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A city bowered in bearing groves of orange, grapefruit, tangerines; its streets lined with majestic palms, oaks and pines; restrictions that insure perpetuation of the utmost in natural beauty, enhanced by the art of man, aided by unlimited means and supported by united action of the broad visioned men who are creating here a wonder city

"Down on the Dixie Highway"
Vistas of azure lakes, emerald hills and valleys, broad avenues, velvet-smooth streets and roads, high elevation (200 feet above sea level), purest water in Florida. Trunk-line rail connection, long distance telephone, telegraph, main motor route to South Florida and the Gulf Coast. And friendly, neighborly, cooperating people—this is Lake Alfred

"Down on the Dixie Highway"

Lake Alfred Improvement Company

LAKE ALFRED, FLORIDA
Farm Lands
Groves
Subdivisions
and
Development Sites

Brantley Development Co.
J. C. Brantley, Manager

Orlando Florida
10,000 Acres
Good Fertile Farm Lands
All Cleared
Within 5 Miles of Hard
Surfaced Road
Only 6 Miles From Orlando
$100.00 Per Acre
Write for Full Particulars

Brantley Development Co.
J. C. Brantley, Manager
Orlando —— Florida
Announcing

The largest, most refined and completely improved suburban waterfront residential development project on the West Coast south of Sarasota.

Located on San Carlos Bay, where every pleasure that delights the heart of the sportsman or vacationist is to be enjoyed. Tarpon fishing, motor boating, sailing, canoeing, bathing, golf. Seventy-five per cent of the lots in San Carlos on the Gulf are waterfront or semi-waterfront property.

Residences are restricted to the new, modern, colorful Spanish or Moorish villa-type architecture.

Sixty, eighty and one hundred foot streets and boulevards, with paving, curbing, sidewalks and parkways.

Free title policy with every lot.

Watch for newspaper announcement of inaugural sale in all cities of Florida. Write for booklet.
San Carlos

On the Gulf

As Nature made it, San Carlos on the Gulf has no rival. With its development completed, San Carlos will defy comparison.

San Carlos Corporation
San Carlos On The Gulf

Fort Myers, Florida
Beautiful Lake Marian
---where its June in January
Among The Scenic Highlands

Just half-way between the Atlantic and Gulf—where summer is tempered by cool salt breezes from these great bodies of water, where winter is made balmy by tropical climate and Gulf Stream: health and happiness is most assured—

LOCATED IN "IMPERIAL POLK COUNTY"

400 MILES OF VELVET HIGHWAYS

SCENE ON BEAUTIFUL LAKE MARIAN

Early day evidences indicate the Red Man, possibly Osceola and his tribes, camped on the banks of this lake at the very spot you are looking at. Today we are preparing it for you, building a town site with wide Boulevards, Lake Shore Drives, Parkways, Golf Course, Athletic field, and Public Play Grounds.

3000 Acres in Our Tract Offer Many Opportunities for the homeseeker, professional or business man. Land very desirable for Citrus Groves, Oranges, Grapefruit, Limes, Lemons, Bananas, Avocado Pears, Berries and for the growing of early market vegetables, can be selected from this magnificent acreage. The raising of poultry and dairying can be carried on without interruption to these other enterprises.

We have a highly developed country, the richest county per capita, based on real estate values, in the United States.

Come while you can still buy at low prices and easy terms. Better do it now. Prices are at their lowest. Look at the map. Some day, not far off, you can take a boat at Lake Marian and go to the Atlantic Ocean for a week end pleasure trip, or take a B-line auto highway from St. Petersburg, Tampa, Lake Marian to Melbourne on the East Coast. All paved now, but 45 miles.

Lake Marian Groves Corporation

OUR PROPERTIES WILL MEET YOUR APPROVAL—YOUR TITLE IS GUARANTEED.

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

FRANK G. HUGHES, Director of Sales
Winter Haven, Florida
This attractive bungalow on hill overlooking Twin Lakes, all conveniences, trees and shrubs, lot 140x150, $3250.00. Write today.

Seeking Home Life in Florida, rather than being confined in hotels, caused a group of congenial people to seek and find at Hesperides an ideal setting for their community on a fine covered hill rising high above a sparkling lake, near the modern city of Lake Wales, on the hard road and railway, we have all the conveniences of Town amidst the beauty of Country.

Mountain Lake Club, Babson Park and Highland Park are close by. Not only may you enjoy your half acre villa site, beautified with palms and flowers, but a few acres of vineyard or grove cared for by our efficient organization, will pay for your winter’s outing and afford a new interest in the life out-of doors.

A really fine golf course, gamey bass fishing, quail and duck shooting or the water sports if you please, will renew youth in any man. Hesperides Estates offer the very best at a moderate investment. It’s a charming place for conservative people.

Our booklet sent upon request.

Large investors will appreciate a dependable service. The large tracts we offer are low cost per acre. State-wide service and reports.

Correspondence with Northern realtors is requested.

You are invited to investigate, and be our guest while so doing.

Wm. Dudley Putnam, owner


Tampa Office: 311 Franklin Street.
With the whole world to choose from, and with ample finances to enable her to locate an estate which fulfilled her highest ideals, Mrs. Potter Palmer selected the present site of Sunset Park because of its

- Natural Beauty
- Landscaping Possibilities
- Attractive Beaches
- Luxuriant Vegetation

Today you can enjoy these natural advantages together with all modern improvements and the association of people of standing such as highly restricted neighborhoods always attract, and in addition profit by

- Enhancing Value
- Safe Security
- Permanent Investment
- Strategic Location

A cordial invitation to call at our office is extended to you, and without obligation in any way we shall be pleased to show you our development and explain our elaborate plans for the future comfort and profit of our buyers.
SENTINELS OF MOSS-DRAPEP PINES GUARD MIRROR LAKE
ST. PETERSBURG—The Sunshine City

1—St. Petersburg Yacht Club and yacht basin. 2—Homes along the North Shore. 3—Princess Martha and Suwannee Hotels. 4—Feeding the pigeons in Williams Park. 5—Many magnificent yachts visit the Sunshine City. 6—Airplane view of the downtown section. 7—Palm-lined streets and well-kept lawns are found everywhere. 8—Williams Park is thronged with winter visitors all day long. 9—Central Avenue is a busy thoroughfare. 10—Serenos Hotel, one of the city's million-dollar hotels.
Publicity Hounds

PRINTERS' Ink, in a recent issue, predicts that Press Agents are in for a long, hard winter and goes on to imply that all hasn't been "beer and skittles" so to speak, with these publicity hounds of the craft, lately. Readers are becoming intolerant of the methods employed by some, to steal that part of a publication for advertising purposes which does not rightfully belong to them, and editors are getting hard-boiled about the matter. Printer's Ink states that a great many press agents now have time on their hands and have been reduced to the necessity of press agentrying themselves, but states: Even press-agency itself can't bring prosperity to the press agent." Speaking for Suniland, it doesn't make much difference to us as far as some of them are concerned, if they even have to go to chopping wood or digging ditches to keep the wolf from the door.

Florida, as is natural in a State that is developing so rapidly, is infested, particularly during the winter months with men, and women too, whose sole purpose in life is to cram into publications, booster material, propaganda and publicity regarding some development, individual or concern by whom they are employed. Stuff that readers don't want and are getting weary of seeing, and if anyone for one moment thinks that the reader does not know how to differentiate between genuine editorial matter and press agentry publicity, let them pick one hundred magazine or newspaper readers at random and put the question to them. Many a new publication, with a good field and bright prospects for a successful future, has been ruined through the efforts of these enterprising burglars of the printed page, and because the publication management did not have the courage of its convictions, for few editors willingly give up space in their publications to something which they know their readers do not want. In the instances where press agency has caused their failure, and we can point out many of them, they have thought it necessary to sell out the editorial columns in order to keep on the good side of some advertiser, whereas if they only knew it, by adopting a different course, in a short while the advertiser would be running circles around the publication in order to keep on the good side of it.

Florida has more than its quota of press agents, particularly just now, and hardly a day goes by that Suniland does not receive a full barrage from their guns. If we printed half of the material they send us we would soon be in receipt of another attack from our readers that would kill us as dead as the proverbial doormail. We predict that there is coming a new era in the publication field in which the press agent will be as extinct as the dinosaur. One of the reasons for this is that we are getting too many publications and only those which maintain genuine reader interest will survive.

Perhaps we should modify our statement somewhat by saying that many press agents have served a useful purpose and a good deal of the reading matter they have fed to publications has been of considerable interest to readers. These remarks are also not directed to those people who seek free space for some worthy cause or purpose. There are some efforts to which a certain amount of space should be devoted, and which belongs in the classification of propaganda or advertising, at no cost to those seeking it. This applies, of course, mostly to newspapers. What we particularly object to in Suniland is the advertiser who buys a page for advertising and expects several reading pages, boosting the thing he advertises, to go with it.

The advertising and editorial departments of Suniland are not very well acquainted with each other, and this with malice aforethought and design. It is a pet theory of ours that the two departments are, the more valuable Suniland will be to both our advertisers and readers. The editorial policy of Suniland is that this is a readers magazine and the more we make it so, the more valuable it will be as an advertising medium. The advertising department has a certain amount of white space to sell—to advertisers, and the editorial department has a certain amount of white space to fill—for readers. These departments are dependent upon each other. Advertisers must have readers and circulation alone won't support the kind of reading matter readers want nowadays to make advertising worth while. So far our theory is working splendidly to the proven advantage of both readers and advertisers, but it takes a good deal of nerve to refuse to print some of the things our advertisers want us to, and only recently we have had to refuse several rather large advertising accounts because we would not also sell our editorial pages. As we said, the two departments are dependent and yet it is a strange analogy that they become more and more independent by working independently of each other.

We don't need professional press agents in Florida. All we need to do is to bring people to Florida for the first time. They will come back again or stay permanently without any further urging. Florida sells herself if properly presented, and Suniland is striving to do this very thing in the best possible manner without thinking for one moment that we have reached perfection by any means. But we have impressed a number of readers, as for instance, a man from Wisconsin who purchased a copy of Suniland in Miami. He said only a few days ago to a representative of Suniland: "I have read everything in Suniland from cover to cover including the advertisements, and the thing I like about it is, that you people give us information about every part of Florida, instead of being a mere propaganda sheet for a particular section, and you leave it to the readers' common sense to decide where he wants to go."

A number of our readers appreciate Suniland for the same reason that the man from Wisconsin does, and when readers grow fond of a magazine they will go out of their way to do business with the concerns that advertise in a legitimate way in its pages. We wish every advertiser would put this thought in their pipes and smoke it out for what it is worth. Then let us run our editorial pages in our own way and we will guarantee to bring more people to Florida than any other medium now being employed, and to give to our advertisers far better results than they could otherwise hope to enjoy. This is no idle boast, for only yesterday a recent arrival in Florida for the first time said: "If I had only seen Suniland five years ago, I would have been in Florida from then on."

We feel that the amazing success of Suniland in such a short space of time has been mainly due to the rigid ad-
herence of the editorial policy as above outlined, for where we lose one advertiser by reason of it, we gain ten others who appreciate the purpose behind it and its value to them.

More About Florida Taxes

We devoted our editorial pages last month to the recent amendment to the Florida Constitution to prohibit state income and inheritance taxes, deeming this the most important hurdle broken in recent years. Recently The Florida National Bank of Jacksonville has issued a booklet entitled “Tax Legislation in Florida.” This booklet gives some valuable data regarding taxation in Florida as well as information regarding the process necessary for establishing residence in this state and advises people who wish to do this to actually own homes in Florida and establish their heirs may enjoy comfort to their families here. One or two paragraphs from this booklet are particularly interesting and we are quoting them herewith:

“Taxes have never been popular, and in recent years many new methods of raising taxes have been devised, each one less popular than the old. Florida has been the first and, so far, the only state to turn back and actually reduce the tax burden placed upon its citizens. The program of tax legislation which the citizens of Florida have adopted does not appeal to the very rich alone, but has an even stronger appeal to the men of more modest means who are striving to increase their fortunes that they may be happy and comfortable in old age and that their heirs may enjoy comforts which to them were denied. "In Florida the cost of state administration is so low that it is not necessary to raise large amounts by taxation. Florida has no state debt other than a small amount held by the school fund, and under its constitution the state can not incur any further indebtedness. There are no expensive and high salaried commissions to be maintained and Florida always has been free from any suggestion of the misuse of public funds.

"Florida is in an ideal position, in that a very small portion of the state has been developed. Probably not more than 10 per cent of the total acreage within the state is being used for productive purposes. The citizens feel that by being fair in the matter of taxation, the highest type of American citizens will be attracted to Florida."

Florida Orange Festival

We note with much interest that the Polk County Orange Festival is to be perpetuated and will be held again during January 28 to 31 inclusive at Winter Haven. Plans have been made by the committees in charge of this Festival to increase the facilities and to make it a much larger and more spectacular affair than it was last year.

Winter Haven is a very logical place in which to hold an annual orange festival, being situated as it is, in the midst, not only of one of the most attractive parts of Florida, but also in the center of one of the most important and prosperous citrus sections of this State.

It would be splendid indeed if this Orange Festival could be developed into a really big annual exhibition of the Florida Citrus Industry; one that would rival or outdo the magnificent orange festivals which are put on every year in California, and which do much to advertise the citrus fruits of that State, and attract many thousands of winter visitors from all parts of the country. This brings us to the two big reasons why Florida should develop an important orange festival every year. The citrus industry of this State has been estimated to be worth four hundred million dollars. Certain an industry as huge as this deserves some sort of a celebration once a year and needs the advertising that is attendant upon affairs of this kind. Floridians should think enough of the citrus industry of this State to want to get together once a year and show just how much it amounts to. Then too, it would form a very acceptable entertainment to the hundreds of thousands of visitors to Florida at a time when the Tourist season is at its height, and would become one of the most pleasant memories to many, of their visit to this State and thus the citrus industry of Florida would be more talked about over the country than ever.

Florida has been rather backward in the matter of promoting and supporting a citrus festival of sufficient magnitude and importance as to be worthwhile to the entire industry, but we hope that this day of seeming indifference to a project that could be made of inestimable value to the industry, is over and that the Polk County Orange Festival will develop into a Florida Orange Festival that will be known the world over for its beauty and appeal as well as economic value.

Business Continues Good in Florida

During the past year Florida has maintained a splendid business record in the comparative business charts published by various financial magazines. It is most encouraging to note that in the chart published by The Nation’s Business magazine covering business conditions for December, Florida is all white and that it is the only State in the Country which is all white. Most of the South is rated as fair, but Florida is rated good and is again to be congratulated.

Don’t miss the two big cash prize contests announced in this number of Suniland. We are very anxious to obtain a really good Florida song and we believe that readers will enjoy finding an appropriate title for the cover picture.
A NARRATIVE HISTORY
of ST. PETERSBURG

By KARL H. GRISMER

In order to tell about the founding and growth of St. Petersburg, it is necessary to tell something of the people who inhabited the lower end of Pinellas Peninsula long before St. Petersburg was even conceived.

There is evidence to support the statement that this part of Florida was inhabited long before the coming of the white man. This evidence is furnished by the numerous shell mounds which can still be found around St. Petersburg. Ethnologists who have dug into the mounds say that there is no doubt but that they were made by man. Carved shells, weapons made from wood and stone, crude jars and bowls, and numerous other articles have been unearthed, together with human skeletons.

The mounds were evidently made for various purposes. A number were apparently fortifications. Others were used as burial places for the dead. Still others probably were nothing more than places where the savages gathered to eat their shell fish, the heap of discarded shells being built up through the countless years.

Old settlers say there were originally six or seven mounds in the vicinity of Sixth avenue south, where Shell Mound Park has since been established. All except one of the mounds were destroyed when the early city fathers hauled away the shells for use on streets and sidewalks. Although most of the mounds within the city were leveled in the same way, many still remain on Weedon’s Island, Pinellas Point, Maximo Point, the Jungle, Pine Key and elsewhere.

These mounds, many of which are very large, prove that the savages must have been very numerous and must have lived here for hundreds of years. Perhaps they lived on the peninsula the year round; perhaps they migrated here each winter from the North, seeking a balmy climate. In either case, they must have found the peninsula to their liking and lingered, just as the visitors do today.

Discoveries made recently seem to prove beyond doubt that both Panfilo de Narvaez and Ferdinand de Soto set foot upon the lower end of Pinellas Peninsula in their explorations of the West Coast of Florida. Excavations made during the winter of 1923-24 on Weedon’s Island under the direction of Dr. J. Walter Fewkes, chief of the Bureau of American Ethnology of the Smithsonian Institute, provide convincing proof that at least one of the Spanish explorers must have landed on the island. Many dishes and crocks of Spanish origin were unearthed, as well as Spanish weapons and a number of skeletons of white men.

It is believed that a number of Spaniards later lived on Pinellas Peninsula, but there is no definite information regarding where they came or when and why they left. A number of old Spanish coins, dated around 1800, have been found on Long Key, and there is a tradition that an exiled Spanish nobleman lived on this island in the Gulf for many years. It is said that the Spanish settlers gave Spanish names to some of the islands and points on the mainland. Point Pinellas, for instance, was called Punta Pinal, meaning Point of Pines. These names might have been given, of course, by the Spanish explorers and map-makers, but the belief that they were named by early Spanish settlers is equally plausible.

The first known settler on the lower end of Pinellas Peninsula was Antonio Maximo. In 1843 Maximo secured a land grant from the United States government for services during the Seminole War and established a fish “ranch” at the lower end of the peninsula, now called Maximo Point. Three years later another fishery was located on one of the keys below the peninsula by William Bunce. Maximo and Bunce did a good business in supplying fish for the Cuban market until both of their ranches were destroyed by the hurricanes of 1848.

The first house on the lower end of the peninsula was built by James R. Hay, who came here in 1856 to look after the cattle and hogs of the old Tampa stockmen. He fenced in a small tract at what is now Lakeview avenue and Twentieth street to raise truck for the Tampa market. A little later he built his home of rough hewn pine timber. In 1857, Abel Miranda settled at Big Bayou, about four miles south of the present St. Petersburg, and two years later John C. Bethell settled nearby on Little Bayou. Shortly afterwards, Miranda and Bethell established a fishery at Maximo.

The value of property on the point in those early days is indicated by the fact that in 1860 Hay sold his house and most of his land, with all the improvements, for $25 and a gold watch.

Pinellas Point did not play much of a part during the

The open-air postoffice stands unique among the government buildings of this class
Civil War. The only event of which there is any record was the shelling and destruction of Miranda's home at Big Bayou by the Egmont Key blockading fleet. The Federals manned a smack which had been captured from Key West fishermen and, in February, 1862, paid a visit on Miranda. They fired a few shells over the house and then came in to get provisions. They killed the hogs, cattle and poultry and loaded the smack with syrup, pumpkins, bacon, corn and sweet potatoes taken from Miranda's storhouses.

Having accomplished this, the invaders burned the buildings on the farm and killed the orange trees. Miranda and John Bethell returned later, and seeing what damage had been done, decided to leave the point. They were followed by all the other settlers, of whom there were not more than a dozen.

The Civil War ended, settlers began drifting to the point again. Truck farms were started and orange groves planted. A number of newcomers went into the raising of hogs and cattle. Land was very cheap and if a person lacked the money to buy, all he had to do was settle on as much as he wanted and no one raised any objections.

Many of the new arrivals settled either at Big Bayou or Disston City, near what is now Gulfport. The settlement at Big Bayou, called Pinellas Village, became quite important and boasted of seven stores, a good harbor, a hotel and a score or more of homes. A postoffice was established there in 1876, John Bethell being the first postmaster.

Disston City came into being in 1884 as a result of a real estate promotion, engineered by the officials of the Disston City Land Company and the Florida Land and Improvement Company, which owned thousands of acres of land on the peninsula. Disston City was to be the center of this development. The promoters launched an extensive advertising campaign in many cities throughout the North, heralding the brilliant future of Disston City.

For a few years, Disston City made a hard fight for existence. A number of homes were built, a few stores opened, and even a newspaper established. The railroad to St. Petersburg passed it by and the dream of the promoters was shattered. Disston City breathed a few last gasps and then expired. Today few traces of the town remain.

The first settlers on the land included in the original plat of St. Petersburg, was Dr. James Sarvent Hackney, who bought six hundred acres of land from the state for twenty-five cents an acre. He built a home at what is now Fourth street and Fifth avenue, in what is now the heart of Detroit. In 1816 he was major general of the state militia. His savings were invested in real estate and at his death in 1854 he was probably the wealthiest man in Michigan. In 1858 his property was divided among eight children, the share of each being appraised at $105,970.

John C. Williams was born January 25, 1817. When four months old he was christened in St. Anne's Catholic Church. Little is known of his early years. He was never a soldier but was a member of the Brady Guards, a uniformed company of Detroit young men. His title of "General" was a complimentary one only, given to him after he settled in St. Petersburg. Upon the death of his father, Williams was willed an 80 acre farm on Woodward avenue, in what is now the heart of Detroit. He immediately proceeded to subdivide and sell it, and in so doing made a big profit. Sale of other properties he owned in Detroit made him one of the wealthiest men in the city.

Williams came to Florida for the first time in 1875. Many stories are told to explain his coming. Some say that, having disposed of almost all his Detroit property, he set out to find new fields to conquer. Others say that he was suffering from asthma and that he came to Florida the way Sperling secured about 440 acres with a mile frontage on Tampa Bay. St. Petersburg may be said to have had its beginning in 1875, for it was in that year that General John C. Williams, of Detroit, Michigan, first visited the peninsula.

The story of John C. Williams must begin with the story of his father, Major General John R. Williams, one of the pioneer residents of Detroit. In his youth, John R. Williams was a captain of artillery in the United States army and was stationed at Detroit. In 1814 he resigned from the army because he disliked his superior officer, General Hull, and opened a general store. His customers were soldiers, hunters and Indians; his goods were paid for largely in furs. Twice a year he received his goods from New York by way of Buffalo on a sailing vessel and twice a year he shipped his furs.

In 1824 Detroit became a city and Williams was elected as its first mayor. He was re-elected three times. He was the first president of the first bank in Michigan and was one of three to found the Detroit Free Press. From 1836 to 1852 he was major general of the state militia. His savings were invested in real estate and at his death in 1854 he was probably the wealthiest man in Michigan. In 1858 his property was divided among eight children, the share of each being appraised at $105,970.

Thirty years have wrought a marvelous change in the "Sunshine City." In 1884 one and two-story buildings stood along a few blocks of Central avenue, which was covered with deep sand. Today modern structures line this wide, smoothly paved business street.
tracts which had water frontage. Of them no time in acquiring property. He traveled acre.

all, he liked the Sperling tract the best. This was evidenced on March 4, 1876, when over the peninsula, looking at all the large there-and found what he sought.

year here received deeds from the state of Williams started work clearing about forty acres. He tried farming, but met with the usual success of men who try northern farming methods in Florida. After a time he gave up the venture, left a few employees on the land to look after his property, and returned to Detroit.

It is believed that Williams conceived the plan of founding a town on the Peninsula after he learned he could not make his land pay by using it for farming purposes. Possibly he had had the idea in mind from the beginning — no one knows exactly. At all events, his subsequent activities were centered in devising ways of making a railroad to his property and making a town possible. In 1886, he shipped furniture, horses and dogs from Detroit to Tampa and built a home in Hyde Park, then a suburb of that city. He lived there until after he completed negotiations with the Orange Belt Railway which resulted in the building of a railroad to his land.

The Orange Belt Railway was fathered by Peters A. Demens — his correct name was Petrovitch A. Demenscheff — who came to Florida from Russia in 1858. Demens was of a noble Russian family and was very well educated. He was exiled from his native land because of his political beliefs and he never returned. For several years after coming to Florida, Demens operated a sawmill at Longwood, about ten miles southwest of Sanford. To get logs to his mill, he built a small railroad out into the timber lands. This probably gave him the idea of building a railroad on a larger scale. He interested a number of men and got about $35,000 in cash, in addition to a few thousand he had himself. His first venture was to build a road, narrow-gauge, from the town of Lake Monroe, on the St. Johns River, to the southern edge of Lake Apopka, about eighteen miles west of Orlando. Judge J. G. Speer, who owned much land in that locality, gave the railroad one-half of a townsite of 100 acres and the town of Oakland came into existence. It was the head-quarters of the Orange Belt Railway for a number of years.

Demens wanted to extend the railroad on to the Gulf. One of his partners objected but the others outvoted him. Donations were secured all along the proposed route. The Distons of Philadelphia, who owned large tracts in that section of the state, agreed to give the railroad about 60,000 acres.

The photograph above presents a decided contrast in celebrations in the short period of ten years.

Construction work on the railroad was started early in 1887 but Demens began to get into difficulties from the very start. His shipments of rails did not come as fast as he expected, and to make matters worse, Demens was unable to get money as fast as his underwriters had promised. He began to get behind and the contractors and workmen started clamoring for their money. At one time, 500 Italian workmen gathered in Oakland and threatened to lynch him unless they got their money at once. Early in September, the creditors attached all the property of the company and the engines were chained to the rails. This proved such a shock to Henry Sweetapple, the company's treasurer, that he suffered a stroke of apoplexy and died almost instantly.

Demens managed to get enough money from his brokers and personal friends to tide him over for a short time. He worked eighteen to twenty hours a day. His health began to break down. Every few weeks he went to New York to beg for more money.
At every opportunity he went out with the construction gangs, urging them to hasten the work. Speed was essential, as much as many of the land donations were contingent upon the road being completed by December 31, 1887.

A month or so before the time limit, Demens succeeded in getting support from a syndicate of capitalists in New York and Philadelphia. It was too late to get the work completed on the date specified. It was not until June 8, 1888, that the first train came into St. Petersburg from the eastern end of the line. Many of the land donations were lost.

The financial condition of the Orange Belt was in a bad state and it grew steadily worse. The income from the road was negligible and only a few small tracts of land could be sold. Early in 1889 the affairs of the company reached a crisis. It had $75,000 worth of bonds outstanding and $65,000 in interest was due in July. Most of the bonds were held by the syndicate of Philadelphia and Chicago capitalists—the syndicate wanted the road as its own, so it proceeded to make terms with the original stockholders. Demens went to Philadelphia to handle the negotiations. He came back with a check for $25,000 and more than $10,000 of that amount was paid to the other stockholders. All that Demens got for his three years' work and all his original capital was less than $15,000. His chief counted on making millions—but he ended with less than he had when he started.

A month after work on the railroad was started, Williams moved from Tampa to Big Bayou. He came across Tampa Bay with his wife in a sailboat. They landed around the tip of the peninsula at Dunston City. The remainder of the journey was made on horseback.

