



THE OASIS  
OF TEXAS.



1902

COMPLIMENTS OF THE LANDA ESTATE

NEW BRAUNFELS  
COMAL COUNTY, TEXAS

LANDA ROLLER MILLS  
LANDA COTTON OIL CO.  
LANDA ELECTRIC LIGHT & POWER CO.  
LANDA ICE CO.  
LANDA CATTLE CO.  
LANDA IRRIGATED GARDENS

MRS. HELENA LANDA, PRESIDENT  
HARRY LANDA, VICE-PRES. AND MGR.

ILLUSTRATED AND ARRANGED BY HENRY STARK, JR., ST. LOUIS, U. S.

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SECOND EDITION  
1904

PRESS OF GUESSAZ & FERLET  
SAN ANTONIO, TEXAS



## THE OASIS OF TEXAS

### INTRODUCTION

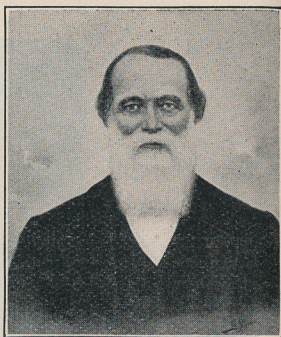
Texas! Glorious, grand old Texas! Stretching from the Red River to the Rio Grande, and sloping from the foot hills of the Rockies to the alluvial shores of the Mexican Gulf! Land of rolling prairies and wooded hill-slope, of rocky rills and roaring rivers; land of "magnificent distances," of honored history and splendid promise! May your shadow never grow less, nor your broad domain ever be rent in twain!

To the wayfarer in Texas, nothing is more noticeable than the grand scale upon which everything is constructed. Her broad borders, long rivers, endless forests, boundless prairies, inexhaustible resources, big crops, big counties, big herds, big men, big possibilities, big aspirations are a constant source of wonder. Expecting to find a land of cow-boys, cactus and coyotes, he is amazed at her immense factories, mines, commerce, flourishing fields, cultured homes and advanced civilization. He grows weary of this very monotony of goodness and greatness, and longs for some exceptional spot, where he may rest and think it all over. It is the object of this little brochure to direct the tired foot-steps of the wanderer to such a spot, to the "Oasis of Texas." The name "Oasis" is suggestive of a surrounding desert, but not so intended here; it has only a relative significance. There is no desire to depreciate the rest of the state in thus designating this the garden spot, but only to emphasize its exceeding excellence by comparison. An oasis is a place of peace and plenty, of green grass and shady trees, of refreshing springs and birds and bees, of rest and recuperation for the weary traveler. This little nook would be an oasis in the sunny valleys of California, on the vine clad

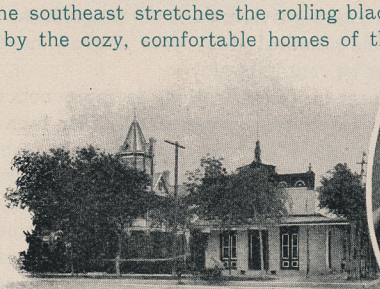
slopes of the Riviera, or in paradise itself, for that matter. Whether you be a globe-trotter or in search of recreation and adventure, or an invalid from the frigid North, seeking a high, dry atmosphere for your lungs, or the ordinary "bird of passage," drifting southward to the sunny lands of the Montezumas, you will here find satisfaction for all the wants of soul, mind and body.

### LOCATION

To be specific in directions, get out your pocket map of Texas, find Austin, the capital by the classic Colorado, then San Antonio, "City of Tamales," to the southward. Between them flows the beautiful Guadalupe, rising back in the hills of Kerr County, winding along southeasterly in picturesque meanderings through its 300 miles of varied landscape, gathering in the limpid waters of the San Marcos and the San Antonio on the way to discharge them upon the broad, blue bosom of the placid Gulf. Nearly midway between these two cities, divided by the Guadalupe, lies the good county of Comal, so named from a Mexican earthen-ware dish, or basin, for making tortillas. Near the southeastern border of this comparatively small county, on the banks of the beautiful Comal River sleeps, yet thrives, the dear little German city of New Braunfels, our Oasis, more beautiful, peaceful, and picturesque than Goldsmith's "sweet Auburn, loveliest village of the plains." It modestly nestles at the foot of a great range of hills, that circle about it on the north and west and wander off in undulating series, enclosing here and there, peaceful little valleys tenanted by thrifty, contented German farmers. Away to the southeast stretches the rolling blackland prairie, dotted thickly by the cozy, comfortable homes of these same industrious Germans. Among these picturesque hills and on these fertile prairies dwells the most unique community to be found in the whole state of Texas, interesting in history, heroic endeavor, and ideal prosperity. Here, where the rollicking hills slope off and spread out upon the boundless plains in one unbroken dream of loveliness, the stranger will discover a little colony of honest Teutons, not unlike the tiny Basque country perched far above the Andalusian



THE LATE JOSEPH LANDA  
DIED AUG. 19, 1896. AGED 87



LANDA OFFICE AND  
RESIDENCE



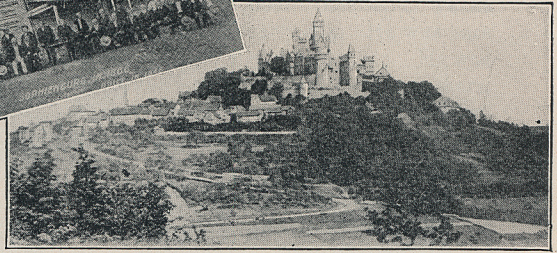
MRS.  
HELENA  
LANDA



HARRY  
LANDA

"SOPHIENBERG,"  
NEW BRAUNFELS,  
TEXAS

olive groves amid the peaks of the Pyrenees, where they look out upon the wild Bay of Biscay—in Spain and yet not Spanish. As those mysterious Basques have survived all mutations of time from the days when the roving Phoenician came thither for silver, through invasion of Roman and conquest of Saracen, down to the last reigning scion of the House of Bourbon; so these sturdy sons of Germany have persistently preserved their identity through all the advancing changes of American civilization. Patriotically American in political sentiment, they are yet as thoroughly German in manners, customs, and ideals as if still dwelling by the vine-clad banks of the beloved Rhine.

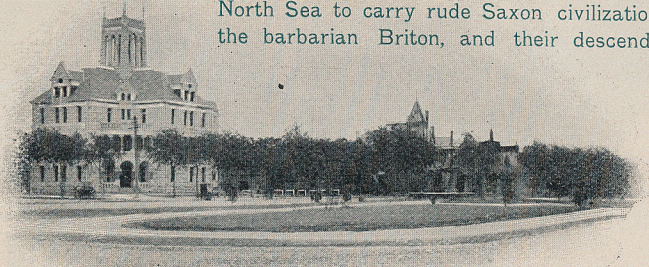


CASTLE OF PRINCE CARL OF SOLMS-BRAUNFELS, GERMANY

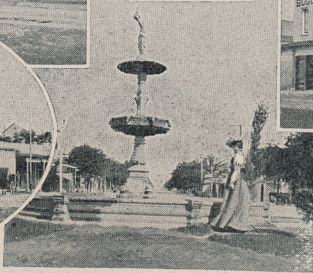
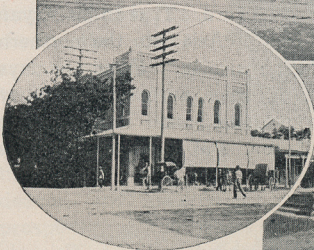
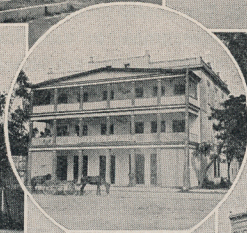
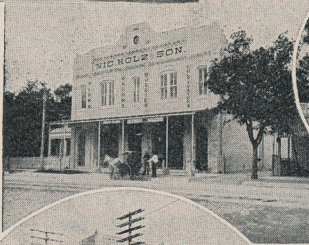
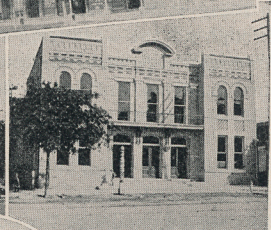
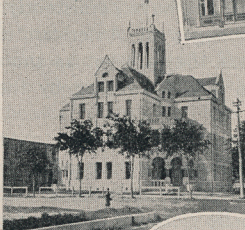
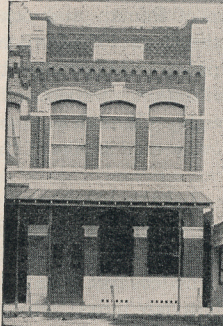
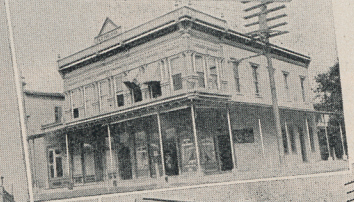
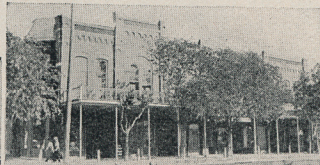
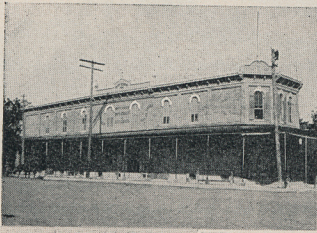
### HISTORY

