



Evangeline
COUNTRY

Southern Pacific

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Grades 7 and 8.

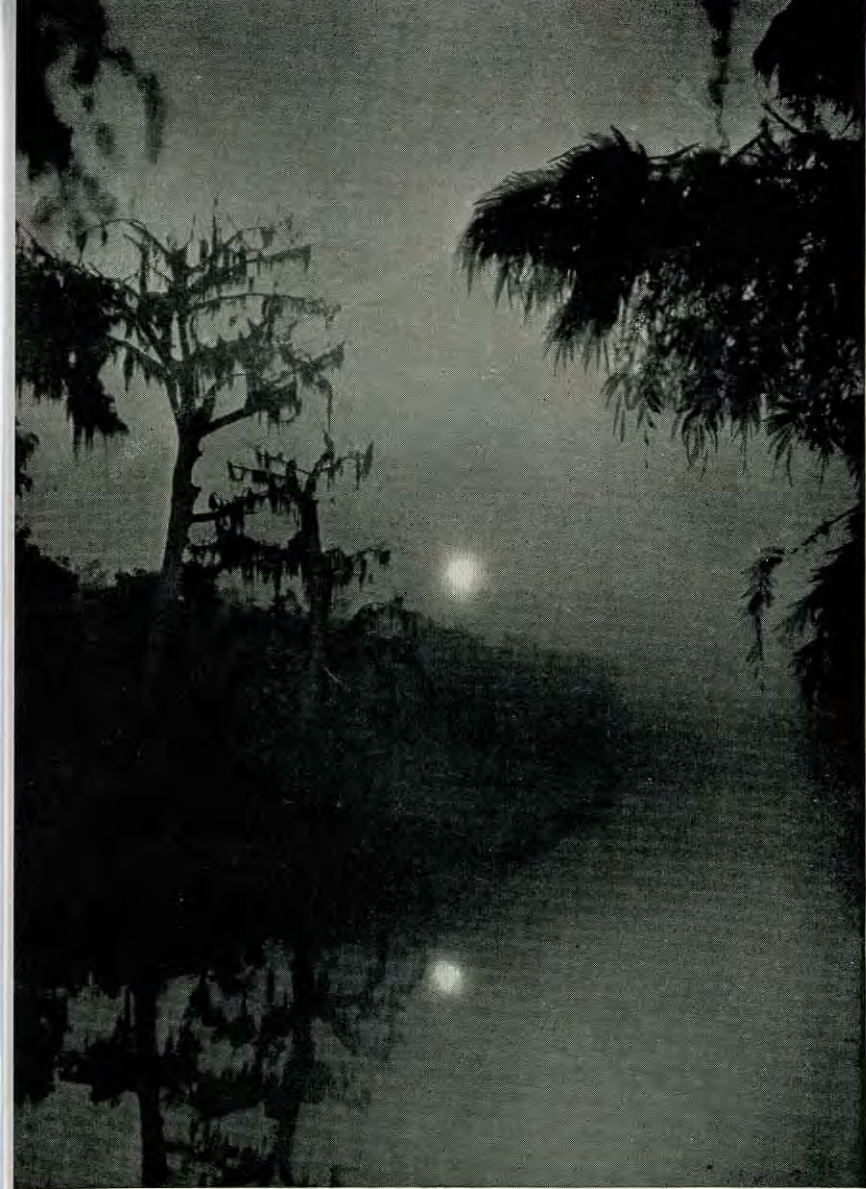
Evangeline COUNTRY

Property, Office of Super-
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Schools
Westcliffe, Colorado



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Issued by
J. T. MONROE, Passenger Traffic Manager
SOUTHERN PACIFIC LINES
Houston, Texas



The sun from the Western horizon, like a magician, extends its golden wand o'er tranquil Bayou Teche; day melts away, evening softly comes.

THE PATH that leads to the heart of Acadia-land, to New Iberia and the beautiful Teche, is the SOUTHERN PACIFIC. The romanticist and he who has a love for refined and reposeful landscape will find his aesthetic taste appealed to in this fair "Teche Country" of Louisiana; by which term is meant all the region adjacent to the beautiful Bayou Teche.

