Venice-Nokomis
White City Supreme
On the Gulf

Thirty Miles of Water-front

If you love the water, see Venice-Nokomis. Designed and laid out by John Nolen, noted City Planner, as the ideal city of Venetian waterways. Magnificently located, fronting on Gulf, bays and river—with every advantage of nearness to Sarasota—adjacent to the historic Treasure Island—never was the site for a new city more logically chosen.

The Roger G. Rice Company Inc.
Sales Agents
Sarasota, Fla.
The magnificent $50,000 Davis Islands Tennis Club—finest in all Florida—is now completed. This palatial structure, pictured above, is but the first of a number of luxurious club buildings to be erected on Davis Islands this year.

Designed by M. Leo Elliott, Tampa architect, the Tennis Club contains spacious lounge rooms, a card room, tile dance floor and patio, and showers and lockers. Last week the club became alive with interest, its championship courts the scene of Tampa's great Dixie Tennis Tournament.

Buildings like these are adding to Tampa's fame as the most interesting spot in Florida. And as an investment, such classic structures place Davis Islands distinctly in a class by itself. Shrewd investors are buying now as the $30,000,000 project unfolds, participating in the profits that even now are being made.

D. P. DAVIS PROPERTIES

Home Office in Tampa, Florida
Branches in Principal Southern Cities
Ahoy There!

The Hillsborough Bay Regatta, Tampa.

White Water!

ONLY the man behind the wheel can appreciate fully the thrill that accompanies the splash and spray of rounding the buoys in a power boat regatta—it is exhilarating, stimulating—truly indescribable.

With the staging of the Hillsborough Bay Regatta on the Davis Marine Speedway at Tampa on February 18-19, followed by the Sarasota Regatta on March 6-7, a new era in power boat racing was inaugurated on the Florida West Coast. All classes of boats were entered including three nationally known contenders.

From the smallest hydroplane to the staunch, heavily powered displacement boats we are prepared to offer the nation's best.

Will you cross the line in the next regatta?

R. STUART MURRAY

Power Boats and Water-Craft

Lobby Soreno Hotel
St. Petersburg, Fla.

Mezzanine Hillsboro Hotel
Tampa, Fla.
Contents for March, 1925

Cover Design: Sundown in the Everglades — by Clark De Ball
Frontispieces: Moonlight on St. Andrews Bay — Picturesque Pensacola

A Forecast of Florida's Future — by Richard H. Edmonds
Historic Pensacola — by J. B. Morrow
Florida's Seminoles — by Justin G. Jarvis
The Greatest Men of Florida—Napoleon B. Broward — by W. M. Walker
World's Largest Bible Class — by George H. Dacy
A Real Fountain of Youth — by Charles L. Fay
From Tree to You — by Frank G. Heatton
Florida—A Poem — by Franklin N. Wood
Punch and Booty—Another Kitty Page story — by O. Forbester Schully
Thrills at Florida's Great Fair — by H. D. George
Florida Converted Baseball's Comedian Into a Golfer — by Leona Beck Ellis
Sponge Fishing — by Russell N. Haas
"What I Like Best About Suniland"—Letter Contest Announcement — by W. M. Walker
Polk County's Orange Festival — by Captain McSweeney
Confessions of An Ex-Rum Runner—Last Installment — by Russell N. Haas
Announcement of Suniland Cork Contest Winners
Have You Sent in Your Suniland Song?
The Suniland News Reel Will Present Florida to Millions
The Florida Home—A Department
Pieces of Eight—A Section of Humor
The Publisher's Page
DOWN ON THE
Lake Alfred
DOWN ON THE
On the Dixie Highway, at the Gateway of South Florida's Scenic Highlands — the land of azure lakes, rolling hills and golden groves. Here the artistry and the handiwork of man have joined with beneficient nature to produce an earthly Paradise. Your request for literature and information will be a favor.

LAKE ALFRED DEVELOPMENT COMPANY
Lake Alfred, Florida
ESPIRITU SANTO SPRINGS, INC.
SAFETY HARBOR, FLORIDA

"MORE MONEY IS SPENT FOR HEALTH THAN ANYTHING ELSE IN THE WORLD."
"A Million People Come to Florida Yearly for Their Health."

ESPIRITU SANTO SPRINGS are the only mineral springs with medicinal properties in a sub-tropical climate in the United States on the sea shore.

Compare this advantage with the well known successful operation of French Lick, Hot Springs, Battle Creek, Mt. Clemens and others.

Discovered by DeSoto in 1539 he named these springs ESPIRITU SANTO (Spirit of the Saints) because of their health-giving qualities.

Five different springs, flowing 8000 gallons per hour, have now been made available to the World and America's greatest health resort which is now in the course of construction, with Sanitarium and Pavilion already completed.

Backed by well known Bankers, Doctors and Business Men of Florida, excellent financial returns are assured through endorsements and thousands of users.

PROFITS
Participation in the profits of this organization may be had thro the purchase of preferred and common stock.

THESE PROFITS ARE DERIVED FROM THE FOLLOWING SOURCES OF REVENUE:

SALE OF WATER
Espiritu Santo Waters are now being distributed in almost every state east of the Mississippi, by 225 Druggists, and has thousands of local users.

SALE OF LAND
500 Acres under development.
One mile of Shore frontage.

INCOME FROM HOTEL
312 rooms, all outside, five stories.
Garage capacity of 200 cars.

INCOME FROM SANITARIUM
65 rooms, 30 kinds of baths.

INCOME FROM PAVILION
Housing the Springs.
Stores and office space.
Bottling department.
Income from Franchise for city water supply.

Consult your Banker and mail the coupon for additional information.

Espiritu Santo Springs, Inc.
Safety Harbor, Fla.

Information please.
Name ........................................
Address ......................................
..............................................
Twelve Months Ago—"A One-Horse Town"

Now "Hitting on All Six!"

SAFETY HARBOR

To be the World’s Greatest Health Resort

Formerly known as Green Springs, located midway between Tampa and St. Petersburg, and is destined to become the World’s Greatest Health Resort

READ THE EDITORIALS:

The Tampa Tribune Says:

SAFETY HARBOR

“A visit to Safety Harbor, where is located the famous Espiritu Santo Springs, is, after an absence of several months, a revelation.

“Wonderful improvements have been made in the pretty town where, as history has it, Hernando de Soto landed with his ill-fated expedition. New hotels, bath houses, a sanitarium erected, and the healing waters of the springs are now being bottled or sold by the glass in a beautiful pavilion, one of the most artistic and attractive buildings in the state. The natural beauty of Safety Harbor and the fame of its water, supplemented by the many improvements now being made, ought to start the place well on the way to becoming one of the great health resorts of the world.”

The St. Petersburg Times Says:

“Looking over South Florida, outside of the larger progress at St. Petersburg, the most notable and important operations are at Safety Harbor. Perched on its high and richly wooded shore, Safety Harbor is one of the beauty spots of Florida, and is at last to have its place in the sun of fame and progress. At last the wonderful springs there are to be presented to the world. The Espiritu Santo Springs Company has well along towards completion a pavilion and sanitarium, to be followed by a 312-room hotel, that will form a mineral springs plant unapproached by any that we know in the South. It is important because of the huge investment, and it is notable because it develops a new resource not to be found elsewhere in Florida. The impetus such a project must give any community is already shown in the several other substantial buildings, business blocks and hotels, now under construction. The Espiritu Santo Springs project at Safety Harbor will rank in value to Pinellas and to this part of Florida well up with the Gandy Bridge itself.”

WRITE SECRETARY

CHAMBER of COMMERCE

FOR FREE LITERATURE

Secretary, Chamber of Commerce, Safety Harbor, Florida.

Send me more information about progressive Safety Harbor.

Name.......................................................... Street Add...........................

Town......................................................... State................................
Florida Will Soon be the greatest Banana producing country in the World—Gordon Bryan

Bananas

Gordon Bryan is one of the foremost figures of the Banana Industry, and has, for years, been associated with large banana interests in the Tropics.

En route to Nicaragua, Mr. Bryan recently inspected the Taylor-Alexander plantations, and after declaring our soil unexcelled for growing bananas, made the above statement.

GREAT FUTURE ASSURED

Mr. Bryan further stated that the eyes of the large fruit companies are on Florida, and they are awaiting the time when Florida bananas will be available in commercial quantities.

$1000 PROFIT PER ACRE

And better is not unusual from growing Cavendish Bananas. This profit, beginning within a year, and the secure future of the banana industry, are attracting many shrewd investors.

OUR PLANTATIONS

Are available in five acre units, on easy payment plan. We care for your plantation and market your crops.

Taylor-Alexander Co., Inc.
COMMERCIAL BANANA PLANTATIONS
Winter Haven, Florida

Write—
For your copy of our interesting literature in Banana Culture in Florida. It's waiting for you—FREE.
Moore Haven
Florida

"The Worlds Richest Soil"

Rather a broad assertion to say the least! However, the proof is here for you to see!

MOORE HAVEN, FLA.
Can produce more crops to the acre than can any other place on the face of the globe!

The International Soil Products Exposition in Kansas City.

The Florida State Fair in Jacksonville, Florida.

The South Florida Fair held in Tampa, Florida, and other expositions of a like nature and importance, have awarded Moore Haven soil over three hundred grand prizes and premiums during the past five years.

Experts from the United States Department of Agriculture have declared Moore Haven Soil to be the richest in the world! Far more productive than the world-famed soil of the Nile Delta.

THE STONE DEVELOPMENT CO.
Is cultivating ten thousand acres of Moore Haven’s richest soil, using up-to-date methods and machinery under the expert supervision of men especially qualified for the task by years of actual experience and research.

A $75,000.00 cannery is on the premises to take care of surplus or a light market, thus utilizing tons of produce that become waste under ordinary methods.

Moore Haven soil is so rich that it is being shipped by the carload to other sections of the country to be used as fertilizer, just as it is taken from the ground! Fertilizer is not used in Moore Haven, Florida. It is just such land as this that the Stone Development Company is turning into a veritable garden of Eden.

LET US TELL YOU THE STORY OF HOW YOU CAN SHARE IN THE PROFITS OF THIS GREAT ENTERPRISE

Use the Coupon below or write to

Stone Development Co.

Moore Haven, Florida

9 Fifth Street N., St. Petersburg, Fla. 601 Tampa St., Tampa, Fla.

COUPON

Stone Development Company, Moore Haven, Fla.,

Gentlemen: Kindly send me the story of the development of the Everglades, the story of Moore Haven and also tell me of the wonderful crops raised there, and how I can share in the money that is being made there.

Sincerely yours,

Name: ........................................

Address: ........................................

County and State: ..............
Winter Haven is the cultural center of Florida. Beauty loving people from all the world are seeking this spot, a perfect setting for joy of mind and body.

West Winter is truly the Haven where dreams are made real. Every comfort and convenience.

Wade-Barker Sales Organization for West Winter Haven
An eighteen-hole golf course, designed by Donald Ross, will be constructed on a splendid site in Whitfield Estates. Near the links there will be a beautiful country club of the most modern design. A magnificent hotel will be built on one of the points overlooking the bay, and a yacht basin will come within a few yards of Tamiami Trail.

An eighteen-hole golf course, designed by Donald Ross, will be constructed on a splendid site in Whitfield Estates. Near the links there will be a beautiful country club of the most modern design. A magnificent hotel will be built on one of the points overlooking the bay, and a yacht basin will come within a few yards of Tamiami Trail.

Location and Beauty Govern Values

Study the map! You can easily see why Whitfield Estates, offering the most attractive homesites on the West Coast, is most fortunately located. First, it is water-front property, overlooking the most beautiful bay in the world. It is high and dry and gently rolling. Gradually rising from the water's edge, it reaches a height of 25 feet, and nearly every lot has a view of the bay.

The Tamiami Trail, Florida’s cross state highway joining the East and West Coast, passes through the center of the property, and links Whitfield Estates with two of the fastest growing cities in Florida. Sarasota is growing Northward along the bay-front and Tamiami Trail at an amazing rate, and Whitfield Estates is a close-in suburb of Sarasota, with only the estates of multi-millionaires and a few residential sections, now under development between

Adair Realty & Trust Company
The Nation’s Oldest Real Estate Firm
Sole Selling Agents
Mira Mar Building — SARASOTA

WHITFIELD Estates
On Sarasota Bay
LOCATION—THE ALL IMPORTANT FACTOR IN RESIDENTIAL DISTRICTS

Every Advantage Entering Into The Desirability of a Home-site is Possessed by Sunset Park

Values in real estate, whether considered in the light of present or future residence, or for investment or speculation, are determined entirely by its desirability by the most number of people. The accessibility of those things deemed worth while in life, the beauties of nature, water-frontage with its attendant comforts and advantages, yet within the trend of population increase, are vitally important factors.

One glance at a map will make clear the present trend of the residential growth of Tampa, onward to the Interbay Peninsula, toward the broad expanses of water-front, and through Sunset Park—the very heart of the most exclusive district. Less than four miles from the business center of Tampa, and adjoining other high-class developments, Sunset Park is forever assured as one of Tampa's most cherished locations, and is regarded as "close-in" by those who know locations and values.

Chas. P. Glover
REALTY COMPANY

513 TAMPA STREET, TAMPA, FLORIDA

THE PARAMOUNT SUBDIVISION OF TAMPA
MOONLIGHT ON ST. ANDREWS BAY

Photo by E. W. Masker.
HISTORIC PENSACOLA

(Left to right). Palafax street south from Lee Square—Loading bunker coal at one of the large electrically operated tipples—City Hall from the Plaza Ferdinand—Palafax street looking north—Plaza Ferdinand where the trans-ovl Florida to the United States took place—(oval) Louisville & Nashville R. R. station—San Carlos hotel—Fish boats at Baylen street wharf—A typical residence street.
A FORECAST of FLORIDA'S FUTURE By RICHARD H. EDMONDS

NOTE: We took the liberty last month of using on these pages a splendid boost for Florida from the Manufacturers Record and again this month we are trespassing upon the good will of this excellent magazine of the South by reproducing part of a letter from its editor, Richard Edmonds, which was in answer to a request from a leading Eastern banker, who had been contemplating making large investments in Florida, as to his opinion of the future of Florida. There are few men better qualified to forecast the future of this state than Richard Edmonds, and in his reply to the Eastern banker he presents facts and figures in a manner that should convince even the most skeptical that Florida has a future more interesting than that of perhaps any other state in the country.—Editor.

I N REPLY to your inquiry as to my view about Florida:

To write soberly and conservatively on Florida is a difficult proposition, and yet what I am saying is, I think, both conservative and sober. For many years I have been studying the outlook for Florida. I have anticipated its enormous development. I have often talked over the matter with Mr. Flagler and asked him for his reasons for locating in this state and putting about $75,000,000 of his own money in his railroad and development work. As the years increased Mr. Flagler grew more and more enthusiastic about the future of the state.

"I was with him once in company with George W. Perkins, then of J. P. Morgan & Co. We traveled over the road to study the Over-the-Sea line. Perkins said to me that no banking house in the world would have undertaken to finance that project; that to accomplish it needed a man of Flagler's vision and daring, who had his own money to carry it out. 'But now,' said he (and then the ocean part of the line was less than half finished), 'any banking house in the world would be glad to undertake to finance the proposition. We all realize now that Mr. Flagler saw far ahead of the rest of us.'

"At that time Mr. Flagler told me that he realized that his road must be double tracked, and that it should be done as quick as possible.

"The development of Florida which is now under way is, so far as I can see, different in many respects from anything ever seen in this country. To my mind it is more astonishing and far sounder than the growth of California. California is far away from the center of population and wealth, but despite that fact its progress has been the wonder of the country, especially in the Los Angeles section, a city which now has about one million population, though its people claim more. There is no other possible rival to Florida, and California is too far away to be a rival. Many people who have lived in California and who now live in Florida tell me that the Florida climate is far superior to California's.

"Some of the reasons which appeal to me very strongly in making any estimate as to the future of Florida may be summed up as follows:

"It has become the fashion for men of wealth of the East and of the Central West to spend their winters in Florida and to have superb winter homes here. Every increase in the wealth of the country means an increase in the number of people who can afford to get away from the blizzards and the snows of the East and the West to the warmth and sunshine of Florida. There is no other place to which they can go and at the same time keep in touch with their business interests. Californi'a is too far away for them.

"The millionaires and the multi-millionaires, whose number is ever increasing, are going to come to Florida in ever-increasing number. I have often mentioned the fact that John D. Rockefeller, after spending three or four years in southern California seeking health, later on trying other places for an equal period, came to Florida and spent three or four years studying this climate, and

then after this long investigation has established his permanent winter home here. Henry Ford, whose wealth may match Mr. Rockefeller's, has a home in Florida and has been buying rather heavily of Florida's land, according to general reports. Thos. A. Edison likewise has a Florida home. And these are but typical of the men of great wealth and of great business ingenuity in every line of human activity who are making Florida their winter homes this state. Among men of this character there are many active, hustling millionaires, great business organizers and general promoters who are concentrating their energies upon constructive building in Florida. This state is today the center of work for the greatest land operators in America, and these men are spending millions on top of millions in establishing towns, opening up great subdivisions and advertising on a broader scale than has ever been done by any other state in the Union.

"Take, for instance, one company operating near Miami. Last year its sales of real estate amounted to $12,000,000. A few days ago that company announced that its January sales amounted to $3,000,000. The substantiality of this operation can be appreciated from the fact that the Bowman hotel interests, with some $40,000,000 or $50,000,000 invested in hotels, have undertaken to build a $2,500,000 hotel at that point, and in connection with that to make other investments, including a clubhouse, dwellings and other improvements aggregating $10,000,000; and what these two companies are doing is merely typical of what is going on in the entire state from Jacksonville down to Key West, and from Key West up through the center and the Gulf Coast region. A Tampa subdivision company, according to reports of Tampa papers, recently sold $2,710,000 of property in one day.

"I think it entirely safe to say that Florida is at the present time far and away building more great hotels and apartment houses than any other state in the Union. Highway construction is going on rapidly in every part of the state. The East Coast Railway is double tracking its line from Jacksonville to Miami, and building a $2,000,000 bridge across the St. Johns River to facilitate the handling of its trains. The various railroads entering the state are this winter bringing 45 Pullman trains daily into Florida to take care of the tourist traffic, and still it is almost impossible to secure reservations unless one engages them weeks ahead. The Seaboard Air Line has built a 230-mile extension through what is known as the Ridge section of Florida, a superbly beautiful and productive region, and I doubt not that the traffic on the Seaboard will fully equal the facilities of that road for handling it, just as the traffic of the East Coast Road and of the Atlantic Coast Line is crowding the facilities of these roads.

"Turning from the incoming of the millionaires and the multi-millionaires and the railroad operators to the incoming of people of more moderate means, it will be found that tens of thousands of people from other regions are pouring into Florida. In part they are farmers, day laborers, mechanics, and in part they are
people of moderate means, having accumulated $30,000 or $40,000 or $50,000, and weary of the hard life in the cold regions of the West and are coming into Florida to make a permanent home.

You will remember that the amazing growth of Los Angeles was largely due to the settlement in that section of the same class of people who left the Central West after they had accumulated a moderate amount of money, hoping to get away from the bitter cold and settle down in the warmer climate of California. That tide, which flows like an unending stream, is now flowing into Florida. The movement, however, has scarcely started in comparison with what it will be in the coming years.

A few days ago I received a letter from Sir George Paish, the noted English financial authority, who was the financial adviser to the British Government during the war. Sir George expressed the idea that our limitation of immigration was due to the fact that all the land of this country was practically occupied, and that our agriculture could not be expanded to any large extent. He likewise said that the reason why American bankers were lending money so freely to Europe was due, in his opinion, to the fact that this country was fully developed and, therefore, no longer offered a field for big constructive and investment opportunities.

This statement, which even intelligent American realists are wholly without foundation, are just about as erroneous as the views long held by a large portion of the American people as to Florida. In this state alone there is room for agricultural expansion which in itself would set at naught Sir George's thought about the shortage of land for further agricultural expansion.

Florida is annually shipping nearly 100,000 carloads of citrus fruits and vegetables to the North and West. There is land enough in this state available for an increase of production sufficient to run this to 500,000 carloads a year and still by no means reach the limit of agricultural capabilities. It should be remembered that while Florida is about seven times as large as Massachusetts, it has just about one-third of the population of Massachusetts. There are vast areas of cut-over pine lands available for agricultural pursuits, and other vast areas of overflowed or wet lands, as fertile as the Valley of the Nile, and only needing to be drained in order to be available for farming purposes. Sir George Paish thought that the only land yet remaining to be developed in this country was the semi-arid regions of the West, which might to some extent be made available by irrigation. It is far easier to drain wet lands than it is to irrigate the semi-arid lands of the West, and no such difficulties are encountered in the cultivation of these drained lands as the West has to meet in irrigated lands.

I think it is evident that the industrial development of Florida within a few years will be much greater than is now anticipated by the people of this state. There are opportunities for manufacturing as yet but little understood or realized. The investors and developers have been so busy with land operations and city building activities that they have not had time to turn their attention to manufacturing interests.

Some days ago Darwin P. Kingsley, president of the New York Life Insurance Company, in a public address here stressed so strongly the inestimable value of Florida's climate and the future of this state that I felt that instead of being an optimist on Florida I had been almost a pessimist. If there were no particular advantages other than this climate, that alone would build a state of great wealth, for climate is an asset which man cannot duplicate. Man cannot change the bitter cold of the West and the North into mildness, and he cannot change the glorious sunny climate of Florida into cold and bitter weather. Climate is a permanent asset.

The whole country has within the last few years begun to awaken to what all of these advantages and resources in Florida will mean for an increase of population and the enrichment of the people of this state. I am constantly amazed at how rapidly the tide is turning this way. It is a flood tide, with no indication that there will ever be an ebb tide. Here and there we may have slacker water in Florida where rush of development work as now seen will temporarily halt for a breathing spell. People will cross the border and find themselves unable to meet their obligations on land they have bought. That will only be a passing phase of the great constructive, upbuilding, creative work which is now under way.

"I am quite sure that within a comparatively few years there will be at least three cities in this state of a million population each, with many others, perhaps not matching them in extent of population, but keeping the pace at a rate which will astonish the country."

The Suniland Song

There are squalls ahead for part of the editorial force of Suniland, which reminds us of a story: A young Lieu­tenant in the American Navy once approached a famous Admiral with some troublesome matter in a half apologetic manner and said: "Sir, I'm sorry to trouble you." "Why?" thundered the Admiral in reply. "Trouble! What the h- - 1 am here for but to have trouble?"

This bit of philosophy is extremely applicable to our Suniland Song Contest Editor. We certainly dug up a handful of trouble when we started a song contest but, as the Admiral said, that's what he's here for. The principal cause of annoyance to the Suniland Song Contest Editor being that so many good songs have been submitted in the contest it is difficult to decide which one should be chosen as THE Suniland Song.

It is pleasing indeed to note the amount of interest that has been exhibited in this contest. Songs good, bad and indifferent: songs with and without music; love songs, jazz songs, romantic songs, waltzes and fox trots, short songs and long songs have literally flooded the mails lately from all parts of the country. We feel sure that we are going to obtain a Florida song of unusual merit that will become popular the country over.

What do you think of The Suniland News Reel? Read about it on page 58.
NEARLY four centuries cover the period since the first discovery of Pensacola Bay was made. Authentic records of the region prove that three settlements were made on Santa Rosa Island and the mainland before one town survived to form the nucleus of the present city.

Torn by strife and the warring of contention Spanish, French and English, destroyed by storms, long periods elapsed between the abandonment of one community and the building of a new settlement.

The history of Pensacola is stirring and interesting, and dates from the memorable day in early October, 1528, when de Narvaez, a Spanish adventurer, landed on the shores of what is now known as Santa Rosa Island. Richard L. Campbell in his Historical sketches of Colonial Florida says:

"On one of the early days of October 1528, there could have been seen coasting westward along and afterwards landing on the south shore of Santa Rosa Island, five small rudely constructed vessels, having for sails a grotesque patchwork of masculine under and over-wear. That fleet was the fruit of the first effort at naval construction within the present limits of the United States (at St. Mark's Bay, the northernmost arm of Apalachee Bay). It was built of yellow pine and caulked with palmetto fibre and pitch. Horses' tails and manes furnished the cordage, as did their hides their water vessels. Its freightage consisted of 240 human beings wasted and worn by fatigue and exposure, and as many hearts heavy and racked with disappointment. It was commanded by His Excellency Panfilo de Narvaez, captain-general and adelantado of Florida, a tall, big-limbed, red-haired, one-eyed man 'with a voice deep and sonorous as though it came from a cavern.' These were the first white men to make footprints on the shores of Pensacola Bay and to look upon its waters. Although they landed on the island, there is no evidence that their vessels entered the harbor."

But four followers of Narvaez's bold expedition survived and finally reached the Spanish settlement at Santa Cruz. The next recorded visit of white men after Narvaez discovered Pensacola Bay was made in 1540 by Captain Maldanado, commander of the fleet which brought DeSoto to the Floridian Coast. Under orders from DeSoto, to find a suitable harbor on the Gulf of Mexico, Maldanado entered Pensacola Bay and named it Puerto d'Anchusa. Returning to DeSoto, who was west of Apalachecola, he reported favorably on the advantages of the harbor and was ordered to Havana to secure additional men and supplies, with further instructions to return to Pensacola and await DeSoto's coming. For four years Maldanado sought DeSoto along the Gulf Coast, not knowing that his chief had been lured by Indian tales into the wilderness in search for fabulous cities and hoards of gold. After vain waiting, Maldanado sailed for Vera Cruz and again the possible settlement of Pensacola was deferred.

Almost twenty years elapsed before Pensacola Bay was again visited. In August, 1559, an expedition was sent to Florida under the auspices of the Viceroy of Mexico and the Bishop of Cuba, the object being to found a settlement for the purpose of enlarging the territory of Spain and spreading the Christian religion among the Indians and finding gold.

Don Tristam de Luna, with 1500 soldiers and a host of priests and attendants entered Pensacola Bay and founded a town at a point near it is believed where Fort Barrancas now stands.

The objective of the expedition was in vain however, and in 1562 De Luna abandoned the set-
tlement and sailed from the shores of Puerto d'Anchusí which he had renamed Santa Maria harbor. That year antedated the founding of St. Augustine by four years.

There is perhaps one distinctive feature of the De Luna expedition, that being to fix the name of Pensacola in the record of historical and geographical nomenclature. The name Pensacola is attributed by some historians to a tribe of Indians, but Spanish rather than Indian, because no Indian tribe named Pensacola was existant when De Luna visited Santa Maria Bay. It is more likely that the name was derived from a little Spanish seaport on the Mediterranean coast, named Peniscola and that the townsmen of the Spanish port who was in the De Luna expedition desired to honor his home town.

Following the abandonment of Pensacola or Santa Maria Bay, by the De Luna expedition the bay was visited at different periods by Spanish explorers, who evidently were seeking a French colony reported to have been founded on the Mississippi River or Espanita Santa Bay, but was not until 154 years after De Luna’s visit that another settlement was attempted.

Among those who had visited Pensacola Bay was one Juan Enriquez Barroto, whose favorable reports induced Andres de Pez, a favorite of the King of Spain and of high rank in Naval circles to advocate the occupation of Pensacola Bay. The reason De Pez gave was, that it was the best harbor on the Gulf of Mexico, easily fortified and the region was abundant in timber, fruits and buffalo, but primarily the object was to forestall its occupation by the French, who were becoming rivals to Spain’s supremacy in the new world.

The 1693 De Pez and Dr. Carlos de Siguenza Y. Gongora were ordered to visit and explore Pensacola Bay. The report made was extremely favorable and urged immediate occupancy, but it was not until 1696 that Don Andres D’Arriola and Captain Juan Jordan with 270 men arrived in Pensacola. Troops and supplies were landed at Barranca de Santa Tome at or near the site of the present Fort Barrancas. A square fort, with a battery of sixteen guns was completed in six days. The presidio was named San Carlos de Austria and was constructed of logs in the form of a square with bastions on each corner, its length was approximately 278 feet on each side. The houses and church built alongside the fort was the second settlement on Pensacola Bay and may have been a continuation of the De Luna settlement, although there is nothing to evidence the location of the original Pensacola site.

Peace, however, was not to be long enjoyed for in 1700 a fleet of five French vessels appeared in the harbor, permission to land and secure fuel and water was refused and the French fleet withdrew. This visit of the French alarmed the settlement, however, and D’Arriola hastily sailed to Vera Cruz for reinforcements, but later there seemed to be nothing but the friendliest relations between the Spanish settlements at Pensacola and the French in Mobile.

But on the 19th of May, 1719, much to the surprise of the Spaniards, who had not learned that France had declared war upon Spain, a fleet of French vessels sailed into Pensacola Bay and simultaneously a force of 400 Indians and a body of Canadians appeared on the land side.

Don Juan Pedro Matamoras, Governor of Pensacola, could do nothing but surrender in order to escape annihilation. The French forces were commanded by Bienville, who was Governor of Mobile.

The French occupation did not last long for on the 6th of August of the same year, the Spaniards had recaptured Fort San Carlos. The following spring Bienville re-captured Fort San Carlos and the Spanish removed to the western end of the Santa Rosa Island which Matamor­ as named Principe D’Austurias. The exact location is unknown but is believed to have been near the site of the present Coast Guard station. The Pensacola region was restored to Spain under the treaty of 1723.

For nearly twenty years the settlement on Santa Rosa Island is somewhat of a mystery, yet it is known that a few Spaniards built houses and carried on a scant trade with Mobile.

Don Serres, representing the Havana Company in 1748 made his headquarters in Pensacola and it is first to this mythical tradesman that an authentic sketch of the settlement of Pensacola was made. It is also said that “he paid a visit to New Orleans and did some profitable trading there. He also secured some pitch and turpentine for his Company, as well as two pine spars, each eighty-four feet long, which he sent to Havana in a schooner. This was the beginning of the timber trade of Pensacola and the first known business transaction of Cuba with Pensacola.”

The settlement on Santa Rosa Island was destroyed by a hurricane in 1754 and thus the Pensacola of Arriola perished. The survivors of the hurricane, removed to the north shore of the bay, settling upon a crescent shaped body of land, about an eighth of a mile in width, formed by the bay and a tidal marsh, extending from an estuary on the west, now known as Bayou Chico to another estuary on the east, now called Bayou Texas. These two estuaries were seemingly two outlets, 125 in reality were one and the same stream running

Pennacola Naval Air Station—largest naval air training station in the U. S.

Fort San Carlos, one of the oldest Spanish fortifications in the United States
through the marsh north of the city. This settlement was, but the removal of Pensacola to its present site. Each settlement in its order was a continuation of the settlement founded by De Luna in 1559. There is but little authentic history from 1754 to 1763. Following the treaty of Paris, on February 10, 1763, ending the Seven Years War, the Post of Fort Barrancas became English territory although no fort existed there. In 1774, however, the British built a fort known as Red Bluff near the site of Fort Barrancas, as descriptions place it as being located about a quarter or a half mile from the old Fort San Carlos de Austria. Pensacola became the capital of West Florida when British East and West Florida was established. West Florida boundaries extended from the Mississippi to the Tennessee Rivers and Mobile and Natchez were within the limits.

Commodore George Johnston was West Florida's first British Governor and under his administration the first survey and planning of Pensacola was done. Elias Dunford, the civil engineer of the province, made the plan and this is still the plan of the old part of Pensacola. The principal street was named George street for King George II and the second street eastward Charlot for Queen Charlotte. George street (now known as Palafox street) was later pushed through the marsh, north of the town, a causeway being built and extended to an elevation named Gage Hill, in honor of General Gage, Commander in Chief of the British North American Forces. During Peter Chester's administration who succeeded Governor Johnstone in 1772 a fortress was built on Gage Hill. (now the site of Lee Square)

Looking south in Palafox Street in the '90s

Palafox Street looking south—San Carlos Hotel and the Blount Building on the right

which was named Fort George. In this fort was also housed the Council Chamber of the province.

Pensacola's intimate relation to the Nation's history is perhaps best evidenced by the fact that the capital of West Florida was also the headquarters of the Southern Military District of the Colonies and the Commander in Chief General Frederick Haldimand for a considerable period resided in Pensacola.

Under Governor Chester, Pensacola prospered. William Panton, merchant prince of the South, established great warehouses in Pensacola and the records of that day prove that the town was the leading trade center of Florida.

The following has been written about those prosperous days and the activity of the house of William Panton.

"In perfect security, their long lines of pack horses went to and fro in the great stretch of country, carrying the supplies the Indians needed, and bringing back skins, peltry, beeswax, honey, dried venison and whatever their savage customers the Indians, would provide for barter. The most promising and prosperous days Pensacola ever saw, were from 1772 to 1781. It was the capital of a province rich in its forests, its agriculture and its other resources. Its bay was prized as the peerless harbor of the Gulf, which it was proposed by the British Government to make a Great Naval Station, a beginning in that direction having been made by selecting a site for a navy yard adjoining the town to the westward. Its commerce is daily on the increase; not only in consequence of the extension of Panton, Leslie and Company's trade with the Indians, but other enterprising merchants who have been added to the population, were engaged in an export trade, comprising pine timber and lumber, cedar, salt beef, raw hides, cattle, tallow, pitch, bear's oil, staves, shingles, honey, beeswax, salt fish, myrtle wax, (steeped from the seeds of the wild myrtle), deer skins, dried venison, furs and peltry. This trade, and the 200,000 pounds annually expended by the British Government, as well as the disbursements the shipping, constituted the sources of the prosperity of the town."

Pensacola again came under Spanish rule on May 9, 1781, the Fort at Red Bluff surrendering to Don Bernardo de Galvez, Governor of Louisiana. Fort Barrancas was rebuilt and Fort Arrabade was also constructed on Santa Rosa Island, about opposite the present location of the present Navy Yard. The exact location of the latter fort is undetermined as it is now under water.

In 1814 both these forts were surrendered without a struggle, the British using Pensacola as a base to incite an uprising of the Indians against the American Forces.