This little patch of German people, dropped down upon the broad bosom of Texas, is like a tiny exotic flower upon some wild waste. Their pathetic story would challenge the poetic picturing of a Prescott, no less romantic than the conquest of the Montezumas, or annihilation of Peruvian Incas. Historians barely mention them; even Pennybacker's book, adopted by the state and required to be read by thousands of German children, tells them nothing of the trials and sufferings of their forefathers in establishing the various settlements in Texas. 'Tis a rich field for poet or historian, and "some sweet day" their story will be truthfully told in epic or chronicle.

The Teuton, though conservative and even phlegmatic, is an adventurer. Where there are new worlds to conquer, he is ready to imitate the doughty Alexander. But he prefers the plowshare to the sword. True to his Aryan blood, that drove him from the inhospitable climes of Asia into the northern forests of Europe, he has always been an "expansionist." From the days when Hengist and Horsa pushed their dragon ships across the billowy North Sea to carry rude Saxon civilization to the barbarian Briton, and their descendants



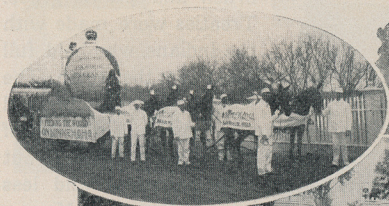
COURT HOUSE AND PLAZA



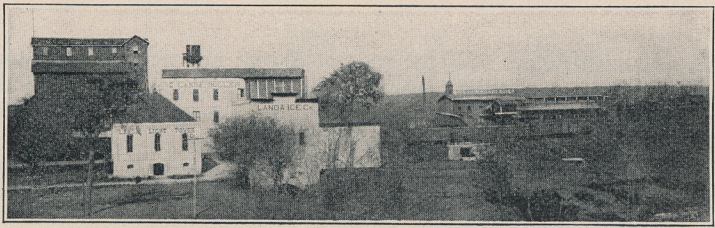
PROMINENT BUILDINGS IN NEW BRAUNFELS

later sped swift galleys along the coast of Europe and through the gates of Hercules at Gibraltar, to levy tribute upon Genoese, Venetian and Florentine, the blue-eyed Teuton has been an adventurous pioneer. The soil of Texas felt the steady tread of this bold pioneer at a very early day. He was here even while the colors of the Castillian waved over the wide domain. He was in the "Austin colony" One Ehrenberg was a survivor of the Fannin massacre.

The first exclusively German town was established in 1840 at "Industry" in Austin county. It was the nucleus of a series of German settlements along the Brazos and Colorado from Austin to Houston. These constituted "Little Germany," in contradistinction to "Great Germany," lying between the Colorado and the Rio Grande. "Little Germany" was populated mostly from the United States, while "Great Germany" received her colonists direct from the Fatherland. Our little Oasis lies in "Great Germany," and was its beginning. Space will permit of only a bare statement of the important facts of the founding. To better understand the period to which we refer (1845) let the reader recall a few facts of history. The Royal Standard of Spain had vanished in 1821 from the land of the Aztec and Montezuma, and the tri-color of the Mexican Republic, with serpent and eagle had taken its place. This in turn gave place in 1835 to the Lone Star Banner of the Republic of Texas. The massacres of Goliad and the Alamo had been avenged at San Jacinto. The eyes of all the world were upon the young nation, openly courted by the United States, and secretly coveted by European nations. In 1842 an emigrant society was formed in Germany, composed of twenty-odd Princes, Counts, Barons, and other noblemen. At a meeting in June, 1843, at Bieberich, it was named "The Association for the Protection of German Immigrants in Texas." Prince Frederick of Prussia was the head, Count Castell was the moving spirit, while the Duke of Nassau was the protector of the association. Prince Carl of Solms-Braunfels was appointed Commissioner-General and sent to Texas to investigate, in 1844. The Association purchased the Fisher-Miller Grant between the Colorado and the San Saba, a "terra incognita," 100 miles from any settlement. In November and December, 1844, three ship loads of immigrants landed at Galveston and were re-shipped by Prince Braunfels, by schooners to Lavaca Bay, where they landed on March 1st, 1845. They soon set out for the Fisher-Miller grant headed by Prince Braunfels, he traveling in



LANDA FLOATS IN STREET CARNIVAL

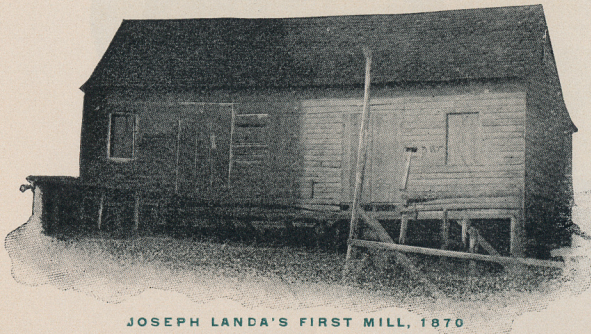


BIRD'S EYE VIEW OF THE LANDA INDUSTRIES, 1902

princely style, while the colonists walked or rode in ox wagons. Becoming tired or discouraged, they went into camp at Victoria, and Prince Braunfels pressed on to San Antonio. There John Rahm, an old Texas-German, told him of the beautiful Comal Springs, to which he was guided by one of Jack Hays' famous Rangers. He was entranced by its great beauty and bought the tract from the Spanish owners. The colonists hurried on now and crossed the Guadalupe to the West side on Good Friday, March 1, 1845. They pitched their tents on the high bluff, overlooking Comal river where now stands the pretty Catholic church. Here, on this sacred spot and sacred day, was founded the first colony of this German Association of Princes. Besides securing a lovely and valuable piece of land, the object seems to have been to use it as a half way station in reaching the Fisher-Miller grant farther interior. For that object was never abandoned by Prince Carl, nor his successors, nor the society, till the grant was finally forfeited some years later by non-compliance of its conditions. A second attempt to reach it resulted in the establishment of their second colony at Fredericksburg, and a still later one in a few scattering settlements upon their lands along the San Saba.

