to any person free. In this book I explain quite fully the uses of Peruna. Those who do not care to wait to send for the booklet at this time will find information and instruction as to the general uses of Peruna explained within the wrapper of each bottle.

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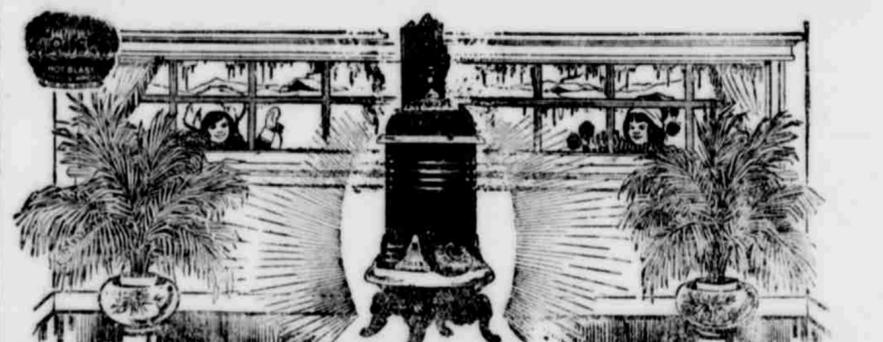
found the ubiquitous coyote and herds of antelope, and the fleet jack-rabbit offers a target on every hand. There are no rocks, root or scrub on the plains and the roads rival city boulevards. A fore is just as young when it leaves the plains as when it first touches them. In one garage in Plainview is a tire that has traveled 20,000 miles.

Americans have until recent years been almost entirely ignorant of the possibilities of the Southwestern

states. Everyone will admit that this is not as it should be. Their inhabitants visit Northern cities and the Pacific coast country with regularity, and they want the people of other sections to come and see them. Your Westener is very sociable creature, notwithstanding any reports to the contrary. They believe that through routes and through travel will mean closer national relations and greater knowledge, and that the widespread advertisement of the most

productive sections, the development of resources and the transfer of industries from over-crowded Eastern points to more productive Western fields, the increase of land and property value and the rendering valuable of locations hitherto unknown will result from transcontinental auto travel. The slogan of the Southwest is: "Come and See!"

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