"Beautiful is the land, with its prairies and forests of pine trees,
Under the feet of a garden of flowers, and the bluest of Heavens
Bending above, and resting its dome on the walls of the forest;
They who dwell there have named it the Eden of Louisiana."

For the heart-rending story of the simple folk whom England with ruthless hand thrust from their homes in far-off Novia Scotia, the reader is referred to the beautiful poem of "Evangeline." It is generally conceded that Longfellow learned the romantic Acadian story from an old Acadian living in St. Martinville, but the poet in his denouement uses a poet's license, and makes the meeting of the lovers a happy one.

The visitor to Acadia-land hears the true story of "Evangeline," whose real name was "Emmeline Labiche." When the loyal girl sees Gabriel (Louis Arceneaux in real life), she springs forward to greet him. Alas! No love-light answers hers in his eyes. Gabriel staggers back, then tells her that, weary with waiting, he has given his promise to another. In a fair spot called "Beau Basin," near St. Martinville, Gabriel settled with his new love, and there many of his descendants are living to this day. Evangeline lost her reason when she found herself deserted, and her ashes are resting in the little graveyard at the back of the old church.



The immortalized, beautiful oak at St. Martinville, where Evangeline used to sit, and the great boughs, listening to the sobs of her torn soul, tenderly tried to console her. It is still known as the "Evangeline Oak."

The term Acadian, or the familiar corruption "Cajun", is used to identify the descendants of the Nova Scotia wanderers, the theme of Longfellow's masterpiece. Those who know these people best will be quickest to explain that "there are Cajuns and Cajuns."

Joe Jefferson, the actor, loved the Cajuns and made his home in the Teche Country for many years. The Joe Jefferson the Cajuns loved and knew was to them not the world-wide actor, but the kind friend and generous benefactor.

A short drive from New Iberia will bring you to "Bob Acres," the Jefferson home on Orange Island. This drive, if you are fortunate enough to make the pilgrimage in the late spring, is one of the delightful experiences that will remain with you always. About seven miles of the road leads through a Cherokee rose hedge that is then a glory of golden-hearted, creamy blossoms. These gleam against the glossy green of the leaves, and the long vistas that stretch as far as the eye can reach, present an avenue to which a landscape gardener could say his prayers.

This section of Louisiana along the Sunset Route is the famous prairie lands, and it would be difficult to find anything more picturesque than the acres of green pasture lands that are dotted here and there by lavender lace-veiled pools of water hyacinths. Here the cane fields stretch forth to unnumbered acres. The eye loses itself in a far line of the forest miles away.

While the SOUTHERN PACIFIC LINES lead you to New Iberia, the trail to the heart of Acadia-land from there is devious and scarcely discernible. You have seen one kind of Cajun who built his castle upon the Teche, and dwelt in feudal splendor, surrounded by all the luxuries and refinements of civilization, but as I have told you "there are Cajuns and Cajuns," and the "other kind" are those who have preserved to a remarkable degree the primitive custom of the eighteenth century. They have lived as their forefathers lived. It is this class of Cajuns who present the most interesting type to the big world today. It is the womankind of these households that are the salt of the race, for they have lost none of their grandmothers' thrift and old-fashioned virtues.



The Teche seems to have magnetized the fancy of every beholder. The trees grow to the very water's edge, and the branches end in prim bunches of leaves around which is festooned gray Spanish moss.

It would seem that the country Cajun of today, those who have settled upon streams other than the Teche, have inherited from their remote ancestors the dread and horror of the devastation of their homes, recalling the melancholy fate of fruitful and fair Grand Pre, for most of the farmers have hidden their unpretentious and picturesque homes in such secluded spots that only a guide could pilot the uninitiated to these peaceful abodes, which hold to a wonderful degree all the primitive simplicity of Nova Scotia architecture of a century ago.

When you enter the front of a Cajun's house you realize that here is hospitality even Arabian. Your hostess plants on your forehead a kiss and calls you "Ami." Not only are you their guest, but their friend.

You don't know the nectar of the gods until you drink Cajun coffee.

A "Cafe Noir" as made by the Cajun is a brew that quickens the imagination and stimulates the brain.

Cafe Noir is to the Cajun what a cocktail is to the clubman, and just enough is served—about four tablespoons in a cup—to tantalize you.