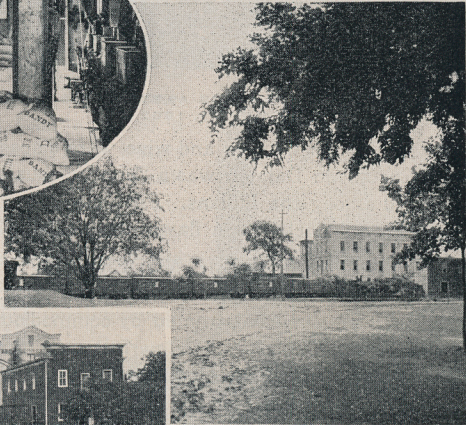
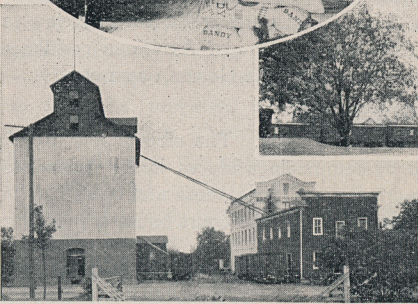
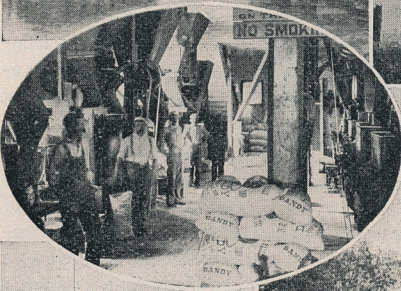
The colonists prudently forfeited their camp on the bluff, then erected on another high hill a log "Castle" for Prince Carl. This was dedicated April 27th, 1845, with much ceremony and christened "Sophienberg" in honor of Prince Carl's sweetheart, "Her most Serene Highness, Lady Sophia, widowed Princess of Lowenstein-Wertheim-Rosenberg-Rochefort." In this log "Castle" the Prince resided some ten months, surrounded by advisory council, attorney, secretary and clerks, till "annexation" came, whereupon he returned to his ancestral castle, Braunfels, in Nassau, never to see Sophienberg again. During his stay the town was laid out and named by him New Braunfels, in memory of his estate in Germany. The colonists were given town lots and 10-acre farms, on which they built huts of logs, mud, brick,

brush and prairie grass. Treaties were made with the Indians, who held full sway over the region. The society continued to send over many ship loads of immigrants in 1846-7, but little provisions and less money. Baron von Meusebach, successor to Prince



JOSEPH LANDA'S FIRST MILL, 1870





THE LANDA ROLLER MILLS

Braunfels, headed an expedition of about 3000, collected at old Indianola, waiting for transportation to the interior. Marching on foot mostly, not half of them reached their destination. One chronicler of the times says: "The highways from the coast to the German settlements were strewn with human bones. The well grew sick, the weak grew weaker, dropped and died. Their companions buried them and pressed on. Soon there came a time when their bodies were left uninterred. Wagons were afterwards found with the dead bodies of the oxen still in the yoke, and round about them the remains of entire families." The condition of the remnant that reached New Braunfels, was little better, and so many died that the cemetery was called "Dr. Koester's Plantation." The people were driven to a diet of herbs and acorns, till the Lipan Indians came to their rescue with venison and bear meat.

After Annexation the Association of Princes became indifferent to their enterprise and sent over no money nor provisions—only immigrants to be fed and clothed. The colonists, forced to self reliance, opened up their fields and

soon became prosperous and contented.

Society was a strange mixture of prince and peasant, preserving the European regard for caste in the face of American democracy. Count Henkel von Donnersmert, of Hesse-Cassel, kept the first grocery in New Braunfels; Baron Wedemeyer, son of the Prime Minister to the King of



CONVENTION TEXAS MILLERS ASSOCIATION  
LANDA PARK, MAY 13, 1902

Hanover, had a farm; beer and wine were dispensed by Baron von Nauendorf; Baron von Dalbigh was a "broncho-buster," while Baron Kriewicz Czepry lived among the Indians. Fifty-seven years of American residence has left a very distinct foreign flavor about this little German community.

#### THE MODERN CITY

New Braunfels is beautiful beyond description. The streets are broad, straight and well gravelled, fronted by commodious stores, lordly residences or cozy cottages. The plaza is a perfect gem of neatness and beauty, with fountain rivaling those of the Alhambra. The artistic court house is more for ornament than use.

Mr. Landa recently said to the St. Louis merchants, visiting New Braunfels, that there had been only three failures in the city—the jail, the hospital and the poor house, which are always empty. There are saloons, of course, but nobody gets drunk but "antis" from prohibition towns. Alex Sweet, of "Siftings," once wrote: "I attended the German annual Saengerfest in New

Braunfels. It was quite a jubilee and a vast quantity of beer was consumed; but the only Germans, whose names I noticed as being before the Recorder next morning were Patrick Maloney and Michael McSweeney." At the jubilee in 1895 it is said sixteen cars of beer and one barrel of bread were ordered, and some "kicked" because so much good money should be wasted on bread. Notwithstanding its worship of Gambrinus, it is the most orderly, cleanly and substantial town in Texas of its size.

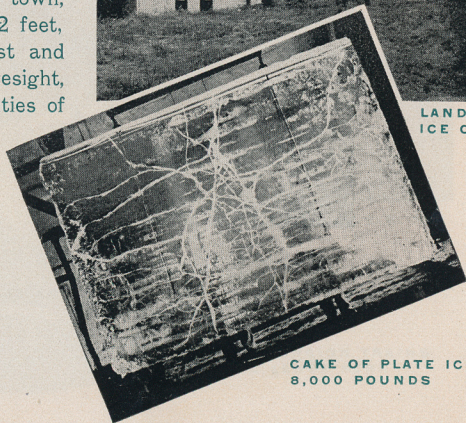
### LANDA ENTERPRISES

Fain would the writer linger with loving interest over the touching legend of this sweet little Oasis, detailing its steady growth and increasing prosperity, recounting the many honored names of good and strong men connected with its history. Time and space allow the mention of but one family that has had a very prominent part in the development of the wonderful little city. It is related in the Scriptures that the Lord said unto Abraham, "Get thee out of thy country, and from thy kindred, and from thy father's house, unto a land I will shew thee; and I will bless thee and make thy name great; and thou shalt be a blessing." And as it is related that "Abraham took Sarai, his wife, and went forth to go into the land of Canaan," so Joseph Landa, with his worthy spouse, both poor of purse but stout of heart, departed from the Fatherland in 1847, and journeyed to the land of the red man in far-away Texas. He pitched his tent by the gay Guadalupe and crystal Comal, there among his brethren "to do or die" in a strenuous struggle to leave a noble name and competent heritage to his coming family. The magnificent estate he left attests how well he succeeded.

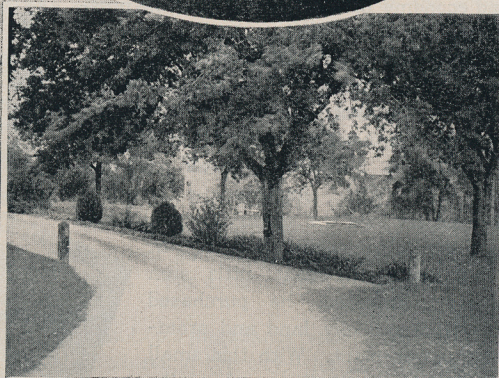
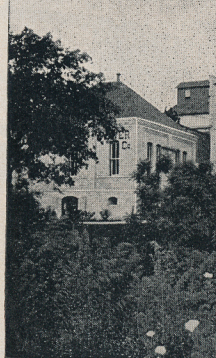
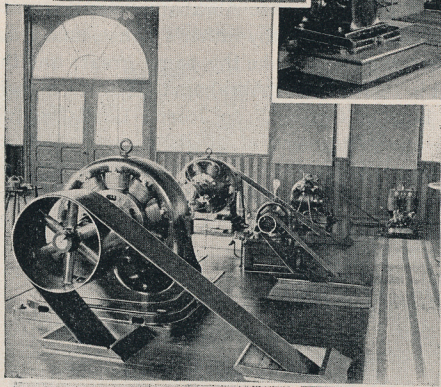
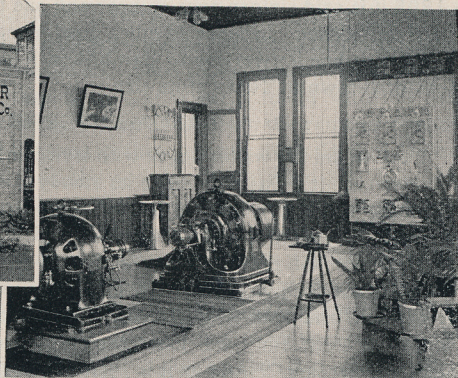
On arrival in the colony, he engaged in a small mercantile business, with the few dollars brought with him. By thrift and industry, aided faithfully by the good sense and economy of his beloved wife, he prospered. One Meriwether had acquired a goodly tract of land along the head waters of the Comal River, and, by digging a small race from it to a steep bluff nearer town, had thus secured a water fall of 22 feet, by which he propelled a small grist and saw mill. With characteristic foresight, Mr. Landa saw the mighty possibilities of this wonderful water power. In 1860, with the neat little sum already amassed, he purchased this tract of lovely land and promising power-plant. With this small nucleus, by gradually acquiring the abutting lands along the Comal, thus securing all riparian rights and by



LANDA  
ICE CO.



