AMOUS for its beauty and its THIRTY MILES OF SUPERB SHORE-FRONT, is VENICE-NOKOMIS. Here, south of Sarasota, is being designed and laid out by John Nolen, noted City Planner, the ideal city of semi-tropical loveliness. With every superior advantage of unrivaled scenic location, fronting on the Gulf, four bays and river—directly on the Tamiami Trail—with active development program now under way—the property-wise investor cannot fail to see that here is the next logical development of the lower West Coast.

Write for Beautiful Booklet

The Roger C. Rice Company, Inc.
Exclusive Sales Agents
SARASOTA, FLORIDA
A picturesque corner of the Administration Building. There are many such beauty spots to be found on Davis Islands.

Fortunate Owners of Property

ON

DAVIS ISLANDS

TAMPA IN THE BAY

Dot Nearly Every State in the Union!

They come from everywhere to buy on Davis Islands! Far beyond the Mississippi River—even to California—our list of property owners extends, great numbers of them whose purchases of Davis Islands property aggregate to date the commanding total of $8,000,000. And this property was first placed on the market only five months ago.

Hundreds of these good people, together with their friends, will build palatial homes on Davis Islands and come here to live a life of romance and luxury which only a picturesque, tropical island, with its delightful atmosphere and pastimes, can provide. Others who invested for gain will soon be telling their friends of the amazing profits they made on Davis Islands property in the wonder city of Tampa, the fastest growing in Florida—where the real estate market is one of constantly vibrating action.

Whether you are seeking a charming home-spot or a place where your investment will bring a golden yield, Davis Islands is logically correct in every way. It is the preeminent beauty spot of Florida and its location is just one-half mile from Tampa's city hall, together with its present low prices and the assurance of great and rapid growth in value, makes it the most attractive real estate investment in America today.

In considering a purchase here, there is but one mistake that can be made. And that is through not buying at once, before this property is taken off the market for the season. Those who are already owners and those who will become owners during the next few days—before the Country Club Section is entirely sold out—will buy at development prices and make the greatest profits.

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LOOK FOR THE "BABY BUCCANEER"
Contents for April, 1925

Cover Design: Ye Old House at St. Augustine — by KENNETH FRIEDMAN
Frontispieces: Allene Ray, Film Star, Selects Florida — 13
Orlando—The City Beautiful — 14
Editorials — 15
Beautiful Orlando—Florida’s Largest Inland City — by JANE WASHBURN 17
Watch for Florida in the Movies — by SHELTON S. MATLACK 22
Florida Will Become Our Richest State — An interview with ROGER W. BARSON 26
Uncle Tom’s Cab’n Cruiser—A Satire — by JOSEPH FAUS 28
The Greatest Men of Florida—Dr. A. A. Murphree — by GEORGE H. DACY 30
A Princess of Solitude—A Short Story — by B. F. BORCHARDT 34
He Built a Road to Market — by JUSTIN JARVIS 37
“In Suniland With You,” Wins Suniland Song Contest — 40
Why the Big League Teams Train in Florida — by HANDLEY WRIGHT 42
A Fisherman’s Paradise — by JOSEPH MICKLER 45
Too Many Cooks Spoil the D’ish—Another Kitty Page Story — by O. FOERSTER SCHULLY 50
Prize Winners in Suniland’s Letter Contest Announced — 54
The Florida Home—A Department — Conducted by JANE WAY 86
Pieces of Eight—A Section of Humor — 94
The Publisher’s Page — 96

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DOWN ON THE LAKE ALFRED

DOWN ON THE
On the Dixie Highway, at the Gateway of South Florida's Scenic Highlands — the land of azure lakes, rolling hills and golden groves. Here the artistry and the handiwork of man have joined with benificent nature to produce an earthly Paradise. Your request for literature and information will be a favor.

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Tallahassee, aside from being the Capital of Florida, is the county seat of Leon County, the leading dairying county of the state.

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During the winter months just past, hundreds of Floridians and winter visitors, purchased our Commercial Banana Plantations. The first acres of these plantations are now being planted. By this time next year, each of these acres will probably have produced not only enough surplus plants to plant the remaining four acres of each plantation, but also enough additional plants to net the plantation owner $400 to $600, and a crop of fruit valued at from $400 to $800.

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Commercial Banana Plantations
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Write---
For full particulars of our Commercial Banana Plantations, terms of purchase, etc. An interesting booklet on Banana Culture is waiting for you to ask for it—FREE.
IF You Love the Grand Out-Doors—and Want to Farm 12 Months in the Year—

"The Worlds Richest Soil"

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

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

IF—You are a red-blooded, two-fisted, stand-up-and-work sort of a fellow—

IF—You glory in the "strike" of a big ol' ten-pound black Bass as he tries to masticate your "pet" lure—

IF—If whistling wings of the mallard, teal, canvasback, pin-tail and other waterfowl is "sweet music" to your ears—

IF—Bear, deer, panther, wild turkey, quail, bass, pike, perch and others, means anything in your life—

IF—Raising record-breaking crops, twelve months of every year in a climate second to none appeals to you—

IF—You love your home and country and your fellow-men—

THEN—

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Kindly send me the story of the development of the Everglades, the story of Moore Haven and also tell me of the wonderful crops raised there, and how I can share in the money that is being made there.
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West Winter Haven
An eighteen-hole golf course, designed by Donald Ross, will be constructed on a splendid site in Whitfield Estates. Near the links there will be a beautiful country club of the most modern design. A magnificent hotel will be built on one of the points overlooking the bay, and a yacht basin will come within a few yards of Tamiami Trail.

Location and Beauty Govern Values

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

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

Improvements Guaranteed

Improvements, including sea-wall, surface drainage, grading and paving of streets and sidewalks, landscaping, water and electric lights, are absolutely guaranteed. A further protection to the purchaser is provided for by a trust deed with the RINGLING TRUST & SAVINGS BANK, which guarantees disbursement of all funds in accordance with the guarantee to the purchaser.

Yet, you can actually buy lots now on Whitfield Estates at less than the cost of acreage in the immediate vicinity, plus the cost of improvements. Don’t waste time. Investigate now—then act at once, while prices are so reasonable and you can still secure a lot in the first unit, where improvements are being rushed to completion.

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WHITFIELD Estates
On Sarasota Bay
Consider Okeechobee!!!

In THE geographies of your boyhood do you remember how Lake Okeechobee appeared as the center of an unknown and unexplored wilderness—a waste land without thought of future redemption? called the Everglades? So it seemed then. But men at last braved the Everglades and discovered an Empire that, with proper drainage, revealed the most wonderfully fertile soil in the world, capable of producing on its more than 9,000,000 acres of muck, loam and marl, rich harvests of the fastest money making crops in America. $12,000,000 have been spent in drainage projects already, and the Lake level lowered five feet. and now such crops as the Field of Beans, shown above, tomatoes, potatoes, cabbage, lettuce, egg-plant, peppers, cucumbers, cantaloups, strawberries, and many other vegetables, with field crops and fruits, are being grown in increasing abundance, especially during the high-market-price Winter season.

This should open your eyes to Okeechobee City, at the north end of the Lake—a little city of 2,000 population and but nine years old, which it is freely predicted will reach 25,000 in the next five years. Here you can now buy a choice lot and build a home for a moderate outlay. or near here you can have five, ten or more acres of this wonderful, rich truck-land and make a modest fortune. The cross-state highway from Palm Beach to Tampa passes through it, together with two trunk line railroads, and a third one being surveyed. Besides this is the canal water-transportation network. Millions have been invested in these developments, and millions more will be. Come and see the City, the Soil and the Opportunity and be convinced. If you cannot come at once, at least write us and find out about this remarkable section.

Interesting Descriptive Literature and Answers to Your Questions Gladly Sent You

CHAS. L. HENCK CO., Inc.
Developers of Lake Okeechobee Gardens
Miami, Florida
Okeechobee, Florida
W. Palm Beach, Florida

NO INCOME OR INHERITANCE TAXES
By constitutional amendment, state income and inheritance taxes are perp etually prohibited in Florida. This is attracting many wealthy men and women as permanent residents, who are now investing fortunes in Florida and the Lake Okeechobee region. We do not penalize, but encourage, your prosperity.
Allene Ray, one of the most beautiful of the new film stars, became so captivated with Florida this winter that she plans to adopt it as her future home.
(Reading from left to right) Orange Court Apartments—Looking East in Orange Avenue—The residence section of Orlando is covered with fine, large shade trees—Sunset over Lake Lucerne—Florida-Spanish architecture's further beautifying Orlando—One of the many immense oak trees which add to the attractiveness of the city—Palm and bananas grow side by side along Lake Eola—The New Amberst Apartments.
PLANT A TREE

If you would do something that will provide in the future a monument to your thoughtfulness and wisdom and at the same time will be of value and benefit to others and further will be helpful in the progress and development of Florida—plant a tree, and while you are about it, persuade others to do likewise.

So many people do not seem to appreciate the importance of an abundance of trees in a semi-tropical climate. In Florida for more reasons than one it is very necessary that the planting and preservation of trees be encouraged and even insisted upon. Florida does not have extremes of climate, it is never too hot or too cold. We do, however, have year-round sunshine—sunshine that is our greatest asset—sunshine that provides health and happiness. Sunlight is the principal factor in bringing so much wealth into Florida just now, but as everyone is well aware, if they will stop for a moment to consider, sunshine alone is very monotonous.

We want its warmth and influence upon all things, animate and inanimate, but most of the time and in most places we want it indirectly. This is one of the reasons why we maintain that shade trees in Florida are almost as important as the sunshine.

There will be many regrets in time to come if more trees are not planted in Florida. Apparently trees are plentiful, but actually they are disappearing in greater quantities than they are being planted. This is caused principally through the cutting of trees for lumber or land development, but even in a number of the older and well established cities, rows of beautiful trees that have taken long years to develop are being destroyed to make room for wider streets, with no thought to their replacement. It must be admitted of course, that in most instances the wider street is of more value than the trees that have graced its length for years, but sometimes it is possible to plant other trees farther back.

Cities are springing up overnight, subdivisions and big land developments are being planned with altogether too little thought of providing trees for future years. It takes but little observation in Florida to bring to mind just how valuable trees are. The cities that have been called beautiful are the ones that have plenty of trees along their streets and around their lakes and homes. One is always impressed with the beauty of an avenue of trees and the sunshine that filters through the leaves that overhang some of our driveways is far more beautiful than the full glare of the sun where trees have not been planted. Those who are planning future cities and additions to cities in Florida will do well to give every consideration to the value of trees for shade and ornament. They enhance the value of the sunshine; they provide color and harmony and a pleasing eyewh in contrast to the drab monotony where trees are not found. Trees have a cash value that seems to have been lost sight of by so many real estate developers in Florida. For instance, a home is always more of a home with friendly trees around it and most people will pay more for a home or a homesite with trees than for one without and would rather live in a city that allows its trees to grow with it.

From another angle interest in tree planting in Florida should be awakened. This being forest conservation. Forests in Florida are being cut away without any practical system or attempt to replace them. Our forests will be a thing of the past in a few years unless some real effort is made soon to conserve part of them.

Florida has more varieties of trees than any other state. Our trees, besides being useful for the beautification of homes and cities, provide fruit and nuts for food, and lumber for ships and buildings and for a score of other useful purposes and there are reasons galore why trees in Florida should receive about ten times as much attention as they are getting today.

Misses Folom, of Jacksonville, one of Florida's most enthusiastic boosters, sent us the following poem entitled "Go Plant A Tree" by the late Ella Wheeler Wilcox, with the suggestion that it should appeal to every citizen of Florida. It is presented here with the hope that it will instill into the minds of many people in Florida, at least one of the numerous reasons why they should take some interest in planting trees:

Oh, what a joy it is to plant a tree! And from the shallow earth to watch it rise, Lifting its emerald branches to the skies In silent adoration; and to see Its strength and glory waxing with each spring. Yes, 'tis a goodly and a gladsome thing To plant a tree.

Nature has many marvels; but a tree Seems more than marvelous: it is divine. So generous, so tender, so benign. Never gorgeous like the rivers, and yet free, In pleasant converse with the wind and birds. Oh, privilege beyond explaining words, To plant a tree!

Rocks are majestic: but, unlike a tree, They stand aloof and silent. In the roar Of ocean billows breaking on the shore There sounds the voice of turmoil. But a tree Speaks ever of companionship and rest. Yea, of all righteous acts, this, this is best— To plant a tree.

There is an oak—oh, how I love that tree!— Which has been thriving for a hundred years. Each day I send my blessings through the spheres For one who gave this triple boon to me Of growing beauty, singing birds, and shade. Wouldn't thou win laurels which shall never fade? Go plant a tree!

