NOVEMBER
10 CENTS
Suniland
A MAGAZINE OF FLORIDA

It's your next move ~ Florida invites you
ANNOUNCEMENT

On November 4th the Tampa Bay Hotel will open its 1924-25 season, and during the months of November and December will operate on the European plan only. Commencing with January, and continuing until closing date, will operate on American plan exclusively.

Tampa Bay Hotel

TAMPA, FLORIDA

Outdoors

...on...

Davis Islands
Tampa in the Bay

A GREAT POWER made Florida the world beyond the house, where year-round, open air living is the heritage of all. Davis Islands offers bounteously of this great out-of-doors where expanses of sky and water diffuse in inspiring splendor.

The attractive features and enhanced beauties of island abode, the rare advantages of healthful environment and the added interest of that little romanceful something which attaches itself to life on an island, are among the answers to the spontaneous popularity of Davis Islands.

All in all, Davis Islands seem so particularly suited to provide an atmosphere of residential richness that it is little wonder it is so unanimously the choice as a setting for distinguished Tampa homes.

D. P. Davis Properties
Tampa—Florida's Year-Round City
Come to

BEACH PARK
The Beautiful

Here, within fifteen minutes of downtown Tampa—overlooking the broad expanses of the bay, is a delightful haven for your family.

The clean, pure, healthful atmosphere—the shady restfulness of age-old trees and the delightful beauty of this residential suburb insures the Health and Happiness of your loved ones.

Here is exclusiveness without seclusion—among friendly folks who love their homes and the distinction of their surroundings.

BEACH PARK
On Old Tampa Bay
Contents for November, 1924

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Application for entry as second-class matter at the Post Office at Tampa, Florida, and for additional entry at the Post Office at St. Petersburg, Florida, pending.
An unusually good Commercial City with four railroads, and numerous boat lines to river and seaboard points brings low freight rates and splendid transportation facilities. Unexcelled labor conditions.

Living in Palatka is much cheaper than in most Florida Cities.

At the crossing of two State Highways on which a million and a half dollars is being expended on paving and bridges.

Half million on Municipal improvements.

Land values at present very low.

Largest woodworking plants in the Southeast.

Surrounding Country produces immense quantities of various farm products and fruits.

---

**PALATKA DEVELOPMENT COMPANY**

Industrial locations on both railroad and river.

Homes sold on the installment plan. A few Irish potato farms at reasonable prices.

We are also developing a thirty-acre sub-division within the city limits for fine homes.

We offer for investment $30,000 or part, 7% first mortgage bonds secured by city property.

We are glad to answer your questions about Palatka and its possibilities.

**LEAVITT LAND COMPANY**

We offer several thousand acres in Putnam County. Timber land, grove land, colonization land, and land suitable for general farming. Many tracts on new state roads.

Improvements now being made opening up territory previously inaccessible.

Splendid markets and transportation. Easy finance plan for homeseekers.

**WILSON CYPRESS COMPANY**

Manufacturers of Cypress Lumber—Rough and Dressed—Shingles and Lath

---

**PALATKA CHAMBER OF COMMERCE**
Branch Offices:
Florida Banana Plantations
PRODUCE MONTHLY INCOMES

Six Valuable Banana Facts

1. The banana plant bears in 9 to 12 months.
2. Bananas mature each month in the year.
3. Each plant bears one bunch the first year and three bunches each year thereafter.
4. Bananas are planted 400 bulbs to the acre.
5. Bunches weigh from 40 to 100 pounds each.
6. Bananas sell at wholesale from 6c to 8c per pound.

OWN A FIVE-ACRE PLANTATION
On Our Extended Payment Plan

Our 5-acre Commercial Banana Plantations, now being planted in one of the most fertile valleys, assure the owner a substantial income, while the investment is limited.

The location is near Winter Haven on rich muck lands most adaptable to banana culture. Climate and fresh-water lakes make our planting ideal, practically eliminating the fear of killing frosts.

Supervising the entire development is a practical banana grower with years of valuable experience, assuring the most successful methods of planting and cultivation.

Abundant Success Awaits the Grower of Florida Bananas

This is your opportunity to get in on what will without doubt be one of the State's greatest industries. We will prepare, plant and deed to you one of our 5-acre Banana Plantations for a very reasonable down payment, with balance on easy terms which enable the buyer to realize some returns from his investment to apply on deferred payments.

Our plan has received highest endorsement and will stand complete investigation. We invite you to communicate with us and will gladly explain, without obligating you in any way, how you can secure a share of the big profits being made from Florida banana growing. Write today for our illustrated booklet and other information.

Taylor-Alexander Company
"THE ORIGINAL BANANA PLANTATION DEVELOPERS"

3,000 Acres on Beautiful Lake Marian
(Eastern Polk County)

Comprising orange groves, dairy land, vegetable land, beautiful lake front home sites, business district and hundreds of business and building lots for all purposes. This magnificent tract is located on the famous ridge of Florida, three miles east of Lake Hamilton, four miles S. E. of Haines City, on the banks of beautiful Lake Marian, in "IMPERIAL" Polk County. The elevation among the very highest in the state, and good roads are on every hand.

HOMESEEKERS—WE CAN SURELY MEET YOUR EXACTING REQUIREMENTS

A land of peace and plenty—cooled by lake breezes and salt air, shaded by stately oaks and pines, a hundred years in the growing.

Orange, Grapefruit, Avocado Pear groves, and Banana plantations developed to a state of bearing for the business or professional man. Guaranteed and sold on easy terms. BACKED BY SUBSTANTIAL BUSINESS MEN. MONEY BACK IF NOT SATISFIED.

A Townsite Has Been
Plotted with a business square; Parks, Circles and Boulevards have been surveyed and are ready for sale.

Recreation Park and Depot Located
Shade trees and shrubbery will be set. Boating, bathing, fishing and hunting; 10-minute drive to 18-hole golf course on banks of Lake Hamilton.

Hundreds of people from States farther north are located in this vicinity.

Valuable Land for Raising
Grapefruit, oranges, pears, bananas and all varieties of truck crops can be selected from this tract. Big profit from the dairy business and a ready market awaits you. Why not come?

To Northern Buyers
Low R. R. Fares
Good for 21 days. New until Dec. 2, 1924. Write us for particulars.

LAKE MARIAN GROVES CORPORATION
FRANK G. HUGHES, Director of Sales
Winter Haven, Florida

Representatives Wanted
Help us secure the B—line from Tampa to Melbourne, saving 70 miles on the round trip—all paved but 45 miles

Opportunity is again knocking at your door. Will you answer her call?
Come to the land of sunshine and flowers, where health and happiness are always assured.

Lake Marian Groves Corporation, Winter Haven, Florida:
Please mail folder and full information regarding your land, groves, town and lake-front lots.
Print your
Name. ................................................ .
Address. .............................................. .
City. ..................................................
State. ..............................................
Home Comforts in Florida

Cold weather is the exception rather than the rule during the winter months in Florida, but when the cold days do come some heating system for the home is just as necessary as in the Northern States. For real comfort in the Florida Home a heating system that is clean and may be quickly lighted and easily extinguished is advisable. Also one in which the temperature may be readily controlled. Cold spells in Florida usually last from two to four days and the best heating system to use is one which is instantly available for use when needed and which may be forgotten as far as annoyance and expense is concerned as soon as the cold period is over.

Kleen-Heet Oil Burners are ideal for providing comfort in the Florida Home during cold weather. They should be seriously considered by every Florida home owner who desires to be comfortable during the cold days.

A FEW WORDS ABOUT KLEEN-HEET

 RELIABILITY

By actual operation in the homes of many thousands of users, Kleen-Heet has proved its correctness of design, its simplicity of operation. Kleen-Heet has the simplest mechanism of any automatic oil burner made. Having fewer parts than any other, naturally there are fewer things that could conceivably require attention.

 EASE OF CONTROL

The Kleen-Heet thermostat in the living room is all you need know about to assure constant, controlled heat to your family all through the winter. This thermostat can be set for any temperature that you wish. Then forget about it. Kleen-Heet does the rest—it is automatically controlled by the thermostat so that it maintains that exact degree of heat. Thus when a cold snap comes, Kleen-Heet feeds more oil into the burner to counteract the outside temperature. And on warmer days, less heat being required, the oil flow is curtailed, so that without waste, the same temperature indoors continues. Should the warmth in the house exceed by one degree the temperature you have set, Kleen-Heet stops itself; and continues when the proper heat is again reached. It stabilizes itself automatically. It relieves you of all thinking.

WHY WOMEN LIKE KLEEN-HEET

Women like oil heat for many reasons. And Kleen-Heet, because of all oil burners, has proved the most trustworthy and reliable. They have found Kleen-Heet fulfills all claims made for it. That it is simple in operation, dependable under all conditions. That it never requires attention. They appreciate it when they see how much longer things are clean—curtains, hangings, wallpaper, when Kleen-Heet is used. They like the economies that these things effect. But best of all they like a home which is cozy and warm at all times, day and night. And the freedom from fear that the fire may go out while they are alone in the house. When you put in Kleen-Heet, you simply buy heating service for life, and comfort and cleanliness in perpetuity.

LET US SEND YOU FULL PARTICULARS REGARDING KLEEN-HEET SYSTEMS FOR FLORIDA HOMES

KLEEN-HEET

Automatic Oil Burning Systems

SKINNER MACHINERY CO.

Dunedin, Florida
VILLA D’ESTE
Hotel and Apartments
Operated by Carpenter

Overlooking Bay Biscayne
Complete, New, Comfortable

All accommodations have individual bath rooms. Many have private sun verandas or balconies; some have private parlors. Rooms for one person, and two and three persons, with single, double or twin beds. Suites and connecting rooms for three or more persons. Some accommodations have fully equipped kitchens; all details of housekeeping being provided and maintained. Rooms for maids and chauffeurs.

Rates from Three Dollars per day for one person

Breakfast Room Restaurant Garage Arrangements

“A Guest’s Desire Fulfilled is Personal Pleasure”

Your Patronage Invited

Northeast Second Avenue at Eighth Street Through to Bayshore Drive

Miami Real Estate Co., Owners. Frederick H. Carpenter, Manager.
Oldsmar
—a Reality

Suburb of two Cities
Midway between Tampa and St. Petersburg

Harry E. Prettyman
INcorporated
BITHLO

The Commercial Center of "East Orange"—
the largest half of Orange County

Bithlo is the only Town Development in the fast growing "East Orange."
Bithlo is on the Florida East Coast Railroad, where the Orlando-East Coast Boulevard intersects it. This branch railroad extends from New Smyrna to Okeechobee City, a distance of about 150 miles. The road is being extended from Okeechobee to Miami at a cost of millions of dollars and upon completion Bithlo will have a main line railroad.
A 16-foot brick road has been completed from Bithlo north to the County line, connecting up with the hard-surfaced road into Sanford.
The Orlando-East Coast Boulevard connecting Orlando with Cocoa Beach and Titusville Beach by Bithlo is to be completed about November.
The Southern Bell Tel. & Tel. Co., has just constructed a telephone line from Orlando to the East Coast through Bithlo.
Bithlo is about 9 miles from the St. Johns River, 2 miles from Lake Pickett, affording splendid fishing, and is 18 miles from the East Coast.
Nature provides a natural drainage system at Bithlo in the form of branches and creeks that take all surplus water off as rapidly as water is drained from any Florida city.
Bithlo is surrounded by thousands of acres of as rich trucking and general farming land as can be found in Orange County. Many farmers are now preparing land for cultivation.
Thousands of lots have been sold in Bithlo to individuals from all parts of America. A percentage of the property owners will surely develop their property.
There are thousands of acres of virgin timbered lands surrounding Bithlo that will be turpentined and sawmilled.
Bithlo is suburban to no other city and is so situated as to best serve Eastern Orange County, being 18 miles East of Orlando, 21 miles West of Titusville, 40 miles South of New Smyrna, 100 miles North of Okeechobee.
Bithlo is an incorporated municipality, having two miles of paved streets. The town has voted a bond issue for paving 4 1-4 miles of additional paved streets this summer.
Improvements mean that real estate will advance, hence profits to the investors. Allow us to show Bithlo to you without expense or obligation. Then you are in position to judge of our investment opportunities.

Cars leave our office at 9:30 every day.

Bailey Development Co.
115 N. Orange Ave. —— Orlando, Florida
THE RITZ HOTEL

MIAMI, FLORIDA

~

Miami's Newest Commercial Hotel

~

OPENS DECEMBER 15th

~

New, modern, fireproof structure. Steam heated. Every room has hot and cold water and bath. Distinctively furnished. Lounge and mezzanine off lobby. Long distance telephone service from every room. Rates reasonable.

In the Heart of Miami's Business, Shopping and Amusement District

East Flagler Street, Between First and Second Avenues

STAUSS-BROWN CORPORATION, Lessees

P. J. Davis Construction Co., Builders
Introducing—

South Florida's Foremost Advertising Agency

DIRECT BY MAIL
ADVERTISING
PUBLICITY
CAMPAIGNS
PERSONALIZED
PUBLICITY
PROGRAMME
DIRECTORS
ADVERTISING
NOVELTIES
SLIDE & TRAILERS
OUTDOOR BULLETINS

"Advertising that Pays"

PAUL I. MAJEWSKI ADV. SYSTEM

Second Floor Citizens Bank Building
WEST PALM BEACH
FLORIDA
SUNSET PARK
ON OLD TAMPA BAY
"America's Bay of Naples"

The Paramount Subdivision of Tampa

Sunset Park has been truly called "Nature's Beauty Spot." A beautiful beach front, a picturesque stream, tidewater lakes, winding roads and the luxuriant growth of trees and foliage combine to make Sunset Park one of the most attractive places in or near Tampa.

Nature left little to be wished for in Sunset Park and this natural beauty in addition to the many improvements underway, makes the development an ideal place for home or investment.

Improvements include water and electricity and five-feet concrete sidewalks. Roads are two-inch sheet asphalt on a six-inch rock base and will be twenty-four feet from curb to curb. Numerous parks are planned for, two of which will border tidewater lakes. The beach front banks are to be developed with a two to one slope—riprapped and cemented. A superior method of development which has proven popular in high class beach properties. A bathing beach will be developed, with a commodious club house, as a gathering place for the residents of Sunset Park.

Sunset Park offers excellent investment opportunities. Its strategic location—right in the path of progress between Gandy Bridge and the heart of Tampa—means that as development progresses, values will rise very rapidly. Sunset Park improvements are well underway and Gandy Bridge opens in a few weeks.

Sunset Park will be restricted according to the plans followed by the leading and most successful subdivisions in America. All houses to be of either stone, brick, concrete or hollow tile construction. Restrictions vary according to location. There will be real homes and real people in Sunset Park. Restrictions have been so carefully planned that your neighbors will be the kind of people you want for neighbors.

If you are planning to have an ideal home in Florida see Sunset Park. If you care to make an investment that will pay quick dividends, Sunset Park offers you a splendid opportunity. Prices are reasonable and terms are easy.

We want to tell you more about Sunset Park. When you visit Tampa let us show you that we have not exaggerated one bit the natural beauty of the place or the many improvements underway. And in the meantime let us send you our literature or any particulars you may desire.

CHAS. P. GLOVER REALTY CO.
TAMPA, FLORIDA

513 Tampa Street Phone 2236
1—Palms in front of the Tampa Bay Hotel. 2—Sunset on Tampa’s “Bay of Naples.” 3—Along the Bayshore Boulevard. 4—Tampa Street looking north.

5—Hillsborough County courthouse and Hillsboro Hotel. 6—Mouth of Hillsborough River and Davis Islands today.

7—Entrance to Fairgrounds, where the South Florida Fair is held every February. 8—Shuffleboard is a popular game with winter visitors. 9—Mme. Scoville’s dancers practicing on the beach. 10—Ships from the Seven Seas are found in the harbor. 11—Loading phosphate for export.

Photographs 7 and 9 (C) Burgert Bros.
Florida Citrus and Health

We often hear the thought conveyed that if Florida had nothing but a wonderful climate, this in itself would be sufficient to make it the best State in the Country. And this with reason for Florida sunshine has given health and life to many thousands of people. But Florida has another great asset capable of giving health, happiness and longer life to humanity, with the added advantage that this health-giving medium can be taken to those who need it wherever they may be. We refer to the health-giving qualities of Florida oranges and grapefruit and to Florida’s great citrus industry.

We hope that when The Florida Development Board or any other agency in Florida is ready to advertise the State of Florida on a large scale, that much copy will be devoted to telling everyone in the United States just how healthful Florida oranges and grapefruit really are. This would serve a two-fold purpose. It would be the means of encouraging people to eat more Florida citrus fruits and thus increase consumption to the benefit of the grower; and would give health and cheer and life to thousands of people who are not as yet aware that there is more health in the juice from a few dozen Florida oranges or grapefruit, than there is in all the patent medicines they could carry away from a drug store. And this last, if nothing else were accomplished, would be to the everlasting credit of our State.

The Atlantic Coast Line Railway Company has been doing some splendid work in this connection for several years. Through their Passenger Traffic Department they have broadcasted the food and health values of Florida citrus fruits in many parts of the Country. Among the mediums used to pass on this information is a most attractive little folder with reproductions in four colors of Florida oranges and grapefruit. The following extracts from this folder we know will be of interest to all of our readers:

**THE FLORIDA ORANGE**: We are tempted to sing a paean of praise—but, here, superlatives are unnecessary. Florida Oranges have 40 to 60 per cent more juice than other varieties; and the essence of an Orange is in the juice. They are more highly flavored. They are sun-ripened and rain-watered for which no equal substitutes have been developed by man.

Florida is the natural home of the Orange, a fact proven by the existence of thousands of wild trees.

**HOW TO EAT AN ORANGE**: The proper way is to drink the juice. Take Orange from ice, cut in half, squeeze through strainer into a thin glass.

One dozen medium sized Floridas will make one quart of juice. Prepare this at night, place on ice, and serve the next morning. This is guaranteed to give tone to the family for the tasks of the day.

**THE FLORIDA GRAPEFRUIT**: The Florida Grapefruit’s mission in life is to please the palate, and provide for the breakfast table one of the tenderest, juiciest and most delightful fruit foods known to man. Florida grapefruit is fast becoming the staple breakfast food of a generation which is wisely eliminating meat from the first meal of the day.

Since Florida supplies the only grapefruit worthy of the name, no time need be lost in making comparative claims. Grapefruit reaches greatest perfection when allowed to ripen on the tree. This is possible because Florida is near the great consuming markets. Consequently grapefruit in prime condition is available to most of the population of North America.

**HOW TO EAT GRAPEFRUIT**: When properly chilled, cut in half. Remove core and seeds, separate inner meat from outer membrane and rind; serve either with or without sugar or salt, according to individual taste.

**CANNED GRAPEFRUIT**: Canned Florida grapefruit is now available to the housewife in search of a new delicacy for her table. Only perfect tree ripened fruit is used for canning. The hearts, separated from rind and membranes, are canned under modern sanitary conditions in factories located in the shadow of the groves. There are epicures who prefer the canned grapefruit, and eat it from choice, even when fresh fruit is at hand. Canned grapefruit may be obtained at any first class food store.

**CITRUS FRUITS contain invaluable food elements.** Health authorities are now agreed that most ailments are traceable to the stomach, and that no food is quite so essential in keeping this important part of the human body functioning properly as fresh ripe Citrus Fruits.

Royal S. Copeland, M. D., U. S. Senator, N. Y.:
"Citrus Fruits contain food elements invaluable to the human family. An infant having Orange juice daily is given a chance of growth far greater than that possessed by the child deprived of this wonderful food."

From Dr. E. L. Eggleston, Eminent Dietetic Authority, Battle Creek Sanitarium, Battle Creek, Mich.:
"The use of Citrus Fruits has done a great deal to prevent certain nutritional disorders—but even yet they could be more freely used to advantage. Since they require practically no digestion they are indispensable in the sick room."

**For Children Underweight**

From Fort Dodge, Iowa, "Messenger":
"At Carpenter and Pleasant Valley Schools underweight children were divided into two groups, one of which was given a half pint of milk each morning and the other an Orange. After two weeks it was found that the children on milk diet had gained an average of 10 ounces, while children eating an Orange daily had gained an average of 15 ounces."

From Another Health Authority:
"Nothing clears the complexion like a glass of Orange juice daily."

In the interest of your health eat fresh sun-ripened Florida Oranges and Florida Grapefruit and supply them to those you love.

Transformed by Transportation

James W. Brooks has caught the true spirit of Florida and has pleasingly expressed it in an introductory article in the Florida number of The American Motorist, the national publication of the American Automobile Association. The article is entitled "Under The Palms—In Florida", and gives much food for thought in the realization of just how much transportation has meant and always will mean to progress.
Nowhere in this Country is this being demonstrated just so much as in Florida. Transportation is the keynote of Florida's prosperity and Florida is fortunate that plans for future transportation facilities are being made to keep pace with all other developments. Suniland will have much to say about transportation facilities in Florida in future issues and the meantime commends the November issue of The American Motorist to our readers attention.

The introductory article in this Florida number of The American Motorist by Mr. James W. Brooks, who as a special writer for the American Automobile Association last month spent two months touring Florida while gathering data for this issue follows:

"Evening bells were ringing as our car rolled through the gates of that ancient city (Saint Augustine) and the people of a new age were moving about under the palms. Light rains were falling on Matanzas Bay next morning. Sportive fish shot over the waves in silivered splashes and a school of porpoises were at play in the wake of passing boats. In front of the hotel, overlooking the bay, stood a long line of motor cars—wheeled couriers of the new age—bearing numbered legends from many States.

"Down the road a short distance facing a public square, stood a monument when, according to best tradition, Ponce de Leon and his followers stepped ashore with shouts of 'Pascual de flores!' four hundred and eleven years ago last Easter Sunday.

"Four hundred and eleven years! and in that time, what?

I shall refrain with considerable difficulty from letting this story run ahead of itself, for there are things about Florida's new discovery that press for the telling—things that were shut out by almost five hundred intervening years from the vision of those early day arrivals; things that are still hidden from sight except to the favored few upon whom fortune has smiled in turning their cars toward this southern clime.

"Old conceptions of progress fail in Florida. The creative, constructive and administrative energies of man are doubling back to the starting point on this hemisphere with a cumulative experience gained in the building of a republic to the shores of the Pacific. One needs to know this to understand some of the daring things that are being done in Florida today. If another island is needed to add one more jewel to some city, it is built. If bits of Spain need to be transported in some architect's brain to complete a Moorish setting in the landscape, it is done. If man wants to transform a forest into a city, roads go in, palmetto roots come out, and the city with homes and playgrounds and civic center appears. If a four thousand acre farm needs to be cross-sectioned with flower-lined roads, there is no hesitancy about that. Building restrictions follow the pavement, not to the edges of the city, but five, ten and even fifteen miles out, for Nature's challenge to beauty and harmony has been accepted in Florida with a universality and genuineness of spirit as displayed nowhere else in America. With all of this there are the schools, and churches and public auditoriums, and all Nature herself as the recreation center. If you want to experience the real swing of mass action for good, that experience awaits you in Florida.

"Again, with Florida only 15 percent complete—as estimated by some—why not all this astounding enterprise? With room for a hundred more cities the size of Jacksonville, why not? With timber sufficient to erect homes for ten million more people, why not? With 9,500 miles of water front and room enough for a million more homes on seashore, river and inland lake, why not? With twenty million acres of land yet available for cultivation and paved roads going in, why not? And with all of this, a climate so perfect that superlative description fails short of actuality.

"Small wonder indeed, that old conceptions of public and private enterprise fail in Florida!

"These points are given here as a sign on the road that you are presently to come upon facts that will set you to thinking with a truer understanding of the relation which transportation holds to all progress. Why do you not come upon these facts you will realize that nature has been patient indeed in setting a continual feast of fruit and flowers during all these four hundred years.

In Appreciation

We rather expected that the first issue of Suniland would meet with a favorable reception wherever it appeared but we hardly anticipated the veritable flood of congratulatory letters we have received since our magazine of Florida made its first bow. As we stated last month if we can make friends for the magazine itself through any merit there may be in its pages we will have been sufficiently rewarded, and the friendship we appear to have inculcated in the minds of a great many people would indicate that our reward is assuming huge proportions.

It is not the policy of Suniland to publish letters from readers whether of praise or criticism and we have not time to answer every letter we have received commending the first number of Suniland, but it would seem ungracious indeed if we did not take the opportunity here to thank all of our friends for their expressions of appreciation. Nothing is more helpful in the building of a magazine such as we plan for Suniland to be than a few words of helpful encouragement. We hope our readers will feel free at all times to write their opinions to us whether they be in favor of our policies or pages or include constructive criticism. We are deeply appreciative of every expression of friendship and goodwill we have received and in answer we present the second issue of Suniland which we believe you will like equally as well as you did the first.
ALTHOUGH the advent of the first Spaniards in the peninsula of Florida was almost coincident with the arrival of the Spanish at St. Augustine, Tampa's real history, the story of its white settlement to the land around the head of the great bay, is a chronicle of a single century. Pedro de Menendez and his men founded the first Spanish posts and settlements on the East Coast in 1562.0 Pampillo de Narvaez and his tiny fleet sailed into Tampa Bay sixteen years later, in 1528, naming the majestic body of water Bahia de Espiritu Santo, because of its discovery on that church holy day as well as because of its vast extent and its beauty of water and shore.

Not much else beside traditions tells of the exact landing place of de Narvaez. Most of the old accounts have it that he entered a great bay and landed on the shore anywhere between Cape Sable and the Perdido without being in sight of a bay of some kind or size. However, it is more than likely, by reason of the prominence given in the accounts of the de Narvaez expedition to the mention of the bay, that it was specially conspicuous because of its size or because of some striking natural features.

Only two large bays indent the Gulf Coast line of peninsular Florida—Charlotte Harbor and Tampa Bay, as they are known today. Many reasons, found in the chronicles of the de Narvaez expedition, explain why they eventually became known by these names.

Looking North in Franklin Street

Regarding the expedition's place of landing, the chronicle of the de Narvaez expedition has given it that he entered a great bay and landed on the shore. As the late C. E. Harrison, to whom this writer is indebted for much of the material contained herein, wrote, this is no guide at all, because it would have been shore. As the late C. E. Harrison, to whom this writer is indebted for much of the material contained herein, wrote, this is the exact landing place of de Narvaez. Weil as because of its vast extent and its water Bahia de Espiritu Santo, because of its discovery on that church holy day as well as because of its vast extent and its beauty of water and shore.

Of course it was gold that the Spaniards sought. The dazzling conquests of Pizarro and Cortez in Mexico and Peru, and the fabulous treasures of gold and silver and precious stones taken back to Spain by these conquistadores and those who followed them had inflamed the minds of all Spaniards—nay, of all the people of Europe; the new lands across the sea, the El Dorado of the western world, according to the general belief, were paved with golden sands and walled with gem incrusted golden reefs.

De Narvaez and his three hundred adventurers sought gold; all they found, when they left the little fleet at anchor and plunged north through the wilderness, was death, and scattered, lonely graves under the pines and palms and cypress. Perhaps a score out of the three hundred found their way to the head of the great bay, ending in a tale of disaster, and the first Spaniards to land on the Gulf Coast of Florida, giving a location but not yet a name to the region where is built the Tampa of today and the populous country surrounding it, vanished from history's pages.

Eleven years later, in 1539, the next Spanish ships entered the great bay that de Narvaez had discovered. This time one of the conquistadores, Hernando de Soto, who had been a companion of Pizarro in Peru, sharing with him in the pillage of the treasure of the Incas, headed an expedition of six hundred and twenty soldiers and sailors that sailed past what is now known as Egmont Key and entered the great bay. From almost contemporary Spanish chronicles it appears certain that De Soto and his forces landed somewhere near the head of the present Old Tampa Bay, probably at or near the present site of Safety Harbor. Maps of the bay and its surroundings, either drawn by cartographers with de Soto, or by other map makers from descriptions given by survivors of this expedition, show the topography of the coast, the form of the bay, the location of streams, and the division of the upper bay into two great bodies, with a degree of accuracy that is surprising, in view of the grotesque mapping of other parts of the new world.

De Soto and his men found, as de Narvaez had not, an Indian town not many miles from the expedition's place of landing, and this town, principal village of the most powerful Indian tribe of Florida and seat of its cacique or chief, appears in almost all of the old Spanish maps and of the French, English and Portuguese maps under the name of Tocobago. Velaso, one of the best known Spanish geographers, in a work on the geography of Florida and the West Indies, published in 1593, identifies the town and the village of Tocobago, calling the place the city of a chief, whose country was in all that sea powerful in all that land save only the Caloosas, whose country was the land around Bahia de
In the chronicles of Spanish exploration and exploitation of the lands of the New World, de Vaca has gone down as the Spanish Munchausen; de Soto and his men take their places as valiant and intrepid venturers into the unknown, misled by the wild tales of those whose perverted minds seemed only to seek to entrap others in the dangers and difficulties they themselves had endured and from which they had barely escaped with their lives.

De Soto's chronicles of his explorations show that after landing, probably at or near the site of the present Safety Harbor, he marched with his men toward the northeast. At a spot believed to be near the present site of Tampa de Soto met and held a council with chiefs and headmen of the Indian tribes then occupying the country. Tradition and study of de Soto's reports and maps, place the location of this meeting on or close to the present Plant Park, and a huge oak in the park, called "the De Soto Oak," is held to be the tree under which the conference was held. Whether this be true or not, none can say; if it cannot be established as fact, also it cannot be disproved. But the oak is there, of size and antiquity sufficient, apparently, to have been an outstanding feature of the forest when de Soto and his men met and counselled with the Indians nearly four centuries ago.