An American Force
under General Andrew Jackson was sent against Pensacola and on the 8th of November, 1814, Forts Barrancas and St. Michael (formerly Fort St. George) surrendered. Fort San Carlos was blown up when the British evacuated and the following day, marked the end of Fort St. Michael which was destroyed by General Jackson, on the eve of his departure for the historic defense of New Orleans.

After the war of 1812 Pensacola and Fort San Carlos were returned to the Spanish. But again in 1818 General Jackson began an invasion of West Florida, his objective being Pensacola. On May 26th, 1818 he took possession of Pensacola without opposition and the next day demanded the surrender of Fort San Carlos. This, Don Jose Maitot, the Spanish commander, refused, and a bombardment took place, surrender being made on May 27th, to General Jackson, who immediately set up an American Government.

He appointed two of his officers, Colonel King and Captain Gadsden, respectively, Governor and collector of the post. After fourteen months this Government was succeeded by agreement another Spanish administration and it was not until February 1821, that the ratification of the treaty between the United States and Spain took place and Pensacola and West Florida came under American rule.

General Jackson shortly afterward was appointed provisional governor of Florida and all of the preliminaries of the transfer of Florida to the United States were arranged at the home of Manuel Gonzalez, then known as Fifteen Mile House, now as Governor. He resided for a time in Pensacola where the first session of Legislative Council of thirteen was held. An outbreak of yellow fever compelled an adjournment to Fifteen Mile House, at which place the Florida statutes of 1822 were enacted. Thus to Pensacola falls the honor of being the first capital of Florida, albeit that it was later removed to St. Augustine and after a year permanently fixed at Tallahassee.

Since the memorable days of 1821, Pensacola has been an American city, although she still retains some evidences of her Spanish origin and occupancy.

During the Civil War the forts now included in the Coast Defenses of Pensacola, namely, Fort Barrancas, Fort Pickens built in 1833, and Fort McRae built about 1840 were held in part by both the Union and Confederate forces, the Union forces holding the fortifications on Santa Rosa Island, consisting of Fort Pickens and its defenses while the Confederates held Fort Barrancas and Fort McRae.

Several attempts were made by the Confederates to capture Santa Rosa Island, but it was strongly defended and Fort Pickens bears the distinction of being the only Army Post within the limits of the Confederate States over which the Stars and Stripes flew during the Civil War.

The Pensacola Navy Yard's history dates back to 1824 when the first buildings were erected on the site of the present United States Naval Air Station, directly east of Fort Barrancas on the Government Military Reservation. The first commandant was Commodore Warrington for whom the little village of Warrington directly back of the Navy Yard was named.

In the list of men who have been in command of the Navy Yard are many who have been closely associated with the history of the country. Commodore Warrington was followed by Commodores Woolsey, Isaac Chauncey, A. J. Dallas, W. K. Latimer, Josiah Tatnall, Lawrence Ross, Cornelius Stirling and J. Mc. McIntosh. Rear Admiral D. G. Farragut was in command from 1862 to 1863. Rear Admiral Lucien Young assumed charge in 1910. He was followed by Admiral Christy and the present commandant is Captain J. J. Ruby.

At the outbreak of the World War the Navy Yard was converted into one of the leading naval air stations of the country.
and today ranks as the only air station on the Gulf and one of the largest in the country. There has been added a landing field for the training of land fliers, this having been provided through the efforts of the Pensacola Chamber of Commerce, which by the way, bears the distinction of being the oldest in the state of Florida and one of the oldest in the country.

The progress of Pensacola can best be demonstrated by contrasting the past with the present.

The present population of the city is 39,156. In 1850 it was 2,164; in 1880, 6,845. In that year there were no sewers, no water works, no gas or electric lights, no street railroads. The streets were lighted with oil lamps and the water supply was obtained by driving wells fifty or more feet into the ground.

The fire department consisted of five volunteer companies with a membership of 180. It was well organized and efficient. There were two public schools, one each for the white and negro children. The Catholic Convent had four schools and the Episcopal Church one school under direction of the Rector.

Plaza Ferdinand VIII, the beautiful park bounded by Palafox, Government, Jefferson and Zargossa is an exhibit of the progress of Pensacola. Always located in the heart of the city, it was in the earlier days surrounded by the churches and public buildings that existed during the Spanish regime. Originally it extended to the bay and, in its reduced size, was an unsightly place. Slight improvements were made in 1885; of this historic spot, so indelibly linked with the history of Florida. In this plaza many stirring events took place, and it was not until friends of Col. W. D. Chipley erected a monument commemorating his life and service was any real effort made to beautify and improve the plaza.

The only paved street in Pensacola in 1899 was Palafox from Main to Garden streets. Sidewalks were mostly of wood, except in the limits bounded by Garden, Bayley and Tarragena streets.

The thickly settled portions of the city were illuminated by gas lights, a plant having been erected in 1883 by the Pensacola Gas company. A horse-drawn street car system was established the same year. The line extended originally to Friscatti, at the eastern end of Gregory street, and to Kupfrian Park, just outside the northwestern city limits. The two places were pleasure resorts.

The Pensacola waterworks was established in 1886. It was privately owned and furnished the chemically pure water with which Nature favors Pensacola.

Electric cars superseded the horse cars in 1896 and the electric lines were extended and further extension made in 1899. From 1906 to 1912 the city issued improvement bonds, purchased, extended and improved the water system, graded and improved some 25 miles of streets and improved the parks and parkways of the city, also constructed 29 miles of sanitary sewers.

During this period the Louisville and Nashville Railroad extended and improved its wharves and terminals and began the construction of the present large passenger terminal.

This period also marked the building of a new railroad, then known as the Gulf, Florida and Alabama Railroad, and an era of building, notably the splendid San Carlos hotel, the Blount and Brent office buildings, the Thieson building, First National Bank building, the magnificent Pensacola Hospital and several schools.

(Continued on page 70)
HALF thousand reticent Seminoles, redskins without a country or tribal alliances, reside amidst the innermost recesses of the mighty Everglades and live by hunting, fishing and the homely pursuits of primitive agriculture.

These aborigines of stern-faced countenance, exemplary behavior, erect and powerful stature—worth many millions of dollars in advertising value to Florida—are honest and honorable. Their beliefs and traditions are as fanciful and fantastic as those of most other American tribes, but the devotion and loyalty to a cause which the Floridian Seminoles have adhered to for many decades are outstanding in the annals of America’s savage history. There is a romantic fealty to duty which commands our sympathy and respect.

The less said about the subterfuges and questionable practices which our pioneers and national authorities exercised in gaining the redman’s lands, the better. Many of these transactions are blots on the fair complexion of America’s chronicles which never will be erased. The story in this country is but a repetition of the experiences in other lands of the globe. The mastery of the unlearned by the learned and civilized continues even today. Too commonly, there occurs a decided lack of balance in the operation of the early scales of justice.

Our eminent anthropologists of the Smithsonian Institution classify the Seminoles as belonging to the Muskogean stock and therefore related to the Choctaws, Chickasaws and Creeks. The Seminoles are descendants of immigrants from the southernmost villages and settlements of the Creek Nation who migrated to Florida during the eighteenth century. It was during the first year of the Revolutionary War that the name Seminoles or “runaways” was applied officially to these primitive settlers in northern Florida. History states that the Seminoles are a mixed race due to inter-marriage with fugitive slaves which escaped from Southern plantations and ultimately settled in the Everglades. Uncle Sam’s scientists, however, report that the remnant redskins now living in southern Florida are “of pure blood, fine physique and dignified mien, speaking a language...
Thatched roofed huts in the shade of the palms shelter the Seminoles
Squaws prepare “bakee” over open fires. Note how the logs are moved forward as they burn.

Seminoles were forced farther and farther southward. In time, the Seminoles were obliged to live migratory nomadic lives with practically no permanent villages in northern Florida. By the treaty of 1823, the Seminoles agreed to remain south of the present location of Ocala and were subject to flogging if they appeared north of that imaginary line. Uncle Sam also paid them $6,000 and an annuity of $5,000 for the lands in northern Florida which they had previously occupied. The Indians also agreed that they would shelter no more runaway slaves. White men were prohibited from entering the Indian territory.

The lands in southern Florida were so poor, according to army surveys, that in 1834 the government presented the Seminoles with a large “happy hunting ground” west of the Mississippi in Oklahoma. Some of the Indians agreed to go, while others refused. Parleys and counter-parleys resulted. Ultimately, 500 Seminole refugees fled to Tampa for protection. They were willing to leave Florida. The other tribesmen under Osceola, who was not a chief but a leader who was elevated from the warrior ranks, refused to leave the Floridian peninsula called the “Pointed Land.” Osceola killed Charlie Emathwor, an old chiefian, who was one of the ring-leaders in urging the Oklahoma migration.

Minor raids and atrocities culminated in the horrible Dade massacre on December 28, 1835, when Osceola and 179 associates ambushed Major Francis Dade and 110 soldiers and officers en route from Key West to Tampa and killed all except one of the party, a private soldier, who, although seriously wounded in seven different places, finally crawled to Fort Brooke and reported the terrible outrage. Evidently the horror of their act even frightened the Seminoles after the deed was done, for they fled without plundering or scalping any of their victims.

During the next two years, in turn, Generals Gaines, Call, Jesup and W. S. Scott unsuccessfully led the attack against the Seminoles. The advantages were all with the Indians for they knew the country and were masters of the redskin system of fighting, which was the outstanding style during the Seminole wars. A temporary agreement was finally reached and 700 Indians and negroes traveled to Tampa preparatory to going peacefully to Oklahoma. On arrival there, many Southern planters were awaiting to claim their runaway slaves that were members of the party. Osceola visited the encampment secretly at night and dissuaded the Indians from leaving Florida. Hostilities were resumed. Finally occurred the battle of Okeechobee, the hardest fought of the war, in which the redskins were decisively defeated. Shortly thereafter, General Jesup captured 700 Seminoles in the neighborhood of Fort Jupiter. By the summer of 1838, a total of 2,400 Seminoles had been captured and one-half of them had been shipped to Oklahoma.

During the next four years, the mortal combat was continued in desultory fashion as the strength of the Seminoles had been previously curtailed. Small bands of Indians committed occasional outrages and were chased to the impenetrable fastness of the Everglades. The Commissioner of Indian Affairs reported that in November, 1843, there were but 42 Seminoles, 33 Micksaskies, 10 Creeks and 10 Tallahassee Indians left in Florida. During the seven years of warfare, 5,930 Seminoles were transported to 17 different parties to Oklahoma. The second Seminole War cost the United States Government $9,360,000, while a total of 7,633 regulars, marines, militiamen and volunteers were used.

Six years before the outbreak of the Civil War, Billy Bowlegs and a band of 169 followers began stealing cattle and committing other minor atrocities in southern Florida. An army of 1,000 men quickly was formed and pursued the miscreants deep into the Glades. Finally, the marauders were captured and sent to the Oklahoma reservation. At that time only approximately 100 Seminoles were left in Florida. Our present Indian population has sprung from this foundation stock. During the period from 1870 to 1888, the national authorities made several attempts to aid the remnant Seminoles who lived in the hammocks and swamps of the waterlogged Everglades. The Indians, however, refused all such succor and fled before the approach of the agents.

Dr. and Mrs. J. E. Brecht, representing a prominent religious organization, were the first white people to aid the Seminoles to any great extent. They gained the confidence of the redskins to the extent that the doctor even treated the aborigines for sickness and disease. Subsequently, the Woman’s National Indian Association also aided the Floridian Seminoles effectively. About eight years ago, 26,741 acres in the then Lee County and 481 acres in Broward County were set aside as a reservation for the Seminoles in Florida. The Indian agency was moved from Miami to Fort Myers. The national experts attempted to
the orthodox equipment of the green-

ward game. The team which makes the

journey around the course in the mini-

mum number of strokes wins the match.

Usually, the savage archers are victori-

ous in the novel contests.

The language of the Seminoles is

about as easy to master as the compli-
cated tongue of the slant-eyed Chinamen

who specialize in gutturals. An orator

who attempted to deliver a speech in

Seminole would have to be a marathon
talker, for these Indians appear to revel

in long words. For example, the simple

little word “wrist,” when translated into

aboriginal language of the Everglades,

becomes in-tee-ti-pix-tee-e-toke-kee-keet-
tay-gaw. “Instead” is an ordinary two-
cylinder word, but the Seminole version

is as multiple as the Catacombs—e-lit-
ta-pix-tee-e-la-cha-to-kee-not-ee. If

you want to speak about a heron you

call the bird wak-ko-lot-ko-o-hi-lot-tee

in the Seminole jargon.

When a Seminole husband dies, his

widow goes into mourning for one

year. She removes the 15 to 20

pounds of beads which she wears

around her neck and takes down her

hair. Garbed in black, she does not

change her clothes until they drop from

her body. She remains in the camp in

isolation for twelve months. If the

wife dies, the husband can not change

his shirts for four months; he must

not look into the face of a white man

nor visit a store. A Seminole man is

always buried with his knives, bow and

arrow, gun and three days’ rations.

The redskins believe that the third day

day the warrior arises and travels to

“Hopie,” the happy hunting grounds

beyond yonder prairie.

As long as an Indian father lives, he

is head of his camp. His daughters as

they marry bring their husbands home

with them to join the father’s thatched

roof city. Prominent camps still existing in

the Everglades with their storeroom's of corn,

sweet pumpkins, potatoes and supplies of

sugar cane, include Tiger’s camp, and those

of Tommie Jimmie, Billie Buck and Abra

ham Lincoln. Everyone who has lived in

Florida the Seminoles have practiced de-

hydration. For months they dry sweet

potatoes, cabbage palmetto buds and other

vegetables. Subsequently, the foodstuffs

are made ready for use by soaking them in

water and then boiling them. The finest

tanned buckskin to be found in Florida to-
day is that made by the Seminoles. They

use chemicals obtained from the palmetto

and mangrove trees as basic tanning. They

tan soft leathers better than can any white

man or manufacturer of the present era.

Usually four or five Seminole families

live together in an encampment. They

sleep on a wooden platform elevated three

feet above the ground and sheltered by a

palm-thatched roof. Their blankets and

equipment are stored overhead. Their

cookstove is a community fireplace. They

cut the logs and lay them in the shape of

a wagon wheel with the fire at the hub

center. Often there are 15 to 20 logs

about 15 feet long in the circle. As the

ends of the logs burn away, they are pushed

farther in toward the centers. The pots

and kettles are placed directly above the

burning logs. The Seminoles keep their

(Continued on page 68)
THE GREATEST MEN of FLORIDA

NAPOLEON B. BROWARD—FATHER of EVERGLADES DRAINAGE

By W. M. WALKER

EDITORIAL NOTE—This is the third of a series of life stories of the men selected by the readers of SUNILAND Magazine as the "Ten Greatest Men of Florida"—men who have done the most toward the progress and development of the state. The life story of Dr. A. A. Murphree, the man who built the University of Florida from an unknown college into an institution ranking with the leading Universities of America, will appear in SUNILAND for April.

N O EVENT in the history of Florida has been fraught with significance than the recent opening of the Conner's highway through the Everglades, the magical, maligned, tropical wonderland of Suniland. Thousands of native Floridians as well as winter visitors have, this year, seen for the first time the interior of that vast tract of what has been wasteland for so many centuries. Everglades! The very word rings with mystery and with achievement, pre-eminently that of a man now dead but one who, notwithstanding, is bringing more money into Florida than all the chambers of commerce in this happy hunting ground of the commercial secretary.

For without the rugged energy of Napoleon B. Broward, Governor of Florida, 1905-'09, there would be no road through the wilderness and thousands of fields now tilled as truck farms would still lie beneath the unripped expanses of brackish water.

It was Governor Broward who translated into action dreams and theories that had been toyed with since 1847, when the agricultural potentialities of the submerged muck lands were first recognized. It was in that year that the Federal government's attention was called to that section and a St. Augustine man, Buckingham Smith, was asked to "procure authentic information in relation to what are generally called 'the Ever Glades' on the peninsula of Florida," for the purpose of contemplated drainage.

It is a far cry from the quaint curiosity of the Congress of 1847 as to a supposedly miasmatic wilderness at the southern extreme of the nation to the gigantic drainage project which is now being executed. One thousand square miles have been dried out and made fit for farming and $12,000,000 have been required to do it, but Broward's plan has been followed and back of it all looms the bulky figure of a genuine Cracker, untutored in youth, and a bit uncouth, perhaps, but nevertheless a man of large vision and of a courage that proved inimitable more than once. As we said before, it is a far cry and a long story from humble beginnings to great achievements.

The career of Napoleon Bonaparte Broward, born in Duval County, Florida, April 19, 1857, has been aptly though rather melodramatically summarized as "from deck hand to governor." That is, in brief, the life history of an orphaned farm youth who became a national figure through sheer brilliance of initiative. That trick of independence, ingenuity and hardihood was inbred and came from the childhood of the man whose father not inappropriately named, heroically, Napoleon.

The family of Napoleon Broward was one of the many to which the Civil war spelled ruin. Only in the first five or six years of his childhood did Napoleon know the wealth to which the long and comfortably fixed line of Broward's had been accustomed in this country. The family was founded after the American Revolution by a great-grandfather of the governor-to-be, B. B. Bonaparte, who fought with Count Pulaski at Savannah in 1779. The revolutionary progenitor later settled in Duval county, near Jacksonville.

Napoleon's grand-father was a large land-owner, planter and military officer in Florida during the Spanish occupation, later serving as a state senator also. N. B. Broward, Sr., from whom the governor was named, was also a comparatively wealthy man, possessor of farms, and a bit unmitigated more than once. As we said before, it is a far cry and a long story from humble beginnings to great achievements.

In 1861 the Broward family removed to Hamilton county to escape dangers arising from the surge of war around Jacksonville, their home being one of the centers of military operation. The return to this ancestral home was made in 1867, and a deolate home-coming it was. According to Napoleon, a great transformation had taken place.

"The houses and fences were all burned," the governor later wrote, "and the great oaks that stood southeast of the house were burned on the side next to the fire and were scarred on the opposite side by shot and shell from the Union gun-boats. The house and the battery—which was on the southeast edge of the farm, at the mouth of Cedar creek—had been fired upon. The shores were strewn with white pine lumber and spruce carlins and one who had constituted the cabin work of the Union vessels.

"The highlands of the old farm had grown up in clusters of chinquapin bushes and live oaks saplings, some of them twenty feet high. Father had fenced in a field and built a single pen log house into which we at once moved. Without money to buy either mules, horses or cows, we began to clear away the weeds and grass from the heavy ground on the margin of the river. This accomplished, we turned over the soil with our hoes . . . ."

Very poor crops restored the arts of the family, the governor recalled.

"The following year we suffered from chills and fevers. Being doused with tartar-emetic, a period of cholagogue followed, bitter enough to have cured, but it did not. Finally in quest of health we moved from our old place to a new one. The change—and the liberal use of what we had learned was a new cure for fever and ague, quinine—restored us to our wonted strength.
again. With the use of a drag seine we caught fish enough to supply the table. Mother procured a contract from an uncle of ours by which we earned one cent each for making 1 1/2  by 12-inch water oak pins to be used for rafting timber. Thus we struggled along until I had reached the age of twelve years, lacking two months, at which time our Mother passed away. We then moved to the old Broward homestead where a uncle and aunt lived. A few months later my father died and my aunts moved to Jacksonville, taking my sisters and their own crude housekeeping.

The famous tug "Three Friends" and its captain during the Cuban filibustering days.

Here the narrative of the Broward family ends and becomes one of only the two boys, Montcalm, age 12, and Napoleon, two years his junior. For two years they stuck it out, remaining at the homestead which was two miles from the nearest habitation. At night the youngsters would bar the door before commencing to cook supper, which frugal meal usually consisted of hominy, sweet potatoes and a piece of pork, all boiled in the same pot at the same time. Then supper over, the boys would lean their guns against the walls, stick a bowie knife in the chink of the cabin above the bed and wrap the quilt securely about them."

Here the narrative of the Broward family begins and ends with one of the two boys, Montcalm, age 12, and Napoleon, two years his junior. For two years they stuck it out, remaining at the homestead which was two miles from the nearest habitation. At night the youngsters would bar the door before commencing to cook supper, which frugal meal usually consisted of hominy, sweet potatoes and a piece of pork, all boiled in the same pot at the same time. Then supper over, the boys would lean their guns against the walls, stick a bowie knife in the chink of the cabin above the bed and wrap the quilt securely about their heads to prevent hearing the blustering wails of the screech owls and the plaintive howl of wild cats in the woods nearby.

To add to the troubles of the unfortunate pair of striplings, the South was in the throes of the Reconstruction and the country was less civilized than it ever has been either before or since the war. It was three years then since Appomattox and no rift showed yet in the clouds hovering over the fallen Confederacy. A moody actor had stricken down the South's best friend in a fit of lofty pique and the Seccession states had come to know the iron hand of a sovereign government out of sympathy with the dashing Rebels now pitifully crest-fallen. Fat, black bucks rooked nearby. Fat, black bucks rooked. But the spirit of adventure led Napoleon back to the water and he shipped one day while still in his teens for Boston on a lumber schooner. At Boston he was paid off in mid-winter and found himself jobless and clad in clothes which were ample in Florida, but acutely insufficient in Massachusetts. Whooping cough seized him and he was ill for days. Fearing that he could find no situation if an employer knew of his weakness he located a prospective job and laid in wait for the ship's captain. As the captain hove near, young Broward stepped into a store, gulped down a dipper of water, and, having checked his coughing, huskily applied for a job as a seaman. He was accepted and went to the Newfoundland banks in mid-winter, clad in Kentucky jeans and cotton shirt while his mates wore the heavy garments of the fishing fleets. It was colder cold, but the game youngster never complained and before the voyage was over he had earned the skipper's admiration by whipping the fo'castle bully.

From fisherman, Broward turned to the sea and sailed where the wind listed, serving in many capacities before finally drifting back to Florida as a rouphant and wheelman on a St. Johns river steamer. Here he served for several years, working and saving, always earning by the sweat of his brow and hoarding by a canny sense underneath that bulging brow.

By the time Napoleon Broward was thirty he was quite a figure in the river steamboat business. He had saved enough to buy a part interest in a steamer carrying mail from Mayport to Palatka. In Jacksonville he was well-known and liked, bearing the reputation of a "square-shooter." That was the sort of man Duval county needed for sheriff, so one trip in 1887 he stayed ashore for Governor Perry had appointed him sheriff. He held the sheriff's office for eleven years off and on. In this capacity his six feet and two hundred pounds of brawn served him in good stead. When he went after his man he usually got him.

In the meantime, his brother, Montcalm, had followed the strenuous life of the river. Both had made money and out of it formed a partnership in shipping operations on the St. Johns. Believing that a strong, sea-going tug in the towing and wrecking business would pay its owners, the brothers negotiated with a Jacksonville shipyard to build them one. It would cost $40,000 and as neither had that much, or half the amount together, they enlisted the aid of George DeCottes. This partner also possessed more nerve than cash, but between the trio they managed to finish the building of the tug which they named "The Three Friends. The sturdy little craft was designed from stem to stern by Napoleon...
Broward, who had his own ideas about the requirements of his vessel.

The "Three Friends" was intended for legitimate traffic on the river and along the Florida reefs, but fate seems to have plotted that craft's destiny as much as that of the Santa Maria, the Maine or the Lusitania.

The "Three Friends" had scarcely slithered down the ways and into the river before the condition of Cuba became so acutely revolutionary that filibustering was popular. A hundred years of "unrivalled government" tinged with sadism" had irritated the volatile Cuban temperament. The political club rooms which line the Prado in Havana ceased to echo with partisan, ribald wrangling. Whispered conferences took their place. Arms and ammunition were needed for the 30,000 men admittedly in revolt against Spanish rule.

Swarthy, secretive agents from the Cuban junta began arriving in Florida, searching for men and ships bold enough to run the Spanish blockade and carry munitions to the island. The opportunity for adventure and tremendous profit was too much for the three friends to refuse. So they accepted the Cuban emissaries' proposition of $10,000 for each cargo of arms landed on the island and the "Three Friends" became the arch ally of Cuban independence. A crew of dare-devils was signed on and the filibustering career of the "Three Friends" was ready to begin. She was manned by Capt. Napoleon and Montcalf Broward, "Bill" Lewis, a seasoned skipper, and other hardy men of the river and sea on her various filibustering trips. John Dunn was engineer—and never a man swore louder, longer or drove his straining boilers with the safety-valve tied down more than did the portly mechanician of the "Three Friends." Only a merciful providence held the little tug together during her eight stormy voyages.

At sea, fifty coast guard launches, cruisers and gun boats under the Spanish flag sought the "Three Friends," spurred on by promise of a fabulous reward if the tug were sunk at sea with all hands aboard. At home the United States government, supposedly a "friendly power" of Spain, was being urged to check the filibustering activities off the Florida coast. McKinley, elected over Bryan, was in a quandary.

The presidential campaign of 1896 had developed into a war between two voices, the mellow, baritone roar of William Jennings Bryan and the mild, churchly basso of McKinley. To the people at large it seemed that by some numerical incantation known as the silver standard everyone would be sixteen times richer if Bryan were elected or the country would be ruined if he were defeated. Mark Hanna nervously chewed the ends of innumerable unsmoked cigars as the Great Commoner intoned the magic cadences of his cross of gold speech. But Capital rubbed its lamp and the White House opened to its minion.

In the world of journalism, a tall, fair, untidy youth who at mid-twenties had found himself famous as the author of the "Red Badge of Courage," hurried southward to see the war which seemed imminent. In his pocket he carried one of his later famous short stories which yet needed revision. In his heart he bore the lust for witnessing real action, such as he had drawn from a morbid, sensitive imagination for the depiction of "Fear" in the Red Badge.

Stephen Crane was bored with Jacksonville and found it "looked like soiled paste-board some lunatic babies have been playing with. The same old women are sitting on the hotel porches saying how well the climate suits them and hurling the same dimes with their eyes to begin bloodshed." But despite his boredom it was in Jacksonville that he met the only woman whom he loved enough to take for his own. And Cora Taylor followed the pale, sensitive genius to Greece—from Jacksonville.

Irving Bacheller, who entangled their lives by sending Crane to Florida for the then young and striving Bacheller Syndicate, is a resident of Winter Park. Bryan lives in Miami, rich and revered; still the silver-tongued orator of the cross of gold speech.

Strangely enough, 1925 finds leading figures in the stirring times of the fin de siecle, at last in Florida, where, it is said, everyone comes sooner or later. But to resume after that digression: Jacksonville and Tampa were nests of Cuban insurrectionists during those hectic days of '96 and '97. One day in February, 1896, shortly after the "Three Friends'" completion, a party of Cuban revolutionists met with the tug's owners and definite plans were laid. The steamer was to proceed to Elliott's Key, on Caesar Creek, where the Schooner "Stephen R. Mallory" would be met. Before this was done, however, there was a leisurely run to Tampa where members of the local Cuban junta outwitted Pinkerton's men and boarded the train for Jacksonville, after feinting a move toward the tug. The "Three Friends" then sped back to Jacksonville where the patriots joined her and both men and munitions were at nightfall hastily taken aboard ship. Then followed a dash down the St. Johns with a revenue cutter in hot pursuit, leaving a wake of combers which knocked fishermen's boats out of the water. One man who thought he saw the tug go by told the cutter's officer that he had seen a streak of blue the color of dawn pass down the river with boxes piled high on its decks and smoke pouring madly from its funnel. That was the "Three Friends."

After a week at sea the schooner was located at Caesar's Creek and a party of sixty patriots joined the leaders aboard the tug. Cases of guns and ammunition were also transferred in a rolling sea from the "Mallory" which was then despatched to Key West with her captain at death's door. Thus heavily laden with men and munitions for the Cuban cause the "Three
Friends" turned her trim nose seaward toward the Queen of the Antilles. Once safely at sea the crew and passengers gathered on deck and gave three rousing cries of "Cuba Libra" to an accompaniment of staccato blasts from the siren by the belching funnel of the tug.

In a short time Pedro, a lighthouse on the Cuban coast, was sighted. After a perilous landing the tug was anchored and her life boats lowered. Members of the crew volunteered for duty in manning the skiffs which were to carry the patriots and their arms ashore. All went well until the first loads had been landed when it was discovered that the pilot, a Cuban named Santos, had miscalculated his distance and put inshore under the very walls of a Spanish fort near Cardenas on the Northern coast of Cuba.

Operations of the Cubans from the tug were soon revealed by a searchlight in the fort and rifles began popping away at the men on the beach, throwing jets of sand in their feet as they hastily dug holes in which to bury their munitions. The tug's whips which were to carry the patriots and rifles began popping away at the fort and rifles began popping away at the men on the beach, throwing jets of sand in their feet as they hastily dug holes in which to bury their munitions. A shrapnel shell from a 12-pounder mounted on the bow of the filibuster, tore away the enemy's pilot house and killed or wounded almost a dozen of her crew. By crippling the Spaniard in this desperate fashion the "Three Friends" escaped from the tightest corner of her career, and her crew was charged by the United States government with the grave crime of piracy on the high seas. The case was never tried, however, because none of the crew could be persuaded to turn state's evidence.

Meanwhile, matters had become so pressing that McKinley was forced into a decision. On the night of February 15, 1898, the Battleship Maine was mysteriously blown up. A week later a man whom history has failed to identify, except that he had a red moustache, leaned over the Hoffman House bar in New York and in fervid and eloquent language said, "Remember the Maine." War was on.

The "Three Friends" had served her purpose as a filibuster but no peaceful times lay ahead of her for the Broward brothers in 1902 resumed their former trade of salvaging and wrecking along the Florida reefs, a viking traffic in which only the staunchest and most consummate seaman could survive. Many a time the little tug darted out to sea to the rescue of a square-rigger with an even chance to sink or float; but the stakes were sufficiently high to justify risks like that.

By 1903, Napoleon Broward had become a well-known figure throughout the state for his filibustering and wrecking operations. The office of sheriff had given him a taste for politics and he liked the game. So without further ado he announced his candidacy for governor in the following year, 1904. His opponent was Robert W. Davis, of Gainesville, a candidate backed by all the wealth of Florida's corporate interests, chiefly the railroads. Colonel Davis had served in Congress for ten years and it seemed foolhardy that a steamboat captain so inexperienced in politics could defeat the polished orator and accomplished diplomat of the moneyed powers. Besides, Davis had the support of the subsidized press—some of the state's largest papers—while only a scattering of country weeklies favored Broward.

"I won't go into the cities," Broward said, "for the big papers are against me. But I'll canvass every cross-roads between Jacksonville and Pensacola, Tampa and Miami, telling the folks what I intend to do if elected. And they'll listen to me. Let the others have the cities but I'll get the rural vote." And he did. Despite the determined fight of the interests, he was elected and in 1905 became Governor of Florida—a far cry from his penniless young manhood on the St. Johns as a deck hand.

The big issue in Broward's campaign had been the disposition of the public lands which had for years been "hogged" by railroads and other corporations. Under the guise of "bonuses", "grants" and "purchases" the state had been separated from 17,000,000 acres of public lands by one big-hearted legislature after another. Three million acres remained and the railroads and other organizations had filed claims (Continued on page 72)
WORLD’S LARGEST BIBLE CLASS
And Florida’s Finest Community Church are Products of the Religious Convictions of William Jennings Bryan

By GEORGE H. DACY

EIGHT thousand attentive auditors seated bareheaded in the tropical sunshine of Florida’s incomparable winter weather listening attentively to one of America’s greatest politicians and most powerful orators as he talks of biblical events and draws vivid word photographs of epochal scenes of the earliest Christianity.

The time, nine-thirty of a restful Sabbath morning; the place, a popular amusement park in southern Florida; the assemblage, the world’s largest Sunday School class; the leader, William Jennings Bryan; the text, a selection from creation’s best-used book, the Holy Bible.

Florida’s most prominent citizen is a permanent resident of Coconut Grove. A dozen years ago, America’s Great Commoner, the Honorable William J. Bryan, who for the last three decades has played an important part in the writing of American history, first came to Florida to rest in the land of sunshine and flowers. From that day to this, our southernmost state has been foremost in the thoughts of Mr. Bryan every time he thought of “Home, sweet home.” For one winter in Florida was sufficient to convince one of the world’s greatest scholars that he had found the haven of householders, south of the frost line.

It was only a matter of time until Mr. Bryan established his permanent home in southern Florida and became an active citizen of that state. His home, the picturesque Villa Serena which he established along one of the most beautiful borders of Biscayne Bay soon gained fame from the Mexican Gulf to Canada, from the Atlantic to the Pacific. Mr. Bryan has always evidenced great loyalty to the state and city of his adoption for he threw his grounds at Villa Serena open to the public. Thousands and thousands of winter tourists drove through the estate every winter.

Mr. Bryan, always actively interested in religious work became an outstanding leader in church work as soon as he established his home in Florida. Finally, Mr. Bryan became leader of a men’s Bible class which met regularly in the auditorium of the First Presbyterian Church in Miami. It soon outgrew this meeting place and was transferred to Royal Palm Park. For seven years now, the notable Bryan Sunday School class has met regularly outdoors with the blue vault of heaven above as the ceiling of the assemblage and with stately palm trees swaying slightly in the gentle breeze blowing in from the Atlantic and Biscayne Bay.