The appeal of Mrs. Wilcox is purely aesthetic and is a real inspiration to every true lover of nature's handiwork, but Florida needs its trees for comfort and utility as well as beauty, and every Floridian who has the interest of his State at heart will do his utmost to encourage the conservation of the trees we have and the planting of new trees for the future. Go plant a tree.
Game and Fish Preservation

It is sincerely to be hoped that the next Florida Legislature will pass a bill that will give adequate protection to the fish and game of this State. Many sportsmen come to Florida because of the hunting and fishing that is still possible here, but unless the Legislature does act there will be nothing for them to come for in a few years. No true sportsman is in sympathy with the wanton destruction of our wild life that many have been guilty of in recent years and for this reason every true sportsman in Florida will support those legislators who see to it that our fish and game is given the protection it needs.

We understand that a bill will be introduced at the next session of the State Legislature to provide for the creation of a Game and Fresh Water Fish Department and for a State Game Commissioner. This bill has been endorsed by the State Game and Fish Protective Association of Florida and by the Izaak Walton League of this State. The proposed bill is to be entitled:

"An act to Create the Department of Game and Fresh Water Fish and the Position of State Game Commissioner, and to Define His Duties and Powers and Fixing His Compensation and to Protect and Regulate the Birds, Game Animals, Fur Bearing Animals and Fresh Water Fish of the State of Florida; to Make an Appropriation to Carry Out the Provisions of This Act; and to Provide a Penalty for the Violation of the Same."

[God Is In Florida]

The Reverend Somebody of some place in New Jersey not long ago in a sermon propounded the question: "Is God in Florida," and insinuated rather strongly that he wasn't. This statement received considerable publicity over the Country and stirred up quite a little indignation in Florida. One of the best answers to this very foolish statement was made in an address by Major A. E. Barnett, pastor of the First Presbyterian Church of Sarasota. We would like to quote his entire address here for it is replete with excellent reasons and evidence that Florida sees more of God and less of evil than any other State in the Union, as it is we have only room for a few of the first and last paragraphs:

"It was God who gave us our equable climate, varying but a few degrees so that a sunstroke is unknown and a freeze is regarded as a calamity. With thousands of miles of coast line laved by the warm waters of the Gulf and the Gulf stream, no wonder that teeming thousands come to spend a summer every winter from the snows and fogs and frosts and bitter northern winds that whet their sharp teeth on the glacier of the Arctic zone.

"Yes, sir, God is in Florida.

"Through the night the birds keep up their song in constant unwearyed vigil. God wakes us every morning with sunrises of enchanting beauty. At eventide He awes us into reverence and homage by splashing colors on the western canvas of the heavens, that are the despair of the artist, the inspiration of the poet and the rapture of the mystic.

"Yes, sir, God is in Florida.

"He has given astounding fertility to our sand. When no spade can pierce the frost-locked soil of the North, while your plows are rusting in the shed, your laborers hauling wood to the stove and shoveling anthracite into furnaces, we are hatless and costless out in the open tickling our soil with hoe or rake or cultivator and it laughs us a golden harvest of strawberries, oranges, grapefruit, and vegetables of every description which help to keep you from starving.

"Yes, sir, God is in Florida.

"Hence, thousands of our afflicted northern friends come down to find the elixir of life, the Fountain of Youth which Florida provides. They come with crutches, bandaged heads, excruciating pain, heavy hearts and jaded step. But rheumatism and sciatica, influenza and the many, many ills to which flesh is so unfortunately heir are compelled to yield to rejuvenating, invigorating influence of our healing air and waters. The ozone redolent with the intoxicating perfume of roses and honeysuckle, fragrant with the mollifying tang of the millions of pines through which it percolates, brings back fire to the heart, sparkle to the eye, blood to the cheek and cheer to mind and soul. * * *

"As a member of the same great church as yourself, I may perhaps be allowed to remind you that overstatement is one of our clerical besetting sins.

"Another is an itch for front page attention in the newspapers, knowing that the more exaggerated and extravagant the statement in the rostrum, the more sure it is of being flashed from one end of the country to the other.

"Such lamentable departures from truth, sani'y and justice as you, sir, have been guilty of is calculated to bring the pulpit into contempt on the part of sober, honest and hard-headed men.

"I have not addressed you in anger, but I believe I represent the righteous indignation of thousands of the members in our communion who have a right to expect you to be a mouthpiece of honor and probity rather than a contemptible purveyor of fabricated falsehoods.

"There are enough asses in the world without the Presbyterian ministry furnishing another.

"Apply to yours'il the stern reproof addressed by Alexander to one of his traitorous, cowardly soldiers: 'Either change your name or honor it'!

The Mineral Resources of Florida

The next issue of Suniland will contain a valuable illustrated article by Herman Gunter, Florida State Geologist, on the mineral resources of Florida. In the meantime readers will be impressed by the following paragraph from an article by Mr. Gunter, which appeared in a recent issue of The Manufacturer's Record:

(Continued on page 84)
BEAUTIFUL ORLANDO
FLORIDA’S LARGEST INLAND CITY

By JANE WASHBURN

THERE are charming women, white of hair, and with soft Southern voice who tell of the early days around Orlando. They tell of their childhood days in log houses, of being taken in time of assured safety to look through the tiny holes from which the approach of Indian marauders might be seen, holes into which the muzzle of a musket fitted well. They tell interesting tales of the coming of the English settlers, and of the brief stay of the “remittance men,” some with titles, some not so far removed from royalty itself, whose attendant pomp and circumstance made life so colorful that existence after their return to the mother country was very gray.

“Tell me about the early history of Orlando,” I said to a resident of a dozen years or so.

“Well, when I came here from Pennsylvania I thought I could appreciate Orlando, but couldn’t describe it,” the resident replied.

“Ask somebody who was here before I arrived.”

So I went to this one, that one, the other one, C. E. Howard, Josiah Ferris, Charles Lord, Captain B. M. Robinson, each of whom modestly refrained from telling his own part in the making of Florida’s largest inland city, now known as “The City Beautiful.” Each of these men referred me to Samuel A. Robinson, whose surveys of Orlando lands go back as far as the memory of the oldest inhabitant, and whose little memorandum book, which he carries in his vest pocket, has settled many disputes. Mr. Robinson, by the way, is the oldest notary public in South Florida, having been appointed by Governor Drew and had his commission renewed each year. So to Mr. Robinson’s recollections, and the items in his notebook, I am indebted for many of the facts that stand out in this story of Orlando.

Recorded history of Orlando goes back only to 1843, and at that time our own Orange county was set apart, with several others, from the very extensive tract known as East Florida, and including in its boundaries vast territory made up of virgin timber, of ranch land, of rivers, lakes, and lagoons and of marshes and ocean frontage. Only the Red men could have found their way through its picturesque wildness.

But there was wealth, even in those days, in Orange county, for we find the first recorded deed involves the transfer of more than seven thousand dollars. The first deed recorded in the county was dated April 15th, 1843, conveying a two-thirds interest in a tract of land, known by the name of Dun Lawton, lying in this county, then a part of the section known as East Florida together with a two-thirds part in the following slaves, with their increase, namely: Cynthia, Fatma, Phillis, Campbell, Maria, Rosa, Duke, Luciana, Bella, Bea, Peter, Dan Flora, Tampa Luciana, Sue, Jack, Nancy, Betsy, Cyrus, Montrose, Annie, Dina, George, Pheobe, Medina, Venice, and Phebus. It was acknowledged before William B. Heriot, commissioner of deeds and recorded on the 21st day of April 1847. An estate of some consequence, that must have been.

Between then and the year of Orlando’s big fire, events are but flashes on the screen, pictures, with no captions, but they suggest arguments in families that led to disputes between factions, and feuds between sections, as was the way of the period.

Orlando’s big fire was in the swing of 1868 and in it were destroyed the records of earlier years except one book, which
has many times been a silent but powerful advocate in land trials.

Seminole county was still a part of Orange when the first rude courthouse of logs had to be replaced by a structure in keeping with the times, and the building would have been erected in Sanford but for the insistence of Jacob Summerlin, who said that if the county hadn't the money wherewith to put up a suitable building he not only would give the lot, but advance the money for the construction and be willing to lose it if the county couldn't repay. So over on the lake which took its name from the event, the mill was put up in which the lumber was sawed to build the predecessor of the present courthouse, and Mr. Hardemann, backed by the dynamic Jacob Summerlin, made a quick job of his part of it.

When court was called there was not room enough within the early building for lawyers and witnesses, to say nothing of those who would hear, and there was not housing for even the judges and advocates, though private homes were opened to entertain those high in place, and all about the courthouse and around Lake Eola were tents for the shelter of mere attorneys and lesser folk.

Then, and for many years thereafter, there was but one store in Orlando, and the calico prints on its dusty shelves, the few commodities on its rude counters and the tea and coffee and such things as are daily needful were secondary in importance to the cases of "hard stuff" that held the center place.

Like the letters written in pictures on slabs of stone in pre-historic times, to be carried from tribe to tribe, post offices have ever been nomadic things, with no fixed homes to go with their names. So we find the Orlando post office first in a corner of a store whose stock in trade was groceries and general merchandise, this was in 1836, then down the avenue for a time, its patronage from a growing Orlando and a widening back country contributing to its increase, then up the avenue a few doors to the San Juan Hotel, then down the street again where it was associated with books and stationery and newspapers and magazines that were taken in by the increasing population. W. R. O'Neal was postmaster during one of the periods of Orlando's most noticeable changes. To James F. Hughley belongs the distinction of being Orlando's first postmaster. The present building, built for its needs by the Government was really outgrown by the tremendous increase in population before it was fairly finished, and how so large a business can be handled in so small a space is the secret of Miss Claudia Delaney, the postmaster, and her efficient staff. The receipts of the office for 1924 were $152,120.18.

The first marriage recorded in Orlando was that of John Lynch and Mrs. Nancy Lancaster, April 8, 1869. The license was issued by A. H. Stockton, county clerk. The ceremony was performed by John R. Mizzell, judge county court.

"Tell me about Orlando," and men who have helped to make the Orlando we know today will go back to its incorporation, June 30, 1875, when there were but 75 inhabitants, and date the story from that time.

It was in 1872 (we quote again from Mr. Samuel Robinson's note book) that the first school was established and C. A. Boone was the first school master. The schoolhouse stood near the present site of the Tremont Hotel—and the older part of the Tremont Hotel, by the way, was rebuilt from the frame of the courthouse that was moved away to give place to the present brick structure erected by the county in 1892.

We see a little of the cycle in which events move when we look back, from the vantage point of 1925, with a school enrollment of nearly 10,000, a Memorial High School building costing nearly one-half a million, and from which they graduated a class of over a hundred this year, and contrast the uses to which the auditorium is put—to that one room building, where all the inhabitants of the village gathered for whatever event compelled their assembling in council, or brought them together for festivity. Occasionally a minister, passing through on his way to St. Johns, Charon crossing the Styx could hardly have more terrors for the imaginative.

For several years itinerant ministers of many denominations preached in the school house, regular
union services leading up to the establishment of the first religious denomination, the Presbyterian church, having its beginning in 1870. The Baptist church came into being in 1888 and the Methodist in 1880.

Rather more than a quarter of a century ago the Catholic church was established, and St. Joseph's Academy was started at the same time and has had a continuous existence. Rev. Father Fox is among the oldest priests in the State, in point of service. About the same time St. Luke's Cathedral (Episcopal) was built, and with additions has served the city and the diocese up to the present year, which will see the erection of a Cathedral worthy of the City Beautiful and the diocese. The Cathedral School for Girls is one of the long established educational institutions in Orlando founded in 1900 when the Bishop of the Diocese was Rev. William Crance Gray. It is a boarding and day school taking care of two hundred students teaching all the studies needful for a well rounded development, giving athletics and recreations their due place, and having an influence far beyond the county.

In these days when lots on Orange avenue are not sold, but transferred on the 90 year lease plan, the transfers involving usually six figures in the business district, it is astonishing to look back to a deed, dated April 9th, 1881, the lot in question being what is known as the Phillips Theatre site corner of Orange avenue and East Pine street. This was deeded by Robert R. Reed to W. A. Patrick on April 9, 1881, for the sum of $75.00.

"Tell me about Orlando," and Chief Dean smiled reflectively as he recalled bits of the early days of his life here, and spoke of the time when Secretary Weeks, then a resident of Orlando and living in what was called "Honey Moon Row" on what is now Lake Cherokee, was head of the volunteer fire brigade, and Chief Dean served under him. From an equipment of pitchers, pumps and buckets in the volunteer brigade the department has gradually come up through the addition, first of a reel and 500 feet of hose; then a pair of horses and hose wagon; then a steamer, then another pair of horses for steam fire; then a hose and chemical car; then a triple combination, hose, chemical and pump; then a city service truck; then another pump, triple combination; then another engine which is one of the best in Florida.