An invitation to dinner is a delight never forgotten. Such cooks are those Cajun women. Such meals as an epicure would give his birth-right for, these humble folks have daily. The following menu was served at one of these simple homes:

MENU

GOMBO D'ECREVISSE

COCHON DE LAIT

DU PAIN MAÏS

SALADE DE POMME DE TERRE

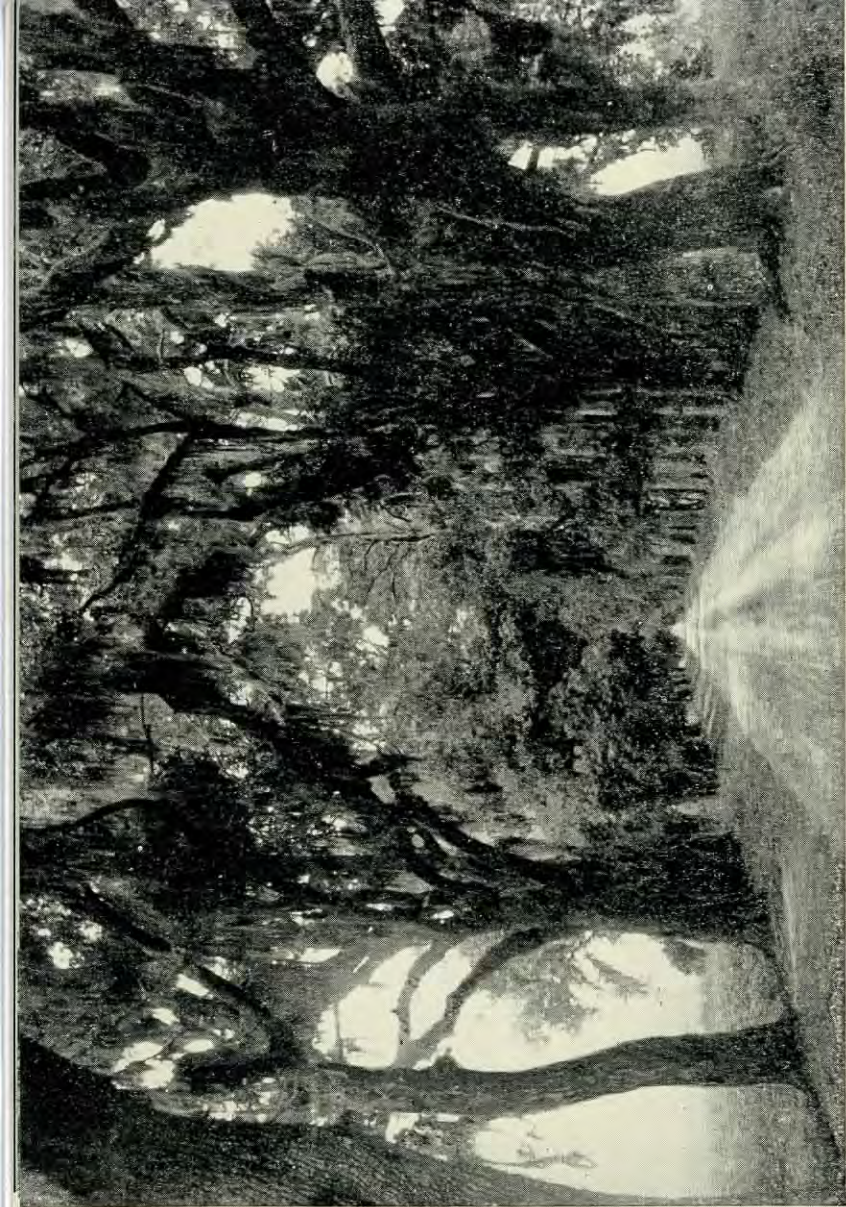
JAMBALAYA DE RIS

FRICASSE' DE POULET AUX CHAMPIGNONS

CANARD DE LAIT, FARCI

AMBROISIE

To those not enlightened, it may be explained that "Gombo D'ecrevisse" is crawfish gumbo, a famous dish down here. "Cochon de Lait" is roast suckling pig, natural enough looking to walk off with the gleaming apple between his little white teeth.