During the early part of 1888, the townsite of St. Petersburg was surveyed and platted by A. L. Hunt, chief engineer of the Orange Belt Railway. Williams was on hand to supervise the work.

Contradictory stories are also heard regarding the manner of naming St. Petersburg. The old familiar story is that both Williams and Demens wanted to name the town—Demens after the Russian town of his birth, St. Petersburg, and Williams after Detroit, Mich. To settle the matter, they drew straws, and Demens won. He therefore called it St. Petersburg. As a consolation to Williams, he was allowed to name the first hotel "The Detroit." There is another story regarding the naming of the town which is not quite so romantic. This story is that both Williams and Demens were so busy at that time that they never bothered themselves about the town's name. It was known, however, that Demens favored St. Petersburg, so when a postmaster was appointed for the embryo town, one of his first actions was to recommend the post office department that it be called St. Petersburg.

The agreement between Williams and Demens regarding the division of the town, each to take half, resulted in complications during 1888. The railroad was to get its property, according to the agreement, when it had laid the tracks through the town and built a pier out to twelve feet of water. The tracks were not laid down to Second street until December, 1888, and the pier was not completed until more than a year later. In the meantime, Demens became impatient and on August 11, 1888, he recorded the plat under his own name. Still the General held off making the division, evidently fearing that if he did so the railroad could not be forced to complete its work. The division was finally made on February 28, 1889.

The Detroit Hotel, the first large building in St. Petersburg, was built during the latter part of 1888. It was paid for by Demens and Williams, each paying half of the cost. Later Williams deeded over his interest in the railroad.

During the period between June 8, 1888, when the first train came into St. Petersburg, and February 28, 1889, when the railroad was completed, neither Williams nor Demens could legally sell any of their joint holdings without the other's consent. As a result, both held on to their land. And in the meantime, the "old town" up around Ninth street had a chance to boom. In fact, it had started booming even before the railroad was completed.

When the completion of the road was assured, E. R. Ward came to the Ninth street section from Dunston City. He had opened a store in 1885. He obtained the use of a small building at Ninth street and First avenue south, which had been built as a gathering place for the settlers of the peninsula, and established a general store—the first store of St. Petersburg.

In April, 1888, Ward made a partnership agreement with Jacob Baum, who owned a large tract of land to the south and west of Mirror Lake, and five acres were platted as the Ward and Baum Addition of St. Petersburg. The plat was recorded April 4, 1888, four months before the plat of St. Petersburg proper.
was resorted. Ward and Baum gave clear titles, something William or the railroad could not do, and they did a lively business after the railroad came in. Later a sharp rivalry developed between “up-town” and “downtown” and the first factional feeling in St. Petersburg was created.

Due to a misunderstanding, the plat of the Ward and Baum Addition did not correspond to the plat of St. Petersburg proper. The streets were narrower and they did not line up with the St. Petersburg streets. This made little difference at that time, but in later years it caused the growing city considerable inconvenience and expense. The mistake has not been entirely corrected even now, as shown by the fact that the city has only one through east-and-west artery of travel, Central Avenue.

Although it was “downtown” St. Petersburg was slower in getting started than the Ninth street section, it began to forge ahead when the property was divided and the sale of lots started. Late in 1888 the Detroit Hotel and the depot were completed. A little later, J. C. Williams, Jr., opened a general store directly across the street from the Detroit. “Downtown” began to have attractions which “uptown” lacked, and consequently, the tide of progress turned in that direction.

The initial growth of St. Petersburg was due to the fact that it was on a railroad connecting it with the outside world, and that it was at the end of this railroad. Trains laid over in the city at night and it was not long before it was recognized as the shipping and trading center for the lower end of the peninsula. Many of the original Orange Belt employees are still residents of the city.

The railroad gave St. Petersburg a big advantage over Diston City and Pinellas, and it was not long before it was recognized as the supply and trading center for the entire peninsula. A number of fair-sighted merchants in the other settlements realized how things were going and moved their stores to St. Petersburg. Some of the farmers and grove owners also moved into the town in order to enjoy the advantages of community life.

Sand above their shoe tops and besides, they were inspired by the dawning town-beautiful movement. Banding together, they raised a small sum by selling ice cream and lemonade and giving entertainments and picnics. They used every penny in financing the sidewalk project. Within two years they saw it completed from Ninth street down to the Detroit Hotel. Between Second and Third streets the sidewalk was elevated like a bridge over the swale which formerly extended through that section.

The construction of the boardwalk used up all the energy and money of the town builders during the period from 1889 to 1891. Central avenue was not even opened up all the way through to Ninth street. Between Sixth and Seventh streets Baum’s grove intervened and the road jogged over to the alley on the North side of the railroad. Finally, in 1890, the street was extended straight through the grove.

The swale across Central avenue between Second and Third streets proved a knotty problem to the town builders in the early days. The water was several feet deep during the rainy season and teams could not get through. It was not until the latter part of 1894 that the swale was filled in. And then the only way that the work could be financed was by having the members of the town council sign notes.

The streets of St. Petersburg were almost impassable during the early ’90’s. Horses loosened the sand and during the dry season the wheels of wagons sank almost hub deep. To help matters a little, sawdust was obtained from King’s sawmill and scattered in the ruts. Road improvements did not come until 1897 when some of the main streets were hard-surfaced with pebble phosphate. The first brick paving was done in 1905 when
was paved from Second to Fifth street. The work was strenuously opposed, but the backers of the project were able to make it go. During the first three years of its existence St. Petersburg managed to labor along without any government. Residents could do just about as they wanted to, so far as the law was concerned. There were no ordinances or no officers.

Several attempts were made during 1890 and 1891 to incorporate the town, but they were all met with opposition which was opposed to any town government, partly because it meant the curtailment of "personal privileges" and partly because incorporation would surely be followed by town taxes.

Early in 1892, however, a group of the town boosters renewed the fight and called an election for February 19. After considerable discussion, a vote was taken on the question of incorporation. The vote totaled 10 for incorporation and 11 against it.

That matter being settled, town officers were elected. There were two tickets in the field—the Anti-Saloon faction, headed by David Moffett, and the Open Saloon faction, headed by John C. Williams, the founder of the town. The Anti-Saloon faction won and Moffett was elected mayor. Receiving 21 votes to Williams' 13 votes, the vote was 8 to 1 after the election, General Williams died.

The town council soon got down to business. At its second meeting, held a few days after election, it passed nine ordinances. Ordinance No. 1 was designed to preserve the peace and morals of the town and was as follows, "Be it ordained by the town council of St. Petersburg that any person who shall violate good order in the town of St. Petersburg, first, by a breach of the peace, or second, by the use or utterance of indecent, obscene or profane language, or third, by indecent exposure of person, or fourth, by disorderly conduct, or fifth, by drunkenness, shall, on conviction, be fined not less than one nor more than two hundred dollars, or be imprisoned not more than sixty days."

The second ordinance prohibited the sale of goods, wares or merchandise on the Sabbath Day unless persons in need of the necessities of life. Drug stores were exempted from this Blue Sunday law. Other ordinances prohibited the firing of guns in the town limits, provided for the punishment of "bad" characters, provided for the sale and fixed license fees for various occupations, including a $100 license fee for saloons.

At another meeting the councilmen kept up their good work by passing an ordinance designed to halt the wandering of hogs over the streets and through the garbage. Ordinance No. 7 required their attention to the "speed demons" who were racing their horses through the town. They drove佛法men who were careless or raced would be punished upon conviction by a fine not exceeding ten dollars or imprisonment not exceeding ten days. The speed limit of hogs was limited to six miles an hour in the town limits.

After the first burst of ordinance passing, the council settled down to the drab existence of providing for the many needs of the town with the small means at its disposal. No taxes could be levied the first year and the only funds received by the town were part of the fines paid by lawbreakers and the license fees. A report made by the finance committee on July 7, 1893, showed that the town had run more than $100 in debt during the first year.

St. Petersburg's first bond election was held on July 18, 1893. The council decided at first to ask the town to support two bond issues of $7,000 each, one for grading and paving of streets and the second for building a school house. Later on, however, the councilmen became convinced that the voters would never approve two issues for such large amounts at the same time and they dropped the $7,000 for streets. With only one bond issue confronting them, the voters rallied to its support and it was passed, 39 to 1.

During the next few years the town fathers occupied most of their time with routine matters. Their greatest difficulties were encountered in keeping the town's expenditures within its very limited income. On several occasions the councilmen gave their personal notes in order to raise money for vital improvements. From all quarters of the town came demands which could not be met.

St. Petersburg took another step forward on April 5, 1895, when the council boldly defied the "cattle barons" and passed an ordinance which prohibited cows carrying bells from meandering hither and yon within the town limits. Previous to this action, the residents were awakened at all hours of the night by the jangling of bells. Despite this ordinance, the cow problem kept bobbing up time and again during the next few years. A number of large herds of cattle grazed all over the peninsula and even though the cattle industry was of comparatively little importance, the cattle barons were so well organized and had such powerful friends in the ranks of the county politicians that little could be gained by fighting them, regardless of how much the pecuniary loss amounted to. However, the era of cow supremacy was ended.

The residents of the town brought such pressure to bear that the council passed an ordinance prohibiting cows from roaming at large at any time. Mayor Edgar Harrison signed the ordinance on May 18, 1899. The cattle barons that the peninsula would be ruined has not yet come true.

That the day was those days wanted to shun bond issues was indicated on March 8, 1899, when they were called upon to approve or defeat a proposed issue of $5,000 to build a library. The election was defeated, 9 to 10. However, a $5,000 issue for building a water works was approved on the same day.

The extension of the trolley line, and the issue was approved, 31 to 9. That this money for water works was well spent was proved less than a year later when a serious fire broke out in the business section of the city. The water plant was completed on that day and water was turned into the hydrants in time to save many buildings.

The necessary moves for St. Petersburg to become a city were made by the town council, acting with Mayor George Edwards, early in 1903. No intimation of the proposed city charter was divulged to the public until after the state legislature had adjourned. Everything was done with utmost secrecy, according to the newspaper. On June 6, 1903, the St. Petersburg Times stated: "St. Petersburg's new city charter has been passed by both houses of the legislature and signed by the governor. This would call for a column editorial, but the fact is, the Times, like everyone else but the city council, knew nothing about the new city charter."

St. Petersburg's growth during the past few decades has been largely due to the fact that it has been at all times to the citizens a better place in which to live.

The first important forward step was taken in 1897 when F. A. Davis, a Philadelphia publisher, built an electric light plant. At that time St. Petersburg had less than a thousand inhabitants and only a man with great vision could have had the courage to invest his money in such a small place. The enterprise failed to make a profit for many years, but it helped St. Petersburg materially in getting a start.

Davis was also the man who gave St. Petersburg its first electric street railways. The original line, which extended from the foot of Central to Ninth street, was completed on September 28, 1904. Later the line was extended to Gulfport, then called Veteran City. Like the electric light plant, the trolley line lost money for many years, but it aided in the development of the city.

It was also due to the vision of Davis and his able lieutenant, H. Walter Fuller, that Central avenue was extended westward to Boca Grande. The originally Central avenue ended at Ninth street. Fuller conceived the idea of extending it through to the bay, and with the assistance of the Davis organization, the project finally was consummated. The extension of the avenue, and the later extension, opened up a vast region for development. Davista, now called Pasadena, came into existence; likewise, the Jungle (Continued on page 72)
MEET the GOVERNOR

By WALKER WILLIAMS

Mr. Martin's career is that which newspapers like to describe as "meteoric." It is not strange that his state should select him for its Governor while he is yet young. He was, when he entered office, the youngest mayor who had ever served the municipality of Jacksonville. Even now it is only ten years since he was admitted to the bar. Comparatively unknown then, his striking appearance a prodigious air convinced the voters of Duval, in 1917, that here was a man in whom they might safely repose their trust. His methods of dealing must have been satisfactory for he was reelected to office by a much larger majority for his second term. Still, he continued to deserve the public's faith in him for he was nominated a third time and received again a larger proportion of ballots than had ever been his before.

He might easily have been mayor of Jacksonville forever, but he agreed to run for Governor of Florida during the next four years. So this month he will succeed Cary A. Hardee as Governor of the Commonwealth of Florida.

The late Col. John Marshall Martin was one of those South Carolinians who say "gyarден" and know by rote what the Governor of North Carolina said to the Governor of South Carolina on a certain memorable occasion. In 1849 he answered the call of the frontier and forsook his comfortable old Carolina homestead for the vicissitudes of a Florida pioneer's clearing in the wilderness. Then came the Civil War and Colonel John was not the last to "jine up," serving as colonel with the Ninth Florida regiment of volunteers. He also was listed as a member of the Confederate Congress.

That was John W. Martin's paternal grandfather, on whose plantation in Pinfield, Marion County, he was born on June 21, 1884, twenty years after the bitter defeat of the Confederacy. His maternal grandfather was James B. Pepper of Lake City. If men set their caps as they say girls do, John Martin flung his fedora in the sunny pathway trod by Miss Pepper that morning. In a few weeks he had made her acquaintance through mutual friends and was paying court. Perseverance is a major asset and he has not been of that nature he might have lost Miss Pepper. Even after he had persuaded her to wear his engagement ring he nearly failed. One day she sent his ring back. His rival had trimmed him. But instead of submitting defeat he redoubled his ardor and soon the solitary came out of his vest pocket again to adorn the proper finger on Miss Pepper's left hand.

When he was twenty-two, in 1906, he and Miss Pepper were wed—in defiance of Continued on page 82)

FOLKS, meet John Martin. He's the new Governor of Florida — and a fit man to occupy the gubernatorial chair. Born in Marion County just forty years ago of parents who were pioneer Floridians, John W. Martin is typical of the successful, up-and-coming Sunshine Stater. There's faith in the lean, prognathous line of jaw. Backed by kindly glow of his warm brown eyes and upw ards of one hundred and seventy-five for Florida during the next four years. Those natural calamities, the "freeze" of those natural ability.

Self-educated, after working hours, for his enjoyment the fruit of his persistent labor. Than a modicum of natural ability.

Cast upon the world at fifteen by one of those natural calamities, the "freeze" of one hundred and seventy-five for Florida during the next four years. Those natural calamities, the "freeze" of those natural ability.

It is doubtful if a man more generously endowed by nature to hold high office has ever taken the Governor's chair in Florida. Clean cut, without sacrifice of bulldog strength and tenacity, he is the figure of forensic power. A fine head, which Lombrasco would have designated as that of a deep thinker, rests on a short neck that is adequate but not over-thick. A deep chest gives resonance to the voice which openly bespeaks the man's opinions issuing from the wide, firm lips of a sympathetic cast.

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THE GREATEST MEN of FLORIDA

HENRY M. FLAGLER—EMPIRE BUILDER

By W. M. WALKER

"The man who saw a wilderness and out of it created an empire, who saw a desert and out of it made a garden spot," is the way Henry M. Flagler was described by Richard H. Edmonds, famous editor of the Manufacturers Record.

Forty years ago, Mr. Flagler saw in the East Coast a country without transportation facilities and without material development of any kind. It was the most discredited part of Florida in estimation of the general public. He turned his entire attention and resources to the building of a railroad to open up that wilderness, and to the construction of magnificent modern accommodations in an American hotel.

With unfaltering faith, and despite the skepticism of even his closest friends, who regarded his investment of millions and tens of millions of dollars in the East Coast country as the expenditure of a visionary enthusiasm, Mr. Flagler continued his work of creating an empire.

"The man who bets on the growth of the United States and keeps his debts paid and his investments intact," he once said in an interview.

That he was undoubtedly among the greatest, if not the greatest, constructive genius that America has produced is a settled fact. That his vision of the future was correct is proven by the rapid development of the entire State of Florida is experiencing.

Henry Morrison Flagler was born in a little town in New York state thirty years before the outbreak of the war between the states. He lived to see the completion of his greatest undertaking—the construction of the Key West extension—shortly after his eighty-second birthday, and two years before the beginning of the World war.

His father was the pastor of a small Presbyterian congregation in Hope, New York, and in the course of a year he received the equivalent of $400 either in salt which was then used as currency, or in barter with which pastors and editors were usually paid. His son's birth was a sonorous momentous in that it necessitated redrafting the family budget, so that there would provide for the wants of four persons instead of three.

In the next dozen years, Henry grew up to be a stalwart youth, inheriting much of his father's physical vigor and a great deal of his father's personality. He comforted his mother in times of stress. The schools in Hope extended no further than the eighth grade, but Henry took full advantage of their instruction which was augmented at home by reading from the Bible and the theological library of his father.

There were a few sectarian volumes on the shelves—

the poetry of Thomas Campbell, the prose of Sir Thomas Browne and John Bunyan, and Carlyle's rough-hewn philosophy.

At fourteen Henry had learned all that was taught in the school and was beginning to chafe for a career in lieu of further studies.

Had he not been tall for his age and a serious-minded youth it is doubtful if young Flagler would ever have achieved his parents' consent when he decided to set out at fourteen for the Western Reserve which embraced all the territory then the back-country of the original colonies.

Realizing that the small amount of money left over from bare living expenses was needed to educate his sister, Henry determined to rid his father of the burden of supporting two children. Seven years short of maturity he cast himself upon the frontier world to earn his own way.

Like Ben Franklin, he set forth with a carpet bag in one hand and his lunch in the other, walking nine miles to the town of Medina, N. Y. There he struck the tow-path of the Erie Canal along which so many later affluent men left their footprints.

He worked his passage on a canal freighter to Buffalo. From there he took a boat for Sandusky, in Ohio, which he knew was a thriving village. For three days the little vessel was tossed about on Lake Erie and when Henry stepped ashore he was a sick boy, so weak and dizzy that he feared people might think him drunk. But to use his own words:

"I remember that I went ashore early in the morning. Weak and dizzy, I staggered along the wharf, between long piles of cordwood, and was mortified to think someone might see me and believe I was drunk. I paid twenty-five cents for a hot breakfast and felt better. I pushed on to the little Ohio village of Republic. When I got there I had a five-franc piece, a French coin which passed in this country for a dollar; five cents in silver and four copper pennies.

"The school room was in a country store for five dollars a month and my board. I have always been contented, but I have never been satisfied. To be dissatisfied means that you are amenable and take a part in the work of the world.

"I worked hard and saved my money. I never earned more than $400 a year when I was employed by others. Fostoria, now a thriving Ohio city, was nearby. In Fostoria was a store. The father of Charles Foster lived there, and had a store. Charley clerked for his father, and he and I were said to be the best salesmen in Seneca county. Charley made a fortune, became governor of his state and secretary of the treasury in General Benjamin Harrison's administration. Some of his contemporaries who followed politics are unlike, and he died poor.

"When I had accumulated a little money I moved to Bellevue, a small place in the next county, and went into the grain business. John D. Rockefeller was a commission merchant in Cleveland and I sent him a good many carloads of wheat, which he sold as my agent. I also had an interest in a distillery. It was eminently respectable in those days to manufacture and sell liquor. The distillery was an outlet for considerable grain.

"Nevertheless, I had scruples about the business and gave it up. I made $50,000 in Bellevue. Then I went to Saginaw and tried to manufacture salt.
the end of three years I had lost my little fortune and owed $50,000 to about 5,000 Irishmen who had been working in the salt factory. My relatives loaned me enough money at ten per cent interest to pay my debts, and I moved to Cleveland and engaged in the grain and produce commission business. 

John D. and William Rockefeller and Samuel Andrews had started a small oil refinery in Cleveland on the side of a hill. When the second refinery was built in 1867, Stephen Harkness backed me for a $100,000 partnership with Mr. Rockefeller and his associates. Other little refineries sprang up and we bought them. Our business was developed rapidly, and in 1870 we closed our partnership and in the early days, which was referred to were chiefly the Union Oil Company, a brisk competitor of the Standard companies was the birth of the gigantic concern which was for many years the world's largest corporation. 

That the Standard Oil Company prospered it is not necessary to say. Tremendous profits were taken out of the concern by Flagler and his partners. Then Fate intervened in Florida's behalf, working quietly but with the inexorable precision of the gods. 

With the millions made in oil, Flagler came to Florida; but not on business. Mrs. Flagler, the first of his three wives, always a semi-invalid, had become weaker. Her physician advised a trip to Italy or the Pacific coast during the winter of 1883-84 but Flagler vetoed both suggestions as his wife was unwilling to go anywhere without him and he could not spare time from his business for an extended trip. Casting about for a substitute, a friend suggested St. Augustine, the oldest city, where it was believed the climate was more nearly that of Italy than any other resort in the United States. Having read something of the old Spanish settlement, Flagler decided to spend a portion of the winter there and set forth from Cleveland with his wife and a party of friends and relatives.

All went well until the party reached Jacksonville where Mrs. Flagler was taken severely ill while stopping at the old St. James hotel, Jacksonville's first large tourist hotel. After several days of inaction during which the solemnity of the little city and its sandy monotony palled on Flagler's nerves he inquired as to the route to St. Augustine and other points on the East Coast. 

The clerk informed him that he could either wait a week for a steamer to St. Augustine or go down the St. Johns River as far as Toeci and complete the journey by carriage. Flagler turned from the desk with disgust. Such transportation facilities were disgusting to him for the North was already well developed in this respect.

His interest piqued, however, by his first glimpse of Florida around Jacksonville, he decided to chance the river trip and ordered that carriages be in readiness at Toeci on a certain date. This was done and he and his party arrived at St. Augustine where they went to the town's best hotel. Evidently they considered the fare very poor for Flagler decided before he left the ancient city that if he were to return—and both he and his wife liked the climate—he should certainly have a better place to live than the leading tourist hostelry.

It was 1885, two years later, that he returned to St. Augustine, wealthier than ever and a stalwart, vital figure for all his fifty-five years. That the Ponce de Leon, Florida's first magnificent tourist hotel, was his initial undertaking at St. Augustine is well known. He often referred to it as his most difficult also.

To build a hotel to meet the requirements of nineteenth century America and yet be in keeping with the character of the place—that was his task. An architect was sent to Spain to study the...
The East Coast was beginning to take hold of him. Asked once how he happened to undertake such extensive developments in Florida he replied: "The hardest problem a man has is to help people. This desire to help others comes when a man has more than enough for his own needs. I have come to the conclusion that the best way to help others is to help them to help themselves."

He didn't expect his enterprises to pay—at least for a long while. Speaking to one of his friends once, he said: "They won't be profitable during my lifetime for I shan't live long enough to see it all accomplished. But in years to come they (meaning his works) will provide happy employment for millions." Nor was this said in any spirit of boasting. He was matter-of-fact in every estimate, be it of himself, or a friend or an enemy. His statements all bore the unemphatic positivity of the insatiable searcher for facts. And of one who always found them.

During 1893-94 Palm Beach underwent the same transformation that St. Augustine had experienced following Flagler's arrival. Millions of feet of lumber were ordered for the construction of the Royal Poinciana hotel while hundreds of men were sent out to create a modern railroad between St. Augustine and Palm Beach. By the time the line was completed Flagler had finished the Royal Poinciana and had commanded the erection of a second large tourist hotel, the Breakers. The latter was destroyed by fire in 1903 but was immediately rebuilt on the same site with additional improvements. These two hostels remain the largest wooden buildings in the world used exclusively for hotel purposes; and the fire hazard has been reduced to a minimum by a marvelous policing system.

Then Fate intervened again and with its divine goad drove him further South. The freeze of 1894-95 perversely killed orange groves supposedly below the "frost line" sent men out of their homes to walk the streets with bitterness in their hearts and desperation in their eyes. Many lacked bread and meat to feed their families. Those were bleak days for the pioneer...
citrus growers. Flagler helped immeasurably.

One day when suffering was at its height, someone showed him a spray of lemon blossoms, more delicate than the orange, which had been grown near Miami. If the Indian River section had survived the freeze that was proof enough for Flagler. It was a place he must penetrate to make liveliness safer for homeseekers. His engineers were sent out to survey the wilderness for a road to Miami. Only two families then lived where the city of Miami now stands.

Down the East Coast, through Titusville and the now rich muck of the Indian river country, Flagler's lieutenants projected the pickets of civilization. At last the line reached Miami—the miracle city which Flagler himself planned. The inhabitants wanted to name it for the great man but he had not lived to save his name memorialized in this manner.

In Miami it seemed that Flagler had resolved the other two terminals of the system he had built up to be the Florida East Coast Railway. His vision had materialized as his hotels in St. Augustine, Daytona and Palm Beach were becoming well patronized. Miami was beginning to take on form and become a town of a few thousand.

It seemed the man must rest, at 72, a very rich man in holdings if not in actual cash. He seemed to be through, but the perfect mechanism of his mind could not be idle. His usefulness ended only with death, nor even that statement is entirely true.

The completion of the Oversea Railroad at Key West shattered the aloof turquoise clarity of the sky with their cheers which must have reverberated from reef to reef and across the opaline Gulf toward Morro Castle.

That was his only demand regarding the time of its completion nor did he know it done before I die.

That was his final gesture toward Flagler's spirit, to do the impossible; to place on his record the stamp of indisputable genius.

A conference with his engineers followed a thorough survey of the terrain which involved months of study. When the results were laid before Flagler he did not ask: How much will it cost? or Will it pay? Can it be done? he inquired. His engineers told him it could.

Then let's get to work. I want to see it done before I die.

That was his only demand regarding the time of its completion nor did he know what it would cost. And he lived to see it all finished.

Shortly after his eighty-second birthday, fourteen months before his death, Flagler rode into Key West in his private car over his own rails to one of the most royal and unique receptions ever accorded an American citizen by his countrymen. Proudly he stood from his coach, a Homeric figure of erect age, deaf and a bit blind, yet master of it all. No wonder the crowd at Key West shattered the aloof turquoise clarity of the sky with their cheers which sent deep echoes reverberating from reef to reef and across the opaline Gulf toward Morro Castle.

That belated celebration of his birthday was the supreme moment of Flagler's life; the perfect yet unusual culmination of a great man's work at the end of life's day.

But it was not achieved as easily as the telling of his story. The history of Flagler's great railroad system and resort hotels is one of unending difficulties and obstacles overcome. In May, 1886, he had bought his first railroad in Florida; in 1888, the St. Augustine and Palatka line, with a twelve mile branch leading to Tocoi. The same year he acquired the St. Johns and Halifax running from east Palatka to Daytona—a narrow-gauge road which he standardized in 1893. The next year he bridged the St. Johns river at Palatka and the following year he spanned the same stream at Jacksonville with a bridge which is now being rebuilt and double-tracked.

Until 1892 Flagler contented himself with buying up old lines and modernizing them, but in that year he began construction of the road south from Daytona and two years later trains were running into Palm Beach over the Flagler System of tracks. By 1896 he had pushed on to Miami where he halted, only to be flagellated into action by the ambition of an Alexander.