One may now step into a Pullman in New York one morning and arrive Orlando over the Atlantic Coast Line at 8:03 the next night, without leaving the Pullman. Look back to 1880 when the first train ran over the tracks between Orlando and Sanford, under the name of South Florida Railroad Company and mark the rejoicing when the line was extended to Tampa. The Seaboard Air Line first came into Orlando under the name of the Tavares, Gulf and Orlando Railroad in 1885. Along with the development of the railroads has gone the development of the back country in its growing of oranges and vegetables for the tables of the North when ice and snow possess it for long months. Or did the growing needs of the back country bring about the development of the railroads? There is honor enough for both in the outcome, for Orange county has its full share in the shipping of home grown products which go out of the State at an average of a carload every six minutes for
Not by chance was this richly productive county named Orange, for much of Florida's fruit crop is marketed through agencies that have their headquarters in Orlando; an immense proportion of the State's fruit money is handled through Orlando banks, and the extent of the business is implied in the fact that the telegraph messages, outgoing, pertaining to fruit alone, handled by the Western Union and Postal Telegraph Companies amount to over $100,000 annually.

It is a far cry from the Hardemann saw mill, first of Orlando's industries, to the present day, with over sixty articles manufactured and a payroll of a million dollars a month.

Orlando's five banks have combined deposits of over ten million dollars and the debits to individual accounts for 1924 amounted to over $100,000,000 mark. In the story of Orlando's banking institutions, brought to the front recently because of the modern buildings put up by the State Bank of Orlando and Trust Company and the Orlando Bank and Trust Company, it is woven something of the history and romance that makes Orlando's story so much worth the telling.

In the early days of Orlando one spoke of the "Orange money" as being distributed in great or small amounts. This made the ups and downs of banking rather problematical; but with the growth of the city and its all-round development, one speaks now of the agricultural money, the real estate money, the automobile money—and the handling of automobile paper is no small item with one automobile to every three residents—and tourist money, and money from industries.

During the half year which has come to be Orlando's season there are included in its social and economic life half as many more persons as its permanent population. All these persons from all the country deposit money for checking accounts with local banks, and it has become a habit with many who return season after season to leave fair amounts on deposit through the year.

The State Bank of Orlando and Trust Company is the oldest bank in the city. Its early books carried the accounts of all of Orange county which at that time included what is now Seminole county, and they told the story of prosperous years and doubtful years and years when nature taught the lesson of success through failure. Not until early residents learned through sad disappointment that no one crop is always to be trusted, did they begin to find the gold that is in our soil. And that, found in the many kinds of vegetables which grow to perfection in this county, in marketable quantities for northern distribution during the winter, is a money return that is immediate and certain.

Changing real estate values brought new money in, good roads brought automobiles, automobiles brought sightseers from ever increasing distances, and they, becoming residents, again turned the particular attention of the country to the golden fruit which gives its name to the county. And so another cycle begins.

The State Bank of Orlando and Trust Company was established in 1893, and up to 1906 handled all the business of the county; and all these years occupied the same location at the corner of Orange avenue and East Pine street, but has for a long time needed such quarters as its splendid new ten-story structure furnishes.

In the story of banking developments in Orlando there is much of romance, and when one goes through the imposing new building of the Orlando Bank and Trust Company under the escort of one of its officers who knew that corner in 1906, when the building and lot were considered rather a doubtful buy at $10,000, the thread of romance runs all through the story.

The Orlando Bank and Trust Company building is ten stories high, and besides the banking rooms, contains 114 splendidly appointed offices all occupied by active business and professional men.

One can imagine many vitally important matters handled by committees in a soundproof, secret room away down under the building, with only the light from the glass sidewalk a reminder of the world outside. Wills are drawn there, and read there; signatures affixed and witnessed which will change destinies and mean joy or disappointment to many persons in the passing of time. Only a soundproof room. a Brussels carpet, a director's table and six chairs, but it is the setting for scenes that will have dramatic outcome, for many quarters in the Angebilt Building at the corner Orange avenue and Wall street, the lease covering the corner property running for ninety-nine years.

The Bank of Orange and Trust Company occupies handsome quarters in the Angebilt Hotel building at the corner of Orange avenue and Wall street.

The word "institution" so often used with banking and savings, seems particularly to suggest many of the things for which banks stand—permanence, security, defense. Not a completed thing, creating confidence.

So when the Church Street
Bank was organized and opened to the public nearly two years ago, the institution, through all it implied, as well as the fine building itself, immediately created new values in its vicinity and crystallized a new business center.

We then learn that the bank would be built in West Church street, property values within two city blocks immediately created new values in its vicinity and crystallized a new business center.

With the growing of the city in size and importance came the newspapers to chronicle from their setting and value. So first came the Star, which was merged with the Reporter, becoming the Orlando Sentinel daily.

In 1913, the Sentinel was established as a weekly, becoming a daily in 1916. The Sun, a Republican weekly, began its existence two years ago, and has had more than local recognition.

There is still living in Orlando one of the pioneer women, b'g of heart and generously hospitable, whose home was open to the travelers before hotels were thought of, and who, having the courage of her convictions, followed her own maxim, "There's money in boarders if you feed 'em well, but there won't be any if you don't put a chunk of pork in with the cabbage."

The San Juan—the rest of the name has been lost in the forty years of its history—is now the oldest of the Orlando hotels, and the story of the hotel, with that of the people and the parts of the world who have spent more or less time there, would tell much of the history of modern Florida. One could listen long to the old-time mammy housekeeper during the early days of the Beeman ownership and toward the end pensioned with the one responsible duty of "taking care of Marse Harry's China."

She may not have known what it was all about, but she knew well when things of importance were happening. When the San Juan added a couple of stories, a few years ago, skeptical folks questioned the wisdom of such extravagance. Then came the eleven-story Angellini hotel across the avenue, and the San Juan annex of nine stories, and both have been filled all the year. The Wyoming, St. Charles, Lucerne—they know the story of winter guests in Orlando for many years, and the newest of the seasonal houses is the Orange Court. It is in a class by itself in architecture and appointments. Latin in design, but with little that Spaniards and Europeans do demand, it has its own orange grove and one may dance on a wonderful outdoor floor amid the fragrant blossoms, or wander in a patio colorful with brilliant tropical foliage.

The building of Jefferson Court, first of the pretentious apartment houses, was one of the ventures viewed with dismay by the unimaginative. "It will never pay; it is too far uptown," they said. But it has paid, and uptown has moved until it approaches the Winter Park line. The Amherst at Jefferson and Condom, also, by the trend of events, has found his home in the center of things, as its far-seeing promoters visioned.

The spirit of play has always entered into every forward move of Orlando, and has kept its people young. There have long been hopscotch in the streets, and now there are more than a dozen years the Orlando Country Club has been one of the best tennis courts in the state. A few years ago it was enlarged to an 18 hole course. It has an attractive club house with dinner dances and many diversions; it has tennis courts covered for night playing.

A wonderful clearwater lake for swimming, with a bathing pavilion, roof garden 'n' even a bowling alley is a second 18 hole course, just completed, also with a good club house and good fellowship. It is a type course, with a few innovations, and will be heard from often.

In the Albertson Public Library, Orlando has one of the finest in all the South. Murry S. King of Orlando was the architect, and he designed a building, Greek Doric in architecture, harmonious in every line and complete in every detail, which not only is a material asset to the community, worthy of the City Beautiful, but suggesting in itself the uplifting purpose for which libraries stand. The library was built at a cost of approximately $100,000, to meet the condition of the generous gift of Capt. Charles L. Albertson, of Waverly, New York, whose love for Orlando is so great that he gave to the city his collection of rare books gathered through many years, conditional upon the city erecting a suitable building for them, of equal value. The library contains twice as many books per capita as the national average and among the rare volumes are a second edition of Shakespeare, autographed copies by some of the best-known writers in all epochs, and a genealogical and research department which scholars and writers travel far to consult. In the art room are some wonderful steel engraving great historical as well as monetary value. From this atmosphere has developed the Orlando Art Association with a membership of nearly three hundred which brings and sponsors exhibitions of merit by contemporary artists and has occasionally loan exhibits of masterpieces.

In February 1924 the cornerstone of the home of Orlando Memorial Post No. 19 of the American Legion, was laid, and it is one of the finest in the South. It extends its hospitality to all patriotic and war-time organizations, and marks an epoch in community fellowship.

On January 13, 1925, on the forty-ninth anniversary of the founding of the first Masonic Lodge in Orlando, the cornerstone of the new Masonic Temple was laid, with fitting ceremony. This is the ninth in the group of semi-public buildings surrounding Lake Eola, the city's recognized civic center.

"Tell me about Orlando"—and the winter visitor looked at me with a radiant smile. "I wish I could," she said, "but you will have to learn Orlando for yourself, and there will be something new each day. You know there are twenty lakes within the city—they have lovely parkways, cement paths, boulevard lighting, and most of them have drives around them that are among the most beautiful in all the world. In Orlando every avenue leads to a lake and every street, even the (Continued on page 56)
FLORIDA during the next few months will furnish the world of filmdom with its quota of thrills, as many units from nationally-known organizations are at work in this state. Miami is one of the centers for these activities and persons familiar with that city's beautiful background, both natural and structural, will be on the lookout for scenes which they will recognize. Meanwhile Miami is being thrilled by having within its borders a large number of stage and screen folks of importance, all of whom agree that this is only the beginning of big things in Florida's future film history, and that within a very short time permanent studios will be maintained in this state by most of the larger producers of the East.

Among the stars thus enthused is Thomas Meighan, who remains one of Paramount's principal drawing cards and who can be calculated to know whereof he speaks. Mr. Meighan's opinion is that such good results are being obtained in Florida this winter that general attention will be given the state's advantages by the leading producers. He cannot, of course, pledge Paramount's future policy in this regard, as this rests with the executives, who must count the cost of giving up the expensive investments which have been made in the West, only to find a much more desirable field closer at hand.

Mr. Meighan has been through the high pressure film mill for a number of years following his spectacular break into general popularity in "The Miracle Man," which also brought to light the talent and beauty of Betty Compson. He followed this success by being the English butler in De Mille's "Male and Female," which went over equally well. Since that time Mr. Meighan has been almost constantly under the klieg and has taken parts requiring a wide variety of genius. He has had little time for rest, and his visit to Miami the early part of February was the signal for a complete period of recreation. Mr. Meighan was accompanied by Mrs. Meighan, known to the stage as Emma Ring. Mrs. Meighan is a sister of the well-known and widely beloved Blanche Ring. Although there have been a number of divorce scandals among the screeners high in the screen world during the last year or two, the spirit of comradeship which exists in Mr. and Mrs. Meighan, as exhibited in Miami, effectually disproves any stories of possible misunderstanding between them.

While in Miami Mr. Meighan, who was registered under his own name at the Flamingo, had to go to extremes at times in avoiding attempted annoyances on the part of fans and curiosity seekers. Inquiries at the desk always revealed that Mr. and Mrs. Meighan were "out" and that it was not known when they would return. The truth as eventually developed, however, indicated that there was no subterfuge about this, and that most of their time was spent in yachting, golfing, polo and attending the horse races at the new Miami racetrack. At the Miami oval Mr. and Mrs. Meighan met Gilda Gray. Mr. Meighan when he was finally reached by interviewers proved by his cordiality that he was not trying to be exclusive but merely seeking to avoid petty annoyances.

Mr. Meighan was joined early in March by Lila Lee, one of Paramount's constellations, who arrived in Miami from New York to film the exterior scenes of an original story by George Ade. Mr. Meighan conferred with the famous author of "Fables in Slang" at the latter's winter home at Belleair about making the exterior scenes in a small town on the West Coast, of Florida, but it was finally decided to produce it at Ocala. The picture was filmed under the working name of "Old Home Week," which may be changed before the film is released. Victor Herrman directed the picture and in the cast, besides Mr. Meighan and Lila Lee, were Lawrence Wheat, Max Figman, Charles Sellon, Banks Winter and other famous-Lasky players. During the week spent at Ocala the company staged a benefit dance and raised $2,500.00 to equip the children's ward of the new Marion County Hospital. Dances with Lila Lee were auctioned by Mr. Meighan for more than $500.00.

