Small fruits are especially adapted to the soil and climate of the El Paso Valley. Pears, grapes, cantaloupes, berries and apples are raised at a profit in this valley.

There is a Japanese tea garden at West Ysleta, in the heart of the valley, an automobile club in prospect, a new Country club and a summer garden to be erected there soon.

The El Paso Valley has 55 miles of paved roadway and 25 miles of graded dirt roadway exclusive of the city streets.

A paved driveway extends from the plaza in El Paso to Ysleta in the heart of the valley. This 12 miles of paved roadway is to be duplicated and laterals built to all parts of the valley.

Climate in the El Paso Valley is equitable the year round. The average temperature for 30 years as given by the Government records show that the average for January is 44 degrees, for February 43 degrees, March 56 degrees, April 64 degrees, May 72 degrees, June 89 degrees, August 79 degrees, September 73 degrees October 62, November 51 and December 45. This, coupled with an altitude of 3,632 feet and a rainfall of ten inches per year, makes a high, dry and sunny climate pronounced perfect by the agriculture experts.
the rooftree and a mocking bird lifting its lay from the willow cage by the doorway. A mantilla-clad Senora peeps from the darkened door of the adobe house as the cars whiz past and dreams of days when mantled men rode bravely away to war down this same broad highway,—the Camino Real.

Long-legged ostriches strut on parade at the Southwestern Ostrich Farm, which is one of the show places of the valley. They scamper away to hide their heads as the car rolls past the ostrich ranch with its display of plumage on exhibition for the tourists. The El Paso Dairy Farm, the largest in the country, thanks the Valley line on the left, its clean, cool stables extending like spokes from a giant wheel and the pure-blooded cows gaze after the cars from beneath the shade of the friendly cottonwoods. Modern vineyards nestle close to the ground where the ancient vineyards bore their purple fruit for the wine that was drunk at communion in the Mission church at the village.

The homes of the modern American ranchers may be seen, red-tiled through the trees which line the canal, their pergolas heavy hung with climbing roses and the green lawns stretching like a rug under foot. Golden grain fields and their greetings to the traction cars, the carefully laid out orchards resemble checkerboards in their exactness of planting. Off to the north are the mesa lands which frame the picture of the valley beautiful, and to the southland in Mexico and its romance of mountain and plain with the Rio Grande lapping the low country like a stream of molten silver in the sun.

Ancient Yeleta, the Indian village at the terminus of the Valley Line, comes as a climax to the pilgrimage down the Rio Grande Valley. The rumble of the modern cars contrasts strangely with the age-old quiet of the peaceful pueblo. Strung along one main street that is lined with giant trees which furnish appropriate setting for the old homes of sun-baked brick. There the Indians do their quaint dances on their feast days as they have done them for centuries. The women cook their simple meals in the outdoor ovens and the candles burn from the hooptones on Saint days as they have done since before the coming of the white man.

All interest centers in the Mission church of Yeleta which stands like a protecting cross at the head of the single street. This old Mission, more ancient than San Augustin, older than San Miguel at Santa Fe, and reputed to be the most ancient in North