Promptly at nine-fifteen every Sunday morning during the winter season, the Bible students of all sizes, ages, stations in life, nationalities and creeds have gathered in the strangest Sabbath School which ever assembled anywhere. The class has always adjourned in ample time so that all the members could hasten to their respective places of worship in time for the regular services. Mr. Bryan has always urged regular church attendance and has invariably encouraged the man or woman who has lost identity with the church to return to the fold and renew his covenant with the Lord. In no respect has the Bryan Sunday School ever functioned as a substitute church service. It has been but a supplementary agency—an accessory of the orthodox religious rituals and practices.
The open air Bible class meetings led by Mr. Bryan draw from 5,000 to 6,000 people to Royal Palm Park every Sabbath during the period from November to May. Often all the seats are occupied and hundreds stand while the simple service is expeditiously celebrated. It opens with a prayer which is followed by scriptural singing. At the psychological moment, Mr. Bryan steps to the front of the platform and for the next thirty minutes, he, figuratively speaking, holds the vast audience in his hands. A magnetic speaker, with a vocabulary as voluble and a flow of oratory as exhaustless as those which in days of yore made Alexander Hamilton famous, William Jennings Bryan works wonderful good in his simple sermons and Bible lessons. Many listen to the original Nebraska Commoner who would scoff at going to church. And by the power of his personality and forceful logic, this man Bryan wins many of these lukewarm Christians back to their congregations.

Annually when people from every state in the Union begin to plan their southern migration, they underscore one item on their calendar—to visit the Bryan Sunday School and hear the popular Democratic leader lecture about the doings of the Lord. For many years, a certain girls' Sunday School class in Washington, D. C., was proclaimed the greatest Bible study group of its kind in existence. It was during war-time days when more than 75,000 girls were employed by Uncle Sam. The class gradually outgrew all the available church facilities. The largest motion picture theater in the National Capital finally offered the use of its auditorium which seats 4,000 to the class for its Sabbath morning meetings. But the marvelous Bryan Bible class totally eclipses this Washington organization.

Latterly on account of his wife's poor health and because of the great expense associated with the elaborate upkeep of Villa Serena, Mr. Bryan sold the place. His wish was to centralize his activities on a smaller estate and to concentrate his surplus funds into securities so as to reduce his business cares and worries. Going south to Coconut Grove, Mr. Bryan purchased the Huntington property which possesses a matchless vista of Biscayne Bay and is located so proximate to salt water where the breezes blow fresh and invigorating during the summer that the place provides an ideal year-round home for the Bryan family.

For several years, Mr. Bryan has been deeply interested in the community church movement which has overspread all America. He has favored the idea that the church should be developed as a social center, the hub of community education and entertainment and a practical part of the pulsating daily life of the Floridian people. His ideas and ideals have now attained the stage of crystallization for ground which will shortly be broken in Coconut Grove as the primary step in the construction of exactly such a practical service church. In fact, Mr. Bryan has sold a spacious tract of his estate on liberal terms to the enterprise. He has promised his financial and service aid to the project. Thus, there is building in southern Florida, the most extraordinary religious edifice in the entire state.

This remarkable church which is being built at what was formerly the entrance to Marymount, the new Bryan estate, will be called the Temple of All Saints. It will consist of the auditorium or church proper which will contain $60,000 and be of Spanish architecture, the parish house, rectory, corridor and gardens. The auditorium will seat 3,750 and will accommodate as many as 1,000 people on special occasions. A special feature will be the tropical garden directly back of the pulpit instead of the ornamental plate glass window common to the most of churches. There will be a large window behind the pulpit which will look directly into a tropical garden and luxuriant arbor of special southern plantings. The effect will be more delightful than a view of the finest art window for church decoration ever prepared. There will also be two large fireplaces in the auditorium in which log fires will be kept burning during inclement weather.

Something quite different in the annals of Floridian churches—one that loans money to its needy members so that they can build homes and become established in the community of their selection. Yes, the Bryan church will do this. The plan is not going to be used as a device to proselyte members from other congregations. Neither is it a scheme to increase the population of Coconut Grove neighborhood. It is simply a project of beneficial service—
a unique sort of helping hand enterprise.

Many families migrate from the northern states to southern Florida. They arrive in the land of palms with the bulk of their financial assets exhausted. Their credit is no good with the local banks in the abode of their adoption. It is a difficult matter for them to make any headway. It is families of this description who become members of the Bryan church that will be eligible for assistance. Of course, the church authorities will investigate the reliability and reputation of their new parishioners before they provide them with funds. The money will be loaned at six per cent interest which is one-fourth less than the prevailing rates at the banks. The funds must be devoted to the construction of a home and to the purchase and improvement of land.

Another unique feature of the new Temple of All Saints will be the educational facilities which it will offer to needy children of particular talent whose parents are not financially able to pay for the special training of the youngsters. Volunteer teachers have been recruited who will instruct such young folks in drawing, painting, art work, basketry, manual training, music, home economics, interior decorating and elocution. The parish house and even the church auditorium will be used as schoolrooms for these self service classes. A trained director will also be employed who will supervise and coach the participants in the religious dramas and pageantry which will be developed as a special feature of the social and recreational work of the new church which is fostered and fathered by our former Secretary of State in the Wilson administration.

Reverend Foster W. Taylor, D.D., of Boston, formerly pastor of the Morgan Memorial Church, one of the largest institutional churches in the world is associated with Mr. Bryan in the new Coconut Grove project. Mr. Taylor has been intimately connected recently with the Interchurch World movement and has also served as field secretary of the Recreation Association of America. For more than 20 years, he has been actively engaged in religious work north of the Mason-Dixon line. He has now permanently established his head-quarters in southern Florida and will spend the remainder of his ministerial days, saving souls in the land of our most southerly peninsula.

Mr. Bryan will organize and lead another outdoor Sunday School class at the Coconut Grove church when it is completed. This Bryan bible class will meet every Sabbath evening in the beautiful gardens and coridor which will be impressive features of the community church. A church orchestra and quartet will furnish the religious music for the Bryan class meetings. The Commissioner will deliver similar Biblical lectures and instructions to those which he has formerly presented at Royal Palm Park. The Bible class meetings in the Water-front park at Miami will be continued. The night meetings at Coconut Grove will be designed to serve the people who live in that vicinity.

If adequate space is available after the new church and parish house have been built, a swimming pool and one or more tennis courts will also be provided for the diversion and entertainment of the church members who are athletically inclined. The parish house and office of the community church will front directly on the Dixie Highway, while the church will be nestled amongst a wealth of citrus fruit trees several hundred feet back from the motor pathway. The policy of the church, although under Methodist auspices, will enable the officials to develop it into a community religious center in the broadest sense of the word. Persons belonging to evangelical churches in other sections may become affiliated in the work of this church for full or part time service. This church will not only inaugurate novel welfare campaigns, but will also cooperate with other Floridian churches in the improvement of religious and social conditions in the land of our last frontier. Uniform intellectual, physical, spiritual and social development for all mankind is the slogan of this extraordinary religious project—the vision of William Jennings Bryan translated in terms of earthly requirements.

Monticello, the extensive estate of Thomas Jefferson set down in the highlands of northern Virginia is now maintained as a national shrine—a place of pilgrimage to which the advocates of democracy and admirers of the third president of the United States can make reverent journeys. Mount Vernon is preserved as a memorial to the great George Washington, America's first scientific farmer and father of his country. A visit to Arlington National cemetery immediately recalls to our mind the remarkable Robert E. Lee, who once owned that estate which fringes the placid Potomac. And it is not outside the bounds of potentiality to visualize Marymont and the new Coconut Grove church preserved as semimental monuments to William Jennings Bryan, one of the foremost citizens of his time in these spacious United States.

WIND IN THE PALMS

By Clinton Scollard

To-day the wind is in the palms
Where golden calms were yesterday;
Then there was silence; now low psalms
Tremble and rise and fade away.

I love the silence of the palms
Pendulous, without a leaf awry,
But more I love the singing psalms
That rise and fall and fade away.
A REAL FOUNTAIN of YOUTH
ITS NAME IS—GOLF THE YEAR 'ROUND

By CHARLES L. FAY

In April, 1613, an optimistic gentleman by the name of Juan Ponce de Leon arrived in Florida in search of a fabled fountain of eternal youth. He sailed away sadly disappointed, but his search was not in vain, for since that day so long ago a fountain of youth though somewhat different than Ponce de Leon expected to find has been discovered and its life giving qualities spread over the breadth of the land. The name of the fountain is "Golf the Year 'Round." What thoughts that name must conjure in the minds of those of the Northland who pack their favorite game away from November until May.

When on the wings of a chill north wind comes the earth December flurry of snow and the last dead leaves of autumn are hustled together as though only in each other's company could they find a little warmth, when the once green fairways of the golf courses are brown and hard from the cold dreary days of November—days of brief sunshine and early twilight, days of deserted fields and barren poles that but a few days ago were lovely trees—then comes the urge of the Southland and Florida.

There was a time, not so long ago, when to join the fortunate ones in their journey South was a thing not to be considered, as only those of wealth could indulge their wishes. Then this magnificent state was but a baby prattling of its hope. Today she is flowered into full maidenhood and with a future that intrigues the imagination. On every hand and through every channel of entrance pour rich and poor alike, not only for temporary recreation and surcease from the rigors of the northern winter, but to establish their homes, in this land of sunshine where golf may be played every day in the year under conditions that outrival the most fortunately situated golf clubs in the North.

Whether the goal of the golfer be the East Coast from Jacksonville down through St. Augustine, Palm Beach, Miami to Key West, or through the central section from Gainesville to Deland, Sanford, Orlando, Lakeland, Winter Haven to Sebring, or the West Coast from Tarpon Springs through Clearwater, Belleair, Tampa, St. Petersburg, to Port Myers, golf courses will be found bordering the ocean, the Gulf of Mexico, or silvery lakes.

Undoubtedly the most natural entrance to Florida, whether by boat, motor or train is the City of Jacksonville. On first approach, Jacksonville appears to be more of a commercial center than one where such abundant recreation may be had, but just beyond the busy business center than fifteen minutes ride are three splendid golf courses. When one considers Jacksonville's lovely surroundings for home and recreation, her riverside parks, Pablo Beach with its ocean bathing, and the golf offered by the Florida Country Club, the Timquauna Club and her municipal course, it is not difficult to understand why in ten years the population has increased sixty per cent.

Jacksonville's eighteen hole Municipal golf course recognizes no superior in this whole United States. Three factors must naturally determine such a judgment, design, condition and cost. Take the three in order: Donald Ross, one of the foremost golf architects, was responsible for the general design and layout. That in itself offers ample assurance to even the veriest novice of the game, that it is of championship caliber. There is every variety of shot to be made and whether one plays the game of a Hagen or a Bobby Jones, or just "peta" the ball a scant fifty yards, a test of skill lies along every fairway and across each green. Too little consideration is often given to the "duffer's" game and a great many of the most famous northern courses are not only severe trials of skill for the best players but more nearly resemble endurance tests as well. A perfect balance between the one extreme and the other is well represented in the "Muni" course at Jacksonville.

Throughout twelve months of the year the conditioning of the course continues. Various types of grass seed are run in rotation through fairways...
Walter Hagen, of Pasadena, holder of British open title

ways and greens in such a fashion that the course never becomes hard and brown. Such a practice lends a root body to the turf, as well, that quickly recovers from the assaults of the divot taking iron shots that are so apt to scar for a considerable time the burned and hardened summer courses of the North.

The daily charge for playing is fifty cents, with a proportionately lower rate by the week, month or year. The later charge is twenty-five dollars. About the cheapest golf known. Three hundred and sixty-five days, and one may play every one of them if they choose, figures out a fraction over six cents a day. Compare that with the charges made at the clubs North and consider too that they only have but half of the playing weather that Florida enjoys. It is easy to understand why Jacksonville is taking its place as a golfing haven of prominence.

A rather interesting sidelight is, that during the first year that the course was open the venture returned profit to the city. Plans for two more public courses are under way with construction well along on one of them.

From a list of the courses that are in play, it is not easy to select those that either by setting or layout are superior to the others, nor is there space here for more than a brief outline of some of them. St. Augustine has three splendid layouts, two definitely of championship calibre. Ormond, with her lengthy eighteen where daily during the winter season John D. Rockefeller disports himself in all his youthful eighteen-five years. Daytona with her country club in its surrounding of sheer beauty of moss covered trees and shady rusting palms; Seabreeze with its difficult test of golf, where one may stand on many of the tees and see the Atlantic ocean on one hand and beautiful St. Johns river on the other. Palm Beach the aristocrat of the state boasting three courses of eighteen holes each and Miami, the magic city, with six of regulation length, three of nine holes and plans for seven more full courses, which are under construction or will be by the time this article goes to press. Key West had this year joined her sister cities with a new country club and another in prospect.

Joe Kirkwood, Hagen's team-mate at Pasadena

At Miami we find another Municipal course, carrying the strange name of Hialeah. Here as at Jacksonville the fees for play are ridiculously low. Lest there be any misunderstanding in the minds of some readers, let it here be known that because these courses are open to any and all it does not follow that they are a wit inferior to the finest in the state. The fairways and greens are comparable to any in the country, the personnel from the lowliest caddie to the manager of the club is selected with the definite thought in view to give the playing public the best opportunity for the enjoyment of the game. Hialeah was the scene of one of the largest and most important open golf tournaments ever staged in the South. This was played on December 13th and 14th. Such

Bobby Jones, national amateur champion on the Lakeland course

Leo Diegel at Miami

Gene Sarazen, former champion, is the professional at Hollywood
Johnny Farrell

stars as Duncan, Mitchell, Cruickshank, Farrell, Brady, Armour, Mayo, Sarazen and Diegel were entered and fought their way through the two days of medal play, as did a hundred other players. This writer had an opportunity to talk with both Mitchell and Duncan the foremost British golf pair. They didn't discuss scores but voiced their surprise that a course could be brought to the condition of the one at Hilahah and kept that way throughout the year.

North of Miami along the coast is the growing community of Hollywood-by-the-Sea. Though the city is but three years old it is famed throughout the state for the splendid golf links there. The rapid growth of not only this but other new cities has been in a large measure due to the realization of the developers that nothing attracts either the transient or permanent resident quite as effectively as a modern golf course. Unquestionably Hollywood will take its place in the golf world along with the other progressive cities of Florida by a definite program of course construction. Miami Beach with the Bay Shore Country Club, the Miami Beach Country Club, and the Flamingo course offers plenty of keen competition to the mother city of Miami, in its bid

Jim Barnes and Cyril Walker, the latter being the American open champion

Bobby Cruickshank

improve each year. Though it lacks somewhat in yardage being just short of six thousand yards, it more than makes up for the deficiency by the clever trapping of holes combined with natural advantages of terrain. Here too is a setting of beauty such as can be found in no other state. Pine bordered fairways, orange groves and palms mingling together in an array that lends a charm to a game of golf regardless of the quality of one's play. Truly a garden spot, a home place, and a golfer's paradise.

(Continued on page 78)

Gene Sarazen and Leo Diegel, the latter holding the Canadian open title

Florida courses are the equal of any in the country

for the attention of the golfer. Where once was mangrove swamp now lie lovely rolling grass greens, fairways and tees on the mainland and west of the city of Miami Country Club. Though the contour of the course is somewhat flat the arrangement of hazards and beauty of the course make it one of the most popular of golf spots.

Coral Gables, lying just to the southwest of Miami has without doubt the most ambitious program of any other city. With two courses in play, one of nine and the other eighteen holes, construction has been started on another of thirty-six holes. This latter project is one of the Bowman-Biltmore Hotel Company and will be a part of the Miami-Biltmore Hotel and Country Club. Golf will be the feature sport, as it is wherever played, but too there will be polo fields, tennis courts and private bathing beach and pools. With all these features it will make good Miami's boast of being the greatest amateur winter sport center of the country.

Back up the coast as far as Daytona and then west twenty miles is Deland. There are two courses here, one which has just been opened for year round play and the other the College Arms course. The latter is one of the oldest in the state and like old wine seems to
How the Huge Fruit Crop is Grown and Marketed

By FRANK G. HEATON

When Menendez and De Narvaez and De Soto and all the others of that host of hardy explorers who followed Columbus to the shores of the New World skirted along the coasts of "Pascua Florida" and penetrated into the untracked wilderness of the new-found land, their quest was for two things—souls to save and treasure to carry back to Europe.

History tells of the manner in which the souls of the heathen were "saved," and the ruined temples and palaces of the Incas and Aztecs are mute and crumbling monuments to the thoroughness with which the "black robes" did their proselyting in what is now Mexico, Central America and the Andean regions of South America.

Florida's aboriginal inhabitants were no builders of huge stone piles, and Florida's sands yielded no golden nuggets, gave up no gems; but the long, silent stretches of forest, the vast sweeps of flower-spread solitude were "mines" of a richness beyond belief—though those first "tourists" failed to recognize the fact.

Today Florida's sand produces almost, if not quite, half of the citrus fruits grown and consumed in the United States. Thousands upon thousands of acres of sun-kissed and breeze-swept sand are covered with groves that bear the oranges and grapefruit, the tangerines and satsumas and all the other varieties of the citrus family that start American breakfasts, that quench American thirsts, that replace more potent appetizers at luncheons and dinners, and appear in a variety of disguises as salads and compotes and desserts, protean in their changes of form, but all equally delicious in their basic elements.

Florida's citrus fruits are Florida's gold; if you do not believe this, visit a grove in January or February, see the golden nuggets hanging on the trees, bending and breaking branches and limbs with their clustered burdens of gleaming yellow. Follow the fruit from the trees to the packing houses and there watch the endless streams of these nuggets passing down the innumerable lengths of belts that run along the fronts of the tables where the fruit is prepared for the "ultimate consumer." Note the numberless steps in the processes through which the oranges and grapefruit pass in becoming clean, smooth, polished globes of gold--enwrapping luscious juices beside which the nectar of the ancient gods would have seemed a pallid and insipid beverage. Count the myriad boxes, crammed tight with wrapped fruits; see them stored in the refrigerator cars in which they make their long journeys to the far corners of the land and even across the seas. Then say whether...
or not Florida’s sands are heavy with a richer and a cleaner gold than ever was wrested from Aztec mines or pillaged from heathen temple and shrine.

Many persons have the idea that oranges are indigenous to Florida; that the primitive peoples of this peninsula knew these fruits, the “golden apples” of Hesperides, and that the first white men reaching these shores found them growing here. History does not bear out this belief, notwithstanding the fact that here and there may still be found “wild groves” that according to old residents, antedate the earliest history or even the earliest traditions of the land. It is more than likely, however, that those Spanish pioneers and conquistadores brought oranges with them, the seeds of these small, sour ancestors of the present highly cultivated and vastly improved fruits, sown or thrown by chance, sprung up and resulting in the first orange groves of Florida. However that may be, it is certain that the sour orange is found growing wild at several places in the state of Florida, and that it furnishes, to this day, what is considered by most nurserymen the best root-stock for the propagation of commercial varieties of oranges.

“From the tree to you” is the final stage in the life cycle of the orange, the last steps in the citrus Odyssey, the beginnings of which are shrouded in the mists of antiquity, legend and myth, in which Hercules and Trojan Helen and the gods and goddesses of Olympus sought and found the “golden apples” that burdened the scented groves of Hesperides. But the commercializing of the orange is a matter of comparatively recent date, and the growth of the vast citrus industry of Florida and California is still newer, historically. Of course, the Spanish padres whose missions dotted California and California Baja had their little groves, their few scattered plantations, bringing the stock with them from their Castilian and Andalusian monasteries. But the development of the growing of oranges as a vast and systematized industry had to wait until the refrigerator car was invented, and that dates back less than half a century.

It is curious to recall that artificial refrigeration, the invention of a Florida man, is the basis of Florida’s citrus industry, as it is the basis of so many other and so widely diversified businesses—the packing and shipping of meats, the handling of dairy products, the shipping of fresh vegetables in bulk; yes, and the development of California’s citrus industry. Had it not been for the invention of this Floridian, whose statute occupies a niche in the Nation’s Hall of Fame at the Capitol in Washington, California’s oranges, as well as the plums and apricots of the Golden State and the apples, peaches, plums, cherries and other fruits of the vast northwest, would have found no markets farther than a day’s journey from the groves and orchards that produced them.

The average visitor from the North, seeing for the first time the apparently barren wastes of white sand that are the “soil” in which Florida oranges and grapefruit and the rest of the citrus tribe reach perfection, exclaims in amazement that anything can grow in such stuff. But this sand is the natural home of the orange tree, although some varieties have been developed that thrive better in muck and sand mixtures or on a clay subsoil. To understand this anachronism, the growing of endless acres of thrifty, sturdy, glossy-leaved trees bearing tremendous crops of golden fruit each year, in what seem to be nothing more than sand wastes, one must remember two factors in the production of Florida oranges. One of these is Florida’s annual rainfall of approximately fifty inches, over all of the so-called “orange belt” of the state; the other the systematic fertilization of the groves. The white or gray sand, apparently, is simply the foundation, furnishing the “locale” of the tree, the place in which it may stand. The rain and the fertilizer do the rest—feed the trees, furnish the substance for the growth, and distill the nectarine juices that cram each cell to bursting with flavor, spicy, acid-sweet ambrosia, full of Florida’s stored sunshine and laden with the health-giving salts and vitamins that make them the most valuable items in the human dietary list.

One finds this loose, shifting white sand covered with pines and oaks, carpeted with scrub palmetto, a tangled wilderness where a few years ago roamed the deer, wild turkeys, quail, wildcats, black bear and smaller game animals and wild birds of Florida. To remove this jungle growth is the grove...
The growing of citrus fruits means work, from the planting of the seeds for the rootstock, the clearing of wild land for planting, budding of the stock, setting out the trees, pruning, spraying and cultivating them, and on through the five or six years necessary to bring them into bearing. The grove owner has this lasting satisfaction, however; he does his work in a climate where outdoor employment entails none of the hurry and haste and back-breaking labor of other climates, because the job is spread out over practically 365 days of the year, with none of the scorching heat of northern summers and none of the bitter, boreal cold of northern winters. And he has the added satisfaction of knowing that of all the trees that grow for the pleasure and satisfaction and benefit of humankind, none responds to proper care and treatment quicker than does the orange. Neglected groves and trees soon take on the unkempt, discouraged aspect of abandonment; groves that are fertilized, cultivated, sprayed, kept free from weeds and trash, with the superfluous growth and the dead wood pruned out, flourish with a glossy green luxuriance and bear with a profusion that is not approached by any other tree.

Let us suppose the trees brought to commercial bearing, which requires from six to eight years. Of course orange and grapefruit trees produce some fruit sooner than that; two and three-year-old trees often bear from half a dozen to a score or more fruits. But that isn't commercial bearing; the tree must yield at least a field box of fruit before it enters the real producing stage, and that will take from six to eight years, according to variety, to location and to treatment or grove practice. Beginning to "color" or ripen in late October or early November, the earliest varieties are off the trees by Christmas. The later kinds are not ready for picking until the early varieties are gone, the season for these later sorts continuing until early summer, although the trees bloom and set new fruit during February and March, in common with the other kinds.

When the fruit is from 60 to 75 per cent colored, picking begins. It is not really picking at all, because the work is done with clippers and each fruit is clipped from the branch with perhaps an eighth of an inch of stem remaining. This is done to prevent breaking of the skin at the stem end and consequent certainty of the fruit to decay or mold. The pickers, using field boxes that hold approximately 150 oranges or half that number of grapefruit, handle the fruit carefully so as to avoid breaking or bruising the skin, throwing away the rough skinned fruits, those with limb marks or other abrasions and badly shaped fruits. Trucks or wagons follow the pickers through the grove, gathering up the field boxes and hauling them to the packing house, where the fruit is made ready for the market. This is another careful proceeding, because every box of fruit that goes into the refrigerator cars must be perfect—perfectly culled, perfectly selected as to size, and perfectly wrapped and packed so as to prevent rubbing, crushing or bruising in the box. Florida packers use what is known as the "bulge pack" as distinguished from the flat pack used in handling other fruits and in packing California's oranges.

As the first step in "dolling up" Florida's oranges and grapefruit, the fruit is washed in clean water. In this process soft brushes are used when the washing is done by hand; though only a few of the smaller packing houses still do this work by hand. During the washing, the fruit is subjected to another culling, when imperfect fruits or those that are too large or too small are thrown away, together with boxes that are filled and emptied, filled and emptied, again and again during a season, the fruit simply being hauled out and dumped in the woods, or thrown into rivers, to be carried away, a total loss. This loss by culling in the groves and in the packing houses is one of the aggravating features of the citrus industry.

Annually nearly half of the crop is lost in this way, although the fruit, so far as juice, flavor, ripeness, etc., may be just as good as that which goes into the boxes as perfect fruit. Its defects, however, make it unmarketable, or render it specially susceptible to the molds that, started in a single fruit in a box, would within a few weeks infect every fruit in that package. The larger packing houses wash the fruit mechanically, cullers removing the imperfect fruit as the washed fruit passes along an endless belt from the vats of slightly warmed water to the culling tables. These processes are largely mechanical; fruits of various sizes are automatically separated, passing through different channels to the wrappers, who are paid on a piece basis, according to the number of boxes they wrap, boxes of larger fruit paying slightly
the drying and polishing process, all done mechanically. The water is removed and the fruits receive, during this step, a practically invisible and impalpable coating of paraffine, which seals the pores of the skins and at the same time imparts a gloss to and heightens the color of the fruit. From this process the fruit, still traveling on endless belts or conveyors, passes under to and heightens the color of the fruit. Also continue the culling process, as it of­fers an opportunity to save from ruin. The wrapping benches.

In nearly all of the packing houses the wrapping of oranges, grapefruit and tan­gerines is done by women. These wrappers also continue the culling process, as it often happens that fruits with slight imperfections or bruises pass the previous cul­lers, to be caught when the wrappers are to be put on. The wrapper girls stand or sit in front of the long benches, with a pile of tissue paper wraps at hand; each fruit is placed in the center of the square of tissue paper, the girl gives a deft twist to the corners, and the fruit is placed in the box. In this process the fruit also is graded according to size, 175’s being pack­ed in boxes to themselves, 160’s in other boxes, and so on. A degree of uniformity is obtained that is amazing, when it is con­sidered that the sizing work is done by ma­chinery.

When the boxes have been filled with wrapped fruit—and filled, in this case, means full and heaped up—they are re­moved by the nailers, who shake down the contents of the boxes, place the fruit so as to make the full or bulge pack, and place}

less than those holding the smaller sizes.

Going from the washing process, the fruits pass on other endless belts through the drying and polishing process, all done mechanically. The water is removed and the fruits receive, during this step, a prac­tically invisible and impalpable coating of paraffine, which seals the pores of the skins and at the same time imparts a gloss to and heightens the color of the fruit. From this process the fruit, still traveling on endless belts or conveyors, passes under to and heightens the color of the fruit. From this process the fruit, still traveling on endless belts or conveyors, passes under to and heightens the color of the fruit.

In the grove an al­most equal amount of work is required to bring the fruit to its rip­eness and perfection. During the growing season the tree must be sprayed at least three times, to control the innum­erable enemies of the citrus tribe—the scales and fungi and insect pests that must be scientifically and systematically fought if the grove is to be saved from ruin.

At least two cultivations and two fertili­zations are necessary during the year, while three of each are better. Once a year, just after the fruit has been picked, the trees must be pruned to remove dead, broken or diseased limbs; to keep the tops open and the trees in such shape as to make the ripening of the fruit even and the work of picking easier. As has been said, no tree responds more quickly to proper treatment than does the citrus tree. Well authenticated records in Spain show groves and individual trees anywhere from 150 to nearly 300 years old, still thrifty and bearing big crops every year. In fact, there seems to be practically no limit to the longevity of an orange tree or grove that has had proper care and attention. The oldest groves in Florida are probably not more than seventy-five years old; how much longer they will live and bear seems to depend very largely on the care they receive.

Florida is the home of the grapefruit, and this descendant of the old shaddock of King Solomon's time reaches its greatest perfection in the peninsular portion of the state. Here it has been bred and hybridized to an excellence and a productivity un­known anywhere else in the world; and Florida grapefruit are the standard by which grapefruit from Brazil and the West Indies are judged. Most people are un­aware of the reason for the name grape­fruit, thinking that in some way it may refer to the flavor of the fruit, its juiciness or something of the kind. This is incorrect; the name was given to the fruit because of its hallowed grape-like state, sometimes as many as twenty-five fruits being borne on a single branch; while it is common in any grove to see bunches of from six to twelve fruits hanging from one seemingly fragile twig or stem.

Several of the larger packing concerns in Florida in recent years have adopted special brands applied to the individual fruits. These brands or labels are impressed in indelible ink on the skins of the washed and polished fruits, and as only the very finest fruits are so branded, the im­print has its distinct plant because the buyer of such branded fruit is assured of getting only the best.

Florida recently has also become known as the state where the finest tangerines are grown. This citrus variety, possessing a distinctive flavor and aroma, is so well known as to require no description; any­one who has eaten a Florida tangerine, its loose, deep orange or reddish rind packed with segments easily separated and each filled with a juicy pulp that defies description as does the perfume of the orange flower honey, doesn't forget it soon. The tanger­ine is a Japanese importation, as is the sat­suma. The latter is grown largely in North and West Florida. Another aristocrat of the citrus family is the King orange, a "kid glove" variety whose inner lusciousness is masked by a rough, ugly rind as unattractive as its pulp is delicious. The production of satsumas in recent years has assumed the proportions of a real individ­ual branch of Florida's citrus industry. King oranges are grown to perfection only in a small part of the state, on and near the Indian river region of the East Coast, though some Kings are produced in other parts of the state. Valencia, both the early and late varieties, are still the back­bone of the Florida orange industry, the other varieties being the fancy fruit, the growing of which has not yet been reduced to an exact science and the marks for which is not definitely established as yet. The importance of Florida's citrus indus­try may be realized more fully when it is known that according to government statis­tics, during the year of 1924—not the sea­son of 1923-24—a total of 8,400,000 boxes of grapefruit and 13,400,000 boxes of oranges were shipped from the state. The value of the oranges was $18,760,000, or a total of $26,930,000 for the citrus fruit produced in Florida in that one year.

Florida

By FRANKLIN N. WOOD

Most countries one forgets, but never thee,
Fairest of jewels in the diadem
Of all the states; how fit this apostheg:
"Grape finger, palm of the tropic sea."
Against a sky of lapis lazuli
Wave verdant palm trees, giant oaks and pines,
From every moss-veiled patch of tangled vines
A mocking bird bursts into melody.
When dusk's cool fingers soothe the rubric skies,
Until day's golden flame no longer burns,
And as the Hunter wheels night's jewelled dome;
Entranced, I gaze, through tear-veiled misty eyes;
A wild goose, honking, to his marsh re­turns,
A snow-white heron slowly pinions home.
THE bozo who said that Preparedness is the best policy-holder sure knew his lines. Moreover, he must have had us girls in what his wife flatteringly referred to as his mind. Because the broiler who steps out of a P. M. without looking her beat deserves all the grief she gets. The short of it, as John D. would remark, is that she has it coming to her. Because the broiler who steps out of a P. M. without looking her beat deserves all the grief she gets. The short of it, as John D. would remark, is that she has it coming to her. Because the broiler who steps out of a P. M. without looking her beat deserves all the grief she gets. The short of it, as John D. would remark, is that she has it coming to her. Because the broiler who steps out of a P. M. without looking her beat deserves all the grief she gets. The short of it, as John D. would remark, is that she has it coming to her. Because the broiler who steps out of a P. M. without looking her beat deserves all the grief she gets. The short of it, as John D. would remark, is that she has it coming to her. Because the broiler who steps out of a P. M. without looking her beat deserves all the grief she gets. The short of it, as John D. would remark, is that she has it coming to her. Because the broiler who steps out of a P. M. without looking her beat deserves all the grief she gets. The short of it, as John D. would remark, is that she has it coming to her. Because the broiler who steps out of a P. M. without looking her beat deserves all the grief she gets. The short of it, as John D. would remark, is that she has it coming to her. Because the broiler who steps out of a P. M. without looking her beat deserves all the grief she gets. The short of it, as John D. would remark, is that she has it coming to her. Because the broiler who steps out of a P. M. without looking her beat deserves all the grief she gets. The short of it, as John D. would remark, is that she has it coming to her. Because the broiler who steps out of a P. M. without looking her beat deserves all the grief she gets. The short of it, as John D. would remark, is that she has it coming to her. Because the broiler who steps out of a P. M. without looking her beat deserves all the grief she gets. The short of it, as John D. would remark, is that she has it coming to her. Because the broiler who steps out of a P. M. without looking her beat deserves all the grief she gets. The short of it, as John D. would remark, is that she has it coming to her. Because the broiler who steps out of a P. M. without looking her beat deserves all the grief she gets. The short of it, as John D. would remark, is that she has it coming to her. Because the broiler who steps out of a P. M. without looking her beat deserves all the grief she gets. The short of it, as John D. would remark, is that she has it coming to her. Because the broiler who steps out of a P. M. without looking her beat deserves all the grief she gets. The short of it, as John D. would remark, is that she has it coming to her. Because the broiler who steps out of a P. M. without looking her beat deserves all the grief she gets. The short of it, as John D. would remark, is that she has it coming to her. Because the broiler who steps out of a P. M. without looking her beat deserves all the grief she gets. The short of it, as John D. would remark, is that she has it coming to her. Because the broiler who steps out of a P. M. without looking her beat deserves all the grief she gets. The short of it, as John D. would remark, is that she has it coming to her. Because the broiler who steps out of a P. M. without looking her beat deserves all the grief she gets. The short of it, as John D. would remark, is that she has it coming to her. Because the broiler who steps out of a P. M. without looking her beat deserves all the grief she gets. The short of it, as John D. would remark, is that she has it coming to her. Because the broiler who steps out of a P. M. without looking her beat deserves all the grief she gets. The short of it, as John D. would remark, is that she has it coming to her. Because the broiler who steps out of a P. M. without looking her beat deserves all the grief she gets. The short of it, as John D. would remark, is that she has it coming to her. Because the broiler who steps out of a P. M. without looking her beat deserves all the grief she gets. The short of it, as John D. would remark, is that she has it coming to her. Because the broiler who steps out of a P. M. without looking her beat deserves all the grief she gets. The short of it, as John D. would remark, is that she has it coming to her. Because the broiler who steps out of a P. M. without looking her beat deserves all the grief she gets. The short of it, as John D. would remark, is that she has it coming to her. Because the broiler who steps out of a P. M. without looking her beat deserves all the grief she gets. The short of it, as John D. would remark, is that she has it coming to her. Because the broiler who steps out of a P. M. without looking her beat deserves all the grief she gets. The short of it, as John D. would remark, is that she has it coming to her. Because the broiler who steps out of a P. M. without looking her beat deserves all the grief she gets. The short of it, as John D. would remark, is that she has it coming to her. Because the broiler who steps out of a P. M. without looking her beat deserves all the grief she gets. The short of it, as John D. would remark, is that she has it coming to her. Because the broiler who steps out of a P. M. without looking her beat deserves all the grief she gets. The short of it, as John D. would remark, is that she has it coming to her. Because the broiler who steps out of a P. M. without looking her beat deserves all the grief she gets. The short of it, as John D. would remark, is that she has it coming to her. Because the broiler who steps out of a P. M. without looking her beat deserves all the grief she gets. The short of it, as John D. would remark, is that she has it coming to her. Because the broiler who steps out of a P. M. without looking her beat deserves all the grief she gets. The short of it, as John D. would remark, is that she has it coming to her. Because the broiler who steps out of a P. M. without looking her beat deserves all the grief she gets. The short of it, as John D. would remark, is that she has it coming to her. Because the broiler who steps out of a P. M. without looking her beat deserves all the grief she gets. The short of it, as John D. would remark, is that she has it coming to her. Because the broiler who steps out of a P. M. without looking her beat deserves all the grief she gets. The short of it, as John D. would remark, is that she has it coming to her. Because the broiler who steps out of a P. M. without looking her beat deserves all the grief she gets.
"I'll never be able to take you there," he says. "I'm a realtor."