Another experienced film man who is pleased with what he has found in Florida, and Miami in particular, is George S.eltz, who is credited with having made more serials than any other director in the world. Mr. Seltz, with a unit of thirty-five professionals from Pathe, has the Miami Studios plant leased from Feb. 1 to April 1 to make a ten-episode serial entitled "Sunken Silver," which will be released in the first-run theatres of the country on May 10, under present plans. The story is based on a novel by Albert Payson Terhune entitled "Black Caesar's Klan," and deals with the efforts of modern ancestors of the famous old pirate to recover the treasure which is supposed to be hidden in

**WATCH for FLORIDA in the MOVIES**

LEADING STARS OF THE FILM WORLD MAKING PICTURES IN SUNILAND

By SHELTON S. MATLACK

Gloria Swanson enjoying the sunshine at Miami Beach

Sigrid Holmquist, the "Mary Pickford of Europe," at the Miami race track
the Florida Everglades. A crook who en-
Mr. Terhune has laid the scene of his follows him present the elements which help the mystery along, but in the last episode Miss Alene Ray, leading lady, is won by the secret service agent, played by WALTER MILLER, and the villain, Frank Lack­teen, is completely worsted.
Mr. Terhune has laid the scene of his story in and about Miami, which was the reason for making the picture in that city. Before writing it he made a personal visit to Miami and made use of a large number of locales that actually exist and which he has described at some length. These locations have been checked up and found in nearly every case by Director Seitz, who has staged the action in the exact places mentioned by the author. Mr. Terhune, who is a lover of animals, and is the au­thor of a syndicated series “All About Dogs,” which runs in the magazine section of many Sunday newspapers, gave liberal opportunity for the use of an intelligent dog in this story, and Jean Bronte, beautiful collie who is known to millions of film fans over the country, has been brought to Miami to take these parts. Director Seitz declares Jean will do exactly as told and in some cases even anticipate what is wanted of her. Miss Ray’s Persian cat also is used in some of the scenes.
The opening of “Sunken Silver” will pre­sent a gorgeous spectacle, according to Di­rector Seitz and Production Manager Leon J. Smith. Cameramen in a seaplane made a moving panorama of Miami, Biscayne Bay, the causeway and Miami Beach from the air. This occasion is the first time five consecutive lap dissolves have ever been made from an airplane successfully, it is claimed.
George B. Seitz, although his name has been prominent in moving pictures for years, is still a young man in appearance. He is a veteran in the serial business, having put on such pioneers as “The Perils of Pauline” and “The Adventures of Elaine,” followed by “The Clutching Hand” and “The Mysterious Shadow.” These pictures opened the eyes of both public and producers to the possibilities of film serials, and established the serial on a successful basis. In the old days, it is related, Mr. Seitz wrote his own scripts, directed his productions and acted star roles, doing the work of three men. This was too great a strain, and he gave up both the preparation of scenarios and the doing of star parts to devote his attention exclusively to directing. The present picture, “Sunken Silver,” was adapted for the screen by Leon J. Smith, who recently had the painstaking and res­ponsible job of preparing 10 moving pic­tures the play written by Police Commissi­oner Enright of New York, in which many New York police, firemen and detectives took part, and which revealed the efficiency of modern police methods.
Far from being dead, as some critics pro­claimed a few years ago, the serial is really more in demand at the present time than ever before, according to Mr. Seitz. This is due to the fact that it has been placed on a much higher plane than was possible in the first few blood-cur­ling serial productions.
“Suspense is attained now,” he said, “not through having the heroine tied to a railroad track in front of an on-rushing train at the end of every chapter, but through the action and reaction of char­acters taken from real life, showing their effects upon each other and the effects of their struggles with their particular problems. In short the serial is now on the same plane as a first-class book or mag­azine.”
While all the resources of the Miami Studios are being at present rendered to Mr. Seitz for the production of his serial, arrangements are in progress for eight stories of different kinds to be made there very shortly by Walter F. Tilford, who leased the studios last winter. Through negotiations in progress at this writing it is believed by Maj. B. L. Smith, manager, that the studios will be kept in operation twelve months of the year, instead of only three or four months as heretofore. In short it is to be a permanent and steady industry, furnishing employment to a large number of persons.

Among movie actors most enthusiastic about Florida at present is Johnny Hines, nationally known film comedian, who has just completed making exteriors in Miami for a forthcoming production which has not yet received its final name. The story in which Hines plays the principal character is built up around the driver of a pickle wagon (which may have been suggested to Hines by the similarity of his name to that of the pickle king). Through the machinations of fate the driver is forced into a position where he must lead a revolution in a Central American country. He goes through a large number of hair-raising adventures and narrowly escapes being shot at sunrise, finally landing back on the pickle wagon where he started. This sordid ending is somewhat sweetened by his winning the hand of the heroine, Sigrid Holmquist, who is said to be a double of Mary Pickford, and who has been labeled "The Mary Pickford of Europe."

For the filming of a production of this nature Hines needed a large number of good exteriors suggesting Spanish-American life, and he was able to find just what he wanted in Miami, where Spanish architecture has assumed such proportions as to be nearly 100 per cent of the total of new residences and hotels erected. At Coral Gables, where the Spanish motif has been well worked out, and where stands a house which was declared by King Alfonso XIII from a photograph, to be particularly typical of his country, a great many of the revolutionary scenes were made. Besides the residences and public buildings in Spanish style, Hines found stone walls, fountains, plazas and palm trees scientifically landscaped, so that he did not have to construct or fake anything.

The only difficulty Hines had, so far as I am informed, is in finding the type of building which would represent the capital of the unfortunate country against which he was to pit his military forces. He had to fall back on the Scottish Rite Temple, Miami, for this. This building has no dome or columns, but is sufficiently distinctive in its architecture to attract attention and serve the purpose.

From what Hines said before he left, it is generally believed that he will produce other comedies in Miami, at least the exteriors. He has his studios on Long Island and probably will not build new studios here.

Sigrid Holmquist was a center of interest in Miami during her visit and was honored with many social attentions. It is the first time she had ever appeared in a comedy, as her parts heretofore have been in more serious pictures. It is understood she consented to the comedy role partly as an experiment and partly to be able to spend several weeks in Florida during the middle of winter when the North was shivering under several feet of snow and ice. Miami weather has behaved itself splendidly this winter up to the time of this writing, as straw hats and white pants have been appropriate every day.

Plans of tremendous importance to Miami have been announced by H. M. Horkheimer, pioneer California film producer, who states he will build a film city covering 100 acres with ten motion picture units, an exposition building with a seating capacity of 15,000, a 600-room hotel and 600 bungalows for employees. The entire city is to cost $5,000,000 and buildings representing 11,000 styles of architecture will be erected as exteriors. Three thousand persons would be given employment. According to Mr. Horkheimer he will bring five production units of his own from California to
Miami and will lease the other five studios. These plans were given out to newspapers after a three-months survey of the city, Mr. Horkheimer said.

With the wide variety of scenery available, both natural and architectural, Miambians believe, a city such as described by Mr. Horkheimer ought to be a success if constructed by the right parties and properly handled. They see tremendous possibilities along this line and believe that if Mr. Horkheimer should fail to carry out his plan, others with ample capital are sure to step in and do it with very little delay. Any steps of this nature on the part of well-established concerns such as Paramount, Pathe, Goldwyn or Universal, it is said, would meet with prompt response and cooperation on the part of the community in general, and every Miamian would take a personal delight in helping to make the film city a reality.

An interesting departure which is promised for Miami is that it is to be the place for the filming of a sequel to Sir Arthur Conan Doyle's story, "The Lost World," which had its film premiere on Broadway recently. This is definitely promised by Watterson R. Rothacker of New York, who spent the month of February at a Miami Beach hotel in preparation. Sir Arthur's story deals with the discovery of a certain plateau in Africa on which are found still living the animals which existed in the world several million years ago, among them the pterodactyl and dinosaur, the latter the predecessor of the present elephant and about fifteen times as large. The party which discovers these animals makes a desperate fight for life, and the story ends in a way which leaves a splendid opening for a sequel. The original story was filmed in Hollywood, Calif., but the sequel is to be made in Miami, Mr. Rothacker says.

In the story which is now being shown audiences nightly on Broadway, star parts are being played by Bessie Love, Wallace Beery, Lewis Stone and Lloyd Hughes. The strange animals which date back to the dawn of earth's history, and whose bones are now found only in deep rock strata, are made to act and live before the eyes of the audience. How this is done (Continued on page 62)
Florida Will Become Our Richest State

Says ROGER W. BABSON

AMERICA'S GREATEST STATISTICIAN OUTLINES THE VITAL PROBLEMS WHICH MUST BE SOLVED IN AN INTERVIEW WITH JOHN A. DAY

Florida today is like a boy in short pants. The state in its entirety has yet to find itself and to plumb all its possibilities and potentialities. I am firmly convinced that in the long run Florida will come out satisfactorily. This is the transition era. The youth of today is learning and training to be the mature citizen of tomorrow. I believe that Florida will become the richest state in the Union and one of the most populous. But certain crises must be fought and solved and some traditional practices must be violated to gain this goal. The old must give way before the new. Weaknesses must be strengthened. Defects must be remedied."

Roger Babson was speaking. We were sitting in a comfortable sun parlor in his attractive home at Mountain Lake. The peak of Iron Mountain, the highest point in Florida, the pinnacle between New Jersey and Mexico along the Atlantic and Gulf coasts, was visible in the distance. The mirror-like surface of Mountain Lake glinted in the opposite direction. Outside, a gentle breeze stirred the palm, oak and pine trees. Bermuda grass lawns were bathed in sunshine. Even nature appeared contented and restful. The region was a haven—a utopia of dreams come true.

This marvelous Mountain Lake colony in the rolling and ridge section of Florida is something quite different in statewide geography. You imagine yourself back amidst the highlands of the Carolinas. The views and vistas are superb. The adornments of nature are adequate. Man does not have to hire expert landscape artists in the neighborhood where Mr. Babson lives. Nature has shaped and moulded, designed and colored. Masterful creations are the result.

In this port of contentment resides one of America's outstanding statisticians—a man who has mastered national facts and figures. He is the Columbus of the science of business figures. He is a skilled interpreter of these data. Just as coming events cast their shadows, potential prosperity or failure are reflected in the trends of business and the fluctuations of statistical balance. For many years, Mr. Babson has scrutinizingly studied the business assets of these whole United States. Latterly, since becoming a citizen of Florida, he has been investigating the resources and commercial, industrial and business future of Florida. The is no man in the country as well qualified as Mr. Babson to weigh Florida and to predict what will occur south of the freezing point, a decade or a score of years hence.

As one would have gone to a soothsayer in the days of the ancients, your writer went recently to visit Roger Babson to have a frank discussion with this business authority about Florida's potentialities. After stating my mission and accepting the hospitality which Mr. Babson courteously extended I listened attentively as this expert plunged into the analysis of a subject which is close to his heart.

"In all America one man out of every 20 is a builder, a creator of additional wealth and civic assets. The Declaration of Independence states that all men were created free and equal. Theoretically, this is true. From a practical standpoint, it is not true. The creative work of the entire United States depends solely on a certain group of people that compose less than one-twentieth of our entire population. They are the builders. They are the pioneers of progress and development in new localities and sections. They are the class of people who are most needed in the intensive settlement of Florida.

"The reason that I am so interested in Florida is because I am positive that these great American builders can add an average of ten years to their lives of usefulness by spending their winters in our southernmost state. There are 5,000,000 people in the United States who are the creators and promoters of civic and commercial projects which add to our national wealth. I would like to bring each and every one of them to Florida to spend the winter. To add even a few months to the life of a great man—a person of national and in-
international prominence is of inestimable importance. But to add several or many years to the utilitarian existence of great groups of famous people—that is an enterprise so astounding in the results which it would effect as to outstrip the imaginations of another Jules Verne.

"The active business life of the average American man of affairs is 40 years. By inducing this man to live in Florida from four to six months in the year, it will be possible to increase his commercial longevity one-fourth. Visualize the value to a state if the aggregate lives of her most distinguished citizens could be augmented 25 per cent. Then translate these estimates into data for our whole nation. A monumental piece of work would be consummated if the lives of all America's greatest men of the current period could be increased one decade.

I am confident that enjoyable and healthful winters spent in Florida far from the region of sleigh bells and snow shovels will yield such inceaseable returns. That is why I have worked to interest the really great men of the United States in Florida. It is most gratifying to me personally to feel that I have been successful in bringing many, many millions of dollars to Florida, which is permanently invested in Floridian lands and projects."

"There are at least 5,000,000 resident inhabitants of the United States who can afford to come to Florida every winter and live on their incomes while here and store up energy and longevity as a result of their freedom from the ordinary ills of the cold climate winters. Once these people have formed the 'Florida habit,' they will become so interested in the state that they will work for its progress and advancement. They will invest here their wealth which will yield them a return in inheritance taxes and state income taxes. As a colony of creators, they will be scattered broadcast over the Floridian map. Accomplishments such as they will work are the achievements which will transform Florida into the richest state in our American union of states."

"The time has not yet arrived when poor people can migrate to Florida and, unaided, work out their own financial salvation. I am sure that that era will come in the future development of the state, but it has not come yet as a very proper policy to attempt to lure people to Florida by false pretenses. My contention, at present, is that Florida can come to Florida as a resident unless, he or she has sufficient income so that he or she can live on its annual returns. This, of course, excepts skilled artisans, workmen and experts who have arranged for year-round employment at profitable salaries. Florida, however, injures itself where in any manner, it attracts settlers who can not take care of themselves after they arrive here or who will become antagonized if they find conditions south of Georgia otherwise than as represented."

"I am offering suggestions that are vital to Florida's potentiality because my love for the state in which I now live is the affection which a father has for his child. I want Florida to develop along sane and sensible lines. I do not want any setback to interfere with this logical, conservative growth. I believe that the time for preparation is the present—that Florida should work out her problems as the state develops and work them out in a way satisfactory for posterity and perpetuity. You can not successfully dodge any issue by patching it up temporarily. The best time to make a critical decision is in the beginning."

"But in the long run, I am confident that Florida orange juice will ride to northern markets in glass bottles or other hermetically sealed containers."