At any rate, de Soto and his followers, including some of the first flower of Spanish aristocracy and the boldest and most adventurous spirits of Christendom, marched into the wilderness, untroubled until then by the feet of any whites save de Narvaez and his men; plunged into, marched on and on, seeking the fabled El Dorado, the land of gold, and the mythical Fountain of Youth, that always were just over the horizon's rim, always just beyond. And so they too pass out of the chronicle of Florida, their leader to find sepulchre such as no white man, to that time, ever had even imagined, beneath the waters of the greatest river any man of the expedition had set eyes on.

And for nearly three hundred years, so far as recorded history is concerned, Tampa Bay, or Bahía de Espíritu Santo, was unseen by white men, its waters rippled only by the canoe of the Indian, its shores unbroken expanse of wilderness, its silences punctuated only by the cries of gulls and terns, the song of mocking birds, the shrieks of parakeets that until within the memory of living Floridians dwelt in uncounted thousands in the forests.

During that time the vicissitudes of Florida had included passage from Spanish possession to that of England, and then back again into Spanish hands. France, first disputant with Castile for possession of the southern lands of the New World,
he was in territory belonging to a foreign power. Nor did he heed the pleas of the two Englishmen, Arbuthnot and Ambrister, fomenters of trouble between the Indians and the Americans. To their demands for a fair trial, General Jackson characteristically retorted, “Yes, you shall have a fair trial, but by the eternal you shall hang,” and hang they did, though this paragraph in the history of the United States usually

is slurred over as not one of which to be proud.

Meanwhile, though a few scattered adventurers, among them real pioneers as well as others who sought the wilderness for the sake of safety, had penetrated into what is now known as South Florida, no occupation of the site of the city of Tampa is recorded in anything save tradition. The Seminoles were falling back before the advancing whites; the buccaneers of the Gulf and the Spanish Main had practically vanished. It was not until in December, 1822, that the real settlement of Tampa began, when American troops under Colonel Brooke sailed into Tampa Bay, and recognizing the strategic advantages of the location as a base for expeditions against hostile Indians, established Fort Brooke. The site of the army post was at the mouth of the Hillsborough River, and its location gave to that section of the city the name by which it is commonly known to the present day—“the Garrison.”

Indian warfare and the story of numerous expeditions from Fort Brooke, sent out against the Seminoles and their kinsmen, the Creeks, marked all the early years of the army post, then the farthest south of American military occupation. It was from Fort Brooke that the ill-fated expedition headed by Major Francis L. Dade started to the relief of Fort King, besieged by Osceola and his tribesmen. The story of the ambush of Dade’s force of 117 men and officers is perhaps the darkest page in the history of the South Florida of that far distant past. Setting out on Christmas morning, 1835, the expedition marched along the Hillsborough River to the point where the Seaboard Air Line railroad now crosses the river. There the force turned toward the north, through the present Dade City section, crossing the Withlacoochee River and proceeding to the eastern bank of the Little Withlacoochee, where in the early morning of December 28, 1835, the expedition was attacked by an overpowering force of Indians led by Osceola himself. Major Dade’s force had halted on the shore of a small lake or pond and the soldiers were preparing breakfast when the Indian attack was launched with the suddenness of a thunderbolt.

“The unseen red men,” says Mr. Harrison in a story of the Dade massacre, “dealt death to the blue-clad soldiers, who met it as dauntless a front as was ever presented on any battlefield. The commander was appealed to by his scouts, who were familiar with savage warfare, to avail himself of the tatics of the enemy and take advantage of the trees and under-growth; but in his unfamiliarity with the field and with the nature of the foe he was facing, he scorned to do anything that in his opinion looked like shrinking from the enemy.

“On through the open pine woods, in close formation, the little company pressed, encompassed by death and growing smaller and fewer in numbers with every moment. At last, after going but a little farther, it was determined to make a stand: In a Florida pine woods, on the edge of a small pond that they imagined would prove a barrier on one side to the advance of the savages, the remnant halted, and, cutting down pine trees, began throwing up a little breastwork facing away from the pond. But the tiny lake was so shallow that its expected protection proved a delusion. The whooping savages, taking to the open, rushed into the water, firing as they came straight into the unprotected rear of the little force of soldiers, of whom by now only a few were left. Major Dade’s men were now semi-circled by a cordon of fire from which there was no escape. Two small field pieces which accompanied the command had been used from the beginning with what effect was possible, but this was small, as the hidden savages concentrated their fire on the gunners who

manned the pieces and they fell one after another at their posts. Here in the little log breastwork the two guns were fired for the last time, as the last cannoneers fell before them. Not many years ago the scars made by these two guns were visible on the trunks of the pine trees growing at the spot where the massacre occurred—nearly all too high to do harm.

“All was over. The relief prayed for never came from the south to the waiting garrison at Fort King. The men who made up the column that had started from Fort Brooke only a few days before were dead along the bloodstained wilderness way—all save one. In some miraculous way a scout, Ransome Clarke, not one of the soldiers, found a way to conceal himself when the last rush of the triumphant savages came, and, desperately wounded as he was, after the enemy had departed to rejoin the Indian besiegers at Fort King, Clarke, crawling and stumbling along the weary, trackless road, reached Fort Brooke six days after he had marched out with the expedition, bringing back the first tidings of the catastrophe that has come down in history to later generations as “Dade’s massacre.”

Fort King of that day was near the present site of Osceola, and history relates, along with the story of the ill-fated relief expedition, that Osceola and his savages failed to overcome the defenders of the fort and finally was forced to abandon the attack.

During the seven years of war with the Seminoles, which began in 1835 and continued until 1842, Fort Brooke was garrisoned with numbers varying as expeditions were sent out into the Indian country and returned to their base. Fort Brooke was a base of operations against the Seminoles and Creeks of the southern peninsula and many episodes during the war, in which American and Seminole Indians would have been indefinitely prolonged.

Naturally, with the arrival of the troops and the establishment of the army post, a number of civilians came, some bringing their families, and these formed the nucleus of the population of the coming metropolis of South Florida. Among the first who came was Robert Jackson, a hospital steward. He married Miss Nancy Collier and they reared a numerous family, many of the members of which survive. Members of the Jackson family, among Tampa’s first-born, were Oscar, who removed to Georgia shortly after the war between the states and never returned to Tampa to reside; John; Robert A., a former sheriff of Hillsborough County, and Captain William P. Jackson; Mrs. Cardy, a daughter; and Mrs. Cordelia Barclay, who removed to Indiana soon after her marriage.

Another of the “first inhabitants” was
William G. Ferris, who came with the troops in 1829 as a sutler and later became one of the most prominent merchants of this section. He and his wife long since passed to their rewards. Of six children, the three sons left sons who still are residents of South Florida, one, Rawson, remaining in Tampa.

The Collier family, of which Mrs. Jackson is a member, came with the soldiers, but the family name has not been perpetuated as there was but one son, John, who left no children. Seven daughters, however, married and reared families, descendants of many of whom are residents of Tampa.

The massacre of Major Dade and his entire command sounded the alarm all over the south, and regiments of volunteers, mounted and infantry, were raised in several states to hasten to the assistance of the scattered settlers of Florida. One of these regiments was formed in South Carolina, the state whose people ever have been ready to enact the role of gamecock. Among these South Carolinians was John T. Givens, when a youth of less than twenty years. He returned with his regiment to South Carolina after the expiration of his term of enlistment, and was married in the same year, 1836, to Miss Nancy Walker, then only fifteen years old. They came to Florida, settling first in Madison County, and coming to Tampa in December of 1848, their older children being born in Madison County and the younger in Tampa, where their descendants still live. The Givens home was built at the southwest corner of Lafayette and Morgan streets, on the site of the present Castle Hotel, and was one of the daughters, Mrs. R. B. Thomas, a few years ago still owned and resided on a part of the original lot on which the old home was built.

The interval between the seven years' war with the Seminoles that ended in 1842, and the final war with the same Indians in 1856, was marked by the setting of a brisk tide of immigration into the growing young town that then was beginning to be known as "Tampa Bay," and into the region surrounding it. Many of the founders of the families that are reckoned among the earliest came in during that period.

Hillsborough County, in the middle of Florida, was opened to settlement January 30, 1845, by Fort Brooke, the tract beginning at the west by the Hillsborough River, extending to a point a little north of Cass street east to a line that runs through a tier of lots east of Morgan street. The tract was surveyed and laid out by John Johnson in 1849. In the following year this tract was increased by the addition of land to the northward, this being known as the survey of 1850; while in 1868 still another addition was made, the three tracts being combined in what is known as Jackson's general survey and map of 1859.

The first public building erected in the Tampa of that day was the Masonic lodge building on the northeast corner of Franklin and Whiting streets. The first Methodist church also was built in the same year, at the northeast corner of Lafayette and Morgan streets. The church was built by Morris T. Givens, who with L. G. Lesley, had come to Tampa a short time before and who were two of the first trustees of the church. Louis Bell, one of the first settlers in the village growing up around the Garrison, whose wife was a member of the Collier family, likewise pioneers, was the first bricklayer in Tampa, and made and laid the first bricks in the village.

Interesting in connection with this little Methodist church, the first of that denomination in Tampa, was the fact that it filled an important place a short time later in the religious life of an officer in the United States army who arose to prominence and became distinguished alike in his military career and for his spirit of sincere philanthropy. This was General O. O. Howard, then a lieutenant at Fort Brooke, who was converted at the altar of some little church in the same year, General Howard declared that he dated the beginning of his religious life from the time when he was a worshipper at this little church. It also is of interest to note that one of the men who built it, L. G. Lesley, was both a soldier and a minister, having held the rank of captain and later becoming a bishop.

The first Baptist church to be built in Tampa was erected in 1853, at the southeast corner of Tampa and Twiggs streets, the building remaining there until well within the memory of scores of the older residents of Tampa, being replaced by the red brick structure on the corner of Lafayette street and Plant avenue, which in turn has just been succeeded by the new establishment.
church edifice on the opposite corner of the same streets.

Although Hillsborough County was first organized in 1834 under the territorial form of government, and was named in honor of the Earl of Hillsborough, English nobleman to whom his government had granted an immense tract of land during British sovereignty of Florida, it was not until 1849 that the federal government granted the original forty-acre tract as the county seat. Meanwhile, in 1847, following the admission of Florida as a state, the county was reorganized and first steps were taken toward formation of a permanent county government.

The first court house in Tampa was an humble structure, built near what was then the eastern end of Lafayette street. A few years later it was replaced by a building of somewhat larger proportions, but which still lacked all the elements of architectural dignity and elegance usually associated with such structures. The second court house later was removed to the southeast corner of Zack and Franklin streets, location of the present store of Maas's haberdashery, and subsequently it was occupied by J. H. Krause as a store building for many years. It was again removed, this time to the northeast corner of Florida avenue and Zack street, and the present Krause building replaced it at the Franklin street corner.

Hillsborough County's third court house was erected on the site of the present court house, the entire square by that time having been obtained by the county for the purpose. This third court house was built about 1852, and stood until 1890, when it was replaced by the present building at the southeast corner of Washington and Marion streets; C. L. Friebeil's store was at the northeast corner of Washington and Franklin streets and there were, among others the stores of W. G. Ferris, James McKay, John Jackson, Kennedy & Darling, and others, serving a trade territory which has remained the special field of Tampa merchants until the present time.

The first cemetery in Tampa was established in 1850, being the one now known as Oaklawn, though it was given no name when it was dedicated.

Of course, during this entire period of early growth, Tampa had no streets save the narrow thoroughfares of sand, over which in some places quantities of shell had been spread. Narrow plank sidewalks served as footways in the business street. Further out, the paths and walks were sand or shell, according to the desire of individual property owners. According to the recollection of persons still living, in the early '50s Tampa still had not a single brick building, residence or otherwise.

There was no bridge across the Hillsborough River, communication between the two shores being by means of ferries.

South Florida's last Indian war broke out on Christmas eve, 1855, when a band of Seminoles under Chief Billy Bowlegs attacked a force of Federal troops under Lieutenant Hotstiff, severely wounding the commander and inflicting less serious wounds on others of the force. This Indian outbreak was due to the government's reopening of the old military road from Tampa to the Kissimmee River region, pursuant to plans for establishment of a complete cordon of military posts across the peninsula, designed to confine the Indians to the southern part of the state. Military outposts, including surveys of the land held by the Indians to be their own hunting grounds, brought about this conflict, which was not ended until 1867, when a delegation known as the Seven Indians from the Indian Territory arrived at Fort Brooke to endeavor to induce their Everglades brethren to cease fighting and accompany their predecessors to the lands beyond the Mississippi. In the prosecution of this campaign, volunteer companies organized in Hillsborough, Manatee and Benton (now Hernando) Counties had prominent parts, their work being far more effective than that of the regular troops, who were unacustomed to such warfare. Commanding these volunteer companies were such men as Captains L. G. Lesley, F. M. Durance, William M. Kendrick and Avery M. Johnson. The first companies were enlisted for a period of six months; but, the war being unended in that time, other commands were enrolled, captured by S. L. Sparkman, Robert Bullock and Avery Johnson, in addition to those reorganized and still commanded by the captains of the original volunteer commands. Billy Bowlegs, the Seminole leader, gave up, after many of the tribesmen had been hunted like wild animals in the recesses of the wilderness. The Indians were assembled at Port Brooke, and at last were placed aboard ship in Hillsborough Bay, the shores surrounding the bay, and the mouth of Hillsborough River being the last Florida scenes they gazed upon before they began the long journey toward the new lands.

Tampa Bay Hotel and bridges over the Hillsborough River thirty years ago and today. In front of the hotel stands the "de Soto oak," under which the explorers held a council with the Indians nearly four centuries ago.

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First Florida Infantry, organized as the Sunny South Guards, commanded by Captain...}

...until Finnegan's Brigade was ordered into the Shenandoah Valley in 1864, when the garrison was withdrawn with the brigade. Entrance to Tampa Bay was blockaded at the beginning of the war, and the blockade was maintained until the close of hostilities.

During this blockade Federal gunboats generally remained near the entrance to the bay, coming up toward the village occasionally. A watch was maintained in the cupola of the court house, and whenever the gunboats were sighted coming up the bay the old bell was rung as a warning to the populace to seek shelter. During this period the village was bombarded on several occasions, the gunboats usually taking up stations on the western side of the bay, and on the eastern side near Hooker's Point, from which stations they would send a cross fire into the village. Invariably, however, the attacking ships would fire a single gun as a warning, and then wait long enough for the women and children to reach places of safety before beginning to shell the village. Getting out of the way usually meant going up into the heavy woods that covered the section now known as Tampa Heights. So far as can be learned, no material damage ever was done in these bombardments, and it is certain that no lives were lost.

It was not until in 1864, after the Confederate garrison had been withdrawn from Fort Brooke, that a force of Federals under General Woodbery landed at Hooker's Point and marched into the town, capturing it by night resistance. All public property belonging to the Confederacy, of course, was seized, but General Woodbery, who commanded the expedition in person, respected private property by reason of the intercession of Ossian B. Hart, a Southern loyalist living in Tampa, who became governor of Florida during the reconstruction period. So it was that when many vicissitudes, changes in ownership and management, and fluctuations of financial fortunes. Its construction proceeded intermittently; the first stage in its slow progress toward Tampa was from Waldo to Ocala. Then, after a long rest, it came a few miles farther and stopped at Wildwood. By degrees it reached as far as Plant City, and then, having come so close, by a final spur it reached Tampa in 1889.

The South Florida Railroad gave new life to Tampa, and the advent of the Yulee road, now part of the Seaboard Air Line, gave additional impetus to the growth of the city that by that time was beginning to be called the metropolis of South Florida. Between the coming of the two railroads—so essential to the beginning of the great industry that has been and continues...
to be the basis of Tampa's financial and industrial prosperity—the manufacture of clear Havana cigars; an industry that has grown from the beginning in the hands of V. Martínez Ybor (for whom Ybor City was named), Sanchez, Haya, and other pioneers of the great industry of today."

First steps toward incorporation of the town of Tampa—reverting for a moment to the years preceding the advent of the railroads—were taken in the year of the great California gold rush, 1849, when a "mass meeting" of citizens was held. At this meeting a vote was taken on the proposal to incorporate. The vote was unanimous, all fourteen of the citizens at the mass meeting voting in the affirmative. However, incorporation of the village—then the town of Tampa—was not completed until in 1856, such were the difficulties and hardships attending communication with and travel to and from the Capital. At the time of that first mass meeting the population of Tampa was 155 persons by actual count.

By 1864 the population of the town of Tampa had grown to more than five hundred, or including slaves in the census, to nearly six hundred. Among these were P. Hayman and family of six; H. Prosser and family of five; L. S. Grinnell; A. H. De Launay and family of six; R. B. Turner and family of six; Joe Grillon and family of four, and many other names still familiar in Tampa and borne by members of families prominent in the city's social and civic affairs. Judge Turman was one of Tampa's slave owners at that time. So was Captain L. G. Leesley, Judge Magbee, William Cunningham, W. B. Hooker, R. B. Thomas, O. B. Hart, T. P. Kennedy, M. Post, Dr. Branch, J. McCarty, Colonel Cooley, James McKay, C. L. Friebel, W. G. Ferris, Dr. Todd, William Ashby, E. A. Clarke, and numerous others.

It is a far cry from the Tampa of that day, down through the years, to the little town the railroads found in 1885 and in 1888, and on to the present time. In the years that have elapsed, the cigar industry planted here more than forty years ago has grown from a feeble infant to a giant, and Tampa now produces more clear Havana cigars each year than are produced by any other city in the world, not even excluding Havana itself. Such is the magnitude of this industry today that a single concern, one of the mail order cigar companies, pays in postage more than one-half of the postal receipts of the Tampa post office.

In the years between had come the brief conflict between the United States and Spain, when Tampa for the first time assumed international importance and took its place on the front pages of the newspapers as the port of embarkation and debarkation of American troops departing for or returning from Cuba. It was from Tampa that Theodore Roosevelt's Rough Riders sailed for the island; and it was at Tampa that a majority of the Southern troops were encamped on their way to and from the scenes of action with Weyler's armies. "Those were great days," say Tampans whose residence here extends that far back; and many are the tales that are still told of the stirring spring, summer and autumn "when the soldier was on the road." At that time the city had not a single paved street. All of the city's thoroughfares were either deep sand or sand with a covering of shell. Few brick sidewalks had been built; most of the walks, even in the downtown section, were of planks. A "dummy" line ran from Tampa to Ybor City—ears drawn by a nondescript engine propelled by steam. Only a few brick buildings had been erected, frame construction being the rule, and most of the buildings were two and three-story structures. A wooden bridge spanned the Hillsborough River at Lafayette Street. Plant Park was a dream of Henry Bradley Plant. The Tampa Bay Hotel, crowned with its Moorish minarets, stood in the midst of what was almost a wilderness, but what now has developed as the Hyde Park section of the city. Further down the shores of Hillsborough Bay was nothing but woods, with two or three homes surrounded by small groves of oranges and grapefruit trees. Residential development of Tampa at that time was all toward the Heights section and the business section extended barely as far north along Franklin Street as Zack.

But with the close of the Spanish-American War Tampa began to grow. Within a few years the old plank sidewalks began to be replaced by brick pavements; the sand streets gave way to brick; substantial business structures took the place of the old frame buildings. After many vicissitudes, the infant street railway line passed into the ownership of the Stone and Webster interests, to be developed to its present status as one of the most important electric light, power and traction concerns of the South, and the only street railway system of any magnitude in the country now remaining on a five-cent-fare basis.

Events of these later days are too recent, and too fresh in the memory of persons now living, to be more than contemporaneous history. Lapse of years must be permitted to gain the proper perspective, to allow events of the present to mellow into the history of a generation or two hence.

Adoption by Tampa of the commission-manager form of government, for example, an epoch-making event in the city's history, occurred only four years ago; entrance of Tampa in the field of municipal ownership of public utilities through the purchase of the city water works plant and system occurred little more than a year ago; and so new to Tampans is the idea of present-day construction that the building of a twelve-story hotel or office structure is an event.

Today the assessed valuation of real estate within the expanded limits of the city of Tampa is nearly $40,000,000—eight times as much as the United States paid to Spain for the whole state of Florida in 1819.

Today Tampa has 115 miles of paved streets, with more pavement being laid in a week, at the present time, than was laid in a whole year when many of (Continued on page 78)
Confessions of An Ex-Rum Runner

The Spirit of Adventure Drew Me Into the Game Says

"CAPTAIN MCSWEENEY"

I AM NOT going to be so indiscreet as to here set down my real name, and that for obvious reasons. I have told my schooners and am now out of the rum-running game. A lawyer friend of mine tells me that there is no such thing as a Statute of Limitations for offenses against Federal law, no matter how unpopular they may be with certain classes, and should Uncle Sam dig up some evidence and take a notion to go after me I couldn't knock him out of court on the ground that it was an ancient grudge.

Therefore, I am going to write this series of "Confessions" under the name of "Captain McSweeney," even if my ticket isn't framed in a chart-room right now.

What is more to the point, I may take hold again some year when stocks are not so plentiful and authorities not so well taken care of as they are now. I like a little dash of excitement in my business; I like the exhilaration of making trips to Europe as cabin-boy, den, I was just getting ready to clear from the "Limeys" were not half so bad as captain of the key to my heart. I have a number of things to attend to before we could cast off the lines. Among other things, I had a date with a chestnut-haired English girl in the agent's office. I was in my bathrobe shaving and cleaning up with particular care when a couple of the King's customs officers came in and sat down on the divan in my cabin. We chinned a bit, and then one of them asked:

"Have you any bloody fags with you, skipper?"

"I guess I have a package or so left that I can spare you," I told them, and broke out a couple of cartons of tailor-mades that I carried for this purpose in my desk drawer. We chimed a bit, and then one of them asked:

"Have you any bloody fags with you, skipper?"

"I guess I have a package or so left that I can spare you," I told them, and broke out a couple of cartons of tailor-mades that I carried for this purpose in my desk drawer. Then I offered them a smoke from an open pack I had before me. After they had lit up I turned over to them a typed-written list of articles in the slop-chest.
Hildebrand, my second-mate, was taking care of Customs Officer number two by this time, and not finding it much of a job inasmuch as Hildebrand is six foot three of gristle, with the reach of a gorilla.

"Mr. Hildebrand," I told my mate, "kindly conduct these gentlemen down the gangplank." It seemed as though Hildebrand over-exerted himself in these courtesies, and thus gained about five extra counts in the indictment.

Just before sailing-time, it seemed that the entire British army came down on the dock and placed Hildebrand and myself under arrest. We were conducted to a slimy jail cell, where the watchmen walked up and down all night passing remarks about "bloody, impudent Yanks." But we had worse cuss-words than that at our command.

Of course the ship's agents were working hard to get us bail and out of that hole, but they didn't manage it in time.

The next morning we were shoved into the court-room in a cage like wild beasts and tried, for an even hundred offenses against the peace and dignity of the British Empire. My undeclared cigarettes were even mentioned among those present.

Our lawyers, speaking mainly for the ship and her cargo, managed to get us off with a fine (which the agents paid) and some sort of indeterminate sentence, whereby I was likely to be picked up if ever I set foot on British soil again, and a severe reprimand from "me Ludd," the Judge.

So much for that. The scene now shifts to one of our own Atlantic ports. The time, maybe six months later. An English ship captain is raging and tearing his hair before the collector of the port, protesting irately against search and seizure and the fining of his vessel.

"Have you people gone mad?" so Mac-Carthy told me the skipper went on. "I've been coming into your bally port for thirty years now and never been insulted like this. I have carried anything I saw fit in here. Nobody ever bothered to seal it up, or ever looked twice at my declaration."

Mac grinned at him and shrugged his shoulders, which only made the Limey madder. Finally, Mac thought he would make him an explanation.

"Captain," he told him, "I give you my word there isn't any personal feeling in this matter, but if it will help to clear up the mystery you are just paying for a sorry trick on an American captain in the old country—a man who happens to be a good friend of this office. This is the nature of a reprimand, an eye for an eye. We wouldn't have any difficulty in finding a long list of customs violations (Continued on page 80)
The Investment Opportunities in Florida

By G. L. MILLER

WHEREVER one turns today in this magnificent state of Florida one sees opportunity. Years ago when I first came to Florida most residents of the state, and the winter visitors also, failed to see any opportunities. All they saw was wilderness. But this wilderness has been supplanted by opportunity. Ten years from today opportunity will be supplanted by fruition. And those who will allow themselves to be guided by the vision of far-sighted men and what the next ten years in the state of Florida will mean, will rightfully reap the harvest of their judgment—their competence.

The opportunity that exists in Florida may be translated into one of several things. As in the case of thousands of men and women in the past decade, the next decade will find other thousands of men and women who will invest in real estate and watch the value of their property grow with each year, if indeed not each month. The continuous growth and the number of people who came to Florida to stay permanently is one of the great and all-important factors behind the steady and substantial increase in land values.

Another big factor is the increase in the number of yearly visitors to Florida. These people must be housed and fed and they must be entertained. The rapidly growing popularity of the state as the winter playground of the nation has been one of the many vital and important conditions which have brought opportunity to the state and promoted and encouraged developments of a thousand different kinds. I am informed that the permanent population of the state of Florida today is approximately one and one-quarter millions. Judging the future by the past, it is not difficult to foretell that the next ten years will witness a very substantial increase in the number of people who make their permanent homes in Florida. My own opinion is that the number of people that are in the state today will be doubled.

Two decades ago Florida numbered less than a half million inhabitants; barely $25,000,000 was invested in the industries of the state; less than $55,000,000 in the value of the annual output of its inherent activities. Today a capital investment of over $300,000,000 is distributed over 2,581 establishments, and more than $1,000,000,000 is the true value of the improved property which, through orderly though rapid growth, now houses the thriving, energetic population of Florida, and the great and diversified industries that mark its commercial and agricultural greatness.

Consider for a moment that Florida is the leading state in the production of turpentine and resin and in the manufacture of high grade cigars; ninth in the production of fertilizers; tenth in the production of lumber, and that it is the chief source of the world’s supply of phosphate rock.

In 1900 the value of the mineral products of the state was $3,326,517 and in 1920 this value had grown to $22,924,000. In 1900 the National Banks of Florida had resources of $9,642,703; whereas in 1922 this figure had swelled to $146,076,000. The deposits of National Banks had increased from $6,435,441 to $105,227,000. The deposits of all other banks had increased from $3,714,831 to $99,224,000. In 1900 the state expended $765,800 in building schools and in 1920 $6,393,100 was expended for this work.

The agricultural growth of Florida is little short of astonishing in its sweeping development. The total wealth of farms in 1920 was $519,201,171. While 17.2 per cent of the land area was in farms yet that percentage amounts to only 6,046,691 acres. In 1922 the value of crops and livestock was estimated at $156,500,000, an increase of 131 per cent over 1912.

In steadily increasing abundance, Florida produces oranges, grapefruit, pineapples, avocados, corn, potatoes, sugar cane, cotton, peanuts, strawberries, tomatoes, and general farm and truck produce. The total area of the state is 58,666 square miles, which is as large as New York, Mississippi and Rhode Island combined.

Thus in twenty years Florida's popula-
The property valuations increased from $28,000 to 968,000; its property valuations increased from $111,000,000 to $445,000,000; its lands increased in value per acre from $12 to $54; its farm property, worth $53,000,000 in 1900, is now worth $330,000,000. This is undisputable evidence of the substantial growth and development which the whole state has undergone during these past twenty years.

There is every indication that this same growth will continue. Many cities and counties which have been lying dormant while other sections of the state have been growing have recently awakened to their opportunities. There is now the hum of a great progressive movement all over the state. There is hardly a town of any size which is not going forward with steady strides. The next decade will see just as wonderful growth as has the past.

What does this mean? It means the continued development and expansion of the state. It means a never ceasing commercial growth and activity. It means the development and cultivation of all of the untilled and fertile soil, which, within another fifty years, will make Florida the richest and most prosperous state in the Union. It means the erection of thousands upon thousands of additional winter residences for winter visitors. It means the erection of thousands upon thousands of additional residences to house the families that will come to Florida to live. It means the erection of hundreds upon hundreds of additional hotels, apartment structures, office and commercial buildings. It means business activity of every description.

I can best discuss the investment opportunities of the state of Florida by dwelling just a little upon my personal experiences and the experiences of my organization, which during the past two decades has been instrumental in making known to the United States the remarkable growth of our state and the phenomenal strides of progress and prosperity which have marked our commercial and industrial history. We have financed the construction of many

The first and second classes of investors naturally are very important to the third class, because an investor in bonds secured by property in the state of Florida must depend upon the vision and capital investment of the land developer, the builder and business man who create the wealth and supply the basis for the enterprises against which these high-grade bonds can be created. It should be borne in mind that both the land developer, the builder and the business man when they engage in development work, usually invest very substantially and heavily with their own money. These men help to build the wealth of Florida. They help to develop the wealth already in the state and which needs development. The outside investor who places his money in these undertakings is an equally important factor in the growth, development and prosperity thus fostered and initiated.

As I look back to the early days and to the difficulties and obstacles which confronted the pioneers who laid the foundation for the early success of Florida, I cannot help but pay tribute to the courage and the indefatigable labor which, was so cheerfully and willingly extended in helping to build the state of Florida. Once established, made sure that the destiny of Florida could not be turned aside. Florida may well be called the last of the Frontier States—one of the last sections in the United States which still offers large rewards for pioneer effort.