The years between 1892—when he conceived the Oversea Railroad and 1905 were fraught with impatience for Flagler. Time was passing so speedily, years of his usefulness now were so limited; he must do something gargantuan to pave the way for his graceful exit.

And that gesture proved to be the construction of what skeptics for seven years termed 'Flagler's Folly'—the start of the Oversea Railroad which broke Key West's isolation from the rest of the states, drew Cuba in touch with her parent country and opened a new and direct route to the Panama Canal Zone.

Those seven years from April, 1905, when work was started on the Extension, to January 22, 1912, when the first train ran from the mainland to the capital city of Havana, were years full of obstacles and set back after set back. But the project triumphed. The Oversea Railway was finished and a new era of prosperity came to Florida.
Over the blue waters and the charming keys the Over-sea road extends for more than one hundred miles, without a doubt the eighth wonder of the world.

Homestead where it was necessary to put in a 100-foot bridge to span the edge of the Everglades and reach Jew Fish Creek. It was here that the road left the mainland and undaunted engineers gazed out across the open water that they had promised to bridge for "The Chief"! The concrete bridge was flung across Card Sound at the south end of Biscayne Bay and Key Largo, the first to be touched by the line, was reached.

Month by month the chain of tracks and tiers so extended from key to key, always at great expense and under almost insuperable difficulties. Then the Long Key viaduct was started, a structure of two and seven-tenths miles, built of solid concrete arches. Indian Key was reached at the end of trouble. Nature, sensing man's victory imminent, gathered its forces for one last assault upon the encroachments of the sea.

To place in the roaring majesty of the sea.

As Knights Key was reached J. C. Meredith, chief engineer in charge of the work, succumbed to disease. Nor was that the end of trouble. Nature, sensing man's victory imminent, gathered its forces for one last assault upon the encroachments of the conquistador. In the autumn of 1909 a terrific hurricane broke from the leaden clouds, whipping the waves into a frenzy, and driving the seabirds in mad flight headlong into the girders of the pitiful little strip of steel, wood and concrete that Man had dared to place in the roaring majesty of the sea.

That last charge of the elements almost ended the Extension. For days the construction camps stretched along the way between Homestead and Knights Key were beleaguered sentinels of civilization. When the damage was checked up it was found that many lives had been lost, property sent to the bottom of the sea and that portions of the already built road had been washed away.

No one felt more keenly the responsibility for the lost lives than Flagler. Orders went out to spare no expense in rescuing the highest bidder. The order almost broke the hearts of his engineers who were still confident they could win. It was a desperate thing to erect "The Chief" on his peremptory command but Parrott took the chance. He kept silent and issued no orders for the collection of the equipment strewn along the right-of-way. The work proceeded.

Several days later, Flagler called Parrott to account for the rolling stock, dredges and other machinery which was to have been sold. Then Parrott told him the truth. Flagler received the news quietly, waryed a moment in what must have been horrible suspense for Parrott, and then smiled grimly. It was all right, the work would continue.

"If we quit now we'd admit defeat and have no harbor. We'll go on", Flagler said.

With W. J. Krome, who had been Meredith's assistant, in charge the work was recommenced with renewed vigor. It was months before the damage of the storm was repaired and construction resumed its normal progress with the greatest problem of all confronting the builders. This was the Flagler Viaduct, a seven-mile span across the open sea and the world's engineering wonder at the time. It remains the longest bridge in the world today.

In many places this marvel of railroad engineering runs straight as an arrow

(Continued on page 78)
THE KEY
A Story of a Man’s Regeneration

By JOSEPH FAUS

Photographic Illustrations by Burges Brothers

There are three important events in the life of man—birth, marriage, death. Ronald Garson, lying on his hospital bed, reflected dreamily that he was about to experience the last two. Through the east window of his private room he described the azure blue waters of the bay. Trim, white yachts, blunt-nosed, dirty little tugs, snorting, diminutive launches, dotted the rippling surface. He saw a white schooner they ran into and were absorbed by an almost stationary white cloud. Garson, watching, laughed. Absorption! The large cloud was Death; the others were Life. Death eventually swallowed them. Life, a fleeing away, was like that: a circle; no objective; futile. Mortals were fools!

The fleecy white clouds lazying across the horizon floated slowly on and on; at the zenith intense sun made colors visible. The sun went down, and the all-seeing, knower of the heart; the all-embracing, freer, less visible Power that guides all things had set. The last of the shadows came. Garson felt the flesh rivet itself; his brain repeated somnolently, over and over, “Port unknown—futility—absorption”—He smiled wryly.

Another word took grasp in his roving mind—marriage. “Marriage!” He whispered it slowly, carefully, wonderingly, as if it were a word he’d never heard before. Cautiously he opened his eyes. Yes, she was yet sitting there reading. Young she was—about twenty-three, he thought, her brown eyes shot with light. He recognized her. He judged. Her hair was black, intelligent, artistic. The chin was, he thought, a trifle aggressive; stubborn. The nose was thin-nostriled, patrician. It seemed weak beside the chin; its loveliness quite dispelled the other’s haughtiness and strength. He smiled to himself. His gaze centered amusedly on the lips. They were red, almost brilliantly so. He wondered if they were carmine-sticked. He decided not. Hospitals—private, high-class institutions such as this one—did allow it. And her lips were set in firm lines, too, as if it were not their nature to brook a defiance; what difference did it make to him? He smiled. He raised his glance to look at her eyes. Her clear gaze met his. She rose up. Her body, apparelled in the stiffly starched, white garb of the hospital, was tall, lithe, graceful. He murmured fitfully in amusement, “Diana.”

“I thought you were doing,” she said. Her voice was low, cool, well-modulated. Kindly, but firm.

She handed him a glass of water. He took a few swallows, and then sank back on the pillows. Closed his eyes.

She went back to her chair, began reading again.

“Birth! Marriage! Death!” His atrophied brain repeated the words. All the same in the end! His mind childishly played with the idea: There must be marriage before birth. He changed the order; Marriage! Birth! Death. That was better, or at least no worse.

“Marriage!” Strange word! He said it over again; he juggled the syllables, inaudibly though. He didn’t want the nurse to hear him. Somehow—he couldn’t exactly define why—that cool, deliberate gaze of hers disturbed him.

With an effort he tried to recall it all—the beginning, the happenings, the gradations that had led to this.

Poignant, panoramic scenes lifted to his mind-vision.

His mother dying. Twenty-five years old he was then. How he had worshipped her! How kindly she was! How generous! How sweet, patient, forgiving! She was a paragon of virtues, his mother. There was, there could be, no other woman like her! Of that he had always been sure. It was impossible to have a page of words that swept against dumb walls. And through it all sat the nurse, cool, calm, gentle, soothing, firm.

For several days he had mulled a strange something over in his fevered mind. Might as well try, he determined, forcing a grin to his pale lips. So he said, rather curtly, to her one day:

“Miss Ormsby, you heard the doctor. I—I hope to go out, leaving nothing tangible, worth-while, back of me. Of course, there—a few days! Thirty days! Damn the doctors! Charlatans! Who were they, to judge life? But, but—they were right!”

That night, after hours of piteous wakefulness, slumber had finally claimed him—drank him into a sleet storm, pneumonia enveloped him.

Then, weeks later, “Tuberculosis,” the physician had asserted. “Tuberculosis! Impossible!” But it was, reiterated the doctor, who advised a two years’ vacation in Florida.

So he had sold his seat in the Exchange; he rented his home on the Hudson and migrated that Fall, along with the birds, to Florida. There he sullenly placed himself in the care of a professional acquaintance of the first physician.

Florida! Sunny land! A cynical smile crossed his wasted features. Lots of good it had done him! A week before, the physician from New York, in Tampa for a brief vacation, had visited the hospital that housed his erstwhile patient.

Soberly he had stared at the gaunt, almost emaciated man, with his white, sunken cheeks and listless, morose eyes. Gravely he had listened with his stethoscope to the jerky heart action. Then he had conferred with the local doctor. From that individual Ronald Garson heard his doom.

One more month to live! That was all—“Yes, just like that!” Thirty days! Damn the doctors! Charlatans! Who were they, to judge life? But, but—they were right!

On her death-bed his mother had asked calmly that he marry. And he had promised—“Just like that!”

On his death-bed her mother had asked calmly that he marry. And he had promised—“Just like that!”

On her death-bed he had asked calmly—at least he hoped it was calmly—that she marry him. And she had promised. Just like that!
Life, strange thing, if futile! Why had she said yes? He didn’t know; his mind couldn’t answer the query. Life, an absurd puzzle that was never solved; Death, an unknown adventure; Woman, a mystery. But what difference did it make to him—now?

The jumbled kaleidoscope of memory ran out, and he tried to relax his mind. But scenes, objects, words, kept revolving back—the schooner sailing out, the gulls circling, the clouds floating by. He repeated the words: “Fort unknown! Futility! Absorption!” He tried to laugh, and was vaguely amazed that he couldn’t. Birth! Marriage! Death! He disjointedly cogitated over the three phenomena. Again he twisted the words about, as if seeking to unravel a riddle. Marriage. Birth. Death. Over and over. What made it all worthwhile? Love? How came that word to occur? He grinned rather malevolently. Marriage! Death! He disjointedly cogitated while? Love? How? What made it all worth while? What was this? he asked himself. A game? Why was she repeating a motto, a bit of philosophy or whatever it was? He hated such puerile doctrines.

One auspicious day they took a long automobile ride

The nurse, after switching on the soft-yellow room light, sat on the tramp on the little table beside the bed.

“Do you know what night this is?” she asked quite casually as she placed the pillows so he could sit up.

He nodded a stolid negative.

“Your wedding night,” she said.

His wedding! Marriage! and after that—He began to figure in his mind:

His wedding! Marriage! and after that—He began to figure in his mind:

He could have the house on the Hudson; ten thousand a year should suffice to keep her; or—what difference did it make?—she could have it all at once. First, though, say, five thousand apiece to several cousins that were in Oregon or Washington, he forgot which. But no need to try to remember; the lawyer was coming in a day or so.

“You show no special delight?” she suggested.

He jerked his head up from the egg and toast. Was she taunting him? He had analyzed her to be at least decent and honest. He had—well, he had done as his mother wished. That was all. But it was enough. What else mattered now?

He forced a smile to his ascetic countenance. He said, rather dramatically, he tardily realized:

“In the life of man there are three great events—birth, marriage and death. I am about to participate in the last two.”

She said nothing in return to this extraordinary statement, only stepped over and pulled down the window a few inches.

Birth! Marriage! Death! Why did the internal words recur? Why did they bob up to daze his suffering head again? Damn it! If he was going to die, let him die! Delusorily he finished nibbling the toast, took a last sip of the tea. Then he slid down in the bed and relaxed his body. He felt acquiescent, resigned. What’s going to be, he is going to be. It was beyond his frail power to protest.

The young nurse had seated herself by the bedside, with a magazine in hand. Well, let her read, he concluded; it wouldn’t hurt. No romantic tommy-rot, though. Languidly he closed his eyes.

“I am bigger than anything that can happen to me,” she read. “All these things, sorrow, misfortune and suffering, are outside my door. I am in the house and I have the key.”

Odd book, that! He opened his eyes and let them linger on her lap. His glance moved slowly on up to her face. Her cool blue eyes were bent contemptuously on him.

What was this? he asked himself. A game? Why was she repeating a motto, a bit of philosophy or whatever it was? He had such puerile doctrines.

“I am bigger than anything that can happen to me. All these things, sorrow, misfortune and suffering, are outside my door. I am in the house and I have the key.”

She had repeated it. Foolish, he thought, foolish. Some imp within him arose.

Without a change of facial expression she did.

“Death,” she said, “is but a logical sequence of life; marriage comes in the interim. Between marriage and death there should be a goodly space of years. In practically every case that is so.” She paused.

“I want to warn you before you marry me tonight,” a quick, marvelously sweet smile crossed her pretty features. Rather fascinating, Garson thought. He had never seen her smile before. She continued: “Although the physician says you have tuberculosis, I don’t believe it. What you have, in my estimation, is—she groped for a word or phrase—’is just plain apathy—a case of inaction, organically,’” she added, “you’re not much sicker than I am.”

“No!” Ronald Garson pulled his body upright, a flush of anger on his white face.

She musingsly let her glance drop to the ring on her finger. “It’s pretty,” she said softly.
"Not sick, eh? Why, then, have I been laid up here for months? Why did that doctor give me a month to live? Not sick? Bah! Weak and trembling he sank back on the bed.

Unwaveringly the girl, who had listened calmly to the hectic outburst, went on.

"No, you aren't really sick. You were once, when you had the pneumonia, but that phase is over now. You are weak because you have been in bed so long, because you are on a slender diet, because you have never been made to attempt any physical exercise whatever. Plus all that, you are high-strung and excitable. You never try to control your nerves. You allow your vivid mind to run riot. You are proud, arrogant and intolerant of anything or any person that may do you good. I know all this, Mr. Garson, for I've watched you closely for months now. I blame a doctor who has not been analytical enough in diagnosing your case, but most of all I blame you for your stupid acceptance of all things. For your indecision, your apathy, you are too lackadaisical—well, then automatically you have opened the door. The key is the secret to everything—to health, as well as to happiness. I know, she flushed, "that all this sounds tremendously pedantic, but I believe it, and I—well, I'd rather have you get well than ingloriously die."

"Now," she finished up, "I've had my say. And you, she added drowsily, "I said I was going to warn you! Do you still want to marry me after this, er, diatribe?"

"Has he been talking about me?" asked the puzzled man asked himself.

"Your speech has fallen on deaf ears," he said languidly. "I would as soon allow the divine to shake his hand; he phlegmatically pressed his mother's ring on the fat, tender fingers in his hand. He wondered why he had nodded at the witness's brief congratulation. He let his somnolent mind drift to the gulls. Absurd, the way they circled. He wondered what made them do it. He turned his head to his wife's name!—was standing by his chair. His wife—bah! Well, it was all over for him. He was even sleepy all through the ceremony. He had figured out before.

The next morning after his meager breakfast—he was hungry and annoyed; he really could have eaten more, he knew to his surprise, he was assisted by the interne into a comfortable wheelchair and rolled out on the veranda. A new program, eh? His, er, wife's, no doubt. His wife—bah! Well, it was all right, Marrying was too much for him. And a better view of the glistening bay. Sleepy—he was always sleepy, it seemed. He let his weary eyelids linger on the old, old scene—the yachts, the gulls, the launches, the gulls, the green line of trees over on the beach, the far, blue, mysterious horizon and the gulls! A new program, eh? his wife's name—was standing by his chair.

"Yes, his wife! Strange word! Marriage and wife! This healthy, graceful creature by his side was his wife, till he—till he died! Say it; that's right! In death! Birth, Marriage. Death. He had about run the gamut of them all! He stirred uneasily in his wheelchair. "You have been sleeping too much," she was saying firmly, eyeing him calmly. "How infernally cool and efficient she looked! He wondered what q0 make of her."

Some days they would fish along the seawall in the health-giving sunshine.
England's Best Meet Defeat

By CHARLES L. F.

IN THE first of the notable matches which are programmed for Florida links this winter, Johnny Farrell and Bobby Cruickshank, Tampa's professionals, defeated George Duncan and Abe Mitchell, the foremost team in Great Britain, on the Palma Ceia course in a 36-hole match. It was the first appearance of the English professionals in Florida and their defeat was made more notable because of the fact that a week before, at Asheville, they had defeated Bobby Jones and Francis Ouimet, the two leading amateurs of America, one up in 46 holes.

Farrell and Cruickshank are two of the youngest professionals in America as well as two of the best. They rank well up among the first ten premier American golfers. Cruickshank was runner up to Bobby Jones in one of last summer's events. They were induced to come to Tampa for the winter season by D. P. Davis, who is doing much to develop sports in the Tampa Bay section.

This pair have much to be proud of in their victory over the English players. They won by a score of three up and two to play by steady play through the fairways from tee to green, and true, consistent putting offset the greater driving power of the invaders. Abe Mitchell, who is rated as one of the longest hitters in the game today, averaged well over 250 yards, and on at least five holes poked his tee shot to the 300-yard mark. But drives of even that distance and as accurate as his avail but little when the putting mood is gone. In fact, both Duncan and Mitchell had difficulty on the greens and repeatedly missed short putts that should have been made, and would have possibly altered the score.

Duncan is reputed to be the best ex-
(Continued on page 82)
STRANGE FISH TO SEE and
SEA FISH TO CATCH

HAVING LEARNED about the PISCATORIAL CHAMPIONS from SCIENCE, YOU CAN GO OUT and ANGLE for SOME of the 600 SPECIES

By GENE HARRY DAY

EMPITERNAL memorial to inimitable
Isaac Walton—that is what they should
call it, the fine new aquarium which
will be raised on the Miami waterfront
close to the borders of multi-hued Biscayne
Bay.

Could the shade of America's most fam­
rous angler but arise and walk, it would
linger long and lovingly in the latitude of
Florida's finest educational exhibit of mari­
time marvels—a champion collection of salt
sea residents, the like of which was never
previously assembled under one roof.

More than a half hundred of piscatorial
science's most outstanding species, fish that
in the magnificence of their color and the
grotesqueness of their form and shape
eclipse the hues of the rainbow and the
curious clouds of tropical skies—these are
what amaze and delight your eyes when you
visit the extraordinary aquarium—not a
school of fish but a fish school where we
educated Americans shake hands with some of the mysteries of Neptune's playgrounds.

The notable Miami Aquarium ranks among
the best educational exhibits of its kind in all
creation. It is a storehouse of strange
fish facts and figures. Nowhere else in the
world can many of the species of fish shown
there be seen. Their homing haunts are
Floridian waters which lap the eastern coast
of Dixie's Suniland. Cleopatra's most gorge­
ous garments could not surpass the kaleido­
scopic colors of these fishes' vestments.

Visitors spend hour after hour and return
day after day to the Miami Aquarium—and
after months of patient study still have
much to see and more to learn. For the
fish families constantly are undergoing cer­
tain changes which make the mar­
vels of yesterday but memories,
and the spectacles of tomorrow
something epochal in scientific of­
ferings.

A half dozen years ago, the or­
iginal Miami Aquarium was built by
James A. Allison, an Indiana
capitalist, who was one of the
pioneer developers of beautiful
Miami Beach. Mr. Allison con­
ceived the notion of erecting an
appropriate structure in which to
house one of the world's finest
collections of fish. His idea was
to catch new specimens each sea­
son for exhibition purposes. At
the end of the tourist season, he
planned to liberate these fish
again and to close the aquarium
until the following winter. Mr. Allison in­
terested Carl G. Fisher, John O. LeGerce
of the National Geographic Society, Dr.
Hugh M. Smith formerly U. S. Commis­sioner of Fisheries and a number of emi­
nent scientists in the enterprise. The best
which the sea had to offer and which science
could present were combined in the re­
markable display.

A biological laboratory under skilful
supervision was established as a unique
feature of the Floridian fish research. This
hall of scientific search and research fa­
cilitated intensive experimentation with the
fish both as classes, species and individu­
ales. A large and accurate library was also
provided where the scientists and all others
interested in Florida's fish empire could
study up on the peculiarities and eccen­
tricities of Atlantic "fin-wigglers" that
headquarter proximate to the Floridian
Keys.

Strange to tell, every time the scientific
fisherman went out on their extraordinary
fishing trips, they, invariably, brought back
new forms or types of maritime treasure.

From year to year, the educational exhi­
bition of fish varied markedly in roster.
There was never any monotony of speci­
mens. Those who visited the exhibition
by the thousands each year during the six
years' of its operation always found many
new and interesting specimens from na­
ture's waterlogged kingdom. A huge green
turtle weighing one-fifth of a ton was an
object of interest one season. Sea ur­
tles so small that they were just barely
visible to the naked eye were the illipu­
tian prey of the strange fishing excursions.

Captain Charles Thompson, a dean of the
Miami fishermen colony, had charge of the
capture of specimens for the aquarium.
This man Thompson can narrate tales by
the hour of the abnormal monsters and
pigmies of the deep which he has pulled
to the surface in the course of his scienti­
tific fishing trips. One of these masto­
dons of the azure sea was a maritime
replica of a prehistoric dinosaur according
to Captain's description. In the vicinity
of Knight's Key, Captain Thompson one
day pulled to the surface what might have
ranked as a Neptunian rhinoceros by the
looks of the monster. It weighed 15 tons
and was 40 feet long. Government experts
who examined the mammoth specimen re­
ported that its like had never been classi­
fied in the annals of piscatorial history. The general belief was that the nautical Goliath was an inhabitant of the lower depths of the salt sea. It was assumed that some ascending current in the Gulf Stream caused by subterranean disturbance of one sort or another had forced this “Cardiff Giant of the Sea” to the surface. The supposition was that when the monster reached the surface in some way its diving apparatus was injured so that it could not again descend perhaps 1,000 to 1,500 feet to its normal residence close to Davy Jones’ locker. The hide of the monster was three inches thick—indicative that it lived dozens of fathoms beneath the surface. Captain Thompson and his shipmates emptied 151 high powered rifle bullets into the nautical mammoth and wounded it five times with large harpoons before it was subdued and hauled with strong block and tackle to the ship’s deck. The battle lasted 39 hours and is the epic of marathon fish fights along Florida’s 1,200 mile coast line.

Usually, Captain Thompson started his fishing for the aquarium the latter part of November. Of course, nets and seines and fish traps were used in place of hooks and line as the kings and queens of salt water had to be landed uninjured. As soon as lifted from their sea homes, they were placed in cans and vessels of salt water at the temperature to which they were accustomed. Then they were removed to the aquarium where they were placed in large glass tanks through which salt water of the desired temperature was flowing constantly. The arrangement of the 63 exhibition tanks in the aquarium was such that light flooded down from overhead skylights to intensify the glow and glimmer of the brilliant colored fish swimming about in their circus tanks.

In museums and scientific laboratories and offices, you may have seen the colored pictures often mounted in special windows so that the daylight and artificial light will illuminate the natural colors of fish. Photographs under glass for the borders of each exhibition tank look like the frame of a beautiful picture. Generally, about 500 different species of fish are on display as many different kinds which are not antagonistic are maintained in each tank. To browse through the entire gamut of the Floridian fish catalogue—if there be such—is to index and identify the various families represented in the Miami Aquarium. Science in technical publications has described the peculiarities, life cycle and activities of each of these fish species. Those interested can obtain such information from the National Geographic Society or from the U. S. Bureau of Fisheries. The space limits of this article prevent any extensive discussion of such voluminous subject matter.

Each fish family has a peculiar history, all its own—not a skeleton in the closet of that species—but additional contributions to the discoveries of fish research. In some anatomical characteristics, all fish are alike. For example, fish have but little blood. It is not warm but cold like the water which the fish inhabits. The blood stream of the fish family is slow and sluggish. Yes, the fish has a heart which throbs regularly like that of man. But it is a two cylinder heart for it consists of but one auricle and one ventricle. The heart pumps the blood to the gills whence it is distributed by means of arterial system throughout the body.

Pig fish would be an appropriate nickname for the grunts for their tribal war-
cry resembles that of Mister Porker et al. The grunt's only resemblance to the hog, however, is its vocal performance. The grunts rank among the handsomest of the sea's open seas. The sheepshead variety is the Ved of the salt sea. Another fish species et both more unusual is the electric ray or "electricity" fish. The fish paralyzes its enemies by giving them an electrical shock. Which goes to show that Benjamin Franklin—ages ago—might just as well have gone fishing in Floridian coves and keys after electricity as to try to pluck it from the heavens.

A certain muscular organ is the dynamo which apparently produces the electricity. The fluid contained in a number of hexagonal cells back of the fish's head seems to be the battery water which plays an important part in generating the electrical charge. After the electric ray or torpedo fish battles an enemy, its stored electricity apparently is depleted. The fish then has to recharge this battery water which it, subsequently, can utilize as ammunition.

The sea robin, so-called because of its resemblance to Cock Robin, is another master of the salt sea's subsurface. It ranks among the champion shoverels' of natural history and nautical lore. It uses its claws as efficient pick and spade with which to disinterr the crustaceans upon which it subsists. This species also is listed among the piscatorial aviators for it is equipped with wings quite similar to those used by the flying fish. And, as unusual as the sea robin, is the parrot fish—it cannot talk but it looks like a parrot. The almost exclusive food of this species is barnacles and other maritime creatures protected by shell overcoats. The parrot fish with its strong jaws devours this food as though it were soft as sponge cake. The parrot fish is a talented hook-dodger—a species difficult to catch or trap.

Yes, you might well describe the Miami Aquarium's inmates as headliners in a maritime menagerie for this fish fair teems with freaks. The puffer fish is a prize member of the freak fraternity. When cornered by its enemies, this peculiar fish swells up like a toy balloon. The air which the fish draws into its body acts like a life preserver and enables the puffer to float on the surface of the water. By a curious quirk of fish design, this puffer is also equipped with spinelike armor which emerge in spear array when the fish swells to an abnormal size. The puffer is the porcupine of the fish family when enlarged to receive its enemies. Surely a strange system of defense with which it is equipped—but a most effective one.

The slan dang is one fish, at least, which looks like the sailors of old is armed with a keen-edged cutlass. This weapon takes the form of a knife-like bone situated directly back of the gill shield. Like the famous mag boats of the Mississippi which remove great trees and other debris which anchor in the main channel by butting them from their bases, the slan dang rams its victim and, in the same identical spot. The slan dang merits the title of fish fencing master.

All the exhibition tanks at the aquarium are lined and ornamented with coral rock, sea weed and other forms of natural deep sea furniture. The idea is to make the fish as much at home as possible. The only restrictions to which the exhibition fish are subjected is that they are restrained like birds in gilded cages. They are fed the food which they relish when as freelance adventurers they roam the waters of Florida's coral-fringed coast. The octopus, in particular, finds splendid hiding places and rots in the curious excavations which the wash of the waves and the stress of the currents have dug in the coral. By the way, the octopus is the "Jack" Dempsey of the aquarium, the champion fighter of the novel fish hotel. The slan dang is run-up for the pugilistic honors. The octopus under natural conditions shelters its soft body in some coral cavity and exposes its eight tentacles like fishing lines and hooks to capture the crabs or crayfish which pass that way.

The jewfish is the laziest fish in the exhibit. About all this species does on the sea floor is to rest at ease and wait until crayfish come along and pop into its mouth. For the jewfish has a hard shell which keeps its mouth like a seine to capture the crabs and less crayfish.