""It is my opinion that the Florida Citrus Exchange should be featuring scientific research of this character as its most important work. In this day and age of wonderful human progress, it is not sufficient to say that a certain thing cannot be done. Years ago, the people said that man would never fly, would never communicate long distances over wires or through the ether and would never ride in a horseless carriage. All these things, however, have come to pass. Science now not even attempt to predict what will result in the future. Daily at Washington, patents are issued for remarkable new machines and processes. Potential inventions and discoveries may totally eclipse any present accomplishment. And because of these wonders of modern science, I maintain that it is shortsighted for any man or group of men to say that it is impossible to preserve the juice of oranges."

"Despite that Florida is the best place in America for the production of citrus fruit, it will not be until some assured method of preserving the juice and canning the by-products is perfected that the industry will develop to the maximum. The Florida Citrus Exchange is concentrating its efforts to increase the prices which the grove owners realize from their business tree crops. The history of worldwide marketing shows that no monopoly ever existed for any great length of time on the policy (Continued on page 58)."
ALICE had no sooner been shown to her stateroom by an odd-looking colored girl with a huge red ribbon twisted in her crinkly hair, than she turned to the Red Knight with questions.

"Who's boat is this?" she asked.

"This is Uncle Tom's cabin-cruiser," said the faithful Red Knight.

"Well! Well!" exclaimed Alice; "I knew he had been 'sent down the river' but I never thought it was in Florida."

"Yes," said the Red Knight, "The Magazine of Florida presented him with this boat, and he's taking a trip and naturally wanted us along. We are probably the most famous of all the many notables aboard."

"I guess so," admitted Alice, quite unegotistically. "But who runs the vessel?"

"Uncle Tom is the captain," replied the Red Knight; "Mister St. Clair is the first-mate; Little Eva is the head waitress; Eliza is in charge of the ice-box—you know, that is her specialty; Topsy—that's the one who showed us here—is the chief steward, and the guests hardly ever miss anything, so I hear."

"Who's the chef?" asked Alice. She was beginning to feel hungry.


"No," grinned the Red Knight, "Just Simon Legree. He's famous for his hot dogs. You see, he used to keep the bloodhounds hot on the trail; now he keeps them hot on the grill."

"Y-e-s," said Alice, rather puzzled. She always hated discussions about sausages. One was never sure of his ground, as it were—that is, if they were—sausages.

"Let's go up on deck," she proposed.

A few minutes later, coming out on the promenade deck, she was surprised at the many strangely appareled people she saw there, lounging about the rail and in the
chairs. There was one lady, she noticed
with a blush, who even had nothing on. This
person was engaged in animated conversa-
tion with a trowsy-faced, bow-legged man,
from whom, as Alice and the Red Knight
passed by, emanated a decided "horsy" smell.
"Who are they?" queried Alice of her
companion. For once the usually reliable
Red Knight was stumped.
"We'll ask the captain," he said. "There
he is in that chair, all by himself." Sure
enough, the old fellow was alone; and the
two went toward him.
Uncle Tom was clothed in a gay, blue
uniform; on it were many glittering gold
buttons and rows of gold braid. His half-
bald old head was covered by a big blue-
and-white captain's cap. He was snoozing
in his comfortable deck-chair, but as
Alice tapped him gently on the shoulder he
awoke.
"Bress mah soul!" he ejaculated. "If it
ain't lil' Alice sho nuf! Where yo' bin,
Missy?"
"I've been with Thor in Thunderland,"
politely explained Alice, "but I was lonely,
as Rip Van Winkle had run away from his
wife and came there too, and he insisted on
playing ten pins with Thor. Just recently,"
she added, "I've come to the real
Wonderland."
"Wonderland?" repeated Uncle Tom.
"Says which?"
"She means Florida," explained the Red
Knight.
"Words whut yo' utters!" grinned Uncle
Tom. "Yo' speaks a mouthful den?" He
turned to Alice. "Kin I favority yo' wid
anythin', Missy?"
"Yes," said Alice. "I'd like to know
who those persons are there," and she
nodded toward the two who were yet en-
gaged in warm debate.

Faithful Uncle Tom

Dashing Paul Revere

Beautiful Lady Godiva

Sweet Alice of Wonderland

where our tenants resided. Seventeen
hours!" she accepted it.
"At a walk all the time!" snorted Paul
Revere, viciously biting off a big chew of
Brown Mule. (He used that brand on ac-
count of its name). "Why, I rode up hill
and down dale at a rate of fifteen miles
per hour!"
"You had a saddle," astutely remarked
Lady Godiva. "I had not."
"Anyone," declared Paul Revere, "could
ride that old fat nag you d'd. Even a baby!
Besides," he added, with a con-
templative glance at her beautiful white
limbs, "your legs are long enough so you
could get a good grip on the hor.e's belly."
"I wish," trigidly retorted Lady Godiva,
"you'd use polite language in my presence.
"At which point the tension flashed.
There was a pause. Lady Godiva shiv-
ered a bit; night was approaching.
"The air is a little chilly," she said; "I'm
rather cold. Eliza," she called to a colored
woman who was limping by, "fetch my
beads to me."
"Yas'm," curtisied the old woman, lim-
ping away.
"What made her crippled?" asked Alice
aside to the Red Knight.
"She and George Washington were cross-
ing the Delaware one wintery night," he
explained, "and she slipped on a piece of
ice and got water on her knee."
"Oh!" said Alice.
"Now," remarked Lady Godiva, as a few
minutes later she placed the string of beads
about her neck, "I feel so much more com-
fortable. If only—she furbished restlessly
with her long hair—'if only my ears
didn't show! What was it you were about
to say, Mister Revere?'"
That gentleman had been sulking. Now
he declared hotly: "I'll leave it to any
unbiased party to decide! You think I
can't ride at all. You think you're a second
Buffalo Bill! Let's ask the captain who's the
best rider."
"Surely," assented Lady Godiva with a
cool little bow.
"Uncle Tom?" called Paul Revere loud-
ly.
"Says which?" the old captain straight-
ened up.
"Who's the best rider?" eagerly queried
Paul Revere.
All the crowd directed anxious eyes
toward Uncle Tom. Now at last the long-
lived feud would be settled, and peace
would reign again.
"Yes, who's the best rider?" sweetly
cooed Lady Godiva.
"Barney Google," answered Uncle Tom.
At the words the crowd, with the excep-
tion of Alice, the Red Knight, Paul Revere
and Lady Godiva, began to jump around
the deck and sing hilariously:
"Barney Google, with his goo-goo-
goggy eyes!"
Through the gyration of legs and arms
Alice descried Paul Revere, with his arm
solicitously around Lady Godiva, assisting
her down the companion-way. Both of
them weeping.
"Where did Barney Google ride?"
screamed Alice, all too well aware of the
confusion, in the Red Knight's ear.
"In the Sunday papers," yelled back the
Red Knight.
"O-oh!" said Alice slowly. What were
Sunday papers? Oh, yes! They were the
things her mother used on the kitchen
shelves.
THE GREATEST MEN of FLORIDA

DR. A. A. MURPHREE--UNIVERSITY BUILDER

By GEORGE H. DACY

EDITORIAL NOTE — This is the fourth of a series of life stories of the ten men selected by the readers of SUNILAND Magazine as the "Ten Greatest Men of Florida"—men who have done the most toward the progress and development of Florida. Senator Duncan U. Fletcher's life story will appear in SUNILAND for May.

were canvassing their ranks to select suitable candidates for presidential nomination, William Jennings Bryan recommended Doctor Murphree, president of Florida's state university for that honor. President Murphree, against the protests of his innumerable friends declined to seek the Democratic nomination. He, so to speak, has consecrated his life to university work. Politic cal glory will never tempt him from his chosen path. Albeit, however, if the Democrats had been able to secure the consent of Doctor Murphree for a try at our national presidency, they could have selected no American who would have been more worthy of the post nor who would have more creditably upheld the standards of his party and—if elected—would have directed the reins of Uncle Sam's incomparable Government.

President Murphree's office at Gainesville is radically different from the business headquarters of the general run of university executives in that it is readily accessible to the student body. You would really be amazed to see the numbers of students who stop in to see Doctor Murphree daily to consult with him about the perils and perplexities of their daily undergraduate activities. Here is a college president who really is master of his flock. Doctor Murphree takes personal interest in the ambitions and aspirations of each of his students.

"What was the most difficult assignment you ever had?" I inquired of this man of letters.

"To earn my way through college," he replied without an instant's hesitation.

"I was one of eight children—five boys and three girls," he continued. "I was born in a small village near Gadsden, Alabama, where I attended school and spent my boyhood days on a farm. My father who was a farmer, would send me to the Walnut Grove Academy, but he was unable to pay my expenses through college. I assumed the burden of financing my education. First, I went through the Peabody College at Nashville, Tennessee, and later completed the four-year course at the University of Nashvillle. I taught summer sessions in the hills at a salary of $22 a month, sold books, worked in the harvest fields in Nebraska, and worked on Alabama and Tennessee farms during the vacation periods in order to earn enough money to pay my college expenses. During the school year, I served as janitor for $5 a week and performed other odd jobs. I also served as gatekeeper at the Mount Eagle Lake Assembly in Tennessee one summer."

Despite that he had to work his way through school, Doctor Murphree found time to participate in athletics. He was catcher on the Nashville nine, was one of the sprinters on the track team and served as substitute on the football eleven. During his last two years in college, he won a scholarship worth $100 a year and railroad expenses to and from his home in a competitive examination. It cost Doctor Murphree $325 a year to finance his education. He earned all this money without neglecting his scholastic work, for he finished at first and honor student in a class of 78. Albert Murphree was one of the star tenors on the Nashville University glee club. Even today, back at the campus of his Alma

30
Mator, the story is still told about one concert in which Murphree took part. It so happened that there was a certain practical joker in the group of class mates, and in this particular entertainment, the Joker produced a pocket ruler and measured the width of Murphy's mouth as he was singing the high notes. The audience saw what the fun-maker was up to and became convulsed with laughter. The concert broke up at this point and when we concluded that the path of the professional entertainer would never be his.

It was in 1895 that Doctor Murphy was appointed principal of the high school at Cleburne, Texas. The following year, the young instructor came to Tallahassee as professor of mathematics in the old West Florida Seminary. Two years later, at the age of 27, Mr. Murphy was appointed president of Florida State College. The same year, he married Miss Jennie Henderson, daughter of Colonel and Mrs. John Samey of Jackson County. The Buckman Act passed in 1852 at Gainesville, the Florida Agricultural Institute in 1856 at Tallahassee, the Florida Agricultural College founded at Lake City in 1884, the University of Florida Seminary. Two years after, the University of Florida moved to Gainesville where it held forth in two uncompleted dormitories. In fact, for the next three years, the University of Alabama also conferred the L.L.D. degree upon Doctor Murphy in recognition of his epochal attainments in improving educational conditions in Florida.

Previous to 1895 there were six state educational establishments in Florida. They included: the East Florida Seminary established in 1852 at Gainesville, the West Florida Seminary inaugurated in 1855 at Tallahassee, the Florida Agricultural College founded at Lake City in 1884, the State Normal School at DeFuniak Springs, the Southern Florida College at Barrow and the Florida Agricultural Institute in Osceola County. The Buckman Act passed by the state legislature in 1895 merged these six institutions of learning into the Florida State University at Gainesville and the State Women's College at Tallahassee.

Doctor Murphy was selected unanimously by the State Board of Control and the State Board of Education as president of the newly formed State Women's College. For four years Doctor Murphy successfully guided the destinies of this institution, and then he was called to the presidency of the University of Florida at Gainesville. There he has erected a semi-patrimonial monument to his greatness in the guise of Florida's modern center of learning, arts and sciences.

When the University of Florida came into being just a score of years ago, it was a small and unpretentious institution. The University of Florida Seminary, the University of Florida held classes at Lake City in the former halls of the Florida Agricultural College. The following year, the University moved to Gainesville where it held forth in two uncompleted dormitories. In fact, for the next three years, the University of Alabama also conferred upon him the degree of master of arts.

When Doctor Albert Murphy, the newly appointed president took charge of the University in 1909, the enrollment consisted of only 47 students. The University of Florida held classes at Gainesville, were overworked serving the needs of the collegians.

And, strange to relate, approximately NINE OF EVERY TEN STUDENTS AT THE UNIVERSITY OF FLORIDA ARE EITHER PAYING THEIR EXPENSES ENTIRELY OR IN PART BY THEIR PERSONAL AND UNAIDED EFFORTS. Furthermore, this remarkable state university is OPERATED MORE ECONOMICAL THAN ANY OTHER OF THE FORTY-SEVEN STATE UNIVERSITIES IN THIS COUNTRY.

"How is it," you naturally inquire, "that Florida, the youngest of our state universities is able to outstrip the older American establishments in a regime of efficient economy?"