Nature's desire to steal the love of mankind is expressed in these Cathedral Oaks of Pine Alley in the Evangeline Country. As you walk down the Alley, the infinite charm will grip you.

The "Jambalaya" is rice flavored with all kinds of mysterious herbs and condiments, the whole colored brown and further enriched by gravy from the pig. "Du pain mais" is corn bread. "Fricasse' champignons" is a most delectable dish—wild mushrooms, with a wonderful brown sauce poured over them. "Kush Kush" is a dish typically Cajun, and justly held in high regard. It is fried yellow hominy. This is served in many ways. Sometimes it is accompanied by syrup, or again eaten with "clay" (clabber). "Canard farci" is glorified roast duck. You are always entreated to take a "petit morceau"—a little more. Not to eat with these simple folk would be a breach of hospitality hard to forgive, and they love you when you ask for more.

The women of these households are wonderful weavers.

The "Cajun Homespun" has become justly famous. It may be either of cotton or wool, or a mixture of both. The women are very expert at this work, and all shades are woven. In the plain white the homespun suggests itself as a lovely material for summer dresses; all shades of cream ranging up to dark brown, in which white has been artistically combined. Cottonade, blankets, sheets, coverlids and every article of cloth used in the household is woven with the skill of the professionally trained workers, by these thrifty people on the banks of the Bayou Teche.

Strange, isn't it, how one involuntarily personifies streams. No one would think of the Mississippi as being other than the "Father of Waters," neither would anyone bring away an impression of the Teche other than it is a fair young daughter of the majestic Father of Waters, a favorite daughter—if you will—that an indulgent father allowed to roam at her own sweet will wherever she willed. And the Teche nymph chose the Eden of Louisiana as her playground. If the old Indian legend that the Teche came by its name because of an enormous serpent is true, it must have been the re-incarnated soul of Lilith, so lovely is the sinuous stream that glides through a country scarcely less beautiful.

To see the bayou veiled in the tender gray mist of dawn, stretched like a mirror in which was reflected the faint pink heralding of the sun, is a never-to-be-forgotten sight.



In all the world there probably is no more quaint and wistful scene than this shack, in seclusion drinking of the beauty in which it lives. Gentle breezes murmur a song of enchantment as the water slowly drifts by.

Its bosom cradles the shadows of the moss-draped oaks that grow down to the very water's edge. These stand like gray-bearded patriarchs guarding the nymph stream that plays about their feet.

To stand on the bridge at New Iberia in early morning and look upon the stream suggests a gleaming mirror of rose lights. For with the rose lights are the misty green of the rushes, the waving willows all softened and subdued by the mellow brown cypress "knees" that, strange to relate, do not grow on the limbs of trees. Here immense rafts of logs are being floated down stream. Between the logs the vivid green of the water hyacinth peeps, and further down these same heavenly-faced, devil-hearted vampire flowers spread a veil of lavender lace, the beauty of which is alluringly exquisite.

You are in the heart of Acadia at New Iberia. It is such a pretty town that it invites the wayfarer to linger, so hospitable are its people, so infectious the friendliness of the whole place.

Many of the men who have made chapters in Louisiana history proudly trace back their ancestry to the exiled farmers of Grand Pre. They have left their forceful personality—the gray-granite virtues of honesty and uprightness, piety and political power in the annals of the old churches and in civil records of the country they have done so much to develop.

The whole length of the Teche from St. Martinville to Morgan City is a constantly shifting panorama which is intensely interesting. Here is a modern sugar mill, there a rotting old drawbridge, a trumpet flower adds its note of scarlet to brighten up a gray giant, these clinging vines, in the embrace of the ancient oaks, suggest the marriage of May and December.

As our launch plows her way through the water the turbulent waves churned up by the screw send flocks of ducks and geese scuttling back to the bank, and in the illusioning light of the early morning every goose looks like a swan. They tumble up the bank pursued by dripping, quacking, young goslings, screaming to be reassured and told what that strange chugging monster is. An inquisitive young calf has strayed down

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Colonial mansion, sitting silently picturesque, surrounded by gray moss-draped trees and tropical coloring. They are still beautiful to look upon. Some of them preserve much of their original beauty.

to the water's edge, close beside it stands the young mother, a Jersey. As she lifts her great human eyes it is easy enough to fancy that she is a deer and the calf beside her a faun on the banks of a stream untouched by the foot of man. No, hardly that, but the Teche seems to have magnetized the fancy of every beholder, although the banks are crowded with many houses, representing every class and condition of people.