The investment opportunities in the state are limitless. Whether one calls the opportunity that I have been trying to describe an investment opportunity or an opportunity of any other kind or character, the fact remains that it is opportunity of the broadest and most fertile kind. Regardless of how the investment is made, any investment in this state, if it is properly safeguarded, and properly surrounded by the sound principles of business safety, must net the investor a bigger return than he could hope to secure in any other section of the United States.

The investment opportunities in Florida are not limited to any one avenue of activity or to any one particular kind of investment. They are as broad and as great as the earth itself. They offer an opportunity for reward which it would be difficult to duplicate in any other section. I mean reward for individual effort, individual enterprise and individual vision. It is a matter of common knowledge that the greatest opportunities and the greatest rewards and remuneration are offered by what might be termed pioneer development, and this is really what Florida offers.
In the fall of 1909 three close friends and college-mates, myself one of them, received simultaneous invitations from Dr. Milroy's father to be the guest of his son aboard their houseboat on a cruise down the East Coast of Florida.

Dees had been suffering from a malady by the physician had not entirely diagnosed, but was slowly regaining his strength and taking some interest in life. There was contained in the father's letter a note of helplessness of the man, accustomed to the power of money, who has suddenly discovered that it will not buy everything; but as far as I ever learned no one of us raised an objection and the reunion was a joyous one. Dees, stretched out in his wicker deck chair, transparently pale, his usual fastidious languor emphasized by his illness, was naturally the object of every solicitude from us. We joked him laughingly with him, we argued pro and con, took sides, agreed and disagreed with him, seeing with each other in our efforts to keep him interested. Dees convalescent was an added diversion.

Personally I would say that he had gone up at the table of the savants and come away second-best with a bad case of mental indigestion. With an ardor never known in college days he had devoured treatises on astral forces, the phenomena of telepathy, exteriorization, Professor Charpentier's "N-Rays," spiritualism. His outlook on the universe had changed appreciably in that he had become acutely introspective with an attitude of reverence toward the unsubstantial and imaginary. So it was small wonder the men of medicine had failed to put their finger on the malady.

In the easily fitted gasoline-driven houseboat, we cruised blissfully through the intricate marshy waterways where we could see the marsh-hens slyly stalking to their nests, or beyond, at sunrise, graceful white herons alighting into the bosom of their families. Sometimes we tied up lightly near firm land, where we could hear the weird concert of the night voices in the thick hammocks, often, charmed to silence by the ecstatic nocturne of a mocking bird.

Morning came with a crash. We made early starts surprising huge late-sleeping alligators that flung themselves into the water on our approach with one lash of their powerful tails.

At New Smyrna, a swarthy walrus-mustached Minorean—Sánchez by name—was signed on as a deck-hand. He regaled us with tales of the haunted ruins of forts built and occupied by the early Spaniards, and solicited our interest in the remote and shadowy life of that period. His stories of the adventures of the old hardy pioneers were infused with the atmosphere of mystery and romance which clung to the haunts of the wilderness! Books: I'm perishing for them, one of the other walls. There were some obscure oil paintings, both of scenes and obscure oil paintings, both of scenes and personages. A decorative archery bow and quiver of arrows spoke of by-gone days when a spirited miss, with careful and mischievous aim, may, on a wager have ruined a living being around. Let's take a peep inside.'

We did this, standing on a fallen limb to raise our eyes above the level of the window sill.

It was a library and study with books ranged around two walls from the floor higher than a man's head. A flat-topped mahogany desk littered with dusty envelopes, and correspondence, probably just as the owner had left it, stood against one of the other walls. There were some obscure oil paintings, both of scenes and personages. A decorative archery bow and quiver of arrows spoke of by-gone days when a spirited miss, with careful and mischievous aim, may, on a wager have ruined the hat of her young gallant.

Conrad Atkins, our voracious bookman, drew his breath sharply.

"Look," he cried, "A banquet before us in the wilderness! Books: I'm perishing for the sight of 'em. 'Breaking and entering' the lawyers call this, but here goes."

"Wait a minute," cried Van Ness reprovingly, their limpid contents on the thankless soil.

It had been very difficult for us to obtain fresh water, the Indian River being in reality a narrow sound of salt water. We had been sending the launch sometimes as far as twenty miles to obtain a brackish barrel or so of it, and for the purpose of washing we had been put on an allowance.

"Here we tarry," Dees exclaimed after virtually saturating ourselves, inside and out, with excellent water. "You anglers, break out your fishing gear; ye mighty hunters, polish up your guns. It will require a day or so for us to wash the salt crust from our bodies, replenish the scuttlebutt and freshen up fore and aft.

"Who do you suppose the old manse belongs to?" he speculated, "Undoubtedly locked up this many a year—not a sign of a living being around. Let's take a peep inside."

Continuing our way, we passed through a canal, Venice-like, the main thoroughfare of a little village, and floated upon the serene bosom of the mystic Indian River. When dusk spread its thin mantle over the universe all of us were imbued with the sense of the uncanny that derived from the bat-like folding to sleep of nature.

We anchored one day near the eastern bank of the river and opposite an old homestead which, even at our distance wore a general air of desertion. A moody, weatherbeaten house of two stories (large for a Florida home of that period) stood nestled in a clump of veteran live oaks.

We always welcomed an opportunity to get ashore and stretch our legs, as we man¬ned the row-boat that had watched so faithfully at the stern of the houseboat, and soon were wandering in the grove of stunted, gnarled and unkempt orange trees.

There sat the house in the morning light, wan, bedraggled but bravely hopeful, like a sick man after a bad night. A grizzled oak had shoved a limb through an upstairs window sill.

"You—all put dose books back whar you git dem," the old negro commanded quaveringly.

We did this, standing on a fallen limb to raise our eyes above the level of the window sill.
ingly, 'What do you think we are—second-rate men?'

'Too late, my friend,' Conrad answered, and almost at his touch the rotted window frame gave way. He managed to save the glass from being broken. 'Why, we have swarmed in this house ever since the graver sacrilege, the condemning of these masterpieces to a tomb of silence, or the Chippewas' plundering of the ruins.'

With such specious logic he clambered into the room and was soon occupied in taking books from their places, scanning their covers and contents with the greatest of the gold-seeker who has blundered on its hiding place. Rare tooled volumes of the classics, the essayists, the work of the philosophers! Emboldened by his eagerness we all made ourselves accessories by following him into the house. The room became engrossed in the furishments of the room in pulling books, admiring or reading sketches of them.

Presently Dess halted us with an exclamation.

"Listen to this, fellows," he called, waving a yellow manuscript. 'Here's an intimate touch of the owner himself, entitled 'Night Thoughts.' I found it stuck in this book. Listen."

'May 7th, 1859. How weary, yet how mentally alert I am—on the qui vive for every sound of the night. My lamp gutters, the fantastic shadows dance in the corners. My heart beats loud and fast; it thunders in my ears as though I am in the midst of a delirium tremens induced by the tapestry of my soul. Here I have foregone, ruined by my vacillation, those bonds. I have lost you. Condemned my course of indecision, my servility to this many-colored mother! You, Marie dearest, through whose veins coursed the blood of princes and almost at his touch the rotted window frame fell out. We managed to save the masterpiece to a tomb of silence, or the Chippewas' plundering of the ruins.'

"Ah, Marie, Marie, whisper to me again. Say to me in that loved tone: 'Chan boy, I love you. I believe in you. I trust you.'"

"Let's go fellows," he said, his arm full of books. We became infected with his uncasiness and came to the window close behind him.

"Marie Chan war holdin' in his arms de mos' beautiful lady I ever seed.'"
MIAMI and its TWIN CITIES
THE NATION'S WINTER SPORTS CENTER
By SHELTON S. MATLACK

THAT Miami, and its twin cities Miami Beach and Hialeah, will be the winter sport's center of the entire United States is an assured fact. On beautiful Biscayne Bay the season's great motorboat and airplane regatta will be held, and at Hialeah will be the greatest gathering of thoroughbred race horses in the history of racing. And if this is not enough to satisfy the sports lover there will be championship thoroughbred race horses in the history of golf tournaments, greyhound races, the Biscaayne Bay the season's great motorboat world's greatest strings of race horses. The preparations on a most pretentious scale which have been going on all summer are about complete. A magnificent horse racing plant, with a perfect track, grandstand and club buildings, has just been completed at a cost exceeding $600,000. The stables and quarters at this plant have been built to accommodate 1,500 horses, their trainers and attendants. Then, in addition, there have been erected private stables for the use of Harry Payne Whitney and other wealthy owners of the world's greatest strings of race horses. The Florida East Coast railway has constructed a special track from its main line into the racing plant near Little River, and many horses and their trainers have already arrived to begin conditioning their entries prior to the racing season. This will begin January 15, and last 51 days.

The Miami Jockey Club has been asked by many interested persons why, with the plans for the opening of the winter season on November 1, underway, the racing season cannot be started at an earlier date. The answer is that late fall racing events are being held at several Northern tracks and that the same horses will be brought to Miami in November and then thoroughly conditioned in the balmy Florida climate for about six or eight weeks before the Miami racing season begins. The principal other spectacular sporting event which will hold the attention of the public will be the Annual Midwinter Motorboat and Airplane Regatta, held off Miami Beach during March, in which the fastest motorboats in the world compete, and in which world's records have been broken. In connection with this event is the awarding of the Glenn H. Curtiss trophy, a gold and silver engraved loving cup of great value, to the aviator making the fastest time.

During the entire tourist season there will be daily greyhound races at the Hialeah dog track. These races attract thousands of persons steadily, many of whom become confirmed fans. Another sport which has attracted much attention and won many devotees is the Spanish jai-alai, a combination of baseball and tennis, which is played daily at Hialeah. Daily during the winter season, also, there is horse polo at some one of the many courses in Miami or Miami Beach, with frequent auto polo—a sport which is thrilling because of the many spills and danger to the drivers of the cars in case of serious accident.

There are also eight golf courses and a large number of tennis courses, and these attract the leading stars of the nation for frequent tournaments. Last winter the men's and women's Olympic swimming teams came to Miami Beach to get in condition, and the record they made in Europe leads residents to believe that the swimming in Miami was what put them in such fine trim and that they will again train here. Jack Dempsey, world's champion heavyweight fighter, spent last winter in Miami, and is spending the present winter preparing for his anticipated match with Harry Wills, the negro boxer who recently defeated Louis Angel Firpo. Dempsey is a familiar figure on the golf links at Miami.

In consideration of this sporting program offered, in addition to the many natural other attractions, the East Coast cities, and Miami in particular, have been preparing all summer for a winter season that would begin November 1 instead of December 1, and last from one to two months longer in the spring. In fact, evidences of a general demand for a lengthened season were evident last year, when many who came early and stayed late finally decided to try out the Florida summers, about which so much misinformation had been extant. Those who yielded to this desire have decided that Florida is good the year round and many are making their permanent residences here.

For those who come and go, however, because the importance of their business keeps them in the North for a portion of the year, the finest through railroad...
figures of the sport world, has a capacity of 5,000, while the clubhouse will have a majority of them represented. It is claimed, will be the fastest mile track in the country. This work has been in the hands of experts, and the track when opened will be in charge of reputable and experienced racing men. J. M. Smoot, president, and Luke A. Cassady, manager, reached Miami about the middle of September to supervise the final touches on the track and grandstand, and to clear the way for the opening of the season. According to their statement, the leading racing men of the country are greatly interested in the Miami track, and it is certain that a majority of them will be represented.

The grandstand, just completed, has a capacity of 5,000, while the clubhouse adjoining it, on which work is now in progress, will seat 1,000 more, and the terraces and promenade floor between the two will be space for from 8,000 to 10,000 more. Twenty acres have been reserved for automobile parking space. The Miami Jockey Club is chartered for 99 years from November 10, 1923. Its plant comprises 138 acres of land at Hialeah and the scenic railway at Hialeah and an auditorium at Miami Beach at which persons of high social standing may often be found, and who are interested in the sport and want to see it properly conducted. The Miami track and grandstand, and to clear the way for the opening of the season, it was claimed, will be the fastest mile track in the country. This work has been in the hands of experts, and the track when opened will be in charge of reputable and experienced racing men. J. M. Smoot, president, and Luke A. Cassady, manager, reached Miami about the middle of September to supervise the final touches on the track and grandstand, and to clear the way for the opening of the season. According to their statement, the leading racing men of the country are greatly interested in the Miami track, and it is certain that a majority of them will be represented.

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and many places where roller skating can be enjoyed.

Yachting is one of the principal attractions which draws the tourist to Miami, and every winter the harbor is filled with millionaire craft from every port in the world. The favorite anchorage for these is opposite the Flamingo Hotel, near the Coral Miami and Royal Palm Hotel. These boats will now find other places in the bay or river, as the city is filling in this section to a distance of 1,000 feet from shore, and plans to make it a magnificent park with drives, walks, plazas, pavilions and fountains. The park will be placed in charge of a noted landscape artist, who will develop it along the most fascinating lines, planting it with palms, ferns and flowers.

Fishing is a sport which appeals equally to a large number of visitors, and this can be enjoyed with little trouble, either by casting hook and line from the causeway connecting Miami and Coral, or by going out into the ocean on any one of the numerous boats which may be chartered. Good catches are the rule on these trips, and it is said that visitors never return disappointed. Often they are surprised and almost overjoyed both with the variety and size of their catch.

Persons interested in tropical life under the Caribbean sun may enjoy the magnificent natural coral reef bottoms, seen either through a glass-bottomed boat or over the side of any ordinary boat. The water in places is shallow for miles out, and of a crystal clearness, enabling the spectator to watch the sea life swimming about at various depths. There is also maintained at Miami Beach an aquarium, which is said to be one of the best in the world, at which a wide variety of specimens are to be found. Specimens of sea life are gathered on the nearby islands and placed in tanks, and released at the end of the season. Experts claim, the reason for a fresh supply of the finny tribe each season is that the fish gradually lose their natural beautiful tints when confined in artificial environment, and it is the desire to preserve them in their natural state as an educational treat to tourists, students and school children, who are admitted at regular intervals free of charge.

Many persons who do not care to engage in athletics for professional purposes, or who may not be interested in the champions themselves, are nevertheless highly enthusiastic over the daily surf bathing, and the free classes in physical instruction organized and maintained at Miami Beach. These are joined annually by thousands of winter visitors, and during their stay in Miami Beach develop muscles and healthy coats of tan, and otherwise get themselves in the best condition to withstand the discomforts of Northern summers, to which many have to return for business reasons. Many families out for a winter vacation have acquired the habit of practicing in bathing suits and have gained health, strength and endurance thereby, as the weather in Miami is such that there is not a day in the year

Yachts, large and small, come to Miami every winter

Jack Dempsey on the links at Miami

Polo at one or more of the Miami courses is a daily attraction

and many places where roller skating can be enjoyed.

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that a dip in the surf will not prove pleasant. Frequent beauty competitions, at which handsome silver cups and other trophies are awarded, are among the features of Miami's summer seashore life.

Aside from the annual airplane races held in connection with the midwinter regatta in March, aeroplaning is popular with a great many persons. There is a commercial flying field at Hialeah, near Miami, well supplied with land planes by Glenn H. Curtiss, developer of the art of flying. Pleasure flights around Miami and over the nearby everglades and sugar plantations may be enjoyed for a nominal sum, or the planes may be chartered for flights for longer distances. The landing field is one of the best and is shortly to be one of the links in aerial mail service from New York to Florida points. In addition to the land planes, seaplanes are always at anchor near Royal Palm hotel, and may be chartered for trips to Bimini, Nassau or Havana.

Motoring in and around Miami is a pleasure which draws automobile owners from all sections of the country. There are many beautiful drives which may be taken through rich farming lands bordered by trees laden with ripening fruit, among them the Dixie Highway south of Miami to Royal Palm Park, where is to be found species of plants and trees which, until recently, had been considered to be extinct in continental America. This is a rare treat for the naturalist. Those who desire may continue the drive all the way to Cape Sable, the southernmost point in the United States. In another year or so the Tamiami Trail across the Everglades between Miami and Tampa will be complete, and the motorist will then be able to traverse a rapidly developing section. Work also is in progress for an overseas automobile highway from Florida to Key West, which will traverse the same route as the Florida East Coast railway. There will be only one span where ferrying will be necessary, and the road will be finished all the way in about three years. It will be completed as far as Key Largo, the world's most famous fishing grounds, in about one year. The Miami Motor Club is this year devoting its energies to supplying all A. A. A. members who may request it, complete information regarding sporting events in Miami, on the theory that persons interested in motoring also are interested in other sports.

Sporting events during the summer months are scattered throughout the various northern and middle-western states, but during the winter months, when the cold weather and frozen waters make racing and other sports an impossibility in the North, the sport lovers will find everything in the line of sports in Florida—the winter playground of the Nation. Miami and its twin cities—Miami Beach and Hialeah—will be the center of the attractions with other Florida cities, Tampa, St. Petersburg, Daytona, and many smaller ones, following in her lead with sporting events full of interest to the winter visitors and permanent residents.
They Begin Starting for Suniland
When Wintry Winds Hit the North

By FRANK S. WING

WAY up yonder in the North, grim winter is approaching. Summer is memory and autumn has marched through fields and woods with her flaming banners of yellow and scarlet. There is a sharp tang to the air of an early morning. Perhaps the first frost has arrived. The sky has lost its intimate warmness and is aloofly drab. The songbirds have departed. The grass is bleached, with the dark earth showing below. Through the tree limbs and telegraph wires the whistle of the wind has lifted at least an octave. Its tune is foreboding, its note a memory and autumn has marched through fields and woods with her. The farm machinery, greased and oiled, is housed away from the weather. The stock is stabled where chill winds and snow may not touch it. The extra farmhands, employed during the season, have been paid off and have sought winter work. The two children, both grown, are married and live in other sections. The northwest wind pipes fretfully through the uprights of the windmill. Overhead, the sky is a hazy, indeterminate—a remote, unsatisfactory blue. In the distance, the edge of the woods is as gaudy as a circus billboard. John gives a final glance about, issues some instructions to the remaining employees, and goes back to the house.

"Things are a bit lonesome around here," says John without hesitation. "Let's take a trip."

"Where to?" demands Bettie.

"Florida," says John without hesitation. And so they make their arrangements. They leave instructions with employees and neighbors; tell their children where and when they may be located by mail; pile everything in the family automobile but the cistern, crank up and chug southward. And so they come to Florida for the frigid months.

From every section of the country—North, East and West—they are coming to Florida for the winter months. Each year sees the throng increasing, and each year sees Florida better prepared to receive them. It does not require an old man to remember the time when Florida was almost a visionary country of the far South—when it seemed nearly as remote as the moon.

People said: "Yes, I have been to Egypt, Africa and Florida."

For a winter excursion, if they were not rich enough to travel to Nice or Italy, they thought they were dodging Boreas by honeymooning at Old Point Comfort, Virginia. The writer remembers when the old Hygeia Hotel at Old Point was the winter rendezvous of New York society; when the register of that long-gone hostelry would read like a partial list of Ward McAllister’s "400."

And then some genius discovered that right here in the United States, so close it was hardly imaginable, was a land as balmy in winter as any stretch of the Riviera; a land of palms and sunshine, easy to reach, certain of climate, healthy; everything that the heart could desire. It was merely a step from the Hygeia Hotel to the hegira of tourists to Florida.

First, they came to Jacksonville. They gaped at the cabbage palmettoes, marveled at the flowering rafts of water hyacinth that sailed down the St. Johns River; and father and mother, perhaps with big brother and big sister, come to Florida for the frigid months.

Or, to shift the locale: John Cornstalk has finished his year’s work on the farm. The fields are bare. The farm machinery, greased and oiled, is hosed away from the weather. The stock is stabled where chill winds and snow may not touch it. The extra farmhands, employed during the season, have been paid off and have sought winter work. The two children, both grown, are married and live in other sections. The northwest wind pipes fretfully through the uprights of the windmill. Overhead, the sky is a hazy, indeterminate—a remote, unsatisfactory blue. In the distance, the edge of the woods is as gaudy as a circus billboard. John gives a final glance about, issues some instructions to the remaining employees, and goes back to the house.

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River with the ebbing tide, dodged imaginary alligators at every street corner, and went back home with the wonderful tidings: "Don't you know, we sat right out on a bench in the middle of January without an overcoat on, and it was real warm!"

They came to Jacksonville in increasing numbers. Some of them were far-sighted men, who did not decline to mix business with a pleasure trip. They saw commercial advantages. Jacksonville grew like the beanstalk planted by Jack of nursery fame.

Forty miles to the south of Jacksonville was St. Augustine, wonderfully situated on the Matanzas River, hoary with history, oldest of all the municipalities in the United States. It was but a step from the new city to the old. On the West Coast was Tampa, then merely a geographical point. Aged it was, in truth; Gasparilla had used it as a focal point for his piratical depredations; Jules Verne had called on it as "location" in his wierd story of "A Journey From the Earth to the Moon." But, while the name of Tampa was listed on the maps, Tampa itself was but a strip of habitations along the sandy shores of the Hillsborough River.

Who of genius saw the needs of Floridians, and each began building. Plant, on the West Coast, created a new Tampa. Flagler, on the East Coast, was the genius who really created a line of cities that now string like a broken necklace of pearls along the Atlantic Coast from the Georgia State line to the near tropics.

Miami, the wonder city, was unheard of until Flagler came. Then, with his magic touch of millions, he created a Newport of the South. More, with a vision that seems inspired, he builded a railroad among the palmettos of St. Augustine for the true Floridians. But the human traffic tide was sifting southward. Soon, it was to exchange the palmettes of St. Augustine for the true palms of Palm Beach. Palm Beach became the winter mecca of society. There were chilly January and February days in Jacksonville. It was cool at times in St. Augustine. Society packed up the poodle dog and the alleged French maid and trekked nearer the tropics. Palm Beach reigned supreme.

Sixty-seven miles to the south, Miami lay. It had practically the same climate as Palm Beach, practically the same harbor, practically the same everything. But a half-dozen hard-headed men of business saw the chance of a lifetime—one may mention Carl G. Fisher in large type—and Miami was made.

On the West Coast, Tampa is facing the same era of transition that has made Miami a wonder city. From an unprejudiced standpoint, Tampa seems to be gaining the advantage at present. There is a richer hinterland—a country of great orange groves, a country of early vegetables, a land of plenty. Moreover, there is a splendid harbor, a vast expanse of bays. Tampa's growth—the big buildings that are going up on all sides—are only surprising in that they did not occur before.

To Florida they come as the winter solstice approaches. Before the first sheen of ice glints on the Northern ponds, thousands have overloaded their automobiles for the Southern trip or have secured reservations on the fast trains leading here.

Just how many come to the state in automobiles is a matter of pure conjecture. They jam the roads at the beginning of winter and jam them again as the spring comes on. All over the state, parks have been established for them. "Tin Can Tourists," they are called, and they have adopted the name, with a Grand Can Opener as their chief.

They are good people for the state—these Tin Can Tourists. It may be true that some of them come here armed only with a can opener and borrow their drinking water, but among them are many shrewd citizens of the world, alive to every opportunity and ready to stay and settle down if they see it to their interest. Florida owes many of its prominent and influential citizens to the invasion of the Tin Can Tourists.

How many people come to Florida during the winter season? This is a question almost impossible to answer, even approximately. But it will mount almost to the million mark.
down flivver to great rolling homes that are really houses on pneumatic tires, whose inhabitants sleep, eat and have their being within the confines of the vehicle. There are innumerable thousands of them, speaking conservatively, and their number yearly grows greater.

Chummy, happy-go-lucky folks, they are; ready always to help one another fix up a tire or a damaged engine; forever borrowing coffee or a few slices of bacon from one another and equally ready to lend those necessities to the next fellow. They form their own groups around the camp fires at night and tell tales of Oregon and Maine, for they are from every quarter of the country. All over the state they are welcomed, the progressive cities and towns not only laying aside sewerage, lights and running water at a nominal cost to the tourist.

One of these days a novel will be written around the Tin Can Tourist. Sewell Ford already has had one unusually clever story concerning them, a story which showed the popular author is at home on both sides of the state, for he made his hero chase a big yellow van from East to West Coast before the heroine was finally found. Meanwhile, they are making their joyous pilgrimage annually, and, with each winter, bringing along more of their friends.

Many of them are expert mechanics and pick up a livelihood while here. Others bring along enough to keep them going during the winter and then go back on the train, to resume farming or whatever Northern occupation it may have followed.

Consequently, spring-time is the time to look for a second-hand car in Florida. Hundreds of them may be bought at a bargain. But all who come to Florida on pneumatic tires are not Tin Can Tourists, by a large jugful. It is becoming more and more the fashion with wealthy Northerners to motor down here. In these days of good roads, both North and South, this is as feasible as train riding. It takes longer, but it can be done by the people who can afford it also can afford to turn a disreputable shoulder toward Father Time. Many of them arrange their routes accordingly and coach leisurely from one first-class hotel to the other, resting up a day or so if they have the inclination. And, when they get to Florida, they have the car along for their pleasure riding throughout the warm, pleasant days when their home country is locked in snow and ice.

This is merely land transportation. Into Jacksonville and Tampa, on splendid steamers, other throngs arrive during the season. They fill the cabins on the boats coming from New York, Baltimore and Philadelphia. They come into Tampa from New Orleans and Havana. Every steamer at the two principal ports of the state has its quota during the season.

Nor are they content to make the long trip by boat. They get the habit, and they throng the trailer steamers, on the little people who can delightfully trips possible. Every steamer between Tampa and St. Petersburg is packed in the season by hundreds who delight in the unusual sight of the great throng of following seagulls, the occasional playful porpoise, or the splash when the pelican that Nick Alrock of the sea—takes water with a splash like somebody dumping a ton of coal overboard.

These tourists take the wonderful trips up the St. Johns River, with its hyacinth-covered stream. They boat on the myriad lakes that dot the state. They swim in the great sulphur pools that are a distinctive feature of Florida; they bathe in the warm waters of the Gulf and South Atlantic; and they fish—Lord, how they fish!

But for one fact, Florida might be compared with the three-ring circus, where the little boy, trying to see everything at the same time, is always being disappointed. Here, it is as if the circus were to remain in town for a week. There is always another day for another pleasure, and always another pleasure for another day. People do not come to Florida, any more than they would go to Paradise, to hurry. You may fish and swim today, and for another day, try croquet, roque, or try horse-shoe pitching under the palms and oaks of a friendly park. No matter how small the town, you will find at least one good movie house. In the cities, you will have your choice of several theaters and first-class shows. On the rare, rainy days, you will have time to catch up with that belated home correspondence and send off a few of those "Wish You Were Here" picture cards.

Truly and truly, it is a friendly land, an oasis in a wintry desert. You feel this friendship when you leave the bleak Northland and, after passing through seemingly endless stretches of piney woods in various Southern States, come at last into Florida—the land of flowers.

Whether you make the trip in your own automobile, or on one of the Florida Specials, trains that rank as finest equipped in the world—the trip will be an (Continued on page 72)
A SMALL group of men sat around a table on which was spread out a large map of Pinellas Peninsula and surrounding country. With a pair of calipers, they carefully measured the distance by all possible routes between St. Petersburg and Tampa. “Can’t you see the answer?” asked one of the men. “Can’t you see that a bridge across Old Tampa Bay is almost indispensible? Look how much distance it would cut off. Nearly fifty miles by land—by bridge it would only be nineteen or twenty miles. Think what that would mean to this section of the state!” The others were frankly skeptical. “Sure, it would be a fine thing,” said one. “But it will never be built during our lifetime. Why it would cost millions and how could you hope to get your money back? It’s foolish to think of such a thing. Forget it.” The advocate of the bridge listened to the arguments of his friends. He heard them say how hopelessly visionary such a project was and how it could never be put through. He paid attention to all that they had to say—and then promptly disregarded their advice. He refused to “forget” the bridge idea. “Perhaps you gentlemen are right,” he said. “Perhaps the bridge is just a foolish dream. But I don’t believe it. And I never will be satisfied until the bridge is built.” All that was twenty years ago. The bridge enthusiast was George S. Gandy, of Philadelphia. He had come to St. Petersburg upon the solicitation of his friends who wanted him to invest in a proposed electric railway. Giving the assistance which was requested, he turned his attention to other things and within a short time conceived the idea of spanning Old Tampa Bay with a bridge. An impossible idea, of course. And whenever Gandy mentioned it, everyone gave him the laugh. He received no encouragement whatsoever. Even the most optimistic St. Petersburg boosters clearly saw that the idea was ridiculous. A few jeered at Gandy behind his back and considered him just a little “off.” But, strange as it may seem, that bridge which Gandy dreamed of twenty years ago is today an actuality. Across the waters of Old Tampa Bay it extends—five and three-quarters miles of it, a slender finger of sand and concrete and steel that binds together the shores of Pinellas and Hillsborough Counties. The longest automobile toll bridge in the world—one of the greatest engineering feats ever performed in Florida—built at a cost of approximately three million dollars. Within a few weeks it will be opened to the public and the distance between St. Petersburg and Tampa, the two largest cities of the West Coast, will be reduced from 43 to 19 miles. Gandy Bridge is the work of a dreamer—unquestionably. Only a dreamer of the most pronounced type could have conceived such a project and only a dreamer could have believed that it would some day be completed. And yet—the Gandy Bridge of today, almost ready for the onrush of traffic, is irrefutable evidence that dreams sometimes come true. However, there was nothing dream-like about the struggle which Gandy had to make his dream materialize. Only by keeping everlastingly wide awake, ready at all times to get down and plug, was he able to see the solid structure take form before his eyes. Only through sheer perseverance was he able to convince others of the feasibility of his idea and get the assistance needed to assure its completion. He worked untiringly for years and finally, lo, and behold, his dream was a dream no longer! To those who know anything of Gandy the man, the consummation of the Gandy Bridge is nothing remarkable. For Gandy is one of those fellows who laugh at the word “impossible.” He has a long list of achievements to his credit and many of those achievements represent the completion of ideas which once were branded as absurd.