Because Doctor Murphy has applied the practical administrative system to the operation of a state university which he learned during his intercollegiate days when by his personal labor, he earned the funds to pay for his higher school. Because the University of Florida is conducted as a demesne institution free from snobbery, petty caste distinctions and the bicksgins which generally are ger-
The College of Agriculture and the State Experiment Station need more land for their field experiments and scientific research. Doctor Murphree has secured an option on an additional 375-acre tract which adjoins the Gainesville Country Club. The land is easily worth double the option price of $75 an acre. The option expires next October. It will be a shortsighted policy if the state legislators do not appropriate funds to purchase this much needed addition. The chances are that the Floridian Assembly will ratify the option and negotiate the purchase.

The University of Florida is a service agency which aids the entire state. Through its exceptionally fine Extension Division it strives to carry the University to cities, towns and hamlets to piney backwoods, to sandy coasts and to isolated farms and turpentine camps. "Service for the entire State," that is the slogan which is followed. Doctor Murphree has worked tirelessly to adjust the University activities to the social needs of all Florida. The problem is quite different from that of the most of state schools just as the agriculture, engineering, sanitation, drainage and other local and state problems of Florida are different.

The University is striving to function efficiently so as to serve the peculiar needs of our southernmost state. Its efficacious activities in time will feature the annual saving of many millions of dollars to the state at large. Today, the Gainesville scientists are investigating the various diseases of the horticultural, trucking, citrus, dairying and animal husbandry industries. The soft pork research alone which has been conducted at the state school will in time be worth at least $5,000,000 a year to Florida. Engineers are trained to solve the unusual drainage, road building and municipal engineering riddles which constantly are rising south of the frost belt. Florida is a distinctive common law state. Her student lawyers are being educated for bench and bar with this paramount fact in view.

The rapidly growing towns of Florida make peculiar demands on the chemical and pharmaceutical departments at Gainesville. Druggists and chemists are required in large numbers. Special research must be made of Florida's favorite foods, fruits, vegetables, fertilizers—and whatnot. The phosphate, fuller's earth and kaolin mines and deposits develop strange scientific perplexities. A control measure perfected latterly for the control of the root knot nematode is worth about $750,000 a year to the state of Florida. It is outstanding that the graduates of the Engineering College at Gainesville twelve years after graduation are earning average salaries of from $3,000 to $6,000. This success record is superior to that of the engineering school graduates of any other state in the union.

In its extension work, the University of Florida is second only to the great University of Chicago. Via correspondence courses more than 10,000 Floridians—young and old—are now studying under the tutelage of Gainesville instructors. This work enables graduates of two and three-year high school courses to study at home and bridge the educational gap so that they are qualified to matriculate at the state university when they finally save enough money to finance their collegiate schooling. These mail students range from 15 to 63 years of age. There are more than 150 correspondence courses offered...
for their benefit. Floridians, no matter when they terminated their happy school days to engage in business now have the opportunity by means of home study to complete their education. Complete review courses are provided for high school teachers so that they can continue their studies even as they are officiating as professional instructors for youthful Americans.

Professional courses are offered for men in all branches of art, industry, business and profession. There are civil service courses, agricultural and horticultural courses, courses for plumbers, carpenters, contractors, engineers, road builders, pharmacists, lawyers, doctors, homemakers and civic officials. More than 2,000 high school teachers have been registered in the teacher's review courses at one time. Not only are these correspondence courses of inestimable importance to the residents of Florida, but last year natives of 37 of the other states also benefited from this education by mail campaign.

Doctor Murphree, busy man though he be, finds time to also lend his aid to the service of the Lord. Every Sunday, he leads a special Bible class, composed of 100 of the most prominent business men of Gainesville. Denominational lines were forgotten in the composition of this class. The magnetic influence of President Murphree has brought many people who formerly were negligent in church attendance back to the fold. Thus seven days in each week, Doctor Murphree engages in practical teaching.

Doctor Murphree has not lost his love for amateur athletics in the three decades that he has been expediting mass education in Florida. A state university president, who also is a first class golfer—yes, the gentleman is none other than Doctor Murphree. In his private office at the University reposes a great silver loving cup—a links' trophy which Doctor Murphree won recently when he captured the championship of the Gainesville Country Club. Doctor Murphree also holds the course record, having shot the nine-hole course in 34 which is one less than par.

Three years ago, Doctor Murphree was elected president of the National Association of State University Presidents while for several years he has been a prominent member of the Committee on the Standards of higher institutions of learning of the Southern Colleges and Secondary Schools. He is also vice-president of the Association of State Universities of the United States and a member of the American Association for the Advancement of Science.

Doctor Murphree is a York Rite Mason, and a member of the Kappa Alpha fraternity. He was a lieutenant-colonel on former Governor Hardee's staff as well as a member of the Florida Educational Association, the Alachua County Chamber of Commerce and the Carnegie Library Board of Gainesville. Last year, this prominent educator was vice-president of the Southern Baptist Convention and for two years has served as president for the State Baptist Convention.

The first unit of a new auditorium and administration building which will seat 2,000 and will cost $200,000 is now under construction at the University of Florida under Doctor Murphree's supervision. In addition, the first unit of a new $100,000 library building is being built. Funds are now being collected by voluntary subscription for a $250,000 Student Activities Building. These new structures, however, will not aid in solving the present classroom congestion. Other buildings are vitally needed. As the State University grows, increased annual appropriations and more buildings will be required. Some day the University of Florida will doubtless boast an enrollment of 10,000 students or more. Its campus will probably feature a half-hundred or more harmoniously designed and permanently constructed edifices. For now-a-days, the measure of a state's greatness can usually be computed by the size, style and popularity of its state university and educational system. And just as Florida is destined to become the richest state in the union, this fantastic University of our most southerly state potentially will blossom into one of the educational prides of the New World—an everlasting memorial to the devotion of Doctor Albert A. Murphree, who guided it from obscurity into prominence.

THE REAL SWANEE RIVER

The radio may yet make the editorial page present the world of science and art to all. At any rate it has made a good start. The New York Telegram and Evening Mail had an editorial entitled "The Real Suwannee River," which was now under broadcast. The result was an unprecedented demand for the editorial. To please the radio fans the newspaper printed it and supplied newspapers with it, giving the privilege of printing it. It follows:

"Some bright young men of the United States Geological Survey have gone into Northern Florida to make certain investigations. They have found that a stream known locally as the Suwannee (or Suwanee or Swanee) River is only an ordinary creek, affording some sort of lazy outlet to the waters of the Okofinkee Swamp."

"That was all right and part of their business. But when these young men—or somebody for them—went so far as to report that the immortal river of Stephen C. Foster's song is little better than a mere ditch, they committed a colossal error. It is a blunder to which very practical men and very literal minds are particularly susceptible. They have confused the realm of geography with that of imagination and have fallen into the fallacy of trying to measure with gauges and surveyors' chains, something which is beyond logarithms and laughs at all the laws of trigonometry.

"The real Suwanee River does not rise in any part of Georgia. It rises in the high mountains of South Carolina, fed by the deepest springs in the human heart. It does not flow through the northern part of Florida, but through the pleasant, sunny lands of memory. It does not empty into a material sea, but into the glorious ocean of unfulfilled dreams. "It laves the shores of childhood. Its current ripples with the low, sweet melody of distance. There is such mystical power in its waters that whoever finds himself wearied and worn by the struggle has only to quaff and gain repose."

"It is far, far away, but the heart is ever turning to it, because there's where the old folks stay. On its banks may be only a bush among the bushes, but the bees are still humming around it by day and the banjo is still tumming there in the starlight. And so they will continue to do while memories of home and simple hopes and affections are the most prized possessions of mankind."

"It was in a quaint jargon, such as probably was never actually spoken by anybody, that Foster first sang about it. Nevertheless, his plaintive ditty has become one of the great songs of all times. The savvys who would find the true Suwanee River must hunt not among the Florida streams, but among the majestic streams of infinite tenderness and love."
A Princess Of Solitude
A Romance of the Days of Osceola

By B. F. BORCHARDT

Illustrated by NORMAN BORCHARDT

B REAKFAST at Fort Brooke in the days of Osceola was a coation that filled the most a oned sluggard.

visions of wild duck, turkey bash, broil d

the window he saw that the glistening sail

had been raised on the catboat that was

tation and groves—the home of the

meditatively and rose from the table, sati -

of divers armed neutralities among the

junior officers.

enough, been the

parabl

n e red the G eneral s o often in festivities of

with stolid bra ves for interminable hour ,

long periods at a time in pine or swampy

of every brilliant affair of the post.

partaking with bored gravity of their

be fire and tinder when you meet. Maybe

pered Indian boy stood helplessly

hind him.

tion curled the bps of the debonnaire

doesn 't stop to question the propriety of

A

pines?

SUNILAND, The Magazine of Florida,
presents this story of the early days in

the Tampa Bay section, written and

illustrated by two brothers, born and

raised in Tampa. They have com -

bined their talents in making a pleas -

ning story of their native state.

Sleep lingered raspingly in the General's

voice. "Overton, remember my directions of

last night. Learn what you can of Wild -
cat's intentions. Dammit, boy," he turned

menacingly to the Indian who fled o ut

"Loomt. Dammit, Overton, this drifted war can't last forever, can it? Yet drag on it does, year after year, even to ruin, and bring to naught the

Of a home amid idyllic

of divers armed neutralities among the

junior officers.

So far Overton knew the lady only by

the glowing reports of his comrade-in-

arms. Although attached to the garrison

now nearly four months, reconnoitering

and par-saying expeditions, (for which he

Polgan asked, with a teasing note. "I'll be

fire and tinder when you meet. Maybe

the General had that in

"I wonder if there hasn't been some

interference other than blind accident that

has kept you two apart," his room-mate

"A fair woman in a land of morenas," he

continued intriguingly, "One too vivacious to

be captured by the siesta habit, or grow

plump with ease. She still has the dash

and elan of the Piedmonts. Do you wish to

hear more? Can I paint you a picture of a ruddy Diana, her honey-colored hair streaming behind her as she darts through

the pines?"

"O, no," Polgan said in answer to a
decatory gesture. "She's the queen who
doesn't stop to question the propriety of

her moods. And between you and I, I don't

think the old man would send you down there if it weren't a case of have to."

A smile of good-natured self-apprecia-
tion curled the lips of the debonnaire

Overton. Let me see. General McMullen keep his powder dry and look to his guns.

The young captain entered the General's

room and saw that his host was in no

listing and glovering at his beefy jowls. A

perplexed Indian boy stood helplessly be-

hind him.

"Permission, sir, to proceed on duty assigned," said Captain Overton, clicking heels.

34
The guest was in rosette frame of mind. As they chatted the fluted white pilars rose sheer before him from an ambush of greenery, avenging him as might the sudden sight of a mountain. The noble pile, one of the finest country houses of the South, stood on an eminence overlooking the river mouth and the bay beyond.

With his easy susceptibility, Overture was thrown into a flurry of excitement as he considered that within a few moments he would be in the presence of the famed Mavis. The building before him was a sylvan temple in which a goddess made her home. He was certain he would be awkward and confused; he whose only sight of a white woman for the past six months had been the slattern Meg Hethring, the domineering she-butler of Fort King.

"Captain Overton, this is the chatelaine of the castle, my daughter Mavis..." As a man succumbing to either the young captain was vaguely aware that the Colonel was presenting him to an ethereal creature in diaphanous white who met them at the door and greeted them smilingly.

He managed to express his pleasure amid divers irrelevant remarks; meanwhile the figure before him had resolved itself into that of a gentle woman, slim and vigorous of body, of an incredible warm paleness of complexion, and of delicate features which to his mind were entirely suggestive of her superior condition.

He had quite recovered his equanimity when, an hour or so later, he stood before the mirror of his room surveying himself in the bravery of his dress uniform and laying the last caresses of the brush to his hair before descending for the evening meal. Perhaps after all he had not acquitted himself as poorly as he thought. He reflected that she was young and impressionable, for all her hauteur, and that brass buttoned clothes and scintillating epaulettes were potent arguments.

Not even the impeccable table coverings, the silverware rubbed white, nor the felicitous blending of colors in the bank of flowers under the mellow light of the massive candelabra above it, failed to dilute the rapture felt by the seasoned campaigner in the presence of the radiant girl.

They discussed in a light-hearted, wholesome manner the gossip of the Post, the foibles of the General and the lesser lights.

Presently he was aware that the Colonel was addressing him, and Overture listened with respectful attention.