CAKE OF PLATE ICE  
8,000 POUNDS



VIEWS IN AND ABOUT THE LANDA ELECTRIC LIGHT AND POWER PLANT

steadily improving the property and mill-plant, he laid the foundation of the great establishment that bears his name. It covers about 5000 acres, fronting two miles on the Guadalupe and two on the Comal, including ranch, farm and garden lands, much of it in the limits of New Braunfels, on which are located the great manufacturing plants. Here he lived and loved and labored, till "gathered to his fathers" in 1896. This vast estate shall be his death-shaft, on which are carved those magic words, "Honor, Labor, Success." He died as he lived; loved, honored and esteemed by all.

There was at first but a small corn-mill and cotton-gin for the convenience of neighboring farmers. This modest plant was washed away. A flour-mill was built in 1875, equipped with the old burr-stone system, and operated as a custom and merchant mill till 1890. Having now grown old, Joseph Landa retired from active supervision of the property, placing it under the management of his son, Harry, the soul and inspiring genius of this great institution. To the manor born, thoroughly conversant with every department and keenly aware of its possibilities, the establishment at once felt the magic of his touch. This young "Napoleon of business" believed in "expansion;" no "pent-up-Utica" could confine his bounding aspirations. The old burr-stone gave place to the modern Hungarian roller and the plan sifter. The wheat fields of Kansas were laid under tribute and the markets of Mexico were invaded. Then came trooping, in rapid succession, under his potent management, the cotton oil mill, electric light and power plant, elevator, ice factory, corn sheller, the vast feed pens, the opening of the park, the thoroughbred herd and the irrigated farm.

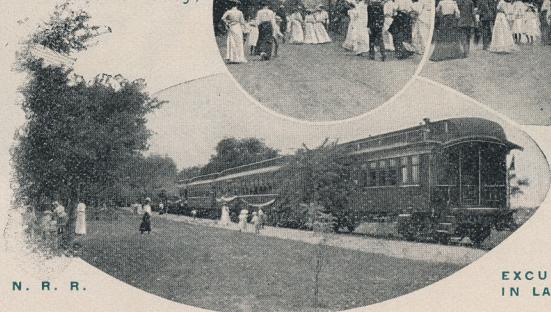
By the wisdom of Joseph Landa, at his death, this great property was left intact in the name of Mrs. Helena Landa, who had been a real help-mate in its acquisition. Still living, by wise counsel and motherly encouragement, she is the real "power behind the throne," though "Harry" as she calls him, is the ostensible director; for Mrs. Landa has a head on her shoulders as well as a heart in her bosom. She is not only the strong wind that bulges his sails in fair weather, but also the sheet anchor that "holds him down" when the angry squall shall threaten.

#### A TOUR OF INSPECTION

The reader is invited to an inspection of the various enterprises over which this busy,



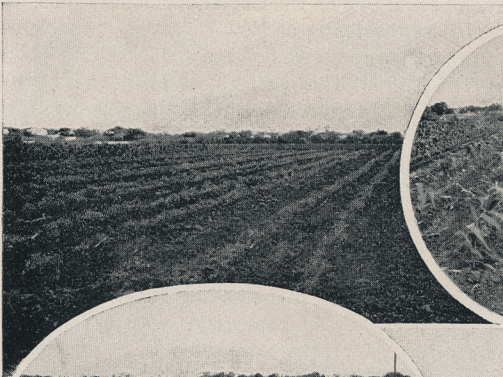
M. K. & T. R. R.



I. & G. N. R. R.

EXCURSION TRAINS  
IN LANDA PARK

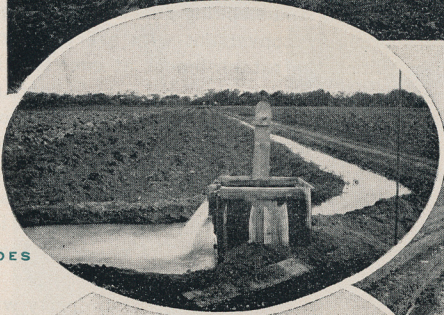
PEAS



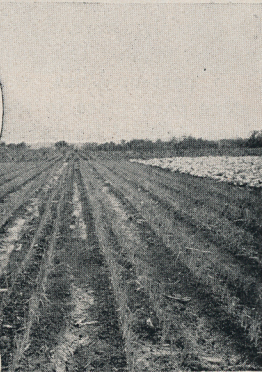
CORN



TOMATOES



ONIONS



POTATOES

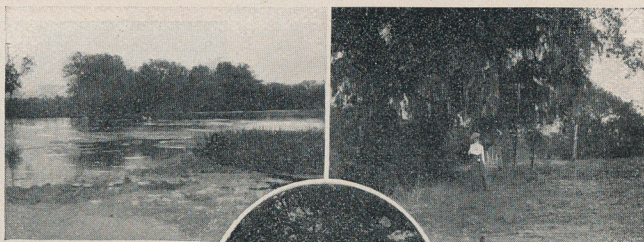


CABBAGE



LANDA IRRIGATED GARDENS

IN  
LANDA  
PARK



genial man presides. We the General Office on the manager, having retired a. m., and has eaten a of bacon and cornbread) the "glad hand," for cour-

capital in trade, which, he says, pays large dividends, even were it not sincere. Apprised of our desire "to go through" him, he exclaims, "Gentlemen, here are the keys—it's all yours. For information, ask me or the heads of the departments. Failing there, ask the "Office Boy," for if there is anything he doesn't know, I've never found it out." Thus put at our ease by this happy stroke of native tact, while he turns vigorously upon a huge pile of mail just laid on his desk by the aforesaid office boy, who seems intent on keeping the "boss" busy, we begin our tour of the office.

first direct our steps to corner of the Plaza. The at nine p. m., is up at five hasty breakfast (he says, and is ready to give us tesy is a large part of his

### THE OFFICE

In completeness of appointments, it would do credit to a metropolitan city. The large brick structure is being rapidly overrun by the famous Virginia creeper. The interior is commodious, well ventilated, heated by steam and lighted by electricity. You cannot expect the maximum of service from employés, while giving only a modicum of comfort. Christianity and business principle demand this. Here conveniently arranged are the big safe, long desks, great cabinets, letter-files, telephone booths, presses and every convenience of a well equipped office. In one corner of this large office is the manager's private office, the mainspring of this mighty mercantile machine. It is clean, orderly and comfortable, well furnished with desks, cabinets, wall maps and electric call bells running to the outside office. By the telephone at his elbow, he is in touch with the ranch-man, park-master, head millers, power house, ice factory—everything. By it he controls his traveling men, quotes prices to his brokers, or dickers with the markets. In the corner sits the inevitable type-writer pounding the life out of a Smith-Premier, for the manager fires his words at her like a very gatling gun. The big dictionary there, of course, is for the Smith-Premier lady, for the manager spells by instinct. He says the man is a fool who cannot spell anything, furnished with 26 good letters—he often does it with half that number. The aesthetic eye is greeted by artistic pictures upon the walls, views from the park, etc.



IN BEAUTIFUL LANDA PARK



In the private office a grand panoramic view of Gettysburg tells of sad carnage and noble heroism, the terrible strife of giant brothers. On the opposite wall is another picture telling of another struggle, for it is the little old corn-mill of long ago, where as a bare-foot boy the present manager pulled the sack of grist from the farmer's mule, struck it with the "toll dish" and emptied it in the "hopper" of the old burr-stone mill. Dear to the family is the little corn mill, the foundation of their fortunes.

You will not always find Mr. Landa in this cozy office. He has hastily read the morning mail, shot his replies at the type-writer, who catches them in short hand wiggle-tails, jumped into his "knock-about" buggy for a rush over factories, park, garden, or ranch, for nothing escapes his watchful vigilance.

### RESIDENCE

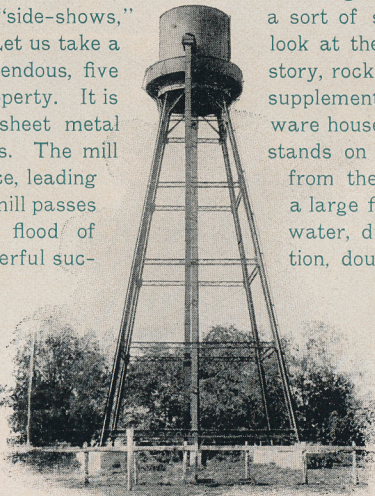
Adjoining the office building is the palatial residence, luxuriously furnished, surrounded by a perfect paradise of shade, flowers and shrubbery, where Mrs. Landa, with a beautiful matronly dignity, still receives her many friends of yore.