When you visit the fish museum, it is wisdom to bring your piscatorial Baedekker along for even if you are an expert amateur angler you will not be acquainted with many of the specimens on exhibition. Then, you will view translucent shrimp, loggerhead turtles which grow to be as large as grizzly bears, spotted morays and whirpays, butterfly fish, French angel fish, saltfish, such as ever deep sea angler aspires to hook, barracuda, pompano, shay porgy and all the other salt sea denizens of Florida's water.

During the current winter, the aquarium will not be opened to visitors. Mr. Allison operated the fish exhibit for six years and at present he has gone fishing in Floridian coves and keys after electricity as to try to pluck it from the heavens.

A few of the houseboats and yachts owned by the angler club members
PAN, piping on his syrinx in mystic dells, joining in the dance of the Dryads, Arcads and the Naiads, never in his life won a prize for comeliness. Candor compels the statement that he was downright ugly—a regular fright, in fact, unreasonable terror was called "Panic" after him. Yet, for all his hoofs and horns, he was more of a male man than anything else. He made love to the wood nymphs and the water nymphs, and we can almost fancy that there was something of an ecstatic flutter in the bosoms of these imaginary maidens as they fled from him in alleged horror.

It is said that this same Pan surprised his whilom dance partners contemplating their reflections in crystal pools, turning their heads this way and that way, arranging elfin locks to appear at best advantage over blossom-white shoulders, preening. Or perhaps relaxed, admiring the pink and white shell of a toe rippling the surface of a brook.

On the bright sunny days Pan, the photographer, went forth to snap these attitudes on the camera obscura of his brain, and some of the images must have graven themselves deeply. There came seasons, however, when for weeks the skies were overcast, the rain pattered drearily on the sodden leaves; when Boreas, the North Wind, held sway and the gloomy recesses were filled with desolation.

Had the scene been Florida instead of Ancient Greece, Pan would not have sulked in his cave until Spring came to relieve him of his tedium. In Florida sunlight he could have basked or strutted, piping joyously, lyrically, mischievously, to suit his mood twelve months in the year, and as gladly would his nymphs have posed for him.

Portrait photographers have uncovered another use for our versatile element. They have found it eminently fitted for the production of natural portraits, of likenesses of people unconscious that they are having their picture taken.

"Why," asked Carl W. Blakeslee, of the Blakeslee-Klintworth Studios, "should we use artificial light when there is so much Florida sunshine going to waste? Northern photographers are forced to use artificial light because of overcast conditions and smoky cities."

The conversation turned to the difficulties artistic portraiture with media not so responsive as the painter's brush and colors, and with an instrument that has an enemy in the very atmosphere.

Were the photographer to get into close communication with his subject, ferret out a hint of the touchstone that will awaken the sitter's interest and bring it gleaming to the surface, his picture as a piece of art is worthless.
The portrait photographer, in addition to being a diplomat and a sleight-of-hand artist who can supply deficiencies such as Shrine or Elk pins, or feminine vanities, in addition to being a cool hand at straightening out neckties, or intractable ruffles, must, in the language of the day, "know his stuff."

To attain a good picture means a constant struggle, and when he believes he has attained this end, his subject is just as likely to exclaim indignantly: "Why this is somebody else; not me. You make me look too old. My face is too greasy. I'm not a mulatto!"

Fineness of detail of the inventor's process.

Photographers must know just what the light will do to his plate, what the developing will bring out; how far he can depend on retouching to remedy faults in his plate, or those bequeathed to his subjects by fate, such, for instance, as a crooked nose, an over-generous mouth, or eyes which will show up too light to please. The principles of photography and photo-chemistry must be thoroughly understood.

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It has not been so many years since photography emerged from the class of manual trades to take place as an art. Nowadays the artistic portrait photographer works hard to uncover the character of his subject, to know him, to learn, if possible, to what purpose the finished product will be used, whether business, professional, or for family or friends, and to shape it to fit that niche.

Firro McDonald, of New York City, famous photographer of men, tries to discover a man's hobbies, or his weaknesses, so that he will talk freely—relax mentally and physically, sit with leg dangling, hands in pockets, and discuss a two-yard putt made the day before. Others may regard you with the poised pencil of the artist. Still others, of the hearty type, may slap you on the back, shake you by the shoulders (that is, if you happen to be of male persuasion) and, if necessary, will go out and scare you up a drink. All to attain the effect of "naturalness"—if you will permit me to coin a word.

A casual courtesy of the old velvet-bound, flower-decorated photograph albums of three decades or more ago convinces us that our forefathers must have been heroic folks and photographers, for the most part, ogres, drawing fondish delight from the anguish of their sitters. One shudders when one contemplates the head clamp used to hold the victim's head rigid—an instrument of torture which passed into desuetude with the forked head-rest was freely used. And it is often a difficult matter to convince the ladies that powder and paint make it hard for the artist to do them justice.

They have read stories of the movie stars, of course," said Mr. Klintworth, "and they usually come in made up in ghastly red and white, while in filmland they use much softer colors. . . . if they would only understand that photographers must work with light; that a person's face, if covered with powder, really looks lifeless and wax-like. Make-up shows up all right in candle-light, but falls down in instantaneous work.

"As to clothes, everyone knows that the stout subjects should not use white clothes, with ruffles; that dark clothes are more appropriate for older people; that plaids and checks make a reproduction that detracts from the personality of the sitter."

Temperaments, like the poor, we have among us always, but Florida is coming more and more to be a state of imported ones. Nina Wilcox Putnam had a number of pictures made in Tampa for her article, "Hitting on Both Cylinders," which appeared in a nationally known magazine some time ago.

Marie C. Oemler, authoress of "Slippery Martha," said: "As to clothes, everyone knows that the stout subjects should not use white clothes, with ruffles; that dark clothes are more appropriate for older people; that plaids and checks make a reproduction that detracts from the personality of the sitter."

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Howard Chandler Christy picked Mary Wallace Davies as one of the most beautiful girls of Florida.

Often the mother has told the child to smile, and just when the photographer is ready, the infant will look brightly toward the mother and lisp: "Muvver, I'm smiling."

Coaching in advance detracts from childish grace and naturalness. "If we could only persuade mothers to bring them up a bit ahead of time," the photographers say, "we can gain their interest. Often we let them look through the camera and see the man standing on his head. We have dolls, we tell them stories—anything to arouse their curiosity, get their confidence. Then we can make some honest-to-goodness children pictures. And if mother do not try to overdress the tots and make too much of an suspicious affair of it?"

There are, of course, photographers and photographers. There are those in strictly the commercial class who have their customers strike an attitude and hold it while they go through considerable mummerly, "business" of regarding from one side and then the other of the patient sitter, shifting screens, etc., in order to impress him. The result is a product in black and white which the camera is in duty bound to record.

Again there is the class striving for ideals, for whom the picture is not so much of a salable commodity. His concern is not primarily to suit the public, forgetting everything else, but he will tell you that he gets a thrill, an artistic emotion from his work and on this he refuses to put a money value.

The writer was informed that one of the most disappointing moments in the life of the portrait photographer is when the patron selects a pose and enthusiastically declares it to be the best ever, disregarding the ones the photographer had deemed masterpieces.

A contribution to the art of photography is the character sketch of Johnnie Fischer, cobbler-philosopher of Maxburg, Ohio, reproduced in this article. An institution in himself, he is said to have done more for the school children of the town than any other agency by impressing on them the virtues of right living and honesty.

Mr. Bakleslee made a special trip to the little town, his birthplace, for the sole purpose of immortalizing this friend and mentor of his boyhood days. He recalled those hey-days when candy jaw-breakers were selling ten for a cent and the old cobbler kept a little stock of candy as an adjunct to his shop. Once he made a mistake and delivered only nine jaw-breakers in exchange for the copper. The photographer still retains his mental picture of the old man in his leather apron, hammer in hand, tearing up the street after him to supply the deficiency.

Wallace Stovall, owner of the Tampa Tribune, are examples of the tall, self-made business type
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to write an intelligent or connected story of Miami and its wonderful development is like trying to tell the story of a prize fight in the middle of the first round. A splendid start has been made and a future of tremendous possibilities seems close at hand, while the accomplishments of the present are astounding. The writer of such a sketch must sit down midst the rattle of steel hammers and the roar of steam engines and painfully attempt to formulate facts that change from day to day.

Youth." A little later a colony of French Huguenots settled near the United States government built an agricultural settlement or a fishing village, at which passing schooners occasionally stopped, but they nevertheless felt that their favored section ought to be better known to the world and all suffered from the hardships of being cut off from easy communication with the outside world.

In 1894-95 came two freezes which were felt far down into the peninsula. The first killed all fruit and vegetables and the second froze orange trees to the ground in many places. Even Palm Beach felt the effects of the cold. Mrs. Tuttle, who had been writing letters to Mr. Flagler, called and said: "If you come to Miami and see your property frozen, I will give you every assistance in my power." Mr. Flagler was impatient to achieve results, and while the track-laying crew was at work he sent a gang ahead by boat to begin work on the Royal Palm Hotel.

Few of the old settlers dreamed that Miami would ever be anything more than an agricultural settlement or a fishing village, at which passing schooners occasionally stopped, but they nevertheless felt that their favored section ought to be better known to the world and all suffered from the hardships of being cut off from easy communication with the outside world. In this connection, Mr. Flagler was engaged in constructing a railroad from Jacksonville, southward. He had reached Palm Beach, which he thought was far enough to go, and decided to make it the southern terminus of his line. Large tourist hotels were built and instantly proved popular, being kept filled during the winter months. Thousands of persons were charmed with the climate and with the beauties of nature.

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Workmen at the Royal Palm Hotel had to wear mosquito nets and keep constantly on the move because of the swarms of insects rising from the mud flats, which have since been covered and converted into valuable water front building sites. About that time an excursion from Jacksonville was built about this time and was the first hotel building to be completed.

Closely allied with the annual county fair is the farmers' curb market in the city hall annex, where the growers from the Everglades lowlands or the pine ridges near the coast meet to sell direct to consumers at the lowest possible prices. The existence of the farmers' market enables the hotels to present their guests with the best of green stuff during the middle of the winter.

In August, 1896, the city was incorporated, and an extensive program of improvements was begun. The Royal Palm Hotel was completed and opened for its first season January 10, 1897. It was filled all winter, and those who came not only returned the next year, but told scores of friends, and the city continued to be advertised by those who visited it.

Some years after Mr. Flagler had built his railroad into Miami, he decided to build by the overseas extension to Key West, eliminating a long steamship voyage, and enabling through freight and express cars to be ferried across direct to Havana. This work occupied seven years and required many millions of dollars and is still regarded as one of the modern wonders of the world. An automobile highway along the same line of keys from Miami to Key West is now contemplated, both the railroad and automobile road being made possible by the closeness of the keys to one another, and the shallowness of the water between them.

Mr. Flagler was the founder of the Dade County Agricultural Fair, an institution somewhat unique in that it presented a wide variety of entertainment and educational exhibits, all of which are free to the public. The fair being itself capable, the fair is the result of county taxation. The fair was first held in a building on Biscayne Bay near the Royal Palm Hotel, but rapidly outgrew it and was moved into a building now occupied by the Florida Citrus Exchange. Still later it had to be moved to the city park, and within the last few months an item has been included in a county bond issue for a fair plant costing not less than $100,000.

Mr. Flagler is credited with having made public speeches on only two occasions, the first at the opening of the Dade County Agricultural Fair, and the last one, was the honor guest at a banquet given at Key West when the overseas road was completed. On the occasion of his Miami visit, Mr. Flagler informed the millions he was spending were not an idle dream, but that he was in reality creating an empire, in which each one might have a part. He asked the fullest cooperation of all in building Miami, and to the credit of the citizens it should be added that this has always been given.
A movement has been started for the creation of a daily egg market. A new market building will shortly be constructed by the city on the river bank near the S. W. Second avenue bridge, and this will be convenient for persons bringing their truck down the Miami canal and river in barges, as well as making it possible to sell every variety of fish in the same place where the vegetables are offered.

An important annual affair in Miami is the fruit and flower pageant held each January. This is the event of the year in the Magic City, for individuals, civic clubs and all other organizations work together in preparing magnificent floats bearing the richest and finest produce of the section. Preparing magnificent floats bearing the fruit and flower pageant held each January 1924, occupied nearly an hour in passing a given point. Those who see this event in the movies every year may rest assured that the fruit on the floats is real fruit and not wax, and that genuine flowers are used instead of decorations of paper and cloth.

The parade on New Year day, 1924, occupied nearly an hour in passing a given point. Following the completion of the Royal Palm Hotel in 1897 a number of other splendid hotels were built, and every year has seen several added. The steady construction of buildings to care for the tourist throng, including hotels, apartment houses and private residences, has produced the famous Miami building boom, which has been in full swing over a period of years and shows no signs of slackening. A number of manufacturing enterprises also have sprung up, and ship lines have been placed in operation connecting Miami by direct route with New York, Baltimore, Charleston, Jacksonville and New Orleans.

Announcement was made recently that Cornelius Vanderbilt, Jr., and Barron G. Collier will begin work at a very early date to construct a cross-state railroad from Miami to Fort Myers and Tampa, following closely the route of the famous Tamiami Trail, which is shortly to be surveyed by the state and the missing links completed. Thus a cross-state highway and railroad will be side by side, and added to them will be a navigable canal 50 feet wide and 15 feet deep. This canal is dredged to get rock for building the road, furnishing ballast both for the automobile road and railway, and at the same time forming a trans-state artery of navigation.

The railroad will move millions of feet of cypress timber in Monroe and Collier Counties to Miami to be manufactured or shipped in its raw state, and also will tap the rich phosphate mines of Polk County. Miami has 20 feet of water in its harbor and will be given 25 under a bill to be passed at the present session of congress, but it is believed this will be followed by a 30-foot project to meet the demand of increasing commerce. November 22, 1924, Miamians turned out to celebrate the arrival of the first passenger steamship from New York, the Clyde Line S. S. Apache. The Apache is supplemented with the Apache, and this probably will be followed by a third. The company has placed its smaller boats on this run, but as soon as deeper water is obtained, it is expected that the larger liners will be sent.

The multiplying of transportation lines is expected to make Miami an important industrial center; to add to its distinction of being the world's winter tourist capital. Ten through passenger trains daily are operated during the winter in each direction between Miami and the leading northern cities, and this service will be supplemented shortly with the construction into Miami of the Everglades division of the Florida East Coast Railway, which will tap some of the richest agricultural territory in the world, between Okeechobee City and Miami. A belt line around Miami is being built by this company, and these developments, together with the addition of the cross-state line mentioned, will furnish abundant transportation for the creation of an industrial section. Rapid expansion of the municipal street car system will aid persons in reaching any factories that may be established.

Miami's chief claim to fame in the past has been its rapid growth, its building developments and the fact that it is a winter tourist capital and the year-round home of many persons of national importance. While it will still be the pleasure ground of millionaires more than ever before, and its development along the lines just mentioned will continue without hesitation, a new day is believed to be dawning in the establishment of industries, the development of commerce and the placing of Miami upon the map as an important seaport.

Miami and its adjoining suburbs, including its sister city, Miami Beach, has a summer population of more than 75,000 and a winter population of 200,000, according to latest estimates. The city directory gives 55,000 within the city limits, but these are constricted in comparison to the growth which has been made in all directions, and at an early date it is proposed to hold an election which will take in three times as much territory as is now embraced, and even at that, will not include anything not subdivided and developed.

The tax assessment rolls in 1924 showed a valuation of $96,697,844 in Miami alone, exclusive of Miami Beach, Coral Gables, Coconut Grove, Hialeah and Buena Vista.
The Miami assessment is based on a 60 per cent valuation of real estate, 25 per cent valuation of improvements and 25 per cent valuation of personal property. To show how inadequate the total given is, however, in arriving at a conclusion of what vast sums actually have been expended, it should be mentioned that in Coral Gables alone there has been to date an investment of $16,000,000, while the erection of the Miami-Biltmore Hotel in that subdivision has just been announced to cost $10,000,000.

Miami Beach is a city of between 10,000 and 15,000 permanent residents, not including the vast hosts that throng there in winter to patronize the numerous tourist hotels, among which are the Lincoln, the Flamingo, the Nautilus, the Pancoast, the Wofford, the Fleetwood and the William Penn.

The winter of 1924-25 is expected to be by far the greatest in the city’s history. Tourist train service started a month earlier and hotels opened a month sooner than ever before, with plans in most cases to remain open a month later than formerly. The number of tourist trains running into Miami has been greatly increased with through car service from nearly every important city and through train service from both New York and Chicago. The building program carried out during the summer to take care of the tremendous demands being made was the greatest the city has ever known. In fact, Miami has led the state steadily in the amount of building done for the past year, exceeding every other city regardless of size, and leading the South in the amount of building in proportion to the population.

Creation of an amusement center has been effected at Hialeah. A first-class mile track has been completed where the leading owners of America will race their horses beginning January 15. Special train service from Palm Beach and Miami to the Hialeah track will be given every day by the Florida East Coast Railway. Horse racing comes in addition to the sports already popular and well established there, including greyhound races, Spanish ball games and aviation. Several large casinos also will furnish the latest theatrical revues. A great many owners of fast motor boats are expected to participate in the annual motorboat and airplane regatta at Miami Beach March 20, when valuable prizes will be awarded.

There are a large number of golf courses and polo fields in Miami. They are well patronized, and the leading exponents of these sports meet daily during the winter. At the Roman Pools, Miami Beach, the nation’s Olympic swimming teams come to practice each year, and new records usually are set, which are followed by world-famous performances. It is the training which these teams receive in Miami each winter that enables them to carry away the big prizes.

At the hotels of Miami and Miami Beach each winter one meets the leading figures in national life in politics, religion, art, literature, the drama and the silver sheet. About the cozy parlors may be found a congenial group including George Ade, Rex Beach, Gloria Swanson, Rudolph Valentino, Ring Lardner, Claire Briggs, “Big Bill” Edwards of New York and perhaps others, while in their residences not far distant one will find James M. Cox, former presidential candidate, and William Jennings Bryan, the Grand Old Man of the Democratic Party. President Coolidge has been invited to visit Miami this winter, but at this writing it is uncertain whether he will be able to get away from official duties. At Miami Beach there has been erected a model residence which is reserved for the exclusive use of presidents of the United States, and which was occupied for a short period by the late President Warren G. Harding. In the invitation which has been extended to President Coolidge, he has been offered the use either of this winter white house or of any private residence in or near Miami.

Miami’s growth from 1910 to 1920, according to government census, was 440 per cent, leading the nation. Since 1920 it has been growing even faster, and curiosity already is being felt at what the next census will show. A city of 500,000 inhabitants within a very few years is predicted, and these are the figures being used by the city and different public service corporations in putting in improvements for the future. Miami’s building permits for the first eleven months of 1924 were $16,251,764. This does not include Miami Beach, Coral Gables, Hialeah or other suburbs.

The municipal authorities have found it necessary to proceed at great expense in widening many of the principal thoroughfares, building additional bridges and open-
ing more railway crossings. In many cases buildings have to be either moved, altered or demolished. In addition to this, $1,500,000 is being spent in getting a new water supply free from mineral substances, and $2,000,000 is to be spent in the creation of a water front park from the municipal terminals to the Royal Palm Hotel, a distance of half a mile. To accomplish this, dredges have filled in 1,000 feet from the shore line to the government channel. This area will be landscaped by experts of international reputation, and will consist of winding roadways, beautiful walks, rare trees and shrubs, a profusion of flowers and many fountains and rustic seats.

So rapidly is the port growing, also, that a new pier must be built without delay. There are already two municipal piers, each 1,000 feet long, with numerous warehouses, but the congestion in handling freight has become so great that it has reached the breaking point. The building of a third pier at an early date will afford only temporary relief, it is said, and the city will eventually be forced to carry out a plan suggested by the Miami Chamber of Commerce, whereby a section between the first bend in the causeway and the present municipal terminals will be used for slips and piers, making four and a half miles of docks.

The county authorities, several years ago, built a causeway 100 feet wide from Miami to Miami Beach, a distance of three miles. Now they are preparing to double the width of the viaduct portions of the structure as a necessary step to relieve traffic. The viaducts and piers are only half the width of the fill, and while this was sufficient two or three years ago, it is not in anyway adequate at present. The causeway is traversed by thousands of automobiles daily and by a line of trolley cars. The car line also is to be double tracked to speed up schedules.

One of the most notable developments near Miami is the construction of a number of “man-made” islands in Biscayne Bay. Two of these are reached by the county causeway, and the others are traversed by Collins bridge, which is being transformed into a second causeway. A third causeway will be built a mile or two further north, furnishing a through road from Miami Beach to Hialeah and its attractions. The artificial islands have been so constructed and landscaped that they are of rare beauty and form an exclusive atmosphere that appeals to many persons seeking a home away from the noise and excitement of the city.

Dade county has 1,000 miles of hard-surfaced roads radiating from Miami, and a recent bond issue appropriates $1,770,000 for more roads and other improvements, while a new bond issue of $300,000 is to be devoted especially to furnishing transportation to farmers in the Everglades. Dade county’s roads are tempting to motorists, and there are more automobiles in Miami and Dade county than in any similar territory, it is claimed.

In detailing the history of Miami, it is also necessary to mention Miami Beach, which has had a growth equally as startling. While the two cities form practically one community, the Beach residents nevertheless are exceedingly desirous of standing on their own legs and being known for what they have done. Shortly after the Florida East Coast Railway built into Miami, James S. Collins, of Red Bank, N. J., was induced to visit Miami Beach by hearing wild tales from three young men who had speculated in coconuts and given it up as a bad job. Mr. Collins bought the land at Miami Beach which these adventurers planned to use for coconut growing, and moved there, developing an avocado orchard, one of the first in Dade county. He lived quietly in his seaside home, not expecting there would ever be any big developments. A canal was cut across the peninsula, not as an accommodation for pleasure boats, as now used, but to enable Mr. Collins to get his produce to Miami by boat, via Biscayne Bay, without having to load it on barges and go the long way round to the end of the peninsula, and then back.

Mr. Collins was forced into a realization of the possibilities of Miami Beach in spite of himself. People kept worrying him to death for town lots, because they liked the beautiful surroundings. About 1912 Mr. Collins conceived the idea of building a city, and in 1918 built the Collins bridge, connecting Miami and Miami Beach. At that time it was the longest wooden automobile bridge in the world. A company was formed to develop the new city and improve it, to erect houses, hotels and golf courses. In this enterprise Mr. Collins was joined by his son-in-law, Thomas J. Pancost.

Cari G. Fisher, builder of the Indianapolis speedway, had for several years been spending his winters in Miami, and from his home at Point View, directly opposite, he had often gazed longingly at the strip of land which separated bay and ocean. He became interested in the development of this tract, and when through his friendship with Mr. Collins he heard that this tract was for sale he instantly purchased it. He set up his headquarters at his call joined with Mr. Collins and Mr. Pancost, forming the Associated Miami Beach Companies, which erected a chain of hotels, bathing casinos, golf courses and polo fields, and which have placed on the market a number of choice subdivisions. Today Miami Beach is a bustling city in its own right and does not have to depend on the mother city for physical, financial or moral support.

Fourteen years ago there came to Miami James H. Bright, a ranchman from the West who had become discouraged because he could not find a region where forage could be produced the year round. He had read a Miami advertisement and came here as a last resort. He visited the rich lands on the edge of the Everglades where Hialeah now is located, and found that grass was abundant at all seasons. He bought 1,000 acres and began dairying. Others followed in his footsteps and today Dade county has some of the finest dairies in the United States.

Mr. Bright continued to increase his holdings. During the world war Glenn H. Curtiss, developer of the airplane, established a field in Miami to train aviators for army service. He met Mr. Bright and they became fast friends. Mr. Curtiss moved his aviation field to Mr. Bright’s land. They formed a company known as the Curtiss-Bright Ranch Co., to more
thoroughly develop the resources of the region. More than 16,000 acres were acquired. Again the march of progress interfered with original plans, as the land had to be abandoned for agricultural purposes, and the farms and dairies were moved further back. Thus the town of Hialeah was founded on what had been an old Indian settlement, but as a necessary business center when the Everglades farmers could meet, trade and get their mail. Since that time the town has developed residential, industrial and amusement sections, including a race track, which is referred to elsewhere.

Not content with their holdings near Miami, Mr. Curtis and Mr. Bright recently bought 8,700 acres of land between Lake Okeechobee and Arcadia, which they will maintain as a cattle ranch and game preserve. Grass seed was sown by airplane, and the region is now covered with verdure. Daily communication between Hialeah and the new holdings has been established, and a special appeal will be made to hunters to visit the place by plane. The vicinity is already well stocked with all sorts of animal life, but if it is found lacking in any respect, it will be furnished with what is needed.

More recently the Curtis-Bright Company purchased 1,500 acres of land between Tampa and Oldsmar. Thus the pioneer Miami development concern has achieved statewide importance and will improve many sections. A new town is expected to be established establi shed as a railroad center.

Another firm of pioneer developers which should be mentioned is that of the Tatum brothers, who built the first street car line in Miami and constructed a bridge across the river at West Flagler street when there were only three houses beyond that point. Now Riverside is one of the city's best known residential sections, and there are many subdivisions, besides it, one following the other as development continues westward. The same firm is largely interested also in beach property.

As instanced by the action of the Tatum's in building a bridge and street car line in advance of demand, it has always been true in the history of Miami that private enterprise has been ready to step forward and provide needed public improvements ahead of official action. Years ago when there were no roads between Miami and Palm Beach, Mr. Flagler was asked if he could not spend some of his millions in providing an automobile highway between the two cities. He realized that such a road would, to some extent, be in competition with his railway, but did not hesitate, realizing that the development which would follow would repay him manyfold. The road was built.

A few weeks ago the congestion of traffic between Miami and the new racetrack became so great that immediate relief was declared necessary. The county commissioners were without funds for the time being, so residents along Gratigny Road, a main artery, put up $40,000 for immediate paving which, they said, will save many lives that otherwise might be sacrificed in needless automobile accidents. The same day residents who wanted a new road northward from the city put up a similar amount for the construction of a connecting link which would relieve traffic between Miami and Palm Beach.

John W. Martin, governor-elect, who is a Jacksonville man through and through, so far as patriotic sentiment is concerned, after driving over Miami recently and visiting its numerous and populous suburbs, expressed the view that if Miami was not quite up to Jacksonville yet, it was certainly right on the heels of its North Florida friend.

Miami is the natural gateway to the tropic zone, through which thousands will come to seek health, wealth and success. It has been established as a seaport of importance that is destined to become greater day by day. It is rapidly becoming a railroad center. At its back door lie the Everglades, the richest lands in the world, capable of feeding the entire nation should every other section suffer destruction of crops. Also the nation's sugar bowl, as evidenced by the pioneer work of the Pennsylvania Sugar Company, which is shortly to be followed by other sugar companies, promising tremendous developments.