"Do your best, big boy!" I answer, hoping that my meaning won't be too clear to him. But he don't muff it and thank goodness.

Hart's Packard roadster is the kind a girl likes to see riding round in. No additional wardrobe need be wasted in describing it. He pockets me in the front seat and skimming the rear, slips in next to me behind the wheel. Then, with a bang off! I had to warn Hart to be careful of the speed laws, but was thankful that he didn't pay any attention to what I said. Speed is my meat and when it comes to stirring down to a meal of it, I'm a hungry baby.

The night was too gull-lorius to shut it out with the walls of a show-house. Florida nights are like that. The sky had more stars than Cleopatra had pearls. Ma Nature couldn't have doctored up the temperature of the breeze better if she had been standing there with a thermometer in one hand and her other hand on the Hot and Cold levers. Through the palms that lined the bay a husky-sized moon was dousing the landscape with a burnt-orange light.

The roads were good, but mostly, we did our sailing in the air, coming down to earth only now and then to prove that we weren't a species of flying insect. Suffering sailors, but it was a treat to let Hart pilot his boat through that scenery. True enough, the speed was such to prevent him from using his hands for anything but driving. But the night was long and, well, I don't mind keeping late hours. Besides, this was the first time I was stepping out with the Nelson hombre and a girl likes to make a man think she don't want him to do the things she really wants him to do.

Funny thing how much difference there is between planning a date and filling it. Hours before the sweet boy arrives a frill might figure the whole conference out move by move, but when the time is there she goes back on her form chart. I suppose a man is about the same, although I can't say for sure, never having been one in my life. Anyhow, things have a way of happening by themselves and even if you do get at them over a strange causeway the ultimate result is almost identical with the one you doped out in advance.

Hart knows his stuff when it comes to driving several notches above the speed limit and it doesn't interfere with his conversational voltage to any extent. All over the route he keeps up a keen line of patter that convinces me he wasn't a dum-dum when he chose the selling game. Hart knows his stuff when it comes to driving several notches above the speed limit and it doesn't interfere with his conversational voltage to any extent.

"Don't be a stupe, Kitty," he says quickly. "You know, right well, I wouldn't date up a frail who doesn't hit me as being particularly suited to my constitution. You haven't any idea what a repertory of excuses I have at my command for squirming out of undesirable parties."

"Well, if you put it that way," I answers, "how about crashing the Tropical Gardens."

"Tropical Gardens it is!" Hart announces without batting an eyelash.

Did I say we skimmed the ground on our voyage out? Well, we climbed up to the clouds on the return trip. It's a mystery to me, as Sherlock Holmes never would have remarked, why some minion of the law didn't chug in our wake and haul us off to court. Maybe the only reason one didn't is because traffic cops ain't equipped with airplanes. I'm ready to announce we cleared the countryside in a way that would have made the Wright brothers turn verdant with envy.

"What's the large idea of crawling like this?" I want to know.

"Precaution, Kit," he replies. "We don't want to be pulled before we make the Tropical Gardens. I'll admit it cramps my style a bit but my one hope is that I get a chance to do some real driving on our way home." Little did he know, at the time, that he'd be able to realize his hopes to their fullest extent.

The Tropical Gardens is the jazz hounds' delight. But you sure have to be some substantial jazz hound to be able to patronize it. The financial geniuses behind the enterprise evidently feel that a patron has a sort of withering contempt for change. Nothing is rated lower than fifty centimes or a paltry buck and any form of sustenance in that class is looked upon as the po' white trash of the menu. It's not at

Suddenly I felt Hart's grip tighten. "Look who we have with us this evening," he said.
all impossible for two to sit down to a quiet repast, at the Tropical Gardens, and find that the bill amounts to somewhere in the neighborhood of twenty berries. And if an occasional cup that bleeds is a fact, the over-all bill is a calamity. All you have to do is see a man throwing a Tropical Garden party for any gang that numbers higher than a quintet and you can say to yourself: "This is a bird that Brad and Dunstreet revere!"

No sooner do we park ourselves at a ring-table than the newsbreaks out in a delirious tom-tom number—the kind that sends shivery waves up and down your spine. The moment I expect to see a crew of undressed savages rush out on the floor and do their head-hunting stuff on the heads of the assembled patrons. But nothing like this happens and the music is too good to waste, so I and Hart decide to pull a Pavlov. For a moment it looks as if we are to be the sole entertainers of the throng, everybody else hanging back and waiting for some other come-on to lead in the festivities. However, no sooner do we take ten steps than the floor begins to fill from all directions. All of a sudden I feel Hart's grip tighten on my hand.

"Ye gods and diminutive piscatorial denizens of the briny deep!" he exclaims. "Look who we have with us this evening. Ain't we got pleasure!"

I turn in the direction Hart indicates with a nod of his head and discover Hedda La Belle, her film majesty, stepping out right briskly with none other than Howard C. Morgan, Hart's galley captain.

"Evidently he's letting her help to spend some of the coin of the realm she helped him earn," I venture.

"Maybe so," Hart agrees, "but at that she's getting a raw deal. The only reason I can see for her going up in him is that she thinks she'll get a discount on the next chunk of property he buys from him."

"That savors of the feline, big boy," I tells him. "Jealous?"

"What have I got to be jealous about?" he remarks promptly. "I only know her as a good contributor who was fooled into buying a slice of real estate that she didn't want over much. Outside of our business relations I'm not at all interested in the lady."

"Don't get so excited about it," I says. "You landed on my dogs twice during that last hour of music."

"Excited? You're raving."

"Maybe about the excited part," I replies. "The only one who was fooled was you. I'll see about buying a slice of real estate that I don't want over much. Outside of our business relations I'm not at all interested in the lady."

"It might be well for both of us to pay more attention to dancing while we're out here. You.muffed my lead more attention to dancing while we're out here."

" Granted," I confess. "But I didn't damage one of your lower peninsulas while doing it."

The only thing that saved us from having a free-for-all, then and there, was the sight of Blas Glinky. He was about to strike us at once. He was sitting all by himself, looking about as happy as an undertaker at a wedding. The table he was holding down was as far removed from the dancing floor as the walls permitted. Not only that, but he had his back turned to everybody and everything excepting the painting of a tropical coconut tree on the panel before him. This he was lamping with fixed intensity.

"What is he up to, now?" I ask Hart.

"I can't say, as the dummy would signal you," he replies. "You know he was gassed in the war and is still a bit gassy."

"That's what he was telling me in the hotel the other day," I says. "Can't remember anything about his past, I understand, not even his name.

"Not a thing," Hart confirms. "Perhaps the sight of that coconut tree brings back the memory of his prehistoric ancestors and he thinks he can trace his family tree from there."

When the music stops, Hart suggests that we ankle over in Glinky's direction. The gassy bim looks up with a blank expression on his face when we greeted him. His thinking apparatus is ticking at a rate that registers a little less than nil per minute—not much less, but a little.

"Bet you didn't hear that last piece of music," Hart says.

"What music?" Blas wants to know.

"Was they playing any?"

"At's a crack!" Hart exclaims. "Anybody who is as null and void as you oughtn't to pay Tropical Garden prices for taking a blank exposure of himself. There's no sense, Blas, in spending big money just to look as if the dummy would think it's a little.

"What coconut tree?" Blas inquires interestedly.

"Number please?" I breaks in with my switchboard voice. "If it's this, if you're hefty enough above—12 Locco, sister," Hart says.

"No such number in town," Blas replies.

"Here's where I sign off!" cries my hero. "I'm done—through—finished. I could wise crack all night when I have an appreciative audience, but to here he tumble with my mental gems like that makes me want to chuck my whole act overboard."

"Say, what's happening around here?" Blas inquires.

"Oh, no!" says Hart. "To end the controversy, come on over to our table and I'll show you. Sure, I've got a frame of maggums and join in the frivolities."

Blas rises heavily and waits for Hart to lead the way to our table.

"That invite came just in time," he remarks with a pretty smile on his ugly mug. "I'm as hungry as a bear and was just trying to get away from the men's fodder I could afford to demolish."

"Just like a low life," Hart says, in disgust. "Hangs around the dive for hours staring at a coconut palm. Then, when one of his affluent friends comes along and promises to blow him to a feed, he decides to cut loose on wild and reckless ordering."

"Go ahead and call me names," says Blas agreeably. "Call me anything you want so long as the waiter is generous with my portions."

Blas lives up to his threat and orders almost everything on the score card from the relishes to the phony wine list. That might be a wild statement, but Blas Glinky was a wild party. Those menu words, by the way, are about as popular with restaurant patrons as cross-eyed black cats are with the boys who follow the feline feline sidelines for a living. I don't care how pretty they are printed nobody can read 'em without consulting the waiter. And usually the thing they order aren't on the list, a-tall.

Once the chow arrives, Blas falls to with the enthusiasm of a veteran stocker. You have to hand him this: in the matter of food he plays no favorites. Fodder is just fodder to Blas. And he'll play fair with you—meet you half way, that boy will; all you have to do is furnish him with the stuff and he'll eat it. He's easy to please but hard to satisfy, if you get what I mean.

"Did you see Morgan and Hedda La Belle splashing themselves over the scenery?" he asks presently.

"Stacks up like a mountain of good things, doesn't she?" Hart puts in. "She's a natural to the populace she's some fancy merchandise. Morgan's so lucky he could trip on the boulevard and pick up a gold brick in one hand and a fat wallet in the other."

Hart chuckles, and those remarks make me feel good! They're too deadly to let pass without some kind of a comeback, so I just naturally enter the debate, then and there.

"Oh, I don't know that she's such a premium," I rejoins. "Without straining my bean any too much, I could name somebody who's a sight more lucky than our own..."
Thrills at Florida's Great Fair

This horse, carrying its rider, jumped over the heads of five men seated in a large touring car. The horse was sold by its former owner in Kentucky for $50, because it jumped all fences. The present owner trained the animal and it is making him a small fortune.

Auto polo is an attraction that pleases the immense crowds at the Tampa Fair. This picture shows one of the many spills without which no game is complete. As the players are adept in leaping when their cars overturn, they are seldom injured.

Automobile races with well-known dirt track drivers at the wheels of speedy cars also furnished excitement. Sig Haugdahl, holder of the world's straight-away record walked off with nearly all of the prizes.

A leap of 90 feet into a small tank of water, blindfolded and with feet and hands tied, furnished another thrill.

All in a bunch at one of the turns. Haugdahl is seen holding the inside position at the rail.
FLORIDA CONVERTED BASEBALL’S COMEDIAN INTO A GOLFER

“NICK” ALTROCK, FUNNIEST MAN OF THE BASELINES, PLAYS THE TRAGIC PART OF HAMLET ON THE LINKS

By H. D. GEORGE

As far as baseball is concerned, “Uncle Nick” Altrock, inimitable comedian and successful coach of the Washington Senators — world’s champions — is a son of Cincinnati, but when it comes to a question of golfing education, the funny man of the diamond is a son of Florida, for it was on the sunbathed links of the Rocky Point Country Club at Tampa that Nick first succumbed to the goddess golf.

Visualize that bright warm morning four years ago when one of baseball’s most skilful pitchers first gripped a hickory-shafted driver and tried unsuccessfully to pilot a tiny white spheroid around the well-turfed fairways of the Rocky Point Club at Tampa. When all the hits and misses had been counted, when the last divot has been replaced, Altrock’s first golf score for eighteen holes was computed — the total amounted to 142 strokes, just about double the number that a Hagen, Diegel or Sarazen would have required.

The score was the least important factor that functioned that day. It was the virus of “golfitis” which occupied the center of the stage. It inoculated baseball’s masterly comedian. He did not react immediately. Golf did not interest him much after that first round. It piqued him a bit not to be able to “hit ‘em a mile.” It was not until a week later that the golfing germs began to work well. A friend again lured Nick out to the golf course. Altrock again fared forth to battle against Colonel Bogey. And — lo! and behold! — when the round was finished and the score summed up, “Uncle Nick” had bettered his previous record by exactly 25 strokes. The following day, Altrock purchased a complete golfing equipment and from that day to this, he has played golf at every possible opportunity.
gifted with ready wit and a quick tongue, determined to capitalize on the possibilities of a diamond comedian. That, in brief, is the explanation of how baseball’s popular funny man embarked in his curious profession. “Uncle Nick” has so popularized his clever imitations and drolleries that no world’s series, no matter where it be played, would be satisfactory unless Altrock was on hand to purvey wit and humor.

Do not think for a moment that Altrock’s value to the Washington squad ceases when he stops his laughable contortions. He is outstandingly efficient in teaching the “rookies” the tricks of the baseball trade. During the last three seasons, strange to tell, Altrock has been one of the two mainstays of the “Griffins.” True, Nick has not appeared on the regular slab in many orthodox games, but he has been the dependable practice pitcher. “Uncle Nick” has served up thousands and thousands of slants and hooks to the Washington regulars during the batting practice sessions.

Despite his many years in baseball, Nick still has a wealth of speed and plenty of pitching “know” stored away for emergency use. Many and many a time, some of the world’s champions leading basemen have “wifted” repeatedly at Altrock’s zizzling shots. During the last two years, Altrock has pitched in several practice games at the level of Altrock himself.

Ask the “middies”, and they will tell you that the grizzled veteran has still enough hand to deliver to fill up the strikeout column and keep the base scattered.

Perhaps, you think that “Uncle Nick” has a soft snap with the Washington Senators. You should follow him around one day during the active baseball season in order to verify your estimate. Nick will pitch for one and one-half hours every morning during batting practice. Again, it is after lunch just before the game. Nick will again mount the slab for batting practice. Between times, he is kept busy coaching the younger players. He also has to perform as comedian at every game in which Washington participates. Nick has to devise new tricks and capers to add to his base repertoire.

You probably will imagine that Nick gives up golf during the baseball season as he is an average working day, that he has no time in which to play golf. And if such is your surmise, it is wrong, for “Uncle Nick” has conformed with bland-tease and arranges for at least nine holes of golf most every day. In a word, Altrock rolls out of bed just as the first rays of sunlight begin to redden the eastern horizon. While it is musky above and moist underfoot, he speeds in his automobile down to the famous East Potomac Park links in Washington. This course is the rendezvous of senators, congressmen and cabinet members who gain their sport and exercise during the hours before official Washington is awake.

Most every morning when the Washington squad goes home, Nick plays golf along the shores of the peaceful Potomac. And it is a good game of golf which baseball’s funny man plays. It is doubtful if there is a base ball player in either league who can best “Uncle Nick” on the links. Altrock is a skilled golfer of exceptional ability. He has played the East Potomac Park links in par—a feat which some of the leading professionals of golf who play that same course have not been able to duplicate.

When “Uncle Nick” plays golf, he looks more like a champion than like baseball’s champion clown. Nick takes his game seriously. As an old Shakespeare grins the face that ordinarily is wreathed in smiles where baseball is concerned. Yes, occasionally, Nick tells a good story or grins a bit as he sends a ball straight and low from the tee on its parabolic flight. Generally, he is as solemn as a judge and sober as a deacon as he follows the rubber-wound sphere over fairways and rough. Often a battle royal is staged when Clark Griffith hooks up with Nick in a golfing match. Griffith, a consistent 85 man or better on most any course likes to catch “Uncle Nick” on an off day so that with a small handicap he can make it mighty interesting for the diamond comedian.

“Uncle Nick” says that he is sorry because the Scotch invented golf instead of the Irish. “Those Scots are so stingy that they go and make the cup the size of a baby’s bottle. Now if the kindhearted, generous Irish had originated the game, they would at least have placed a peck measure in the green as a cup so that a fellow would have a chance.”

The day that the East Potomac Park links closed for the winter, Nick was on hand to play a farewell round. As he approached the first tee, two other golfers bundled in sweaters and gloves invited him to join them. The threesome played hole after hole while the mercury dropped lower and the wind rose higher. One of the players addressed his companion as “Doctor” throughout the round. At the eighteenth green, Nick chilled to the bone, turned to this man and said, “Well, Doc, what’s the chance of getting a prescription now?” The joke was on “Uncle Nick” for his companion was not a doctor of medicine, but a doctor of divinity.

“Yes, golf is a serious business,” Nick once told the writer. “I used to pitch before 35,000 spectators at the ball games out at Chicago when I was on Comiskey’s staff and never faltered. In neighboring cities, the fans found out that it was not easy to rattle me. Yet, today, I can take my stance on the golf tee preparatory to making my drive. I address the ball, waggle my club, time back slowly and pause an instant at the top of the swing. Just as I start the down-stroke, a breeze sneaks up on the club and—and I flub my drive.” The “rattle” in baseball is far different from the momentary distraction of golf, according to Altrock’s says. You can’t imagine in any funny business while you are playing golf. Golf is a serious game which requires studious concentration.

If you don’t believe so, just watch baseball’s funny man play golf and you will shortly understand why the Jolson of the diamond is the Hamlet of the links.

If you are fortunate enough to live in the neighborhood of Tampa, you will be able to watch the champion Washington ball players in practice and practice games out at Plant Field. And, you may also run across “Uncle Nick.” Altrock playing golf out at the Rocky Point or Palm City courses. For baseball’s clown says that there is nothing like early season golf in sunny Florida to get a man in shape for campaigning on the links north of the frostline. Yes, you can bank on it that Altrock brought his golf clubs along with him to Florida. The first spare time he has, he will scurry out to Rocky Point to argue a bit with General Far. It took Nick 92 strokes to go around this course the first time four years ago. He can now play the course in the low seventies. His greatest delight while in Florida is to play golf. You’ll recognize Nick when you see him by the cockeyed way in which he wears his cap. If Nick can play excellent golf, just follow the diamond clown for a few holes and you will soon be convinced of the baseball player’s golfing skill.

M i a m i H a r b o r

By LUCIA CLARK MARKHAM

MORNING on the waters

Where the great ships ride
With the sheen and sparkle
Of the dancing tide.

Little Eden Islands
Beckoning like a dream,
Sails and spars and pennons.
Silver wings agleam.

White domes in the distance,
Creamy Moorish walls,
Towers of pines uplifting
At green intervals.

And where glory shimmer—
Through the sky’s blue veil,
Down the dazzling vista—
One scarlet sail.

Is it I beholding
All this love’s fancy,
From my wintry inland
That the snows possess?

I could dance forever
As that slim yacht swings,
I could join the sea-gulls—I
Have wings.

I shall lose my pinions
Down the blue Biscayne,
Till I find the castles
Of my heart’s lost Spain.
S P O N G E  
F I S H I N G

An Old-World Industry Now
Centers About Tarpon Springs
on Florida's West Coast

By L. BECK ELLIS

ONE is accustomed to think of Tarpon Springs as
the Venice of our continent, a place of unique
charm and beauty, the winter home, or perhaps
all-the-year home, of many celebrities—artists,
men of letters, financial magnates, as well as every­
day folks of taste and refinement.
The little city is quite widely recognized, not
merely as a seaside resort, enveloped in the at­
mosphere of the Adriatic, or the Mediterranean,
but likewise as something of a business center, with
a port of growing importance. But how many
persons from the outside realize that here is also
the largest sponge market in the world?

The discovery in western waters of the valuable
zoophyte known to us as the sponge is attributed
to Bahaman fishermen about 1853. But it was a
Key West firm that recognized possibilities of im­
mense value in the presence of this marine product
off our coasts, and began, in a crude way to outfit
boats for sponge-fishing.
The industry was still in swaddling clothes when
the Civil War put a temporary quietus upon it,
as on countless other southern ventures. So it was
that, up to fifty years ago, the sponges used in
the United States, whether in surgery, arts and manu­
factures, or for domestic purposes, were imported
chiefly from the Mediterranean fields, a few from the
far East.
However, by the middle '80's, the Key Westers had
the business re-established, and getting on a sound com­
mmercial basis. A tidy fleet of taut schooners represented
the new industry, of which they were very proud.
And well might the islanders take pride in this business
they had inaugurated and brought to goodly proportions. Their
vaunting was amply justified in the latter '90's and through
the first decade of the new century; for the sea-harvests un­
loaded on the docks from the sponge boats meant half a million
dollars, or more each year to the island-city.

Then how did it come that this most picturesque of industri­
was wrested from the sea-people down there, who had founded
and built up the Key Westers' sponge industry, and brought
it to such proportions as largely to displace the im­
ported article in the markets of the United States?
It is one of those strange romances of trade—an industrial
revolution of astounding suddenness, as well as completeness.
Within a decade, within less than half that period, indeed,
supremacy not only in the trade, but in the actual garnering of
the raw product, had been snatched from Key West. Tarpon
Springs, until then a winter resort of indubitable charm, albeit
somewhat isolated, had taken over the whole business, bodily,
importing from Southern Europe a big industrial population to
carry on the sea work.
The leading factor in this remarkable revolution had root in
the ancient warfare between improved methods and mechanism
and the crude system of an industry's earlier phases. The Key
Westers had made little improvement on their first implements
and equipment. Generation after generation of "Conch" spongers
went out after their sea-harvests in ill-adapted boats. They still
used the heavy glass-bottomed bucket through which they must spy
the sponge, and the long clumsy pole, terminating in an iron
hook, with which to loosen the growth from the rock or coral,
and haul it into the dinghy. Fancy the process, the awkward­
ness, unsureness of it! One sees at a glance that methods and ac­
coutrement so primitive must give place at once when brought
into competition with those of the Mediterranean divers.
Another element to be taken into consideration was the gradu­
ally widening area in which sponges had been found, and the
fact that the superior varieties were taken from deeper waters.
In the first generation of the industry it had been accepted
that the exclusive habitat of the plant-animal was the bays and
inlets about the southern keys; and, under the limitations of
their equipment, the sponges were worked only in waters up to
35 or 40 feet in depth. In point of fact, only the strongest
and most dexterous of the men could handle a pole exceeding
30 feet.

But gradually they had learned that the richer banks, or
"fields" ran northward, and still northward, luring the boats
and men on ever longer runs, leagues upon leagues from their
native keys, keeping them from the home port, the docks and
warehouses for long periods. In later years, the fertile fields in
the Gulf waters adjacent to Anclote light-house had become the favorite haunt of the larger fleet. The Anclote beacon stands at the mouth of Anclote inlet, into which the Tarpon Springs Bayou opens.

You can see now how it would end. The fleet must make temporary port; and this harbor, friendly, inviting, was a natural choice. They built their kraals, or water-pens for sponge in the "soaking stage". Docks seemed to grow, and warehouses to spring up, commissaries evolved so on into extensive stores and outfitters' establishments. It was the immemorial law of trade.

Capital came, and increased—bulwarked itself and the industry. Finally the capitalists said: "Let's keep the business here, it is the logical place for it. Let's take it over, and put it on a modern basis, too."

For capital is always coldly logical, as well as far-visioned.

So Mediterranean divers were brought to the Anclote, the strange Eastern paraphernalia coming with them—lateen sails, boats and rig as alien, yes, and ancient, as the language they spoke, but diving apparatus of the latest, most approved models.

Within four months from the appearance of the first diving armor on the Anclote docks, ("a monstrous invention", the Key West hookers shudderingly called it) there were four-score Greek divers to be counted on the quiet streets of Tarpon Springs. The lure was strong, you see for the Mediterranean fields had been worked to sterility through most of their expanse.

Within a year, there were hundreds of the Hellenes there, wives and children now pouring in—in a picturesque tide to the little port—black-eyed, animated women and little folks, gesturing, chattering amably, mainly Greco-Turkish in type, but here and there the pure Hellenic features and coloring, especially among the women.

Very quickly the industry had reached a permanent basis in its new locale. Before the great war-trumpets sounded, summoning many patriotic sons back to the Hellenic colors, there were fully 2,000 Greeks in the seaside colony just outside of Tarpon proper.

There are scarcely so many now. Many never came out of the war. And some who lived, remained in their native land. But it is estimated that there are more men actually engaged in sponge-diving the present season than in the spring of 1914.

And what have they made of the industry, these Greek divers and the capital back of them, who combined to wrest it from the seafarers of the southern islands?

Refer back to our opening statement. Entering the Sponge Exchange at Tarpon Springs—a vast structure of brick, with a wide cement court in the centre—you are in the greatest sponge mart of the world. Follow the beautiful stream, locally known as "The Bayou," until its sparkling waters merge with those of the harbor. If you are lucky enough to strike some holiday, or the off sponging season, from mid-summer until late October, you will find the whole fleet in. You will look, astonished, over a forest of masts, rising from a hundred and fifty vessels, of heavy tonnage, mostly large schooners, some with auxiliary power, all taut, shining, amply seaworthy; and on every gently rocking hull, Greek-lettered, the melodious Hellenic names.

It is the Big Fleet we speak of. There are from 400 to 500 of the smaller craft auxiliary to these, including the diving boats. Each larger vessel carries when on the trips to the sponging-grounds, five or six diving boats, and full quota of expert divers. Most vessels, also have their own launches, to ply back and forth, reducing cargo, replenishing supplies. Each schooner with her men and auxiliary craft, is known as an "outfit."

Barring storms or other disasters, the outfits usually remain in the Gulf, in their chosen grounds, when at the height of the season, many weeks on each trip.

But when all are in harbor, as during festival times, Anclote is the liveliest port of its size on the face of the globe.

A good harbor they have there, with seashore for all, and tight anchorage. Off shore is Anclote Light, their beacon; and northward and southward lie the rich fields, this bay being about central of the best sponging grounds in the Gulf of Mexico. It may be added that in these southern Gulf waters are found practically all the sponge of the western world; those brought in from the Atlantic side of extreme peninsula Florida waters being negligible both as to quantity and quality. The Atlantic is too cold and too stormy to nurture successfully this form of marine life.

The Fish Commission of Florida issued recently the statement that licenses had been granted to 143 sponge boats, mostly of the Anclote fleet, in the twelve-months ended. The old-timers, the hook-and-pole men of Key West, have dwindled to very
small numbers since the period of their vigorous warfare against the Greek invasion in its earlier stages.

However, a law was pushed through the State Legislature a few years back by the energetic work of the southernmost assemblymen, which to a certain extent protects these island fishermen. This law, stringently amended two sessions ago, will doubtless keep a sufficient number of hookers in the industry to work all shallower waters.

As amended, this enactment entirely bars the divers from all the waters of the state, claiming that they tread down and destroy the young sponge while gathering those of commercial size; and that, as a result our own fields would very soon be depleted as are those of the East.

This law protecting the native hookers, sends the Greeks out beyond the 3-mile limit. However, both divers and their backing capital have taken the matter with little protest, declaring themselves scarcely affected by it, as diving can not be carried on successfully in the shallow depths which extend miles out along the greater portions of the peninsular coast. These foreign divers could not afford, it is claimed, to spend their time and expert skill in harvesting the inferior growth native to inshore waters. Only in the deeper Gulf to which the law has exiled them in their diving armor do the fine sheep's wool and other superior varieties grow, commanding the highest prices at home and abroad. They claim, indeed, that those velvety specimens used exclusively in surgery (in immense demand at top figures) are never found in water under 100 feet, seldom under 150 or 175. None but the most skilled divers work at the latter depth, and the stay under pressure so great as this is never more than five to eight minutes at a time.

In these deeper waters, the captain of an outfit works six divers in an hour, so giving each one fifty minutes rest between ordnals. It is highly skilled labor. And hence paid, not by wage, but by sharing in the proceeds. Spongers disdain work on any other basis than "shares." Many of those at Tarpon have amassed large means, even wealth; and some have invested in orange groves and other realty.

But it will take more than a generation to Americanize them. Remember, they brought hither not only the Hellenic tongue, but the pursuits, customs, social usages, religious faith and ritual which were theirs in the land of their fathers. They have their own schools, church, priest; they follow the sea, as did their sires—and with comrades of their own blood. Between trips, they come home to their Hellenic-speaking households. They drift down the palm-bordered streets, to a theatre where a Greek play is presented, or to their quaint coffee-houses, where by the hour they sit, among comrades, smoking the long-stemmed narghilehs, reading their Greek newspaper, sipping their Eastern coffee, which is truly "black as midnight, hot as hades, and strong as hate!"

These maritime people are deeply religious by nature and training, belonging en masse, one might say, to the Orthodox Catholic or Greek Church as it is generally known. They have in Tarpon Springs probably the most numerous congregation of that faith in the western world, worshipping now in a modest chapel, but having already plans drawn to erect a noble temple, of Byzantine type, the cathedral of St. Nicholas.

(Continued on page 76)
"What I Like Best About Suniland"

ANNOUNCEMENT OF PRIZE WINNERS IN SUNILAND’S LETTER CONTEST

The Contest Winners

FIRST PRIZE—$15.00
Miss Beatrice O. Wentley, Box 35, West Elizabeth, Pa.

SECOND PRIZE—$10.00

THIRD PRIZE—$5.00
Miss Helen M. Nelson, Adams Basin, Monroe County, N. Y.

TEN PRIZES OF $1.00 EACH
Mary E. Brown, Haines City, Florida
Mrs. S. E. Chiddix, 415 East Third Street, Ocala, Florida
E. Lufsey, 272, Lakeland, Florida
J. Edmund Brewton, Box 101, Tallassee, Florida
Erle B. Renwick, 704 Fourth Street, North, St. Petersburg, Florida
J. S. Bitch, Raiford, Florida
E. R. Stowell, Box 340, Lakeland, Florida
Mary L. Tomlin, Plant City, Florida
A. S. Burnes, 2740 Fourth Avenue North, St. Petersburg, Florida
Clarence H. Hubbard, Manor Hills, Tampa, Florida

"The magazine evidently has faith in itself, and in the cause which it so ably champions. It believes with all its heart, in FLORIDA—not only as it now is, but also as it is TO BE in the years to come. The story of SUNILAND brings to mind the figure of a professional 'promoter' attempting to make 'fiction' appear like 'fact'—but that of an earnest advocate presenting 'fact,' stronger than 'fiction,' and consequently far more fascinating.

'The poets sing of a LAND WHERE DREAMS BECOME TRUE, and SUNILAND, quite convinces one as he reads, that Florida is that longed-for, dreamed-of 'Florida Land.'

"That is 'what I like best' in the February issue of this charming magazine from 'wonderland,' most appropriately named Suniland.

"Just emerging from a tedious, snow-bound period of chilly weeks, to be suddenly met by SUNILAND bringing to our northern latitude its delicious aroma of orange groves, and its zephyrs from waving palms, fairly compels one to explain. That's the land where dreams become true. How can its appeal be resisted?"

Miss Helen M. Nelson, Adams Basin, N. Y., rent in this letter which was awarded third prize:

"The thing I like best about the February issue of Suniland, is the faith it implants in the future of Florida. The source needed of a pessimist must absorb some of the warmth and sun-shine and optimism that fairly ooze from its pages."

The story of John Ringling of Sarasota reads like a page from the Arabian Nights, and the actual achievement that followed his vision of Joining Long Boat Key and its sister islands to the mainland. The pineapple plant and Ringling are the rocks upon which scoffers are bound to split. It is difficult, indeed, for a Florida magazine to make 'fiction' appear like 'fact.'

"I have relatives in Miami who have described the wonderful strides that have been made in that city within the last few years, even months. I think in order to make their appeal more strong, they have sent your magazine to me and I have surely been inspired by it. As a plea for further migration to your state, this month's issue of 'Suniland' contains quite a number of drawings illustrating the story of Mr. Ringling's hopes.

"Some time ago, I read in a popular periodical that the is to be no place for a philosopher or a thinker in this age of the old world—a hard, busy world—no room for thinking. It is through literary work, we are made to think more of the beautiful side of life and are made to see the deserts of Florida in places where there is plenty of sunshine and pure air abound, then the more of the type of magazine that is published and read, the more will peoples thoughts and ideals be uplifted and their desire for better and nobler things will have a tendency to make this old world a better and grander place in which to live.

"We are admonished to think of things that are 'What I like best' of good report,' and if this magazine is more widely circulated and read, it will help fill this much needed want and lift our thoughts to better things, and from the more sordid things of life with which our newspapers of today are filled. It is refreshing to turn to a magazine filled with sunshine and happiness, so I trust that many, many more copies of 'Suniland' will have to be printed."

Dr. Arthur Willis Spooner, Malvern, Pa., won the second prize with this letter:

"It is quite impossible to state in three hundred words 'What I like best' about the February issue of SUNILAND. It is crowded from cover to cover with 'What-I-like-best' features.

"The make-up of the magazine is par excellence. The typography is perfect. The 'cuts' are superb."