### FACTORIES

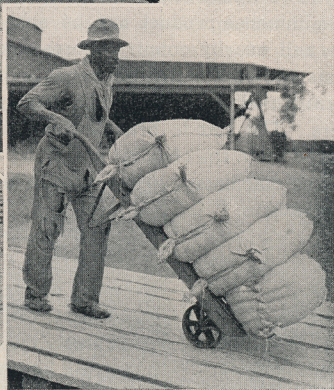
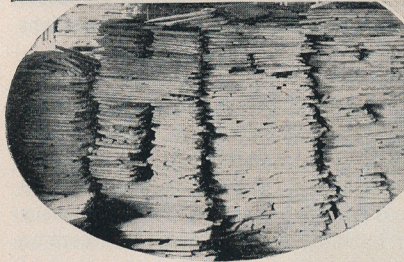
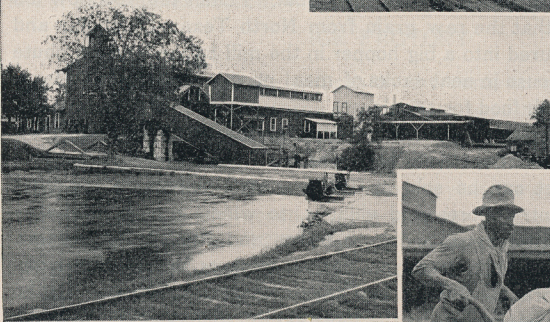
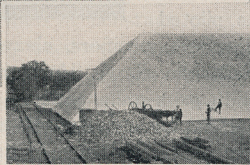
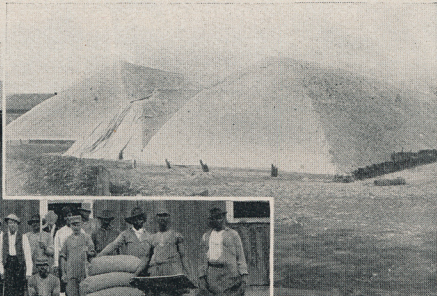
A stroll of five blocks down Seguin street will bring us to the big steel bridge spanning Comal Creek, from which can be had a fine panoramic view of "Landaville," silhouetted against a back-ground of distant, receding hills, comprising factories, grounds, water-power and several cozy cottages for employes. The Landa plant is located in the suburbs of New Braunfels, at the end of the mill race, where it bulges into a broad basin and separates the factories into two distinct groups. On one side are the flour mill, elevator and ice factory, all run by the same power, a giant double-turbine water wheel. On the other side of the basin are the oil mill and corn shellers, propelled by another big turbine-wheel.

### FLOUR MILLS

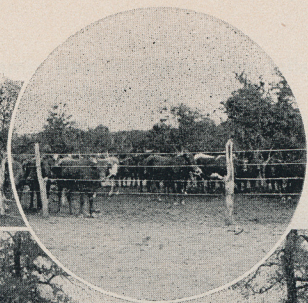
Mr. Landa's chief business are in the nature of "side-shows," surplus energies. Let us take a love. It is a tremendous, five taken from the property. It is stony wood and sheet metal products and sacks. The mill the basin of the race, leading above. Under the mill passes rushes a mighty flood of feet through a powerful surpassing off by a The flume is con- nected by sluce gates The turbine devel- horse power, but by a more pow-



is milling. His other enterprises a sort of safety valve for his look at the flour mill, his first story, rock building of material supplemented by a large two ware house for storage of mill stands on a little bluff, beside from the Comal a half-mile a large flume, through which water, dropping twenty-two tion, double turbine wheel bubbling tail-race. nected by adjust- with the race basin ops many hundred is to be supplanted eful over-shot

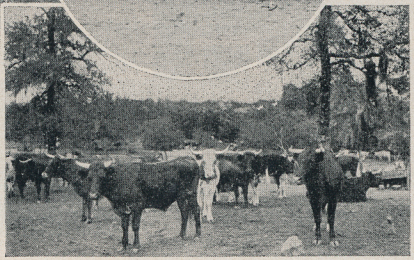


THE LANDA COTTON OIL MILL



FEEDING  
10,000  
HEAD OF  
CATTLE

wheel. Mr. Landa wants the best that genius can devise or money can buy. Friendly reader, if you would appreciate this great bread factory, come and see it, as this scribe has just done. By the courteous head miller, Mr. Thompson, he was piloted

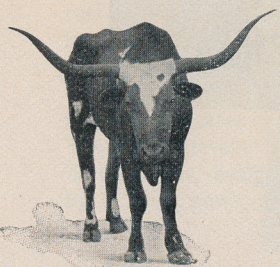


through long aisles of rollers, purifiers, cleaners, dusters, separators and whirling sifters that made him dizzy. He wandered around among wheat-mills, corn-mills, rye-mills, grits-mills, packers, flying pulleys, whizzing belts and rattling spouts, received an encyclopedia of information from this quiet miller and came out a much-befuddled individual. I can't tell you how it's all done. I only know that the raw grain from North Texas, Oklahoma and far-away Kansas is poured into a big hopper in the mill by the elevator chute and lands in the warehouse in neat sacks of meal or flour that would shame the snow-flake or furnish food for angels.

Though it runs day and night, seven days in the week, the supply is always two weeks or more behind. There is no need to seek foreign markets, as this immense product can be sold in Texas. After supplying the local trade and nearby country stores and villages, to which it is delivered by wagons, the bulk is shipped to more distant towns and cities in carload lots. Several traveling salesmen are employed, besides brokers in the commercial centers. The Landa brands of flour are known to be as good as can be produced from the choicest wheat, by the most skillful millers, with the latest improved machinery. His own ample water-power renders him independent of competition.

### ELEVATOR

As an indispensable auxiliary to the flour mill, there is a great, towering, 5-story elevator, capacity 100,000 bushels. The structure is of brick, wood and sheet metal, standing upon a concrete foundation. It is conveniently divided into grain bins and equipped with improved machinery for expeditiously handling the immense stock kept on hand. Mr. Landa takes no chances on cornered markets. The flour mill turbine furnishes power to the elevator by a long cable running far up over the warehouse.



AN ORIGINAL TEXAS  
LONG HORN

## ELECTRIC LIGHT AND POWER HOUSE

Here is the "Queen of Landaville," a perfect little gem, not large, but exquisitely beautiful, scrupulously clean, and wonderfully efficient of operation. It is a substantial brick building of half basement and upper story. Below is the gearing, attached to the big steel shaft of the mill turbine, running to it by an underground passage. Above are five powerful dynamos belted to the shafting below, that can be set whizzing by pushing a lever. Onto a great marble slab are attached many mysterious meters, exciters, switches and things, that would puzzle any but the disciple of the wizard of Menlo Park. Across the painted floor lie strips of sea-grass carpet. Upon the walls hang sketches from the park, and about the room stand vases of flowers and pots of plants. Those humming dynamos run many lights, besides a power circuit for fans, etc.

On two sides of this cute little power house lies a beautifully terraced lawn of bermuda, gently sloping to the sparkling water's edge. It is relieved in the center by a lovely baby fountain in constant play. It is traversed by a gravelled road-way, flanked by borders of violets and pansies, varied here and there by clumps of bananas, myrtles, and cannas, all shaded by delightful hackberries. Here the tired tourist loves to sprawl with his "best summer girl," for there are no keep-off-the-grass signs. The little plant is susceptible of indefinite expansion.

## ICE FACTORY

Adjoining the flour mill, and run by the same turbine, is the ice factory of brick, wood and metal, three stories from base to condensing tower. In this commodious structure is installed the plate system of ice making. The freezing is done by ammonia by reason of its well-known property of rapid evaporation. Through the center and occupying the greater part of the main room comprised in the second story is a series of great tanks for the water to be frozen. They are 12 feet long, 8 feet deep and 56 inches wide. In the middle of those tanks stand two thin steel plates, 8 by 12 feet, securely riveted together, leaving between them a space of three inches for the accommodation of a net work of iron pipes to convey the ammonia into the tank of water. This ammonia is forced through these pipes by the ponderous engine in the same room cabled to the motive-shaft below. It is not true that ammonia ever touches the water, for it would escape and be lost, thus making ice very expensive.