"Patronage," the Colonel was saying, "the severest strain a dominant people can put on the friendship of a weaker one, is the curse of our expansive Americanism. Yes, suh, the Indians of Florida have been treated badly, it has to be conceded, Overton need to it we add the artful insult of superiority. Now, on our part, neither Mavis nor I have any difficulty in dealing with red folks and even finding a basis on which we have built some genuine friendships. One runs across strains of nobility, reflected in action, poise and some manner the gossip of the woods; they had been the slattern Meg Hethring, the imperturbable Mavis, her golden-brown hair carefree, her hair fell in wide plaits over each shoulder, framing a necklace of large pearls. The two girls were sharply contrasted; the clear bronze skin and calm glowing eyes of the chieftainess and her atmosphere of fawn-like gentleness; the vivacious Mavis, her golden-brown hair carefully coiffed. An amber cameo at her breast caught the dimly laced of Mavis, her hair fell in wide plaits over each shoulder, framing a necklace of large pearls. The two girls were sharply contrasted; the clear bronze skin and calm glowing eyes of the chieftainess and her atmosphere of fawn-like gentleness; the vivacious Mavis, her golden-brown hair carefully coiffed. An amber cameo at her breast caught the dimly laced of Mavis, her hair fell in wide plaits over each shoulder, framing a necklace of large pearls. The two girls were sharply contrasted; the clear bronze skin and calm glowing eyes of the chieftainess and her atmosphere of fawn-like gentleness; the vivacious Mavis, her golden-brown hair carefully coiffed. An amber cameo at her breast caught the dimly laced of Mavis, her hair fell in wide plaits over each shoulder, framing a necklace of large pearls. The two girls were sharply contrasted; the clear bronze skin and calm glowing eyes of the chieftainess and her atmosphere of fawn-like gentleness; the vivacious Mavis, her golden-brown hair carefully coiffed. An amber cameo at her breast caught the dimly laced
It was an evening of contrasts. The imperious Mavis, unused to division of attention, sensed the young Captain’s interest in her little Indian protege—
By JUSTIN JARVIS

"By the shores of Okeechobee where unbounded richness waits For the strong hand of the toiler to unlock the golden gates, He conceived the wondrous highway which shall bear his honored name, Tribute to his vim and vision, to his high and lasting fame. Stretching like a spotless ribbon by the great lake's sounding shore, It shall be a boon and blessing to the land forevermore. Where the Indian slowly plodded through the swamplands, dank and sour, Gilded cars of modern fashion speed at fifty miles an hour." By circumventing the natural order of things and building a miracle highway through the oozy mucklands and bottomless borders of the Everglades—a paved pathway to market which strikes the shackles of inaccessibilities from a previously isolated empire—William James Conners of Buffalo, New York and Okeechobee City, Florida, has consummated an epochal work which qualifies him to rank with Henry M. Flagler and Henry Plant as for his accomplishments similar wonders north of the natural order.

It was another labor like those of the mythical Hercules—this assignment which Mr. Conners accepted to build a road to market for the fertile prairies and potential towns of reclaimed 'Gladelands'. But if you take the trouble to investigate Mr. Conners' antecedents and life history, you will appreciate that he was well trained for his great Floridian task for he has been accomplishing similar wonders north of freezing temperature for the last four decades.

At the age of 13 when most youngsters are striving to master the puzzle of arithmetical progressions, William Conners secured his first professional "job"—a position on a steamboat. And from that day to this, his business days have been furried, hurried and hectic. When old and strong enough, he subsequently worked as a stevedore. At the age of 28, Mr. Conners was a successful freight contractor. Later, he embarked in the stone and asphalt paving business. A few years later, he purchased the Buffalo Enquirer. He made good as a publisher and 24 months thereafter bought another Buffalo newspaper—the Courier. In 1916, Mr. Conners organized the Great Lakes Transit Corporation and purchased the fleet of 24 vessels which included all the railway operated steamships that pried those waters.

Three years ago, this successful capitalist purchased the largest repair shops of the New York Central Railway System, located at East Buffalo and has since opened them under the name of the Conners' Car Shops.

Mr. Conners has also played an important part in the ranks of the Democratic party up New York way. For four years, he was chairman of the Democratic state executive committee in his state. He served as delegate to the last national convention of his party and as long as he lives will be an ardent henchman of Jeffersonian Democracy. At various times, the pleasure yachts and cruisers owned by Mr. Conners have been loaned to the U. S. Government for warfare service. His "Enquirer" one of the speediest yachts in service at that time was used by your Uncle Samuel during the Spanish-American War. During the World War, Mr. Conners turned his high powered steam yacht, the Mary Alice over to the Government to make what was the national authorities desired of the vessel. Simultaneously, Mr. Conners volunteered for service with the American terminals in France.

Directly after the war, Mr. Conners came to Florida for a richly merited vacation. But never for long can an empire-builder like this man Conners remain idle. For in his motor rides westward from Palm Beach, he saw multiplied opportunities beckoning on all sides. Fertile lands to be freed of wet feet, foodstuffs to be grown and marketed in carload quantities, an agricultural paradise to be opened to settlement—and a great road to be built to link the land of reclamation with the marketing gateways. Don't think for a single minute that William Conners plunged into his Everglades' development enterprises without painstaking investigation. For many months, Mr. Conners and his delegated representatives plumbed the possibilities and investigated the pros and cons of "the farming empire in the making." And, finally, when the last report was made and read, Mr. Conners acted rapidly and decisively. He selected suitable tracts of Everglades' lands and began to buy them. Not in parcels of tons or hundreds of acres did this newcomer to Florida purchase—but by the thousands and tens of thousands of acres. And almost as soon as title to the new lands was acquired, agricultural activity began. The former idle acres entailed rapidly in the class of self-supporting areas.

Forty-two thousand acres of fertile, peaty muck soil and 3,000 building lots in
Florida's largest lake

Reading from top to bottom—Conners Highway borders Lake Okeechobee for 32 miles—Toll charges are two cents per mile for a car and one cent a mile for each passenger—Looking out across Florida's largest lake under a new railroad bridge—Conners' home at Okeechobee City

Okeechobee City are now listed on the tax books as the property of William J. Conners. As yet, Mr. Conners has not been able to crop all of his agricultural holdings. However, he has farmed enough to prove the profitable potentialities of truck raising in the land of the Everglades. Last year, Mr. Conners shipped 150 carloads of beans, peas, tomatoes, potatoes, celery, and peppers which he raised on 600 acres of muckland. For the most part, the produce was consigned to Chicago. The total income from the northern shipments aggregated $80,000. During the current year, 150 acres of peas and beans are being raised and marketed.

One of the objectives of the Conners' farming activities is the large scale production of sugar cane. Several thousand acres of land which Mr. Conners owns near Canal Point and proximate to Lake Okeechobee are ideally adapted for sugar cane production. Floods and overflows have handicapped operations during the last two seasons. However, it is only a matter of time until the Okeechobee Drainage District will complete the drainage of that vicinity and the water control of the surplus moisture levels. Even under the unfavorable conditions of standing water for two to three months on the cane fields, crops as large as 50 tons to the acre have been harvested. The sugar yields have amounted to as much as 215 pounds of best quality refined sugar per ton of cane. On the higher lands which were not reached by flood waters, cane crops weighing as much as 60 tons per acre were cut and converted into sugar. All of which denotes the future prosperity of an industry which will win success as soon as relieved of its present wet feet.

The richest land in all creation, a growing season that included every day in the year and adaptability for producing hundreds of different foodstuffs—but no highways or byway to expedite motor truck travel to market. A one track, branch railway to the North from Okeechobee City and no connection to the South. Six million acres of land as isolated as the darkest jungle in Africa. Radio—the only means of communication. Hundreds and hundreds of families of pure-bred Americans shut off from civilization. No railroad, no telegraph, no telephone, no schools, no county nor district highway. The only avenue to city stores and public market—a watertight boulevard offered by great Lake Okeechobee and the connecting canals which carry its surplus waters on to the sea. Lake Okeechobee, incidentally, is the largest lake wholly within a single state in this country. The lake is 30 miles wide and twice as long.

"What is the greatest need of the Okeechobee section?" Mr. Conners asked himself.

"An improved road, begad, that will link the Everglades with both the Atlantic and the Mexican Gulf," he then answered.

And, having decided on Okeechobee's greatest need, this dauntless capitalist from Buffalo who now has established his permanent residence in sunny Florida went about negotiating for the construction of such a highway. The State authorities would give no financial aid to the program. The local counties which would benefit most from the proposed road were so poor that they could offer no assistance. So, ultimately, after exhausting every other road building possibility, Mr. Conners offered to build the 52 miles of improved highway himself, to make the road standard in every respect and as good as the best permanent throughfares in Florida. On that basis, the state granted him a charter to operate the proposed highway as a toll road with the understanding that the state would take over the road at the termination of a stipulated period after Mr. Conners had realized adequately on his investment.

Speaking of modern engineering feats, that story of the planning and construction of the Conners' Highway as the new road is called will forever occupy prominence in the annals of highway construction in southeast D'éc. It was a great adventure in engineering. Hug dredges had sunk, never to be recovered, along the stretches which the highway was to follow. Neither white man nor Indian had ever traveled the route a-foot or horseback. Pit-like quagmires in all directions, bottomless mucklands like the worst quicksands of the North, vast reaches of saw grass prairies sunk in the overflow waters from Lake Okeechobee and the Everglades. No building material readily available, no tempor-
Thousands of acres of hammock land around the lake are being cleared.

ary road over which to haul crushed rock—29 miles in one direction and 23 miles in the other to the nearest railroad. Yes, it was a mysterious enigma to the local residents—how the Conners' Highway was to be built.

The idea of William Conners was to build a cross-state highway to link together Palm Beach and Tampa. The road was improved as far as Sebring. From Sebring to the distant boundaries of Okeechobee was a 50 mile strip of unimproved road which the state agreed to improve. Mr. Conners' tremendous task was to build a permanent roadway from Okeechobee to dovetail into the pathway which extended westward from West Palm Beach. This link of unsurveyed and apparently impossible roadbed foundation was 52 miles in length. By working modern miracles, engineers surveyed the roadway, planned for its construction and began active building operations the middle of June, 1923. A little over one year later—to be exact, on June 25, 1924—the Conners' Highway was opened to traffic. All the roadbuilding records of Florida and Dixieland were smashed to smithereens. Fifty two miles of permanent highway—an average of 4.33 miles a month—were built under the total cost of $2,000,000 or $38,461 a mile.

This road is built to accommodate an average daily traffic of about 2,000 motor cars. It is the first cross-state highway which bicets southern Florida. It reduces the previous cross-country trip to Tampa from West Palm Beach by approximately 125 miles. The first 20 miles of the Conners' Highway parallel the Palm Beach Canal while the remainder of the roadway borders Lake Okeechobee. The spongy muckland soil of the surveyed stretches provided a most unstable foundation. However, engineering science ascertained that if a sand bottom could be established to lend stability to the muck that marl rock could be spread and anchored above to form a permanent roadbed. And that is exactly what was done—a distinctive type of road adapted to solve the riddles of Everglades' highway building. An expert will tell you that the Conners' Highway features the caterpillar system of distributing weight and the building of the roadbed on the mat-like foundation formed by the sand, muck and marl.

"Where did the marl come from in that roadless, isolated section?" you logically inquire.

From the bottom of the Palm Beach Canal. It so happens that marl rock occurs in expansive strata from ten to fifteen feet underneath the peaty muck throughout the Everglades. The state of Florida agreed to bear jointly with Mr. Conners the expenses of dredging and deepening the canal. The excavated marl was distributed along the canal bank and thence spread over the highway foundation. After the desired base was secured in this fashion, efficient revolving shovels moving on specially laid mats spread the marl top to the desired width of roadbed. The constructional system was such that the unit pressure of the material was reduced to a minimum. The conglomerate which was produced will support any load to which the highway will ever be subjected.

Efficient road building machinery was then used to cut and shape the road to desired crown and form. A light tandem roller was next employed. Then the base was ready for the rock. The central rock crushing plant was located on the St. Lucie Canal, nine miles up the lake on the highway survey line. Here, there was found an adequacy of marl rock which could be easily dredged. Unloading platforms were built at two mile intervals. The crushed rock was hauled by a fleet of dredges. Light motor trucks which ran along the road base as established distributed the crushed rock. Every operation was systematized. There was no waste motion. No campaign in modern warfare was ever more carefully planned and executed. Road building progressed at the rate of one and one-quarter miles a week. (Continued on page 64)
“In Suniland With You” WINS SUNILAND SONG CONTEST

Catchy Fox-Trot Number Composed by GEORGE R. HENNINGER
With Lyric Written by J. HAROLD SOMMERS
Declared Winner of the $500.00 Prize

THE SUNILAND song has been chosen out of more than a thousand submitted in the great contest conducted by SUNILAND Magazine. In a few weeks it will be heard by hundreds of thousands of people all over the country, thus keeping in mind, or awakening of people all over the country, thus it will be heard by hundreds of thousands.

"In Suniland With You" is the title of the catchy, appealing, song which won the four and four foreign countries. The test was easy and the charms of Florida. The contest was begun in January and closed at midnight March 15th. Songs were submitted from every state in the Union except four and from four foreign countries. The total number entered in the contest were 1,114. Nearly fifty arrived with the envelopes postmarked after midnight of March 15. According to the rules of the contest they were not considered.

George R. Henninger, formerly of New York City, but now residing in St. Petersburg, Florida, wrote the music for the winning song. The name of the author of the lyrics of his song was given as "Elbert Elliott" on the manuscript. On investigation, after the contest announcement had been made in the newspapers, this was found to be the nom de plume of J. Harold Sommers, a well-known publisher of St. Petersburg. He was induced by Mr. Henninger to write the lyrics for his music, and consented to do so if a nom de plume was used on the manuscript submitted.