49
is judged by the men they produce and the state that gives to the world men like Telfair Stockton, men of brains, great wis- 
ed men that give every ounce of their strength to the development and beautifying of their community, men that know no defeat however great, no obstacles, ah! that is the coming state.

"There is no greater work on earth than developing land and building homes, all the world loves a 'Home,' hence it is work that benefits our own nation and all who live in the distance and study the ways of the world to come to our sunny shores, see the wonderful development of land and splendid homes given up by men of brain and hand and with the aid of the four winds of heaven, bringing us yearly numberless visitors many of whom become substantial citizens.

Suniland has done Florida a real service in printing the life stories of such men as these.

Mrs. S. E. Chiddix, 415 East Third St., Ocala, Florida.

"Next to a mother's love for her children is the ardent desire for them to make of life a great success. As soon as they are old enough to understand we begin to try in every way to let them know the lesson which years ago in the old school reader: 'If at first you don't succeed, try, try again.' I know I have to do so impress them with this lesson than by putting in their hands a reliable magazine in which are the life stories of men who have started at the bottom of the ladder and work round by round 'til they have reached the top. Such an article is found in 'Suniland,' the Groome and Babson 'Millionaire Developer' by Franklin Hatton. Give us more articles like this and in every number.

"God Made Florida for America' is very good. Roy Bentley Markham clothed his thought in a pretty dress that did not include any of the tinsel.

'I enjoyed reading of the 'Angel of Broadway,' and am glad she is now living in Suniland with so many other 'angels.'

'In meadows rich and green. Waft fragrance to the breeze; Warble sweet melodies. And sparkling waters flow; Into one royal whole; Thou art the nation's goal.'

Mrs. L. A. Lufsey, Box 272, Lakeland, Florida.

"How in Sam Hill do you expect a fellow to tell what he likes best about this issue of Suniland, when it is all so good that, like Uncle Mose's whiskey: 'Thar ain't no best, 'kase thar ain't none bad.'

"God Made Florida for America' is very good. Roy Bentley Markham clothed his thought in a pretty dress that did not include any of the tinsel.

'I enjoyed reading of the 'Angel of Broadway,' and am glad she is now living in Suniland with so many other 'angels.'

J. E. Lufsey, Box 272, Lakeland, Florida.

"How in Sam Hill do you expect a fellow to tell what he likes best about this issue of Suniland, when it is all so good that, like Uncle Mose's whiskey: 'Thar ain't no best, 'kase thar ain't none bad.'

"God Made Florida for America' is very good. Roy Bentley Markham clothed his thought in a pretty dress that did not include any of the tinsel.

'I enjoyed reading of the 'Angel of Broadway,' and am glad she is now living in Suniland with so many other 'angels.'

J. E. Lufsey, Box 272, Lakeland, Florida.

"How in Sam Hill do you expect a fellow to tell what he likes best about this issue of Suniland, when it is all so good that, like Uncle Mose's whiskey: 'Thar ain't no best, 'kase thar ain't none bad.'

"God Made Florida for America' is very good. Roy Bentley Markham clothed his thought in a pretty dress that did not include any of the tinsel.

'I enjoyed reading of the 'Angel of Broadway,' and am glad she is now living in Suniland with so many other 'angels.'

J. E. Lufsey, Box 272, Lakeland, Florida.

"How in Sam Hill do you expect a fellow to tell what he likes best about this issue of Suniland, when it is all so good that, like Uncle Mose's whiskey: 'Thar ain't no best, 'kase thar ain't none bad.'

"God Made Florida for America' is very good. Roy Bentley Markham clothed his thought in a pretty dress that did not include any of the tinsel.

'I enjoyed reading of the 'Angel of Broadway,' and am glad she is now living in Suniland with so many other 'angels.'

J. E. Lufsey, Box 272, Lakeland, Florida.

"How in Sam Hill do you expect a fellow to tell what he likes best about this issue of Suniland, when it is all so good that, like Uncle Mose's whiskey: 'Thar ain't no best, 'kase thar ain't none bad.'

"God Made Florida for America' is very good. Roy Bentley Markham clothed his thought in a pretty dress that did not include any of the tinsel.

'I enjoyed reading of the 'Angel of Broadway,' and am glad she is now living in Suniland with so many other 'angels.'

J. E. Lufsey, Box 272, Lakeland, Florida.

"How in Sam Hill do you expect a fellow to tell what he likes best about this issue of Suniland, when it is all so good that, like Uncle Mose's whiskey: 'Thar ain't no best, 'kase thar ain't none bad.'

"God Made Florida for America' is very good. Roy Bentley Markham clothed his thought in a pretty dress that did not include any of the tinsel.

'I enjoyed reading of the 'Angel of Broadway,' and am glad she is now living in Suniland with so many other 'angels.'

J. E. Lufsey, Box 272, Lakeland, Florida.

"How in Sam Hill do you expect a fellow to tell what he likes best about this issue of Suniland, when it is all so good that, like Uncle Mose's whiskey: 'Thar ain't no best, 'kase thar ain't none bad.'

"God Made Florida for America' is very good. Roy Bentley Markham clothed his thought in a pretty dress that did not include any of the tinsel.

'I enjoyed reading of the 'Angel of Broadway,' and am glad she is now living in Suniland with so many other 'angels.'

J. E. Lufsey, Box 272, Lakeland, Florida.
Polk County's Orange Festival

By RUSSELL N. HAAS

WITH the Honorable John W. Martin, Governor of Florida, present to conduct the opening ceremonies and deliver the principal address, the second annual Polk County Orange Festival was inaugurated in the lake circled city of Winter Haven, the last week in January. A huge crowd assembled to greet the State's Chief Executive and hear his masterful address on the significance of the big celebration and the magnitude of the citrus industry, which had inspired the festival held in the center of the greatest citrus producing area in Florida.

The Polk County Orange Festival had its inception in the fall of 1923, when a group of Winter Haven business and professional men, inspired with a vision of an exposition at which the various citrus products should be the dominant factor, organized an Orange Festival Committee, with F. J. Senn, perennial Winter Haven booster, as chairman. The organization began as a strictly local affair. There was at that time no thought of embracing the whole of Polk County, or even of a small section adjacent to Winter Haven. The originators of the project felt, quite logically, that its worth as a community affair should be tested before it be extended to embrace the whole of Imperial Polk.

Under the inspiration of this committee, the first Polk County Orange Festival was launched in January, 1924. It was not even then known as a Polk County affair. It was only after the festival had been held, and its import came to be realized, that the idea of extending it into county-wide organization took form. The project was enthusiastically endorsed by every section of the county and the executive committee was enlarged to take in members from every community. The subsidiary committees were increased in number and in personnel, and their operations extended to include the leading business men of the county.

It was in this setting and under the most favorable circumstances that could be made possible by the enthusiasm and cooperation of all the communities of Florida's premier citrus county that the Second Annual Polk County Orange Festival came into being.

The address of Governor Martin heralded the opening of the celebration, which extended over four days. The opening exercises were in charge of the city and the Chamber of Commerce, with Mayor H. G. McCutcheon delivering the address of welcome and Roger W. Babson, America's famous statistician, giving the response for Polk County, of which he is an honored winter resident.

Second only in importance to the visit of Governor Martin was the float parade, held on Thursday morning. Several dozen floats were entered in the parade, many of them artistic creations, the majority symbolic of the orange festival. Several thousand spectators witnessed the parade and enjoyed the exercises which followed. Prizes were awarded floats in the decorative class by the judges—George H. Clements, of Bartow, J. E. Worthington, of Lake Wales, and C. D. Gunn, of Haines City—as follows: First prize, Woman's Civic League, Winter Haven; second, W. C. T. U., Winter Haven; third, Royal Neighbors of America, Winter Haven.

A series of delightful outdoor performances were inaugurated for the entertainment of the large crowds. These included concerts each afternoon and evening by the Artillery Band of Winter Haven and free outdoor acts by the Johnny J. Jones Shows.

Naturally, being an "Orange Festival," the primary purpose of the exposition was to advance the cause of the citrus industry. This it did convincingly and well.
EDITORIAL NOTE—Many letters have been received asking why the Confessions of Captain McSweeney did not appear in our last (February) issue. The reason was that the Captain was summoned by the Federal court. (No, you are wrong; guess again.) He was called to give testimony as a sea captain and expert in naval affairs in a case involving the collision of two ships off the Florida coast. This and accumulated business affairs so engrossed him that he could not prepare his concluding installment in time for the last issue. Here it is for the readers who have been following the Captain's interesting confessions.

finally on his way to his native land?” I explained that we had lost our ship and that Jake had returned to the East Coast. The Captain continued passing pleasantries with me and at the same time following the talk in Spanish that went on uninterruptedly. Occasionally he threw in an interjection that brought the other men up short, and I saw he was very much in authority.

I gathered the drift of all they were saying, namely the smuggling of aliens from Cuba, with a degree of safety and a handsome profit unknown to the rum game.

The marters of the schooners brought the aliens over, more as cargo than passengers, and a nondescript one at that. Some care is usually devoted to stowage of cargo, goods of one kind are not mingled with those of another kind, and they are kept clear of spray or bilge water. Not so with the “white ivory” being brought over. They are kept in smell holes which a day or so before contained fish or odorous sponges well along toward decay. The hatches are battened down tightly when the suspicion of a coast guard cutter appears on the horizon, but I gathered that the dangers from this source were slight, the government being behind in its program with most of the “navy” concentrated at Miami. Three cutters guarded the entire Gulf coast from Pensacola to Key West and two of these were considered so unseaworthy that, beyond being inact.ve symbols of the law’s strong arm, they were not much feared.

The Captain turned to me and slapped me on the back.

“Well, you’re not going to keep a lookout, I see, when there’s so much Jack to be made bringing in Wops and Slovaks.”

He eyed me intently, while I reiterated with my answer.

“Jake?”

“Darned if I have any fill of all of it,” I told him. “It’s not that I’m conscience-stricken, but there are a few good instincts inside of me that I want to develop and give a chance to grow. You get me?”

“I don’t care to do my repenting as a guest of Uncle Sam,” I told him. His face sobered and a gleam of steel came in his eyes. “I admired by my maternal grandmother who was raised in the streets of Ybor City, the Latin quarter, and two Americans, all speaking Spanish.

The face of one of the Americans was familiar, but it was not until the mention of the name of the yacht, that I recognized him as the skipper of the craft we had tied alongside in Havana to take on a cargo of liquor.

I turned immediately, made myself known, and, at the invitation of the Captain, joined them at their table.

“And how’s friend Jake?” he asked, and my mate, Jake Hildebrand, being shipmates of yore.

There were details to be tended to here. The bunch will have to be brought into Tampa from the coast and you, boys, and I’m looking out for that end. There’s better returns and less danger that way than by dumping ‘em on the beach to shift for themselves. Where you check in is as master of the ship only. I’ll furnish a competent supercargo who’ll look after the passengers, and you’ll be full partner in the proceeds, without having to lay out a dime.”

I can’t explain just what it was that caused me to fall in with their proposition, whether flabbiness of will-power with a stronger mind imposing on that knowledge, or whether it was just a longing with birds of my feather, not

T

HE life of a rum runner is not always a voyage over mirror-like seas. Most any foe’s hand can sink our course, but it takes a mariner, himself, to set one. Here I was in the midst of the holiday season, shipless and homesick, in Tampa, everybody else busy and imbibed with Christmas enthusiasm, while I was left alone reflecting bitterly on the joyless life of a bachelor; sick of lawlessness, every­

thing less hazardous. But to start at the bottom in a smug trade that would only earn me cigar money was entirely out of the question.

There was everything to accentuate my loneliness and the hollowness of my success; to be bumped into on the streets by a woman with holiday bundles was only to have this fact rub in. Even the appeal of meeting one on Miami shore was not strong enough to call me back there; in fact, in my cynical mood I scarcely cared whether I saw the place again, or Jake, or the Goo-goo.

My thoughts kept reverting to a little quite insignificant woman in a great city; I could almost hear her patient voice calling me: “Sonny, supper’s ready, go wash your face and hands.” I cast over in my mind the years on Miami shore, bleak and stormy or fair and smooth split, day after day, by the keel of a ship, that I had traveled in, one evening found myself in Ybor City, the Latin quarter, sitting at a matable-top table in my favorite Spanish cafe,ipping my glass of “cafe con leche,” wild thoughts wheeling like seabirds through my brain. Thus engaged, I overheard a scrap of conversation that brought me suddenly out of my reverie.

Looking in one of the mirrors that lined the walls I saw an eddy of blue cigar and c’arette smoke and in it, at the table just back of me, were five men, three Cubans and two Americans, all speaking Spanish.

The face of one of the Americans was familiar, but it was not until the mention of the name of the yacht, that I recognized him as the skipper of the craft we had tied alongside in Havana to take on a cargo of liquor.

I turned immediately, made myself known, and, at the invitation of the Captain, joined them at their table.

“And how’s friend Jake?” he asked, and my mate, Jake Hildebrand, being shipmates of yore.

“He’s off his trip to Sweden; can it be that he’s

Confessions of An Ex-Rum Runner

By ‘CAPTAIN McSWEENEY’

LAST INSTALLMENT

SPEEDY YACHTS HAVE BEEN USED BY RUNNERS OFF THE FLORIDA COASTS
so much through choice and inclination as elimination.

Because the sedans of the prosperous men of my age passed me by like liners surging a piece of driftwood, when I changed them on the course of events, I discovered they were talking a foreign language, a patter of accent, subdivisions, amortization—words not contained in the vocabulary of my surroundings. So I didn't much in common with them.

No sooner had I agreed to make the trip than I discovered that this was going to be my last command; that Fate, in some form or another, was going to reize on it and to pursue me. Now that I was aware of the risk, I could not face it.

We left Tampa in a Cuban fishing schooner, and a couple of days later tied up in the Almendares river alongside an obstacle little dock. There Sanchez, the supercargo, left me to go into the city and collect his passengers. He was a bushy-haired, pink-eyed creature, I suppose he might have been as old as twenty-five in all, among them swarthy Italian men, jabbering away, a number of bovine Armenian women, dark, silent, with the pallor of her face accentuating the palor of her face. My attention was arrested to her first by her eyes, and as she came into the wind with her hairy arms crossed over her chest, an insinuating sneer on his evil face. The glare of the sun reflected in the pock-marked Cuban-American, born in Key West, speaking English well. From Greece sponge-divers from Tarpon Springs. Italian men, bovine Armenian women, dark, silent, with the pallor of her face. My attention was arrested to her first by her eyes, and as she came into the wind with her hairy arms crossed over her chest, an insinuating sneer on his evil face. The glare of the sun reflected in the pock-marked Cuban-American, born in Key West, speaking English well. From Greece sponge-divers from Tarpon Springs. I was conscious of her confidence and the challenge of the moment I went ashore, but at the same time a little annoyed at me for being a softy and concerning myself with the affairs of an alien girl, coming into the country as another woman which cushions the hard blows that are my last command; that Fate, in some form or another, was going to reize on it and to pursue me. Now that I was aware of the risk, I could not face it.

The remainder of my crew were still standing opposite mine when she felt the need of rest. Now we were friends and absolute enemies.

"But, sir," she said with an air calmly authoritative, "we must get to shore soon and find a place to rest. I feel you."

I stroked my chin on this. It was a large order, and I explained why. "We may all be seized. You and your friends will be seized and find a ship, while your."

If you're not interested in the government, you must not bring it up.

The shock of my discovery made me hesitate, and I have to admit that I did not lose sight of the great chances I was taking of wrecking my own fortunes; I somberly considered the possibilities of a jail sentence ranging from six months to ten years, if I should be caught in the toils. And for a while I felt as though I was only a stranger who had only come to my notice twenty-four hours before, this was going nowhere for me. I closed my eyes, and my feelings toward her; only an imbecile or a man in love would have played such a game. I could not say I loved her. Unaccompanied to tender sentiments of any kind I flouted the thought as unmanly. I knew that they would be cared for and as she came into the wind with her hairy arms crossed over her chest, an insinuating sneer on his evil face. The glare of the sun reflected in the pock-marked Cuban-American, born in Key West, speaking English well. From Greece sponge-divers from Tarpon Springs. I was conscious of her confidence and the challenge of the moment I went ashore, but at the same time a little annoyed at me for being a softy and concerning myself with the affairs of an alien girl, coming into the country as another woman which cushions the hard blows that are my last command; that Fate, in some form or another, was going to reize on it and to pursue me. Now that I was aware of the risk, I could not face it.

I turned over in my bunk. I put the girl in charge as nurse, and as she came into the wind with her hairy arms crossed over her chest, an insinuating sneer on his evil face. The glare of the sun reflected in the pock-marked Cuban-American, born in Key West, speaking English well. From Greece sponge-divers from Tarpon Springs.

She was very sick, the girl told me simply. "We must do something for her."

"It will not be rough for a while; I will not be angry."

The girl clasped her hands, shapelessly in spite of hard work, in a gesture of helplessness.

"Ah, it is not that," she said softly, an appeal in the soft glow of her eyes. She closed her eyes, and as she came into the wind with her hairy arms crossed over her chest, an insinuating sneer on his evil face. The glare of the sun reflected in the pock-marked Cuban-American, born in Key West, speaking English well. From Greece sponge-divers from Tarpon Springs. I was conscious of her confidence and the challenge of the moment I went ashore, but at the same time a little annoyed at me for being a softy and concerning myself with the affairs of an alien girl, coming into the country as another woman which cushions the hard blows that are my last command; that Fate, in some form or another, was going to reize on it and to pursue me. Now that I was aware of the risk, I could not face it.

The girl clasped her hands, shapelessly in spite of hard work, in a gesture of helplessness.

"Ah, it is not that," she said softly, an appeal in the soft glow of her eyes. She closed her eyes, and as she came into the wind with her hairy arms crossed over her chest, an insinuating sneer on his evil face. The glare of the sun reflected in the pock-marked Cuban-American, born in Key West, speaking English well. From Greece sponge-divers from Tarpon Springs. I was conscious of her confidence and the challenge of the moment I went ashore, but at the same time a little annoyed at me for being a softy and concerning myself with the affairs of an alien girl, coming into the country as another woman which cushions the hard blows that are my last command; that Fate, in some form or another, was going to reize on it and to pursue me. Now that I was aware of the risk, I could not face it.

The girl clasped her hands, shapelessly in spite of hard work, in a gesture of helplessness.

I was conscious of her confidence and the challenge of the moment I went ashore, but at the same time a little annoyed at me for being a softy and concerning myself with the affairs of an alien girl, coming into the country as another woman which cushions the hard blows that are my last command; that Fate, in some form or another, was going to reize on it and to pursue me. Now that I was aware of the risk, I could not face it.

The girl clasped her hands, shapelessly in spite of hard work, in a gesture of helplessness.

I was conscious of her confidence and the challenge of the moment I went ashore, but at the same time a little annoyed at me for being a softy and concerning myself with the affairs of an alien girl, coming into the country as another woman which cushions the hard blows that are my last command; that Fate, in some form or another, was going to reize on it and to pursue me. Now that I was aware of the risk, I could not face it.

The girl clasped her hands, shapelessly in spite of hard work, in a gesture of helplessness.
1. One "Mears" Tour to Cuba, Class "A," on date suitable to winner. Value $140.00. Mary Beam, 203½ Verne Street, Tampa, Fla., 16,005.

2. Playground Equipment. Value $90.00, from King Fence Company, Tampa, Fla. Mrs. F. E. McKee, 612 Tampa Street, Tampa, Fla., 16,350.

3. $50.00 Check. Mrs. V. L. Brown, 1613 Oak Avenue, Bartow, Fla., 16,248.

4. One Dozen Photos. Value $40.00. Van Art Studios, Tampa, Fla. S. M. McConnell, Box 5505, Ybor City, Fla., 16,084.


8. One Box Fruit. Value $5.00, Pemberton & Shout, Tampa, Fla. Gloria Burke, 510 Seventh Avenue, Tampa, Fla., 16,350.


10. One Box Cigars. Value $5.00 W. I. Bradley, Box 15, Riverview, Fla., 16,500.

11. One Box Cigars. Value $5.00. Gilbert McGeehee, 243½ Bay Street, Tampa, Fla., 16,500.

12. One Box Fruit. Value $5.00, Pemberton & Shout, Tampa, Fla. J. A. McKay, 600 Central Avenue, St. Petersburg, Fla., 16,500.

13. One Box Fruit. Value $5.00, Pemberton & Shout, Tampa, Fla. Mrs. R. B. Ball, 201 Fifteenth Avenue North, St. Petersburg, Fla., 16,500.

14. One Box Fruit. Value $5.00, Pemberton & Shout, Tampa, Fla. J. C. Sallee, 605 Bay Street, Tampa, Fla., 16,500.

15. One Box Fruit. Value $5.00, Pemberton & Shout, Tampa, Fla. Harold A. Boy, 335, Tampa, Fla., 16,500.

16. One Box Fruit. Value $5.00, Pemberton & Shout, Tampa, Fla. Mrs. R. A. Ambrose, 601 E. Baker Street, Plant City, Fla., 16,500.

17. One Box Fruit. Value $5.00, Pemberton & Shout, Tampa, Fla. Mrs. U. Hearon, 310 S. Boulevard, Tampa, Fla., 16,500.

18. One Box Candy. Miss Lula Lee Milms, 712 S. Willow Avenue, Tampa, Fla., 16,500.


20. One Box Candy. Elizabeth M. Grosbeck, 207½ Lee Street, Tampa, Fla., 16,200.


22. Two Tickets Rialto Theatre. Frank Lew, 323 Florida Avenue, Tampa, Fla., 16,182.


27. Two Tickets Rialto Theatre. Catherine Allen, Box 266 Hyde Park Avenue, Tampa, Fla., 16,600.

28. Two Tickets Rialto Theatre. H. W. Clark, Northport Avenue, Bostic, Me., 16,111.


30. Two Tickets Rialto Theatre. M. S. Parker, 3707 Arlington Avenue, Tampa, Fla., 16,099.


32. Two Tickets Rialto Theatre. F. S. Anderson, 5810 Florida Avenue, Tampa, Fla., 16,081.


34. Two Tickets Rialto Theatre. Geo. R. Rea, Bay Street, Louis, Miss., 16,066.


37. Two Tickets Rialto Theatre. G. P. Hovey, Dunedin, Fla., 16,700.

38. Two Tickets Rialto Theatre. Robert Elliott, Route 5, Box 195, Tampa, Fla., 16,700.


40. Two Tickets Rialto Theatre. Miss Paula Baker, 103 S. Edison Avenue, Tampa, Fla., 16,005.

41. Two Tickets Rialto Theatre. Mrs. H. Shackley, R. D. 1, Lake Wales, Fla., 16,001.

42. Two Tickets Rialto Theatre. J. M. Neitz, R. 4, Plant City, Fla., 16,001.

43. Two Tickets Rialto Theatre. Mrs. Annie Ashford, 1308 Gibson Street, St. Petersburg, Fla., 16,000.

44. Two Tickets Rialto Theatre. Mrs. W. Lee Prowl, 1638 Chase Avenue, Chicago, III., 16,000.

45. Two Tickets Rialto Theatre. Mrs. Katie Maclean, Box 113, Port Tampa City, Fla., 16,000.

46. Two Tickets Rialto Theatre. Miss S. Prentice, 956 Twigg Street, Tampa, Fla., 16,000.

47. Two Tickets Rialto Theatre. S. D. Moon, 1730 Seminole Heights, St. Petersburg, Fla., 16,000.


49. Two Tickets Rialto Theatre. Mrs. W. M. McGeehee, Bradenton, Fla., 16,000.

50. Two Tickets Rialto Theatre. Anna Sallee, 16,000.

51. Two Tickets Rialto Theatre. Mrs. J. B. Hartsock, 1122 Bay Street, Louis, Miss., 16,666.

52. Two Tickets Rialto Theatre. Mrs. W. C. Parks, 166 Sixth Avenue, St. Petersburg, Fla., 16,000.


54. Two Tickets Rialto Theatre. Daisy M. Edwards, R. D. 3, Box 204-K, Tampa, Fla., 16,000.

55. Two Tickets Rialto Theatre. Clara Tucker, 911 Cleveland Street, Tampa, Fla., 16,000.

56. Two Tickets Rialto Theatre. W. B. Schoene, Tourist Club, Tampa, Fla., 16,000.

57. Two Tickets Rialto Theatre. C. B. Parks, 166 Sixth Avenue, St. Petersburg, Fla., 16,000.


59. Two Tickets Rialto Theatre. Mrs. C. E. Shotwell, Fine City Tourist Camp, St. Petersburg, Fla., 15,999.

60. Two Tickets Rialto Theatre. Geo. L. Glass, 5107 Central Avenue, Tampa, Fla., 16,728.


62. Two Tickets Rialto Theatre. E. C. DePury, 5704 Branch Avenue, Tampa, Fla., 16,760.

(Con. on page 90)
The Hon. Wm. Jennings Bryan to Lecture Daily to Visitors at Venetian Casino, Coral Gables, on "Florida and Its Opportunities".

Mr. Bryan is Florida's and Miami's first citizen. He has made his winter home in Miami for 12 years and taken an important part in local affairs. He is now a citizen of the state. No one man in this country has played a more important part in national and international affairs during the last thirty years, or made more friends than Mr. Bryan.

Mr. Bryan has accepted a most favorable opportunity of giving his views on Florida and its development in a larger way. In these lectures he will be broadcasting—as it were—opinions and arguments which are of inestimable value to everyone interested in Florida.

You are cordially invited to visit Coral Gables and hear Mr. Bryan’s lecture. Transportation is free in luxurious Highway Pullman Coaches, leaving the local Coral Gables office each week. For full particulars and reservations, call at the Coral Gables office.

Coral Gables

GEORGE E. MERRICK

America's Finest Suburb

Miami, Florida

Executive Offices, Administration Building, Coral Gables, Miami, Florida
Branches in all Florida Cities, Atlanta, Birmingham, Baltimore, Charlotte and Montgomery
HAVE YOU SENT IN YOUR SUNILAND SONG?

Contest Drawing to a Close

EXPERT GIVES SOME HELPFUL ADVICE

WHEN the SUNILAND Song Contest was started, the Editors of SUNILAND Magazine truly expected that it would attract wide-spread attention. But the entries in the contest have exceeded their most hopeful expectations. Songs have been received from practically every state East of the Mississippi and from many other states in the West. They have arrived by the hundreds and the work of handling them is enormous.

During the last few weeks many of the songs have been tried out in the Tampa theatres and have been praised by professionals who are in a position to judge what constitutes a popular song.

The Song Contest Editor believes he is safe in saying that out of the hundreds of songs the judges will be able to select one which will have a good chance of becoming a popular song hit this summer and fall. car,ry the appealing message of Florida—or SUNILAND as it is becoming known—the length and breadth of the land. But the race is not yet finished. The contestants are only at the three-quarter mark and a dark horse has a good chance to slip in behind the leaders and carry off the prizes and the honor that goes with it.

It is to be remembered that it is to be sung, not spoken. The rhymes should be open vowels, for no singer will use a song upon the rhyme words of which he cannot open his mouth.

"A song, to become popular, should have a lyric that is neither too high class (or "high brow"), or of the cheap, trashy, mushy sort. It should be simple, natural, original, and should tell a sensible and connected story when apart from its musical setting. It must not be merely a jumble of disconnected lines.

"It should also be one that is singable. Remember that it is to be Sung, and not spoken. The rhymes should be open vowels, for no singer will use a song upon the rhyme words of which he cannot open his mouth.

"The melody must be simple, tuneful, with a catchy rhythm, and must, by all means, be one that is both easily played and sung. It should not have a wide range for if it does the average singer cannot sing it.

"But most of all, it must possess that peculiar, elusive, intangible something which we in the profession call "appeal" for want of a better name. Song writers strive to get this into their songs. When they are successful, the result is generally a hit. When they fail, the result is generally a flop.

"It has been my observation that all state or geographical songs having for their theme a river, state or city, have possessed the above qualities in a marked degree, otherwise they would have failed even in the very localities they attempted to glorify.

"Successful state songs have not laid so much stress upon the things that make that state great or attractive, but on the contrary have stressed general human interest, sentiment and universal appeal. State laudation has been of secondary importance.

"The successful state song must, of course, have local color and atmosphere, but if the lyricist resorts to flights of rhetoric, or if he strives to enumerate all the many virtues, beauties and charms of the state or locality, his song will sound like a folder issued by a Chamber of Commerce or a railroad company. The whole purpose of the song will be too forcibly apparent, and he will thus defeat the very end he seeks to accomplish as none of the large publishers will handle it."

The above points will be kept in mind by the judges in considering the hundreds of lyrics and complete songs submitted in the SUNILAND Song Contest. Therefore any contestant who has not considered these pertinent facts should get busy and submit another song written with them in mind.

Remember the contest will close on March 15th. No envelopes containing lyrics or complete songs postmarked after midnight of that date will be considered.

Here are a few of the songs that have been submitted during the past month:

Harold C. Warren, Detroit, Michigan, submits:

SUNILAND
Suniland is money land
With all that wealth can buy,
Money's there on ev'ry hand
For all who want to try.
But more than wealth is sunny health
And fellowship that's true—
Suniland, My Honeyland,
I'm all for you!

Chorus
Suniland, down in my heart
There's a love that's strong and true,
When we have to part, then I want to start
Right back again to you. (I do)

J. Will Callahan, New Smyrna, Florida, author of "Smiles," "Tell Me," "Patches," "Give Me One Rose to Remember," submits two songs:

DOWN IN SUNILAND
Snow will soon be falling,
Winter-time is near,
Florida again is calling,
And again I hear:
What's the use of staying
Where the North wind blows?
Let's go down where palms are swaying,
Far beyond the snows.

Chorus
Down in Suniland, Honey, meet me,
Where the flowers never die,
Down in Suniland, Honey, greet me,
'Neath the deep blue southern sky;
While the waving palms bend above us,
We will dance the hours away to love's old tune,
Down in Suniland, dear old Suniland,
Where it's always June.

(Continued on page 88)
A Romantic Vista of Beauty Conquers the Eye at DAVENPORT

Hills, graced with countless rows of green-foliaged orange trees, rising gently and sloping gracefully to shores of placid blue lakes where towering pines are reflected in the mirror-like surface of the water, is more than enough to appease the most unquenchable thirst for scenic beauty.

What a magnificent setting for a park! Yet, the City of Davenport is actually being built in the midst of this wonderful array of scenic beauty as the greatest commercial park in the entire world.

How delightful it is to live where every day we are surrounded by the grandeur of nature.

Sitting atop the ridge of Polk County, the richest county per capita in the entire nation, in the heart of the largest grove acreage of any county in Florida, intersected by the Dixie Highway and the Atlantic Coast Line Railroad, Davenport is ideally and healthfully located at a point midway between the Atlantic Ocean and the Gulf and the northern boundary and uttermost southern point of Florida.

How convenient it is to live where highway and railroad lead to all points.

Davenport is substantial, self-supporting, modern and beautiful—four essential factors in building a commercial park.

Over 8,000 acres of healthy, sturdy groves cover the hills in and adjoining Davenport, including 4,000 acres under cultivation in the famous HOLLY HILL GROVES.

How wonderful it is to have so many enjoyable sports almost at your front door.

The Sportsman’s Delight—Sixteen beautiful lakes abundantly supplied with a variety of fish, Evergreen Forest, the natural habitat of game and birds, ideal recreation for the bather and the boatman, a beautifully built golf course with undulating greens and fairways—the test of the skillful; tennis, lawn shuffleboard, obstacle golf, delightful auto drives. Ninety miles of boulevards and avenues beautified with thousands of Australian Silk Oaks, the gorgeous Bignonia Venusta (Flame Vine) and Hibiscus.

The Holly Hill Nursery presents an interesting spectacle of four hundred thousand tropical and subtropical plants, shrubs and palms and one million young citrus trees.

How splendid it is to live where so many modern improvements are planned and accomplished.

A large hotel, artistically designed and modern throughout is to be constructed—a handsome apartment building completed—a new up-to-date water system installed, supplying sparkling soft water from a thousand-gallon-a-minute well. Country Club House on the golf course.

Poinsettia Hills in Davenport, restricted, beautified, famed for its beauty and ideal location, where hundreds of professional men, bankers and business men from 37 different states decided to locate their Florida home.

Davenport immediately answers the question “Where shall my Florida Home be located?”

Davenport invites you—Come—See—Enjoy.

Beautiful illustrated folder in colors upon request.

Holly Hill Grove & Fruit Company

DAVENPORT

FLORIDA
When you attend your favorite "movie" theatre some evening in the near future you will see appear on the screen the announcement of the "SUNILAND NEWS REEL."

Then for nearly fifteen minutes there will flash before your eyes news events and interesting scenes of Florida. If you live in Florida the SUNILAND News Reel will enable you to keep abreast of the rapid development of Florida—the fastest growing state in the Union today.

If you are in the North and have visited Florida, you will see familiar scenes in cities and towns you have visited, and you will recall the many pleasant days you have enjoyed in the Land of Flowers.

But if you have never visited Florida you will be even more interested. You will have unreeled before your eyes actual photographs of the places you have read about and been told about by your friends.

You will travel in fifteen minutes all around the state. You will visit Miami, the Magic City, Sarasota, the Wonder City, Tampa, the Metropolis of all Florida, St. Petersburg, the Sunshine City, and the many other cities, large and small. You will see the nation's best known men playing golf, on the beach, fishing, and enjoying their winter or all-year homes in SUNILAND.

You will learn of the many interesting industries in Florida, of the great developments under way in which millions of dollars are being spent. You will see the finest examples of modern Spanish and Italian architecture, and cozy bungalows set among fruit and orange trees. The scenes will shift to the famous beaches on both the East and West Coasts; to the Everglades, the coming sugarbowl of the Nation; to the lake and hill section in Central Florida where winding ribbons smooth road pass through mammoth citrus groves, up and down the hills and around sparkling lakes teeming with fish.

You, and several million others, will see each week the true Florida—America's great garden spot where health, wealth, and joy and contentment abound.