There are a number of industries which, in all likelihood, will be successfully developed in Miami and which will make it a point for export of all the southeast's goods north and south, particularly to Central and South America, which are its legitimate markets. Silk culture, rubber manufacture, camphor growing stand in the offering as tomorrow's great industries, not to mention the further development of the manufacture of furniture and building supplies, which are already well under way, and the number of cigar factories which are in successful operation.

Experiments over a series of years in Florida, made by Dr. Thomas de Pamphilis, a native of Italy, who has spent most of his life in this state, and who came to Miami from St. Augustine, have resulted in the formation of a corporation to manufacture silk. Mulberry trees for the silkworms are already under way (Continued on page 88)
SOLVING THE RIDDLE

Scientists Explore the Shell Mounds to Clear Up the Complicated Identity of Florida's First Residents

By GEORGE H. DACY

BEFORE the era of William the Conqueror, even previous to the days of Montezuma and the clever Incas when the white men of all creation believed that the world was flat, the sandy shores and tropical jungles of what then was wilderness, but which now is Florida, the wintertime capital of most of the United States, was inhabited—but by whom?

Yes, it is a riddle which even the skill of eminent ethnologists and archaeologists has not yet solved in its entirety. But, year by year, science is creeping closer to the goal it seeks. The time is coming when her representatives will know definitely whether the shell men welcomed the Indians to Florida or whether the swarthy savages were the original inhabitants of Uncle Sam’s most southernly state.

Our national scientists up in Washington are not content to browse through ponderous tomes in order to search for the answer to Florida’s first mystery. Clad in khaki and flannels and boots, shovels and scientific tools in hand, they have invaded the coasts of our last frontier. They have ceased about studying the formations in ancient shell mounds, differentiating betwixt the curious funeral pyres of the early aborigines. With the dependability of mechanical fingers they have separated the grass from the weeds, the mounds that were worth digging into from those which were nothing more than the deposit places of millions of shells.

This party sent the finest collection of Indian pottery ever found in the United States to the Smithsonian Institution in Washington.

When we read the thrilling mystery stories which are now a part of our national fiction, we meditate over the miraculous accomplishments of super-sleuths who ferret out the “hows” and “whys” of mysterious crimes with similar regularity to that which functions the extraordinary prayer mills of faraway China.

And when it comes right down to a matter of applying scientific lore to the enterprise of solving intricate problems, please page the talented ethnologists of Uncle Sam’s incomparable service, for they score more hits and less misses than any of the pseudo-sleuths of fiction.

Which, you may imagine, is a rather roundabout way of paying homage due to our federal ethnologists who regularly rove the valley of dead men’s bones in order to learn all about their secrets.

This writer claims it is considerable of an art to be able to disinter the skeletal remains of some man who lived ten or twelve centuries ago and by the intensive study of his bones to classify him accurately as to tribe, nation, sex, era, customs, peculiarities and conditions of servitude—if, perchance, the original owner of the bones was a serf.

Now, if you do not agree that these fellows who identify an ancient skeleton’s family tree and tribal connections by bringing his bones under the microscopes of science are some whizbangs, you had better abandon your reading of this article. Heart and hands, the writer is for the boys who work in the national service for small salaries and devote lives of untiring research to the solution of America’s technical conundrums so that this country may be a better place for posterity. And for that reason, he always believes in cheering whenever there is any opportunity of paying tribute to their unselfish sacrifices.

Ethnological science is trying to find the connecting link between the Indians of South America and the redskins of the country which Columbus discovered. It also is seeking definite data about the red men who lived in Florida previous to the appearance of the Seminoles, offshoots of the Creek Nation. Reference libraries, Spanish histories and the recollections of the oldest settlers are of no avail to the Washington experts who visit the salt rea sidewalks of Tampa Bay where more valuable shell mounds and scientific data have been found than anywhere else in Florida. There has been only one way to get to the bottom of the mystery. It was to dig.
with laughter. They had "put one over on science."

Next day, their joy was changed to grief. Dr. Fewkes and his companions paid no attention to the mound where the real estate dealers had buried the Indian pottery. Instead, they began digging in a mound at the opposite end of the island. To the realtors, it looked as though their publicity goose was cooked. It was just another illustration, though, of truth being stranger than fiction. After a few days of digging, the men from Washington shoveled aside the sand and disclosed Indian skeletons and extraordinary pottery. Dr. Fewkes had selected the shell mound with scientific accuracy as the burial place of tribesmen who lived many centuries before the days of our Pilgrim Fathers.

Dr. Fewkes believes that about 5,000 Indians of different tribes and nations resided temporarily on Weedon's Island during the period from 500 to 1,000 A. D. Of course, this is mere speculation on his part but if you know much about Washington scientists, you can well appreciate that they never make radical statements unless they have more than a smattering of scientific evidence to back up what they say. The information gained from the study of the skeletons which have been removed from the shell mounds also confirms Dr. Fewkes' assertion.

The chieftains of each tribe were found buried close to the center of the mound. The men of lower rank were interred in logical order farther away from the center in correspondence with their station. Directly above the skull of each Indian the diggers found a valuable piece of pottery. Each of these relics was pierced with a hole. This hole, according to Indian superstition, provided escapement for the spirit after death. The more important the savage, the more valuable was the pottery and relics which were buried in his grave.

The shovels of science uncovered three distinct stratifications at Weedon's Island. Each strata represents the burial ground of a certain tribe. The indications are that at least three distinct and separate tribes lived on the island. Each of them selected the same cemetery as, according to Indian belief, that particular piece of ground was ideal for burial purposes.

In one type of these Indian burials, the body was laid on its left side facing the west—the land of the setting sun. The knees are drawn up under the chin while the left hand is close to the forehead as if in permanent salute. One of the tribes is designated by an unusually heavy lower jawbone. Dr. Stirling says that no other American Indians have jawbones as large as those found among these prehistoric skeletons. These particular red men followed the custom of bodily exposure before burial, that is, the bodies of the dead warriors were exposed in mortuary temples...
Tufts and massive bones of mastodons have been unearthed in the sands along the East Coast near Melbourne until the flesh disintegrated. Then, after the bones were subjected to special tribal ceremonies, they were buried.

Some people probably would contend, after seeing the charred remnants of bones which have been removed from the shell mounds, that at least one tribe of these Floridian Indians was of cannibalistic tendency. Science states to the contrary, that none of the American Indians have been identified as cannibals. The scientists say that the bones were channeled in some ceremonial or religious rites before they were interred.

The members of another of the early tribes were characterized by small stature and small bones. Their chins were pointed. The third type of skeletons is that of a savage of great size, with heavy bones, powerful jaw and square chin. The members of this tribe were the last of the prehistoric inhabitants to occupy Weedon's Island. They lived there about 450 years ago. They were the most cultured of the three tribes as evidenced by the quality of pottery and ornaments which they made.

Some of these antique Indian relics are masterpieces of aboriginal decorative art. The designs, although queer and fanciful are, nevertheless, finished productions of what appears to be a lost art of long lost races. The colors of the pottery are as extensive as the hues of the rainbow. The shapes and designs are as numerous as the varieties of geometry. Red, yellow and black colors predominated. The designs seem to be stamped or stencilcd into place. Human faces are modeled in bas-relief on some of the pottery. Dr. Weedon's Island.

Ethnology describes the banner stone as one used as a primitive milling stone on which the meal of the Indians was ground. One of these stones was rolled above another with the grain placed in between. The banner stone is four inches thick and 16 inches in diameter. Milling stones of this description were used by the shell men, who are numbered among America's first primitive inhabitants.

The national scientists who uncovered and studied the ethnological relics buried on Weedon's Island, think that the prehistoric Indians whose bones they have disinterred are either members or offshoots of the Caloosa tribe or possibly relatives of the Carib Indians of the West Indies. However, it will take the thorough-going representatives of Uncle Sam one or two years to trace the racial features exemplified in the skeletal remains and, bit by bit, build up the historical story of these peoples.

The finest of the skeletal remains and pottery pieces have been shipped to the Smithsonian Institution and National Museum in our National Capital. There, the world's leading ethnologists will try to identify the specimens and solve Florida's shell mound mystery. Subsequently, the bones and relics will be displayed in the National Museum.

The Smithsonian party has found and disinterred the skeletons of more than one thousand pre-Columbian Indians.

The banner stone is an extraordinary tapering hole, like the rifling of a gun which pierces the ageworn relic. The tapering of this hole is so delicate that it must have been accomplished by some mechanical art now lost to modern Indian lore. Lapidarians report that the redskins must have used some sort of crude metal tools to make such holes in rock that is almost as hard as flint.

The Smithsonian has found and disinterred the skeletons of more than one thousand pre-Columbian Indians. (Continued on page 80)
I’VE got the motor boating blues, a species of melancholia I had never thought until very recently I would ever be troubled with; which serves to prove the contention of several local motor boat enthusiasts, that many a landlubber with sporting blood in his veins would leave the crowded brick and asphalt highways and take to the water if they once got a little salt spray in their hair and felt the thrill of racing over the waters of Tampa Bay in a fast running motor boat. One trip gave me the bug and I honestly confess that my present attack of indigo subjectively is because the wife won’t let me mortgage the shack or pawn the family jewels so as to acquire a motor boat and lead a fast life on the bounding waves of Tampa Bay. But to begin at the beginning. Not many moons ago I am wandering over the bridge which spans the Hillsboro River on LaFayette street looking for a spot to park. It is ten o’clock a.m., and I have spent two hours variously cranking Lizzie, getting arrested for speeding in a vain endeavor to beat the boss to the office, and the last thirty minutes looking for the scarcest thing in the City of Tampa—a parking space. It’s my unlucky morning and I’m out of patience, but as events transpired it was only the dark hour before the dawn of a very pleasant day. For as I gazed longingly around for a place at the side of the road I spied a brother pusher, name of Sperry, and he hails me with: “Let’s go.” “Let’s go where?” I respond and he comes back with: “Let’s take a trip on the “Lively Bee’s Wing.” “Brother”, I tell him, “I dunno where you got acquainted with the Governor of North Carolina, but I’ll take a ride with you on a bulldog’s car, if you’ll tell me where I can hang up this hunk of tin.” He shows me a hole at the back of the Tampa Bay Hotel and then I find out that the “Lively Bee’s Wing” is the first of a fleet of high powered motor boats that D. P. Davis is bringing to Tampa to help encourage water sports in Tampa Bay and I’m invited to take a ride because anything that goes faster than a dog trot is my middle name. Before I accept, however, I ask if there’s anything to crank; do they pinch you for speeding on the water; and are the parking spaces all full when you get where you’re going. To all of which I get a negative answer so I’m on, because I’m needing something to write about and I might just as well be a day late as an hour, and maybe the boss’ll be out of town tomorrow.

Sperry and I go down to the Tampa Bay dock and locate the “Lively Bee’s Wing,” as trim a little motor boat as ever hit the waves, so they tell me, but I’m green as far as the navy’s concerned so
they could have told me she was the elephants adenos and I would have been forced to believe it. A sandy-haired guy by the name of Murray—who I afterwards discovered was subecretary of the power boat committee of The Hillisbo Yacht Club and has been instrumental recently in creating a new class of water sports and activities in West Florida—was at the wheel and is impatient to be gone. In a minute we’re aboard and as we put off, Murray made a sudden declaration: “It’s true, seven bells by the Waterbury Watch, Yeave Ho! My lads, Yeave Ho!” By this I knew he was man of the sea and addressed him thereforth as Captain.

We go up the Hillsboro River a few miles and do some plain and fancy aving. Sperry tells us we stayed on top of the water, but a whole lot of water got on top of me. I’m soaked. However, I don’t have time to let this disturb me because we shoot underneath the LaFayette Street bridge and head towards St. Petersburg and in a few minutes we’re there. A little way out the waves get choppy and we pick up speed and skim over the tops of them. It was a glorious trip and I’m sold on the idea.

In St. Petersburg we pick up J. Harold Sommers, another guy who does this sort of thing for a living. We take him out in the Bay of Near and far. We have to fly too and Harold offers to swap the Tourist News for one like it. Next we do some golf in the St. Petersburg Yacht Club and then—can you beat it—it’s pinchèd for speeding or parking on the water side of the water or some other nautical crime. I had been visibly impressed with the joy of being entirely away from the fetters of speed and traffic cops, when out of the clear blue sky comes a guy who looked like old Neptune himself, perched on the front end of a slow going craft of some vintage, with arms folded and all the majesty of the law in his bearing. “Ahoy there!” he shouts, but in the meantime Harold Sommers says: “Lookout the Harbor Master, let me argue with him.” So when His Majesty, the law, pulled alongside, Harold said without the least bit of fear or shift in his voice: “I don’t give a clam,” says the cop, or words like that, “for the Bee’s Wing,” to a steadier gait. But I couldn’t refrain from sarcastically asking Sperry where the rest of the Ocean traffic cops were stationed and how come we didn’t get pinched on the way over. But joking aside, the trip back was even more delightful than going over and all of this I have written to show where I got the enthusiasm necessary to dig up the following regarding motor boat activities in Tampa Bay for the benefit of Sunland readers.

It really looks as though Tampa is to become a motor boat center for the entire West Coast, and as if the waters of this part of the world are going to be tamed soon by two smaller boat owners. D. P. Davis and a Mr. Murray—another guy who is quite well known and has been instrumental in creating a new class of water sports and activities in West Florida—were at the wheel of the D. P. Davis fleet of power boats and are planning to bring their fleet to Tampa.

Since the H. Y. C. is planning so much in the way of motor boat activities for the near future in Tampa Bay, I asked H. F. Ashton, secretary of the club, to tell me something about the personnel of the organization so that it might be incoporated in this yarn. I am giving his report on the matter verbatim, for should I attempt to paraphrase it I might spoil the salty tang of its language:

"We start with the Commodore, Caesar F. Irch, a ratty old sea dog who would rather have his nose in salt water than in this day’s dinner. Caesar, I understand, is now supervisor of water sports and yachting events, and promoter of race courses and yacht harbors.

Vice-Commodore Harry E. Prettyman, of Tampa, who is also rather strong; his weakness is the metropolis of Oldsmar and parties where cases and guests are counted on the same basis."

(Continued on page 90)
The Venetian Casino

The Venetian Casino, a vividly colorful bit of Old Venice, reproduced in the tropical setting of Miami’s palms—quaint, picturesque, incomparable!—is truly a symbol of the beauty and charm of Coral Gables.

A master-artist’s dream translated in values of brilliant color, of the blending and harmonizing of rugged coral stone with the soft tints of Venetian waters and softer surging tropical palms—a grandiose picture than which Venice at her loveliest and best never possessed more delightful.

The Venetian Casino surpasses in infinite charm anything of the kind you have ever seen. So also do the delightful Country Club and its Palm Garden. Miami’s Master Suburb grows better every day in things that make for good living, as well as good investment. You have not seen Florida at its best, until you visit Coral Gables.

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WHO WILL WRITE THE SONG of SUNILAND?

ANNOUNCEMENT of SUNILAND’S GREAT $1000.00 SONG CONTEST

YOU often hear Alabama, Tennessee, Carolina and other Southern states used as the theme of nation-wide popular song successes but never our own State of Florida.

And the reason is plain. The word “Florida” does not lend itself to the construction of a lyric or song poem. Neither do words not rhyme with it.

But with the word “SUNILAND”, which was coined for The Magazine of Florida, it is different. Words that rhyme with “land” leap into mind at once—sand, hand, hand, strand—just to name a few.

And then the word “sunny.” That is another winner. You do not have to think a second before the word “money” jumps forward. And both of these words are especially applicable to Florida.

A song hit which will sweep the country from coast to coast in a wave of popularity will do more for Florida this year than any other form of publicity. Fifty million people will have it dinned into their ears. They will hear it in the theaters, at the movies, over the radio, whistled on the streets, and on the phonograph records. To get the “in-pan alley” swing, it will be a bear, in the air, everywhere.

Ever on the alert to carry the message of Florida to the millions of prospective residents, the publishers of Suniland, The Magazine of Florida, will conduct a national contest to find a song that has “popularity” stamped all over it.

One thousand dollars will be expended in this contest. The sum of $250.00 will be awarded for the best lyric (words) submitted; a like sum will be paid for the music; and $500.00 or more will be spent in assisting in “putting over” the song hit.

Everyone is urged to enter the contest, and induce their friends to do so. There will be no conditions imposed as in other contests. You do not even need to be a subscriber to SUNILAND. It is hoped that some Floridian will win the contest as it has been stated it is open to all. The publishers of SUNILAND want to obtain the kind of a song that will smash over into a big success this summer, and be used by vaudeville stars, orchestras, bands, and over the radio.

It will be better if the compositions are complete—words and music—but a set of words alone may be the best, and the music will have to be written for it in New York. So do not hesitate to set your brain at work thinking up the words for a SUNILAND Song. You will have a good chance to think a second before the word “money” jumps forward. And both of these words are especially applicable to Florida.

Rules and Conditions

1—Lyrics submitted should consist of two verses and a chorus with Florida as the theme.
2—The coined word “Suniland” must be used in the title and at least twice in the chorus.
3—Compositions should be of the syncopated, or waltz, type and must feature the charms of Florida.
4—Place your name and address at the top of each sheet.
5—One person may submit any number of lyrics or complete songs.
6—No sets of lyrics will be returned, but rejected musical compositions will be returned when the required postage is enclosed.
7—Contestants automatically agree to allow their lyrics to be published in Suniland Magazine and in newspapers, during and after this contest.
8—The author of the lyric, or song, winning the contest assigns all of his rights to Suniland Magazine but with the understanding that his or her name be carried on every copy as the author.
9—if a complete song is declared the winner, the $500.00 prize will be paid to the author. If a lyric (words) alone is selected by the judges, $250.00 will be paid to the author, and another $250.00 to the composer of the music selected for it.
10—The contest will close March 15th, 1925. The right is reserved, however, to extend the time if a satisfactory song is not selected out of those submitted by that date.

Address all compositions to:

SONG CONTEST EDITOR

SUNILAND MAGAZINE, Tampa, Florida

SUNILAND, keep in mind the song successes of past years having some state as the theme. Some of the best known have been: California, California and You, Alabama Moon, Carolina Sunshine, Carolina Mammy, Carry Me Back to My Carolina Home, Georgia Moon, That’s Georgia, Everything is Peaches Down in Georgia, I Miss My Mississippi Mias, Kentucky Babe, Louisiana Lou, My Sunny Tennessee, T-B-Double N, (Kentucky) and others you will recall.

Remember that most popular songs contain a strong human interest appeal so try to bring in the love and romantic element. Here are a few rough ideas of rhymes that may help you:

Down in SUNILAND,
On the Golden Sand,
Held Her Hand,
Take my stand
Beat the Band.

Land that always please,
Where it never freezes
Fountain of youth
Goose in truth

Land O’ Lakes and Hills,
Full of Joy that Thrills.

Land of Flowers
Many happy hours.

Sheltering palms
Take her in my arms

Peaches on the beaches.

Good times galore
Go there forevermore.

It’s the land you should be seeking,
With Health and Wealth it’s reeking.

These ideas will bring many others to your mind. When you have jotted them all down you can then begin weaving them into a song poem that may win the SUNILAND Prize.

The craze of working out cross word puzzles has swept the Nation from Bangor to San Diego and from Boston to Key West. Everyone seems to be working them.

The editors of SUNILAND believe that it is time for something new—a craze that will be of some benefit to the State of Florida. Working out a set of lyrics for a Suniland song should be fascinating. It will require ingenuity and will develop a person’s talent, skill and cleverness in devising and combining words and phrases into a song full of the charm and fascination of Florida—a sunny land of many enchantments, filled with allure, delight, joy, health, wealth and contentment.

It is hoped that thousands will submit lyrics for a song of Suniland. Writing them should prove a pastime much superior to that of working out solutions to cross word puzzles.
“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 limits. Come to Davenport and Davenport will do the rest.

DON’T WRITE—COME AND SEE!

Holly Hill Grove and Fruit Company

DAVENPORT FLORIDA
THE WAY TO ORANGE LAND

At the Peak o' the Ridge Stands Another Marvel of Florida's Galaxy

By F. H. GLOVER

Reading the tale of Florida’s achievements in city building and the stories of more and more new cities planned is a dangerous business; it is likely to cause one to lose one’s perspective, to be thrown off balance. And to see the making of the marvel projects is even worse; adults who long ago ceased to believe in Santa Claus and whom not even Maude Adams could shake in their skepticism about fairies, find themselves wondering if perhaps Aladdin’s lamp might not have been a reality after all, and if maybe modern wizards have dug the old thing up, wearing away its age-long tarnish by the rubbings that create wonder towns out of Florida sand and palmettoes.

That is how one feels as one drives over the miles upon seemingly endless miles of streets and avenues, up and down hills, along pleasant valleys, beside glistening lakes and through long, sweeping stretches of orange and grapefruit trees, that in the not distant future is to be the city of Davenport.

By F. H. Glover

What four years ago was only cut over land. And it is another example of the utilization of a by-product. Davenport started as just that—a by-product. Today it is by way of becoming considerably more important than its parent business.

Davenport, up in the northeastern corner of mighty Polk County, sits astride the Dixie Highway at the peak, the very apex, of Florida’s Scenic Highlands. Polk is the king-pin of Florida’s citrus industry, with more than 70,000 acres of orange and grapefruit and other citrus trees—more than three times the grove acreage of the next largest citrus growing county, Orange, with a little more than 22,000 acres.

The main line of the Atlantic Coast Line Railway passes through the town, and already thousands of persons who have not yet learned to recognize the name Davenport when they hear it, remember with pleasure the beautiful stretch of smooth asphalt highway, bordered with Australian silk oaks, flaming scarlet hibiscus and gorgeous crimson poinsettia, and the broad sweep of emerald lawn in front of the Holly Hill Inn.

These things are merely a foretaste, a sort of appetizer, as it were, for the Davenport that is to be. But already these features have been photographed and photographed until newspaper and magazine readers the world over have become familiar with them. For example, last summer Davenport entertained the State Highway Beautification Commission, building a palm-thatched auditorium set in the midst of a wide-reaching bed of blossoms of every kind and every hue.

Of all of the Florida cities that are making long strides toward beautification, Davenport was voted to have done most; and it wasn’t because Davenport was the hostess city, either. It was for the reason that no other place, large or small, had done as much toward the creation of a real artistic atmosphere and actual visible beauty as had this new city on the way to Orange Land. But that was last summer, and a few months mean a lot in the planning and development of a Florida city. Meanwhile, photographs of Davenport’s beautification work and of the tropical environment in which that state highway beautification gathering was held have been published in garden and
Designed and built for Florida's finest homes. Already millions spent in permanent improvements

Situated at the highest point in Hillsborough County. Surrounded by the world's largest orange grove of a single variety. Winding boulevards and vistas of magnificent homes.

Florida's finest Country Club and the state's sportiest 18-hole golf course are here. Over $750,000 already spent providing recreational facilities for estate owners.

For your permanent or winter home Temple Terrace Estates offers an unusual appeal. And for investment the opportunity is unexcelled.

Twenty minutes from Tampa over perfect highways.

Your inspection is invited and your approval is assured

Temple Terrace golf course will be the scene this season of a number of tournaments of national importance. And pool will be the aquatic sports center of the United Temple Terrace Casino and States, February 21 and 22 when members of the American Olympic Swimming and Diving team will compete here for honors and trophies in water sports.

Temple Terrace Estates

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Follow the Sign of the Orange and the Arrow

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highway and beautification magazines the world over.

The beginnings of Davenport were the Holly Hill Groves and nurseries. And the beginning of these were founded on the plan of the Wilson and Toomer Fertilizer company of Jacksonville to create an additional outlet, that is, to absorb possible surpluses or to permit the company’s plants to operate at or near capacity all of the time. That is why it was stated a few paragraphs back that Davenport is an example of the utilization of a by-product.

Today Davenport home sites and groves are owned by residents of thirty-five states and the District of Columbia, besides the Philippines, the Canal Zone, England and Canada. That's why it was stated that the child bids fair soon to be a lot bigger and huskier than the parent.

A list of these owners, by states, reads like this:
Florida, 121; Ohio, 61; District of Columbia, 55; North Carolina, 38; New York, 29; Illinois, 24; Georgia, 18; New Jersey, 17; Vermont, 17; Pennsylvania, 15; Indiana, 14; South Carolina, 13; Massachusetts, 13; Michigan, 12; Mississippi, 10; North Dakota, 5; Rhode Island, 5; California, 5; (read that and weep, Native Sons); Minnesota, 5; Maine, 3; Kentucky, 3; Connecticut, 2; Arkansas, 2; Texas, 2; Utah, 2; Wyoming, 2; Nebraska, 1; Minnesota, 1; Wisconsin, 1; Alabama, 1; Tennessee, 3; New Hampshire, 3; Philippines, 1; Canal Zone, 1; England, 1; Canada, 1.

This makes a total of 516, if Mr. Burrough's interesting mechanism is to be relied upon, 516 persons owning a total of more than 3,000 acres of what in a few years is to be one of Florida’s show places and beauty spots.

A drive over and around the town site of Davenport, set in the midst of its citrus groves, its towering pines, its live oaks with their draperies of gray Spanish moss, its somber cypress, is a journey—it isn’t just a jaunt. Visualize more than fifty miles of roads, avenues and streets, all opened, cleared and graded, ready for the asphalt surface. Picture these miles of thoroughfarcies lined on both sides with their Australiand palms in regular rows. Vision the other long rows of single scarlet hibiscus, the chosen flowering scrub or telephone and electric light poles will be placed in these alleys.

The designers of Davenport say they realize that modern city planning calls for the elimination of alleys; but, they declare, Davenport alleys are to be closely looked after as are the streets themselves, and the thoroughfares themselves, take care of all unsightly poles and the like, keeping them off the thoroughfarcies themselves. Maybe this is just a sort of drudgery, they say, but they believe it will add to the general attractiveness of the place.

This standover is certainly as if they were right.

Tampa, Florida's real metropoly, is busily engaged in widening dozens of its narrow, ill-planned streets, and many other cities—

Tom C. Dobson and Gwyn Thomas, both from Boston, are the professionals at the Holly Hill Golf Club

The home of Frank W. Crisp is typical of the many Spanish type residences being erected

Paul Henry, Jr., is a striking example of the value of Florida sunshine and air.
SAN REMO
On the Bay
A Mediterranean
Florida Subdivision

Practically all lots front on the bay where one may actually dock his boat in his own “yard.” Especially attractive prices are offered to those making selection before property is offered for public sale.