George Gandy started making his own way in the world when still a youngster. He had to leave school after completing a grammar school course and from then on the only education he received was in the school of life. He started work as an office boy in the firm of Henry Disston & Sons, saw manufacturers of Philadelphia, and he remained with the firm for eleven years, working up to a position of responsibility. In 1882, when thirty-one years of age, Gandy became secretary and treasurer of the Frankford and Southwark Railway Company, then operating the longest traction line in Philadelphia. Those were the days of horse-cars and the funny little dummy engines, shortly followed by the advent of electric trolley cars. Gandy was one of the pioneers who witnessed and was a factor in the evolution of modern urban transportation.

During the next twenty years Gandy was associated in an executive capacity with a number of Philadelphia transportation com-
companies and was instrumental in building a number of trolley lines, including the Holmesburg and Tacony, Doylestown and Willow Grove, and the Fairmont Park roads.

Gandy’s ability to see ahead was demonstrated in connection with the construction of the towns of Willow Grove and St. Petersburg. He realized that Willow Grove was ideally situated for an amusement resort and that the only thing needed to get it started was a railroad from Philadelphia. Others scoffed at the idea but Gandy went ahead, regardless. The line was built and the results more than justified his predictions.

Transportation matters did not occupy Gandy’s attention exclusively while in Philadelphia. He was active in construction work, building the People’s Theatre and Textile Hall, as well as more than two hundred residences.

Gandy first came to St. Petersburg in 1902 with F. A. Davis, a publisher of Philadelphia, who was the founder of St. Petersburg’s first electric light plant and who was then trying to finance the trolley company. Davis succeeded in interesting him in the city, even though it then had less than 2,000 inhabitants, and for a number of years he was associated with the various Davis companies, serving as president of the St. Petersburg & Gulf Electric Railway Company, the St. Petersburg Investment Company, and the St. Petersburg Electric Light & Power Company. Later he resigned from all the companies because he was not satisfied with the method of financing the various projects.

Gandy’s foresight was shown again when in 1912 he purchased property at the corner of Central Avenue and Fifth Street in St. Petersburg and constructed the Plaza Theatre and office buildings. At the time of construction, the Plaza Theatre was the finest in Florida. Gandy believed that Gandy would lose heavily in building such an expensive structure in such a small city and for a year or two the Plaza was referred to as “Gandy’s White Elephant.” It turned out, however, to be an excellent investment and now is worth many times what it cost him to build it.

As might have been expected from his long experience in transportation work, Gandy began figuring on a short-cut route from St. Petersburg to Tampa shortly after his arrival. He looked with disgust upon the long, round-about route, then fifty-two miles in length, which connected the two cities. If the bridge were spanned, the cities could be made almost next-door neighbors. The bridge idea came into his mind and from that time he worked day and night to make the bridge a reality. It was clear, however, even to an optimist like Gandy, that the time for the construction of the bridge was not ripe in 1902, when he first conceived the idea. The St. Petersburg-Tampa section of the state had not developed far enough to make the building of a bridge feasible. Instead of giving up, Gandy decided, however, that unless someone got ahead of him and built the bridge himself, it would be done by some fellow who gets behind it like Gandy and almost his project.

In 1915, twelve years after he conceived the bridge idea, Gandy decided that the time had come to begin actual work. Gandy went to Washington and studied the situation and visited Old Tampa Bay regularly, making the trip with his sons in a sailboat. It was not long before the Board of Engineers was deluged with scores of letters and telegrams, all pleading Gandy’s cause.

There came the day when Gandy appeared in person before the august body of War Department engineers. The engineers told him bluntly that the main reason why they were withholding permission to build the bridge was that so many of the endorsements bore the stamp of a single individual. The endorsements were so near alike, they said, that it looked as though they had been written by the same person.

This criticism did not discourage Gandy in the slightest. Instead of hedging, he boasted of the fact that he had almost dictated some of the endorsements.

“...They bear the stamp of one man, you say,” he almost shouted, banging the table with his clenched fist. “You bet they do. And I’m the man. And if that bridge is ever built, by myself or anyone else, it will be by some fellow who gets behind it like I have and never quits.”

Gandy’s outspoken admission of what he had done turned the trick for him. The engineers were favorably impressed and without further hesitation, they granted him the right to go ahead. The grant was finally made on February 11, 1918.

About this same time, a number of bills permitting construction work and granting a 400-foot right of way for all time across the bay, were pushed through the Florida Legislature and the last governmental obstacle was overcome.

Early in 1918, Gandy was ready to proceed with his construction plans, but the United States was at war and it was im-
possible to secure materials for construction. Gandy’s forces took advantage of the delay by perfecting their plans, making new surveys and sub-soundings on the broad shoals which extended from either shore. Although but a few years ago, these surveys were made at a time which soon will be considered as the pioneer days of the development history of the Old Tampa Bay area. The upper arm of Tampa Bay was then a lonely body of water. Its wooded shores were sparsely populated except at such points as Port Tampa and Safety Harbor. Through the virgin pine woods, sand trails were few and far between and there was no indication of the paved highways and real estate developments of today. Machettes were used to cut the survey lines through the palmetto and mangrove.

The new soundings made at this time disclosed the fact that the flats contained sufficient sand for dredging purposes, previously used to build long sand-fill causeways from the shores to the deeper water in the middle of the bay. Over these sand flats the average depth of water was found to be little more than one foot.

In the middle of the bay a broad bed of rock was discovered, the eastern half of which was covered by an overburden of sand several feet deep. Upon this natural rock foundation it was decided to erect a concrete bridge. This deeper water across the middle of the bay showed an average depth of ten and one-half feet, with a maximum depth of 23 feet at the main channel, where the draw bridge now stands.

After the armistice, materials were so high in price that another delay in construction was considered advisable. Following the period of expansion came the financial depression when it was impossible to finance any new project, but in the fall of 1912, twenty years after the plan was conceived and seven years after the first surveys were made, a determined effort was made to obtain the money necessary to build.

The initial plan for financing the project was to enlist the aid of northern capitalists. Many propositions were considered with this in view and at one time it appeared as though the negotiations were closed. It was soon discovered, however, that when the time came to confirm tentative plans in black and white, that Wall Street money was a more costly article than preliminary arrangements indicated and that a high contract price for construction replaced a lower tentative bid. Word of all, Gandy learned that to get Wall Street’s help he would have to relinquish control of the project. Gandy balked, broke off all negotiations, and decided to finance the bridge through the sale of securities to residents and winter visitors of Florida.

Within six months from the offering of the stock the entire issue had been subscribed and the money provided. Nearly four thousand Florida and tourist investors joined hands with Gandy and expressed their faith in St. Petersburg and Tampa and their belief in Gandy’s intentions. A construction contract was awarded the Bay Construction Company, an organization closely affiliated with the Gandy Bridge Company, and work was started.

The first dredge, the “Tuscawilla,” went to work on the Pinellas causeway on September 24, 1922; the second dredge, the “Florida,” on November 22, 1922, and the third dredge, the “Reliable,” on March 28, 1923. The dredging operations were carried on continuously for more than a year and a half. The fleet of dredges first threw up a ridge of sand along the line to a height just above high water, then worked back and brought the causeways up to an elevation of ten feet above mean low water, which is above the height of the tide of October 25, 1921.

The causeways, which have a minimum width of 400 feet at the base, slope very gradually from the roadway in the center and engineers assert that the action of the tides and waves will tend to build them up, rather than wash them away. The causeways have an aggregate length of nearly three and one-half miles, the eastern causeway being three-quarters of a mile long and the western nearly two and one-half miles long. To make them, approximately 2,500,000 cubic yards of sand were dredged from the bottom of Old Tampa Bay.

The construction of the concrete bridge over the deeper water in the bay was a formidable task, beside which the building up of the causeways appeared like child’s play. Before work could be started on the concrete section, a construction camp had to be established "out in the wilderness," dormitories had to be provided for the hundreds of workmen, lines of transportation had to be established between Tampa and Port Tampa, and machinery obtained from all parts of the country had to be assembled. More than a dozen buildings had to be erected.

The construction camp, appropriately named Gannbridge, was a scene of almost frenzied activity during the spring and summer of 1923. A force of 500 men and a miscellany of cranes, derricks, locomotives, pile drivers, motor trucks, concrete mixers, tug boats, tractors, drilling outfits, dredges and work shop were in action. The eastern shore of Old Tampa Bay was a place of noise, smoke and progress.

The first concrete of the bridge was poured at the pile-crib plant place on May 15, 1923. It was an occasion for celebration. Workmen laid down their tools for the moment, all the whistles on the job screamed amid the sharp staccato of fire arms. After months of preparation, the hundreds of workmen welcomed the first sight of Gandy Bridge concrete.

The concrete plant continued the manufacture of piles until October, 1923, and completed 2,400 of the long sticks of reinforced concrete. The piles were 16 inches square and from 20 to 60 feet in length. Each batch of concrete was subjected to rigid tests in a laboratory at the camp. It proved to be of exceptionally high quality, as proven later by the ease with which the piles were handled by cranes and driven with a minimum of force into the bottom of the bay. After the piles were cast, they were allowed to "cure" or "season" for a month in the pile yard, then were picked up by locomotive cranes and moved to storage space on the eastern causeway, from where they were later transported by railroad and barge to the middle of the bay and placed on the line of the bridge.

The first concrete pile was driven in the bay bottom in July, 1922. In the early part of the bay the piles were driven through sand to the rock. Some of these piles penetrated sand to a depth of 46 feet. The large quadruple pile driver placed four piles at a time, by use of water jets and
steam hammers, in a group of “bents” of four piles, spaced five feet apart across the width of the bridge and 24 feet apart along the length. In the western part of the bay where the rock bottom was not covered by an overburden of sand, the piles were driven to a depth of five feet or more in the solid rock, guaranteeing a bridge structure which would be as solid as the rock below.

The placing of the piles was only the first step in the construction of the bridge. After being placed, they were of uneven height, and had to be held off to the proper level. Hand tools, air tools and explosives were used at various stages of the work. The reinforcing rods in the piles were cut with a torch, and the work of shaping the hardness of the concrete and the fact that the work was done over water in all kinds of weather, the cutting off operation was most tedious.

After the piles had been placed, aligned and cut off, wood forms for the concrete “caps” were clamped into place. These caps were strengthened with reinforcing steel, bound each bent of piles into a rigid unit.

The next operation was the placement of the heavy wood and steel forms for the concrete deck beams and spans. These were floated in place on barges and raised to position by especially raised to position by especially designed jacks. After a large crew of carpenters had completed assembly and made tight the several parts of the forms, an intricate network of reinforcing steel was wired in place in the forms, around the wood forms for the concrete deck, and cut off, wood forms for the concrete.

The weather man did everything within his power to delay work on the bridge structure during the winter of 1923-24. It was one of the worst winters Florida ever experienced. For weeks at a time, strong Nor’westerners broke over Old Tampa Bay, making it almost impossible to work on the operation. One night in March a blow came which capsized the big floating concrete plant in 20 feet of water. Heavily loaded as it was, the plant went to the bottom and several weeks were spent in raising the hull and re-equipping the plant for work. In the same storm a number of barges and motor boats were capsized or swamped.

The concrete bridge, as it stands today, is two and a half miles long and 24 feet wide on the road surface between curbs. Along each curb line of the bridge stand substantial reinforced concrete railings for the protection of vehicles. These were completed in September, 1924. The operation consumed six months of work. There are more than 3,500 posts and twice that many railings.

Over the main channel near the eastern end of the bridge stands a steel double bascule draw bridge, with a clear opening of 95 feet for the passage of ships. The draw span is electrically operated. Had it not been for delays encountered in securing the material for this drawbridge, the bridge would have been opened several months ago.

The entire length of the bridge and causeway, nearly six miles, is to be brightly illuminated at night by lights set at the top of tubular steel poles, 30 feet high, set in bases of concrete.

Statistics make dry reading, perhaps, but only through figures can the magnitude of the Gandy Bridge job be truly shown. More than 1,000 cars of equipment and materials were shipped into Gandybridge before the structure was completed. Here is the list of the materials which were used: 170,000 sacks of cement, 30,000 tons of gravel, 15,000 tons of sand, 3,500 tons of steel, 1,500,000 feet of lumber, 7,000 tons of rock, 1,125,000 brick, 75,000 feet of electric cable, hundreds of thousands of feet of wire, 50,000 feet of water pipes, 40,000 gallons of gasoline, 30,000 gallons of fuel oil, 2,500 tons of coal and 9,000 gallons of lubricating oil.

Gandy Bridge is built. It will be opened to the public in a few days. No longer is it a dream of Gandy, “the dreamer.” It is a reality and the skeptics who said a few short years ago that it was an impossible project are forced to admit that Gandy was right and they were wrong. Once again has “Dad” Gandy achieved one of his “impossible” ideas.

The value of Gandy Bridge to Pinellas and Hillsborough Counties already has become apparent. Great sections of land, once considered almost worthless, have been opened up for development. Three years ago, tracts of land along the Bridge route could be purchased for even less than $25 an acre. Today, nothing can be bought along the main highways leading to the bridge for less than $1,000 an acre and the better tracts are bringing many times that price.

The sale of lots along Fourth street extension, the highway connecting St. Petersburg with the bridge, was started more than a year ago. At the start, good lots could be purchased for as low as $500. Today nothing can be purchased along the entire length of Fourth street for less than $1,000 an acre and the better tracts are bringing many times that price.

More than 1,600 cars of equipment and materials were shipped into Gandybridge before the bridge construction was completed by the time the bridge construction is finished. Direct roads have also been built to the bridge with its causeway to Clearwater and to Clearwater, the county seat. On the Hillsborough side there is a completed road connecting the bridge with Tampa.

Gandy Bridge has already benefited Pinellas and Hillsborough counties. And yet it is certain that the benefits now apparent will be nothing to the benefits that are to come. When the bridge is actually opened, and St. Petersburg and Tampa will be a bridge with both cities unquestionably will be hastened. The rush of traffic which will go over the bridge will carry prosperity.

St. Petersburg and Tampa have been given ideas for the celebration which will mark the formal opening of the bridge on November 20. Governors of forty states will be present, the event being of such importance that they agreed to go to the West Coast because of the contractor’s promise of seeing the bridge following the conference in Jacksonville on November 17 and 18. The presence of the governor of all the states on the opening will be a fitting tribute to “Dad” Gandy, the builder.

When the bridge is opened, “Dad” Gandy will be the hero of the occasion. But it is certain that he will take the plaudits calmly—this is characteristic of his head.” For him, the completion of the bridge always has been a foregone conclusion.

It is expected that at least ten thousand automobiles will drive over the bridge on the first day that it is opened to the public. Inasmuch as the construction of the bridge is a part of Florida’s greatest engineering feats, the state is anxious to see it, to bring added interest to the state.”Gandy so far hasn’t made a cent. His profits will come after the bridge is built, and not before.

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A NY proposition that has the drawing power to lure 20,000 people into traveling forty-two miles southwest of Miami in a single season is a proposition that is worth knowing something about. It is safe to say that there are more people of noted attainments in the United States, outside of Miami who know about this greatly famous spot, than there are resident Miamians who have journeyed to this shrine of tropical vegetation.

South Florida, is a country of prevailing East winds. Forest fires are responsible for the loss of many rare examples of tropical scenery. So it happens that, because there was always the Everglades to the west; and to the east a windswept depression that never became dry, no matter how prolonged the drought, the Royal Palm hammock has kept inviolate the forms of vegetable and insect life confined to it in pre-historic times, and made of it a Mecca for the botanists and entomologists of the nation.

It stands today to reproach us as a memorial of the beauty that we have elsewhere ruthlessly destroyed; and perhaps as an inspiration toward enabled efforts to preserve to posterity some of the priceless gems that are yet in our keeping.

To the women of Florida must be conceded the honor of having the foresight that has saved to us this remnant of primeval forest. When the value of their work shall be accorded its due recognition and the park can be so politicled and guarded that it can be thrown open to the student of nature its usefulness and popularity will exceed that of any of the works of man on this peninsula.

The Royal Palm Park lies southwest of Florida City, forty-two miles from Miami over an excellent road. It is a journey into prosperity. Through lovely Coconut Grove, we take the Dixie Highway past the Charles Deering estate, to the borders of that property of Uncle Sam's which, the boys of the American Legion insist, is the proper place for veterans with gas-racked lungs. Here too, the Department of Agriculture is beginning a series of important investigations into tropical agriculture and the Legion points out again that this is the ideal calling in which to train a man who should be out of doors for his life's sake.

Passing through the Tenalla Ocean Farms development, we swing to the west and come out on the railroad at Gouldia, and, passing the skeleton of the great lumber mill, burned so recently we realize that its passing marks the end of lumbering as an industry, in this section.

We have come into a land, fertile and well protected from frost wherein the specialty seems to be cozy, lovely little homes, every well kept line of which bespeaks prosperity.

As we travel through Princeton, Modello and Naranja (see, ladders for "orange") the spice of adventure is given to the trip by the frequent crossing and re-crossing of the railroad. Just why this should be the case it is hard to say, unless the object is to eliminate all cars that show a tendency to stall when on a railroad crossing.

And now we are at Homestead. If we were to seek a phrase whereby to characterize this young city, we would call it "The Town With a Swimming Pool." For built of heavy planks above the ground level is a large tank, filled with the surplus that is left after the Seminole farmhouses are supplied with water from the Homestead wells. As we drive by a Homesteader of commanding proportions makes one fell swoop into the tank and as she emerges we behold all the other aquatic Homesteaders enjoying surf bathing.

We are Florida City before we are aware that we have left Homestead and then we drive for miles through tall slender pines, crossing an occasional prairie, which before the drainage of the Everglades, was a river in the rainy season. By these overflows the Seminole voyaged to the salt water of the coast, and the very birds and fish that we see today are a welcome change of diet from the venison and lambkins of the 'glades.

The last three or four miles of the journey is in the 'glades; the stranger's first impression is: "I would hate to get lost out here!" A broad level prairie spreads as far as the eye can see broken by a multitude of hammocks that were islands when the 'glades were undrained. They give you the impression that, if you once did think that you were "lost," they would each and every one look maddeningly like his fellow. A man might need a good compass and a cool head here.

Straight to the west lies the dark green wood extending as far as you can see toward the south. There is a new note in the broken skyline. Here and there towers an added acre. There are 4,000 acres in the park, all of it owned by the Florida Federation of Women's Clubs. 960 acres of this was ceded to the clubs in 1915, Mrs. Henry M. Flagler presented the clubs with an additional 900 acres and in 1921 the state recognized the value of the care that was exercised by the clubs and ceded 2,080 additional acres.

The palms are the despair of the amateur photographer, towering as they do to a height of 100 feet in a jungle that defies your best efforts to secure visibility at a greater distance than 20 feet.

In the dim recesses of the park are oaks five feet in diameter, tropical orchids and rare ferns and trees, birds, bees and butterflies of rare species. Hither come the naturalists of the nation to observe them.

Here, on the second day of July, we found Professor E. T. Brues, the Harvard botanist, with his camper trailer, enjoying a summer vacation in the tropics.

Armed with a butterfly net the professor was every few minutes adding to a collection of insects that would achieve honorable distinction in the classic halls of Harvard University. The bugs were stuck up, but not proud.

On the road that traversed the park (Paradise Key, is the old name for it) is located the Park Lodge; its wide screened porches shaded by great trees.

The Lodge is presided over, with grace and hospitality by the warden, Mr. W. I. Wheelock. Comfortable rooms, meals and lunches are provided at figures that make the word "hospitality" appropriate, and the resultant income is devoted to the upkeep of the park.

One of the principal objects for which the Federated Women's Clubs are striving, is to build a series of wooden roads that shall make this priceless possession secure against the fire, which every year becomes more of a menace as the 'glades are drained.

The story of the building of the Lodge in the days when the only route to the park was over very sketchy corduroy roads, is a story of pioneering days and problems.

The register on the table in the cool living room bears the names of many of America's noted scientists interspersed among the eleven thousand names that were registered between last November and April. The sum of $11,045.50 was raised.

One of the sources of income is the sale of thousands of young Royal Palms, grown from seed by Mr. Wheelock in the shade of a large slat house. On the table of the living room is a very complete "Natural History of Paradise Key and the Nearby Everglades," by W. E. Stafford, Economic Botanist of the U. S. Dept. of Agriculture.

It is Public Document No. 2508 and is from the Smithsonian Institute Report for 1917.

Strangers are advised to explore that portion of the park that lies north of the road. They may get lost for quite a while but they cannot get lost very far. The opportunities for getting seriously lost are far better on the south side of the road, where most of the four thousand acres lies.

Professor Brues was mourning the loss of part of his cooking outfit when we were there and had strong circumstantial evidence that tended to incriminate an unscrupulous bear that had paid a nocturnal visit to the Lodge.

The UNSPOILED HAMMOCK

Dade County's Unique Treasure

By STEPHEN COCHRAN SINGLETON
In Forest Isles. The big tree is the "Gumbo Limbo," the wood of which is lighter than cork

visit. He was convinced that he would not again leave off washing dishes until the next morning, while spending a vacation in that neighborhood.

Far more interesting to the naturalist than the bears are the tree snails, brilliantly marked mollusks. In the hieroglyphics of their beautifully variegated bands, naturalists read the story of the rising and subsidence of the continent. Some of the most beautiful of the extinct species

have been found when that original inventor of the auto camp trailer, the soldier crab, has dragged his prized tenement from obscurity into the range of some naturalist's keen eyes in such jungle paths as those found in Royal Palm Park.

As the sun sinks into the west we turn toward Miami inspired with two good resolves: we will come again when we can stay longer and we will chip in toward the cost of getting that protective moat dug around this last of the great hammocks.
Our Educational Institutions

By A. J. Hanna
Editor of the Rollins Alumni Record

few, if any, phases of Florida's development into a great commonwealth have shown more phenomenal progress than her educational institutions, the tremendous growth and service of which are indicative of the outstanding type of citizenry of which this state justly boasts.

For more than a century Florida's school system has been in existence and it is similar to her history—both old and new. The Seminoles, alas, were not a contributory factor. Instead of establishing St. Augustine as a great center of learning, the Spaniards strove for gold, although the Catholic priests conducted mission schools. During the English occupation, the highly cultured Dr. Turnbull, who was the only developer worthy of note, devoted his talents to the slave driver's art, hence his colonists, the miserable Minorcans, did not have an opportunity to enjoy the advantages of a Florida branch of Oxford or Cambridge.

But in 1822, when the state was organized as a territory by Congress, every sixteenth section of land was reserved for the purpose of aiding in the maintenance of schools. Florida's educational system was then established.

Not unlike the magic growth of Miami, the state supported institutions of Florida, although among the youngest colleges in the country, have developed so rapidly and so thoroughly broadened their sphere that they rank with the best universities of America. That great system of education which the South gave the country through Thomas Jefferson's founding of the University of Virginia, has been carried out in Florida as in other states of the Union.

The University of Florida and the Florida State College for Women are both on the approval list of the Colleges and Universities of all the Southern States. They come in the list of fifty so listed out of a total of 220 in the South. These two state institutions of higher learning have been approved as of standard grade and character by the Association of Colleges and Secondary Schools of the Southern States, the standardizing agency of the South.

By reason of this ranking, students of these institutions are fully accredited when they go to the large and more renowned graduate and professional schools of the country. There is also an equal exchange of academic credits, or an easy transfer from one college to another on the basis of the work done by the students.

The University also has been placed on the approved list of the Association of American Universities, the highest accrediting agency, so far as colleges are concerned, on the continent, it is stated. This is considered an extraordinary achievement in view of the fact that the University was established only nineteen years ago.

The University of Florida at Gainesville stands at the head of the public school system of the state. Under the able direction of President Murphree, the institution offers to every Florida boy, at a nominal cost, the opportunity to develop his genius. Generous appropriations from the State Legislature have made possible a highly organized group of colleges including Law. Through the College of Education, the high schools and grammar schools of the state are being supplied with efficiently trained executives and professors. The College of Law is bringing to the courts of Florida men of sound judgment and high principles. Engineers who are familiar with the needs and opportunities of the state, because of their training here, are devoting their energies to the building of a greater Florida. With the help of the experts of the Agricultural College, farmers and fruit growers of the state are combining theory with practice to the profit of the state and individual. The other colleges are fulfilling the objects for which they were founded.

The University of Florida has made rapid progress since her doors were opened in 1905. Thirteen modern, substantial buildings of brick and stone adorn the University Campus. The entire equipment has kept pace with the building program. Men of the highest professional training direct the work of various departments.

From an enrollment of 136 students at the first session (1905-06), the registration for 1923-24 has increased to over 1,300. The students' expenses are moderate. Those from Florida do not pay for tuition, except $20 a semester in the College of Law. Non-residents pay a nominal tuition fee of $20 a semester.
In an athletic way the University of Florida has recently come into unusual prominence because of the intersectional football games which have been played with the Harvard and the Army teams. Last year the team was one of the best in the South and sport writers predict great victories for the "Gators" in 1924.

The equipment of the University of Florida is one of which the people of this State may well be proud. Each college in the University is adequately housed in a handsome building and the new structures now in the course of erection will place Gainesville among the outstanding centers of learning in the South.

With the state capital as a background, the Florida State College for Women at Tallahassee is rendering a great service in the training of Florida girls. Remarkable strides have been made in Normal School and in the School of Home Economics. The standards of the liberal arts courses are exceptionally high. Annually large groups of young women of more than average ability, possessing the highest ideals, experts in their chosen fields, and all uniting in furthering the welfare of Florida, go out into every part of the state from the Florida State College for Women, to fulfill those possibilities which the Creator implanted within them. Practically every Florida girl has the opportunity to enjoy the advantages of the Florida State College for Women where she may have instruction, in her chosen field of endeavor, equal to the best in the country.

A vital factor in the success of a state's educational system is the part played by the independent colleges, founded by philanthropists or supported by the churches. Florida's independent colleges — Rollins, Stetson, Southern and Palmer—are assuming an important place in the education of Florida youth, and doing a worth while work for the Christian Education of the state's young people. The duty of the Christian colleges becomes eminently plain in the face of the declaration made some time ago by President W. O. Thompson, of Ohio State University, who said: "I am in no way untrue to state institutions when I say that in our day a boy might become a bachelor or master in almost any one of the best of them, and be as ignorant of the Bible, the moral and spiritual truth which it represents and the fundamental principles of religion, as if he had been educated in a non-Christian country. Who is to supply this lack if not the Christian college?"

As the state's oldest college and as a leader in the Christian education movement, Rollins College, located at Winter Park, possesses distinction. The unique location on beautiful Lake Virginia, which is the headquarters for water sports of the state, adds an unusual charm to this form of "Education out of doors". Because of the climate and the related advantages, at least half of the enrollment comes from the North.

Although an old institution, Rollins is small and rather prides herself on that fact. The usual A. B. and B. S. courses are offered and highly specialized departments of Business Administration and Music are maintained.

Rollins enjoys the advantages of Winter Park's literary colony and carries on her list of lecturers such men as Irving Bacheller, Edwin Markham, Dr. Richard Burton and others who spend considerable time on and about the campus in writing. Under the leadership of President Weir, Rollins has recently become the object of a union plan of support by the Congregational and Presbyterian Churches of Florida and is rapidly developing into one of the South's high-class small colleges.

Stetson University, at DeLand, is the next oldest institution of higher education in the state. It was founded by the famous hat manufacturer, John B. Stetson, and is the official Baptist college of Florida. Stetson is highly endowed, possessing an income producing fund of approximately one million dollars. In addition to the liberal arts courses, colleges of Law and Engineering are maintained and other departments are in the course of development so that Stetson will serve the needs of her constituency. Many handsome and modern buildings are found on the picturesque campus which is dotted with moss-covered oaks.

The average enrollment of Stetson University is 500, including the academy which is maintained in connection with the University work.

The Methodists of Florida are developing Southern College, recently moved from Sutherland to Lakeland, into one of the state's leading institutions. An attractive campus site borders Lake Hollingsworth and handsome structures have already been erected. No technical departments are maintained but emphasis is placed upon the cultural and religious tone of the instruction offered. The academy which was formerly maintained has been eliminated and the standards made to conform with the Southern Association of Colleges.

In addition to their union support of Rollins College, the Southern Presbyterian Church assists in the work of Palmer College, a junior college located at DeFuniak Springs. President H. A. Love has begun his administration and is engaged in a campaign to strengthen equipment and sphere.

In the past five years, public high schools of Florida have enjoyed the greatest growth of any feature of Florida education. Not only have up-to-date and modernly equipped structures been erected all over the state but the standards have been so increased that these schools compare well with those of other more highly organized states.

A recognized need for secondary education in Florida is the private academy, where parents from the North who spend the winter here may enter their children, or where students may enter for climatic reasons.

The Cathedral School for Girls, founded in 1899 by the late Right Reverend William Crane Gray, D. D., in the city of Orlando, has become firmly established in public esteem, for its efficiency and its influence for good. Its purpose is to meet
the states adjacent, and also offer special attractions for girls from the North whose parents desire to have them spend the winter in a mild climate.