SUNILAND Magazine has accomplished wonders in the short space of a few months in spreading the truth about Florida throughout the country. It is considered one of the outstanding and remarkable successes in the magazine field today. With its fifth issue the net paid circulation totals more than 40,000 copies, each of which is read by from eight to ten persons. This circulation is greater than that of all other magazines published in Florida combined, and also greater than any newspaper.

To launch a good beginning, SUNILAND can attain a circulation of several hundred thousand within a year or two. It can be the means of doubling the population of Florida by carrying the appealing message of the wonderful Land of Flowers and Sunshine to millions in the North.

The SUNILAND NEWS REEL will be the medium used not only to boost SUNILAND MAGAZINE to a big National circulation, but to give Florida the greatest amount of worthwhile publicity it has ever received. SUNILAND MAGAZINE has become a great success because of the genuine co-operation it has received on every hand. It has done more for Florida than any other publication.

SUNILAND NEWS REEL with the same amount of co-operation can be made another outstanding success. It will be shown not only in Florida, but in the large and small cities in the North. Several million people will enjoy it each week and Florida will be kept fresh in their minds throughout the winter season. SUNILAND Magazine and the News Reel will overcome the idea in the minds of the majority of people that Florida is simply a winter resort. All of us down here KNOW that Florida is the place to live ALL THE YEAR ROUND.

SUNILAND News Reel is made possible through the co-operation of SUNILAND Magazine and the Gullette-Campbell Organization, producers of educational pictures for a period of years. G. S. Gullette and John E. Campbell were induced to come to Florida by E. S. Hanford, managing Editor of SUNILAND Magazine, who built up PHOToplay Magazine, Movie Pictorial and Moving Picture Stories, and who has in the minds of the theatre owners and managers the strong connections in the North that Florida is the place to live ALL THE YEAR ROUND.

Gullette-Campbell Company will produce the SUNILAND NEWS REEL and later will produce feature pictures in Florida. Through their strong connections in the North the News Reel will be placed on a circuit of over one hundred theatres. They have made pictures that have been shown with great success on the largest circuits such as Keiths, Pantages', Loew's, Famous Players' and others not so well known, but serving important chains of theatres.

Merritt, Gullette and Campbell have made educational and promotional pictures in practically all of the large cities in the United States from coast to coast. They stand in high regard among the theatre owners and managers as their productions possess that element of human interest so necessary to entertain the critical, picture-loving public.

Watch for announcements of the SUNILAND News Reel at your favorite theatre and in your local newspapers. Ask your theatre managers to be sure and book the SUNILAND News Reel.
A Private Paradise!

Temple Terrace Estates is an exclusive, restricted community, offering to you NOW all the advantages for home-building and investment. Four years of time and millions of dollars have been spent to insure the position of Temple Terrace in the first rank of all American suburban communities.

"There for you" at this Masterpiece of Florida's enterprise are the beautiful Temple Terrace Country Club—with the sportiest rolling golf course in the state—the swimming pool, bridle paths, tennis courts, canoes, parks, gardens, the incomparable Riverhills drive, boulevards, estates—these are PROVIDED! Further development is going on at a rapid pace.

Temple Terrace Estates is a Monument to Promises Kept!

"Tampa's Incomparable Suburb"
Celery - A Homily for Housekeepers

There is no g.aster food authority in America than Dr. Harvey W. Wiley and, according to him, “One of the most important vegetables on the table in this country is celery.” Celery has decidedly wholesome and valuable qualities, but Florida celery is particularly wholesome, because of the distinctive methods of growing it here, methods utterly different from those used in celery-growing of other states. This difference, it is of the utmost importance for housekeepers to understand just now, in view of the fact that a New York physician, Dr. Vail, has recently been making an attack upon celery as a food, claiming that it is dangerous to eat because of the methods used in growing it.

Every housekeeper should know that Florida celery is not included in this sweeping statement, and why. Dr. Vail claims that an epidemic of typhoid in three large eastern cities twenty years ago was directly traceable to the use of night soil in the fertilization of celery on a northern truck farm and he goes on to say, “When it is recognized that night soil cannot be whitened or cleansed in any way, it is not possible to whitewash or cleanse the celery plants for market the earth is heaped up around the plants, it will readily be seen what sanitary conditions are existing in the earth will gain access to and lodge in the recesses of the celery plants.”

The trouble is that there are many other pepers that Dr. Vail has recognized as dangerous to eat, but that he gives no one a hint as to what Dr. Vail knows absolutely nothing of Florida celery.

Uncooked Celery

With celery, as with lettuce, one should eat “hug quantities.” Just a little green food does not do the system much good, for, although there are plenty of vitamins in green, leafy, foods, they are not concentrated, has been due to the fact that even in the latter fruit before breaking and using; milk-bottles washed before ever it is up to Florida to explain to the world that, in the first place, Florida truckfarmers never use night-soil, instead of which only the highest-grade commercial fertilizers are used, and in the second place, soil and water is always bleached by having it earth. It is bleached by means of heavy paper. So much for that.

There is another part to all this, however, a part which applies to all vegetables and all fruit of any description and to every known type of housekeeper: It is housekeepers and not farmers or vegetables and fruit-growers who are chiefly to blame for any bacilli carried into the stomach from raw food—taking it for granted that not only does one use the knives instead of fingers but that even in the latter case one’s hands have been thoroughly washed before eating and the dishes and silver properly cleansed in hot suds. Comparatively few housekeepers are careful enough in the handling of food, even of women who think it almost an affront to wash bananas or other fruit before giving it to their children or placing it on the table for guests. What almost criminal carelessness it is not to do this! One woman I know traces to some unwashed or partly washed epidemic of typhoid fever she had. Eggs should be washed before breaking and using; milk-bottles washed before ever setting them away to cool and celery, no matter how carefully grown vegetables are, they should have quite as careful handling in preparing them for the table. Wash every leaf of spinach, (of all leafy vegetables,) every stalk of celery, every particle of fruit — everything that has little creases, “cracks and corners” many times, and with the latter, use a vegetable brush.

This will be an additional safeguard in removing invisible, possible dangers. The Old Hebrews certainly had some wise laws. I don’t remember anything about scrubbing vegetables but they were way ahead of the times in their prescribed usage as to washing the hands before meals. Fruit, vegetables and hands may look clean; you may think they are, but they may not be. There are enough risks to life outside, these days: don’t add unnecessary ones in your home.

Celery Salad Suggestions

Celery may be cooked in many ways, but it is best and most healthful uncooked. The tender leaves, cut fine, may be used with the stalks in salads. The French frequently serve tender, chopped celery leaves, alone, bound with a little French dressing, adding only possibly a suggestion of onion. Celery and cabbage, half and half, make a delicious salad. Cut rather fine and combined with our sweet Florida peppers or cucumbers and bound with a thick salad dressing it is excellent.

Stuffed celery salad has two forms. For one the larger, single stalks are used. Cut about four inches long and fill with potato salad, green peas covered with cheese, or with shell-fish. Serve on lettuce with mayonnaise. The second form uses the large ends or knobs of the stalks. Cook the stalks till they are half done, then stuff with a thick mixture of finely chopped onions and ground meat, season with pepper and salt, and pour over buttered toasts with mayonnaise.

Celery Soup Suggestions

Many people feel that oyster soup is not perfect without a suggestion of celery in it, and the same may be said of vegetable soups. The water from stewed celery should always be saved as this is the proper foundation for an oyster soup. Put into a beef-bone or knuckle of veal may be the substantial basis for Celery Bouillon, cooked with the outer, chopped stalks of one or more heads of celery.

Stuffed Celery

Prepare this as for the second form of Stuffed Celery Salad, a good chafing-dish recipe. Take twelve chopped oysters and serve on small squares of toast.

Italian Flan of Celery

Clean and boil three or four heads of celery. Then drain well and chop very fine. Mix in a cup sugar with two of butter in a saucepan, add the celery and one pint of milk. Reduce, remove from fire and when cold add the yolks of six eggs, and some Calaspece. Put all into a buttered, fire-proof dish or scallop shells. Sprinkle with bread crumbs; dot with butter and bake till browned.

Celery Fried

(Janet Ross)

Remove the green leaves and cut the white stalks of the celery into one inch long. Clean and put into boiling water fifteen minutes, then dry on a napkin. Beat an egg with a little stock or water, add salt and pepper, then roll in bread-crumbs and fry in butter.

Celery ‘all’ Italiana’

(Janet Ross)

Take six large heads of celery, cut off the green leaves, leaving three inches of stalk attached to the root; clean and cut in half (lengthwise). Parboil, then remove and cool. Lift out and dip into beaten egg-yolks then in bread-crusts and fry in butter. Serve hot. Serve with tomato sauce.
High up on the Ridge, on the shores of a crystalline lake, surrounded by bounteous groves, and in the midst of gently rolling hills, lies the little Embryo City. It is connected with the outside world by smooth, winding roads, over which is continuously passing the traffic between Palm Beach and St. Petersburg.

The residential section will be the peer of the finest of Florida's beautiful developments. Business property is even now practically all sold, and the home-sites are being rapidly taken up.

Strategically situated in the heart of the citrus country of the state, it possesses great possibilities of rapidly becoming one of the most important cities in Central Florida.

Now is the time to investigate this development—now, while purchases may still be made at pre-development prices—now, before ever-increasing traffic and activity cause an advance in values.

Stephenson Realty Company

Princess Martha Corner
St. Petersburg, Florida

Opposite Post Office

Telephone 900
FLORIDA CALLS!

FLORIDA—The Land of Opportunity and Enchantment

We firmly believe that nowhere in this world of ours is there a land where investments bring such immediate and abundant returns.

If you have friends who have investigated and have visited in our wonderful State, ask them. If not, write us for information. In either event, we will be delighted to hear from you. Our organization embraces every phase of a complete Realty Service.

If you own Florida property permit us to handle it for you. If you wish to invest let us advise you.

WALLNER-HAYNES REALTY CO.
Service—Efficiency—Reliability

Fiscal Agents Acreage
Investments Lots
Loans Houses
Business Properties Apartments
Exchanges Rentals

Local and Foreign Properties
Realty Owners—Subdividers—Developers
66 N. E. Second Street Phone 4697 Miami, Florida
Siegfried Wallner R. Taylor Haynes
Co-operation of Brokers throughout the world invited

PUNCH AND BOOTY
(Continued from Page 42)

If you Desire Reliable Information on This Section, Wire or Write Us

DAYTONA—FLORIDA

mutual friend, Morgan, is tonight."

"Meaningwho?" Hart wants to know.

"A parody by the name of Hart Hamilton Nelson," I says cordially.

Hart starts to say something, but catching the length of the sound wave I'm broadcasting, eases up on the La Belle puffs. But Blas doesn't digest anything except his food.

"All joking aside," he goes on. "You have to admit Morgan is cripplin' the first row of the chorus when he sports her. Why, sister, the sight of her would make Walter Hampton want to desert the heavy stuff for musical comedy. If looks was on the market Hedda's stock would be somewhere around 200."

"Yeah?" I inquires. "She might be an eye-smasher, but what she's got in looks she lacks in brains. I heard of a switch-board plugger helping a friend of yours put something over on her."

"Talking about that deal," Hart remarks, "reminds me that all the actors except two are present—old man Witherbee and his lawyer, Prescott."

Both I and Hart glance towards the entrance. Sure enough, it frames the parties referred to.

"Tell you what I'll do," Blas says quickly.

"I'll bet you an even hundred Prescott is blowin' him to the feed."

"You're Kid Generosity himself," Hart replies.

"Hundred to fifty," Blas corrects.

"Not a chance." "Hundred to twenty-five — hundred to ten—to one," begs Glinky.

"It would be like throwing a dollar away," Hart announces. "Keep mum and be satisfied I'm paying for your feed without trying to rob me of a hundred cents. Why, that would be like taking money away from a tin cup tinkler. Old Witherbee wouldn't be here unless somebody was the angel. Prescott was elected—probably trying to get back into favor with him. I guess the old man must be pretty sore over the skinning we gave him. Prescott can't afford to have the Witherbee power against him in this metropolis."

"And neither can you, for that matter," I reminds him. "Witherbee's say-so carries a whole lot of kick behind it."

"Oh, I'm not perturbed about that angle of the question," says Hart, serenely. "The old man treats me with kid gloves."

"That is a song you might have sung yesterday, big boy," I replies. "Something happened today that must have hurt him terrible. Let's see what he does now." Witherbee's course lays straight by our table. When he gets on a line with us Hart gives him a bright nod and a winning: "Ho wdo you do, Mr. Witherbee?" The old man glares at Hart for a second, then his lips curl up at the corners in anything but a smile and he keeps on going—leaving behind him the sound of a word that has a mighty disagreeable resemblance to "swindler." Not only that, but he says it through his clenched teeth.

"Crawling crayfish!" Hart exclaims. "Some burning reception."

"Looks like you tore your kimono, brother," Blas drawls. "That Witherbee party sure burned a hole in your money." The Witherbee and Prescott interests settle themselves at a table near ours and proceed to take in the show. It's a slick the stuff the old man orders don't set his legal friend back a whole lot. You wouldn't believe it, but he calls for a glass of cow juice and soda crackers. Seems like if you want to figure big in the money directories you first have to learn how to munch that diet. Honest, now, did you ever hear of a rich man eating anything else but?
NOW you can Motor to Boca Grande

The picturesque highway to Boca Grande can now be used! For more than ninety miles you'll find it a singing ribbon of asphalt—a really delightful drive right to the new Boca Grande Parking Garage.

And there, your car safely stored, you may take the electric trolley over the railway causeway to enchanted Gasparilla Island, where the lovely, peaceful, dreamlike village of Boca Grande, pervaded by romance and legendary lore, will invite your fancy back into this island’s pirate days.

Boca Grande is a story-book village come to life. Its giant coconut palms, rubber trees and feathery Australian pines lay dappled shadows over its quiet, winding roads and will lend exquisite grace to the architectural loveliness of its homes—even the new homes will suggest the old French bayou and plantation houses of Louisiana. And its long white tropical beach on the Gulf of Mexico still tells of Gasparilla and his buccaneers, with its sparkling, murmuring tides constantly bringing in opalescent sea shells that whisper of ancient days.

This is the setting in which you will find every outdoor sport—golfing, bathing, boating, fishing. And here, too, the welcome of the famous Gasparilla Inn and the more moderately priced Little Inn, awaits you.

Distances to Boca Grande From
Tampa ...............................112 miles Englewood ......................... 20 miles
Sarasota .............................. 53 miles Boca Grande Garage ........ 6 miles

Electric Car Schedule
Leaving the Boca Grande Parking Garage, the departure station by electric car over the railway causeway to Boca Grande:
Leaves Boca Grande Garage Leaves Boca Grande Returning
11:30 P. M. 3:30 P. M. 8:45 A. M. 2:45 P. M.
12:44 P. M. 6:30 P. M. 1:05 P. M. 5:45 P. M.

For detailed information write to
BOCA GRANDE CORPORATION

Boca Grande

→ the Crown Jewel of
Florida’s Coastal Islands
MADE b e c o nvi nce d purchaser $3000.00 for t i mber lea se.

107 mi l es from Jacks o nv ille a t Madison S t. Phon e 4416 TAMPA, Flo ri da

This price is goo d until April 1st Then $15 p e r acre. W e will guarantee purchase $3000.00 for timber lease.

Phone, Wire or Write, Owners

BARNARD BLOUNT COMPANY

107 Madison St. Phon e 4416 TAMPA, Flo ri da

For identification: One Heart, one Diamond, one Club and one 2p ade—you can gamble on their performance!

The New Burke Golfrite—it May be the Ball You Are Looking For! And there's only one way for you to find out—test it yourself.

The fact that it took three long years of careful experimenting and testing before we branded it and said 'This is ready'; the fact that actual play in all weather and soil conditions, north and south, proves its longer carry and deadly putting qualities—these facts mean little if it doesn't make good with your own game.

So we say: 'Test it in YOUR game today.' What could be fairer—to us and to your own desire—to improve your scoring?

At leading pros and sporting goods stores

THE BURKE GOLF CO.
Newark, Ohio

BURKE Golfrite BALLS

75c Each

Proving Perfect Balance! A BURKE GOLFRITE is motionless on mercury—it must fly and roll TRUE.

MADE BY THE MAKERS OF THE INTERNATIONALLY FAMOUS BURKE CLUBS

2,500 Acres

12 miles from Jacksonville at $10 per acre. Price the adjoining land and be convinced that this is the cheapest acreage in Florida.

This price is good until April 1st Then $15 per acre. We will guarantee purchaser $3000.00 for timber lease.

Phone, Wire or Write, Owners

BARNARD BLOUNT COMPANY

107 Madison St. Phon e 4416 TAMPA, Flo ri da

I didn't. Prescott rings the bell by ordering a club sandwich and some bubbly water.

Tompus fidgets for a while and then, Hart suddenly remembers that has to get a wire off to an out-of-town prospect. There's no telegraph office in the building, but there's a phone, which is the next best think. He slips away to dictate the thing over Mr. Bell's device while I and Blas amuse ourselves by watching Witherbee make faces at the crowd.

Hart comes back seething with excitement.

"Say, if you get that muck kick out of talking over the telephones," I tells him, "come around to the Royal Palm tomorrow and I'll let you have a real delirious time with my switchboard." "Kit, I just ran into a plot," he replies, flopping down in his chair and leaning back across the table so that he can speak in a stacy whi-per with effect. "To rob the United States treasury of 1913 revnies?" I asks. "Let the boy put his story over right," Blas advises me, "and then you can see what sort of a story. He ought to have all the fun. Go ahead, Hart." "The telephone booth, you know, is right next to a window that opens on the porch," Hart says. "When I enter the booth I see two shady looking birds holding converse right by the window. The girl with a voice in her smile is long in giving me my connection and the booth, being one of those 'sound-proof' things, lets me tune in on the heavy stuff these two birds are circulatin between themselves. The moment I hear Witherbee's name mentioned, I forget all about my number and try to get theirs. "You should have left that to me," I breaks in. "I'm a switchboard plugger by trade and profession." "Put on the muffler," Blas growls. "Go ahead, Hart." "Well, from the drift of their conversation I find out these babies are planning to stick us Prescott and Witherbee mostly Witherbee—after they leave here. They're going to be in another car and when Prescott's car reaches that dark stretch along the bay, about three miles from here, the James boys will crowd it close to the edge of the water and threaten to spill the beans if Prescott refuses to draw up." "What are you going to do?" Blas demands. "Two things," Hart replies. "First warn Witherbee so that he can protect himself and, then, wise up the police so they can nab the stick-up men." "Take my advice and let them knock Witherbee off," Blas recommends. "They'll be doing a favor to the w orld in general and to his heirs in particular. Blunder into the thirg and he'll implicate you just to get even for the skimming you gave him today." "I've got to do something," Hart says. "Well, you'd better be fast about it," I tells him. "Prescott and the old man left their table and they're paddling a vamoose at the door, right now." Hart jumps up from his chair like he had sat on a sand-pur by mistage. With one hand he signals the waiter and with the other he starts digging in his pockets for some jack. He doesn't wait to hear the total of his bad news, but throws a handful of bills on the table and starts for the door.

"Hang around for the change, Kit," he calls to me. "We'll drop back for you after the fracas." "I like fun I will," I replies, tagging at his heels. "One sure way of getting me on any party is to tell me there'll be some excitement in it." "Lissen, Kit," he pleads. "There's no room for a woman in this affair. We're likely to get mussed up." "Pop your dogs, brother," I answers, impatiently. "I can stand a mussing just as much as you and Blas can." Hart evidently sees there's no use in
Lake County
Land O' Lakes
and Hills
Scenes at beautiful Fort Myers, "The City of Palms."

New passenger station of the Atlantic Coast Line.

The winter home of Thomas A. Edison at Fort Myers.

Bird's-eye view showing a section of Fort Myers.

An attractive home.

The bridge across the Caloosahatchee River.
SAN CARLOS ON THE GULF
A Magnificent Waterfront Development
Fort Myers, Florida

Bird's-eye view of San Carlos on the Gulf, reproduced from painting visualizing the complete development.

McGregor Boulevard leading to San Carlos on the Gulf. This scene shows royal palms in front of homes of Thomas Edison and Henry Ford.

Airplane view of Fort Myers.

Panorama view from bridge leading to Crescent Beach, showing extent of development work now completed at San Carlos on the Gulf.
PICTURESQUE ROCKY POINT
A natural setting for an exclusive suburb of Tampa.

Bathing, fishing, and water sports abound at Rocky Point.

Looking South over the Rocky Point Golf Club links, Memorial Highway in the middle distance.

The palm-fringed beach at Rocky Point is full of possibilities.

Rocky Point from the air.
Tampa’s Riviera

Bayshore and Highway Scenes in Jones-Blank proposed Riviera.

Beautiful Memorial Highway parallels the Bay

Sunset on Tampa Bay.

The Bayshore of Today.

Moonlight on Tampa Bay.

A Vision of Tomorrow.

(c) Burgert Bros.
DAVENPORT—AT THE PEAK O’ THE RIDGE
WHERE FRUIT AND FLOWERS. Joy, Health and Contentment Abound

Thousands of acres of 3 to 4-year old groves surround Davenport. These trees are 3½ years old.

A seven-year-old grapefruit grove at Davenport.

State-wide Beautification Convention in session at Davenport

A cluster of Holly Hill pineapple oranges.

Bignonia or Flame vine in full bloom at Davenport in January. Thirty miles of this vine have been planted.

View from the South Shore of Lake Charles on Holly Hills.

Holly Hill Inn, to be replaced this year with an eight-story modern structure.

Tom C. Dobson, one of the professionals at the Holly Hill Golf Club, making a long drive.
How the protective leaves unfold and expose the young bananas to air and sunshine.

At the "Princess Martha"
One of St. Petersburg's Finest Hotels

The Lounge.

Princess Martha Dining Room.

A Bedroom in the Princess Martha

Yes, We Are Growing Bananas in Florida

Commercial grove in full bearing near Winter Haven, operated by Taylor-Alexander

Cavendish banana plantation six months old at Peach Valley, near Winter Haven.
IN THE CITY BEAUTIFUL

A beautiful bungalow.

A Palace in the Land of Flowers

Hotel Roberts

C. A. ROBERTS’ HOMES, ORLANDO, FLORIDA
Lake County is the only county entirely within Florida's beautiful Lake Region. It is a county of fourteen hundred lakes and five thousand hills. To this country of great natural charm is given, also, the romantic beauty of orange groves. There is scarcely a lake but has a hillside grove and a home in the midst of live oaks, palms and the gorgeous flowers of the sub-tropics. Smooth-surfaced roads wind over the hills. There is many a lake-shore drive.

Lake County has everything that the tourist, the winter resident and the homeseeker desires. A glorious climate, and a plentiful supply of pure, soft water. Life out of doors. The best of fresh water fishing in lake and stream. Hunting. Golf. Motor boating thru a chain of beautiful lakes connected by picturesque rivers. Bathing. The growing of oranges combined with other fruits, trucking, dairying and poultry. Low living costs. Accommodations for all. Moderate rates. See Lake County and complete your conception of Florida.

For beautiful booklet and special information write:

S. F. WOOD
Lake County Chamber of Commerce
Tavares, Florida
FORT MYERS
"The City of Palms"

A Delightful Place to Live

To the homeseeker or vacationist Fort Myers offers ideal living conditions. A sunny tropical climate that is pleasant the year round. An advantageous location where the broad Caloosahatchee River widens into the Gulf. Charming homes. Wide streets and boulevards, lined with majestic royal palms. Every outdoor recreation, including yachting, motorning, hunting, fishing and golf. Finest tarpon fishing in the world.

Fort Myers is a wonderful place to make your home. It was selected by Thomas A. Edison and Henry Ford as their winter residence. Thousands more people are coming here each year to live.

Fort Myers is growing. Because of its natural attractions and because of its strategic location,

A Profitable Field for Investment

more and more arteries of transportation are pushing their way into Fort Myers. Railroads, motor routes, steamboat and steamship lines are making the "City of Palms" a main terminus of travel. And these are the things that build cities and make fortunes.

Fort Myers is growing—and growing rapidly. New transportation facilities, extensive municipal improvements, substantial private enterprises—all are making Fort Myers. And herein lie the unusual investment opportunities to be found here.

Fort Myers is a delightful place to live—a profitable place to invest. Come now to the "City of Palms" and participate in its progress and prosperity.

FORT MYERS REALTY BOARD
Fort Myers—Lee County—Florida
Architect's drawing of the front elevation of San Carlos Villa, the new modern Hotel of 150 rooms now under construction at San Carlos on the Gulf. This refined hostelry will be ready for opening before the 1925 season.

There are sound and basic reasons why an investment in residential lots at San Carlos on the Gulf, the largest waterfront Suburb DeLuxe on the West Coast south of Sarasota, should offer greater possible profits than the purchase of property in any other suburb in Florida.

Send for Booklet and the address of our exclusive sales agent in your city or vicinity.

SAN CARLOS
CORPORATION
San Carlos On The Gulf
Fort Myers, Florida
We offer some of the finest Bay Front Subdivision Tracts now available close to the centers of development on Hillsboro and Old Tampa Bays.

165 ACRES with half mile of white sand beach and one mile of asphalt road front, right in the turn of the boulevard on Catfish Point. $2500 per acre on good terms, subject to prior sale and withdrawal.

850 ACRES fronting over two miles of Old Tampa Bay, including all of beautiful Rocky Point, and entirely surrounding the Rocky Point Golf Links with 8000 feet frontage. Also three miles of Asphalt Boulevards. Only six miles from the center of the Metropolis of South Florida.

Mabry-Hall Realty Co.
REALTORS,
Owners and Agents.
P. O. Box 823
Tampa, Florida

Tampa and Twigg Streets
This is Tampa's last, large, close-in Bay front acreage

704 ACRES

REASONABLY PRICED

143 241 320

JONES-BLANK
REALTY CO.
REaltors
702 madison
TAMPA
"And I Will Hie Me to the Hill Country Where Beauty is Unsurpassed and Protection is Secure"

As in prehistoric times the harassed tribesmen retired with their worldly goods to the hills for security and in times medieval, castles were all built on selected eminences, so now the rolling country of the Ridge Section of Polk County has natural advantages which afford it undisputed sway.

The brightest gem of Florida's sparkling Orange land is Davenport, the Beautiful, which has a splendid lustre all its own. Situated in the arena of the Holly Hill Groves amphitheatre it is surrounded by 8,000 acres of orange and grapefruit groves, each bearing regularly its luscious quantum of golden fruit.

The above is the first of a fleet of White de Luxe coaches which will carry visitors to the Holly Hill Inn. Davenport—the Mecca of the tourist, the center of the sportsman's paradise, and the cynosure of all neighboring eyes. This coach now operates between St. Petersburg and Davenport and its accommodation is taxed to its utmost on its bi-weekly trips. Hundreds of visitors, some commercially interested and others on pleasure bent, come, see and are conquered by the charm and allure of Holly Hill Groves, 4,000 acres of which are now under cultivation. They see the Davenport of the future in embryo, the city of 30,000 inhabitants, accommodations for whom is now in preparation. A modern Country Club with a superb 18-hole golf course is a thing accomplished. Ninety miles of boulevards and avenues lined by beautiful Australian Silk Oaks and gorgeous Hibiscus will form the highways and byways of this veritable park city. Ultra fashionable hotels and modern apartment houses are in the course of construction. The residential district on the famed Poinsettia Hills is growing apace. Three million dollars have already been invested in the city by prominent business men and bankers attracted from 35 states and from foreign countries. A $10,000,000 subdivision is under way and already the sales have passed the quarter million mark. Nature has been kind indeed to Davenport, sixteen wondrous lakes, which in their setting rival the beauties of Como and Lucerne, and a central position on the main arteries of the State. The power behind the enterprise lies in the ten thousand acreage of citrus land in and around the city Emits. Come to Davenport and Davenport will do the rest.

DON'T WRITE—COME AND SEE!

Holly Hill Grove and Fruit Company

DAVENPORT

FRANK W. CRISP, General Manager

FLORIDA

We are platting some of our choice acreage in 5 ACRE UNITS and are selling at attractive prices and terms. Upon the purchase of one or more of these five acre tracts we will prepare, plant and care for same for six months WITHOUT ANY EXPENSE TO PURCHASER.

At the end of six months, if the purchaser so desires, we will supervise the planting and marketing of the product for a percentage of the net returns.

ALREADY DEMONSTRATED—NOT AN EXPERIMENT
Our plantations have received the highest endorsement and should not be overlooked by the most conservative.

For further information address

Taylor-Alexander Company
WINTER HAVEN, FLORIDA

The Princess Martha
ST. PETERSBURG, FLORIDA
Every comfort for the most discriminating patrons
(FORMERLY THE MASON)
New - Fireproof
250 Rooms - 250 Baths
December to May

Summer
NEW MONTEREY
Ashbury Park, N.J.

Sherman Dennis
Manager
Florida Lands

Have Increased More Than 200% in Value Within the Past Three Years

They will increase in value at a more rapid rate during the next two years.

Will you be one to reap this wonderful harvest?

9000 ACRES

In Small or Large Units—AT WHOLESALE PRICES

More than 16 miles of hard road frontage adjacent to five thriving south Florida cities—Daytona, Daytona Beach, DeLand, New Smyrna, and Sanford.

Tell us your wants—we have the size of tract and the price to suit your requirements.

PRICES AND TERMS on application

ASSETS Over $1,000,000.00

C. A. Roberts Real Estate Company

ORLANDO, FLORIDA
The Nation Looks to Florida;  
All Florida Looks to  

FORT MYERS  
"The City of Palms"

FLORIDA eyes are turned toward Fort Myers. Florida eyes are watching the phenomenal but steady growth of the "City of Palms". There is stability and permanency behind this growth; it is not a flash in the pan, but the lasting glow of the unextinguishable Flame of Progress.

A Barometer of Progress

Fort Myers is building:—
A new post office and arcade; a theater arcade with the show house to seat 1,500 people and office space for 65 tenants; an ultra-modern telephone exchange to cope with the ever growing demand for phone service. These are but a few.

The lure of the tropics is calling from Fort Myers to untold thousands in the ice-bound North. The lure of the tropics is drawing the Northerner from the chill wintry winds to establish his permanent home in Fort Myers, where he can bask in the glorious Florida sunshine, where he can entice hundreds of game fish from their briney haunts; where he can live to the end of his day in the land of eternal spring-time.

Fort Myers is truly the "Gateway to the Tropics". Here the stately royal palm lines the expansive boulevards. Here the coconut palm, the inhabitant of southern treasure isles, grows its best. Luxuriant masses of verdant tropical foliage form riotous splashes of color. When one realizes that Fort Myers is more than 400 miles farther south than San Diego, California; that it is 147 miles farther south than Tampa; one can understand the delightful tropical climate; a warmth tempered at all times by the cool breezes from the Gulf of Mexico.

Fort Myers Realty Board

Fort Myers, Lee County Florida
trying to reason me out of my stand, so he keeps on heading for the door. The cloak room is still doing business, but it don't get a play from us. We beat it out to where the cars are parked and get there just in time to see one drive away—Prescott's. In less than five seconds another draws away from the line and follows it. Hart locates his boat and we all pile into it. A car in the back of us tries to beat us out of our backing space, but we execute a speedy reverse and away we sail!

I'm no optimist when I say we made that bimbo, Mercury, look like a piker—and, from all reports, he was a pretty fast baby, at that. Hart had prayed for a chance to open up on the way home. He got it! The way we covered distance pushed radio to extremities trying to keep its rep.

Away in the distance, we see the tail-light to Prescott's car crossing our lane. Some distance to the rear of it, but rapidly closing the gap, is the stern glow of the James brothers' machine. And last, but far, far from least, we come, clipping off the miles faster than either of them. "What worries me most is not can we catch up with 'em, but can we hold the space until the stunt is pulled. According to plans, it would be a big mistake to scare the stick-up boys before they start their act. So, with that thought in mind, I reach down and snap off Hart's headlights. It's a risky thing to pull hitting a fast pace like we're doing, but necessity is the mother of dementia.

Pretty soon I get a mental jolt. The two cars ahead have come to a dead stop. I call Hart's attention to it and he slows down. About fifty yards away from them he kills his engine. A second later, he and Bias are off on a run. The last thing he says to me is: "Stay in the car till we get back."

"Sure," I replies, jumping down on the road and keeping as close to his heels as my skirts will permit.

They reach the scene of the stick-up ahead of me—long enough, anyway. To be grappling with the James boys by the time I get there. One of the boys is a nasty brute and knocks Bias on the bean with a black-jack just as I arrive. But by that time, Hart has put the other baby well on the way to slumberland. It's a pretty battle they stage and worth any man's money for a ring-side seat. The other bimbo was a bigger and heavier man than Hart and if he could have landed one of his punches right the honors of the conflict would have gone to a different victor. But he couldn't, because Hart was never in the place that he wanted him to be when the blow was ready to be delivered. Not only that, but he fagged easier and was primed for the k. o. when Hart stepped in and crashed his left into Kid James' solar plexus and his right onto the facade of that baby's chin. The remaining member of the James song and dance team executed a fancy dive for the road-bed that Annette Kellerman would give a week's pay to be able to duplicate in her tank.

Now that the shot and shell cease raging, Prescott figures it's safe for him to emerge from his seclusion. He steps down on the road and advances to Hart, pencil and note-pad in hand.

"My good man," he says, "if you will give me your name and address, I shall see that you are properly rewarded . . . ."

"Never mind those formalities," remarks a dry and testy voice from the depths of the car. "I know him well enough. Ought to! Nelson."

"Yes, Mr. Witherbee?" Hart answers stepping up closer to the car.

"This afternoon I cursed you for your mental and physical alertness," the old man goes on. "Right now, I'm blessing you for both. What chance would Prescott and
"The End of the Rainbow—Where You Find Your Pot of Gold"

YES, REAL MONEY!
Because Real Money is being made in Florida Keys properties—the last and best of America's Frontiers.