For advance information address

M. F. SCHIAVONE, Inc., Developers
SARASOTA, FLORIDA
More than 3,000 acres of citrus surround the town of Davenport

Another owner of Davenport grove property wished to create an endowment for a certain educational institution of the South; so she chose an orange grove at Davenport, deeding it to the school, providing for its care and dedicating its profits to the institution. Another school for the education of the mountain boys and girls of the south has been the recipient of a like endowment; while the officials and employees of one of Florida’s largest banks own a large grove, the income from which is to be the nucleus of a pension fund for employees when they reach the age of retirement or become disabled to the point of inability to work. And the men at the head of this remarkable and unusual development say they have numerous inquiries in regard to the manner of establishing other endowments of this kind.

A list of the owners of home sites and groves at Davenport reads like a “Who’s Who in America”. The list includes presidents, directors and officials of more than thirty banking institutions throughout the country — and bankers do not put their money into a proposition, until they have examined and investigated it from every angle.

Davenport’s chief source of pride at this, the early stage of the new city’s planning, is the extraordinary beautification plans that are being carried out in the development of the place. Naturally lovely with its succession of hills and valleys, its crystal lakes teeming with game fish, its thousands of acres of young or bearing groves, its nurseries and propagating grounds where are to be grown every variety of hardy, tropical and semi-tropical plants and trees suitable for planting in South Florida — and where thousands of these plants are growing today — the beauties of nature are to be added to by the hand of man, intelligently directed and adequately financed, until the completed plan will be something for artists to rave about.

Indicative of the rapidity with which new developments outgrow the most sanguine expectations of their projectors in South Florida, a few months ago plans were prepared for a new hotel at Davenport. The details were carefully gone over; the new structure, a long city block in length and almost equally deep, was to be two stories high, that being thought to provide amply for the town’s needs in that line. But before a brick had been laid, before a spadeful of ground was ever turned, sales had grown to such a number that it was seen that the proposed hotel would not do at all — that it was entirely too small. So the architects have added a seven story central section to their plans, making the hotel part of the building eight stories in height, with lobbies, a garden and central court, and business and office rooms on the ground floor. That’s why the South Florida city grows these days. Contracts for the new hotel structure have been awarded, the building to cost nearly half a million dollars and to be the last word in elegance and luxurious richness of its furnishings, equipment and service. And after this structure is underway other buildings, stores, a bank, and so on — will be erected.

These are only a few of the things that Davenport is doing. They are merely hints of the rapidity with which new towns and cities are being created out of raw Florida land, under Florida’s azure skies and basking in Florida’s golden sunshine. To one who has not seen these things are almost unbelievable; it seems incredible that so much urban loveliness could be created in a few years out of wilderness. But the facts are here, for anyone to see. And they are proofs of the assertion that the South Florida of today is the land of opportunity — such opportunity as never before has been offered to the man, be he young or past the sunrise time of life, who has the ability to recognize and grasp it.

Hazel Emery, youngest grove owner, under one of her trees at “Hazelhurst,” overlooking Lake Charles
Come to the Sunshine City

There's all kinds of fun for old and young in the famous Sunshine City.

There's fishing, boating and bathing in the Gulf and Tampa Bay.

There's golf and tennis, lawn bowling, roque and all other outdoor sports.

Band concerts twice daily in pleasant Williams Park.

And the climate is simply wonderful. Average temperature the year round is 70 degrees. Only 5 sunless days a year.

Hotel and apartment house accommodations to suit all tastes. Friendly, hospitable people.

Come to the Sunshine City and live on the sunny side of life.

Write for booklet and information.

A. B. DILLMAN
Chamber of Commerce

St. Petersburg
Florida
THE STRANGEST SHIP
IN FLORIDA WATERS

This Chinese Junk Sailed from Shanghai
to Miami, A Voyage More Perilous
Than the Trip of Columbus

By D. H. G E O R G E

The junk Amoy must be a distant relative of
Lief the Lucky and others of the hardy
Vikings who once were the most daring
sailors of the world's salt waters. For this
man Waard, like the venturesome Norwe-

And it was as a result of watching the
Chinese fishing junks navigate surging seas
and from reading the tales of the nautical
daring of the slant-eyed orientals that Cap-
tain Waard ultimately decided to build a
junk and try to sail the craft to Florida.
He decided that the voyage would be the
crowning event of his seafaring career;
that after this trip, he would settle down
and come to America's shores.

He decided that the voyage would be the
crowning event of his seafaring career;
that after this trip, he would settle down

Waard, a native of Holland, ran away
to sea when only eleven years old. For
the next two score years, he sailed the
Seventy Seas under a dozen different flags.
He has been captain of some of the largest
sailing vessels that ever left English ports.
He has sailed in every known kind of a
ship. Eleven years ago, he went to China
where he was captain of one of the largest
steamships out of Shanghai.

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Captain Waard, his Chinese wife and their son aboard the “Amoy”
Yes, We Are Growing Bananas
In the Famous Peace Valley Near Winter Haven,
Polk County, Florida

Already Demonstrated—Not An Experiment

The success of Banana growing in this particular section of Peace Valley has been demonstrated with land already producing Bananas for a period of six years. The Bananas grown here won the blue ribbon at the Polk County Fair in 1924.

Something About Bananas
The Banana plant yields fruit within 10 to 15 months from the time of planting and fruits every month in the year thereafter.
Banana plants are usually set out 400 to the acre. Each plant bears one bunch the first year and usually average three bunches per plant (or hill) each year thereafter. Bunches weigh 35 to 125 pounds each and wholesale from 4 to 7½ cents per pound. From acreage already producing $500 per acre and up is being obtained after eight months from time of planting. Data from fruit acreage, one grower has maintained, shows from 20,000 to 25,000 pounds per acre from the first crop harvested. Some growers are claiming as much as $1,500 to $2,500 per acre annually.

Our Plantations
The Taylor-Alexander Company own and control between eight and ten thousand acres of rich muck land in the “Peace Valley” District, which land is especially adapted to Banana growing. Being located in the Ridge Section approximately 200 feet above sea level, perfect drainage is assured.

We are platting some of our choice acreage in five acre units and 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. After the six months have elapsed, if the purchaser so desires, we will supervise the planting and marketing of the product for a percentage of the net returns. The purchaser need have no worry as this Company is employed on a commission basis and the plantation will be given the best of care to obtain the greatest production.

Our plantation has received the highest endorsement and will stand complete investigation. We invite you to communicate with us and we will gladly explain.

An investigation into this enterprise should not be overlooked by the most conservative.
Fill out and mail the coupon below

| TAYLOR-ALEXANDER CO,  
| Winter Haven, Fla.  
| Gentlemen:  
| Without placing myself under obligation, please furnish me with information concerning your Commercial Banana Plantations.  
| Name…………………………………………………………………………  
| Address………………………………………………………………………  

61
THE KEY

(Continued from page 32)

Mr. Garson. You aren't—" she hesitated—"you aren't practical-minded enough for the good of your health."

She was in that mood again. He said nothing. She musingsly let her glance drop to the ring on her finger, felt gently of it. "It's pretty," she said softly.

"Thanks," monotonously from him.

His mother's ring! The ring of the most wonderful woman ever on this earth! He sighed and turned his head away. Her voice broke in on his reveries.

"Orange juice and salad for lunch," she said.

"And this afternoon we'll take you out on the lawn." He grinned impishly to himself. A new regime, eh? New order. He sighed the word less, oh well . . .

He ate all of the delicious salad; drank two glasses of the golden juice. Gad! He'd been hungrier than he'd thought! The wind on the veranda must have given him an appetite, he concluded.

She read to him for a few hours after lunch. From a historical novel. That was the stuff! Something to that! None of that spineless romantic tommy-rot for him! Spineless? He'd heard that at an insolent word before. Oh, yes—she had called him spineless! For the first time in two years Garson laughed a real laugh. By gad, he'd better not be making such arrangements of novels again. Not that she was right in his being spineless; of course not. But that, oh, damn, what was he thinking about anyway? He fastened his eyes on the reading girl. She had a fine voice, very musical timbre; rather soothing to his tired nerves. He caught the line of discourse and held it.

After a couple of hours of the book the interne took him in inside; helped him into clean pajamas and back into the wheelchair again. Then the elevator, then the sidewalk.

He grinned. For the first time in nearly a year he was outside in the glorious sunshine. By gad, didn't you best that! Flocle blood flowed stronger through his veins; his lack-luster eyes brightened a white; his lips, left the room.

Fishing became Garson's one passionate pastime. Sometimes it was from a cabin cruiser they would hire for the day. Ensued days and days of a wheel-chair rolling along the palm-fronded sidewalks. Every morning. Every afternoon. Orange juice—all he wanted. Fresh vegetable salads. Over and over.

Marriage! Birth! Death! Ronald Garson grinned slyly to himself. What was causing this miraculous metamorphosis? He wrote them down every day, those three words. Started with a question mark; came a day when he jubilantly scratched the entire word out. After "marriage" he invariably put numerous question marks. Whether or not wasn't all this farce tragedy going to end?

One afternoon, down near the pier where the tourist fishermen usually landed with their catches, the nurse and her patient passed a party of men jovially chattering and laughing. One of them carried a long shining tarpon over his shoulder.

Garson, his whole face shining wistfully, looked at the man and his tarpon. The girl glanced speculatively at him.

"Think you could haul in one as big as that?" she asked.

"Rather!" he retorted quickly.

She said nothing to that. Moodyly, she eyed her. She didn't believe him! She thought he wasn't able. Well, just wait a while—he'll show her!

Then one auspicious day they took a long automobile ride. Garson thoroughly enjoyed the new experience. He began generally to expand. A melancholy quahaug, after two years of hibernating, could live! To live! Shining-eyed, he leaned out the window and watched the whole world slide gloriously by. This was life! What had made this strange miracle? a gain he wondered asking himself. He dismissed the subject. He didn't want some of the old fears and doubts to rear their awful heads again. Sufficient to say he was happy; why question the whyness of it all?


They moved from the hospital over to a quiet hotel a few blocks away. He caught the tarpon one red-letter day. Didn't I tell you? he exclaimed, to another egotistic Alexander, to the nurse. "Have it stuffed," she suggested, "and take it back to your home in New York.

He jerked his eyes up from the glittering monster. Your home? she had said that. What did she mean? Oh, well, what difference did it make?

"Sure?" he assented eagerly. "Just the thing!" And so it was done.

Fishing became the one passionate pastime with him.

Sometimes it was from a cabin-cruiser they'd hire for the day, and steam slowly down among the maze of small keys where they'd catch numberless groupers, porgies, sailor's choice, grunts, mackerel, jack and all the many who live on the warm ocean banks. Once, even, he captured a wicked-looking hammerhead shark. And sometimes they'd fish off a little dock
THE CITY OF PALMS INVITES YOU!

To participate in the many opportunities now available for profitable investment in our thriving city. You are urged to come now and thereby enjoy, along with an ideal sunny, tropical climate, our profitable and pleasant business activity in its inception. Make your home here; grow with Fort Myers! The winter home of Henry Ford and Thos. A. Edison.

Fort Myers, one of the oldest cities of Florida, and recognized as the personification of all that this sunny and healthy state represents in the ofttime painted picture of tropical dreamland, is on the verge—yes, in the midst—of steadily increasing property values, offering to the investor excellent opportunities for profit. The reasons are basically sane and sound.

More and more arteries of transportation, great breeders of fortunes to those who live in favored communities, are fast pushing their respective ways into Fort Myers. And so it should be, because our city is strategically located not alone as one of the Nation’s ideal playgrounds, but also from a commercial point of view. The following means of travel to and from Fort Myers, in addition to those we now enjoy, are either planned, in the making, or have recently been established:

- Seaboard Air Line to and from the North. New railroad across state between Miami and Fort Myers. Steamboat passenger and freight service between Fort Myers and St. Petersburg. Steamship passenger and freight service between Fort Myers and Miami. Steamboat passenger and freight service (across state via inland waterways) to Palm Beach and Miami. Dixie Highway between Fort Myers, Tampa and St. Petersburg via Gandy Bridge. Tamiami Trail from Tampa to St. Petersburg, Sarasota, Fort Myers and Miami. Florida Pullman service from New York and large Northern cities.

$1,200,000 is being spent by the city of Fort Myers for widening and rebuilding streets.

Now, before all these channels of Progress become an actual fact, is the time for you who seek profitable investment here in Fort Myers, together with the joy of living—We know you’ll come. We’ll be glad you did—and you’ll be glad, too.
in the bay, or over the seawall or maybe back inland in the sparkling waters of a charming lake.

One late afternoon when the two were trailing their nets from a small rowboat and they had hired for the day, the craft—which was several miles from shore—was cornered mouth.

"Stuck!" distantly groaned Garson.

"We'll have to shove it off," matter-of-factly stated the girl; but the strong prods from her oar and the steady shoves of her companion failed to move the vessel.

The gunwale turned to Garson. "Climb out," she calmly ordered, "and shove it off!"

"No, no—don't! Why, I'd get wet—catch a cold—pneumonia again! Oh, no! he half whimpered.

The nurse hesitated disdainfully at him, a cold gleam in her eyes.

"You're afraid," she said. "You're a coward. You're scared to death of disaster or failure. When you were a small business you had to take the initiative to succeed. Now you're backing out; you're yellow!"

"Lie—all lies!" resentfully screamed the man. "I tell you I don't want to kill myself."

"Master of your own destiny—bah!" sneered the woman. "You're bigger than anything that can happen to you," sarcastically added she, as he darted his eyes about for his character and you're afraid to use it! Afraid that it'll show a yellow interior!"

And she rose, as though she could say a word, she had jumped over the side of the boat into the shallow water and with a few darting, shapely, sturdy stabs had pushed the craft off the mud bank.

Her skirt and bloused dripping, her shoes and stockings mudcaked, she crawled back into the row-boat. In her cool blue eyes was a scornful; but I was just testing out a tentative nurse at all! She was only a hurt girl slide off her seat. "Ronald, 1—I—"

The man . "No, no—not that! Why, I'd get the vessel. We'll have to shove it off," matter-of-factly stated the girl; but the strong prods from his hands

"What's it?" stutteringly articulated the man. "Don't! Don't!" shouted the man; but he vaguely described it. He had done it! The perspiration came to his face; his arms began to ache; blisters appeared on his hands. Ronald! She had called him by his first name. Funny! A doctor. Hurry! Hurry!"

"Back swung his arms; forward swung his oar; back swung his arms; forward swung his oar. Methodically the oars rose and fell. Rose and fell. Rose and fell.

Minutes. Hours. Days. Weeks. Rowing, ceaselessly rowing. When would it all end? Yes, through the harses of tears and perspiration he vaguely described it. He had done it! Alme was saved; He was bigger... The nose of his boat hit the dock. Oblivion came; he forgot everything.

The next morning, freshly clad in a new business suit, he emerged on the veranda of the hotel, where sat the nurse. He came out the door with his old, springy, erratic, oversized cane, a cigar thrust jauntily in his mouth.

He leaned negligently against the veranda rail. He wasn't going to work to work in a few days," he said casually.

"Yes, I guess it'd be all right," admitted the girl. Then, "I want to thank you for yesterday. You kept doing so you get there just in time. A few minutes later and I'd have lost my arm."

From Seattle, the Amoy sailed down the Pacific and through the Panama Canal to the Atlantic, finally finding harbor in Bis-

"And day before yesterday," went on the girl hesitantly, "maybe I was too, too scornful; but I was just testing out a theory."

"The theory of the key," supplemented Garson, as he plainly understood. "Yes, and you were right. I—I think I found you called Ronald."

"I'm glad, Mr. Garson," softly. He turned amused eyes on her.

"Oh?" exclaimed, the red mounting to her temples. "Oh!"

"Yesterday also," he went on, the amused look gone now, a determined one there instead, "I realized that a girl and a key could mean the same thing that both could keep out ill-health and suffering. That both could bring love and happiness. And this beautiful creature was a girl just as wonderful as my mother was." He paused. Then, frankly, "What makes you marry, Alme?"

The signboard dangled away from the bay, above which eternally circled the gulls, she answered slowly. Why, for one thing I couldn't help but all you had in your dreams that night the doctor told you you were going to die soon. And, and oh, hasn't a girl the right to marry whom she likes!"

He was at her side; he had her in his arms. "You darling!" he exclaimed. "Oh! you won't go back to your 'drowning' and he kissed her again and again.

Sailing along the coast of China, the voyagers ran into the wake of a great fog. One night a sixteen-foot python—a great snake of the boa constrictor family—was washed aboard the ship. Captain Waard was awakened and saw the huge snake coiled on the floor of his cabin. He grabbed up a rifle. His fourth shot injured the python mortally. The sailors rushed into the cabin and with Chinese cutlasses cut the snake to pieces. The snake weighed about two hundred pounds. Its flesh furnished dinner for the Chinese crew for several weeks. Today, the skin of the snake hangs as a trophy in the cabin of the Amoy.

After that, the junk ran through three severe typhoons. Once, the ship lost her rudder and drifted far out of her course. When the vessel made port, she had to lay up a week for repairs. The fragile little junk rolled and pounded her way along toward the United States at a speed of about ten miles an hour. This craft of swiftness weathered the worst storms of the China Sea and the Pacific Ocean. A half dozen ships of the U.S. Navy larger than the Amoy were wrecked in several of these sea hurricanes, but the junk came through with a minimum of damage."

The Strangest Ship in Florida Waters

(Continued from page 60)

ordering the crew ashore. Captain Waard was imprisoned temporarily in a Chinese town; but some weeks later he was free. He was out of prison. After he had escaped, it took him several months to find his wife and son, get together the sailors, find and rescue the ship. Sailing along the coast of China, the voyagers ran into the wake of a great fog. One night a sixteen-foot python—a great snake of the boa constrictor family—was washed aboard the ship. Captain Waard was awakened and saw the huge snake coiled on the floor of his cabin. He grabbed up a rifle. His fourth shot injured the python mortally. The sailors rushed into the cabin and with Chinese cutlasses cut the snake to pieces. The snake weighed about two hundred pounds. Its flesh furnished dinner for the Chinese crew for several weeks. Today, the skin of the snake hangs as a trophy in the cabin of the Amoy.

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This vast development of 5,000 ACRES, including Gulf frontage on beautiful Treasure Island, owned by Dr. Fred H. Albee, world famous surgeon, is under the personal supervision of John Nolen, City Planner of great prominence. The Spanish type of architecture is featured in the beautiful Hotel Villa Nokomis, the winter residences of Dr. Albee, Mr. Charles A. Stone, President of Stone and Webster, the Bathing Pavilion, Apartments, Business Blocks and Homes. Three Railroad Stations of Seaboard Air Line on property. Improvements guaranteed. Tremendous Growth Inevitable.

See VENICE-NOKOMIS before you Buy in FLORIDA.

THE NATURAL BEAUTY SPOT of the WEST COAST.

Correspondence Invited

The Roger C. Rice Company
INCORPORATED
SALES AGENTS
MAIN OFFICE—SARASOTA, FLA.
Confessions of An Ex-Rum Runner
By "CAPTAIN McSWEENEY"

THIRD INSTALLMENT

IN THE last issue of SUNILAND, I told about deciding to build a log cabin. Well, Jake says I watched every nail that was driven, but that's somewhat of an exaggeration. Fact of the matter is, though, the Friday skipper over the waves on many a quick homeward passage so that I could be on the job, watching progress, and helping to speed things up.

The log cabin was what you might call a staunch, trim job, and what pleased me as much as anything was that she was timbered and fitted out, as far as possible of material on, or adjacent to the property.

The brother of the fellow I bought the land from had a little saw-mill on his place, and in addition possessed quite an artistic and inventive mind for a backwoodsman. He sawed and re-sawed the timbers for me, and in building the house became almost as enthusiastic as I.

First we built a shell of plain board sheeting. On the outside of this we laid cypress logs after first creosoting them, the lime rock. The creosoting gave a most pleasing smoky stain to the porous wood.

He used to listen in on clues of future activities of the "hounds" as the Prohibition navy was christened by our dark-till-dawn circle.

One feature Jake did enjoy was the radio set for transmitting and sending that we installed. Tuning in on a Pittsburgh concert or a Jefferson City barn dance didn't appeal so strong to Jake, I'm sorry to say—Jake is made of sterner stuff than I. He used to listen in and talk to ships at sea, some of them passing along the coast within a stone's throw of us.

Here is a sample conversation:

"Hello, hello, hello! Is that the Alanna?"

"Message for Captain Nicholson. Yess. Dot's good." "Well, Jake," I used to ask my mate at times when he sat purse-lipped, silent as an Indian, turning out one of those fish-line works of art that sailors waste their time on only to bestow on the unappreciative chit who wouldn't have been seen with it in a Nassau dance-hall, "ain't this a lot more comfortable than being between that two-by-twice coop at sea, or hanging around the hell-holes of the Bahamas?"

"Bane darned if I know," he looked up with sudden interest. My ganderfather's, grandfather's, grandfadder was a squarehead, but I come of Wiking brand too."

Natural-born rover that he was, he didn't relish shore life. Blue water was the only thing that counted with him; like a conch-shell, the noise of the ocean was always roaring in his head.

But me, all I asked was the chance to potter around the plants I had set out, or have plenty of space in which to work off the "charley horse" he developed at sea.

The walls inside were hung with a few pictures and a conglomeration of junk and curios that we had accumulated in the four corners of the globe. All in all it was a hearty homely place and one that made a lonely man speculate on the wonder a woman's presence would bring.

Of course all of my time between voyages couldn't be spent at the house. I had to go into town every now and then, at least once between every trip, keep in touch with distributors and customers, get the dope on the rum market, gather all available news as to rival rum-runners—there was always plenty of competition to combat—and to listen in on clues of future activities of the "hounds." A football game or some such event, a dance didn't appeal so strong to Jake.

Occasionally I listened in and chatted with the boys. But Jake was keener on and I gave him credit for being and the first thing I knew he had worked out secret codes with several of the captains he knew well.

One dark night we manned the Friday radio and rod out into the Gulf Stream. Jake had been keeping in touch with the movements of a certain ship and knew she'd make Jupiter at about two in the morning. We lay to and waited. Presently we made out the range lights of a steamer, and her riding lights, and all of a sudden the black bulk was almost on top of us. The cases had been made up in cargo slings and stowed on the hatch of the upper 'tween decks and the hatch cover was hinged in such a way that it could be easily opened. The der-
Daytona Highlands
Florida's Suburb of Hills

Up from the shores of these lakes into wooded hills and shaded glens, rich in tapestry-like settings of tropical verdure, wind the avenues and boulevards now under construction at Daytona Highlands.

Homes amid these glorious surroundings will command vistas of matchless beauty; miles of tropical scenery, dotted with lakes, parks, playgrounds, golf greens and canoe trails are visible from these hillsides. The sunrise and sunset alike belong to the dweller in Daytona Highlands.

Whether you are interested in the West Coast, the East Coast or Central Florida you cannot afford to be unacquainted with Daytona Highlands, with the great plan, now under way for over a year, for the completion of this unique scenic and recreational development.

Daytona Highlands is situated one block West of the City of Daytona, on the East Coast of Florida about one hundred miles South of Jacksonville and less than twelve minutes' drive from the World's Champion Beach, the Ormond-Daytona speedway.

Daytona Highlands Company
Owner
The Traylors of Daytona
Florida Sales Agents, Daytona, Florida
rick was rigged so that it could be quickly raised, the cargo hooked onto the falls and slung over the side of the Friday. Only a few of the ship's crew were wise to this deal: the Captain, Chief Engineer and the First Mate, and perhaps a couple of trusted mates. The Mate hoisted the slings on, the Chief manned the winch, and the Captain at the guys swung the derrick. The slings were then hauled off to lower away. In fifteen minutes five sling-loads, fifty cases to the sling, were loaded into the Friday. The steamer went home as well before we got out of the toils. It was a case of "Ships that pass in the night."

By this time we had come to be familiar figures on the Bimini Market—Jake, Goo-goo, myself and Friday, because a ship's personality among water-front loungers is just as shapely as the lines of the character and habits are perhaps more keenly observed and commented on. I was a fool about that time; I stood out of Bimini that the clean ship is the efficient ship, so I felt sure that all remarks were compiled anyway and I drew a lot of satisfaction from that fact.

All any wholesaler, or any Geechee nigger tolin' whiskey up the dock, had to do to win my heart was to stop and admire my ship. I was just as likely as not to buy a cargo from the one, or trade my ship to the other. I was fascinated by the way that black petrel came dancing over the waves, her white breast marked by a black band in the way a school-teacher's switch. We were to be chastised, after the manner of Cooke.

Jake and I gazed at her a long time, and then exchanged significant looks between us.

"Give her all she's got," I said, and he ducked down the companion. The Friday rocked from side to side and the water churned us with it. Her hand got into her full stride. It seemed as though self-preservation was talking to her as it was I had left. We had nearly all our capital tied up in the cargo and the Friday. Lose them and it would be good-bye home as well before we got out of the toils.

A speck on the horizon developed into a fast Coast Guard cutter of a new type, designated as eighty. It was not a familiar sight. The government was learning its lesson that grim pursuits in fast motorships was the surest way of coping with the trade.

I was fascinated by the way that black petrel came dancing over the waves, her white breast marked by a black band in the way a school-teacher's switch. We were to be chastised, after the manner of Cooke.

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Half the sun was below the horizon now and the balance sliding in, like a goldpiece in a purse. The wind shifted and a choppy sea began running against us, curving down speed. I cursed everything and everybody in the ship all over again. But I kept my eye on a dark cloud, coming up rapidly on the starboard hand. It developed into a black thunderhead with a curtain of rain falling from it. I altered the course and headed for it.

Goo-goo, grinning broadly, returned with coffee for two.

"You, brown-skinned heathen, if I hadn't stopped you, the whole Atlantic ocean would have been covered with our cases and in a couple of days ev'ry waterman and scrubman in a hundred miles up the coast would have been soused to the gills."

We landed the cargo without further incident and disposed of it, but nulling over the matter back in the cabin we agreed that we had best change our scene of operations. Jake knew and had been corresponding with the skipper of a twenty-ton auxiliary schooner-yacht owned by a wealthy American resident of Havana. Acting on his advice we again manned the Friday and, leaving the Goo-goo in charge of the house, headed for Cuba. Arrived in Havana we moozed alongside the bulkhead of the master, who was the only man aboard. He was a gentlemanly sort of chap with the air of assurance of the man who life and the placid lines of least resistance by means of which the trophies have been conquered.