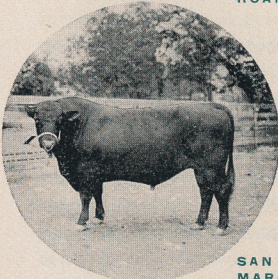
THOROUGHBRED SHORT  
HORN CALVES FEEDING



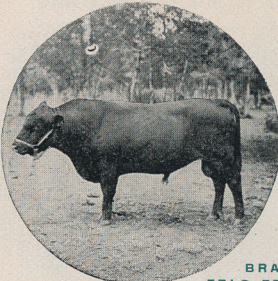
VICTOR  
NERO



ROAMER



SAN  
MARCOS



BRAUN-  
FELS FRIAR

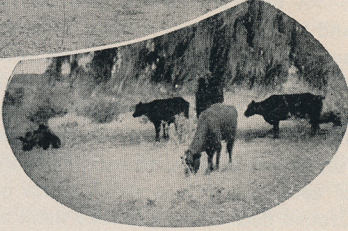
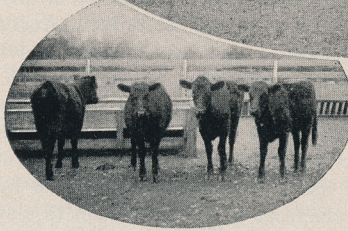
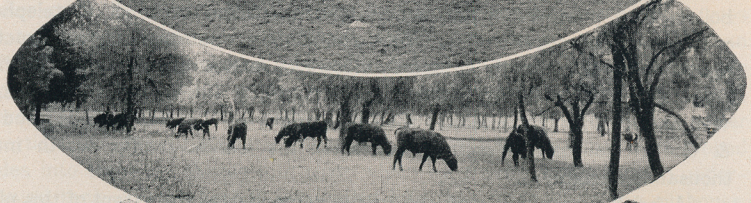
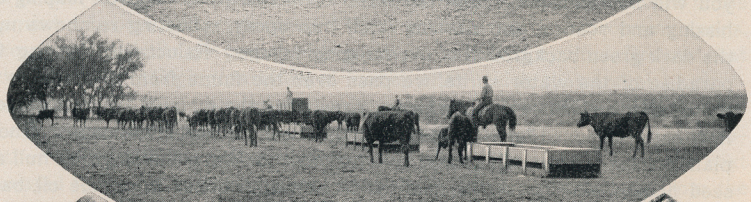
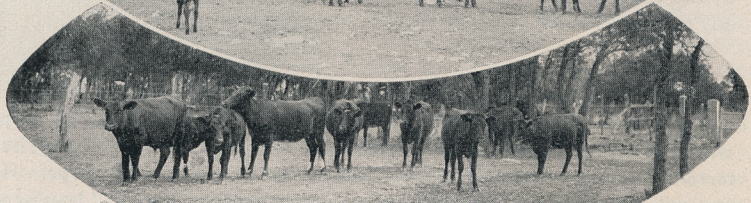
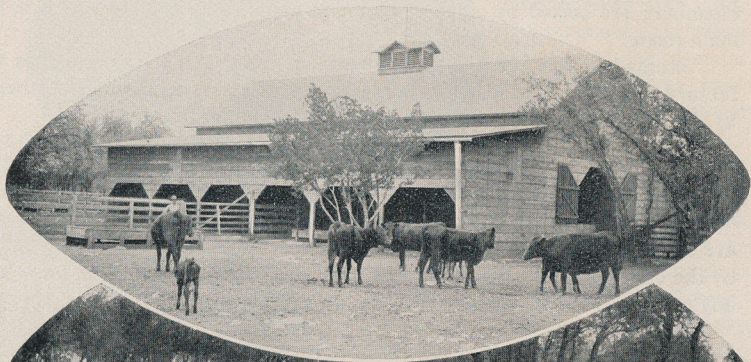
PRIZE BULLS ON THE LANDA  
STOCK FARM

The water, though naturally free of objectionable minerals, is first clarified by passing through a large filter, thence it goes into a reservoir called the fore cooler, where its temperature is reduced almost to freezing by ammonia pipes, running through the reservoir, preparatory to its entry into the tanks. Here, under the further influence of evaporating ammonia, it begins to freeze to the face of the big plates, and so continue four or five days, till only thin sheets of water remain at the opposite outer sides. During this process the water is rapidly stirred by air forced through it by two air compressors. This is to give the ice a crystal appearance. These two great blocks of ice, 3 to 4 tons each, are separated from the plate by pouring warm water between them. They are next raised out of the tank by a traveling air-hoist overhead operated by compressed air, carried by it and laid on an adjustable platform. Here it is cut into small blocks by a circular saw, depending from above, propelled by electricity from the neighboring power-house.

After serving its purpose in freezing the water, the ammonia is converted back into a liquid form by a condenser in the top story of the building and stored up, till it starts on its frigid errand of ice-making again. Here is the secret of cheap ice, for the same ammonia can be used over and over, with very little loss.

These tanks are frozen serially, producing ice which rivals in purity the diamonds of Cecil Rhodes, and so clear that the face of your sweetheart can be plainly photographed through one of those huge blocks. The local market, including many beer saloons and vaults, is supplied and the balance is shipped in carloads to San Antonio and elsewhere. It is delivered daily at the consumer's door in any quantity at a price unheard of in so small a town.

Attached to the factory are three large cold-storage chambers, in one of which is kept ice for the local market; in a second, luscious melons and fresh vegetables; in the third, meats of local butchers and beer for the big breweries



THOROUGHBREDS ON THE LANDA STOCK FARM

in San Antonio, St. Louis and Milwaukee, that have agencies here. These chambers are cooled by pipes of ammonia supplied by the big engine in the main room.

Situated in this plant is the powerful pump that not only supplies the factory with water, but also fills the huge elevated tank on an eminence nearby, for fire protection of all the Landa establishments.

### COOPER SHOP

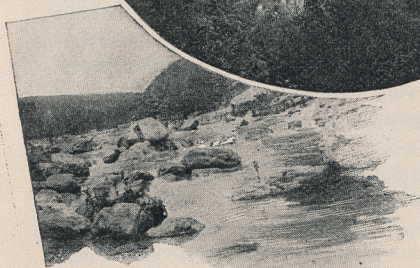
Near the flour mill is the cooper shop, where all barrels and half barrels needed for packing the mill products are made. The heads, hoops and staves are shipped, "knocked down," from the lumber mills and neatly put together by the expert cooper. But flour and meal are no longer packed in barrels to any great extent, as bags are cheaper and more convenient.

### OIL MILL

We now pass around the end of the race basin to the oil mill on the opposite side. The route runs by a miniature Niagara, made by surplus water going out of the basin by adjustable sluice gates, and plunging, like a torrent of molten diamonds, 20 feet below, into a rock bottom gorge. Here you will be reminded "How the water comes down at Ladore," leaping and hissing and roaring and dashing itself into spray, reflecting rainbows upon the dark green background of overhanging foliage. Reluctantly leaving this paradise of the water sprite, we pass over the flume from the basin to the big double turbine, which furnishes power for the oil mill. This turbine is now being removed for a giant over-shot wheel 22 feet in diameter. The oil plant consists of the mill proper and various subsidiary buildings, as hull and seed houses, warehouse for meal and cake, tank house for crude oil, baler, boiler-room, pump-room and superintendent's office, in touch by telephone with general manager's office. These buildings are substantially constructed, neatly painted, brilliantly lighted by electricity, and amply protected by fire-plugs supplied by the elevated tank. Threading among these buildings, as well as the other factories, are the spur-tracks of the "M. K. & T." and "I. & G. N." railroads, reaching out after the Landa traffic, worth many thousands annually.