One of the curious features of the Teche is the growth on its banks, though they are as flat as the adjacent fields and pastures. The trees grow to the very water's edge, and the branches end in prim bunches of leaves around which is festooned gray Spanish moss.

As you float down the Teche it gradually grows wider, and the tall forests growing to the edge give the effect of a primeval wilderness. Occasionally a clearing is passed and far over the "field" the plantation house sits. From New Iberia to Morgan City the banks of the beautiful Teche are lined with residences that, to this day, reflect in their beauty and neglected magnificence a time when the motherland of Louisiana's aristocratic and blue-blooded sons and daughters were young.

Here is "Albania," the plantation home originally built and owned by the Grevenburgs.

All up and down the Teche are scattered the "big houses," silent and deserted. Once they resounded to young voices and gay laughter. Once the beauty and chivalry of the South danced and sang beneath their hospitable roofs. Gone, forever gone, are the old-time owners of these estates. The older members of the families have long since gone to their everlasting rest. The younger men and women have married and moved away.

At "Oxford," the Pringle place, "Oaklawn," the famous old home of Judge Porter, and the old Fuselier place, famous as being the home of one of Louisiana's proudest families, preserves much of its original beauty. "Oak Bluff," originally owned and occupied by Edmund Rose, is a beautiful piece of architecture in its Gothic simplicity. Bayside, Alice, Rosedale, Mintmere, Sunnyside and the old Weeks Mansion, in New Iberia, these, and many others sitting silently picturesque, surrounded by gray moss-draped trees, which show tropical coloring in the Virginia creeper that



Gates ajar. The languid Teche is lined with residences that to this day reflect, in their beauty and neglected magnificence, early aristocracy.

mingles its crimson glory with the delicate gray lace draperies that float in the passing breeze, are still beautiful to look upon.

What ghosts must flit up and down these silent halls by night! Stately, powdered-haired grande dames and gentlemen of the old school, laughing young girls and romantic youths, lovers, arm in arm, loitering over the Jasmine-draped balconies, all listening to the ghostly strains of music silent these fifty years. It is easy enough to close one's eyes and bid Time roll back.

See, even now, the curtain is raised in that upper room; the floors are waxed to reflect the myriad candles; the odor of Christmas greenery is in the air; the mistletoe bough hangs everywhere.

But trooping from the dim past comes a group heralded by old airs at once familiar and forgotten. They come in red-heeled shoes and knee breeches, these belles and beaux of the past, with panniers and powdered hair, with high stocks and bejeweled snuff boxes. They bow, they retreat and advance. The music rises shriller and more "Jejune." The candles flicker only to burn the brighter, now another burst of melody and the stately minuet is on. Hark, what was that?

The scene has dissolved and disappeared; a steamboat on the Teche is blowing, bringing us back to the present.

To name all beautiful places along the banks of the Teche and give their history is impossible, but it is one succession of fine estates from New Iberia to Morgan City.

The sun is sinking and the last picture for the day is done.

Evening drops softly on the Teche. You remember Longfellow describes how the sun, like a magician, extends his golden wand over the landscape.

How the twinkling vapors arose on that far-away day when the Acadian girl sought her lover along these waters. How the sky and earth seemed to melt and mingle together, then twilight came, heralded by a mocking bird's revel of song.

Well, it's the same transformation scene today, and the same spell of distance and brooding mystery comes with the dusky shadows.



One of the few remaining Attakapas, colorful and interesting characters that lead your imagination back to days gone by, as if in another world.

Through the delicate lace of cypress trees the sun casts long splinters of light that touch and transform the bayou into a yellow glory.

Then the gray lights are turned on and the day has gone. The shadows of evening come bringing with them the quiet of night in the country. Across the fields the ploughman sits sideways on his mule, lazily making his way homeward. The herds of cows are grouped around the overflowing stables.

Then the gray lights are turned on and the day has gone. The such a place. The man who can sit in a boat and float silently down the Teche on a moonlit night and feel no poetry trying to push off the lid of his soul—well, he must be dead indeed to the beauty of the world.