The school buildings are grouped about Lake Eola and the advantages of the "City Beautiful" give a delightful atmosphere to the school.

The Florida Military Academy, located at Magnolia Springs just outside of Jacksonville, has, by its high standards of excellence earned for itself an enviable reputation among prominent educators both of the North and of the South. It offers all of the advantages found in the best university preparatory schools of the country, and it also offers a course in business training for cadets who will not attend college. The Academy is a member of the Association of Military Colleges and Schools of the United States.

The South Florida Military Academy, established at Sutherland, Florida two years ago. The old equipment of Southern College has been modernized and the usual military training advantages provided for. The location is near the Gulf of Mexico.

Miss Harris' School at Miami is doing a high grade work in preparing students for college and in tutoring students from the North who spend a part of their year in Florida. The enrollment is limited. Miami's many advantages serve to popularize this school.

In St. Petersburg the unique idea of an open air school is being carried out. The institution bears the name of Aitkin Open Air School. Up to the present time elementary classes only have been conducted.

Near Ft. Myers, the Captiva Island Preparatory School has been established for a number of years and attracts many boys from other states who wish to prepare for college. Out of door sports are engaged in freely.

At Madison, Florida, is located the Florida Normal Institute which devotes itself to the training of teachers for the public schools of the state.

At Montverde, in Lake County, about forty miles from Orlando stands the Montverde School, a secondary school which specializes in vocational work and requires that each student work a part of his or her expenses out. The rapid growth and the addition of magnificent gifts are tributes to the quality of instruction and the Christian character of the faculty.

Under the direction of the Catholic Church, the Sacred Heart College of Tampa and St. Leo Academy at Saint Leo, are maintained. These schools maintain academy subjects as well as those of an advanced character. The Sacred Heart College occupies a new and expensive structure connected with the Sacred Heart Church. St. Leo's is situated in the delightful hill country of Pasco County.

Convents for young women are maintained in Orlando, Key West, Tampa, Jacksonville, West Palm Beach, Fernandina and also in St. Augustine.

Fairly representative of every type of existing education, the state of Florida offers to its youth and to the sons and daughters of prospective residents, increasing advantages and improved opportunities for a training which every American boy and girl should have. Back of the educational movement is the Florida Education Association, which, through the leadership of its able secretary, Dr. O. I. Weedley, is cooperating with State Superintendent of Education, W. S. Cawthon, in bringing about better school conditions.

Through the agency of the Florida Education Association a magazine, "the "Journal," is published monthly in the interests of education in Florida. It is now starting on its second year and possesses a circulation of over 10,000 copies among Florida teachers and other civic leaders. Working under the motto that calls for an opportunity for Florida boys and girls equal to the best, the force of its pages is elevating educational conditions and bringing Florida to the front rank.

One of the objects toward which the Journal has been directing its energy is a survey of the state's schools on the basis of which improvements may be made. Related to this movement is the plan to make possible the enactment of several laws bearing on Florida schools before the next Legislature convenes in the spring.

As the official organ of the various educational institutions, from primary to college, it is bringing together the teachers and principals from all over the state with the result that each section is profiting by the excellence of the other. A striking example of this cooperation was the June issue which made a detailed study of the Orange County system of schools.

Floridians are beginning to realize now more than ever before that the state's future rests very largely on the education of Florida boys and girls. Salaries are, therefore, being increased each year so that the best obtainable talent may be had and educational advantages constantly made better.

Possessed with these many advantages, and assured of a future holding forth great promise, Florida's educational institutions should be a source of much pride to the citizens of this state.
How a studious-minded boy with dreamy eyes, who first wanted to be a poet and later a lawyer, turned out to be one of Florida’s master builders and financiers is the story of George E. Merrick of Miami and his achievements. The transformation of “the old Merrick homestead” into Miami’s master development has been somewhat of a miracle to those who did not know Mr. Merrick and his dreams and previous accomplishments. But the facts stand as proof that from the start there had been a practical ideal which gradually found its way into outward expression.

Mr. Merrick is less than 40 years old. In personal appearance he is a young athlete about 20. He is a tireless, systematic worker capable of paying strict attention to a multitude of details and knowing to a minute fraction what is being done by his assistants. He is known in Miami as a practical business man with a mania for hard work and a blunt dealer in facts and figures. In reality he still maintains his boyish ideals, which have been cultivated and developed through years of experience. He is still a poet at heart, witnessed not only by the lovely verse which he has transplanted to Miami, but by a small volume of privately-printed poetry, which is circulated only among a circle of his close friends.

He is a man who seldom appears in public, and then only to announce some gigantic project or to close an important transaction. When that is finished he retires to the voluntary self-effacement which does not quite amount to isolation, but which is his characteristic attitude. He is by nature a student and a thinker who has chosen to deal in the world of actual affairs only as he has seen fit, but who has in so dealing, revealed a wonderful world of power and forethought that those who beheld him twenty-five years ago as a freckle-faced boy driving a buggy hitched to a mule never thought was in him.

Coral Gables as a suburb has been under development for three years. During the first two years of its history Mr. Merrick would not allow his advertising staff to sign his name to any publicity. The selling was done in the name of agents, and announcements were confined strictly to business, minus any personal element. But Mr. Merrick is not camera shy. He has been photographed many times, but in each case he has said: “Please don’t use this one. It is ridiculous.” Lately Mr. Merrick saw a picture that he liked. It is reproduced with this article, the first time it has ever been published. Even then it had to be obtained through round-about channels.

But in spite of Mr. Merrick’s apparent desire to keep in the background of even his most important projects, every person in his organization knows that in Mr. Merrick’s bosom there beats a heart greater and warmer than that of the average man of that talk,” said one of Mr. Merrick’s departmen heads. “It was positively the best I have ever heard. Of course, one cannot convince another person against his will, especially when he has never seen Florida, or Miami, but he convinced everyone else, and he presented a majestic appearance as he stood pounding the table with his fists, his eyes flashing over the fact that anyone could for a moment doubt the future and present accomplishments of his beloved home city.”

Mr. Merrick devotes his entire attention to the development of Coral Gables. He plays the game alone to the extent that he originates every idea of importance, and is later carried out in physical changes and enlargements. He designated every park and plaza and personally names every street, each one of which is after some renowned city or personage in Old Spain. While he is assisted in all departments by a large staff of the highest salaried technical experts obtainable, he consults with them only upon necessity. Mr. Merrick never announces to anyone, with the possible exception of his confidential executive secretary, what he expects or intends to do. When the announcement comes of some new accomplishment, it is always in the past tense. It is something that already has been done and not something that he hopes to do.

Coral Gables, now recognized as America’s Finest Suburb, represents at present a total investment exceeding $16,000,000. The first year the proposition was handled on a local basis; the second year on a statewide basis, and the third year it reached a National basis, with offices shortly to be opened on Fifth Avenue, New York, and in leading cities of other sections.

The nucleus of this project was 100 acres purchased by Mr. Merrick’s father as a farm and homestead, which by gradual addition grew to be 1,600 acres at the time the subdivision was put on the market, and has now reached 3,000 acres under development. In putting on this suburb Mr. Merrick profited by his experiences as the developer and seller of other Miami subdivisions, which gave him not only valuable experience, but also enough capital with which to launch his ambitious plans. He has never incorporated, never sold stock, never taken in any partners. The suburb is still backed solely by “George E. Merrick, Owner and Developer.”

Mr. Merrick was born in Springdale, Pa., 1886. His father, Solomon Greasley Merrick, brought his family to Miami in 1888, when it was nothing but a village. He purchased a ranch eight miles from the old business center, choosing the site because of its elevation and coolness. The move to Miami on the part of the family was caused almost altogether by the poor health.
of the elder Mr. Merrick, a Congregational minister. Rev. Merrick founded the Coconut Grove Congregational Church and was its pastor for many years. His health improved rapidly, and the farm, which he named "Coral Gables," was developed until it became one of Miami's beauty spots. Rev. Merrick became the largest shipper of grapefruit in Southeastern Florida.

George Merrick is pictured then as a freckle-faced, barefoot boy, who was sent to town every morning with the family mule and cart, taking the fruit and other produce to market and getting the mail at the postoffice. For the long drive, which required several hours because the automobile had not yet been introduced, George received as his pay an ice-cream soda. It was his first luxury, and he still relishes it above any other. The shy, backward boy, the old-timers say, would often sit for an hour in the rude high-chair in front of the soda fountain, gazing at his own reflection and watching what, in those days, was considered the almost magical aptness with which the clerk mixed various kinds of soft drinks. Perhaps it was while watching the different syrups being compounded in the tall glasses that young Merrick hit on the formula for his own future. No one will ever know.

Several years later George Merrick was sent by his father to Rollins College at Winter Park, Florida, where he found a chance to gain the learning which his heart so greatly craved. Information of all kinds, that some might think dull and uninteresting, he devoured with an eagerness that surprised all who knew him. It was while studying at Rollins and from a later trip into Mexico and Central America that Mr. Merrick conceived the idea of bringing "Castles in Spain" down to earth and making them a reality. It was to be a matter of fifteen years, however, before he was to realize this. His father thought he ought "Castles in Spain" down to earth and making them a reality. It was to be a matter of fifteen years, however, before he was to realize this. His father thought he ought to be a lawyer, and so the young man was sent to a New York law school. His studies there were interrupted by the death in 1911 of the elder Mr. Merrick. Forced by the lack of funds to abandon the law course which he had started, young Merrick hastened back to Miami, took full charge of his father's grove and proceeded to improve it. He began to realize the possibilities of high-class real estate developments, as Miami was already attracting the attention of visitors and many were predicting that it would some day become the playground of the Nation.

His subdivisions, Riverside Heights, North Miami Estates, South Bay Estates and Twelfth Street Manors, were put on successfully and successfully, and netted an honest reward in each case. Meanwhile, Miami's business and residential center was steadily growing in the direction of Mr. Merrick's home, and the idea came to him: Why not make a master suburb of Coral Gables?

Mr. Merrick saw that in this he could work out a practical business proposition and at the same time gratify his ambition to create something of rare beauty and worth in an atmosphere which he loved so dearly.

He had already emerged from his student ways, however, for several years been developing as an executive and financier, and the desire to build a city and all that goes with it permeated him with an ambition he had never felt before. With the capital he had accumulated and with money borrowed from insurance companies, but without incorporating or taking partners, Mr. Merrick carried his development project along through successive stages. An incident in connection with his financing was that he insured his life for $1,000,000 and is one in a hundred persons in the world carrying that amount.

Today Coral Gables extends for several miles in each direction from its thriving business center. It is divided into sections, some for commercial and industrial purposes, others for residences. In between are wonderful plazas, fountains, parks, golf courses and canals, all beautifully landscaped. In making the development complete as he proceeded, Mr. Merrick found it necessary to build an elaborate bathing pool so that residents would not have to go to the beach, several miles away, when they desired to take a dip. This pool is of unusual beauty, with artificial cascades, water courses tumbling between tall palms and tangled vines, and finally the bottom of the pool itself has been tinted with every color of the rainbow, so that the water reflects the rare shades. In different parts of Coral Gables varied forms of architecture are to be found, as it is the purpose of the developer to make every house fit perfectly into its background, presenting an artistic picture. There are many variations from the pure Spanish type, verging into the Italian and so greatly craved. Information of all kinds, that some might think dull and uninteresting, he devoured with an eagerness that surprised all who knew him. It was while studying at Rollins and from a later trip into Mexico and Central America that Mr. Merrick conceived the idea of bringing "Castles in Spain" down to earth and making them a reality. It was to be a matter of fifteen years, however, before he was to realize this. His father thought he ought to be a lawyer, and so the young man was sent to a New York law school. His studies there were interrupted by the death in 1911 of the elder Mr. Merrick. Forced by the lack of funds to abandon the law course which he had started, young Merrick hastened back to Miami, took full charge of his father’s grove and proceeded to improve it. He began to realize the possibilities of high-class real estate developments, as Miami was already attracting the attention of visitors and many were predicting that it would some day become the playground of the Nation.

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Moorestown, and sometimes the three have been combined, with striking effect.

An instance of the thoroughness of Mr. Merrick is producing the true foreign atmosphere was found early in his development when architects began specifying tiled roofs for the houses. But the tiles were glazed in garnish shades and were quite out of harmony with the effect intended. Mr. Merrick declared then and there that he would have no substitutes, and that if the old-fashioned Spanish red tile could not be had in the United States, he would send abroad for it. This he did, and every few months a shipload arrives from Cuba. There, too, it seems that the middle-age method of tile-manufacture has been lost or has been superseded, so it means that old Spanish houses have to be purchased bodily and wrecked for the tile roofs only, which are brought here and put in place.

Another instance of this same sort of careful supervision is that every house built in Coral Gables is photographed by an expert from as many angles as possible, to make sure that it fulfills the picture in Mr. Merrick's mind's eye of what it ought to be. The pictures are studied and occasionally there will come an order to change the location of a tree or palm, or to make a slight alteration in the detail of a building. The pictures which are considered the best are enlarged and displayed, and the advertisements showing these buildings have spread the fame of Coral Gables and Miami throughout the United States.

Mr. Merrick, like most other successful men, likes to attribute the credit for his accomplishments to his parents. He declares, when asked, that it was the Rev. Solomon G. Merrick, driven from New England by the snow and pneumonia epidemic, who really picked out the ideal spot for the development, and who laid the foundation for the city that was to be, starting with a capital of less than $100 to bring from soon as he saw the opportunity, went to work with brain and brawn. In a modest sketch which Mr. Merrick has written for publication, all the credit is given the elder Mr. Merrick and practically none to himself.

What the father started the son has carried forward splendidly, making use of a vast wealth of originality and genius which no one suspected he possessed until responsibility forced him to become an executive. Now Coral Gables and Miami touch and what was once an intervening territory of pine woods has been supplanted by thousands of residences. A streetcar line will soon connect Mr. Merrick's city with the business center of Miami, and a railroad will also supply communication with Miami and with Lake Okeechobee within the next year.

Coral Gables as it stands today apparently is a finished product, but anyone who believes this to be the case is apt to be rudely jarred on an average of every thirty days, as new announcements are made of additions, improvements and new departures. "What will George Merrick do next?" has become a standing question in and about Miami. Other real estate operators have learned to have confidence in his judgment, and many a smaller operator owes a large portion of his success by being able to acquire something close to Mr. Merrick's development and holding on to it.

Mr. Merrick is represented as working on a program from five to eight years ahead of actual conditions, and his improvements and additions within the next year are
Every Day Hundreds Visit the Master Suburb

Mr. Merrick insists that it was his father who formulated the ideals which have been worked out in Coral Gables years later. Close associates of Mr. Merrick assert that whenever a new plan or idea was brought to his attention or conceived by himself, he invariably asked the question: "Would father like it?" Upon the answer to this simple query depended a great many of the actualities of the modern suburban city.

The following tribute to the older Mr. Merrick shows the unselfish character of the son: "With the untiring determination of a real pioneer, heartened and buoyed by that broad-gauge vision that was always his, through the hard pioneering years that were a continual unrelenting struggle, my father laid, broadly and with true empire-building capacity, the far reaches and foundations of that glorious embodiment of unrivaled beauty-achievement that is the Coral Gables of today.

"In every way has been proved the unerring rightness of his vision of the possibilities and future of the Coral Gables section. He and the family found abundant health; the quinsy and rheumatism that had affected my parents for years absolutely faded away. Good health and prosperity were theirs for many years, until my father finally entered into rest from an unsuspected organic disease. His discernment of the Coral Gables area as of unrivaled fertility and adaptability for tropical and sub-tropical plant life, the years have abundantly proved. The first solid carload of grapefruit that was ever rolled from the Miami section was picked and loaded from groves which he planted several years before. Mr. Merrick made after he began his city-building activities at Coral Gables, and his apparent lavish expenditure of money in a section once considered quite distant from Miami, suggested to many investors the desirability of opening subdivisions near Mr. Merrick. Others not inspired by ideals bought as much land as they could get near Coral Gables and did not improve it, taking it for granted that Mr. Merrick, in his plans for expansion, would be forced to do.

Recently Mr. Merrick desired to open a new section connecting with a main thoroughfare. Handicapped at first by lack of funds at the death of Mr. Merrick, others suggested to many of his former associates, Mr. Merrick, while willing to pay what the land was worth, did not want to enrich someone else at too great a cost to himself. When the addition was finally announced and the main thoroughfare completed, the winding streets, apparently designed for looks, led in a direct route towards Miami than had Mr. Merrick built straight to the main thoroughfare as this speculator thought he would be forced to do.

This, then, is the story of the studious-minded, poetic, independent man who has had to remain in the background, and who still chooses so to remain. He has become a leader of men and a builder of constructive genius, which was discovered only when responsibility forced it upon him. He has taken a leading part in the affairs of his adopted city, one might almost say against his will. But an assertion of that kind would hardly be true, for there is no question that Mr. Merrick has a mind of his own, and a very well-developed and determined one at that, and it was a certainty that sometime this spark would be awakened. That man has long since passed the stage of being merely a student, but has become a creator and developer of constructive genius, which was discovered only when responsibility forced it upon him. He has taken a leading part in the affairs of his adopted city, and one might almost say against his will. But an assertion of that kind would hardly be true, for there is no question that Mr. Merrick has a mind of his own, and a very well-developed and determined one at that.
HYDRASTIS PINCHBACK, a scrawny little darkey, was trying to 'kid' his companion who was walking with him along the flashy front of a restaurant in "The Scrub". Tampa's Darktown, and wriggled a toothpick disjointedly around in his mouth, regarding his partner, Gabriel Moses, with a sour look on his face.

Gabriel was as large as Hydrastis was small, and his clothes, if possible, were even noisier than those of his midget companion. Externally they looked like an exceedingly prosperous pair, but in reality they were in the depths of despair, due to the fact that they had just spent their last dimes, and hadn't the least idea where their next meal was coming from. As they lived only from one meal to the next, this was an extremely serious proposition with them.

Hydrastis really had no use for the toothpick that lay between his lips. All he had ordered for supper was a single cup of coffee, and there is little in a cup of coffee, and a brown stimulant that calls for the use of a toothpick. The truth of the matter was that Hydrastis was trying to "kid" his stomach into believing that it hadn't been fooled the lest bit—or bit e. It hadn't been fooled the well-chewed end, then tossed it wearily into the street. After a moment he spoke.

"Gabriel, what is we goin' t' do?"

Hydrastis rolled his eyes in haunting misery, then added:

"It looks like we's goin' t' have t' go t' wuhk."

Gabriel's eyes flashed, and his voice took on a scornful tone.

"Ah knew it! Ah jes knew it. Heah dey's thousands o' wuhds in de langwidge an' yo' picks out de one wuhd dat riles me mos'. Whut d' yo' git dat me stuff? Ah guess yo' is goin' t' wuhk, anywhah."

"No, nor on de day befah. But it done took all o' my money an' two o' my thimble out."

"Yeh, an' dem Cubeans, dey's even worse dan dese heah Tampa niggahs."

"Well, Ah tol' yo' we hadn't ought t' have no truck wif niggahs dat caint speak good English like yo' an' me. Who was it wanted t' go out t' Wes' Tampa an' play dis new-fangle' game dey calls Bolita?"

"Puts a lot o' little balls in a sack, don' dey? An' yo' pays a dollah fo' chances. Den somebody grabs a ball, don' de sack an' cuts it out, 'n' de man dat has dat ball gits eight-eight dollahs. Fine game, aint it?"

"What was it yo' called it? A lottery, yo' says. Says dey calls it a lottery cause yo' gits a lot fo' yo' money. Lot we got didn't we? Ouhah money jes ran away like rain wash. Ah'd ratheh shoot craps. Dat good o' American game is plenty good enough fo' dis man. Yo' got a chance t' control yo' fortunes."
“Ah don' t know he c'n sing. .He don' drastis said, r ea ching out gingerly and pat­
ning the air grow cooler, 

''Yeh, but li sse n t' dis on e," Gabri e l and could sense Lacey' s she ll tightening 

"Well, Ah got it! Ah got it!" the lea st pr e tentious, but the partners were 

Strange to say, Gabriel, who was usually quite voluble, made no comment for a time. Then, after a full minute, he broke forth. 

"Ah got it! Ah got it!" Hydrastis looked up hopefully. 

"What yo' got, Gabe? Did yo' find a dime yo' didn' know yo'? had?" 

"Naw," Gabriel denied scornfully, as though he meant nothing to him then, 

"Ah got an idea!" "Well, ah aint so 'bout dat interests me. 

"Ah got an idea!" "Well, ah aint so dat interests me. 

"He was raised on d em blues 

"We'll gib yo' t e n p er c e nt o' all we 

"Yeh, but we caint lose dis time. In de 'das place, we aint got no money, an' in de street we jus' live hand to mouth. 

"Dawgs sho' like yo', Gabe," he com­

"What yo' mean, signin' dawg? Who evah heah dawg t' eat, we'ed eat it ouahs e lves. "

"Hein? Did dis dawg got anything t' do wif yo' idea?" "Well—yeh, he has."

"Ah don—believe it now. Fo' yo' sho' picked on de las' two 

"When does he sing?"

"Right away, soon's we c'n find a place whuh we c'n put de dawg on display. We 

Well, whut says it? It shows a dawg lissenin' t' de music. Well, ouah idea is goin' to be jes de opposte o' dat. We 

Lacey Johnson's little store stood. Lacey 

"We all got a little proposition we wants t' put up t' yo'-

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"Right way, said Hydrastis. "Soon's we c'n find a piece of cardboard t' write a sign on. Does yo' happen t' have anything like dat, Mistah Curtin?"

Sudden­ly Lacey happened to remember 

"Yes, yous ah want somin' in de street in dat time. 

"We'l be takin' in mo' dimes dan de mint's got." "Ah don' want t' buy anything, dat is, not right now," Hydrastis explained. "Meet mah friend Gabriel."

Lacey extended a rather small hand, 

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The City of Miami and water front on beautiful Biscayne Bay. During the winter season the bay is filled with yachts and speedboats and every January the National Mid-winter Speedboat and Airplane Regatta is held in Biscayne Bay, with most of the fastest boats participating.

These, interspersed with charming lakes and beautiful homes, combine to make Lake Alfred a coming city which is attracting people of wealth and culture. Polk County leads all the counties of Florida in the production of citrus fruits, has more progressive cities than any other county, and a greater mileage of improved highways.

Dunedin is an attractive little city of beautiful homes facing the Gulf in Pinellas County, about half way between Clearwater and Tarpon Springs. These three cities are probably the most beautiful on the middle Gulf Coast.

Thousands of acres of fine groves surround Lake Alfred in Polk County. These, interspersed with charming lakes and beautiful homes, combine to make Lake Alfred a coming city which is attracting people of wealth and culture. Polk County leads all the counties of Florida in the production of citrus fruits, has more progressive cities than any other county, and a greater mileage of improved highways.

Winter Park, where Rollins College is located, boasts of many lakes, two of which are shown above.

(Left) Looking over two of St. Petersburg's subdivisions, Brightwaters and Shore Acres, toward a third subdivision, the Florida Riviera, and the Gandy bridgehead, which cannot be seen in this photograph owing to a haze over the water when it was made.

Next Month:
Another page of Airplane Photographs
VISIONARIES of CREATION

A SERIES of HUMAN INTEREST STORIES
of THE EMPIRE BUILDERS of FLORIDA

2—S. Davies Warfield and Charles R. Capps

By N. VAN BEYNUM HORN

WHEN Florida's history is written by the on-coming generation, the names of S. Davies Warfield and Charles R. Capps, President and First Vice-President respectively of the Seaboard Air Line Railway, will rank with those of the late H. M. Flagler and Henry C. Plant.

By the time that the fresh scars of the cuts and the gray and yellow stretches of fill for the grade of the Florida Western and Northern Railroad (a Seaboard subsidiary) have lost their glaring starkness and become a part of the landscape, and the thundering trains of the Seaboard have turned the virgin solitudes into populous places, historians will have attained that clear perspective that will enable them to more fully comprehend the value and true significance of the vision and foresight that prompted these two men to open up to the world a new empire.

S. Davies Warfield has done much for the South. And to the Seaboard Air Line Railway he has given freely of his time, money and influence. He has served for years as Chairman of the Board of Directors and President, and handled in this capacity the relations of the road with Wall Street.

It is upon the shoulders of Charles R. Capps, however, that the great responsibility of building a great system out of a number of struggling short lines has rested. A great financier once defined "vision" as "the ability to see what others do not see; to see farther than they see; and to see BEFORE they see." Such is the vision of Mr. Capps.

More than thirty years ago he entered the employ of one of the roads now making up the Seaboard system as a clerk in its traffic department. He had just graduated from Roanoke College in his native state—Virginia. His ability and vision enabled him to advance and after he had mastered the traffic end of the railroad business he became freight traffic manager, then vice-president in charge of traffic, and later executive vice-president, making him the chief executive of the various departments which make up a great railroad system.

Mr. Capps has always been known in railroad circles as a "traffic man." He works and thinks in terms of "traffic," which in the final analysis, makes or breaks a railroad. His is a strong, forceful personality, one that inspires his subordinates and assistants all the way down the line to the newest freight solicitor or trainman. They all have confidence in him and put forward their best efforts. Such staff are the world's greatest generals and captains of industry made. His is a retiring nature but he has never sought the limelight. Probably the greatest privilege of him in this article is the first that has ever appeared in any magazine. During the war he gained much praise in railroad circles for his work as assistant to B. L. Winchell, Regional Director of all the Southeastern roads, but of this the general public heard nothing.

Florida has always loomed large in the vision of Mr. Capps. While he was building up traffic along the Seaboard in the four Southern states it penetrated before it enters Florida, he always kept in mind the great traffic which the new-old state of Florida would some day produce for his road. His vision kept him always several years ahead of development, and he made a number of trips through Central and South Florida where he found a rich rolling country, dotted with myriad sparkling lakes—a country as beautiful as the Berkshires. South of it lay a prairie country in the upper everglades—a section of silent forests and open prairies.

In all this section there was barely 30,000 inhabitants, but the future possibilities is what spoke to Mr. Capps in terms of traffic. With him it is always traffic—and then more traffic.

He began to work out plans for a cross-state road which would bring Tampa and the East Coast within six hours of one another and afford the first through line from the East Coast to the large Eastern cities—and approximately twenty-five miles shorter.

Early in 1924, not only the Scenic Highlands, but even the prairie and Upper Everglades of Florida's Ridge Section were electrified by the news that a new railroad would be built immediately, wiping out the isolation that had set at naught its wonderful climate, its versatile soil and its ever changing scenery.

From Coleman, the new road’s northern terminal, to Palm Beach, its southern terminal, a hamlet and village and hamlet took on new life and set its cap to win by merit, location or financial bait a coveted position on the right of way. Mass meetings in each growing city, preceded by feverish activity and followed by tireless energy brought home to those opposing the enfranchisement the dogged determination of these people to secure the prize which would emanate from the connections offered by this subsidiary of the Seaboard.

All the obstacles that usually confront a new railroad were placed along the line, and unforeseen difficulties added to the complications which are a regular part of railroad construction. One by one they were conquered, and now, with grading, ballasting and rail laying progressing with incredible speed, completion is close at hand. The New Year will doubtlessly be ushered in by the welcome whistle of a Seaboard train on its way from the North to Palm Beach.

World famous financiers from the close confines of Wall Street, whirling away from business cares and cold weather to the balmy playgrounds of sunny Florida; investors whose canny eyes are open to every new opportunity; pleasure-seekers, home-seekers and developers, will all roll smoothly through miles of orange groves, through prospering cities, past busy phosphate mines, around hills whose picturesque beauty is mirrored in deep set lakes, over countless acres of avocado and celery lands, past truck farms and cattle ranches. These kaleidoscopic views represent unlimited opportunities for investment to the intelligent traveler.

Less than six per cent of the area in the seven counties tributary to this new line is now under cultivation, and less than twenty-five per cent of the citrus trees in these counties have come into bearing.

It is a well known railroad axiom that freight traffic follows passenger travel, and this case will be no exception to the rule. Strategically located, this section of Florida enjoys comparative immunity from frosts, owing partly to the fact that the prevailing winds which come from the northwest are tempered during their passage over the warm waters of the Gulf of Mexico. The topography of the land, the natural air drainage formed by the slope toward Lake Okeechobee, and the numerous lakes all insure good frost protection.
The rich possibilities for agriculture, horticulture, poultry and stock raising will eventually bring industries in their wake. Canning factories, packing-houses, stockyards and other contributing manufactories will spring up in answer to the demand. This spells prosperity for the communities and tonnage for the railroads. Already the phosphate mines and lumber have become a source of revenue to both railroads and operators.

Citrus shipments are much larger from Polk and Highlands Counties than from any other portion of the state. With the added shipping facilities offered by a through line, serving communities heretofore outside the transportation limits, the incentive to plant perishable produce will be furnished. With this stimulus, activity is apparent all along the line. Settlements are growing into towns and towns into cities, while clearing and cultivation are in progress where but a year ago solitude reigned.

Polk City, set in the beautiful, rolling lake country of "Imperial Polk", has changed from a name to a town where the rasp of the saw and the ring of the hammer proclaim its building program to all within earshot. Its surrounding citrus lands give it a "back country" that will one day furnish tonnage and traffic that will crowd the station being erected there by the new road.

Auburndale, beautiful as its name, with a citrus industry of growing proportions, gives promise of rapid growth. It will be a junction point, and its position on two main line roads will be an enviable one.