IN THE FLORIDA KEYS—
You have the Yachtman's and Fisherman's Paradise—the world's finest fishing grounds—ideally equable climate—beautifully attractive homesites—both Ocean and Bay water-frontage—a place where contentment may be found.

KEY LARGO—
Lying nearest to Miami will soon have the Causeway completed, joining it to the Mainland by Highway as well as by railroad—Development is amazingly rapid—some of America's wealthiest people are coming here—AND THE YACHTS! an average of more than 100 per day pass through Jewfish Creek drawbridge during the season—A Natural Reef Protects the Ocean side of the Island—In every desirable quality it offers—

THE LAST WORD

Let us tell you about it—We will just as soon as we receive your letter

EMERSON REALTY CO.
21 N. E. First Avenue
MIAMI, FLORIDA
Florida's Advertising Typographers will be pleased to have one of their specialists consult with you on matters of distinctive printing.

Tourist News Press
Publication and
Color Booklet Specialists
ST. PETERSBURG FLORIDA

"Dunedin—The Beauty Spot of Pinellas County"

"We Are Proud of Dunedin"

GRANT & SKINNER REALTY CO.

Real Estate
Loans, Investments and Insurance

Dunedin, Florida
We Invite Your Inquiries

TOWNSITE—3840 ACRES

For a Live Developer or Syndicate looking for proposition to subdivide there is nothing better in the State—price, terms and quality considered.

Location is exceptional—about 12 miles east of Sanford—130 south of Jacksonville.

Railway runs through the tract with station and townsite on the land. Also water transportation.

Land is of Excellent quality—level, open, well drained, fertile soil. At Sanford values have gone to several hundred dollars per acre.

This can be sold at a small part of the price of Sanford land and show big profit. Lots can be sold for $100 each, or 25 acres of land and 10 lots for $1000—Easy terms.

The price of this fine tract, including townsite, is only $25 per acre and terms of payment vary very easy.

This is also the key to many thousand acres of adjacent lands.

Let me tell you about it.

E. A. KELLETT 129 N. E. Second Ave.
F. O. Box 1644 Miami, Fla.
Safe, Sound, Conservative 
Florida Realty Investments

Millions have been, are being, and will be made by Judicious investment in Florida real estate.

Men of means, vision and energy — realtors, developers, promoters, investors—Florida offers you unlimited opportunity!

I can show you a number of sound, safe, conservative buys in the form of gilt-edge properties, acreage ripe for subdivision, downtown business properties, farm lands and residential property offering such amazing opportunities for quick turn-over and substantial profits as to seem almost unbelievable. Yet careful investigation and personal inspection will substantiate my statements and prove them conservative.

Included in my exclusive listings are a number of beautiful islands off the West Coast, neighboring those of Barron Collier. No property in Florida offers greater opportunity for high class development, or will pay a larger return on the investment.

If you really want to make money in Florida today let me give you detailed information concerning the exceptional offerings I have available.

Call, Wire or Write.

My Special Investment for the Next Two Weeks
Lots 50 x 150 feet on Sanibel Island, where prices will increase materially. Price—$100 each. $25 cash. Balance $10 per month.

DR. H. E. OPRE
307 Twiggs Street  
Tampa, Florida
palmetto leaves. On certain hunting trips and for shooting fish in shallow water, the Seminole still utilize bows and arrows, and thus conserve their supplies of costly ammunition. Each Indian carries a cork in which needles are stuck. He uses it to scratch himself and release the bad blood when he becomes overheated. He scratches his head until it bleeds with the claws of an owl to cure a headache, while panther’s claws and squirrel’s claws are also used as curatives for other ailments. Measles and the Spanish influenza have caused greater mortality among the Seminoles than any other diseases.

Each permanent Seminole camp boasts its oxen for transportation and farming uses, its hogs, pigs and chickens. A well, generally an unsanitary source of drinking water, is the water hydrant of the camp. Mortality of recent years has been highest among the women and girls. They remain at the camp and drink the water while the men are away on hunting trips much of the time. As soon as a boy becomes ten years of age he is recruited into the hunting army and taken to the Everglades, where he is taught how to stalk and shoot the game and how to solve the puzzles of the wilderness.

The predominating colors used by the Indians are red, yellow, orange, black, blue and white. Each camp has its distinctive dress and belongs to a special clan such as the “Bird, Otter, Panther” or other Seminole society. The beads worn by the Indian women identify their station in life and are purchased from the traders and stores, who also sell the unfading calicoes to the red men for their clothes. Each camp has its modern sewing machines which the squaws use in making the gay-colored skirts, shirts and blouses which the savages wear. These primitive seamstresses are expert dress-makers and do adept work. The Seminole camps are free from vermin as the Southern Indians are remarkably clean for savages. The Indians are advocates of double-barreled baths. They jump into the river wearing their clothes and wash their laundry and bodies at the same time. Only a few of the Seminoles have adopted the dress of the white man. Willie Willie is the fashion plate for the Floridian Seminoles, as he prides himself on his fine clothes of civilization. The Cow Creek Indians of northern Florida now wear vests and stiff derby hats with their shirts and flowing blouses.

The green corn dance of the Seminoles during the little moon of June is the great ceremonial event of the year. Clad in their best and newest clothes, the Indians gather at that time and give thanks to the “Great Spirit.” Their council meets under the leadership of the medicine-men and celebrates marriages, adjusts difficulties and punishes the Indians who have violated camp rules. The Indians’ attitude toward whiskey or firewater is aptly illustrated by the recent remark of a prominent Seminole who said, “Think so, white men many years made whiskey and sell ‘em to Indians. Now Indians make ‘em whiskey and sell ‘em back to white men.”

Historic Pensacola
(Continued from page 21)

Today Pensacola reflects the progressive spirit of the men and women, who, between 1880 and 1910, built the groundworks of the present beautiful city of Pensacola. Pensacola today is a city of diversified interests and its importance as a port is steadily growing. Three miles of wharfage is available for ship-side delivery of cargo to vessels of the deepest draft.

Pensacola is one of the leading coal bunkering ports of the country; it is the largest red snapper fish market in the world and ranks high as an export port in lumber and naval stores.
ADVERTISING ART

CARY-CRANE MOTORS, Inc.
Tampa St. Petersburg
"WE SELL PACKARDS"
Service Departments that Packard owners appreciate
Tampa Show Room and Service Phone 3547

BANK
Bank of Commerce
Member Federal Reserve System
Tampa

CAFE
Ideal Cafe and Restaurant
"Typical Spanish Place"
S. Serra, Prop.
1223 Franklin St. Phone 2182

FERTILIZER
FERTILIZER for
Citrus, Truck, Lawns, Flowers
The GULF FERTILIZER CO.
Tampa, Florida

FURNITURE
Tarr Furniture Co., Inc.
"Interior Decorators and Furnishers"
Tampa St. at Twiggs Phones 3643-4986
Everything In Furniture—Floor Coverings—Draperies
China—Awnings and Linoleum

HOTEL
ARLINGTON HOTEL
MRS. J. D. RUSHING
Weekly Rates Made—Family Hotel Large, Modern Verandas
1219 Franklin St. Phone 2264

INTERIOR FURNISHINGS & DRAPERIES
Interior Furnishings and Draperies
BARBOUR-WARD & CO.
Tyler St. near Franklin

INVESTMENTS
Real Estate Loans
Cunningham Investment Co.
504 1-2 Franklin St. Phone 2083
Tampa, Florida

LAUNDRY
White Laundry
1110-16 Tampa St. Phone 4567 2343
Tampa, Florida
“We Strive to Do the Impossible—PLEASE EVERYONE”

PHARMACY
COOK'S PHARMACY
702 Grand Central Ave. Phone 3646
Prescriptions Filled Promptly
Curb Fountain Service
Open till Midnight

REAL ESTATE

PARSLOW REALTY CO.
City and Suburban property, acreage and timberlands—farms and orange groves.
Parslow Bldg., 1002½ Florida Ave.
Tampa, Florida Phone 4957

TAILOR

WILLIAM KRUSE
High Class Tailoring Only
All Garments Made on Premises Under My Personal Supervision
203 Madison St. Phone 2784

OPPORTUNITIES IN FLORIDA:
Large or Small Tracts
Homes and Home Sites
Information Free

DEBNAM-DUNAWAY & CO.
106 Hyde Park Avenue
Tampa, Florida

HOOPER & BRYANT
Real Estate
Acreage, large and small tracts, groves, business and residential property, city and suburban.
Millions are being made in Tampa real estate. Let us tell you about it.
211 Lafayette Street

IF YOU WANT TO BUY OR SELL
REAL ESTATE
See
BRIDGE CITY REALTY CO. Inc.
205 Twiggs Street

N. E. JONES REALTY CO.
113 E. Lafayette St.
We have Best Located Subdivision on the new 100-foot Gandy Bridge Boulevard. 500-Feet from Tampa Bay, all Improvements.
St. Petersburg Office: 620 Central Avenue

TAMPA, FLORIDA
TRUCK and BERRY LANDS
IN TRACTS OF 10 ACRES AND UP

YOU SHOULD LOCATE IN BEAUTIFUL HILLSBOROUGH COUNTY
EXCELLENT CLIMATE — FERTILE SOIL — WONDERFUL CROPS

An opportunity to purchase a small farm in this scenic wonderland and gain that long sought independence. Soil will produce wonder crops. Cash buyers of products for home and foreign markets at your door. Low price of land merits your immediate investigation.

ASK US WHY
INTER-CITY REALTY COMPANY
205 Ferlita Building Tampa, Florida

Jacksonville's Whiteway to the Sea

563 Acres

Situated on Atlantic Boulevard, an eighteen mile, double, concrete constructed, illuminated highway (the longest whiteway in the United States), six miles from Jacksonville, and right in line of rapid development. This property is one of the finest subdivisions between Jacksonville and Jacksonville Beaches. Price $281,500.00. Liberal terms.

We have other tracts from 10 acres to 1000 along the Atlantic Boulevard and Waterways from Jacksonville to its beaches. From an investment standpoint these properties cannot be surpassed, due to rapid development now under way.

Sewell & Newlon
316-318 Dyals-Upchurch Bldg.
Jacksonville, Florida

Phone 6128

George B. King
Merriwether R. Steed

KING-STEED CO.
"Brokers, Not Speculators"
Specializing in Business Property, Apartments, Homes, Groves, Estates, Acreage
Investments
A Thorough and Dependable Real Estate Service
T A M P A

Phone 4049
Florida's Year-Round City 717 Grand Central Ave.

Modern dry docks, shipbuilding plants and co-related industries, coupled with extensive sawmill and wood working establishments, form the basis of the city's industrial prosperity. Pensacola, "The Deep Water City" offers opportunity to the manufacturer and the shipper.

Pensacola is distinctively a city of homes. Fifty miles of well paved, well kept street lined with beautiful homes, broken here and there by numerous parks, modern churches of all denominations, the facilities of club life, a school system the equal of any in the state, combine to an ideal condition of residential life.

Pensacola in her delightful setting on the beautiful shores of the Gulf of Mexico, with the clear waters of her bays reflecting the blue skies, with long stretches of pearly white sand beaches; nestling bayous that break away from the great sea spaces, and the expanse of 350 square miles of landlocked water, offers enjoyment of many kinds to its residents and many visitors—winter and summer.

Napoleon B. Broward
(Continued from page 29)

for 7,000,000 acres—or 4,000,000 acres more than really existed. The affair had ceased to erect a stanch; it was now laughable.

Broward came into office with one ideal fixed in mind. He wanted to drain the Everglades and reclaim 5,000,000 acres of arable land for Florida. The wild, submerged area was populated by only one Seminole Indian to every ten square miles but it was worth from $20 to $60 an acre if it could be drained and planted to sugar cane. Three hundred and fifty thousand dollars was available to start the work when Broward took office.

The governor's first act was to inspect the Glades himself, pushing his way through sawgrass prairie which lay from one to three feet under water. Returning to Tallahassee after his trip, he was convinced that the land could be drained for about $1 an acre. With the $350,000 fund then in hand he began work, designing the dredges himself which were to start work on New River at Ft. Lauderdale, then little more than a trading post. Ft. Lauderdale, now the center of a rich farming area is the county seat of Broward County, so named in honor of the illustrious governor who made its settlement possible.

Were it not for a rim of coral rock, three miles into the Glades which lie ten miles west of Ft. Lauderdale, New River would drain from the Lake Okeechobee territory to the ocean, putting 1,000,000 acres in shape for the plow. The task was obviously that of penetrating this three-mile sheel of rock which pent up the waters.

During the first year the Broward dredges chewed and blasted their way through this rim which held in check the Glade waters. Lake Okeechobee, fifty miles away, was the next objective. Later, canals, three miles apart, were then started and a low record of ten cents per cubic yard was established in cutting these ditches. The work proceeded on the canals at the rate of a mile a month. John Dunn, former engineer on the "Three Friends", sweated and swore at a dredge engine. Steam whistles screamed and dynamite boomed within a mile of the thatched-roof camp of Chief Robert Osceola of the Seminole tribe. The last Indian frontier of the New World was passing into the limbo of remembered things. The aloof Seminole retreated further into the Glades but the white man's progress pursued him and today the last and most unconquerable of the American aborigines has been civilized, or at least nearly so.

Up to the present time, over $12,000,000 has already been expended in draining the
At the left is a view of the Indian River showing the long bridge stretching from the center of Melbourne across this beautiful waterway. The Indian River is in reality not a river but an arm of the sea, separated from the ocean by a strip of land about a half mile wide. This fact explains why Melbourne can enjoy all the advantages of river and ocean.

All the Attractions of Ocean and Indian River

No city of Florida has a more delightful location than Melbourne. It lies halfway down the East Coast on a high bluff overlooking the Indian River, the heart of the city being within two miles of one of the finest ocean beaches on the coast.


In addition, Melbourne offers all the advantages of a modern, progressive community — excellent transportation facilities, thriving industries, good schools and churches, active fraternal and business organizations, fine hotels, apartments and stores, charming homes, hospitable people.

Melbourne invites homeseekers, tourists, investors to come and enjoy her pleasures and opportunities.

Chamber of Commerce

MELBOURNE

Brevard County Florida
Preserved Tropical Fruits

"From the Heart of Florida"

Roselle Jelly, Orange and Kumquat Preserves, Guava Jelly, Guava Paste and Guava Butter, Grapefruit, Orange and Kumquat Marmalade.

Put up in convenient size for home use. A line will bring you a booklet showing the uses of these unusual Florida delicacies.

HORN BROOK AND GIS T, TAMPA, FLORIDA

water from part of the 4,250,000 acres of rich soil which now comprises the Everglade project. Farms lavish in wealth, bearing up to four crops a year, on land that a few years ago was an inundated waste, and millions have already been produced in winter crops for Northern consumption. Three large sugar plantations, with cane mills, have been established. Roads are beginning to thread this recent prairie.

Two major steps are involved in draining the Everglades; first lowering the water of Lake Okeechobee to a level where it will not overflow its low southern banks and inundate the Glades; second, the drainage of the heavy rain that falls upon the Everglades themselves. The level of Lake Okeechobee has already been lowered five feet. This has been accomplished by drainage canals which conduct the water from the lake to the Atlantic ocean. The principal control of the water to regulate and carry away the surplus is the St. Lucie canal, which finds its exit to the sea near Vero. There are four other main canals. Since practically all of Florida is underlaid with an ancient sea-bed of coral and rock, which frequently approaches the surface, it is necessary to blast away a tremendous amount of this hard rock to secure sufficient depth for drainage purposes.

The St. Lucie canal is twenty-five miles long, two hundred feet wide, and has a depth of cut varying from fourteen to thirty-five feet. The excavation of 21,000,000 cubic yards of earth and rock was required in its construction. In excavating the rock, holes are drilled ten to forty feet deep, each being charged with about thirty pounds of dynamite. As many as one hundred holes are fired at a single blast.

The Everglades drainage district includes the Everglades proper and contiguous lands embraced in the same drainage area or basin. The total area of this district is as follows: Land, 4,370,096 acres, 6,828.58 square miles; water, 473,088 acres, 739.2 square miles; total, 4,843,184 acres, 7,567.48 square miles. The total area in which farming is now going on in the Everglades is about 1,000 square miles.

A railroad 124 miles long is being built by the Florida East Coast Railroad from Lake Okeechobee to Lemon City, a suburb of Miami, and it is expected it will be completed in a few months. It will connect at both terminals with their East Coast line. This road will serve an area estimated at 1,670,000 acres, of which about 290,000 are in timber, 25,000 under cultivation and 50,000 acres have been drained and are susceptible to cultivation. In the vicinity of Miami and Palm Beach there is a tremendous lot of agricultural development and dairying under way.

A road from West Palm Beach to Lake Okeechobee—the same highway referred to at the beginning of this story—has been constructed by W. J. Conners, Buffalo newspaper publisher. In making this road the marl turned up in the excavation of the West Palm Beach canal was used for a road bed. It has a hard, smooth surface, and when rolled and oiled, makes the finest kind of an automobile road.

During Governor Broward's term of office he vigorously prosecuted the Everglades drainage work, despite the handicaps under which he labored. The railroads fought him tooth and nail as did many other interests who would prefer to see the reclamation project carried on for individual profit rather than as a state business. It was Broward's dream to see Florida a state of several million population instead of the 600,000 souls she then had. And well might the fertile glade lands be put under the plow for thousands of Florida's fields are sandy, sterile, stretched, incapable of growing anything save stunted pine and sawgrass.
"A City Built On A Hill Cannot Be Hidden"

DAVENPORT

Sitting Astride the Main Arteries of the State
At the Top of Polk County’s Sky Line
Surrounded by Over 4,000 Acres of Grove with its Sixteen Lakes
Affords a Magnificent Entrance to the Great Ridge Empire—
Carefully Zoned—Restricted

Where Traffic Goes There People Go

The Paul Henry Organization will be glad to show you around, and
who knows? You may, like many others, be so delighted with our
beautiful lakes, rolling hills, wonderful climate, pure water, that you
will remain. If you can’t come, write for literature.

Attention, Live Salesmen!

Join the Paul Henry Organization, real, beautiful, honest-to-goodness
values to offer your clients—IT’S A PLEASURE TO SELL ONE
DAVENPORT.

High prices haven’t hit the Ridge—not yet—BUT SOON. They are
coming—get in now—Build with us.

ALSO SEVERAL IMPORTANT OFFICES OPEN
A real opportunity to line up with a young live-wire organization—
But you must be a real go-getter.
Wanted representatives in Northern points.

Write or Telegraph—Better Still—Come and See

The Paul Henry Organization
REALTORS
“Lakeview Club House”
Davenport, Florida
The best kind of Vacation with Opportunity thrown in
A Visit to Bradenton, Florida
“The Friendly City”

“Friendly”—making visitors happy—that’s been the fame of Bradenton for years. First of all a Friendly Climate, with the tides of the mile-wide Manatee River at the city’s front and the Gulf near its back to bar out frost in winter and moderate the summers.

All the hospitality and entertainment facilities of a progressive city and its prospering people to provide amusement. Tourist Club House, famous roque courts and tournaments, tennis, golf, finest baseball diamond in Florida and training camp of the Philadelphia Nationals. Attractive palm-lined residential streets, complete and up-to-date business district—all this is the outgrowth of the city’s location in the midst of a scenic and famously fertile country where prosperity has grown as easily as the year ‘round crops, a country flanked with a charmingly indented coastline on the Gulf and Tampa Bay, with beauty-spot islands and fine beaches—a natural playground and happy place to make a home.

A twenty minutes’ drive over a fine motor road to a beach nine miles long, gay with sport in the surf of the Gulf. Or ride to the placid waters of the great bays and join in the keen fishing or the boating and sailing. Or out through the famous and picturesque garden country of orange and grapefruit groves and fields with green, growing crops every month of the year, or the great forests and hunting grounds.

Tourist or seeker for opportunity—you’ll enjoy your visit. Comfortable hotels, a short ride to the wonderful basking beaches of the Gulf and Bay. Unexcelled fishing, boating and hunting. Fine roads in every direction.

Write for free illustrated booklet or any information.

W. N. MANNING, Secretary
Bradenton Board of Trade
Bradenton, Florida

In 1908, at Baltimore, Florida’s governor was an outstanding figure at the National Drainage Congress and was recognized nationally as the father of a movement the magnitude of which even then was staggering. Upon the impression made by the forcefulness of his remarks and his keen insight into drainage matters, the Congress made him its president. A president of the United States later called upon him when in conference over drainage problems and the nation looked upon him as a man who knew his business like a specialist.

Upon the conclusion of his incumbency as governor, Broward made an unsuccessful race for the United States Senate, being defeated by Duncan U. Fletcher. It was not that the people of the state lacked confidence in him but the fact that he had made many enemies by his courageous devotion to duty as he saw it, that accounted for his defeat. Broward had done a great thing for his state but in doing so he had antagonized the vast powers that have held Florida in the palm of their corporate hand for the past fifty years.

So Broward, the picturesque backwoods Napoleon who had battered his way to the governor’s chair before he was fifty, was beaten. Disappointment was the last cup of which he drank. Early in 1910 he again ran for the Senate and defeated James P. Talifero, but before the general election could confirm his choice by the people an untimely illness struck him down and the brave captain of the Three Friends lay still in the moment which should have been that of his greatest triumphs. The end came October 1, 1910.

There is a characteristic pose of the former governor, snapped by the veteran Florida journalist, Ralph D. Pain, that friends like to remember. Broward is standing erect at the rail of the Three Friends, looking seaward as the tug goes down the St. Johns. The occasion on which the photo was taken was the marriage of his brother, Montal, who now lives at Mayport, a pilot’s settlement at the mouth of the river.

Broward’s store-bought clothes are shaken out by the breezes in voluminous black folds about his rugged figure. The head is tilted well up and the eyes, large brown orbs radiating sympathy and intelligence, are fixed on the horizon with an intent gaze. The pose is that of a visionary, of a man looking far to sea for something—an era, an accomplishment, an undivided port—just beyond the rim of the world. But the big, brown hand that carved raft pins from water oak slabs is clasped firmly on the rail and the sturdy feet, cased in black bluchers, are steadfastly planted on the gently rolling deck of his famous little sloop, the Three Friends.

That is the way friends like to remember him; an idealist whose head was in the clouds, but whose feet were rooted in the soil from which he sprang.

Sponge Fishing
(Continued from page 48)

They celebrate all important festivals of their church with much enthusiasm and devoutness. But the most deeply significant religious ceremonial of the year is the Feast of the Epiphany, which by the Julian calendar falls on January 6th.

This remarkable celebration, known by our own people as “Greek Cross Day,” has already become so widely noted that it draws annually to Tarpon Springs an enormous throng from other Florida towns, and likewise travelers, churchmen, scholars, and authors from far parts of our country.

At the fleet is in for this occasion, every Greek, from grandsire to babe in arms, clad in festive attire. Remember, this is the greatest religious fete of a multi-feast-
The amazing growth of SUNILAND MAGAZINE is the natural result of a literal application of this time-honored proverb.

SUNILAND'S advertisers are reaping profits in proportion as they apply this principle to their advertising.

Write or call SUNILAND'S Advertising Department—they will be glad to help you plan and prepare attractive selling copy.

Plan and copy by the Advertising Department of SUNILAND MAGAZINE.
Art work by Morgan.

MORGAN ART SERVICE
TAMPA—FLORIDA
Arts For Advertising
New Maxwell Building and Largest Electric Sign in the South

PROOF of the pudding is in the eating, and proof of good investments is to follow the lead of big investors! Fort Lauderdale is growing—faster than any other city in Florida! Ten years ago a hamlet of one hundred twenty population, sixty-five hundred, had an investment of over a million dollars. Investments such as these are arcading building, ground floor plans, of which are incorporated in this masterpiece, which was established and is maintained solely for the golfing visitor.

41,000 Acres
Between Okeechobee and Kissimmee

—P. & S.—

High Prairie land of rich, dark, heavy, sandy loam soil.

Located on the Kissimmee River affording best of natural drainage at all seasons.

Grade for hard-surfaced highway through the property has been built, and construction on the Vero-Frostproof Highway, also running through this tract is under way.

Large Developments surround it on all sides, with consequent rising values.

This is the cheapest piece of property of like quality in South Florida

—P. & S.—

For full particulars write or wire, or better, come and see

Pierce & Stevenson
Wholesale Lands Exclusively
307 First National Bank Building
MIAMI, FLORIDA
The beautiful Indian River at Melbourne, Florida, is one of the most fascinating bodies of water in all the United States. In this tract we offer you a beautifully located property with 657 feet frontage, forming a natural yacht basin, and running back one thousand feet, all high and dry for clubhouse site, and comprising 20 acres. The Dixie Highway, hard-surfaced, runs along the front of the property, making it easily accessible. Melbourne, a rapidly growing city halfway between Jacksonville and Miami, is just two miles to the north. The price on this is very low compared with other properties along the East Coast. You will want this, and we want you with us, as we are desirous of doing our share in the development of this naturally beautiful site.

For Full Particulars, Write or See

DUNCAN & HALL
Specialists in Indian River and Ocean Frontage

MELBOURNE FLORIDA

-----

NORTHEAST SECOND AVENUE AT EIGHTH STREET, THROUGH TO BAYSHORE DRIVE ON BISCAYNE BAY

Aerial View—Southern Exposure

VILLA D’ESTE
HOTEL AND APARTMENTS
OPERATED BY CARPENTER

European or American Plan— Complete, New, Comfortable

A la Carte and Table D’Hote Dining Room and Grill

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 and dining rooms all details of housekeeping being provided and maintained. Rooms for maids and chauffeurs. Garage arrangements.

Your Patronage Invited

"A GUEST’S DESIRE FULFILLED IS A PERSONAL PLEASURE."

FREDERICK H. CARPENTER, Manager MIAMI, FLORIDA
Confessions of An Ex-Rum Runner

(Continued from page 52)

and was on my guard.

I forestalled some of his complaints.

"There's no objection to the use of your bunk, I hope," I asked him, "the woman is very ill and needs medical attention."

"And we head for shore now, eh?" his voice bristle with anger. "It will be very miraculous if we are not all picked up and jailed."

No doubt Sanchez' fears were well-grounded, but he was clever enough to withhold his temper and try to bring the schooner back on its course by the selection of soft words. In this he failed. We kept headed in the direction of Twin Islands with a bight of calm water between, that I was familiar with. During the night I sat at the rough salon table in a half-doze, rising to the surface of full consciousness every now and then with the sudden bang of tackle or a heavy slap of water on the deck, too drowsy to permit worry to keep me fully awake, yet my brain was seething with anxious thoughts. Sanchez, rolled in a corner of the cabin, had philosophically gone to sleep. In the wee hours the Russian girl came to tell me that her patient was resting quietly. She sat down on the bench opposite me.

"And now why don't you turn in and get some sleep?" I asked her, "you may have a hard day before you."

"Ah," she replied, with fervent appreciation, "you are very kind. Can you not rest and let me be the captain for a time?"

"Seems as though you are, at that," I smiled.

I told her it was a very tempting invitation, but that I must stay on the job, indicating Sanchez with my head as being the main reason.

"You have been splendid," she whispered, leaning toward me. "I know you are no coward."

I set her down as a clever but intensely natural member of the dispossessed Russian nobility, scattered to the four winds by
This beautiful spring is 300 feet above sea level, in the center of 400 solid acres; surrounding land higher than the spring.
Main line railroad and improved highway pass through the property.
A very unique and unusual setting for an exclusive Colony.

PRICE AND TERMS ARE RIGHT
Geo. LeFevre

15 Years in Florida.
Formerly appraiser for Federal Loan Bank.

Florida’s Best Buy
12,000 Acres

of the best Strawberry and Citrus Land near Plant City, which is the World’s Strawberry center. Railroad, paved roads, etc.

$50 Acre If You Act Quick

Write or Wire
Bobbitt & Keppie

Room 9 Scranton Arcade
Clearwater, Fla.

High Class Waterfront Properties and Acreage in Any Size Tracts

Lacey Brothers Realtors

Sarasota Phone 2286 Florida
Suburban Land At Bargain

640 Acres fine heavy land, quarter mile of paved road, 3 1/2 miles from center of Hyde Park, 3 1/2 miles from center of Tampa Heights, at $300 per acre.

This is the cheapest close-in tract of land around Tampa. It will increase rapidly in value. It is fine natural grass land, and is now ready to subdivide. Liberal terms to responsible purchaser.

Lamar Rankin
918 Citizens Bank Bldg.
Phone 2425 Tampa

DR. J. C. SIKES
Dental Specialist

The best in Dentistry is none too good. Have your dental work done by a Specialist.

It Costs No More

WE MAKE TEETH THAT FIT AND STAY PUT.

We use the best material that money can buy.

Telephone 74-667

 Offices 202-4-6 Ferlita Bldg. Corner Franklin and Twiggs

Tampa, Florida

TAKE THE ELEVATOR

INVESTORS—

Write or wire me if you are interested to join a LAND SYNDICATE

Box 1644

129 N. E. 2nd Ave. Miami, Fla.

Bolshevism. Her features were patrician, with a finely chiselled nose, sensitive nostrils and eyes set wide apart. She made me uneasy as she sat there, trang and unafraid. I resented the fascination she had for me and my susceptibility to her control, of which she seemed to be conscious in some curious way. Yet, in her beauty, her vivacity, her boldness, and recklessness of consequences, and her big heart, I could have sworn she was a daughter of the old sod.

She told me that she was a singer, and hoped to find employment in the United States where she might earn an honest living.

"And what might the lady's name be?"

I inquired shyly.

"Anna," she replied. "Anna Alexievna."

"With your permission," I said, "I'll call you Miss Anna."

The day broke, bleak and windy, a fine rain blowing. The shore was faintly discernible as a bluish line of pine trees. Later I hope to in the lee of a mangrove key and dropped the anchor. Sanchez was pacing up and down the deck like a caged animal.

"Mr. Sanchez," I told him, "you will kindly come ashore with us in a small boat."

"Not me, Senor," he answers emphatically.

"You have no sense of humor about you, Mr. Sanchez. Certainly you see that I yearn for your companionship. You will not be so unmannerly as to refuse me."

I stood straddled in front of him, my hands in the side pockets of my peacoat. In one of the pockets Sanchez could, without drawing much on his imagination, make out the outlines of an automatic persuader, so he gave a grudging consent, and accompanied us in to shore. Had he not, I was confident there would be no schooner awaiting me when my duties were completed.

We went ashore in the boat, the two women, with their luggage, Sanchez, a Greek boatman, and myself. Fortunately there was a family living nearby in a small but neat house with orange trees about it and a few acres under cultivation. They were hospitable Scandinavian foreigners, and agreed, with scarcely any hesitation, to take care of the ill woman. A doctor lived within ten miles and the man of the house immediately cranked up his motor boat to go and fetch him.

Thinking the matter over I told Anna that she was being safely landed as she was, she would be far better off than by accompanying her fellow emigrants up the coast and running another risk of landing."

"Now," I went on, "what you must do is to get word to your sister by telegraph, telling her where you are. Or simply get on the first train, at the nearest railroad station, and go up North and find her. Don't lose your chance. The other woman will be well taken care of from this time on, so don't worry about her, and don't tell anyone how you came into the United States. Talking English, you shouldn't have much trouble from this time on."

She listened with disquietude in her large eyes as she asked:

"And you will not forget the Captain who did just what you told him—will you?"

There was something of a look of pleasure in her face, a sudden confused glow of gratitude, and that instinctive recognition of a real friend, that set my pulse beating. Sanchez came to me suggesting that now that we had disposed of the ill woman, we should continue our voyage.

"Yes, you are quite right," I agreed. "We will be on our way in a short while now."

Well, I managed to get out of that mess alright. We landed our aliens and they were whisked into town and left to their varied fates. My pay for the job...
Wise Investment Buying In FLORIDA
Requires Up-to-the-Minute Value Knowledge

We Specialize in Assured Value Properties of the Following Types

INDIAN RIVER ACREAGE—
The section that produces the famous Indian River Oranges and Grapefruit, which always top the market. Mild Winters, bracing and invigorating, cool and delightful ocean-fanned summers. Ideal for an all-year-round home for the most discriminating.

ATLANTIC OCEAN FRONT ACREAGE AND LOTS—
The fascination of the rolling Atlantic is perpetual. Good locations are increasingly valuable. We have some very splendid locations at right prices.

COCOA BEACH PROPERTIES—
Just half-way between Jacksonville and Miami, with ideal climate, broad firm beach, ocean speedway, fine roads, beautiful tropical vegetation, and all types of amusement.

SOUTH FLORIDA FARM LANDS—
From Key West to Palm Beach the coastal city residents look to South Florida farms for their food-stuffs. We control sales of some of the very best.

SOUTH FLORIDA FARM LANDS—
South Florida’s Finest Residential Property

—ON—
Beautiful Tampa Bay

165 Acres—2,700 Feet Water-frontage—Mile on Boulevard

There is no finer residential section on the Florida West Coast than this 165 acres on the Tampa Peninsula. Here is land—high and dry—perfectly drained, fronting 2,700 feet on the Bay and within 20 minutes ride of the main Tampa business district. A beautiful white sand beach within 1,000 feet of the main ship channel marks the shores. A mile of frontage along the Interbay Boulevard makes the tract easily accessible to traffic.

Mabry-Hall Realty Co.
Twiggs and Tampa Streets — Tampa, Florida
Is Your advertising an expense or is it an investment
CORNISH Advertising Agency TAMPA
"we know Florida"

Fred A. Long
Contractors and Developers Equipment and Machinery
22 Laura St.,
Jacksonville, Fla.

Complete staff of experienced, technically trained experts (high type engineers). Equipped to handle all development engineering problems.

Graham Securities Co. Inc.
619 So. Broadway, Suite 26, Yonkers, N. Y.

Is Your advertising an expense or is it an investment
CORNISH Advertising Agency TAMPA
"we know Florida"

Fred A. Long
Contractors and Developers Equipment and Machinery
22 Laura St.,
Jacksonville, Fla.