A brief outline will give the reader some idea of the extent of this plant and the mode of oil making. Car loads of seed begin to arrive in August and are switched beside the great seed house. They are forked into whirling serpentine conveyors on the outside, that take them, by elevators, to other overhead conveyors inside, to be distributed to all parts of the building. A sufficient supply being secured, the gates are raised and the mill starts on a run from 5 to 8 months continuously. Away back in the seed house, a stream of seed, many tons daily, starts on its long journey through the factory. Ground floor conveyors take them to the front end, deliver them to elevators that hoist them to the roof and drop them into the sand screen, that rids them of grit. Thence they pass to the boll screen, that frees them from foreign substances as pieces of bolls, sticks, and matches; thence through the nail

THE  
GUADALUPE  
RIVER



screen, a curious machine supplied with powerful magnets, that seizes all nails and bits of metal in the seed. They have now reached the ground floor again, perfectly clean. Another elevator pours them into another

overhead conveyer, that carries them hundreds of yards away to the manufacturing department. Here they drop into the linters, that snatch off every particle of remaining fibre and leave them as bald as any old sinner in the front row of the vaudeville. Thence they pass to the huller, that "makes a

mash" on them, crushing both hull and kernel. Journeying onward through conveyors, up elevators and down spouts, they reach the separator where the kernel and hull part company, never more to meet except by accident in the stomach of some hungry bovine. Follow them along their diverging roads. These crushed hulls are conveyed to a cleaner, invented by Supt. Brower, that rids them of all clinging particles of kernel, after which they travel by overhead conveyors to the big hull houses to await the wagon of the cattle feeders. These fragmentary kernels return to the main body of the kernels and together they go to the roller which crushes them into mush. They are next elevated to the big revolving cookers, in which steam is turned on from the boiler-room, to prepare them for the former to which this heated mush goes next. Here it is spread out into thin sheets, wrapped in strong cloth by an expert operative, and placed by hand in the great steel presses. These are hydraulic, 4,000 pounds pressure to the square inch, and take out a large percentage of oil from the meats. These mighty presses, as if from sheer exertion, sweat great streams of crude oil, that trickle down their steel ribbed sides into trenches, thence into pipes which by gravity, carry it to an underground tank. From here it is pumped into the big tanks in the oil house, several hundred yards away, there to await transportation by tank cars to distant or domestic markets.

When the giant press relaxes his grip upon the sack of soft mush, it is withdrawn a huge, flinty oil-cake. It is "skinned" of its sack and a "cullud gemman" does the "cake walk" behind truck loads of them, as he wheels them off to the insatiable jaws of the breaker, that greedily chews them into bug-mouthfuls. These half masticated bits of cake now "take the elevator" to the attrition mill which grinds them to fine meal; thence to the bolters, that relieve it of all lumps. These lumps return to the attrition mill, while the bolted meal goes by chutes to the packing room, where it is sacked and stored ready for market under the celebrated "Steer" brand.



Now retrace your steps to the linters. They snatch the short lint from the seed in passing through, which is carried to an ordinary baling press outside the mill and made into 500 lb. bales, known in the cotton market as "linters." These are sold to local or traveling buyers at about half the price of common cotton.

Most of the hulls and meal are consumed by local cattle feeders, but large quantities of meal are shipped to distant points, some even to foreign lands. The crude oil is taken mostly by brokers and shipped to refineries in the North or abroad. But Mr. Landa contemplates building his own refinery in the near future. Refined cotton oil is very healthful, better than lard for cooking, than olive oil for salads, and is a large element in oleomargarine, the poor man's "Jersey" butter.

A proper regard for figures prevents the giving of statistics of the oil mill, as of other plants; suffice it to say the entire Landa business runs into the millions. The railroad switches are sometimes blocked with cars to or from the various factories. The possession of the finest water power in the South gives entire independence of competition. No steam is used except to heat the wheat and cottonseed meal, and to operate the hydraulic pumps.

#### CORN SHELLER

Connected with the power shafting of the oil mill by cable is the corn sheller, operated in summer, when the mill is idle. Corn is bought in car lots from the grain states, shucked and shelled, stored in the elevator or exported. The shucks are baled for fodder, the cobs used for fuel, and even the Kansas dust goes to enrich the neighboring fields.

#### CATTLE

As an adjunct to the oil mill, the Landa enterprises include a very extensive cattle business. Back of the mill the spacious feeding pens stretch for a mile or more, well drained and lying on both sides of the clear Comal. Across them extend long rows of troughs always full of hulls, richly sprinkled with oil meal. Around these ruminates the monarch of the plains, the Texas steer; not the long-horn of yore, for judicious breeding has banished this useless appendage for a wider cut of tenderloin. Little as we think of it, that big sleek bullock carries under his glossy hide, the destinies of all Europe. From five to ten thousand of these start here on their long journey across the seas. They are fattened on hulls and meal in 90 or 100 days, requiring the labor of many men and teams. They are corraled for transportation in the Landa private shipping pens. Soon as the feeding season ends, troughs are removed and the rich soil prepared for sugar cane or other hay-stuff. This matures quickly, is well cured and stacked for winter use and the pens are ready in October for ranch cattle again.

#### THOROUGHBRED HERD

The feed pens constitute the commercial side of the cattle business; there is also an aesthetic side. When you see the thoroughbred herd, you will exclaim like the Queen of Sheba, "the half has not been told," for here every

lordly bull is a registered aristocrat, each cow a pedigreed beauty and every frisky calf a poem on four legs. They are kept upon the home ranch, easy of access from the mills and hay fields. It consists of about four thousand acres, lying upon a rolling plateau, overlooking the valleys of the Guadalupe and Comal, bordering these rivers for several miles. It is covered by curly and spear mesquite grass, cedar brakes and other "brush." In addition to rivers, there are several wells and tanks. It is under wire fence and well supplied with barns and ranch houses. Over it are constructed miles of good road for pleasure driving. There is also a dipping vat for ridding cattle of ticks, with some chemical.

The herd is composed of Red Polls and Short-horns of the best registered strains, thoroughly acclimated, under the care of a skillful veterinary and watchful herdsman. By judicious buying and breeding, this herd now stands at the head of the list in Texas. They have taken many prizes and are worthy of the brush of Rosa Bonheur. The surplus is readily disposed of at high prices.

### IRRIGATED FARM

Mr. Landa's latest venture is irrigation. Near the mills is a fifty-acre tract of rich land, just undulating enough for water to flow over it. All of this is irrigated from the mill race, partly by gravity ditches, but mostly by underground sewer pipes. The land was laid off scientifically by a skilled engineer, and pipe lines laid to elevated points. At these elevated points they pour their water into surface ditches, that carry it to any desired spot. The water is forced through the pipes by the mill pump, in a six-inch stream of millions of gallons a day. As a result, just see those long rows of sugarcorn, sweet peas, "fragrant" onions, cabbage with the "big-head" and luscious tomatoes. Here are beans and beets; there are parsley, pepper and pumpkins; yonder cauliflower and colicky cucumbers—everywhere "garden-sass" for the millions, all in luxuriant growth and abundant fruitage.

A half-mile across the Comal is another tract of 100 acres, more properly called the irrigated farm. This was also laid out by the surveyor, and is watered by a system of surface flumes, ditches and sluice gates. Some vegetables are raised here, but it is devoted mostly to sorghum and alfalfa for provender. These fodder fields are now green, while the neighbors' are parched to a crisp. The yield will be immense and very profitable.

The product of the gardens is consumed partly locally, but mostly shipped away. When the market is dull, it can be put in cold storage at the ice factory. For the first year's trial the venture gives great promise.

Mr. Landa says it must "go" if every squash costs him a dollar, and he has to eat them by himself.