We also had a run-in with the customs people who had boxed us in for not having papers, but the skipper intervened. Said we had come in for drinking water and supplies in the meantime arrangements were going forward undisturbed for a cargo of choice whiskey, about three hundred cases, which we took on for the second bridge of the Almendares river. We started out early the next morning in the Gulf Stream, eight or ten miles out, there was such a choppy sea running that we

(Continued on page 92)
THE SPIRIT OF THE PIONEERS

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MIAMI, FLORIDA
STRAWBERRIES

ALL over the world, for hundreds of years, the strawberry has been known and loved in both its wild and cultivated states. It was the old Romans who named it “fraga” or “fragaria,” from its delicate, wild perfume. The prefix of “straw” also tells of centuries of interest in it, whether “straw” comes from the old English custom of mulching the plants with straw, or, as some authorities believe, it is from the Anglo-Saxon word “stræ,” which expressed its habit of straying. The strawberry, Linnaeus, the Swedish scientist, was first cured of gout by strawberries and Swiss physicians highly recommend their use for pulmonary troubles. Certainly in Florida we have every opportunity for trying out the healthfulness of this exquisite berry from January to June and should not fail to take advantage of it.

We also have the continuity, in January, of another particularly helpful gift from the soil, the lettuce which began in November. It is always a perfect salad plant, but doubly so in Florida both because of our climatic conditions and certain regions which—together—make it magically tender and sweet. Lettuce is popularly supposed to be good for the nerves because of its protein content, but as a matter of fact this principle, lactucarin, is not found in the juice of the ordinary lettuce leaves, but, instead, in the stalk, just as it is about to flower. It is the mineral salts in this salad plant which chiefly make it valuable, aside from its benefits as a bulk food.

Lettuce is best eaten in its natural state. Be sure to wash it well before cutting and then put it in the coolest place till serving time. Be sure to keep it under cover in the refrigerator to cool. Serve from one and one-half to two cups per serving.

Strawberries (hulled) may be combined with an equal measure of orange or pineapple pulp, with or without coconut, adding a little sugar beforehand, ships may be served, combined or alone, from orange or grapefruit shells or heaped in the centers of hollowed-outs of apple or orange centers. Strawberry “White Mountain” and “Strawberry Podrida” are, respectively, names given alternate layers of strawberries and whipped cream and alternate layers of sliced apple—food and berries, to be chilled before serving.

Strawberry Cocktail
For a dainty introduction to a dinner or luncheon, serve large, teardrop berries, with strained orange juice, and chill before placing in punch glasses. Fill one-third full; all powdered sugar to sufficiency and chilled sprigs of mint. (You may combine the berries with other fruits; and chopped nuts and sprigs of mint.)

Strawberry Shortcake (Fruit Recipes)
The simpler the form of the “cake” the more delicious will be the result, although many people prefer a sponge or cup cake with the berries. For a plain shortcake make a sweet biscuit dough, rolling out an inch thick, cutting into diamonds or squares or rounds, and baking like biscuits. These may be readily broken open (never cut) and the mashed berries sweetened (together with some whole ones) and heaped upon the top for individual serving. Or the dough may be rolled thinner, spread with butter, folding over once and baking in either one sheet or individual form. Or the dough may be spread upon the baked shortcake and made up in layers, using crushed berries for filling, whole ones for the top. Another form of shortcake is to add to the dough two beaten eggs. Whipped cream may be heaped over the whole berries used on the top of any form of the cake.

Strawberry Soup
This requires a quart of berries from which some perfect ones should be set aside. Wash, mash and place the rest in a saucepan, cooking till soft. Strain. Reheat, with enough water to make a soup and add two tablespoons cornstarch rubbed smooth in three of water; also the grated rind of an orange and one-fourth cup of sugar with pinch of salt. When clear, like thin starch, remove; cool; add juice of two oranges; strain; chill and serve in bouillon cups, with the whole berries on top.

Strawberry Dumplings (Marion Harris Neil)
Mix three cups of flour, two cups baking powder and one-fourth tsp. salt. Rub in two tbsp. shortening and sufficient milk for a soft dough. Roll out one-half inch thick, cut in pieces about four inches square, lay four good-sized berries in the middle of each and drag the paste around them as for apple dumplings. Set close together on a greased tin and steam or bake for twenty-five minutes. Serve with strawberry sauce, making a hard sauce with two tbs. of butter, one cupful of powdered sugar, with a few drops of lemon juice and beaten egg; or crushed berries as can be without curdling.

Strawberry Batter Cups. (Fruit Recipes)
Stir one pint of sugar through a quart of slightly mashed berries. Make a batter with one and one-half cups of flour and one cup of milk. Place a layer of the batter in buttered cups, then a layer of berries until two-thirds full. Steam or bake for forty minutes. Serve with whipped cream or strawberry sauce.

Strawberry Eclairs, Tarts and Russe Follow any good rule for eclairs. When baked and cold cut open at the side and fill with crushed strawberries. For tarts line patty-pans with pie paste and bake, then fill with whole berries, sweetened, and top with meringue, browned quickly, or heap on each a tablespoonful of whipped cream.
For the russe bake a sponge cake in a funnel pan; when cold fill the center with whipped cream or alternate layers of berries and whipped cream; boader the outside with whipped cream sprinkled with halved berries. Let stand ten minutes before serving.

Strawberry Ice Cream Dissolve one cup of sugar in one pint thin cream, stirring over heat till scalded (not boiled). Cool and add one-fourth of one quart strawberries mashed with one-half cup sugar. Freeze.

Frozen Strawberries, (Mrs. Allen's Cook Book)
Mix one quart berries (mashed) with two and a fourth cups granulated sugar and one cup warm water. Let stand two hours to extract juice. Then freeze in three parts ice to one part of salt.

Strawberry Preserve (Jellies, jams and Preserves) by Marion Harris Neil)
Wash and drain one quart ripe strawberries, one half cup of flour in which have been put a kettle with one-half pound seeded raisins, one quart sugar, grated rinds and pulp of two oranges and one lemon. Cook slowly till clear, all the while stirring. Add one-half cup chopped nuts and cook ten minutes longer. Put into tubblers and cover with melted paraffin.
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Wilbur-By-The-Sea, known as the "Beautiful Spot of Florida", is located at the narrowest, highest and most beautiful part of the Florida peninsula, just ten minutes from Daytona Beach.

The Torinita Hotel, a pretty example of Spanish architecture, in the center of the city, with its 50 rooms with bath, spacious lobbies and dining room combines perfect hotel refinement with the comfort of a home.

The Community Club House, located at the confluence of the majestic Halifax River and the Mighty Atlantic Ocean, with its quaint architecture and brilliant, skillfully blended coloring, is a picture within itself and an ideal recreation spot.

Just ten minutes north golf lovers have the wonderful course of the Daytona Country Club and the Clarenden Hotel course, while another ten minutes north is the Ormond Hotel course, all famous courses.

Blessed with the most wonderful climate in the world, bathers may enjoy surf bathing and aquatic sports of all kinds 24 hours a day in what is justly famed as the most magnificent bathing beaches in all the world.

A perfect day can be spent by nimrods either from the docks at the Club House or in the river where all varieties of fish may be hooked, from brook trout, bream, sheepshead, red snapper, pompano, sea bass to hard-fighting deep sea monsters.

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MIAMI—FLORIDA

P. O. Box 1383 134 N. E. Second Ave.

History of St. Petersburg (Continued from page 22)

The opening up of West Central was directly responsible for St. Petersburg's first great real estate boom and investors were attracted here from all parts of the country. Property values in all parts of the city doubled and trebled over night. New subdivisions were opened up everywhere. Millions of dollars were spent in developments. The World War halted the real estate activities, but property values did not drop materially. With the cessation of hostilities, St. Petersburg's growth was resumed at a pace never equalled before, and it has continued to increase ever since. Each winter thousands of newcomers visit the city; in the spring they return north and tell their friends of the winter paradise they found, and next year the friends come too. So the city keeps on growing. In any history of St. Petersburg, regardless how brief, a number of events of unusual importance must be recorded.

St. Petersburg's first Chamber of Commerce was organized in 1899 with a dozen members. No dues were charged and the chamber accomplished nothing. The organization struggled along for a few years, having the ups-and-downs that such organizations always have in small towns. About ten years ago it got established on a business-like basis and it today the chamber is of vital importance in making continued growth of the city possible. During the year just passed, the Chamber spent more than $100,000 in promotion work; next year perhaps twice as much will be expended.

The Sanford & St. Petersburg Railroad—the new name given the Orange Belt Railway after it was taken over by Henry Plant in 1896—was absorbed by the Atlantic Coast Line in April, 1902. In commenting on this change the St. Petersburg Times stated: "St. Petersburg has no reason to feel disappointment over this big railroad merger—the policy of the Plant system has never been particularly helpful to growing industries and new settlements in this section and it is not difficult to believe that if any change occurs it will be for the better."

The nickname "Sunshine City" was given to St. Petersburg as the direct result of a promise made on September 1, 1910, by Lew B. Brown, publisher of the St. Petersburg Independent, to give away all copies of his newspaper every day that the sun failed to shine. Up to December 16, 1924, the paper had been given away only seventy-seven times. This novel offer has attracted the attention of the entire country and from an advertising standpoint is has been invaluable. The Independent is the only paper in the world that makes such an offer.

Pinellas County was born on Tuesday, November 14, 1911, when the division bill passed by the State Legislature during the session of 1911 was ratified by a vote of 1,379 to 505. All evening the streets of St. Petersburg were filled with a joyful crowd celebrating the greatest victory the peninsula had ever achieved. The county division ovment, started a number of years before, had been bitterly opposed by the Tampa politicians, who did not want to see the peninsula lost "from grand old Hillsborough County."

The people of Pinellas County took their first action for a system of good roads on December 3, 1912, when they approved, a $375,000 bond issue by a small majority. Marl roads were built with the money. For a time they held up well but finally deep ruts were made by the rains and it was seen that more durable roads would have to be provided. A bond issue of $715,000 to build seventy-three miles of nine-foot...
"Sometimes I think the greatest outward expression of the act of Creation is the dawn of a new day." I believe that right now is the dawn of a new day for Melbourne "The Midway City". When we reflect, we compare and judge, and it is then that we become worth more to ourselves and to others. (At least, so says "The Silent Partner"). I am going to reflect before I sell all my holding in Melbourne, as I believe that the pendulum of human activity swings to extremes, and I believe that our prices on city property in Melbourne, while they may seem high to others are absolutely cheap today. Here at Melbourne I am looking for the flower of friendship, and I know I will find forget-me-nots. "The Silent Partner" says, "No man will be a flat failure while he entertains confidence in the absolute necessity of giving dependable service and having faith in his own integrity of purpose." I have an interest in Melbourne, and interest is the Mainspring in Man—when interest runs down, the man has stopped still. It is a wise and experienced businessman who knows which button to push. I know you will not go wrong if you "push the button" at Melbourne.

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Miami is not only a playground, it is a recreation and rest spot supreme. The mild climate, the abundant sunshine, and the balmy sea breezes carry healing—physical and mental. Surf bathing on a wonderful beach every day in the year—winter temperature 72 degrees. Name your sport—you’ll find it here—golf, dog racing, horse racing, fishing, and scores of other fascinating sports.

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is composed of the same personnel you have known and dealt
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high grade service in every branch of the Real Estate business.
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We wish our customers and friends a New Year of increasing
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in the afternoons and evenings, and on
Sunday afternoons. The programs are
varied, having been arranged so there will
be something for everybody, and all through
the week, during concert hours, Williams Park is the city's favorite ren­
dezvous. The year the Highlanders season
started on December 7—it will continue
until late in April.

Many visitors are attracted to St. Peters­
burg by the unusual opportunities which
it offers for fishing. It is said that more
than 600 varieties of fish can be found
in the waters of Tampa Bay—all sizes,
shapes and colors, and many specimens
from tiniest "shiners" to large inhabitants
of the deep Gulf waters—the grouper,
kingfish, and many game fish of all the
fish, the fish. The fishing is excellent because of the brillian
t color of its large scales the "silver
king", does not run until June, but many
tourists remain through that month, and
often later, for the pleasure of adding a
tarpon to their list of Florida trophies and
for the thrill of putting up a fight against
him.

For the golfer there are splendid at­
tractions in the Sunshine City. When
northern courses are blanketed with snow
the St. Petersburg courses are at their best.
The city boasts of four of the best 18-hole
courses in the South—the Jungle Course,
Boca Ceiga Course, Butterfly course and
Coffee Pot courses.

The links of the Jungle course are loc­
eated seven miles from the center of the
city and may be reached either by auto­
mobile or by trolley. The Boca Ceiga
course is new, having been completed dur­
ing the summer by Walter Hagen, world's
champion golfer, who expects to spend
much of his time there. This is located
at Pasadena, on the Boca Ceiga Bay side
of the peninsula.

In the Big Bayou section is the But­
terfly course, a special attraction of the Lake­
wood Estates development, while the
Coffee Pot course, the nearest of all, is
in the North Shore section. All these
courses wind through groves of southern
pines and palms, in their natural en­
vironment, and afford most delightful pla­
yards for the golfers.

Perhaps the most popular attraction of
all, especially for the newcomer, are the
gulf benches. The tempered waters about
all the shores of Pinellas Peninsula afford
excellent bathing, and the gathering of
shells is especially interesting to those un­
initiated into the ways of the seashore.
Trips to Pass-a-Grille, St. Petersburg
Beach, Clearwater Beach, Indian Rocks,
and the remote beaches afford ample
proof of their popularity.

Perhaps more than anything else, the
friendly green benches of St. Petersburg
have fostered and encouraged that spirit
of cordiality and hospitality that is the
heart and soul of the Sunshine City. On
the benches, which line the main streets
of the city, the tourists sit and chat; here
they wait for delinquent trolleys, drop
down to rest for a few minutes before
going home to dinner, meet old friends
or make new ones, designate them as meet­
ing places—and in various ways rely upon
them as the faithful friends which they are.

Because of its numerous attractions, St.
Petersburg has grown, during the short
period of forty years, from a little ham­
et "at the end of nothing" to one of the
world's most famous resort cities. The
phenomenal growth still continues, and the
end is not in sight. It's a mighty pessi­
mistic St. Petersburg citizen who does
believe that the city within ten years will
have at least 100,000 year-round inhab­
itants. And who is there who can say that
such a prediction will not come true.
1000 ACRES
ONE MILE FROM PUNTA GORDA
$1_{\frac{1}{2}}$ Miles Water Front
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Address Mail: P. O. Box 8012
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The Greatest Men of Florida
(Continued from page 29)
there. His tastes were simple but well defined. He either liked a thing well, or not at all, although his prejudices were seldom outspoken.

For some things he had a strong liking. He admired "David Harum" and doubtless read it half a dozen times in the course of his latter years. Poetry he loved also, particularly that of a serious and philosophical nature, answering some phase of mysticism in his nature. One poem he enjoyed for the aloof solemnity of its sentiment, much like his own manner, was "The Washermowan's Song" by Eugene F. Ware, relating a skeptic's unwillingness to rob a poor woman of her simple faith. That Flagler knew the value of perfect faith and soul contentment, no one can doubt after knowing the above as one of his favorite poems. That he may have felt skepticism, despite his Presbyterian training, and have doubted passionately as some men do, his own pastor affirmed.

Just before his death, after his fatal fall, he asked one day.

"Do you think it was fair Doctor? I was old and blind and deaf, was it fair to make me lame?"

It was the man who had "made" the East Coast of Florida questioning his spiritual adviser. One believes that he must have felt somthing of the pangs of genius when the creative fires had died, must have realized the impersannence of life which creates life.

Perhaps he felt in his darker hours what Masters phrased in Schofield Hurley's epithet: "God, ask me not to record thy wonders, I admit the stars and suns and the countless worlds. But I have measured their distances, and weighed them and discovered their substances. I have devised wings for the air, and keels for the water, and horses of iron for the earth. I have lengthened the vision you gave me a million times, and the hearing you gave me a million times. I have leaped over space with speech, and taken fire for light out of the air. I have built great cities and bored through the hills and bridged majestic waters. I have written the Iliad and the Aeneid. I have explored your mysteries, searched for you without ceasing, and found you again at last, losing you in hours of weariness—and I ask you: 'How would you like to create a sun and the next day have the worms slipping in and out between your fingers?'"

He was a lonely man although surround ed by those who might have become his fast friends. Of these latter, however, he had but few. None knew all of his nature and scarcely a dozen knew even a part of it. No one was perhaps closer to him in a personal way than was Dr. Ward, pastor of the free-speech chapel in the Royal Poinciana hotel in Palm Beach.

To Dr. Ward he told the secrets of his heart and this man came to know the immortal spiritual side of Flagler as well as it was given to anyone to approach this remote capitalist who feared friends as syphoons and allowed but few to keep his company. According to Dr. Ward, Flagler thought constantly of Eternity and the next world, meditating for hours in the quiet loggia of his home on the problems of the soul.

"Like all strong, self-willed men he was restless that he could not know in advance what the future contained. He wanted proof of Eternity," Dr. Ward said. Yet despite these characteristics he was as devoid of egotism as though he were not one of the world's richest and most powerful men. There seems to have been no ego in his composition; rather an awe-struck obeisance to the higher powers to which he had designed him for such an important atom in the world's plan.

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Miami, Florida
His was a detached attitude and in all the triumphs life gave him he never yielded to pride. It was as though he were a spectator to the drama rather than the protagonist himself. That he thought little of himself is shown by the fact that he once refused the gift of a handsome bronze statue of himself saying: "It will be well enough when I am dead, Alive, I couldn't meet it. I should be ashamed."

That portrays the nature of the man, modest to the point of shyness and fearful lest he be misconstrued in any action. He has been described as the most repressed of men, constantly curbed by his inhibitions. But withal he was a kind man, charitable without ostentation; considerate of others; quiet by nature with the calm that inspires confidence; a stern God-fearing man who knew sorrow and never wept and was acquainted with joy yet never cried out in exultation.

Surely the man bore the mark of God, in Whose book, which was Flagler's favorite, these words are writ: "The wilderness shall bloom and the solitary place shall be glad. The weak hands shall be made strong. The desert shall rejoice and blossom as the rose."

That was Flagler's mission to Florida.

Solving the Riddle
(Continued from page 48)

sand which adhered to the bones and pottery. Carefully, they studied the position of the bones and pottery before they removed any of the relics. Then they handled the specimens as painstakingly as though they were priceless gems which would crumble under the impact of an unskillful grasp. Day by day, the search was continued and the skeletal remains were removed to places of safekeeping as they were found. And not until the last bone was found and salvaged did the scientific thinkers put the "finis" sign on their Weedon's Island assignment and shift their explorations to other sandy beaches and upshore mounds which border Tampa Bay.

But the work of this party is not the only contribution to science that is underway in Florida today. Down on the East Coast, near the town of Melbourne, Charles P. Singleton has unearthed the tusks and skeletal remains of several mastodons. His garage is filled with the tusks, teeth, jaws, and other portions of the age-old skeletons. Some of the tusks are eight inches in diameter and twelve to fourteen feet long, and of solid ivory; he has teeth that weigh forty pounds apiece; and his most recent find is that of a nearly complete head, with a full set of teeth, both upper and lower. Scientists say that these monsters, probably of the Columbia elephant type, weighed over a ton.

Professor F. B. Loomis, of Amherst College, became interested in the find on the Singleton farm and spent his vacation digging with Singleton for the treasures. They unearthed an almost complete skeleton of a mammoth.

Strangest of all, a perfectly shaped flint arrowhead was found beneath one of the largest bones. This raises the question as to whether there was, at that remote time, a race of men of sufficient intelligence to shape the arrowhead and use it, and also whether this same arrow, probably poisoned in some way, had been responsible for the death of the great beast. Commenting on this phase of the matter Mr. Singleton said, "If I should find a human jaw-bone under the bones I am now digging up, Washington would be down here on the first train." And they would. For such finds as these rank among the finest of discoveries in the field of paleontology.
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PRE-DEVELOPMENT SALE

While the improvements on this magnificent property of thirty acres will begin immediately, which include the dredging out and remodelling of the existing spring-fed lake in the front of this estate, we will permit thinking, far-sighted investors to share with us in the profits by purchasing now at PRE-DEVELOPMENT PRICES, which will be subject to raise without notice. We will make special concessions to a few first buyers who will build at once under our restrictions, which will range up to $7500. No buildings permitted built until approved by our Committee on Building.

Those who know of the wonderful beauty of this tract, its gigantic oaks, its beautiful lake lying in sylvan beauty surrounded by huge water oaks, its gradual rise from Nebraska Avenue all the way back to Oak Avenue, its wonderful soil, its perfect drainage and its location in the most healthful and favored part of all Tampa, will be glad to avail themselves of this opportunity to secure wonderful lots on which to build themselves charming homes within a few minutes’ drive of the Court House down town. Absolutely all city conveniences such as Electricity, Gas, Water, Telephones right at your door ready to use, all immediately available.

If you are looking for a “good buy” to make money on this winter, buy one or more of these lots which, we feel sure, will have a rapid increase in sales value within a few months at most.

When we opened our last subdivision on Nebraska—“East Bungalow Park”—we sold $42,000 of lots the first opening day. We anticipate even a greater demand for these. So, if you want one of these lots, ACT IMMEDIATELY. There will be a limited number of lots on Nebraska Avenue at fair prices.

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<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Standard Box Fancy Pineapple</th>
<th>Standard ½ Box Fancy Pineapple</th>
<th>Standard Box Fancy Grapefruit</th>
<th>F. O. B. Tampa</th>
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</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Oranges—F. O. B. Tampa $4.00</td>
<td>Orange—F. O. B. Tampa $2.50</td>
<td>200 acres good farm land at $40.00 per acre.</td>
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<td>$3.50</td>
<td>$2.00</td>
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Graham Securities Co.
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MEET THE GOVERNOR

Continued from page 23

England's Best Meet Defeat

Continued from page 33

tenant evils were threatening to make what his government needed to use a curb. Liquor, gambling and their concomitant evils were threatening to make what professional reformers call a sink of iniquity out of the city. A firm but fair hand in handling these abuses earned for John Martin the people's appreciation. On the speaker's platform during the war he was a popular figure and an energetic patriot. His prosecution of local campaigns to raise funds for the Red Cross, sell Liberty Bonds and assist in other war-time movements gained for him the approval of official Washington.

His success as the Chief Executive of the State's principal city>B

verses a career as Governor which will double his lead to higher honors. He has pledged his best efforts to the state with an earnestness which demands our credit. Both he and his wife are members of the First Baptist Church in their home city, while Mr. Martin is a Thirty-second Degree Mason, a Shriner, an Odd Fellow and a member of the Moose order.

Florida will be the golfer's Mecca this winter with a long series of important contests between the leading amateurs and professionals of America and England. In addition to the four players in this first match, there will be Walter Hagen, Joe Kirkwood, Bobby Jones, Gene Sarazen, Jim Brady, Tom Dobson and many others.

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Tampa’s business property valuation has increased $1,000 a front foot in the past six months.

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Price, $105,000; terms, $30,000 cash and $5,000 a year for 15 years. Thirty feet from Tampa Terrace Hotel, now under construction; half block from Court House.

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Five
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Strange Fish to See
(Continued from page 36)

Organized seven years ago by a group of leading Miami anglers and transient amateur fishermen as the sociability clearing house for fish tales and angling deeds, the curious society has become so popular that now its roster includes the names of more than 400 amateur anglers. One-half of them are permanent residents of Miami. The others are visitors from every part of the union and all parts of the world who are attracted to Florida each winter because of the superb fishing and the June in January weather. About one-third of the members of this unique fishing association are millionaires and multi-millionaires who annually engage in curious contests at the butt ends of efficient fishing rods. The club maintains a private dock where a fisherman consisting of some of this country's finest yachts, houseboats and fishing craft are moored each winter. These boats owned by the members of the Miami Angler's Club are valued at from $15,000-

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Smith, an adept rod and reel doctor, is worth going miles to see. Fishing equipment of all descriptions and dozens of the finest rods ever made are cluttered about like golf clubs in the average caddy shop. Fat rods and thin ones, short poles and long ones made of bamboo or steel—treasures of modern fishing—are strewn about. Plain reels and costly jeweled ones of every sort and kind are there in great numbers. To the "small creek" fisherman who has angled with a piece of string, an old pole and a hank of cork, the equipment of this rod and reel shop appears as formidable as the arsenal of a modern armory.

Millionaires look just like other ordinary anglers when, all diked out in their flannel shirts, khaki breeches and sunproof headgear, they start on a fishing trip. In addition to the fishing fleet of the club, there are about fifty additional boats which may be chartered for such trips. They are owned and operated by such experienced captains as William Hatch, skipper of the "Gypsy Queen"; Fred Hunter, his "Tramp"; Samuel Welch and the "Seafarer"; "Slim" Dewson and his "Lady Luck"; Russian John and the "Inwood II"; Max Chamberlain and his "Hawaiian" and Captain Boggess and the "Ada M.". Recently, a quartet of Miami Club anglers during a two-day's trip caught 101 fish weighing over 1500 pounds. The largest individual catch was a grouper weighing 82 pounds.

The stuffed model of a 175-pound silver tarpon is one of the treasured relics which hangs in the Miami Angler's clubhouse, a testimonial to the prowess of a champion fisherman. Another member landed a 77-pound sailfish on nine-thread tackle while another 31-pound sailfish is the 12-thread line record. At Long Key, a silver tarpon weighing 93 pounds was once yanked from its natural wetland. A. H. Peterson of the Angler's Club caught a 98-pound silver tarpon two winters ago at Miami.

Certain officials of the curious fishing club have to weigh and certify the fish caught by the varied contestants who compete in the annual angling championships. The winter season covers the period from November to May. All fish caught under the specified conditions during that period are eligible for prizes if outstanding in weight. When the contesting fish are weighed, the fishing tackle of the anglers who caught them are examined. Olympic Games athletes never trained more faithfully nor strained after records more assiduously than these amateur fishermen who patrol the sea in search of finny treasure.

Last season, a 12%,-pound tuna, a 9%,- pound sailfish, a 26-pound barracuda, a 27%,-pound grouper, a 45-pound amberjack, a 29-pound wahoo, a 16-pound bonito, an 18%,-pound dolphin, an 18-pound kingfish, a 21%,-pound African pompano, a 27%,-pound bonefish, a 43%-pound speckled trout and a 74%,-pound mackerel won the championship prizes where nine-thread lines were used. In the main, the weights of the prize-winning fish caught with 21-thread lines were quite similar to the above.

And the ancient slogan of Fisherman Izaak Walton is, for the most part, also the guiding star of each and every member of the Miami Angler's Club for the master speck of their cherished sport is to the modern rod-wielders, "sauce for the gander and sauce for the goose." Said this man Walton once on a time, so rumor reports, "I envy not him that eats better meat than I do, nor him that is richer or that wears better clothes than I do. I envy nobody but him, and him only, that catches more fish than I do." And if vote were taken, there is probably not a single fisherman in the Miami Angler's club but who would ratify Walton's words as the apt expression of an expert who knew what he was talking about.
WE RECOMMEND ALL OF THE FOLLOWING SPECIAL VALUES

Tampa and its environs is growing by leaps and bounds, and the following offers were selected from our many listings as representing some of the best values in their respective classes.

