

PART
3

ART WORK

OF

HOUSTON,
TEXAS.

PUBLISHED IN TWELVE PARTS

THE GRAVURE ILLUSTRATION CO.

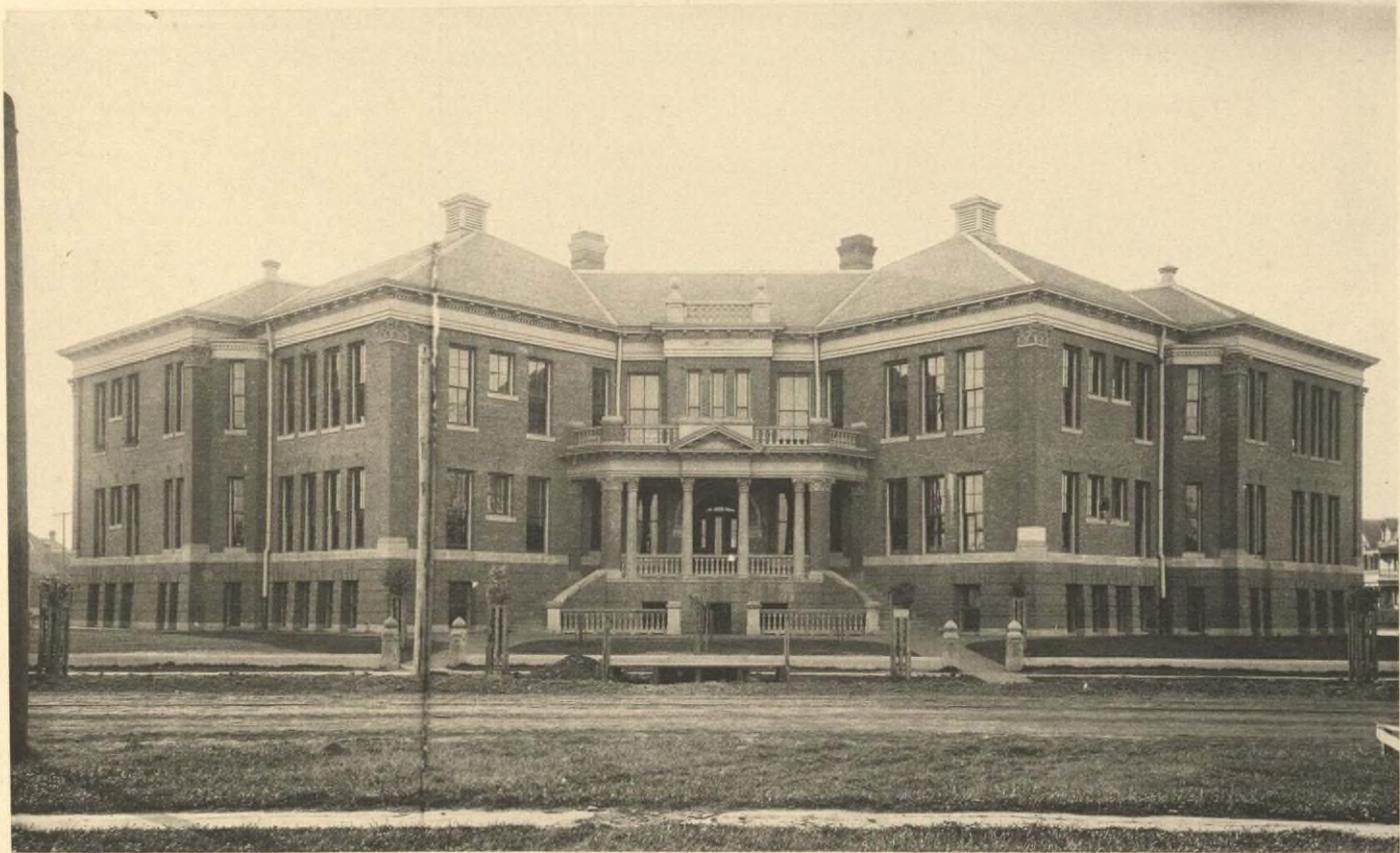
1904.



INTERIOR CHURCH OF THE ANNUNCIATION.



CARNEGIE LIBRARY.



FANNIN SCHOOL.



SCENE NEAR THE BAYOU.



THE HOUSTON POST BUILDING.



THE COTTON EXCHANGE.



SCENE IN HIGHLAND PARK.



RESIDENCE OF A. P. ROOT.



RESIDENCE OF G. A. MISTROT.

The little hamlet laid out by the Allen brothers in 1836 at the junction of White Oak and Buffalo bayous has grown and developed through the years to a beautiful city, the metropolis and largest city in the largest state in the greatest country in the world. The tide of progress with its modern architecture has swept like an inundating wave outward and onward, submerging and forever obliterating old landmarks. Schneider's swimming-hole, still remembered affectionately by the middle-aged citizens of today, and which used to be at the end of a far jaunt for boyish legs, is now in the heart of the city. Where, in the sylvan solitude, shirts were "chaw-raw-beefed" and naked urchins scampered among the cypress trees in games of hide-and-seek, or plunged with cries of delight beneath the sun-flecked surface of the bayou, is now a dock where great barges, leviathans of the inland waters, take on their burdens of merchandise for the huge ocean transports which wait their coming in Galveston bay to bear the millions of bales of cotton and the other products of the Trans-Mississippi region to the farthest ports of the world. Soon, however, these barges will be obsolete, for even now are gigantic dredges, driven by the needs of impatient commerce, at work deepening and widening the bayou so that within a comparatively short time ocean transports will be enabled to come to the city's very gates and the argosies of the world will discharge and receive cargo at Houston's docks.

Back from the bayou to the southward, where the boys and girls of twenty years ago used to go berrying in merry crowds and carry their luncheon, is now a beautiful and fashionable residence section of the city. Berry patches have given way to beautiful lawns; yupon thickets have been obliterated; veritable jungles of oak and magnolia and pecan trees have been thinned out to beautiful groves, and where rang out the whistle of the quail and the call of the plover, and where the rattler and moccasin crawled to sun themselves, now stand beautiful homes, with tall pillared porticos—veritable dreams of southern architecture. The broad drives leading up to their hospitable doors are shaded by gigantic live-oaks, whose gnarled old branches stretch lovingly and far over a soil enriched by the blood of such heroes as Austin, Houston, Milam, Crockett, Bowie and others no less great. Men who won the independence of their beloved Texas twice over; first from the red-skinned, paint-bedaubed aborigines, and later from the hordes of Santa Anna, a foeman more cruel, more treacherous, and in all ways more diabolical than the Indians themselves.

Replacing the roadbeds of the prairie settlement where the ox-carts of the early settlers sank hub deep in the rich soil of the prairie has come the asphalt pavements which have helped so greatly in making Houston the thing of beauty which she is today. Upwards of thirty miles of her broad thoroughfares are paved with asphalt, while contracts have just been let for the graveling of thirty-five miles of her side streets. From the city in all directions stretch, like the strands of a spider's web, beautiful graded and graveled county roads, along which