It is a great deal better for him that he can't write poetry, for Longfellow has already said everything to be said about the stream a great deal more effectively than any of the rest of us could hope to.

You haven't thought of it for years, yet sitting here drinking in the still beauty of the quiet waters that gleam in the moonlight like a sea of molten silver, unconsciously, vagrant, tender lines from "Evangeline" float through the mind and repeat their own beauty amid the spots that inspired them:

"Beautiful was the night. Behind the black wall of the forest
Tipping its summit with silver, arose the moon. On the river
Fell here and there, through the branches, a tremendous gleam of moonlight
Like the sweet thoughts of love on a darkened and devious spirit.
Nearer and 'round about her, the manifold flowers of the garden
Poured out their souls in odors, that were prayers and confessions
Unto the night, as it went its way, like a silent Carthusian"—

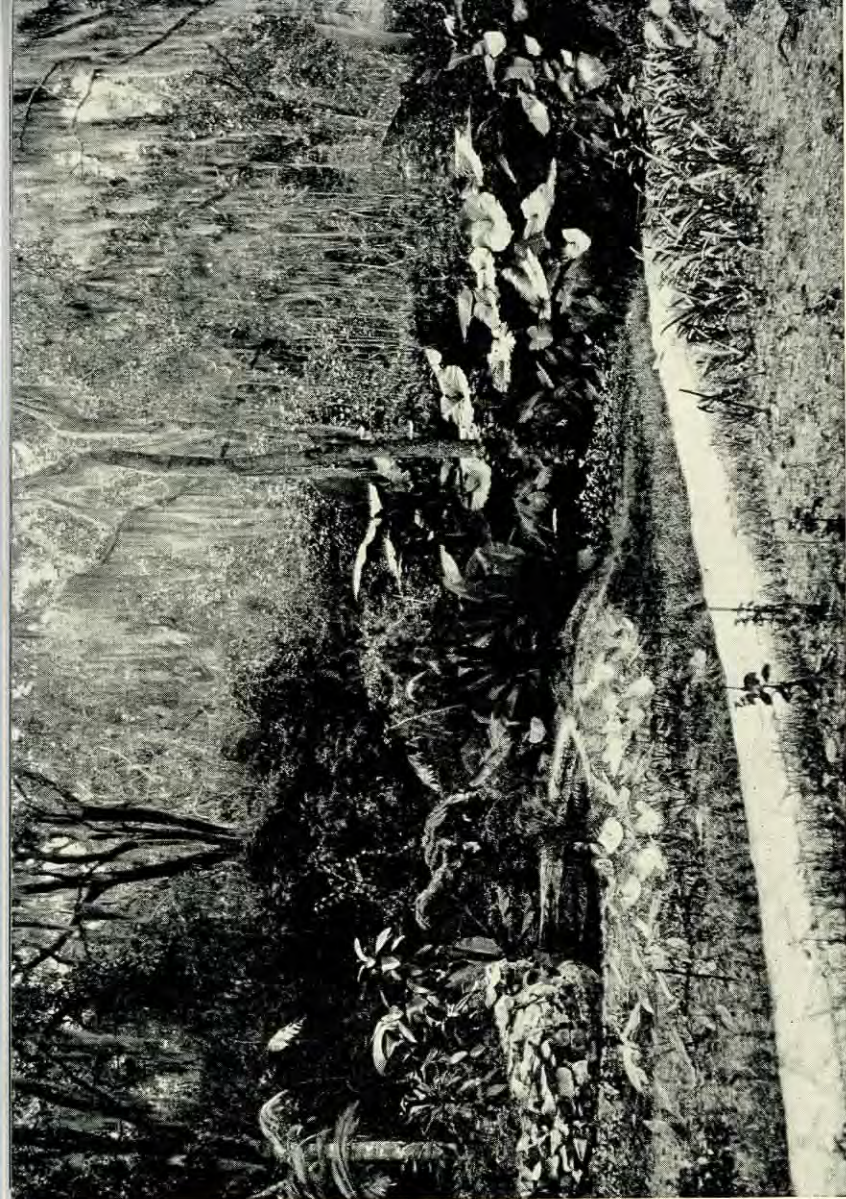
What's the rest of it? For the lines suddenly stop. Memory plays so many tricks. But the scene remains. Evangeline walked in a garden that bordered on the Teche.