Business Properties

VALUE NO. 1
Business lot in the section known as the Garrison, facing on Cumberland Avenue. Size 50x122. Within seven blocks of the City Hall. Price $7,000. $2500 cash, balance payable over three years.

VALUE NO. 3
Group of three business lots located at the corner of Eunice Avenue and Morgan Street. Frontage 182 ft. on Morgan Street; 147 ½ ft. on Eunice Avenue. This is a remarkable value. Price $35,000. $10,000 cash, and balance distributed over three years.

Residence Properties

VALUE NO. 7
Lots in Tampa's newest high class residential sub-division, known as "Bel-Mar". Price $1600, $1950, $2000, $2500, $3050, $4000. Any of these are good values. Terms on any price lot are 25% cash and the balance in eight equal quarterly installments. Interest at 8%. On orders for these lots we will use our judgment in giving customers the best available selections at the price specified.

Acreage

VALUE NO. 8
Two and a half acre tract of land in what is known as "Southland". This lies between four of Tampa's nicest sub-divisions. Price $7500. Terms $3000 cash, balance in three annual equal payments.

VALUE NO. 9
Several tracts of acreage property lying within a few miles of Tampa. These can be had at various prices and with initial payments of from $3000 to $100,000.

We assure purchasers of the above mentioned property that they are good values. The deals can be closed by remitting cash deposits of $500, with instructions to us to complete the papers within thirty days' time. The balance of the cash payment can be paid when the papers are ready for delivery.

We have other properties consisting of business income property, residences, apartment houses, vacant business and residential lots, farms, groves, and acreage of all kinds. If you are interested in something different from what is mentioned above write us the details and we will send you complete information.

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40,000 Acres  
Levy County  
$6.50 per Acre

In Levy County 85 miles north of Tampa I have 40,000 acres fine farm and truck land on railroad and paved road for $6.50 per acre.

This land principally heavy piney woods soil, and where it needs it, can be inexpensively drained.

Very reasonable terms and liberal release clause to a reasonable purchaser.

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One Mile Atlantic Ocean  
One Mile Indian River  
Lies 3½ Miles South of Cocoa Beach Casino

This 125 Acres is a wonderful development tract. No finer Beach can be found on the Atlantic Coast. Every acre lies high and dry. This is a high class property and priced right for quick sale. If you want something unusually good

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CHAS. A. O'BERRY
215 E. Lafayette Street
Tampa, Fla.

In writing to advertisers please mention SUNILAND Magazine.

Magic City of Dreams Made Real
(Continued from page 45)

have already been planted and a factory building is under construction. Methods perfected by Dr. de Pamphilis have resulted in more silk being obtained from a cocoon in Florida than possible under Oriental or European methods, and the introduction of improved machinery will make the manufacture much cheaper. There is a steady demand for silk goods, and there is no reason why this should not be met at home, it is declared.

Camphor trees, it is said, will grow on any soil in Florida, and will thrive in the Miami area. Instead of waiting until the trees reach large size and then destroying them to distill the wood, as under the old methods, the newer way is to clip the foliage from the tree a bit at a time and distill that. This new method of harvesting can be had and the tree kept growing.

Rubber culture is receiving the attention of government experts at Chapman Field, near Miami. There is no question that rubber trees of all kinds would thrive in this section, as there are many fine specimens to be seen. The question to be solved is which variety would be suited for commercial production. The answer to date seems to be that a certain plant resembling a vine would be recommended, as this grows profusely, can be clipped by machinery repeatedly without harm and will continue to grow over a period of years. In rendering raw rubber, there is no reason why factories should not also be established in Miami for the manufacture of all sorts of rubber goods, from hair combs to automobile tires.

Opportunities are so numerous in Miami that it is often hard to appreciate their real possibilities or to choose between them when they present themselves. Years ago W. R. Carter, then publisher of the Jacksonville Metropolis, was told by a friend in Mr. Flagler's employ that the Florida East Coast Railway was contemplating a line into Miami. He was advised to come to this city and buy all the land he could get. He had $1,500 lying idle in a bank which this friend urged him to invest. He could then have bought 3,000 acres of land for that sum. Mr. Carter told the friend, Mr. Parrott, later president of the Florida East Coast, that he could not afford to throw his money away. If he had taken the kindly advice offered him he would now have become one of the richest men in the world.

More recently a mechanic in a blacksmith shop bought a West Flagler street lot for an insignificant sum. Within two or three years he was offered a few thousand for the lot. He thought the man offering the money must be crazy and let it go. Now the lot which once was worth a few hundred is valued at $150,000 and on it has been erected a ten-story hotel. The mechanic remains at his trade and tries to look the other way when he passes the magnificent building which stands as a monument to his lack of foresight.

There have been thousands of other instances where Opportunity knocked and found the party asleep. There have been likewise thousands of others where Opportunity did not have to knock in vain, and that is why there are so many self-made millionaires in Miami. These self-made, home-made millionaires, who have grown up by their own efforts, and another set of millionaires who have come in from other places and invested heavily, mean that there is enough money, brains and determination behind Miami so that it will continue to develop as it has started and that there will never be a time of pause in the steady building of a greater and larger city which, though it will always be a magic city, has the advantage of being built upon an indestructible foundation.

HOLLYWOOD
By-the-Sea

Located seventeen miles North of Miami and fifty miles South of West Palm Beach, fronting for five miles on the Atlantic Ocean, Hollywood-by-the-Sea is rapidly developing into a beautifully attractive Home City—zoned, restricted, paved, electrified, tropically planted, with every necessity and convenience of the modern city provided.

In Every Large Development Resales Are Available

This is but natural. Occasionally unavoidable necessities compel a property owner to offer his holdings at a bargain.

To protect legitimate investors and home-seekers the Re-Sale Department was established and is at your service.

This being the Official Resale Department of Hollywood properties we have the most accurate information in regard to available locations and values.

Write us frankly your wants and we will tell you just as frankly what we have.

Literature on Request

Hollywood Investment Co.

Official Resale Department

I. N. BEERY, JR.
Sales Manager

Hollywood, Florida.
SERVICE UNEXCELLED

Our great fleet of trucks are ready to serve you. Make our modern plant headquarters for all of your cleaning, pressing, dyeing, renovating, etc.

We have the largest, most modern concern of this kind in Florida, and we offer workmanship second to none anywhere. We are artists in our line.

We specialize in cleaning domestic and oriental rugs, restoring their color and making them new. No matter where you live, write for particulars. We take office buildings, theatres, hotels, etc., by contract, and make them like the newest and most expensive.

AT YOUR SERVICE

Aureole and Valeteria

MFG. CO. INC.

PHONES
CALL 2940, 72-571, 71-784

"Biggest, Busiest, because Best"

1809-11 FRANKLIN STREET
 Motoring in and Around
Tampa Bay

(Continued from page 50)

numerical basis. Harry, although a midwestern fresh water man, has proven his worth as a yachtsman on his ship the Ne­fred by never getting sea-sick.

"Rear-Commodore Theodore Krumm is a sailor and a sea-captain of the old days when men started up forward and took years to work aft. The Captain is at present a steamship owner, a yacht and vessel broker of some note and a large real-estate holder both here and in Cal­ifornia.

"Fleet-Captain C. N. Brunell is of the younger generation. An ex-Commodore of both the Eastern and Western Yacht Clubs, a reserve officer of the Navy and the ex­commander of the United States Power boat, on the big henheadboats at Alton. What there is to yachting and navi­gation, of which there is much, Charlie could tell you in his sleep. The most tech­nical man I have ever met, volumes of rules and regulations stored away in his head.

"Walter S. Pierce is the Financial Sec­retary, a member of the Pierce Electric Company and a young fellow who has made considerable progress in the business world.

"The less said about the undersigned the better, he is the receiving end for the back passing of all the above and general wet-nurse for an uncontrollable membership. However he comes from generations of salt water men, it is his weakness and he can't help it.

Motor boating in Florida offers many advantages. There is not so much pleasure nowadays in automobiling. Familiarity has bred a certain amount of contempt and the thoroughfares are so crowded as to make the task of dodging the other fellow anything but a pleasure. But with a motor­boat, on the big open spaces of the rivers, bays and inlets of the Florida coast, pleasure may be unconfined. There is room to pass and little danger of crowding, at least for years to come and except as noted in the first part of this story, no restrictions as to speed. The health giving qualities of the pure salt air are another factor that should be mentioned in passing.

The one big feature in connection with motor boating in Florida is the equable year 'round climate we enjoy. For this reason and because of the long coast line year 'round climate we enjoy. For this reason and because of the long coast line and the many sheltered harbors and Inlets, Florida should become a veritable Mecca for motor boat enthusiasts.

Motor Boat Regattas should be the order of the day during the winter season along the West Coast of Florida with so much interest in boating being developed in Tar­pon Springs, Dunedin, Clearwater, St. Peters­burg, Safety Harbor, Oldsmar, Tampa, Bradenton and Sarasota. The rivalry be­ tween these towns should be keen and I each of the towns I have mentioned con­tain all the necessary enth­seulery and other attractions and can be expected to have the best is to come. This part of Flor­ida is a city of the future and will attract other ent­ertainments for its pleasure seeking tour­ists and motor boating is one of the best that can think of. Motor boating is clean, healthful, invigorating and altogether worthwhile, and for these and the other reasons I have mentioned, motor boating and those interested in fostering the sport in Florida should receive every encour­agement that can be tendered them.

I Know Florida!

Am thoroughly experienced in buying and selling Real Estate and in Basic Industrial Developments, such as Avocado and Citrus growing and the production and spinning of Raw Silk—and have personal holdings in these lines. I am in a position to give you reliable in­formation regarding these, or other, develop­ment subjects, and to act as your agent.

Service Fees Reasonable

Call, Write or Wire

W. JACKSON

207-8 Flagler Arcade
Miami, Florida

Reference: Bank of Bay Biscayne

For trade for Real Estate, or can be hand­led with small amount of cash. Owner has special reason that can be explained, for making this rare offer. Act Quick • • • •

Write or Wire

GEO. F. MERSHON

B. & B. Hotel

308½ Franklin Street

TAMPA— FLORIDA

ONE OF THE
BEST PAYING
BUSINESSES IN
TAMPA

Sanford, Florida

"The City Substantial!"

A small metropolitan city of ten thousand population. An ideal community for the location of a permanent or winter resi­dence. Non-inflation of realty value and rapid growth of city guarantee group­enhancement and return on investments.

On the main line of the Atlantic Coast Line Railroad. Direct water connections with all principal Eastern Seaboard points. The largest single vegetable shipping center in the world. Excellent land for grape vine­yards can be secured in close proximity to Sanford at moderate prices. Poultry raising is also carried on profitably.

A progressive American city, free from ob­jectionable foreign element and influence. Sanford possesses all modern conveniences demanded by those who are used to high standards of living.

Handsome booklet furnished upon request to PUBLICITY COMMITTEE
DEPARTMENT "G"
SANFORD CHAMBER OF COMMERCE
SANFORD, FLORIDA

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Write or Wire

GEO. F. MERSHON

B. & B. Hotel

308½ Franklin Street

TAMPA— FLORIDA

10,000 ACRES OF LAND

On the East Coast of Florida suitable for farming 'or citrus growing, or for immediate development.

Price, $10,000 per acre-four acres worth cash

For particulars, address

CHAS. A. O'BERRY

215 E. Lafayette Street

Tampa, Fla.
Installed in Back Hallway—No Dirt, No Smoke.

Kleen-Heet
NO LABOR - NO COAL - NO ASHES

Answers the home heating problem. Operates automatically. Starts only when heat is needed—stops when its warm enough.

Burns cheap fuel oils. Storage underground, outside. Perfectly safe, no fire hazard—approved by the Fire Insurance Laboratories.

Fits into your present heating plant. Or a complete heating unit furnished and installed. Estimates in either case gladly furnished with no obligation.

KLEEN HEET is the scientific successor to coal. No longer does the dust from the coal bin or smoke, soot, and ashes from the furnace drift through the house; no longer do you have fires to build, coal to shovel and ashes to take out.

The KLEEN HEET room is a clean room—you can put it anywhere in the house—in kitchen, pantry, back hall or any out of the way place. Operates quietly—is hardly noticed when running.

Call the KLEEN HEET man and say goodbye forever to the coal man, and live for once in a comfortable, automatically heated home.

Write for full particulars—no obligation. We’re just glad to be of service

SKINNER MACHINERY CO.
DUNEDIN, FLORIDA
We own and offer subject to prior sale, 40 acres for subdivision.

Electricity

Telephone

Water

Fronts a quarter of a mile on main paved highway and quarter mile on improved county road. Telephone and electricity at the property, with a large flowing well centrally located that would meet any requirements for water.

$85,000

$20,000 Cash

Balance Over 5 Years

This is an exceptional bargain either for subdivision or investment. The most desirable piece of acreage available near Sarasota. Offered at an extremely low price for quick sale.

Cornish & Cornish
Lord Arcade
Realtors Sarasota

Your Town Needs
A Band

We are experts in equipping and organizing brass bands. Can fully equip a band and furnish instructor and leader. Every progressive town should have a band. Write for catalogues and full particulars.

M. L. PRICE MUSIC CO.
Distributors for
C. G. Conn Band Instruments
Tampa, Florida

500 ACRES

One Mile Below
Bellview Development

3 miles waterfront, 60 feet above sea level, 100 acres in beautiful grove. Undoubtedly the most beautiful piece of property in Florida. Ready for development.

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

Confessions of an Ex-Rum Runner
(Continued from page 68)

had to put in toward the coast and smoother water. The Friday was overloaded. After drifting for a while, she was given the attempt again and this time crossed.

We had stormy weather all the way up the West Coast, heavy seas breaking over the deck and gunwales, causing the Friday to ship water over the floor. Most of the time I was ankledeep in water. The water was almost at the carburetor and the fly-wheel was throwing it all over the place. Jake worked hard at the pumps and at keeping the ignition dry, both of us realizing that if the engine stalled the ship would have sunk in short order, deeply laden as she was.

Between Rebecca light and Egmont Key was laborious work for the Friday I can assure you, and just about killing for Jake and I, short-handed as we were. For more than forty hours neither of us closed our eyes.

But from Egmont on the ticklish work began. I forget to tell you that we were acting under instructions from a Tampa syndicate of rum-running capitalists, and our not for the trip was to be twenty-five hundred dollars.

We arrived at one of the Tampa docks at midnight, and a shore gang proceeded to unload the cases. It was dark as pitch where we lay and excellent conditions prevailed for the work. I made out the dim outlines of a couple of automobile trucks parked between two piles of lumber.

"See that you shake a leg about getting this stuff out of here," I commanded the longshovemen. I was nervous as a cat about this business and in unfamiliar waters.

As soon as the cargo was landed Jake went into town half-dazed from exhaustion and lack of sleep to luxuriate in a hotel bed, while I remained aboard.

We laid around in Tampa for ten days, during which time I made the acquaintance of the owner of a small boat ways and arranged for the Friday to be hauled out and thoroughly overhauled when I returned from my next trip. Then we went out under sealed orders on an expedition similar to the first one.

As I said once before, I think a lot of my ability to size a man up, but here was one time I fell down badly. With all allowances for plans of mice and men, for percentages of double and double-double crosses, in the last analysis I was a fool. It was another case of the high cost of experience.

Arrived in Port I cast about a safe place to tie up and unload. It was my agreement with the syndicate boss to find this and then notify him.

A crazy impulse caused me to decide on the ways. The Friday could be hauled out, cargo and all, and the latter unloaded direct to the trucks. The other launches and the litter of odds and ends would furnish excellent cover.

Jake cautioned against this but I was set on it. I told him that the Gods of Wine and Women always aided the bold — so long about nine in the evening the winches pulled the Friday up on the runways and I went up to notify the owners of the cargo. Half an hour later Jake breathlessly found me.

"Vell, I tol' you," he began, "they take the ship, de whiskey, de whole business. Good thing ve don't have it in our name."

"Maybe we get her back again," Jake suggested hopefully, but I shook my head.

I was looking over a note book in which I jotted down odds and ends, and I ran across an entry that startled me.

"No wonder we lost the Friday; look what a handicap she had," I cried as I showed Jake the book— "We launched her on Friday the thirteenth."

(To be concluded next month)
BITHLO

“The City With A Vision”

The Commercial Center of "Eastern Orange," "the largest half of Orange County." Bithlo is the only Town Development in the fast growing "East Orange."

Bithlo is on the Florida East Coast Railroad, where the Orlando-East Coast Boulevard intersects it. This railroad extends from New Smyrna to Okeechobee City, a distance of about 150 miles. The road is being extended from Okeechobee to Miami at a cost of millions of dollars and upon completion Bithlo will be on a main line railroad to Miami.

A 16-foot brick road has been completed from Bithlo north to the County line, connecting up with the hard-surfaced road into Sanford.

The Orlando-East Coast Boulevard connecting Orlando with Cocoa Beach and Titusville Beach by Bithlo is to be completed January 1st.

Bithlo is about 9 miles from the St. Johns River, 2 miles from Lake Pickett, affording splendid fishing, and is 18 miles from the East Coast.

Nature provides a natural drainage system at Bithlo in the form of branches and creeks that take all surplus water off as rapidly as water is drained from any Florida city.

Bithlo is surrounded by thousands of acres of as rich trucking and general farming land as can be found in Orange County. Many farmers are now preparing land for cultivation.

Thousands of lots have been sold in Bithlo to individuals from all parts of America. A percentage of the property owners will surely develop their property.

Bithlo is suburban to no other city and is so situated as to best serve Eastern Orange County, being 18 miles East of Orlando, 21 miles West of Titusville, 40 miles South of New Smyrna, 100 miles North of Okeechobee.

Bithlo is an incorporated municipality, having two miles of paved streets, and 4½ miles of additional paving under construction.

Improvements mean that real estate will advance, hence profits to the investors.

For home or investment Bithlo is the place for you.

Bailey Development Company

115 N. Orange Ave.  5th Avenue.
Orlando, Florida    Bithlo, Florida

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Buttercup Fugits

Down along the St. Johns river in the ancient days there was an abandoned shack which bore the reputation of being haunted. It was studiously avoided by the colored gentry. You could have left a ham there for days on end without said ham being disturbed.

But, late one autumnal night, one Buttercup Smith, colored, was caught nearby in the stress of a post-equinoxial gale. Overhead, the wind howled through the palmetto and pine tops; incessant gusts of rain swept across the road; there were new, strange sounds from the thickets. Decidedly, it was no night for anybody's black boy to be loose and forming a cross section of the outside landscape.

So Buttercup took his feet in his hands and his courage between his teeth, and entered the ha'nted house. He had plenty of matches; the floor of the shack offered sufficient fuel, and Buttercup built a fire in the big fireplace with the racial speed and dexterity that the white man has never been able to equal. Soon, a great blaze was roaring; the shack was filled with warmth and rosy light; and Buttercup, finding a dillapidated chair, perched in front of the fireplace with renewed equanimity.

"Dese vore superstitious niggers gives me o' pain," he yawned, stretching back. "Ha'nts? Wot is ha'nts? Ah could lick er dozen wid each han'. Bring on yore ha'nts!"

As he spoke, a greenish glow encircled the shack: the wind rose to an appalling shriek: the very house shuddered; and, from the inner heart of the leaving flames — there steamed a coal black kitten. The kitten looked about complacently; licked his chops, smiled at Buttercup, and said:

"Well, dew ain't nobody hyar but me an' you, is dey?"

"Now," said poor Buttercup, "an' dew ain't gwine ter be nobody hyar but you in one second."

Buttercup departed. He sneed for ten miles with the door and hinges under one arm, not having had time to don them. Then, breathless, his tongue hanging out like a razor strop, he sank exhausted on a sand heap. As he did so, the racing clouds parted, a full moon swam forth, and illumined everything with a silvery radiance.

And into the center of that radiance walked the same black kitten.

"Well," said the kitten, "we had er pretty good run o'it, didn' we?"

"Run?" said Buttercup. "Cat, you ain't seen no runnin'. You jest wait twell Ah gits mah shoes off!"

---

Whispers From The Dark

A colored omen in a Palatka courtroom: "Judge Long, he don't say somethin' much, but when he do say somethin'—it bounce."
Half Acre In The Heart of Tampa

This tract faces 105 feet on Cass Street, and when the Cass Street Bridge is completed will be ripe for retail business buildings. One of the few pieces left in this particular section.

Price $125,000 only. One-fourth cash and the balance on or before one, two and three years.

Beckwith & Warren Company
REALTORS
"Established 1887"
Real Estate and Loans
First National Bank Building
Tampa, Florida

Bad Language
They used to tell a story—it may be new to many people—of the old South Florida preacher who drove an ox cart twenty miles to a political speaking, taking along his eight-year-old son. They were jogging back home after the talkfest when the boy, who had been much impressed, said suddenly:

“Daddy, hain’t that feller Smith a H - l of a speaker?”

The old preacher swung toward his son. “How often,” he demanded severely, “has I told you not to say ‘hain’t’?”

Too Much
Mrs. Yagler: “What killed your sweet little Pomeranian?”
Mrs. Fenwick: “A horrid Tampa Tribune Sunday paper dropped on him.”

Bill Was Moving Along
Near the still at a turpentine camp in South Florida one Summer evening a small bunch of workers were gathered. A man from a neighboring farm approached and said: “Have you all seen Bill Stevens.”

“Yes Sirree,” answered promptly one of the group; “saw him this mornin’. He fell headfirst in a barrel of turpentine.”

“Good gosh,” came from the farmer, “did it hurt him.”

“Dunno,” was the answer, “they ain’t caught up with him yet.”

A Florida Breakfast Romance
A man sat in a restaurant
Too bored for any use;
A lady aimed straight at his gaze
And squirted grapefruit juice.
In pain he cried, “Now I like that!”
Sweet came her prompt reply:
“I know that you like grapefruit,
I can see it in your eye.”

Joe Lyons Told Us This One
Lady—“What’s the awful odor that comes from that field?”
Farmer—“That’s fertilizer.”
Lady—“Well, for the land’s sake!”
Farmer—“Yessum.”

The Saying’s of Everglades Eddy
The chief trouble about gittin’ somebody else to write a lyin’ letter fer you is that they alius fergits and puts in some truths you didn’t want known.

No stranger will ever forget Florida after he has set down on his lust sand spur.

They tells me one of the principal studies in the Miami high school now is subdivision.

Lots of northern people seem right disappointed when they git off a train an’ a alligator don’t bite ’em.

It turns out that the feller who kicked so much this winter when the thermometer went down to 60 was a visitor from Sitka, Alaska.

Tole Kitman sez he knowed a Conk down on the Keys oncet that was so bad he would fight a baracuda and give the ‘cuda the first two bites.

Doug Fairbanks is a pretty good man, but we’d like to see him try to climb a cabbage palmetto with nothin’ on but a bathing suit.
IN THE everyday life of a publication so many things occur of possible interest that the editors may be divided, with this issue, to inaugurate a publishers' page on which each month may be found a few intimate thoughts regarding the progress of Suniland, the personnel of the Suniland family; a few knocks and boosts perhaps, and announcements from time to time of events too noteworthy to miss. We feel that our readers are just as much interested in some of these matters as we are, and we hope to make this page into a popular feature of Suniland.

THE February issue of Suniland will contain many pleasant surprises for our readers. This will be the biggest issue yet. It will have an unusually exciting cover, at least twice as many pages as this number and will be chock full of the most interesting illustrated feature articles, fiction and miscellaneous reading matter possibly to assemble in one magazine. It will be an all-Florida number and every effort is being made by the editorial department to make this an issue of which all Floridians may be proud. Many thousand copies of the February Suniland will be sent to the Madison Square Garden All-Florida Fair in New York during February for distribution there. Also several thousand copies will be distributed at The South Florida Fair at Tampa during February. The whole Suniland force is bending every energy at its command to make the February Suniland one of the most valuable and interesting pieces of literature ever printed in the State of Florida. There will be a number of features unique here but we advise every reader, particularly those who may have been administering no thought as to the value of Suniland ever attained our record. We have just about reached an average of a thousand paid subscriptions a week and we expect by the next issue of Suniland to be able to report that this average has been increased to two thousand copies a month. Nice growth for a magazine considered less than six months old!

Paid subscriptions for Suniland during November were as follows: Week ending Nov. 8, 688; Nov. 15, 1,020; Nov. 22. 598; Nov. 29, 548. A total during November of 3,082 or an average of 770 subscriptions a week. Paid subscriptions during December were: Week ending Dec. 6, 535; Dec. 13, 1,161; Dec. 20, 645; Dec. 27, 1,373. A total during December of 3,712 or an average of 928 subscriptions a week. Surely nothing could be more gratifying to a publisher than a record of this character, and we feel that Suniland would fill a long felt need.

AMONG the many interesting letters we receive congratulating Suniland here is one that we believe is unique. It is from a doctor in West Virginia who prescribes Suniland for his patients. The letter follows: "Enclosed find a dollar for as many extra copies of Suniland possible.

The Publisher's Page

W. H. MONTANYE, Advertising Director, D. P. Davis Properties

SUNILAND MAGAZINE
F. O. Box 2711, Tampa, Florida

That is the best Florida Magazine I have ever run across anywhere and ask him two questions: Why did he not enter the contest and give us and others an accurate record of Suniland's subscription figures, and —why state that Suniland chose the Ten Greatest Men? We did not, and disclaim responsibility for this statement. Our readers did the choosing. The judges were forced to abide by the rules of the contest and announce the ten given a highest average by the contest.

Far be it from us to engage in controversies, but when misstatements of fact are made and facts so twisted as to cause a misunderstanding, we feel bound to say something in reply. The editor of The Farmer and Stockman in an editorial entitled "Bit the Hand That Fed It," makes a number of statements that are far from correct. For one thing this editorial states that we were miffed because we were excluded from exhibiting at the State Fair in Jacksonvile for the reason that we planned to use so-called show prints. This is absolutely not so. We made a clear cut proposition to the State Fair officials to reduce our subscription price in Suniland, whether we were allowed to take subscriptions or not, and we were politely told by the Fair officials that we had not entered the Fair under any circumstances. As we stated in an editorial in the Packet House News, a copy of which editorial was sent to the Jacksonvile Fair Officials before being printed, subscriptions at this Fair meant little or nothing to us. Suniland is selling faster than any publication in Florida.