Winter Haven, "City of a Hundred Lakes", lovely and gracious with the stately dignity of years, is the largest fruit shipping center in the state. Its banana developments are among the most extensive in this section. Its position on the new railroad is a matter of paramount importance to its shippers, merchants and citizens in general. Its new tourist hotel, "The Haven", of a size and magnificence that had seemed at the time to exceed its need, will team this season with the visitors who are taking their first opportunity to travel comfortably and conveniently through this portion of the state, hitherto almost unknown to the traveling public.

West Lake Wales—yesterday an exigency planned to meet the right of way, today a junction point where trains from Tampa and the North meet the through trains. It is first of all a citrus country, though the fertile truck lands adjoining this place will furnish much of the tonnage to northern points.

West Frostproof, another new town, is rapidly changing from woodland to a settled community, with buildings in the various stages of construction.

Auburn Park, one of the leading industrial cities of Highlands County and the Ridge, with its busy crate mills, its canning factory, its packing houses and its rapidly growing business and residential district, will profit greatly by its location on the through trunk line. Likewise the Seaboard, assured of tonnage, has chosen wisely in directing its line of travel through this oldest of Highlands' cities, which is also one of the greatest citrus centers in the world, having 15,000 acres of citrus fruit planted within five miles of its limits.
unimproved land, over half of which is situated in Highlands County. This land, an arrangement reminiscent of fifty years ago, such as the Union Pacific, Central Pacific and others.

South Florida, not even Mr. Warfield, backed by his intimate knowledge of investments and returns, nor Mr. Capps with his vision and aggression can visualize. South Florida itself, standing on the eve of a new era, can but dimly comprehend the completeness of the change and the certainty of the prosperity that will follow the shining steel rails which will connect the bright lights of Broadway with the palm - fringed, moon - bathed beaches of Florida.

Truth to tell, the Seaboard Air Line Railway has galvanized into attention more than those who would benefit directly by its extension. Bond buyers of many years' experience were amazed when a $7,000,000 bond issue was offered to the public to finance a new railroad in Florida nearly 250 miles in length. Though several small branch lines have been built and one piece of relocation completed, no important piece of railroad has been planned or built for fifteen years. The fact that this line was opening up to development the last frontier of the United States was reflected in the speculative feature of giving to the bondholders a participation in the profits accruing from the increase in the value of this land, an arrangement reminiscent of the era of the construction of the landgrant railroads in the West, more than fifty years ago, such as the Union Pacific, Central Pacific and others.

A sinking fund of $210,000 a year, beginning in 1926, has been established for the purchase or call of the bonds, which is an unusual feature in a railroad bond issue. To still further enhance its attractiveness to investors, each $1,000 bond carries with it an ownership of ten common shares of the Florida Land and Development Company. This company now owns approximately 300,000 acres, purchased with funds advanced by the Seaboard. The Seaboard will own as much of the authorized preferred stock of the land company as will be necessary to be sold to clear the land purchase (deferred payments thereon running ten years) and half the 146,000 shares of common. The proceeds of the sale of the land to settlers will be devoted first to the retirement of the preferred stock. Thus, half the profit on this land will go to the bondholders. The common shares representing the profit will be delivered when the preferred has been re-
tired, probably within the next ten years.

Where the early investors in the western railroads counted on the increase in the value of the land grants to strengthen their investments, this plan presents to the bond buyers the unique opportunity of participating directly in the profits from the sale of railroad-controlled land holdings.

Barron's National Financial Weekly which published an intensive article on the Seaboard extension, tells of the road's bid for traffic, explaining concisely its financial preparedness for this stroke.

"With its strong competitor getting a larger share of the traffic at Jacksonville, with this East Coast traffic growing by leaps and bounds as Palm Beach and Miami attract new thousands of visitors and permanent settlers year after year, the Seaboard Air Line recently determined on a bold move to get more of this traffic. The company was in good condition to take such a step. In December last the company made a final settlement with the government of the claims and counter-claims arising out of the well-conceived line. Cash received in this settlement amounted to $3,400,000 and left the Seaboard with net working capital at the end of 1923 of $5,108,000. On top of this favorable financial condition the company has recently completed a car-rebuilding program together with extensive purchase of equipment. Through these expenditures, about 15,000 cars have been added to the serviceable equipment of the system. As a result, hire of equipment charges which amounted to $2,991,974 in 1922, were cut to $1,644,548 in 1923 and to $324,436 in the first quarter of this year. Largely as a result of this decrease in the hire of equipment item and the increase in gross revenues Seaboard earned a surplus, after charges, of $1,394,000 last year, and bids fair to earn a surplus of $2,000,000 or more this year.

"With its finances thus strengthened the Seaboard was able to plan an extension of its lines of major importance. A new company was formed to construct 238 miles of line across Florida from Coleman, on the main line of the Seaboard, to West Palm Beach. This new line will also cross the Seaboard's existing line near Lake Wales, and create a direct line between West Palm Beach and Tampa, a distance of 183 miles. At present there is no rail connection, nor even a completed automobile road between the resorts and commercial cities on the two coasts. A business man of Tampa or St. Petersburg could reach Palm Beach only by going north to Jacksonville and south on the Florida East Coast. Most tourists visiting Florida have confined their trips to one section or the other and not attempted to make the tedious 600-mile journey between the two.

"For the first time in Florida's history, the Seaboard has provided an operating schedule which places the west and east coasts of the state only one night from Eastern cities. A New Yorker can eat his favorite breakfast at home one morning, enjoy the gastronomic delights of a "shoo-nuff" Southern breakfast at Savannah the next morning, lunch at Jacksonville, dine at Tampa, and arrive at St. Petersburg, Sarasota, or Palm Beach in time to hear his favorite bed-time story over the radio. Boston and Jacksonville will be thirty-six hours apart under the new schedule.

"Visitors from the North, desiring to taste the delights of both ocean and gulf, with a dash of Florida's "mountain" scenery thrown in for a zest, may do so without the expense and inconvenience of the day and a half trip. This will be reduced to six hours comfortable ride in a train equipped with the most modern improvements."

Three of the finest possible Pullman fast trains are listed on the Seaboard's new program, running from New York and Washington to Florida, with through sleeping cars from Quebec, Boston, Buffalo, Cleveland, Detroit, Pittsburgh, New York and Washington, to Jacksonville, Tampa, St. Petersburg, Palm Beach and Miami. The combined new train service will cover 7,000 miles a day.

The first of these trains, "The Floridian", consisting of coaches, dining cars, section, compartment, drawing room, and observation cars will go into operation November 17th. The second, the "All Florida Special", a fast all-Pullman limited train, making few stops and carrying no coaches, will start on the same day.

Both these trains make connections at Jacksonville for points on both the East and West coast.

The first train to run down the new line into Palm Beach will be the "Seaboard Florida Limited", leaving New York on December 29th. Famous by reason of its twenty-three cars of Pullman winter service, this train will be the finest the Pullman Company produces, consisting of club cars, Seaboard dining cars, Pullman section, compartment, drawing room, and observation library smoking cars. No coaches will be carried on this train.

The "Seaboard Florida Limited" and the "All Florida Special" will operate to the end of the tourist season late in April, while the "Floridian" will operate the year around. The "Suwanee River Special", operated by the Southern Railway and Seaboard between Chicago, Cleveland, Cincinnati and Chicago, direct to the West Coast of Florida, is starting on its fourth successful season.

According to statistics, nearly half the gross revenues of the Seaboard are derived from traffic originating in or destined for its Florida lines. This, together with the fact that Florida is the fastest growing state in the Union today, brings home the realization of its importance to railroad prosperity. The Seaboard's contribution to the development of Florida will be amply reciprocated by the tonnage and traffic which this new territory will insure. Each contingent upon the other's success, will reap the profits which must surely follow.
How to Land the Silver Tarpon

By JIMMIE DYKES

This 127-pound tarpon was caught near Ft. Lauderdale by a woman weighing much less

THE SILVER KING or Tarpon Atlanticus, as he is called by the scientific fellows, has long been the idol of all lovers of real sport. He is strong, cruel, and wary; cool and resourceful. He moves like the flash of summer lightning. He often leaps ten feet or more into the air trying to shake loose that terrifying little barb of metal that threatens his very freedom and his kingship of the deep. He will often, when hooked, rush directly at the boat from which his would-be captor fishes. It then becomes a matter of luck, whether he will go under the boat, around it, or over it. Many a broken rod bears mute testimony to the fact that the passage was under, while many an angler, scared out of ten years' growth, can ably testify to the fact that the great Silver King leaped clear over in a mighty effort to dislodge the hook.

Imagine holding the business end of a ten-ounce split bamboo rod and knowing that there was a two-hundred pound brook trout making about seventy knots per hour in the general direction of Galveston, Texas, with nothing between you and the fish but six hundred feet of thirty-pound-test Cutthunk line. Hot Dog! What a kick!

Most people have the idea that tarpon fishing is only for the select few who have made a million in wheat, cotton, or real estate. Such is not the case. The man of average means can, with the use of a few pointers from those already initiated, have a goodly taste of the king of all sports and thereby make himself famous by doing a fine specimen to the old town library in Oakkosh, Tallapoaos, Bingville or wherever else he may hail from.

In many cases the old story of the boy with the bent pin, goes for the man with the home-made tarpon outfit. The great silver fighters are not the least bit fussy about the sort of reel that you carry, or the bait you use. To them, food is eats! And a six-dollar Pfluegger surf reel shines just as brightly as Von Hoffs most expensive.

Of course, the man with the expensive outfit, provided he is an experienced angler, has a much better chance of landing his fish, due mostly to the better material, but tarpon fishing, like a great many other things in life, has its ups and downs and, at its best, is mostly a case of skill and perseverance. However, many a greenhorn has won his way into the hall of fame of "Fishery" by landing the first tarpon he became tangled up with.

To begin with, get a good rod. A good rod isn't necessarily a thing of many colors and costing a hundred smashers, either. Most any of the numerous sporting goods stores anywhere in the vicinity of the tarpon grounds can sell you a good ready-made split bamboo or bamboo shoot wrapped and strengthened with heavy linen cord, glue and varnish, at prices ranging from five to twenty-five dollars. Such a rod will last a lifetime, barring accidents and provided that ordinary care is exercised in its preservation. Most of the split bamboo rods have a patent reel-seat of tried merit.

With the straight bamboo rod, however, the most satisfactory reel fastening is heavy linen or sea island cotton line, wrapped around the reel-seat lugos and butt alike and then given several coats of spoolastic varnish to keep off the water and salt. This makes the rod and reel practically one piece and gives much more strength in an emergency than do most of the patent reel-seats for this sort of an outfit, many of them being highly unsatisfactory.

If possible, have the line-guides of agatine or agate. Metal guides are alright in fresh water, but, where they are subject to the corrosion of salt water, they soon are provided that ordinary care is exercised in its preservation. Ordinary varnish will crack when the rod bends under the strain of a fish, and will let the water in under the wrapping, which is the real cause of most rods going bad at the crucial moment. German silver resists the corrosion of salt water fairly well, but a brass reel with steel working parts, bronze gears and heavy nickel plating will last forever by giving years of good honest service. The most common makes are: Messelbach, Pfluegger, Von Hoffs, Shakespeare and South Bend. These are all excellent reels, each having its advantages and disadvantages, but all being easily repaired from stock parts and each having a reputation of a reliable house behind it. They range in cost from six to one hundred dollars, so there is one for practically every purse which leaves the selection up to the buyer himself.

After the reel is made fast to the rod get the line to begin with. Good fresh Cutthunk linen line (most tarpon fishermen use fifteen to twenty-one thread line, the better fishermen using lighter line.) Wind this line slowly onto the reel, watching every foot of it for a possible defect.

Then get a can of medium gun or sewing machine oil, a pair of good cutting pliers, a dozen Sobey tarpon hooks, and as many heavy piano wire leaders, swivels, and keel sinkers (a keel sinker is a flat, circular chunk of lead that is folded over the line and when the fish strikes the lead flies off and releases the line from that much added strain), a stout grip hook and, if you contemplate trolling, several of the different plug baits and spoon hooks made for the purpose. You are now ready for action.

The tarpon season differs slightly with the locality. In Miami and Key West, for instance, the Silver King is seen nearly all the year "round, while he is seldom caught along the middle East and West Coasts until April and from then on until September when he starts his southward roamings again. To the stranger, therefore, a guide is quite necessary. Florida is blessed with an abundance of competent tarpon guides. Miami, Palm Beach, Key West, Fort Myers, Sarasota, Punta Gorda, Bradenton, Pass-a-Grille, St. Petersburg, Clearwater, Tarpon Springs and, of course, all the other places up and down the coast. Both costs can furnish expert guides at a nominal cost to the angler. These men have spent years in the study and chase of the Silver King and
for the Silver King grows in popularity each
every tarpon fishing party that has started
three elderly gentlemen in his launch fish -
tinie of the day or night (moonlight fishing
with nervous disorders should stay ashore
has been known to break out into cold
about three or four hundred feet. Keep
in a flying leap at the end of a second or
two, during which time the fish has traveled
minute Mr. Tarpon feels the prick of the
nearly any hardware or sporting goods store
feeling the first terrific strike of the day,
be, whether he has ca ught forty tarpon or
pretty stiff undertaking at times as the
den rushes and leaps, and can do as he
ways a favorite, small live shiners, sand
perch up to six inches in length, squirell
fish, grunts, porgy, and at times cat fish
(with the spiny fins removed) are all taken
with great relih.
Artificial bait has not been used to any
great extent until the past two or three
years. Von Hoffe and several other bait
manufacturers are putting out wooden
creations of the present day which are
designed to fool the tarpon completely,
and they do. Many a fish has made his
fational move by trying to gather in a succu-
culent morsel of red cedar painted nearly
all the colors of the rainbow only to find it
meantest dose in all his piscatorial ex-
istence. These baits can be purchased at
and as they are nearly all used for trolling
as is a spoon hook, the local dealer can
prescribe the bait that is productive of the
best results in his immediate locality.

Everything is now in readiness for the
great adventure. Guide, boat, bait, tackle,
eats and known guide, who makes the ap-
prehensive angler, and apprehensive he will be,
whether he has caught forty tarpon or
none at all. Many an old-timer, when
feeling the first terrific strike of the day.
has been known to break out into cold
prespiration and to have as bad a case of
"Buck Fever" as does the greenest of the
green.

When the fishing grounds are reached,
care should be taken to hook the bait in a
manner which will keep the fish deep and
most natural manner. It should be hooked
through both upper and lower lips, the bab
of the fish being pushed first. The guide
will tell from the locality whether
to fish deep, shallow, with lead or without.
Most anglers fish without lead when angling
over the mits on the edge of the passes.
Of course, in deep, swift water, lead of
vayng weights will have to be used.

When the tarpon breaks the surface, the
thing to do. Set the hook with a hard,
strong jerk and then keep a strong pres-
sure on the fish at all times. This is a pre-
test at times as at the minute Mr. Tarpon feels the prick of the
barb he is off on a wild run that terminates in a
flying leap at the end of a second or two,
with no hint of its size. The guide should
immediately give the fish a chance to
drift and then guide it back to the boat.

Instances of this sort are not uncommon
so, no matter where you have fished, no matter how much experience you may have
had with bass, pike, muskies and others, if
you have never tangleed up with the great
Silver King of the Florida Keys, there is
yet to be added to your life a chapter that
is worth all of the hours you put in,
and a moment in your life as a sportsman
that will cause the blood to race up and
down your spine for many a long year
forward.

Tarpon are not by any means the only
game fish awaiting the sportsman. Redfish
or channel bass, robalo of from ten to
fifty pounds, large sea trout, Spanish
mackerel, kingfish, boners, whiting and
weakfish are caught in the passes. They
are game to the core, fast swimmers and
will furnish a day's sport that will live long
in the memory of the most fervent angler.
In the passes there is generally a swift tide
and the fishing must be done with live
shiners or sand perch of from three to
six inches in length.

Many prospective anglers think that in
order to find fish it is necessary to pay a
guide twenty-five dollars a day and get a
young yacht to carry them to and from the
fishing grounds. This is a mighty fine way
to do it, and shows evidence of wealth, but
it can be dispensed with.

To the man of average circumstances
this would seem almost prohibitive and
would limit his fishing to one or two trips
a season. There are several ways of get-
ing around the boat and guide question.
Three or four men can join forces and
hire the same motor boat and guide, mak-
ing the outlay smaller for each by a num-
ber of dollars; or they can fish from the
shores of many of the islands and keys off
both coasts. But, in the opinion of the
writer, by far the most satisfactory method
of fishing can be found at Pass-a-Grille,
Punta Gorda, Fort Myers, Key West,
Miami, Ft. Lauderdale and other places by
renting a skiff and having the boatman tow
it to the fishing grounds with instructions
as to when the anglers desire to return.
The great compelling call of the fighting
denizens of the deep is calling to you,
whether you are a Yankee, Hoosier or Cali-
ifornian; whether you are rich or poor.
Here in Florida you can gratify your
heart's desire; here are countless millions
of the gamiest of game fish begging the
indulgence of your reel.
Stories of Florida Success

SELECT THE WORK YOU ENJOY AND STICK TO IT

O WEST, young man, go west," said Horace Greeley to a youth, who sought advice regarding where lay his best chances for success in these United States. Greeley's laconic phrase is referred to no particular section—just the vague "West."

Were the venerable founder of the New York Tribune alive today and asked a youth, who sought advice regarding where lay his best chances for success in these United States, he might be more precise and mention South Florida. Opportunity and the settling of new territory go hand in hand. South Florida was the Nation's last frontier—a frontier that has been developed as Greeley's "West" was in the early days, but a frontier with twentieth century magic to speed up the work of the modern pioneer.

One of the historic outposts of the South Florida country appears on the railroad map today, as a dot at the end of a line. That dot today is the thriving city of Fort Myers—the City of Palms. Situated on the banks of the majestic Caloosahatchee River, this community is the metropolis of miles of surrounding territory. In the water thereabouts, the giant Tarpon abound. In its tropical woodlands are all kinds of wild game. It is also the scene of one of Florida's most characteristic successes.

Fort Myers possesses three of the most interesting citizens of the United States—Thomas A. Edison, Henry Ford and Ike Shaw. All three became residents of the "City of Palms" through choice. All three have become justly famous for their accomplishments—Edison the inventive genius, Ford the industrial marvell, and Shaw, master taxidermist, natural history student and a nationally recognized authority on the birds, fish and mammals of Florida.

Ike Shaw was born in 1867, in the little town of Buckfield, Maine, near the more famous Poland Springs. As a youth the wonders of Nature were always of far greater interest to young Ike than the academic lessons of the schoolroom. The ways and customs of the creatures of the fields, proved far more fascinating to the New England lad than the manners and customs of the ancient Romans. All of his free hours were spent with his beloved friends, the birds and animals of the woods. He would sit for hours enchanted by the sight of a bird building its nest, or of a mother bear caring for her cubs. He became the friend and student of all wild creatures.

When it came time for young Ike to choose his life's work, there was no question as to what it would be—he chose that which he loved. Ike would therefore do best entering the employ of a Buckfield taxidermist, who had been attracted by the boy's remarkable knowledge of natural history.

It was not long before the observations of the youth, gained during his long tramps in the woods of his native State, were noticed in the remarkable aptitude he displayed for the art of taxidermy. His specimens possessed a lifelike quality and a sympathetic handling that made them distinctive. Sportsmen soon were insisting that their prizes be entrusted only to the skilful handling of young Shaw. Painsstaking to the minutest detail and often working days to obtain just the right posture and expression for an individual specimen, Ike Shaw's genius was not long in becoming a much sought after service by renowned sportsmen and museums throughout the country.

Among the famous clients of the New England youth was John Lewis Childs, seedsmen and florist of Floral Park, New Jersey. Mr. Childs' hobby was his famous private collection of birds and bird's eggs. In 1896, when South Florida first began to be popular as the sportman's paradise, Childs visited Fort Myers and became enthusiastic over the marvelous new specimens that the tropical country around the city afforded. There was only one man to whom he dared trust his new found treasures. That man was Ike Shaw.

In February of that year, Mr. Shaw arrived in Fort Myers on a special mission for his famous client. He, too, was amazed at the vast wealth of natural history specimens that the section offered. Finishing his commission for Childs, Shaw found himself loath to leave the tropical country that had opened to him a new and more fascinating study of the things he loved. He decided to prolong his stay for a few weeks in order that he might delve more fully into the wild life of the region.

When Ike Shaw came to Fort Myers it was still a town of the old frontier, its main street little more than a cowpath and its chief inhabitants cattle dealers, cowboys and foragers. Ike Shaw was even more plentiful than now and could be found in closer proximity to the settlement. Travel was mainly by boat, down the Caloosahatchee River, the Gulf of Mexico, and the Indian River, the community close to Nature and one bound to appeal to a young and enthusiastic student of comparative anatomy and the science of zoology. Its tropical life opened up new wonders to one who had been familiar only with the inhabitants of the wilds of the Northern states. Especially did the fish of these tropical waters interest young Shaw. The giant Tarpon or Silver King, often weighing two hundred pounds and with a length of over six feet, appealed greatly to the youthful taxidermist.

He spent many long days studying the life and the habits of not only the Silver King, but of the animals peculiar to the section. He studied with the patience of the true lover of Nature's wild creatures. That was in 1896.

Today, where the two long docks that jut out into the Caloosahatchee River, is a neat little two-story structure that has been the last two-fifty years headquarters for the great majority of world-famous hunters and sportsmen who have come to try their skill in the almost untouched wilds of Southwest Florida. This little building is Ike Shaw's workshop. Here, under the skilled hands of a master taxidermist, the valued prizes of these hunters and fishermen have been conditioned to grace the walls and display cases of hundreds of museums and taxidermists throughout the country.

Mr. Shaw is said to have mounted more trophies brought down in the United States by well-known men than any other taxidermist. There is always a waiting list of magnificent specimens to be treated by him. His shop is a miniature museum; his keen mind, a vast storehouse of knowledge regarding the habits and lives of his friends, the wild life of tropical Florida.

Of late years Mr. Shaw has devoted much time to the study of the tarpon and the problems connected with the catching of that fish. He has invented a process of removing the grease from the specimen to be mounted, thereby retaining the brilliant natural color of the Silver King, for which his work is noted. Taxidermists and museums have offered impressive sums for the secret of what is known as the Shaw Process, but all have been refused. "It is something that I worked out after much study, and I prefer that I alone possess it," says Mr. Shaw, in referring to this accomplishment.

The natural history exhibit at the South Florida Fair, held annually at Tampa, is one that has attracted widespread attention. Mr. Shaw is curator of this famous display and is entirely responsible for its life-like groupings and the mounting of a majority of the specimens, both birds and denizens of the deep.

This modest, unassuming man, who has acquired a nation-wide reputation as an authority and master taxidermist, is a most painstaking workman, never allowing anything to lessen his shop until it is up to the high standard to which he has always adhered.

Ease of doing business is an institution which few sight-seers in Fort Myers miss visiting and where all are made welcome. It is an institution of which all Florida men are justly proud. It was the result of the success of one who came to the "Land of Flowers" and found the work and the state he loves the best.
TWO years ago this fall a raw-boned Union County youth of 16 stood in front of the Navy recruiting office on Bay Street, Jacksonville, and told the recruiting officer he wanted nothing better than to join the fleet. He was a crack shot, a strong young body, a natural leader of men. His name was Willis T. Pinkston.

"When you're in the game, be fair," said Pinkston, as he was answering the questions. "Play the game!"

It was just about 11:24 p. m., while I was on watch," said Pinkston. "We'd been cruising around for the last four days off the Greenland coast and were at this time about 126 miles east of Cape Farewell. The Cruiser Richmond nosed her way around the ice fields, and we arrived alongside just as the Italians were about to abandon hope, for their clothes were soaking wet, and their plane barely afloat."

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Pinkston's vessel was the first to reach the stricken plane, which was some eighteen miles away, through the ice fields. Pinkston had given him his costly electric-wired jacket as a token of his appreciation for the seaman's sharp eyes. The words of praise were still ringing in the Florida boy's ears and he could still feel the grateful grasp of the Italian airman as he turned over in his bunk and drifted off to dreams of his Florida home.

Pinkston's voyage down the coast from Greenland was one of triumph. Full particulars of the rescue which had not been available at first were seized upon by the metropolitan newspapers and the modest young sailor was interviewed and photographed by press and news reel men for several days. He was also the object of numbers of laudatory articles appearing in the Boston Post, the Hearst papers and numerous other dailies. Arthur Brisbane, famous Hearst editorial writer, started a "Pinkston Fund" to reward the hero's vigilance. Testimonials of appreciation poured into Pinkston's mail from Italian-Americans all over the country and many citizens of the two countries sent checks.

Only last week the following appeared in Mr. Brisbane's "Today" column in newspapers all over the country:

"Willis Pinkston, young American sailor, high up on the steel mast of the United States ship Richmond, using his keen eyesight faithfully, saw a little flare at sea and saved the life of the brave Italian flier, Locatelli. Readers of this column contributed $2,561.30 which is now deposited to Pinkston's credit in the Bowery Savings Bank in New York, at his request.

"A picture of the young sailor's strong face, with details of his clothes burnt, will be sent for publication if the editor chooses, to the newspapers that helped raise the fund. The money was deposited in the Banca Commerciale Italiana in New York."

The simple "cracker" boy was lionized in Boston and New York, being over-whelmed with expressions of admiration and friendship from hundreds of strangers who had read of his act.

Willis T. Pinkston, the Florida boy who achieved so much by keeping his eyes open and playing the game "heads-up," as baseball players say, was born in Union County, formerly a part of Bradford, near the village of Dukes, and received his schooling in the rural district where he lived. An alert, aggressive, ambitious youngster, he added to his store of knowledge by hanging around the office of the country newspaper operated by Avery Powell. Feeling that he wanted a wider view of life that could only be gained by travel, he went to Jacksonville and enlisted in the Navy. He was sent to Hampton Roads and after completing his training subsequently served on the Battleship Delaware and the Destroyer Convoy. On the Converse one night he fell fifty feet to the steel deck below and crushed an ankle. He was on crutches in a short time and a few weeks later was as active as ever.

Those keen brown eyes to which Locatelli owes his life have often been blue, for the life has been no bed of roses for Pinkston. Always a fighter, he battled his way out of the ranks in a remarkably brief time and completed training which enables him to rank as a seaman, first class, and a signalman. This at 18. Young Pinkston's boyhood days around Dukes and Lake Butler bore the reputation of a quiet, self-reliant youngster, intent upon his own business, yet unafraid to declare himself if the occasion demanded. His parents, Mr. and Mrs. T. A. Pinkston, still reside on their little farm seven miles from Dukes.

Pinkston's vigilance almost went for naught when Locatelli reached New York. The distinguished airman was entering a theater one night shortly before his departure for home when a group of anti-Fascist laborers attacked him. A policeman said, "Locatelli is only a stiltto in defending the visitor from the assault which was attributed to political dissention among the Italians in New York."

A few days later Locatelli, heavily guarded, set sail for Italy on one of the big liners, aboard the American forces."
The ANTE-ROOM to HEAVEN

Such is the Name Given Florida by the Well-Known Health Specialist

I
T IS indeed a very easy and pleasant task which SUNILAND has laid upon me—that of still further enlightening the State which I have so recently chosen for a burial place. I not only want to live in Florida, but I want to die there also. Of course I hope I shall not get kicked over into the next world for over forty years, and for forty-four years are up (it has always been my desire to live an even "gross" of years) so, when my allotted 6,449,420,800 heart beats are over and the whole public will have come to South Florida to live—that is judging from the way the East, West and North are pouring into the State, burning the bridges behind them and forgetting the past.

Thousands have made an initial prospecting trip to Florida to see if the climate, prosperity and health conditions were as represented and advertised with the result that most of them went back home, sold out, packed up and returned to South Florida as soon as possible. Others are coming just on "hear say" and never care to return to kiss the dear relatives again or see their own native State.

The writer recently read a very interesting book in which the author claimed that asthma and catarrh were greatly aggravated by the taking into the lungs of air that was heavily loaded with carbon-monoxide gas which comes from the burning of soft coal. He stated that in cities all winter long, both indoors and out, that people were breathing this gas from furnaces and were slowly but surely undermining their health.

I have personally examined the lungs of people during autopsies and found great quantities of actual hard balls of soot completely stopping up air passages. I declare that I do not see how the owners of these 

seven million pores and three million sweat glands, and also two hundred miles of capillary blood vessels. An active and useful skin is the greatest health asset one can have. The active skin throws off three times the impurities daily that the lungs and kidneys do. Hence the necessity of living in a climate both winter and summer where the awful toxins of the human body may be thrown off thus every second of the time. Florida furnishes just such an all year climate; and furthermore it has the kind of soil to promote health.

It is a known fact that people live longer in a moist climate than dry one. Statistics prove this despite the fact that our Colorado friends would like to have us choose their state as a haven for tuberculosis due to the fact their very life was necessarily being abstracted from their bodies.

Last year I spent nine months in one of these southern clay soil, black muck states and was not too well satisfied myself. I will hardly say superior knowledge of how to stay well, was the whole time not up to par and I was not fit for Heaven. But I have made up my mind before the last cold weather South Florida is where I will be before the last cold weather. Enough has been said—draw your own conclusions. Now do you wonder why Florida is so free from tuberculosis and other communicable diseases? Give me a "flyless" state for health. I can name all the "flyless" states in the Union on the thumb of one hand, can you?