Complete staff of experienced, technically trained experts (high type engineers). Equipped to handle all development engineering problems.

Graham Securities Co. Inc.
619 So. Broadway, Suite 26, Yonkers, N. Y.

FLORIDA FAVORITES
Are considered the best melons in the existence. Graham Islands in the Gulf will produce them. Also produce Home, Happiness and Health—for Homeseekers.

Riverside Highlands on the Hillsborough, inside the city limits of Tampa, are irresistible for healthy home-life. We will show them to prospective purchasers.

Graham Securities Co. Inc.
STOVALL-NELSON BLDG.
TAMPA, FLORIDA

"WE SPECIALIZE IN TAMPA'S NEARBY ACREAGE"

DRAKE-SANDERS REALTY COMPANY
614 Tampa Street Tampa, Florida

STEAMSHIP TICKETS
Europe—California—West Indies
A. L. Erickson, Agent
816 Central Avenue St. Petersburg, Fla.

was turned over to me, and I took the first train to Miami, and out to the cottage, where Jake, Goo-goo and Sun Yat Sen were on hand to meet me.

After supper, Goo-goo brings me my slippers and I sits down to read, while Jake starts to tune up the radio, working at it earnestly, like the sober squarehead that he is.

"Figuring on another booze cargo?" I asks, with an air of carelessness. "If so you can count me out. 'Cause I'm through—all caught up, both with the rum game and the sea, too, for that matter."

Jake dropped his ear-phones and laughed incredulously.

"De ole man mus' a had a bad night," he laughed.

"No, the old man didn't have a bad night either," I echoed. "But once and for all I'm telling you I'm finished. What do you find so fascinating about this job? You never meet anybody but crooks; decent people ain't going to have anything to do with you. And I don't know how you're going to take this, in fact don't give a hang, but every time I violated the law of the land, whether it be the Volstead Act or the Immigration laws, I have a darn degraded feeling that I'm sinking so far in lawlessness that I ain't going to be able to get out in a hurry.

"We talk more about it tomorrow," says Jake, turning to his radio again.

LYING in bed that night I got to thinking over what I had said to Jake and wondering if I was going to have the nerve to carry out my threat. Who put such ideas in my head anyway? The Russian girl, of course—such a decent little crumb she was, and so utterly left alone. "You fool!" I scold myself, "you're half in love. And you kid yourself that she'd have anything to do with a scut like you?"

Next morning I get up about six bells and tells Jake I'm taking the first train to Tampa, and that I'm liable to be gone some time. I had an irresistible desire to see her again, and just to think, I begins all over for the thousandth time, you left her out there in the sticks to take care of herself, and she a mere child, without kith or kin, and damn little money to talk United States for her.

On the way over I picked up a Tampa Tribune with a story on the front page of a smuggling ship with a cargo of liquor, cocaine and aliens reported off the Pinellas coast, with the Federal custom force helpless because of the lack of Coast Guard cutters. "A fine howdy-don'" remarks "Captain McSweeney," indignant citizen.

Further on the article says: "Immigration officers and custom inspectors yesterday were continuing their search for aliens—on land, of course—several parties having been landed lately."

"I could tell 'em about one," I muses. Then the article went on to relate how alien smuggling had features worse than the slave trade from Africa a century or so ago.

For more than a week I searched about trying to find trace of the little lady, and everywhere I was disappointed. I began at the home of the Scandinavian where I had left her and the Armenian woman; they both had left. The good people were hesitant to tell me all they knew, fearing that they might get into trouble.

The trail led back to Tampa, where I began to hunt through the foreign section, but devil a hint could I find. Maybe Anna Alexieva had gotten in touch with her sister and was now on her way to Dakota to join her. I didn't draw much comfort from that thought either, that I wouldn't ever see her again.

By this time I knew that I was hard-hit, and over heels in love, cuss myself for it, though I might. I gritted my teeth and...
Tampa’s Best Business Buy

Aerial View of Tampa showing location of this property in the heart of the business district.

Located on Lafayette Street—one of Tampa’s main business streets.
Size 35x105

For Price and terms, write or wire,

McMaster and McMaster

All Property Offered is Either Owned or Controlled By Us.

TAMPA —— FLORIDA
A Wonderful Investment

The last large acreage tract all within twenty miles of Tampa at a low price.

12,700 acres at $45 per acre.

Virgin pine timber estimated to cut over ten million feet of merchantable timber.

Over thirteen miles frontage on two main highways.

The very best of citrus and general farming land.

Liberal terms and six per cent interest on the deferred payments.

The most desirable large acreage tract available, for subdivision into small acreage estates and the development of a townsite.

R. C. RICKER
403 E. Lafayette St.
Tampa, Florida

determined that if it was the last thing on earth I did I'd find the colleen and throw my heart at her feet.

Another week passed by, and another, and I was desolate, for something told me that all was not well with my heart's desire. And so one morning, dispirited and blue, I picked up the paper and my eye roved down the column.

There it was, right before my eyes! A Russian girl, arrested in Jacksonville as a non-quota alien, had been tried by the Federal Court and a sentence of deportation passed. I jammed my hat on my head and was on my way to the depot, and Jacksonville.

It was Anna, of course. No, the immigration authorities told me, there was nothing that could be done. They were sorry. She might furnish bond and stay awhile in the country, but eventually she would have to be deported.

"And suppose I were to marry her, wouldn't that make her an American citizen?" I asked. "I just want a little information..."

The inspector smiled and shook his head.

"But the Department would permit her to go to a foreign country—at her expense, or yours," he suggested. "She might do this in lieu of deportation and in order to avoid the penalty of remaining out of the country for a year which attaches to a deported alien.

"Then," he continued, mischievously, "you could file the necessary petition to bring her back—as your wife."

"By golly, I'll talk it over with her, and if she'll have me we'll go back together and do Europe for our honeymoon."

I FOUND Anna in the jailyard, sitting on a stone bench with papers and magazines at her side. She gave a start as she recognized me, her eyes brightened and she made a gesture of welcome with her hand. She removed the papers and asked me to sit down beside her.

"At last I have found you," I said, almost breathless with excitement. "I have many things to talk of. I have searched everywhere for you."

"Tell me of these many things," she said, moved and smiled over a trifle so as to make room for me on the bench.

I placed my hand on hers. "Anna, do you realize that they are going to send you back to Europe?"

"If I must, then I have to go," she said gravely. "But I will go proudly, and not as one of common blood and common thoughts." She gave a slight shrug of her shoulders. "It should be best to remain, of course. It will be hard..."

"There is a way out, if you want so desperately to stay, but it will be an heroic measure," I told her, "it will call for the greatest bravery and self-sacrifice on your part."

She looked at me inquiringly but with untroubled features. I didn't know just how to proceed, but bumbled on in some fashion.

"You see, it's this way, if you marry me and let me take care of you, you can then enter the States as my wife and become a citizen, then..."

She gasped her amazement. "It is out of pity you ask me this! How chivalrous you Americans are!" Then with a quick transition to the gentlest voice, she continued, "Ah, my friend, yours would be the sacrifice. I could not accept it.

"Dearest," I told her, fervently, "I've been in love since the first time I laid eyes on you. Myself and all I have is yours for the taking. I'm hungering for you and for home, little woman."

The look of wonder returned, but with it there was the joyous recognition of the storm-tossed sailor who makes out the familiar flash of a home-port lighthouse.

OCEAN FRONTAGE
and Acreage are our Specialties

Ft. Lauderdale
and Vicinity is our Field

The World
IS OUR MARKET

In this fast growing section of Florida, where millions of dollars have been invested in the past few months, we have fast moving properties of real merit, and invite your inquiries regarding reliable investments on the South Florida Coast.

BLAND & DRIGGERS
Ocean Front Specialists
Ft. Lauderdale Florida

We Want--
Tracts of all sizes
for all purposes
in all Florida
Write or Wire Offerings and Prices
E. A. Kellett
Box 1383 Miami, Fla.
134 NE 2nd Ave.

PATENT and PROTECT
Your Valuable Inventions and Register Your Trade Marks Prompt attention. Superior Service
Lester L. Sargent,
Patent and Trade Mark Attorney
524 Tenth Street, Washington, D. C.

Hotel Jackson
Jacksonville, Fla.
Comfort Without Extravagance
Moderate Rates
Harold F. Hayden, Manager

In writing to advertisers please mention SUNILAND Magazine.
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-round 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 $5,000,000 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 Clearance House reported $156,764,841.87 in clearances in Tampa in 1923.

Tampa ships more phosphate than any other port in the world. A total of 1,021,946 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 $35,000,000 a year.

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

The following is a partial list of developments, achievements and plans: all of which have occurred, or will occur within this present year. We never knew any one city to accomplish as much in the same length of time. Can you not plainly see why all this development will result in increased real estate values; in which you can share?

Tampa has passed a bond issue of $3,000,000 for still further improvements.

Three beautiful bridges are to be immediately constructed across the Hillsboro River.

One of the South's largest and finest auditoriums is to be constructed.

Bayshore Boulevard, one of the world's most beautiful drives, is being lengthened several miles.

Miles of additional paved streets, water and gas mains are under construction.

Municipal docks and the estuary for deep sea-going vessels have been completed.

A new short and direct line railroad from Tampa to Palm Beach and Miami has just been opened.

Tamiami Trail, extending across state and through the Everglades, is almost completed.

Gandy Bridge, which shortens the distance between Tampa and St. Petersburg from 60 to 18 miles, is open to the public.

Funds are being raised for a new railroad to extend direct from Tampa to the Middle West.

Building permits last year exceeded $6,000,000.

Numerous hotels and apartments are now being built.

Plans are complete for establishing a system of refrigerated vessels to carry Florida fruit and vegetables direct from Tampa to various parts of this and other countries.

Development of three beautiful islands in Tampa Bay is under way. This alone is a $3,000,000 project, not counting a million and a half dollar hotel to be built on one island.

Numerous beautiful residential sections have been laid out and are rapidly being built up with handsome homes.

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__________________________

Street ______________________________

City __________________________ State________

Lloyd-Skinner Realty Co.
108 East Lafayette Street
TAMPA, FLORIDA
and knows that ahead is calm water and a hearty welcome.

WELL, we were married and did Europe, and it was amazing how much pleasure we got out of our visit to those old ports that before meant nothing to me but one drink after another, sandwiched in with visits to trashy dance halls, and ending by going to sea with a head big as a capstan. I was getting the first taste of decency I had had for a long time, and believe me, it agreed with me.

There ain’t much use of my romancing on, hardened old salt that I am, I hate to admit to being sentimental. The Florida real estate wave began to reach out in the neighborhood of my bungalow. I increased my holdings, bought acreage, sold it and bought some more. First think I knew I was a full-fledged real estate dealer and could keep a poker-face with the best of ’em in any big transaction. We moved in town to more pretentious quarters, but I still have a hankering for the old cottage by the sea to which I brought my little bride. We do go out there and camp every now and then.

Anna and I have been married several years now, and as I write this there is a young McSweeney crawling around on the floor trying to throttle the good-natured Sun Yat Sen. I was for naming this infant Jake, but the Misses wouldn’t listen to it, besides I’m still a bit superstitious. Jake, I’m sorry to say, is still a bad example—he’s captain of the Fooria and he got his job by wireless.

THE END.

Suniland Song Contest

(Continued from page 56)

SUNILAND
You’re A-Callin’ Me.
I’ve been feelin’ so lonely,
I’ve been feelin’ so blue,
There’s a place I want only,
And no other will do;
Suniland is callin’ me,
Florida, that’s where I’d be,
Land of flow’rs and honey,
Where it’s always sunny—
And I’m goin’, you see.

Chorus
Suniland, you’re a-callin’ me, Suniland, and I long to be
Down upon your shore, happy evermore,
Like I was before I left old Florida;
Don’t know why I came away, I’ve been homesick ev’ry day,
‘Cause I want to meet, and I want to greet
Someone mighty sweet, and hold her hand:
Suniland, keep a-callin’ me, Suniland, tell them all to be
Waitin’ at the train—I’ll be home again
Feelin’ mighty grand;
For my heart’s a-pin’ for the welcome sight
Of the sun a-shinin’—and I start tonight
I’ll soon be happy down in Suniland.

Eula Cates Oliver, El Paso, Texas, submits:

NOW THIS IS SUNILAND
Gee, folks I’ve found a fairyland,
Down on Florida’s golden strand,
And the sweetest girl to hold my hand,
Right down in Suniland.
There’s the finest fishing that I know,
And tropic fruits mid the sunset glow,
The only place in the world to go,
That’s south to Suniland.

Chorus
Come on honey, there’s always money,
Down in my Suniland,
Down where the south sea breezes blow,
Its always summer, this I know,
Down where the sweetest fruits all grow,
That’s down in Suniland.
The Home Convenient

What counts most is not how expensive a home you have but how convenient it is. The difference between just a house and a home lies in the joy you get out of living in it. Nothing has ever improved living conditions as much as the automatic conveniences now available for cooking, heating, lighting and refrigeration. There was a time when only the city man could have them but that time has passed. We are living in an age of progress.

The Skinner Gas Producer

The most wonderful of these appliances perhaps is the Skinner Gas Producer. This is not gas that comes bottled up in tanks—you make it on the premises from gasoline from a tank buried in the ground outside and piped into the house just like city gas. It is cleaner and hotter and a lot cheaper than coal gas that the city man uses. Gasoline gas is not poisonous, will not asphyxiate you, is safer than coal gas and does not increase your fire insurance rate.

We furnish the gas making machine, a Clark Jewel Standard Gas cook stove, hot water heater and Humphrey Radiant-fire, and install and turn the complete outfit over to you in operation. The cost is reasonable. A post card request will bring you full particulars.

KLEEN-HEET OIL BURNERS

Answers the home heating problem. Burns cheap fuel oils. Storage underground, outside. Perfectly safe, no fire hazard. No labor, no ashes. Fits into your present furnace or will furnish and install complete system. Write for full details.

THE ELECTRIC REFRIGERATOR

If you want a refrigerator box built into your new home we can do this work for you and fit into it a full automatic refrigerating system. Or we can furnish you a white enameled refrigerator with electric refrigeration installed in the base. Or we can install a plant in your present refrigerator. Electric refrigeration saves the bother and nuisance of ice. Costs less than ice. Complete literature upon request.

Write us for full information. There is no obligation. We are glad to be of service.

SKINNER MACHINERY CO.
The Home Convenient Dept.

DUNEDIN, FLORIDA
FENCES
For Every Purpose

Factory Representative
For Cyclone Fence
Everwear Playground Equipment
Circle A Portable Bleachers

KING FENCE COMPANY
P. O. Box 2903 Tampa, Florida

SUNILAND, MY SUNNY, SUNNY LAND!
I'm going back to Florida's Blue lakes where lilies float;
Where doves sing the whole year 'round,
And fish jump in your boat;
Where scarlet poinsettias flame
And red hibiscus glow;
To Uncle Sam's great TROPIC land,
Where sweet pineapples grow.

Chorus
SUNILAND, my sunny, sunny land;
I'm going to my MILK and HONEY land!
Milk from the coconuts, honey from the bees
Who gather it for me, from the flowering trees!
I'll live in a house 'neath a pua-pau tall
Orange and banana groves—I'll have them all,
Jade waters lapping on a white coral strand
Are calling me back to sunny SUNILAND!

B. D. Titus, Boston, Massachusetts, submits:
DREAMY SUNILAND
Far beyond the scenes of Broadway,
'Neath a southern sky so blue,
In the land of wealth and sunshine,
Sparkling in the morning dew.
There you get a kindly welcome
And a firm shake of the hand,
And it sort of makes you want to
Settle down in SUNILAND.

Chorus
'Way down South I'll live forever
In my Suniland so fair,
Where the scent of Orange blossoms
With their fragrance fill the air.
And I'll dream of my old sweetheart
When I took her by the hand,
And whispered words of sweetest love
In dreamy Suniland.

Cork Contest Winners
(Continued from page 54)

69. Two Tickets Rialto Theatre, Mrs. Thad Clark, 4817 Florida Avenue, Tampa, Fla., 16,750.
70. Two Tickets Rialto Theatre, Evelyn Nelson, Hollingsworth Road, Lakeland, Fla., 16,750.
71. Two Tickets Rialto Theatre, John Sherman, 613 S. Orleans Avenue, Tampa, Fla., 15,965.
72. Two Round Trip Tickets to Bradenton, Mrs. L. F. Ginter, 206 N. Fremont, Tampa, Fla., 15,950.
73. Two Round Trip Tickets to Bradenton, Adams Boat Line, B. Reid, 212 W. Amelia Avenue, Tampa, Fla., 16,775.
74. Two Round Trip Tickets to Bradenton, Adams Boat Line, Mrs. Clara Sparks, 6006 Central Avenue, Tampa, Fla., 15,943.
75. Two Round Trip Tickets to Bradenton, Adams Boat Line, R. A. Harris, 197 Cardy Street, Tampa, Fla., 16,780.
77. Two Round Trip Tickets to Bradenton, Adams Boat Line, Mrs. Alexander Abbott, 507 E. Francis Street, Tampa, Fla., 15,936.
78. Two Round Trip Tickets to Bradenton, Adams Boat Line, M. E. Lumb, 812 North B. Street, Tampa, Fla., 15,924.
79. Two Round Trip Tickets to Bradenton, Adams Boat Line, Mrs. Bruce Guthrie, 209 Fielding Avenue, Tampa, Fla., 16,736.
80. Two Round Trip Tickets to Bradenton, Adams Boat Line, D. W. Campbell, 206 E. Oak Avenue, Tampa, Fla., 16,802.
81. Two Round Trip Tickets to Bradenton, Adams Boat Line, L. I. Hollinger, 806 Franklin Street, Tampa, Florida.

Hotel Lassen
WICHITA

Make your headquarters at the popular priced Hotel Lassen! The Lassen is the ideally located, moderately priced Wichita hotel. Right in the business, theater and shopping district. Coffee shop at moderate prices.

From $2.00

350 FIRE PROOF ROOMS
Rate Schedule Which Never Changes

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Room Type</th>
<th>Rate</th>
<th>Changes</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Rooms, Lorratory</td>
<td>$2.00</td>
<td>$3.00</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Rooms, Private Bath</td>
<td>$2.50</td>
<td>$4.00</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Rooms, Private Bath</td>
<td>$3.00</td>
<td>$4.00</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Rooms, Private Bath</td>
<td>$3.50</td>
<td>$5.00</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Rooms, Private Bath</td>
<td>$4.00</td>
<td>$5.00</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Rooms, Private Bath</td>
<td>$4.50</td>
<td>$6.00</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

Large parlors: twin beds for two persons—at prices slightly above this schedule.
Grow Grapes for Profit

In a Few Years Grapes will Rival the Citrus Industry in Florida

Florida grapes come on the market weeks ahead of all other grapes and at a time when there is little other fruit of any kind on the market.

Florida grapes come into bearing 18 months after planting, yielding from one to two tons per acre at this time.

There's no long wait for crop or profit. Increasing crop each year.

Grape growers in Clermont district secured 15 cents per pound for last year's crop. Grapes are one of the most promising crops in Florida and will pay handsome profits.

Hundreds of acres required to be planted to supply the demand for Florida grapes.

We are planting five-acre Grape Tracts at

VINOLA GARDENS

Up among the lakes and hills of Lake County

We plant, cultivate and care for your tract for 30 months, under expert supervision. We do all the work. At the end of this period your vineyard is ready to be operated as a successful and profitable project.

Grapes Are A Sure And Sound Investment For Quick Returns

Attractive price and terms. For complete information apply

Clermont Hill and Lake Company

Clermont, Florida

For free booklet send us your name and address.
5-Acre Tracts Adjoining Rockefeller’s Property
18 Miles from Tampa
$400 to $750

Beautiful Lakes, Rolling Hills, Good Roads, Fertile Soil, Nice Homes, Electric Lights, Telephone, Wonderful Hunting and Fishing Grounds, With Nature at Her Best

A Combination Unequalled at Lowest Prices and Your Terms

BOB WORTHINGTON
511½ Franklin Street	Tampa, Fla.

FOR SALE

Modern, two-story house in good neighborhood—nearly new. Low price for quick sale.

L. E. PATTON
9 Sixth Street North	St. Petersburg, Florida
A Bungalow Home in Florida
FULL PAID—$400

A Unique Colony Established by a New York Business Man at Edgewater in One of the Most Picturesque Parts of Florida

On the shores of the beautiful Withlacoochee river, where moss-hung oaks lend witchery to the romantic charm of the winding stream that flows between forest-clad hills, a picturesque little community is already in the making.

In the midst of sylvan surroundings, where the mocking bird hailed the morning sun with his clear-throated whistle, and where the waters of the river flash back the glories of gorgeous Florida skies, Edgewater, Hernando County's unique and wonderful little city, is rapidly resolving itself into reality.

Here an actual town is being carved out of the primeval forest. All the conveniences of the modern city are being provided for the comfort and enjoyment of those who appreciate the pleasures and the privileges of living among these marvelous unspoiled hills of Hernando county.

Edgewater is located ten miles to the east of Brooksville, the county seat. It is on the Atlantic Coast Line Railroad, four miles from Croom and two miles from Istachatta. It is built on the edge of the Withlacoochee River, famous as one of the greatest fishing streams of the state. On the hills which rise with stately grandeur from the shores of the beautiful stream is the future addition to the town, to be known as Edgewater Heights.

Edgewater is at once an idea and an ideal. It represents the idea of a New York business man who conceived a plan to build among these beautiful surroundings a city that would offer to thousands of winter visitors to Florida an opportunity to live among ideal conditions and at the same time enjoy the comforts of home—all at a moderate price.

Many winter visitors come to Florida each year and live in tents—in tourist camps—just because they will not pay exorbitant prices for permanent homes. They would prefer to live in their own little cottages if they could have them at a reasonable figure.

Edgewater offers this opportunity. Bungalows are erected here among these wonderful woods and hills. The houses are well made, though simple in construction. Each is surrounded by a large lot, ample for gardening or for the building of a garage or for the growing of flowers or shrubbery.

The prices of the lots, INCLUDING THE BUNGALOWS, have been placed at an almost nominal figure—$400. The lots are 50x100 feet.

Besides the residence lots little farms are available for truck growers, poultry raisers, who will find ready market for their products among the people of Edgewater.

The recreational and intellectual side of life at Edgewater will be amply taken care of in the sports park that will be located on the shores of the river. There will be roque courts, tennis courts, horse-shoe pitching lanes, a casino for dancing and a baseball diamond.

There will be boating facilities, motor boats, rowboats and canoes, to permit the residents of Edgewater all the advantages of the fishing and recreational opportunities of the river.

You cannot appreciate all that Edgewater is and means unless you see it. Make it your business and pleasure to come now before the opportunity to obtain one of these remarkable home-sites is gone.

MOTORISTS: Don't fail to see the beautiful scenic highlands of Florida in the vicinity of Brooksville.

Go direct to Brooksville over State Road No. 5. From Brooksville, follow arrow-marked route all the way to Edgewater.

EDGewater Homes Co.,
Brooksville, Florida
Please send me more information about your Bungalow colony.
Name: ________________________________
Address: ________________________________
Florida Investment Acreage

33,000 acres in a compact, single tract, about midway between Sarasota and Sebring, in the heart of the richest, fastest growing section of Florida. Soil is principally extra good pine land (cutover), partly rolling, very little low. High character of soil is indicated by the fact that it yielded 2,000 board feet per acre on second cutting. Is near C. H. & N. Ry., and is crossed by hard surfaced highway. Is an excellent investment at $10 per acre. One-fourth cash; balance, one, two, three and four years, with 6% interest. An adjoining 4,000 acres can be obtained if desired.

Florida in the "Columns"

A friend of ours in Chicago writes: "It is not likely that any section of the country ever received so much 'uninspired' or legitimate publicity as Florida. The few clippings enclosed, collected at random from the day's accumulation of magazines and newspapers, will give an indication as to how Florida is looked upon from the outside. Note that five syndicate comic artists are running series on Florida. This couldn't have been done a few years ago, because the appeal would have been too limited. Variety, the amusement paper seems to think Florida will figure more largely in amusement affairs. Even the advertisers are using the appeal of Florida."

A few of the clippings mentioned above with a humorous angle follow:

The Fugitive Frankensteins

"Fort Myers, Fla.—Secure from disturbances, Henry Ford and Thomas A. Edison have settled down side by side on adjoining estates beside the placid banks of the Caloosahatchie River here."

'Way down upon the Caloosahatchie River, Far, far away!
Safe from the phonograph and flivver,
Hank Ford and Edison stay!
—From "Hit or Miss" column in Chicago Daily News.

Since Hollywood has fallen for orange pearls, Florida is picking a crop of grapefruit lavalières. Both stand the acid test.

Hank Ford is going to plant rubber trees in Florida and grow his own tires. If Henry will only cooperate with Luther Burbank the time will soon come when we can go out into the garden in the fall and pick the nice ripe tin lizzies right off the vines.
—From "A Line O Type or Two," Chicago Tribune.

Many Snappy Auto Slogans

The incoming tourists have, this year, brought to Florida an innovation in the matter of slogans. These are painted in conspicuous places on their cars. Many of them are rather risque, but some are undeniably clever. Here are a few:
"If you rattle, but don't strike."
"Darling, I am growing old."
"If this bus could talk, I'd be in jail."
"Chicken, here's your coop."
"One more payment and this car'll be mine."
"Sister, you'd look tough without paint, too."
"This car has put many a girl on her feet."
"The Uncovered Wagon."
"Wanted—Lady partner in Mah Junk."

But the best one read:
"Florida or Bust. Later—"We Didn't."
Manufacturing Site

About 8 acres in the heart of the city of Tampa with 1100 feet of deep water frontage on Hillsborough River. About 1500 feet of paved streets in the property. Owners need money and will make attractive price and terms. Do not delay. Call or write.

Precocious Child

A small Florida girl, whose father has been unusually successful in the real estate business, was sitting on her father’s knee discussing a new little brother, whom she regarded with wonder.

"Today," said her father, "a man offered Daddy heaves and heaps of money for little brother. Shall we let the man have him?"

The child shook her head.

"But think," said her father, "how many nice things all that money would buy."

"No," answered the little girl. "Let’s hold him until the tourists begin to come down. He’ll be sure to increase in value."

Seriously Speaking

This may not sound like a joke, but it really happened.

Two men, who had evidently been celebrating something, were riding a bus out to the dog races at St. Petersburg when one of them took a small mirror from his pocket and looked at it intently.

"What time is it?" asked his fellow suose.

"Thursday," was the grave response.

"Gee. I should have gotten off at the last stop."

Why Not?

A Florida man who was touring California in an auto ran into a Chinaman and thought he had killed the man. The Floridian rushed up to the first policeman and said:

"I’ve just killed a Chinaman. What shall I do?"

The policeman regarded him coldly and said: "Why bother me! Go to the court house and collect your bounty."

Lots of ’Em Didn’t

During the recent unpleasantness with Kaiser Bill the men in the censor department saw many amusing things in the mail the soldiers sent home. A boy from up North, who is spending the winter here, told us this one the other day. Knowing that it will evoke tender memories in thousands of ex-service men, we pass it on.

"Dear Letha," read this portion of the letter, "don’t send me no more nagging letters. They don’t do no good. I am 4,000 miles from home and I want to enjoy this war in peace."

These Americans

The Floridian

He knows that no loyal grapefruit ever squirted of its own accord.

He thinks those stories about submerged city lots are intended for humor.

He knows a Northerner when he sees one coming.

He has heard about a place called Southern California.

He knows how to spell Tallahassee.

—Life. McC. H.
Why Did You Come to Florida?

A Suniland Contest

Prizes as follows will be given for best letters giving reasons why you came to Florida.

1st Prize ........................................ $15.00
2nd Prize ........................................ 10.00
3rd Prize ........................................ 5.00
4th to 13th Prizes, each ........................ 1.00

People come to Florida for many reasons—pleasure, for business, for opportunity. The publishers of Suniland believe that some interesting information can be compiled from the reasons that many of our readers can give as to the inducement that caused them to come to Florida—hence this contest. Thousands of people come here during the winter season to escape the severe winter weather of other states and to enjoy the sunshine and sports and entertainment to be found here.

Some people have come here to find fortune and have become rich. Others have come here to die and are enjoying life more than ever before.

Whatever your reason for coming to Florida, write us a letter about it and help us to make this one of the most interesting and valuable contests we have had. Letters should be typewritten if possible and should not be over three hundred words in length. This contest will close at midnight of March 21st.

Address all letters to:

CONTEST EDITOR
Suniland Magazine, P. O. Box 2711
Tampa, Fla.

THE PUBLISHER’S PAGE

This issue will be disappointingly late in coming off the press and through the fault of the railroads. A car of paper which should have been delivered in plenty of time for going on the press according to the regular schedule was lost, and on March 3rd, three days after Suniland should have appeared on the news stands, it was discovered in Baltimore with still ten days to travel. Between our own feelings and listening to inquiries from news stands and subscribers as to why Suniland is not out, we feel like tearing up a few railroads. There isn’t enough paper of the kind we use in stock anywhere in Florida to print four pages of Suniland, the March issue will be printed, but if our readers will bear with us this once we serve of paper on hand sufficient to print an issue no matter how big it may be and the railroads can creep along in the future without handicapping us.

• • •

Suniland continues to grow more quickly than any other publication in Florida. Subscriptions are still coming in faster than we can conveniently handle them, with the second week in February breaking all records so far. During this week 2,334 paper subscriptions were received.

Tucked away in the safe are advertising contracts aggregating well over one hundred and fifty thousand dollars worth of space in Suniland. Over one hundred thousand dollars worth of this is for future issues. Not so bad for a magazine still less than six months old.

Commencing with March 1st Mr. George B. Gallup will represent Suniland in the Eastern States with headquarters in New York City. In a recent issue The Franklin News had the following to say regarding Mr. Gallup:

“A New Engander, of Welsh ancestry, Mr. Gallup has had an active career in magazine and newspaper work since the time, thirty-five years ago, when he went to work under Daniel Manning on the old Albany Argus. His most recent newspaper connection was with the New York Tribune. He is now an executive of the Home Owners Service Institute, Inc., while incidentally carrying on many activities (chiefly of an unselfish kind) as a writer and lecturer on city planning and housing. In Boston and throughout New England, where Mr. Gallup for many years represented the Cosmopolitan Magazine, he was an active factor in the Boston Chamber of Commerce and in the Pilgrim Publicity Association, of which he is an ex-president and life member.”

• • •

Mr. W. M. Walker, who for some time has been with the Times Union of Jacksonville, has joined the Suniland staff and will devote his time to feature articles.

• • •

Keen interest is being exhibited in the Suniland song during the closing days of the contest. Some of the best known song writers and musicians in the country have contributed their efforts to this contest and we feel very hopeful of obtaining a song of unusual merit.
Any Realty Investment in Florida is a Good Buy

Lake Okeechobee Gardens

Originally large and exclusive Southern Estates, Lake Okeechobee Gardens have always beautifully attractive. Now in this ideal environment, highly restricted and with every conceivable comfort planned, only homes of the most modern type will be built. Plots may be had from small lots to half-acre estates, and the prices are amazingly low.

Lake Okeechobee's Advantages

With two trunk-line railroads completed and another one projected, the new paved highway from Miami and Palm Beach to Tampa and St. Petersburg open, and splendid waterways available; with the best of schools and churches; with the highest class homes and homesites; with beautiful scenery and splendid boating and fishing, the rapid advance in values is not surprising. Fortune will smile on you also if you invest with us.

Let Us Send You Plats and Beautiful Illustrated Literature

CHAS. L. HENCK COMPANY, Inc.

DEVELOPERS OF LAKE OKEECHOBEE GARDENS

OKEECHOBEE, FLORIDA

MIAMI, FLORIDA

W. PALM BEACH, FLORIDA

NO INCOME OR INHERITANCE TAXES

By constitutional amendment, state income and inheritance taxes are perpetually prohibited in Florida. This is attracting many wealthy men and women as permanent residents, who are now investing fortunes in Florida and the Lake Okeechobee region. We do not penalize, but encourage, your prosperity.

One of the Roads Leading to Okeechobee
Manor Heights
Section
"In Florida —
An English Village"

WHAT THE MANOR HEIGHTS SECTION OFFERS:

This choice section of the Daytona Highlands development offers to the buyer, whether he be investor or home-builder, homesites so distinctively different from anything else ever offered along the Florida Coast, as to defy comparison. Manor Heights will be developed absolutely to the highest degree possible; it will be raised, in point of improvements, architecture and landscaping, far above the ordinary sub-divided property. This is no idle dream. The plans of the company call for an English Village that shall rival in serene beauty and attractiveness, the most charming hamlet to be found on an English countryside.

So much for the Developer’s share of the work. This, however complete, is secondary after all to the property itself. It would have been impossible to take any ordinary piece of Florida flatwoods and to have built thereon such an English village as will occupy Manor Heights; such a property would not have been adaptable. There must be hills, real hills and lakes, and a considerable variety of foliage. The hills must provide vistas across the lakes. All these things must exist in order that the property should conform to and provide a setting for the type of architecture here chosen; and Manor Heights possesses them all in abundance.

If you have ever made even a superficial study of architectural types, you have, without doubt, been charmed by the spacious, comfortable, English Manor House. Sometimes it is a large rambing affair, spreading itself over a lot of equally generous proportions; sometimes, it is a modest little cottage with high peaked roof and leaded casements, with a tiled or cobbled pathway leading past the sundial at the gateway. But always, whether it be large or small, it breathes the same air of rest, relaxation and hospitality.

The type is splendidly adapted to this climate and where terrain permits, as in the Manor Heights Section, is taking its rightful place in Florida’s architectural development.

The Eastern slope of Manor Heights commands a view of the great entrance from which it is less than two minutes distant. Being the highest land on the entire East Coast, it commands a view of the country for miles around. Prices at the opening are extremely low. You need only glance at the property to see the unparalleled investment opportunity it offers.