### THE PARK

Now, gentle reader, I have chased you over factory and field, serving you this feast of good things in courses. You are tired and feel almost surfeited. Let us take the dessert under the cool shades of Landa's park. This very heart of our Oasis will make you glad you are living, for here is food for

soul and body of hungry men. This scribe feels the poverty of his vocabulary, for one may bankrupt all the lexicons of all the languages and not flatter this heavenly spot. Here are shadowy trees, cooling breezes, sparkling waters, green grass, chattering birds, buzzing bees, fragrant flowers, and entrancing landscapes. Would these not constitute an oasis anywhere? You will not wonder that Prince Solms-Braunfels and his weary band of German pioneers stopped on reaching this restful place. Nature has never more generously endowed any spot on the globe with all the attributes that contribute to the pleasure, comfort and happiness of man. Here is the crystal Comal, bursting in silvery torrents from the fern-covered rocks of a great hill-range, that comes down by steep acclivity or gentle slope to bathe its toes in the cooling spring waters. Hear its merry music as it dances away to whirl the wheels of factories below or refresh the thirsty fields. This lovely park of nearly a hundred acres, exclusive of the annex for show herd, race-track and roping contests, lies in the angle formed by the Comal, where it veers away from the hills. These wooded hills, rising upon one hand, shut in as lovely a vista as human eye ever feasted upon. Grassy prairies slope gently to the water's edge on one side, while on the other, rise in rugged majesty the rocky buttresses, that break the force of the wintry blasts and afford inviting shelter to the wayfarer. The touch of civilization has but toned the wildness of its grandeur and natural loveliness. The cactus has given place to the canna, the bermuda has thickened the green sward of the native mesquite, exotic flowers vie with aboriginal blue-bonnets, vacant spaces between ancient live-oak and elm are now shaded by imported trees, and the old cattle trail has given place to the gravelled walk. Sixty years of the white man have wrought some changes in the landscape, but there still remains the pristine glory of the stately forest trees, the sweet music of the gurgling springs, the majesty of rock-ribbed hills, that make Landa's park one of nature's loveliest jewels. How easy to imagine this favored spot the trysting place of the painted warrior and his dusky favorite! Here he wooed and won her simple love by stories of prowess in chase and battle. Here rose the curling blue smoke from his cozy wigwam; here splashed his oar in the clear Comal, or twanged his bow along the laurel covered hill slope. But he has gone over the range never to return, and the white man has camped upon his trail. His arrow heads are still to be found under the sheltering oaks, but the wild Comanche has followed the departing buffalo towards the setting sun.

The Comal with its tributary spring brooklets is the most attractive picture of this most beautiful resort. It is the most unique stream in Texas. Only four miles long, it flows half of its length in the limits of New Braunfels furnishing nine-tenths of the water of the Guadalupe.

All the land on both sides of the upper half belongs to the Landa estate, enclosing the finest water power in the state, to say nothing of ranch and garden. The water is supposed to be of artesian origin, flowing under the Llano Estacado, across the great state of Texas towards the Gulf, bursting from fissures in the crust of the earth, broken up by the upheaval of this

mighty range of hills. This theory is supported by the fact of its high temperature and unvarying flow. Gushing from the rocky base of the hills by thousands of crystal springs, clear and pure, though tinged by marvelous tints of elusive green, blue, violet and soft brown, stolen, perhaps, from the brilliant colors of the vegetation carpeting the gravelly bottom or waving in graceful curves like some mermaid's flowing hair, the strong, swift current threads its way by grassy slopes and fern-fringed banks, and floating islands of blue-white water hyacinths, beautiful though mischievous. After a mile of meanderings, it bulges into an expanded lake beside the park, from two to twenty feet deep, furnishing the most lovely boating. Language fails to describe this splendid little river, so useful and so beautiful. Hear its own story in the words of Tennyson's "Brook:"

I come from the haunts of coot and hern,  
I make a sudden sally,  
And sparkle out among the fern,  
To bicker down a valley.

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

I chatter over stony ways,  
In little sharps and trebbles,  
I bubble into eddying bays,  
I babble on the pebbles.

With many a curve my banks I fret,  
By many a field and fallow,  
And many a fairy foreland set  
With willow-weed and mallow.

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

I wind about, and in and out,  
With here a blossom sailing,  
And here and there a lusty trout,  
And here and there a grayling.

And here and there a foamy flake  
Upon me, as I travel  
With many a silvery waterbreak  
Above the golden gravel.

And draw them all along and flow  
To join the brimming river,  
For men may come and men may go,  
But I go on forever.

Having heard the "Song of the Cool Comal," let us stroll through the grounds to see the various attractions. The park is always open to CONSIDERATE visitors, but on Sundays and holidays pleasure-seekers come here by thousands. Just there is the end of the I. & G. N. spur-track, where it dumps its jolly crowds on gravelled walks 'neath shady trees. Over yonder is where the M. K. & T. discharges her happy burden by the laughing mill-race. Follow these merry crowds, laden with bursting lunch baskets, or armed with ready kodak, as they distribute themselves here and there. Some quietly wander along the neatly kept walk, admiring the beds of fine roses, brilliant red and yellow cannas, or the raised and inclined crescent, on which is spelled "Landa's Park" in purple and green letters of foliage plants. Clumps of bananas, intensely green, are set off by bunches of purple plum and pinkish myrtle. Groves of young magnolias freight the air with perfume. Many hurry off to the restaurant pavilion to appease their picnic hunger with half a spring-chicken off the broiler and a cup of hot coffee. Others



ON THE LANDA RANCH

break for the ice cream pavilion, where, in comfortable seats, to the strains of sweet music by a fine band, they eat delicious cream and cake in quiet contentment.

Here a special party of lunchers have gathered under the vine-clad lunch pavilion and spread their rich repast in full view of the glassy lake below, rippled now and then by the cool breeze or dip of the oar. They have not forgotten to order hot coffee and cold beer for their jolly meal. Individual parties have appropriated tables scattered along the shady brooklets, where they will eat after a row on the river or a ride in the funny little steamer.

The happy children, of course, rush to the gurgling spring branches, rippling over pebbles and golden sands, where the "bare-foot boy," with pants rolled high, and the rosy-cheeked girl, untrammled by prudish modesty, wade and splash and shout to their hearts' content. But the center of attraction is the dancing pavilion, where "from early morn to dewy eve," the loyal swain and his best "summer girl" trip the light fantastic toe to the lively note of the gay two-step, or the lulling strains of the dreamy waltz.

The romantic and sentimental steal away to some shady hidden nook to indulge in words of love and dreams of Eden.

Perennial sources of pleasure are the great rockery, with miniature fountain and myriad ferns; the old rustic bridge; the sparkling spring bursting from solid rock; the challenging bark of the friendly squirrel; the varied song of the mocking bird, and the splash of the old water wheel.

There is no lack of amusement; it is now a balloon ascension, now a high dive in the lake, now a blood-curdling flight across it suspended by trolley on an inclined wire. These are varied by sculling races, boat-rowing and baseball. The candy-man, ring-man and rubber-ball fiend are all here. Over there you are honestly invited to "paralyze the kids," but you paralyze your arm instead.

If you do not care for the "madding crowd," take your girl for a walk away up Panther Cañon and Lover's Lane, where, under beetling crags, and awesome silence, you may tell her the "old, old story."

A muscle testing climb up the Mesa road to the ranch will be repaid by a look at the thoroughbred herd.

Do not fail to go down to the boat house and watch the happy rowers glide in and out with dipping paddles, or take the quaint little stern-wheel steamer that will take you far up the river, through a panorama of ever-varying hue and ever-growing beauty. Do not forget your kodak; you will want some snap-shots at the broad, placid bosom of the river, the towering oak sentinels that guard its banks, the vine-clad hill and the luxuriant calladiums that gleefully clap their big, green hands in glad welcome to you.

But, if you would see the park at its best, come to the moonlight picnics. Naturally lovely by daylight, the scene takes on, under the romantic glamour of the pale moon and weird flashes of the arc light, an inspiration that would stir the soul of the stoic. The heart that does not yield to the witchery of such a place and such an hour must be fit "for treasons, stratagems and

spoils." 'Tis the favorite resort of the little love-god and many a fatal arrow has he here sped from his silver bow. Many a casual acquaintance here made has proven a life-long friendship, or ripened into matrimonial happiness.

Now, dear reader, I have tried to interest you in this curious little German town, these great industries, and the unspeakable beauty of the park. Like Tennyson's "Brook," I might go on forever. Why go away to the banks of the Rhine to study German civilization, while you have this bit of Teutonic life at your door? Why seek water-power elsewhere, while the Comal giant offers his help to a hundred factories? Why yearn for the dazzling beauty of the olive and villa-clad hills of the Riviera, when you have its rival in Landa's park? Here you have the counterpart of the mountain-hemmed lakes of Switzerland and Italy. Come and see this unpainted picture of the Master of the Universe.

And now the day is done, and the sun-god has sunk to rest behind those rugged hills. The queen of the night has spread her silver robes in the east, and the tired tourist has taken his reluctant leave. All is silent save the soft chatter of the cicada, the gentle splash of the old water wheel, and the sweet, weird note of the whip-poor-will. Good-night!

C. A. BROWN.