The largest and most important organ of the body is the skin, there being from sixteen to eighteen square feet of skin surface on the average adult. There are elements to escape. Despite the careful and scientific dietetic habits of people living in such states as these, they are still not as healthy as people living in South Florida and they become easy prey to tuberculosis due to the fact their very life was necessarily being abstracted from their bodies.

Florida furnishes just such an all year climate; and furthermore it has the kind of soil to promote health.

The sunshine and freedom from cold in South Florida make furnaces and soft coal fires unnecessary, hence catarrhal and asthmatic troubles quickly disappear. Folks come to Florida. Florida is a "white collar" state—I mean you do not have to change collars twice a day in the winter. Whenever you find a "white collar" locality you find health for you know you are free from breathing this most poison gas, carbon monoxide, that the many "white collar" states to name, can you?

I have spoken of the advantage of health conditions in Florida in the winter, now let us talk of conditions in the summer—the most delightful time of all in Florida. We all know that germs and scavengers appear upon the scene with the summer. There must not be much filth in South Florida as where I live, at least (now don't you wish I'd tell you where that is?) we do not have any flies. How many of the other localities of the state that make the same boast. When I say no flies I mean few flies. Wouldn't you say, "the flies" too if you must see six or eight all summer long? Well that is my experience,
Florida At Its Best

THERE is very little need nowadays of trying to lure the motorist to Miami with stories of its beauty, tropical scenery, good roads, charming winter climate, outdoor sports, and other winter delights. There are not many who have cars and the time for touring who have not already spent at least a part of the winter season in Miami.

But this year there are better reasons than ever for your trip: Miami with its rapid growth has more attractions—more golf courses, hotels, fine apartments, golf tournaments, horse racing, yachting, fishing, and bathing—and all of the other things that go with enjoyable outdoor winter sport.

Motoring at Coral Gables is also a favorite pastime. You will be quite well acquainted with this beautiful property before reaching Miami. The signboards that greet you frequently along the way will arouse your interest and create an irresistible desire to visit Coral Gables as soon as possible.

Coral Gables is Miami's most beautiful suburb. This winter it will have two fine golf courses, two Country Clubs, two hotels, open-air bathing in a $200,000 Venetian Pool, and dancing every evening with Jan Garber's Victor Band.

There is no suburban property in the entire South which holds so much in charm and beauty, so many delightful boulevards and avenues, and so much in varied amusements for the motorist.

You will not see Florida—or even Miami—at its best until you have seen and enjoyed the beauty of Coral Gables.

Coral Gables
Miami's Master Suburb

GEORGE E. MERRICK, Owner
Executive Offices: 158 East Flagler St., Miami
Florida Offices: Jacksonville, West Palm Beach, Daytona, Orlando, Tampa, St. Petersburg, Sanford, Lakeland, DeLand, Eustis
Tallahassee Prepares for Centennial

By NORMAN W. GREGG

FLORIDA under five flags will be the motive of the Florida Centennial Celebration to be held in Tallahassee, from November 9-15. One hundred years ago, the first state capital was established by Governor Duval in a log cabin on the southeast corner of the present Capitol square, and this event is to be celebrated in a fitting birthday party which will draw visitors from all parts of Florida and the Southland.

Florida, while in truth one of the younger states of the Union, being admitted in 1845, has had a colorful history and Tallahassee has been prominent in this romantic background of the commonwealth. By reason of being the capital, because it is centrally located geographically, and because of its prominence in the state's history, it is logical that the state's centennial is being made known to all the nation.

In the same way, Ellwood Dillin, president of the Atlantic Amusement Co. of Chicago, one of the oldest and best known publicity organizations in the United States, was retained to give Tallahassee and the centennial a place in the national limelight. As a result, the centennial is being made known to all the nation.

One of the interesting features of the celebration is a reproduction of the original Capitol on the exact site where it stood one hundred years ago. The log structure will be true to the plans of its builders of another century. It will be used as a registration and information headquarters during the celebration.

All about Tallahassee are recollections of the past when the green and yellow banner of Spain and the fleur-de-lis of France flew over the palmettos and live oaks of Florida. Tradition has it that the very spot where Simmons and Williams met Emathla, the fiery Indian chieftain and his men, was a favorite camping ground for the bearded pioneers of De Soto and Menendez. More tangible than these legends are the ruins of Fort San Luis and St. Marks, all points of interest which centennial visitors will wish to see.

South of the city, between Tallahassee and the Gulf, where the St. Marks river passes under a natural bridge, the State legislature has erected a handsome monument in honor of the old men and college students who repulsed an attack by Federal forces in the War of Secession and thereby saved Tallahassee from capture. Florida's capital has the distinction of being the only state capital unoccupied by Northern troops. Traces of the old earthworks are still visible and patriotic societies have erected other commemorative tablets near the spot.

The St. Marks Railroad, the first railway in Florida and the third built in the United States, is still in operation and recalls the days when Tallahassee and its port, St. Marks, was one of the greatest cotton centers of the world. A locality so rich in tradition offers much for the spectator interested in the passed glories of the Old South and its bright prospects for a rich and happy future.

In the Episcopal cemetery lie the remains of a nephew of the great Napoleon, a grandniece of George Washington, the prince and princess Achille Murat, two of the long list of distinguished people who have made this city their home.

So much for the historical background against which the centennial celebration will be set. It will be graphically embodied in a pageant to be produced by the students of the Florida State College for Women on the beautiful campus of that famous institution under the direction of Miss Mary Hollingsworth, professor of dramatic art. The pageant is from the pen of Reinette Gamble Long, the nom de plume of Mrs. R. L. Hunt, a great granddaughter of Governor Richard Keith Call, a close friend of Andrew Jackson, who built the St. Marks Railroad and who also built in 1856, the picturesque Southern home where, Mrs. Hunt now lives.

The five-flag motive will be marked in the pageant—Florida under Spain, France, England, the Confederacy and the Stars and Stripes. Each being the subject of a gripping episode. Mrs. Hunt, a writer and painter of note and an authority on early Florida history, has built a splendid production which will be given to the public on an elaborate scale.

Parades, football games between college teams of national prominence, exhibits of art showing the effect of the various nations on the art of the state, military exhibitions, athletic contests which will constitute a veritable "Florida Olympic", water carnivals and scores of other entertaining diversions are being planned.

A Florida amusement industry and well known in Florida where he has staged a large number of pageants, carnivals and festivals, has assumed full control and is personally directing a large force of float builders, costumers and technicians in preparing Tallahassee to be host to tens of thousands.

The housing problem will be settled by establishing both Pullman and tent cities during the week of November 9-15 and by the citizens throwing open their homes to the throngs of visitors.

The location of the capital on the Dixie Highway, the Old Spanish Trails and the North and South National Bee Line insures a monster attendance of automobile tourists from the North and West. Special rates are being made on all Southern railroad lines and the entire state is cooperating heartily in supporting the celebration.

It is indeed an "All Florida" birthday and all Florida is rising to the occasion with commendable enthusiasm. It will, without doubt, be one of the largest events of its kind ever held in the state, and already Florida's scattered sons and daughters, wherever they may be, are planning to return for the holiday.

Spanish Garden on Clearwater Bay
Exceptional Opportunity Open For Life Insurance Men

The Florida of today offers a wonderful field for the sale of life insurance. The prosperous condition of this state together with its phenomenal growth creates an exceptional opportunity for the building of a life insurance agency. A connection with this fast growing and progressive Company, which has the backing and support of the most influential men in the State of Florida, is an opportunity worthy of the most careful consideration. If you live in Florida today, or intend to move to Florida and enter the insurance business, a contract with this Company will prove your most valuable asset.

Full particulars can be secured by addressing:

SUMTER L. LOWRY, Jr. DUNCAN B. CURRY
President. Gen. Sales Manager.

Victory National Life Insurance Co.
TAMPA, FLORIDA
MUNICIPAL IMPROVEMENTS

Take the Florida cities which are progressing most rapidly—the cities in which there are the greatest evidences of growth and attendant prosperity—and you will find communities which are indulging in what advocates of rigid economy would be apt to call "wild expenditures" as expressed in their publicity budgets and their budgets covering the cost of municipal improvements. The amount of these expenditures is expected to be received within the next few weeks, turning thus possible to begin work immediately on the improvements. At this point the question arises of the best paved municipalities in Florida.

AUBURNDALE—Money on an issue of $250,000 worth of bonds for street improvements and sewer extensions, is expected to be received within the next few weeks, thus making it possible to begin work immediately on the improvements. The money will be utilized in this way: Water filtration plant and pumping station, $125,000; viaducts over or under railroad, $35,000; concrete bridge over canal, $25,000; street paving, $75,000; municipal park, $40,000; fire station, $10,000; city hall, $50,000; municipal docks, $20,000; and seawall, $20,000.

FORT MEADE—Work is expected to begin on the half million dollar improvements, aggregating $500,000 made up as follows: Water filtration plant and pumping station, $125,000; sewer extension, $100,000; viaducts over or under railroad, $35,000; concrete bridge over canal, $25,000; street paving, $75,000; municipal park, $40,000; fire station, $10,000; city hall, $50,000; municipal docks, $20,000; and seawall, $20,000.

OSLMAR—Construction of the Hotel Lafayette, $1,000,000 hotel, will be started, it has been announced by Charles P. Bland, president of the Oldsmar Land Development, and Harry E. Prettyman, head of the sales organization, as soon as engineering plans are received here. The site was cleared several months ago and all preliminary preparations were made for beginning work. The hotel will face the Bay and will be reached by the Lafayette Boulevard, now being paved. Much work has already been done on the 18-hole golf course adjoining the hotel grounds and the work will be continued so that the course will be ready when the first unit of the hotel is completed.

NEW INDUSTRIES

MIAMI—Thomas de Pamphilis, of Coral Gables, has organized the Florida Silk Canning Company with $250,000 capital to set mulberry trees on 120 acres of land and establish at Coral Gables a plant for 2,800 trays of silk worms. The company will also establish stations throughout Florida where silkworm eggs will be supplied to feed on worms and mature mulberry trees. The operations of this concern will be watched closely by many interests as the successful production or raw silk in Florida would mean another great industry for the state.

TAMPA—Plans by the Deep Sea Canning Company to erect a large canning plant here for the manufacture of fish chowder and other sea food products are well under way. U. J. Marshburn, of Tampa, who heads the company, has been conducting experiments for the last two years at a small plant on Anna Maria Key where he perfected a process for combining sea fish and vegetables into a chowder that can be canned and transported throughout the world, keeping for an indefinite length of time. Additional machinery and equipment will be installed in the plant for the production of 15,000 cans of chowder per week at the start.

LEESBURG—The Florida Moss Products Company here is again expanding its plant to take care of increasing bpecfruit being harvested. The concern was started three years ago with a small capital and has been increased from time to time until it now has a capital stock of $150,000. It is one of the most important factors in the industrial life of Lake and Sumter counties, paying out from $10,000 to $15,000 a month for green moss throughout the summer. Total machinery will take care of increased demand for its product. Formerly the company sold most of the balled moss to furniture factories but now it is supplying automobile manufacturers exclusively.

CLEARWATER—The Florida Citrus Canning Company will erect a large plant here at once for canning grapefruit under the Langley patented process. This company has been successfully operating a small plant at Sarasota and their success with that plant encouraged them to build a large plant here. In the Langley process the fruit is not cooked, but pasteurized by heating to about 160 degrees and holding at this temperature for a fixed length of time. In this way the flavor is not altered, the fruit is firm and the juice is retained. No sugar is used at the time of canning but is supplied the same as on fresh fruit at the time of eating. The capacity of the plant will be 18,000 cans per day.

WINTER HAVEN—The first glove and apron factory in Florida has been established here by E. D. Priest. For the present only one style of canton flannel glove and a fruit picker's apron will be manufactured. Later additional machinery will be installed and various styles of gloves, aprons and other products will be turned out.

ST. PETERSBURG—The Crystal Ice Plant, erected by C. D. and O. J. Wood, of Graham, Texas, at a cost of approximately $200,000 has started operations and is now helping supply the needs of this city. The Wood Brothers searched the Southeastern States for some months before they selected St. Petersburg as the best location for their new plant, which has a capacity of 70 tons daily. Thirty men and eight delivery wagons are employed. The slogan selected by the Wood Brothers is: "We Freeze to Please".

A Picturesque Spot Among the Lakes in Lake County
HIALEAH
"The Fastest Growing Suburban Town in Florida"

The Administration Building of the Curtiss-Bright Properties at Hialeah
Winter Sporting Center of the United States
A handsomely illustrated booklet sent free on request.

CURTISS-BRIGHT COMPANY
Hialeah, Miami, Florida.

Geo. T. Pinder
511 Cleveland St. Clearwater, Florida

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and RENTALS

Ten years in Clearwater
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All inquiries will receive our prompt and careful attention.

References: Bank of Clearwater; Guarantee Title & Trust Co.

CLEARWATER, FLORIDA
THE VALUE AND USES OF CITRUS FRUITS

I N NOVEMBER comes the most distinc-
tively American of the year's feasts—
Thanksgiving. But in Florida we have
more reason for thankfulness this
month and every other month than the
people of any other state in the Union.
Our wonderful climate affords not only
comfort and beauty, but gives the perfec-
tion of citrus fruits, and they, in turn,
furnish—as storage batteries of sunshine
and vitality—the priceless possession
health, which means happiness and true
wealth.

Although we have this constant cause
for thankfulness, even in Florida we do not
use enough oranges and grapefruit. They
with our climate make more remarkable
cures than any medicines, but this is not
always recognized since they cure some-
times partly through mental channels, into
which, as well as into the body they pour
sunshine. So before discussing the de-
tails of the Thanksgiving dinner let us
think a moment more about the benefits
of Florida citrus fruits, and, not waiting
for January first, make one of the best
resolutions we could possibly register—
to use more oranges and grapefruit than
ever before.

This month we shall particularly con-
sider the orange as a cause for daily
Thanksgiving and as a food. With the
orange juice is the grapefruit. It is
better to eat it uncooked or to simply
drink its fresh juice. It has been proven
by experiment at our State College for
Women, at Tallahassee, and at other colleges,
that children increase in weight more rapidly and substantially
on orange-juice than on even milk. And
for adults there is nothing which can
take the place of thoroughly ripened
oranges in the diet.

Numerous suggestions are being made
for the shipment and use of fruit too
ripe for shipment, which should be consid-
ered and followed whenever possible. This
fruit should be bought at wholesale and
sold to school children at the many
schools where noon-day meals are now pre-
cpared for them. And, even if they have
not full-fledged lunch opportunities, they
should have and might have oranges served
for them. For the health of our Florida chil-
dren this should be done and, for the
benefit of the community and state this
should be urged, from an economic or finan-
cial standpoint. Because, while it is
right that we should advertise the whole-
some use of our oranges for the benefit of
those who need them in other states, it is
of the most vital importance that we in-
terest our own communities in the use of
fruit which cannot be shipped and I urge every one to take this matter up at once
with the proper authorities in their com-
munities.

Children do not need to be urged to do
their part. They love sweet drinks and
are ever appetizingly fond of ice—sipped
from the simple juice, merely cooled or frozen into orange-
cee, proves both popular and healthful. I cannot
over-emphasize this in school authorities
and mothers do not consider our Florida
oranges more seriously from a health
standpoint and I cannot understand why,
from an economic standpoint and the ad-
vertising point of view, our local Chambers
of Commerce do not have committees to
interest our Florida restaurants serve Flori-
da citrus fruits not only temptingly and
daily but in abundance, and generous por-
tions at a reasonable price. It is enough to
cause wonder, if not disgust, at the ab-
surdly small portions which are served at
many Florida hotels and restaurants, at
their lack of variety and attractiveness and
their fabulous price. This is a matter which
the Chambers of Commerce and the
Women's Clubs, have an opportunity to
use in advertising this fruit which is es-
cially American of the year's feast.

Civic pride and a high ideal of what
true service to mankind means, since our
Florida fruits stand for health.

For the festival dinner of November,
turkey of course is first thought of but
guinea-fowl, duck, chicken or goose are
delightful substitutes. Nothing is fortunate
enough to have game it may make for a spe-
cial feeling of thank-

Grapefruit" and are suggestions for the
whole month and year.

Sealdsweet Orange Soup

*four portions*

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Ingredient</th>
<th>Quantity</th>
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<tbody>
<tr>
<td>1/2 cups orange juice</td>
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<tr>
<td>1/2 cup grapefruit juice</td>
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<tr>
<td>1 tsp. salt</td>
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<tr>
<td>1/4 tsp. sugar</td>
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Add salt and sugar to boiling water; cook until clear; add juice; sweeten to taste. After heating
juice do not boil; merely heat through.

Sealdsweet Orange Julep

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Ingredient</th>
<th>Quantity</th>
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<tbody>
<tr>
<td>1 quart orange juice</td>
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<tr>
<td>1/4 cup chopped mint</td>
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<tr>
<td>1 cup sugar</td>
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<tr>
<td>1 pint charged water ice</td>
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<tr>
<td>1/4 tsp. sago or tapioca</td>
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<tr>
<td>1/4 tsp. salt</td>
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Mix fruit juices and sugar with chopped mint and let stand on ice one hour. Add charged water;
pour into glasses half-filled with ice; place a sprig of mint in each glass and serve at once.

Sealdsweet Orange and Persimmon Cup

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Ingredient</th>
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<tbody>
<tr>
<td>2 cups orange pulp</td>
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<tr>
<td>1 cup persimmon pulp</td>
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<tr>
<td>1/4 cup grapefruit juice</td>
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</table>

Preserve ginger or figs
Break orange pulp into bits; mix with persim-
mon pulp and grapefruit juice; chill. Serve with
bits of ginger or figs.

Sealdsweet Orange Sherbet

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Ingredient</th>
<th>Quantity</th>
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<tbody>
<tr>
<td>1 1/2 cups orange juice</td>
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<tr>
<td>1/4 cup grapefruit marmalade</td>
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<tr>
<td>1/2 cup water</td>
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<tr>
<td>1 tsp. black tea</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1/4 tsp. grated nutmeg</td>
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<tr>
<td>1/4 tsp powdered cinnamon</td>
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</table>

Make a syrup of sugar and one cup of the
water. Bring rest of water to boil in separate
vessels and pour upon tea, steeping three min-
utes. Mix marmalade with spices and add; add
juice, then strained tea and hot syrup; (salt to
taste); set back to steep ten minutes; strain
and serve.

Sealdsweet Orange Ice

<table>
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<tbody>
<tr>
<td>1/2 cup orange juice</td>
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<tr>
<td>1/4 cup sugar</td>
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<tr>
<td>1/4 tsp. salt</td>
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Dissolve sugar in juice; add salt. Freeze.

Sealdsweet Orange Sherbet

<table>
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<td>1 cup orange juice</td>
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<tr>
<td>1/4 cup sugar</td>
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</tr>
<tr>
<td>1 tsp. lime juice</td>
<td></td>
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<tr>
<td>1/4 cup sugar</td>
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Unwhipped white 1 egg
Dissolve sugar in juice; add salt and egg; freeze.

Sealdsweet Orange Ice

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</table>

Unwhipped white 1 egg
Dissolve sugar in juice; add salt and egg; freeze.

Sealdsweet Orange and Fig or Peach Soup

Make as for Orange Soup, substituting 1/4 cup of
fig jam or peach syrup for sugar. These may be
served iced if preferred, instead of hot.

Sealdsweet Orange and Banana Punch

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Ingredient</th>
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<tbody>
<tr>
<td>12 oranges</td>
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<tr>
<td>3 grapefruit</td>
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<tr>
<td>6 bananas</td>
<td></td>
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<tr>
<td>3 limes</td>
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Mash bananas with juice from fruit; add broken
pulp of two oranges for each quart of punch mixed
and 1/4 cup of cherries; sweeten to taste; pour
upon ice and serve.

Sealdsweet Orange Hot Posset

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
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<tr>
<td>1 pint orange juice</td>
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<tr>
<td>1 pint milk</td>
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<tr>
<td>1/4 lb. sugar</td>
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</tr>
<tr>
<td>1 tsp. soda</td>
<td></td>
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<tr>
<td>4 eggs</td>
<td></td>
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<tr>
<td>1/4 tsp. orange rind grated</td>
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Mix juice with sugar and heat slowly. Beat eggs
with milk; add sifted salt and soda (dissolved
in tbsp. milk); stir into juice mixture; when hot
remove at once and serve.
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Probasco Realty Co.

203 Madison Street
Tampa, Florida
(In Gas Co. Building at corner of Madison and Tampa Streets)
Ground Floor Office
SEALDSWEET ORANGE LACTO SUNDAE (ONE QUART)
1-1/3 cups orange juice
1/4 cup clabber or sour milk
1/4 cup sugar
1 egg yolk
1/4 tsp. salt
raspberries
Blend juice, clabber, sugar, salt and beaten egg-yolk; half-freeze; add fruit pulp, finish freezing.
Serve topped with raspberries.

SEALDSWEET GRAPEFRUIT AND ORANGE SHERBET (ONE QUART)
1 cup grapefruit juice gelatine or egg
1 cup orange juice salt
2/3 cup sugar
Dissolve sugar in juice; add prepared gelatine or egg with salt. Freeze.

SEALDSWEET ORANGE CHERRY SHERBET (ONE QUART)
1/3 cups orange juice salt
1/4 cup cherries
Prepare gelatine; add 1/4 tsp. salt; add sugar dissolved in juice; half-freeze; add crushed cherries and finish process.

THE SWEET POTATO
The sweet potato has more fuel value than the Irish potato because of its greater content of fat and starch. Its digestive reaction is alkaline rather than acid, which gives it greater value. Experiments have been for some years made in the laboratory of the Florida State College for Women (Home Demonstration Division) with our Florida sweet potatoes and recipes issued by the (Extension Service) College add interest to this particular one of our state products. Recipes are also given from "Dishes and Beverages of the Old South," a book of great charm in both a culinary and literary way by Martha McCallou Williams.

**CANDIED SWEET POTATOES**
Boil medium potatoes of even size till a fork will pierce—steaming is better though a bit more trouble—throw in cold water for a minute, peel, and brush over with soft butter, then layer separately in a wide skillet, with an inch of very rich syrup over the bottom and set over a slow fire. Turn the potatoes often in the syrup, letting it coat all sides. Keep turning them until candied and a little brown. If wanted very rich put butter and lemon juice in the syrup when making it. Blade mace also flavors it very well.

ROSE GROWING IN FLORIDA

BE IT FACT or fancy, I firmly believe that the thing most necessary for success in rose growing is a sincere love of the rose as well as a love for the work required for its care. It has well been said: "If you should have roses in your garden you must have roses in your heart," and you will agree that there is an indefinable charm about roses grown by a person feeling it in their being and liking it in those which, like Topsey, "just grew." Consequently I attribute a great measure of my success with roses to the fact that I have always had, as did the late John Davie, the friend of trees, an intimate personal feeling for every growing thing and a ruling passion of my life has been a love of roses.

As a tiny girl living in the Northland I well remember how eagerly I used to watch the slow development of the leaf and bud of a favorite Scotch rose. When on a sunny morning I found it in the full tide of bloom, how I stood before it in wondering and worshipful adoration eagerly asking my mother if fairies really lived in the heart of a rose; and thankfully I was disillusioned.

To one so blest with a love of nature, it was joy unspeakable when the opportunity came to move to Florida, long to the land of heart's desire—the land where roses bloomed the year 'round and where I expected to find every home typical of the rare "enchanted bungalows so artistically depicted on the Florida postcard. Alas! roses were almost the exception.

My disappointment was as keen as had been the joy of anticipation. I found artificial and even paper flowers in some of the best hotels and restaurants. Yo Gods! paper flowers! in a country which the Creator has so richly blest and whose very name means a land of flowers.

Right here I would say that I would favor a jail sentence for any one using artificial flowers—especially paper ones—in decoration, and particularly would I have this supply shut down to hotels and restaurants. I know how great was my disappointment personally, and times without number have I been asked the question, "Why does not Florida have more flowers, especially roses, as we see enough of them to know that they could be raised in profusion and perfection?"

While I was a bit disheartened, but nothing daunted, I began a rose garden choosing the following varieties: Badiane, Maman Cochet, Reve d'Or, Solfa, Winnie Davis, Kaiserin Augustia Victoria Chrometella. They were two-year grafted roots, and soon they exceeded my fondest expectations in the rapidity of growth and profusion of blooms. I soon had beautiful roses—quantities of them.

My first effort was so successful that the following year I added to my collection such varieties as Killarney, Paul Nevron, Safrano, Eugene Marilitt, Reine Marie Henriette, Marechal Neil, Frau Karl Druschki and Bon Silence. The stock was the same as for the first planting—two-year grafted roots.

Again was I rewarded with a wealth of bloom and much beautiful foliage but, notwithstanding the success of many of my little rose garden, I too often heard the remark: "Roses can't be raised on low ground or near salt-water." To this I would say that I believe it unwise to try and grow roses on their own roots.

Make certain that your foundation is right. As one roserian said to me: "It is better to have a one dollar rose in a ten dollar hole than to have a ten dollar rose in a one dollar hole."

"A rose by any other name and bloom (and you may be sure they will if you have done your work well) you should fertilize them often—once every two months is not too soon. Barring set squares. If July, July and August. Roses are like human beings..."
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For Information Write

Haines City Chamber of Commerce
Haines City, Florida

Rex Saffer, Secretary

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Where the Fish Stories Come From

Always the best fish stories come out of Lake County. The tales these freshwater fishermen tell in this alluring lake and hill country of Central Florida would move Ike Walton and Ananias to tears. Here the tales are wildest because the fishing is best. The big ones start the stories. It’s a cold-blooded minnow caster whose imagination can’t be stirred to fishy fiction by a string of big fellows.

Cast or troll for the fighting big-mouth bass in the teeming Lake County lakes and streams. It’s an out-doors sport that can’t be beat. Twelve—fourteen—sixteen pounders! Whoppers! The fighting finny tribe of Florida! Come for a catch. Catching fish in Lake County is like getting Florida sand in your shoes. You come back for more. We’ll eat your blooming bait if you don’t. And once you’re here, you stay.

Lake County
Fourteen Hundred Lakes
And Five Thousand Hills

For information and booklet write: S. F. Wood,
Sec’y County Chamber of Commerce, Tavares, Fla.
Would YOU like to know about the remarkable opportunities for investments in Real Estate in and around the rapidly growing City of

TAMPA, FLORIDA?

Some Interesting Facts about Tampa

Here are a few of the reasons for Tampa being such a remarkable city today, and they also indicate the solid foundation upon which the Greater Tampa of the future is being rapidly built:

First of all TAMPA is a stable, growing, year-around city. Its industries and general business makes it a good business center. In addition to this, it has all the attractions that go to charm the tourist, or “winter visitor”. It is this rare combination that insures unusual values in real estate.

Tampa is the industrial center of South Florida.

Tampa is the world’s greatest Havana cigar producing center. More than 600,000,000 cigars are made in Tampa every year. In 1923 Tampa cigar manufacturers paid the United States government almost $6,000,000 for revenue stamps.

Tampa exported more than 25,000,000 feet of lumber in 1923.

Tampa has 80 acres of public parks worth $2,000,000.

The Tampa Clearing House reported $165,764,841.87 in clearances in Tampa in 1923.

Tampa’s annual building activities aggregate $4,000,000.

Tampa ships more phosphate than any other port in the world. A total of 1,031,346 long tons were shipped during 1923.

Tampa ships 2,500 carloads of oranges, grapefruit and other fruits every year.

The assessed value of private property in Tampa is close to $50,000,000. The assessment is based on one-third actual value.

Tampa has a population of 124,000 and is growing fast. Tampa has doubled her population in the last four years.

Tampa has 150 miles of permanently paved streets within the city limits, and there are 400 miles of good roads surrounding the city.

Tampa is destined to be the metropolis of Florida.

Tampa real estate is increasing in value by leaps and bounds.

Tampa’s weekly cash payroll is $700,000 or more than $55,000,000 a year.

Tampa has plenty of money, plenty of opportunity, and a live wire population.

These are some of the larger items. We could add dozens of smaller ones, all of which go to help make a city great and prosperous.

Sizes of Investments

We have properties to offer parties desiring to invest anywhere from $100 to $1,000,000. Our offerings include business property, apartments, residences, acreage for subdivision, orange groves, farm lands, etc. The best way is to write us how much you would be in position to invest in cash and how much it would be practical for you to pay by the month, or the year. This information will enable us to write you intelligently as to the particular property that will conform to the size investment you wish to make.

Lloyd-Skinner Realty Co.

108 East LaFayette Street

TAMPA - - - - - - - FLORIDA

MAIL THIS COUPON

Lloyd-Skinner Realty Company,
108 East LaFayette Street,
Tampa, Florida.

With the understanding that I will be placed under no obligations whatever, you may send me further information regarding real estate investments in Tampa.

My Name is ________________________________

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71
They All Flock to Suniland

(Continued from page 35)

enjoyable one. Everywhere you will find a welcome for the motor tourists, either in modern tourist camps, or at hotels to suit the size of every man's pocketbook. And on the Florida limited trains you can have maid service, a complete barber shop, and even have your clothing pressed while your train flashes past the Southern village depots.

Whether you live in the East, North or Middle West, you can board one of the palatial Florida Specials any day during the tourist season in New York, Boston, Philadelphia, Washington, Pittsburgh, Cleveland, Detroit, Chicago, Cincinnati, St. Louis or Kansas City, and in from thirty to forty-eight hours you will be in Sunny Florida—far from the slippery ice, snow, and piercing cold weather.