In the moonlight, "the calm and magical moonlight," she dreamed of her lover. Alas! and alas! wasn't it Browning who sighed, "Never the time, the place and the loved one."

1898
Intendant, Cass County

Schools

W. J. Hill, Colorado



A small portion of a garden, on Avery Island, of exotic plant life, fashioned by the genius of the owner and the richness of nature. Bearing the name of JUNGLE GARDENS, you feel, as you enter, almost as though you were in a fantastic world, a "Garden of Eden," roamed by elves and giants, dinosaurs and other species of pre-historic life. Yet you have a feeling of love, peace, safety, for you are in the private garden of Edward Avery McIlhenny's home (picture through his courtesy). The beautiful and great bird sanctuary which Mr. McIlhenny has created on Avery Island will leave every beholder spellbound.

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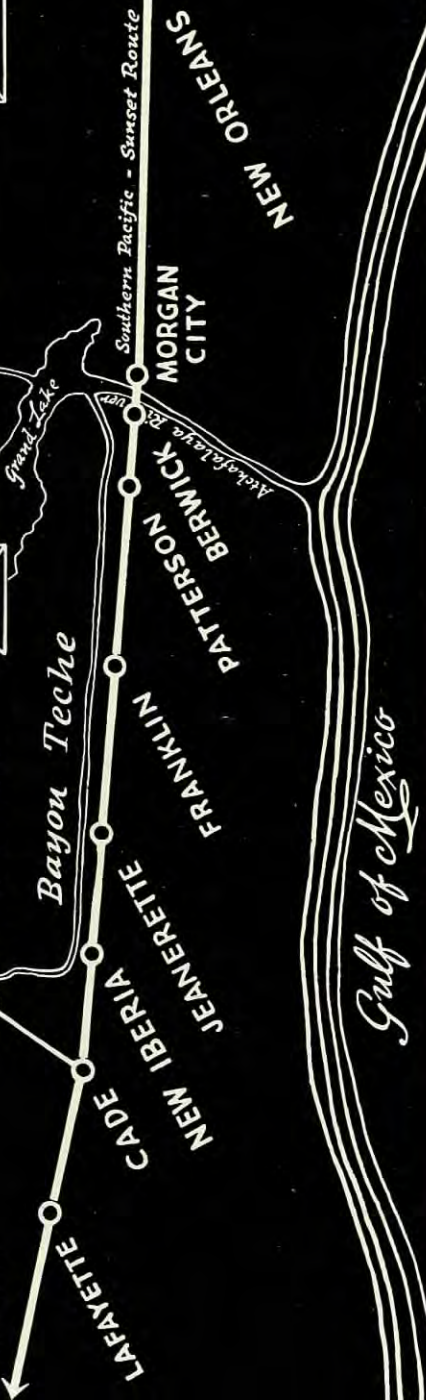
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J. T. MONROE, Passenger Traffic Manager, Houston, Texas



TO
LAKE CHARLES
TEXAS
CALIFORNIA

MAP OF THE *Evangeline Country*



Southern Pacific's SUNSET ROUTE, extending from New Orleans to San Francisco, has been termed the TRAIL OF A THOUSAND WONDERS. No more varied life and attractions could be surpassed in the country. At fascinating New Orleans, a journey into the Old French Quarter is like a visit into a town in Southern France. Then cross the MISSISSIPPI RIVER BRIDGE (used only by Southern Pacific) and soon you are in the exquisite beauty of the TECHE COUNTRY. Stop-over for a never-to-be-forgotten experience. Of course, from your train window you can see small views of the Teche, but by all means stop-over. Then on through Louisiana fields and interesting towns; through TEXAS cities, plains and mountains. At El Paso, step over into Juarez, Old Mexico—it's like being in Sunny SPAIN. Resume your trip. See characters of almost forgotten races, caves, cacti, mountains, mesas, gorges, fashionable desert resorts. And on to California and the Pacific Northwest. By Southern Pacific you see all of the Pacific Coast. You may go on to Vancouver, B. C., and Alaska, if you wish.

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