Just picture yourself seated in one of the splendid dining cars carried on all of the Florida Specials, speeding to Palm Beach, Miami, Orlando, Tampa, St. Petersburg, Sarasota, or wherever your destination may be, and having the waiter bring you a fresh pompano, new strawberries, an iced grapefruit and other Florida delicacies.

You will put the same question to your wife and family that many others do every winter:

"Why haven't we come to Florida before?"

When the Heart Calls

(Continued from page 29)

..."Lak I say, hit war all along ob me dat Marse Chan come down yere. Jes' bekaze Marse Chan lak me, seems ez ifen ole Mis sue doan' lak Isom no more. Marse Chan tell me ter do one ting, an' Missus conen 'long an' say do anudder, an' nataly I do what Marse Chan say 'kaze he be my marster.

"Ventually Missus up an' have me strop ped, an' dat bring on a scan'lou s ruction 'twixt de two. Late dat night Marse Chan call me sof lak: 'Isom, Isom, doan' make no noise. Put on your clo' se, 'kaze we's gwine south.'

"'Gits up an' we goes to de dock where Marse Chan already hab his sail-boat pack' wif his belongin's. Hit war all in de boat an' he ain't nuver let on nuthin' ter me 'bouten hit.

"'Speck we war on de way four, mabbe fir days, a-takin' turns at de tiller whilst de wudder sleep. Bimsey I ups an' sat him: 'Marse Chan, where you 'low we headed fur,' 'Isom,' he say, doan you know you ain't sposed ter ask questions? 'Pears ter me you mighty brag on dis yere day an' time.'

"I begins to 'speck we's gwine ter de house in Floricly whar his uncle die, an' dat the niggers tell me is ha'nted. Dey doan' talk 'bouten hit 'cep'en when de screech-owl sit on top'n de cabin a-given' a pu son de. Dey just say, sca'ed-lak: 'Lord he'p us, dat's de gho s' dat kill Marse Henry.'

"I asked Marse Chan please lessen us go somewhat else, but he on'y smile, sad-lak, an' say: 'Boy, ain't nuthin' dar ter be sca'ed ob,' an' we keep a-gwine. Pears dat Marse Aleck Henry, Marse Chan's uncle, will de place to Marse Chan when he.
FLORIDA INFORMATION

What Do You Want to Know About Florida?

THE INFORMATION BUREAU of SUNILAND MAGAZINE IS AT YOUR SERVICE

You can obtain reliable information on anything pertaining to Florida from our Information Bureau. This service is absolutely FREE to our readers and they need not hesitate to ask for whatever information they may desire from time to time.

In requesting information please remember that Florida is a large state, and that its products and conditions vary greatly. North Florida differs from South Florida; the East Coast presents somewhat different conditions from the West Coast.

So be specific in your questions. Don't ask general questions; tell exactly what you want to know in as few words as possible. We will give you the information direct if possible, otherwise your inquiry will be referred to some authority or reliable source of information.

Always send a stamped and addressed envelope with your inquiries. Address your inquiries:

Information Bureau, SUNILAND Magazine, Tampa, Florida

Here are some of the subjects on which we can supply reliable information:

Best Railroad Routes.
Rail and Pullman Fares.
Hotels and Their Rates.
Automobile Routes.
List of Tourist Camps.
Golf Courses for Tourists.
Tourist Amusements.
Automobile Regulations.
Fishing Localities.
Hunting Grounds.

Business Opportunities.
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Old Ivory enamel finish with antique mahogany tops and chair seats this will make, with proper floor covering and draperies, a most attractive room. We invite your inspection of this and other attractive home furnishings we are showing for Fall.

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Battle Creek Bath Department
in the Building

ful-lak,' She die right yere in my arms."

"Well, we taken de lady back an' bury 'er in de yahd. I don' reckon you-all seen de tom-stone yet. Marse Chan turn very sick an' when de boat dat come fur de o'anges come by, I have de captin write home to ole Missus so she kin come down, an' he'p take keer Marse Chan, 'kaze he ravin' outen his haid, a callin' all de time fur de lady. Befo' Marse Chan die, he ca'm down an' write his will makin' me a free man, an' tellin' me to stay yere on de place an' not let nobuddy come in der house. 'Ise gwine ter die, Isom,' he tell me, an' I cry's an' axed him not to leave Isom alone dere. He smile an' say we meet again, an' den he gib me de papers, a letter to ole Missus, an' de will."

"Mussus come down yere a-weepin' fur her son. I show 'er de paper, I show 'er de tom-stones side by each udder an' she don' go in de house. So dere ain't nobuddy been in dere fum dat day 'twill ter-day. Now, 'Ise gwine ter git you-all some fresh eggs to cy' back wif you-all."

"I presume you still have Marse Chan's will?" Dess asked intently as the old man finished.

"Yes, sah, I' se got it, I takes better keer of hit, nur ennything I gott in de worl'. Effen you-all lak ter see hit, I kin fetch hit out."

He went into the house and come out shortly with a faded and yellow-stained piece of foolscap, which he passed to Dess.

"Eighteen fifty-nine, I see the date is," said Dess after he had opened the screed, "Shall I read it awud?"

We nodded for him to go ahead.

"In the name of God: Amen," he commenced, "I, Chandler Livingstone, being of a sound and disposing mind and aware that I stand on the threshold of a fuller, sweeter existence than I have known on this unhappy planet, do declare this my Last Will and Testament."

"I do hereby give and grant to my faithful body-servant, known as Isom Livingstone, his full and complete freedom, with this condition: that he remain in Florida on my estate as long as he shall live, and in order that his authority to do this shall not be questioned, I hereby give, grant and bequeath him a life-estate in the said property, known as the Livingston Estate. I give the said Isom strictly in charge to remain on the place and, after I have departed, to allow no one to enter, or disturb the contents of the house. My spirit will constantly revisit this spot, and it is my wish, addressed to all to whom these presents shall come, that my homestead be respected as that of a living man."

"Addendum."

"There is no death. The spirit is freed like a bird from its chafing prison. The material body of Marie Buen camino lies buried according to the custom of mortals, but her lovely ethereal self is beside me as I write these facts, and presently I go to join her in the spirit world."

"For many years past Marie and I have held sweet converse, sometimes she appeared in visions, sometimes her voice reached me like a wave from a distant shore. In many and devious ways she has communicated with me, though often imperfectly, bound about as I have been with human limitations."

"On September 18th of this year in the midst of a terrific hurricane, she appeared and called me insistently. I hurried in the direction whence these sounds came, reckless of consequences and was led up the beach where far at sea I could see a ship fixing rockets and making other signals of distress. How I managed to breast the wind and stumble over the sand-dunes will ever remain a mystery to me."

"When dawn broke the ship had sunk, but almost at my feet, clinging to a piece
15 Miles of Gulf Frontage accessible to Tampa

It is our belief this is the only tract on the Gulf Coast that is accessible to Tarpon Springs, Tampa, St. Petersburg and Clearwater, which is available at pre-development prices.

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30 miles of hard road frontage. Tract surrounds a small thriving town. Railroad within short distance. Not over 15% waste land which would be considerably reduced through development. Soil well adapted to citrus and avocado culture, grape vineyards and truck farming.

Nearly 20,000 Acres

An ideal location for a town as it has a rich back country and several excellent beaches.

Price $30.00 per Acre

Reasonable Terms

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Tampa, Florida
of wreckage exhausted and half-drowned, was Marie Buenaceno. I worked hard to resuscitate her and finally my efforts were rewarded. She opened her eyes and smiled; then spoke to me. Her mortal memory was gone, but with a rush of tenderness we recognized each other and in a few short minutes that remained to her on this earth we pledged our troth and appointed a rendezvous beyond. Marie tells me, with nods and smiles as I write this, to say...

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OIL FROM THE TUNG TREE

A NEW FLORIDA INDUSTRY

That the production of oil from the Tung tree is destined to become one of the great industries of Central Florida, and perhaps of the entire state, is the prophecy made recently by B. F. Williamson, manager at Gainesville for the Alachua Tung Oil Company.

Mr. Williamson bases his prophecy largely upon the fact that his company has purchased several thousand acres of land near Gainesville for the purpose of setting out several million of these nut trees.

The Chinese wood-oil, or Tung-oil tree, he says, is one of the most interesting of the plants from foreign countries which have been introduced in the United States by the office of the Department of Agriculture. This tree is the source of the oil which has come into wide use in the paint and varnish industry and its propagation in Florida will be watched with great interest. The oil is one of the best drying oils known.
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Tampa Pine Products Company is splitting up their land near Tampa into small farms at the low price of $50 per acre. This is the best land for the money in this part of Florida and will not last long at these prices on terms. It is exceptionally good farm, citrus and winter vegetable land.

Confessions Of An Ex-Rum Runner
(Continued from page 25)
on every ship that enters the port. Naturally, we have to close our eyes to a lot of things, and could have this time. Your ship had the bad luck to be picked on to pay the penalty. Have a cigar?"

Mac told me the story when I came into his office three or four weeks later. "The Harps have been revenged," he told me.

THE "Stafford" was sent to the "bone-yard" and Hildebrand and I knocked around in Jacksonville laying plans for getting in a cargo of whiskey and gin, which we both agreed would be a fine diversion and entirely worth while. We kept our eyes open for an auxiliary schooner that would fit all the specifications of a good rum-runner, but finally we decided that we didn't have the necessary funds, and that we had better sail in a few booze cargoes in the bottom of a big ship before making ourselves wholesalers on our own account. I managed to get another command, the "Lomboki," an oil-burning, reciprocating-engine job, about the size and type of the "Stafford." I joined her in Jacksonville, with Hildebrand, whom I signed on as my first officer.

I want to say right here that Jacob Hildebrand, of Sweden and Rum Row, is one of the few men I would trust with life or wife. He is true blue, like the steel of his native land. It seems to me that all other men in the world are simply pieces in the game, either pawns or horsemen, underlings or equals, and though I have become fairly intimate with hundreds of other men, Hildebrand is the only one I have made fast to, our very souls being lashed together with double lines. We have been through hell together, Jake and I have, and believe me, he is a fine lad, a two-fisted, hairy-chested sailorman of the old wooden ship and iron men days.

Back to my story. When we boarded the "Stafford" I knew that we would use hard lead instead of tin in the steering gear, as was done in her last voyage, and that we would make our makeshift cargo of rum and wine in our oil tanks in the bow, and that the boat's papers would have to be faked. I signed the papers and got copies of ships' papers from other ships, and when we left the port I didn't want to do a thing to the ship's papers, but though we were in the Southern waters it's against the law to make off with another man's papers and I was afraid of people seeing them. In the old days I would have been run down or shot, for counterfeiting paper money. We had a man who used to say he would show a man the way to the South Pole, but he wouldn't hold his hand over the line. I had a ship's paper made and we used the lines to our advantage, using the real one for the outward and homeward voyages, but we used our faked one to make off with the rum and wine. We had a good start, the "Stafford" being a very fast vessel, but she was not a very fast vessel for such work, and we had a lot of trouble getting out of the harbor. We left the ship at anchor, and then reached out to the westward, and had a pretty hard time getting out of the harbor and away from the land. We had a very hard time getting out of the harbor and away from the land.

The old Chief and myself are still buddies, and I hear from him every now and then. Understand one of his dearily-beloved underlings planted a wad of opium in his coat on his last trip from the Orient and then informed the inspectors when they reached Baltimore. Dirty shame, but the Chief got out of it somehow. Chief got out of it somehow. Chief got out of it somehow. Chief got out of it somehow. Chief got out of it somehow. Chief got out of it somehow. Chief got out of it somehow. Chief got out of it somehow. Chief got out of it somehow. Chief got out of it somehow.

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In the good old days when the liquor trade was legitimate, and schooners
were still going around the Horn to give their wine cargoes an expensive shaking, I learned something about the stowage of alcoholics. You want to put them just as far away from the crew as is possible and batten them down with all the dogs and padlocks and heavy cargo that can be safely piled on them, because those hounds have a sixth sense which leads them unerringly to a drink, and one drink means a multitude.

As our ship was loading for several American coastwise ports, Baltimore, Norfolk, Savannah and Jacksonville, consignments of our private cargo for anyone of these ports had to be placed where it could be gotten at conveniently out of an open hold; and in this the nature of the cargo, whether hides, beet pulp or potash weighed with us in making a decision, for we intended to hide our stuff away where it would be a hard job for the inspectors to find it, but not to have it so overburdened with heavy cargo that we couldn't get at it ourselves.

I will certainly remember the muggy night in Hamburg when the Chief Engineer, Jake and I worked like niggers clearing away beet pulp so that we could finally get at the manholes, unbolts them and stow our liquor in the coffer-dams. It was hot as molten lead down in the hold as beet pulp is tremendously heating. The men were ashore and the half-starved shore watchman was being treated to a lingering feed in the galley. Finally we got our stuff all stowed out of the way and after the crew returned at midnight, the lines were cast off and we departed.

Jake and I enthused over the possibilities of rum-running on the trip over. We really became over-confident and this nearly led to our downfall. But of this I will tell in my second installment next month.

FIRST RAILROAD IN FLORIDA STILL USED

The first railroad in Florida begun in 1831, and the third in the United States, is still in existence, with trains making trips over it three times a week. The road extends from Tallahassee to St. Marks. It was built in the antebellum days when Tallahassee was one of the great cotton centers of the South, and when St. Marks, 20 miles distant, was, according to historical records at the capital, the greatest shipping port in the world.

"Much of the cotton from Western Florida, Alabama and Southern Georgia was sent to Tallahassee and by rail to St. Marks," according to Mrs. Jane Brevard Darby, granddaughter of Governor Richard Kieth Call who built the railroad. "Some was delivered by plank road direct to St. Marks, but much of it was transferred here.

"St. Marks has disappeared and Newport, another thriving city prior to civil war days, on this railroad, is no more, but the railroad, now a part of the Seaboard Air Line, still serves the lumber woods lying between Tallahassee and the Gulf, twenty-five miles distant. It is said to be the oldest railroad in the United States still in operation. Certainly it is the oldest which has not been reconstructed.

"Tradition has it that the first engine did not stop at the terminus, but was run into the river at St. Marks. Without heavy hoisting machinery it remained there for years, while horses and mules pulled the carloads of cotton up and down the line. That this was the only motive power for a long time is certain. The length and weight of the rails resemble a toy line in comparison with those in use on the great modern systems."

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Tampa, Florida
James L. Rodgers, a native of Scotland, and an old resident of Miami, recently purchased some property in the Scenic Highlands section, after visiting that part of Central Florida which is undergoing a most rapid development.

"In the few days spent in the Ridge country I found a subtle, winsome charm more akin to many of the Scottish 'lochs' than anything I have seen in many a year," he said in an interview. "From a point at the north end of Lake Caloosa, adjoining, so I am told, property owned by Hon. William Jennings Bryan, there spread out before me in our beloved Florida sunshine a scene which sent a thrill through every fiber of my being. My surprised old eyes were at once gazing with rapture on the glories of Bonnie Loch Lomond in its replica—it's double—Lake Caloosa.

"Born in Argentina, spending my boyhood on one of that country's far spread 'estancias'—large stock ranches—my Scottish father sent me to the homeland of his forefathers to acquire a higher education and in the British Isles I spent my youth.

"During long vacations I wandered around satisfying a penchant for seeing historic spots, and beautiful scenery. Since then in many portions of the United States and some foreign countries I have gazed upon much beautiful scenery.

"True, a cynical fastidious analyst with a mania for detail might say that soil and grass and trees around our Florida lakes are entirely different, but the pictorial 'ensemble' is so wonderfully like with its girdling hills and woods and groves, that I experienced a heart and soul thrill I was not expecting to find in this section, although I am by now a veteran Floridian, and long posted on the characteristics of the Ridge country.

"Were I a realtor in this section in view of what I myself have experienced, I would aim to bring as many wealthy Scotsmen as possible to these parts and take them out in the splendors of the early morning to Lake Caloosa, a walk around Lake Wales, and give them a look, and think. The deed would be done in nine cases out of ten and without expenditure of breath and speech."

In the October issue of SUNILAND a number of exceptionally fine photographs were used to illustrate the New Smyrna story, "The Oldest Settlement in the United States." Through an oversight these photographs were not credited to Mr. Van de Sande, who made them, and SUNILAND takes this opportunity of correcting the error.
In the matter of printing, specialists are just as necessary as in any profession. When an individual or an organization specializes in any particular phase of any field of endeavor—efficiency is attained and production costs reduced.

In printing for the Florida trade the Tourist News Press equipment is operating day and night—twelve months in the year—specializing in publication and color booklet printing of quality. The Tourist News Press prints the “Tourist News,” “Pinellas Record,” “Seeing St. Petersburg,” “Packing House News,” “Suniland,” Telephone Directories and Chamber of Commerce booklets for St. Petersburg and many other Florida cities.

Beginning about November 1st, production schedules will be advanced so that the Tourist News Press will be in a position to handle another publication and a few more high-class color booklet jobs.

If you use printing for the Florida trade—publication or color booklets, direct mail advertising—consult the Tourist News Press. Write, wire or phone and a representative will arrange to meet you in your office or ours.

Tourist News Press
Where Eighteenth Street crosses Second Avenue South
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Will Open November 20

A million people will cross Gandy Bridge every year between Tampa and St. Petersburg. They all have to pass by our properties, known as GANBRIDGE CITY joining the Tampa end of Gandy Bridge and reaching across the Ridgeland of Interbay Peninsula to beautiful Bay Shore Boulevard and Ballast Point Park.

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The Peninsular Telephone Company

is keeping pace with the remarkable growth of Tampa and its Trade Territory by the provision of additional facilities during the coming year which will cost almost two million dollars.

THIS COMPANY’S local exchanges and toll lines serve the cities and communities in the Counties of Hillsboro, Polk, Pinellas, Pasco, Manatee and Sarasota.

Through connection with the lines of the Bell Telephone Company and American Telephone and Telegraph Company, telephone communication to all cities of importance throughout the country is available from any station of

The Peninsular Telephone Company

Dog-Gone!
(Continued from page 50)

This was a good idea. Hydrastis reached out to a basket in front of him, and handed Gabriel what looked like a rather large plum. Then the darkies were silent. But—no music came! The dog remained silent. With so many eyes upon him, he displayed the temperament of a prima donna, showing unmistakable signs of stage fright. He attempted to crawl off of the show case but was detained by a trembling hand thrust out by Hydrastis, who was trying to look at Gabriel at the same time. Gabriel was shaking something that he held in his hand, and making unintelligible sounds.

"Make him sing! Make him sing!" burst from a score of throats. The dog remained silent. With so many eyes upon him, he displayed the temperament of a prima donna, showing unmistakable signs of stage fright. He attempted to crawl off of the show case but was detained by a trembling hand thrust out by Hydrastis, who was trying to look at Gabriel at the same time. Gabriel was shaking something that he held in his hand, and making unintelligible sounds.

"Make him sing! Make him sing!" The cries were resumed.

Hydrastis shook the dog, as though expecting that such action would force music from the canine throat, but the only response was a howl of fear. Then—

"Yo' cheatin' us! Dat dawg caint sing! Whut's de matta heah?" asserted a burly black who pushed his way to Hydrastis' side. The demand became universal.

"Gib us ouah money back! Gib us ouah dimes, or we'll push yo' faces in!" asserted a burly black who pushed his way to Hydrastis' side. The demand became universal.

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"Gib us ouah money back! Gib us ouah dimes, or we'll push yo' faces in!

"Jes a minnit, jes a minnit," Hydrastis pleaded. Painfully, still regarding Gabriel with that wondering look, he reached into his pockets and produced that handful of dimes that had nestled there.

"We didn' t gib yo' money back," he said, but his tone of voice belied his words. "Heah yo' is. One at a time, please, gemmun," as the crowd surged forward. In an indescribable short while all the dimes in his pocket had disappeared, and the customers, with catcalls and jeers, had passed into the night. No one was left in the store except the doy, Lacey Johnson, and the two partners. Hydrastis turned on Gabe.

"Whut in de debbil is de matteh wif yo'?" he asked.

Gabe still waved the thing that he held in his hand. In a moment he managed to sputter.

"Ah asked yo' fo' some fruit Ah could be chewin' when Ah was doin' mah ventrilquism, so dey wouldn' t ketch on. An whut did yo' gib me, yo' dang fool? W-w-whut did yo' gib me?"

Completely knocked out at this report, Hydrastis grabbed for the counter in front of him. For a long while the two partners, speechless, eyed each other. Then they observed for the first time that a stranger had entered the room. The newcomer was a white man, with an unlit stogie separating his teeth. One thumb, thrust in the armhole of his vest, exposed to view a large and shiny badge, with the word "Detective" engraved thereon.

"Did you boys happen to own this dog?" he asked.

Hydrastis started to answer in the af-
firmative, when he bethought himself of the
badge. Then he knew that he did not own
the dog. In fact, he had no idea who did
own the dog.

"Whut dawg does yo' mean, boss?" he
asked, his voice trembling.

"This dog here on the counter."

Hydrastis looked at the animal as
though he had never seen it before.

"Naw sub, naw sub. Ah nevah seen
dat dawg until dis minnit. Gabe, how did
dat dawg git in heah? Scat, houn', an' git out."

"Just a moment, just a moment," the
officer growled, sweeping the thoroughly
frightened dog into his arms.

"I thought maybe you boys had found
this dog, but as you say you didn't, it's all
right. You see, he belongs to a rich North­
ern woman who is down here now, and she
offered a reward of fifty dollars for his
return. I was goin' to have her give you
the money, but as you never saw the dog
before, I'll take him myself."

Suiting his action to his speech, the arm
of the law stalked from the place. Gabe
turned to Hydrastis, and then both turned
to Lacey Johnson. It is well to draw the
curtain at this point.

PINEAPPLES LURE LARGEST
CANNERS TO FLORIDA

The California Packing Corporation,
which packs the famous "Del Monte" brand
of canned fruit and vegetables, has turned
its attention to Florida as a field for the
extension of its pineapple operations. It is
said that this company has reached the
limit of expansion of its pineapple canning
operations in Hawaii and looks with favor
upon South Florida as the section of the
United States best adapted for the success­
ful production of pineapples on a large
scale.

The first experimental work on growing
smooth cayenne pineapples on a large scale
was begun last summer near Stuart in
Palm Beach County. The Florida Growers,
Inc., of which Carroll Dunscombe is presi­
dent, received last August direct from
Hawaii a shipment of cayenne slips which
have been planted on one acre. A check
of the results is being kept so that the cost
of growing these pines can be obtained and
comparisons made with the production cost
in Hawaii.

The situation which has now come to a
head has been developing for several years.
The California Packing Corporation has
gradually extended its pineapple plantings
in Hawaii until all the available acreage
there has been absorbed. At present there
is no frost-proof land in Hawaii where
pineapples can be raised.

Pineapples have been raised for a num­
ber of years along the East Coast, and
more recently in Highlands County in Cen­
tral Florida, but this is the first instance
where one of the larger packing companies
has taken an active interest in developing
this coming industry.
Investments In Tampa

PROPERTY values in Tampa are going up steadily and surely. Every day's transactions bring new surprises in reality valuations and profits. The growth and development of Tampa will be very rapid during the next decade because of the numerous projects and immense amount of development already underway and being planned in Tampa and throughout the whole southwestern section of Florida which is tributary to Tampa.

Everyone who invests in Tampa real estate now will share in the prosperity of the next few years and will enjoy the profits from the increased values. To procrastinate in the matter of owning a part of one of the fastest growing cities in the United States is to steal a great deal from your own future. Invest in Tampa now and let this investment take care of tomorrow.

The L. W. Lee organization is in touch with most of the real estate and investment opportunities in Tampa. No matter what you are looking for—business property, acreage, apartment house sites, subdivision property, large or small investments—we have it or can find it for you.

Make our office your headquarters when in Tampa. We are always glad to show visitors what we have to offer.

L. W. LEE
Real Estate and Investments
504 Franklin Street
TAMPA, FLORIDA

The Massage from Garcia

In the section of Tampa known as "Ybor City" there is not only a large Spanish, or rather Cuban population, but several thousand Italians as well. Many of the latter have places of business, and among them are several barber shops. A reader of SUNILAND has sent in the following version of the "bobbing" craze as given by one of the Italian barbers:

Longa whila go jus' Papa come to da shop for da shave, da sham-poo, da mas­sage of da face, an' da haircut. He come alone by heeself. Now weeth alla thees bobbedas hair beeziness da whole dam' families mus' take a da hand. Thees day Papa he come, Ma-ma he come; alla da keeds, he come. I try to do whatta thees one say an' whatta that, but eet ees no go. Eet ees worse a lak a leeg of a nacion to starta despute.

Ma-ma he say he wanta da sheengal bob. Papa he say "thaat look lak 'il'; thaat fine for da flap but no for ol' woman!" Ma-ma he starta da fight an' get verrra mad.


But how can I say theesa boy, thata gurl? Alla da keeds wear da pants now. I geev all da sheeka bob. After longa whila I seeen da dam' am exhaust. Papa he paya da beel by da union price wheech maka heem to be exhaust laka me. An' da whole dam' families exeet by da front door excep' Papa. He come back. He climb eento my chair weeth da smile thatta no come off. He say:

"Geev me da shave, Garcia!"

I shave heem. He snooze lak a nighthorse sayeeng: "Eef da wooman come een again, geev heem da shave all so!"

When he wake up, he say: "Geev me da haircrot, Garcia!"

Eet ees admiration.

"Sheengal bob? No! Haircrot!"

An' when I haircrot heem, he say:

"Sham-poo, Garcia!"

An' so all so I sham-poo heem. Weeth a happee laff he snuggle eento da chair again an' say: "Me an' you, Garcia, we on'erstan' da accetuation. You mus' be da marred man laka me, Garcia! Give me da face massage!"

Ha! Ees eet poseeble? Do he get da massage from Garcia?

He do!

Vive La Florida

They tell this story on a prominent St. Petersburg real estate man who has a propensity for boosting Florida upon all possible occasions. It seems he was attending the funeral of a distant cousin in New York State. Fol-
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Following the funeral service the officiating parson invited anyone who might desire to offer testimony as to the virtues of the deceased to do so. Several glowing tributes were paid and then our friend from St. Petersburg arose and said: "I really didn't know Jim except through correspondence and therefore I cannot say anything about him from personal knowledge but if you don't mind while I'm on my feet I would like to say a few words about Florida."

"Show No Partiality"
The story is told that when the Tampa Bay Hotel was completed and ready for business Henry B. Plant was in the North. A full corps of servants was on hand and every arrangement had been made for the entertainment of a vast number of guests even to the hiring of a well known band. No guests appeared on the opening day. On the second day when no guests showed up the manager became concerned but the band played on. On the third day there were still no guests and the band wasted its tunes on the empty halls. After several more days and only two guests had appeared the manager wired Mr. Plant to the effect that an enormous expense was being incurred; the band was paying and there were as yet only two guests. The reply which was not long in coming was as follows: "Show no partiality, hire another band."

Satan in Florida

A preacher in Florida recently came forward with the declaration that Satan was not mentioned in the Old Testament. "Well, what of it?" asked some one of a friend who had told him of this statement. "He claims," continued the other with reference to the preacher, "that as there is no mention of the devil in the Old Testament, there cannot be a devil." "That's no proof," said the friend. "The Old Testament does not mention the Florida Green Fruit Shippers, but they are here."

A Last Farewell

To be at the same time rude and polite is an achievement of great difficulty. In this relation an Orlando friend of ours tells of a French gentleman who had spent a few weeks in Florida and had just paid a very large hotel bill. He was indignant, but his native courtesy was unimpaired. "Send ze proprietaire to me," he said to the waiter, and presently the host entered. "Ah, let me embrace you!" he cried. "But why do you want to embrace me, sir? I don't understand." "Ah, Saire, but look at ze bill!" "Your bill! Yes, but what of it?" "Ah, Monsieur, zat means zat I shat nevaire, nevaire see you again."

Not Out an Hour

Shortly after Tampa's motor ordinance went into effect, a policeman hailed a lady driving a limousine on the boulevard and ordered her to report at nine o'clock the next morning. "The very idea! Why?" exclaimed the lady. "I'm sorry, ma'am," insisted the bluecoat; "but you were going forty miles an hour." "Impossible!" exclaimed the lady indignantly. "Why, I haven't been out an hour yet."
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Realty Company
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The Florida Home
(Continued from page 68)
on the top with raisins in between; place in a moderate oven and bake till the souffle is set and the marshmallows toasted delicately.

Roselle—To Prepare the Calyx
In preparing for cooking take the pod between the thumb and forefinger of the left hand, stem end up; cut off the stem and the basal end of the calyx to where the seed-pod is united with the calyx, when a slight pressure with the fingers holding the pod will force out the seed-pod. After preparing in this way the calyx may be used.

Roselle Jelly
Break burl from the seed-pod into small sections, measure, and for each measure of fruit allow two measures of water. Boil ten minutes. Cover vessel and set aside until cool. Pour into a flannel jelly bag and press until no more juice can be obtained. Determine amount of sugar to be used by the pectin test. Boil until the jellying point has been reached, which is indicated by the flaking or sheeting from the spoon. Extreme care must be exercised at this point, because over-cooking will cause it to syrup.

Roselle Sauce (Table Talk)
Wash the calyces; put two cupfuls in a saucepan; add one-half cup of cold water and a scant half cup of sugar. Cook, stirring constantly, about five minutes or until soft. Then turn into earthen bowl. Or the roselles may be chopped fine after washing and cooked with a very little hot water and sugar. Eat cold.

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