Although Mr. Henninger is only thirty years old he has a number of musical numbers to his credit. While in New York City he wrote the music for several numbers used in the Greenwich Village Folies, the last Hippodrome Spectacle, Willie Collier's "Nifties of 1928" and "Tangerine." He also has written material used by Julia Sanderson, Grace LaRue, and other musical comedy and vaudeville stars. For two years he was assistant manager of M. Whitmark's professional department in New York. While with this large publishing house he composed several orchestral suites, and was also connected in an official capacity with the writing staff for Whitmark's well-known Black and White series of better class ballads.

Binghamton, New York is the birth place of Mr. Henninger. He showed a decided talent for music as a young man and was playing in orchestras in his teen's. He began the study of musical composition at the University of Pittsburgh, but Dr. St. George Fechtig, of New York, induced him to give it up and begin the study of medicine.

"I tried hard to become interested in the study of medicine," says Mr. Henninger, "But never could I free my mind of the creative desire to write music. One vacation I made a trip with an orchestra out to Chicago. In Elkhart, Indiana, I met the girl who later consented to become Mrs.
The final ten songs were the ones that required the best efforts on the part of the judges. In the final ten were songs written by several composers of well-known popular songs which have taken the country by storm. The ones they submitted in this contest, he played on the piano, and the Infinite something which carries a song into popularity. Finally the songs were narrowed down to five, were played on the piano, sung, and played on a large Wurlitzer organ to get the effect. No orchestrations were submitted so none of them could be tried by the theatre orchestra. 

Edwin McConnell, who appeared for several years in "big-time" vaudeville, and who is now a well-known radio entertainer, submitted a catchy number which gave the winning song a hard time for the prize. J. Will Callahan, of New Smyrna, Florida, author of many popular song successes also was close, but the judges decided that the melodies submitted with his lyrics were more suitable for musical comedy use than for a song of the type the Suniland song should be.

After due consideration the judges all agreed that the Henninger-Elliott number was the best of those submitted for their consideration. The names of the writers of the lyrics and the music were unknown to the judges as the names on the compositions had been covered with strips of gummed paper before the compositions were submitted to them.

The fact that songs were received from every state in the Union except four—North and South Dakota, Nevada, and New Mexico—and also from Panama, Mexico, Porto Rico, Canada and England proves beyond any doubt that SUNILAND, The Magazine of Florida, is carrying an appealing message from the Land of Flowers, not only all over the United States, but to foreign countries as well. Here is a tabulation by States and countries of the songs received:

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<tr>
<th>Alabama</th>
<th>Arizona</th>
<th>Arkansas</th>
<th>California</th>
<th>Colorado</th>
<th>Connecticut</th>
<th>Delaware</th>
<th>District of Columbia</th>
<th>Florida</th>
<th>Georgia</th>
<th>Hawaii</th>
<th>Illinois</th>
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<th>Iowa</th>
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<th>Kentucky</th>
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<th>Massachusetts</th>
<th>Michigan</th>
<th>Minnesota</th>
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<td>17</td>
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<td>16</td>
<td>10</td>
<td>12</td>
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Names of the songs submitted will also be of interest to many readers. Therefore the Song Contest Editor and his assistants compiled the following partial list showing the great similarity of titles:

- **Suniland**
- **My Suniland**
- **In Suniland**
- **Down in Suniland**
- **Florida, My Suniland**
- **Sunny Suniland**
- **Dear Old Suniland**
- **Suniland Is Calling**
- **Take Me Back to Suniland**

The winning song is a catchy, appealing number written in true fox-trot time. It has an irresistible appeal and the melody will linger in a person's mind. After one has heard it played over twice they can whistle it easily. It lends itself to Waltz time admirably, and when played in Waltz time for the judges after the decision one of them was heard to remark: "Millions will be dancing to that appealing air before the summer is over."

Immediate steps were taken to have "In Suniland" published by a well-known Chicago publishing house, and it is expected that the song will be ready the latter part of April.

It will be featured by nearly all of the bands and orchestras wintering in Florida, on their summer tours and engagements. It will be played in the theatres, the leading dance palaces, and will appear later on phonograph records and music rolls. The publishers of Suniland Magazine will handle orders for copies of "In Suniland With You" for delivery after May 1st. The price will be 35 cents per copy, or three copies for $1.00, postage prepaid to United States or Canada. Or if subscribers will send in $1.00 at once their subscription will be extended for one year and they will receive a copy of the song.
WHY THE BIG LEAGUE TEAMS
TRAIN IN FLORIDA

Stanley "Bucky" Harris, Manager of the World Champion
Washington "Senators" Voices the Opinion of the Managers

By HANDLEY WRIGHT

BUCKY HARRIS, manager of the World Champion Senators, was reciting full length in luxurious laziness, feet propped up on the rail enclosure which circles the Tampa Bay Hotel's broad veranda. The March afternoon was drawing to a close in the marvelous manner in which Spring days end in Sunland—with a prodigal spread of color and atmosphere that steeped one in contentment. There was something strangely reminiscent in the scented, scarlet sunset of another afternoon, in an October far away and long ago, when the world's baseball title hung by the thread of a baffled veteran's pitching arm and men shoved newspapers under their vests for warmth while witnessing in the chill dusk one of sport's greatest dramas.

Bucky must have felt it too. He seemed to me musing something, idly, in retrospect, as successful men as well as failures often do. The thought was evidently pleasant, for Bucky turned to me with a smile and blurted:

"Gosh, isn't it great! I can't help but think of the boys up North, searching their toes before the old ash can and waiting for word to board the rattler for this garden spot."

Bucky is like that. Even aside from business he has a personal interest in the players and counts every one of them a friend. Even while enjoying himself in the land of sunshine and flowers he couldn't help contrasting his happy surroundings with the slush and snow back home. Bucky doesn't like winter.

"I'll be glad when the fellows come to Tampa to begin their spring season."

Harris continued. "I have never seen such a climate for general enjoyment and for limbering up in baseball training during the spring months. It's idiotic to compare the climate in the North at this time of the year to that down here. And as for a comparison between the climate of California and that of Florida, the advantage lies heavily with 'Sunland' over the Pacific Coast, Harris says.

"Florida's got it on California forty ways from the plate. We must have weather that is dry, not warm to the point where there is danger of sluggishness and still warm enough to allow muscles to limber up under proper exercise. We must have weather that is crisp enough for pep and warm enough for freedom. We can't train in overcoats and we can't risk taking cold," the manager of the champions specified.

"Above all we need large quantities of sunshine. We must have the warmth of the sun as well as the light for proper conditioning. All these Florida has in February and March and many of them California hasn't, or hasn't with the consistency that Florida has."

Bucky declares that it is purely a business proposition in bringing the Senators to Florida for spring training. He claims that it is as much a part of the business schedule as is the playing of the games in the North in the summer.

"Spring training in Florida," says Bucky, "is essential to summer playing in the North. It brings in as big returns in its way as do the gate receipts of the scheduled games and is a necessary part of every team's existence."

"But, all Florida is not suitable for training grounds. North of the point where the rivers flow south is useless for a spring camp. Only the territory south of the source of the St. Johns river suits the purposes of the baseball clubs."

Harris claims that the reliability of the weather is one of the chief advantages of a spring spent in this state.

"It takes an enormous sum to maintain with all expenses, a club of thirty or more men for a period of six weeks or longer. We have our program outlined and every day missed due to inclement weather delays the schedule another day and necessarily the training period. The expense involved in training a ball club does not permit gambling on the weather. Therefore we come to Florida because here we are sure of a maximum number of working days."

"We find by actual figures that it is cheaper and brings better results, both physically and financially, to bring them to Florida for training than to take them to any other spot on the globe."

"Teams training in California are forsaking the place for Florida. The Yanks are coming from Louisiana to Florida. Teams training in South Georgia and Alabama are coming, one by one, to Florida and I confidently believe that it is merely a question of a few years until every major league team will be training within a radius of a hundred miles of Tampa. It is not a habit to bring teams to Florida. It is a sound business proposition and an asset which no major league manager can afford to overlook."

But Harris asserts that probably the main attraction and value of a spring spent in Florida is a quality which seems to be infused into the blood of every baseball candidate who spends the early months of the year here.

"I can truthfully say that I have never found such ideal weather for the purpose we require as that which is to be found here during the months of February and March. It fills all our requirements as no other place in the country can do. It is dependable and allows us to save money by a minimum eight-hour working day, six days a week. But above all there is clearly a quality about the climate that instills the needed pep and punch without which any team
It was a proud day for "Bucky" Harris, youngest manager in the big leagues, when he was presented with the world's championship cup by President Coolidge.

Florida is a failure." Thus Stanley Harris pays his tribute to Suniland. Possibly the most sincere of all the tributes he gives the state and the weather is an inferred one. It is a safe bet that if Bucky deemed a California, or Louisiana or Alabama site more advantageous than one in Florida, the world's champions would not now be in Tampa. The mere fact that the world's champions are in Florida speaks for itself.

Regarding the Yankees having forsaken New Orleans as a spring site for Florida, Bucky recalls an anecdote that gives him a great deal of pleasure.

"I remember a story about the Washington and New York American League clubs that probably had bearing on Colonel Jake Rupert's determination to train his team in Florida this year.

"After Washington had won the American League pennant last year, Colonel Rupert, Yankee owner, replied to a reporter's inquiry as follows: 'Most certainly the Yankees will regain the American League championship and most likely the world's title as well. I say this in all sincerity and not merely because I am a club owner. Any unbiased critic will agree that the Yankees were beaten in 1924 by a team that was inferior in every quality, but game-ness, hustle and ambition.'

"Shortly after making this statement, Colonel Rupert decided that since his team needed an additional degree of game-ness, hustle and ambition he would bring them to Florida, where he might best develop this quality.

"But we have the jump on him; we've trained here for five years," Bucky laughed.

A glance at the sporting periodicals shows that the old spring training camp sites are making a game fight to retain their prestige against the exodus to Florida. Columns are filled with press agentry from the few cities outside of Florida where major leagues are preparing for the next campaign. But the fact remains: of the 16 major circuit clubs, ten are in Florida just now and the remaining six are scattered, with one in Georgia, two in Louisiana and a couple in California. Beside Florida's majority hold on the big time out-

fits, there are several Class AA teams training this season in Suniland.

It has been truthfully stated that Tampa is, this spring, the center of the baseball universe. Within a radius of 100 miles of the Cigar City there is more high-priced diamond talent than has assembled in any other section of the country in the history of the game. The investment in playing fields, equipment and money paid for players and in players' salaries during the six weeks that the ten major league teams work out in Florida would probably aggregate millions and rank with the leading industries of the state.

The baseball magazines and newspapers are flooded with Florida dispatches these days. Regular letters and press telegrams go North every day and every week, detailing the progress of the various teams. The publicity value of these items could not well be reckoned in dollars and cents for it is unpurchasable as paid space for advertising purposes.

A roster of the big league clubs now in Florida includes Tris Speaker's Cleveland Indians, American League, at Lake and, where a Class AA team is also training: the St. Louis Browns, American League, at Tarpon Springs; the Brooklyn Dodgers, National League, at Clearwater; the former world champion New York Yankees, American League, at St. Petersburg, where the Boston Braves, National League, are also redesigning for the next flag hunt; the Cincinnati Reds, National League, at Orlando; and the renowned New York Giants, National League, at Sarasota under John McGraw's able guidance. The two Philadelphia clubs, the Athletics, American League, at Ft. Myers, and the Phillies, National League, at Bradenton, complete the list of Florida-trained teams.

The fact that most of these aggregations are spending their second or third training period in Suniland is due in large measure to the regard in which they hold this climate and the hospitality of Floridians to pastimers in the national game.

Sport writers who have toured the training camps declare that practically every one of the managers
After six weeks of spring training in Sunny Florida the big league teams are ready for the grueling contests this summer which culminate in the world's series games in October.

is just as enthusiastic as Bucky Harris over favorable conditions in the Sunshine State. Practically no criticism has been heard and everything possible is being done to meet the needs of the baseball men. It is safe to say that many of the ten clubs now here will make Florida their permanent spring home, a plan which will react to the benefit of both the athletes preparing for the summer grind and to Sunland, spring mecca of diamond heroes.

Commenting on the almost universal preference of big league managers for Florida, Sporting News, the world's only magazine devoted exclusively to baseball — and one which is read like Mary Baker Eddy's "Science and Health"—has the following to say editorially, under the caption, "Training on Orange Juice":

"No state ever has held so many ball players of prominence at one time as Florida holds this year. Down where they grow oranges, grapefruit, bamboo, pineapples, yams, bananas and alligators, Babe Ruth and the busters are mingling togeth-

er and soothing their parched throats with the juice of the fragrant orange. Florida likes the players and the players have a certain fondness for Florida. It is true that some of them, when they cannot find their two-inch thick sirloins and porter-
houses on the breakfast plate, growl about the trials of being a ball player. However, a ball player has been known to growl when he had turkey spread before him.

"It is far better for the player that he is removed as far as possible from beefsteak and onions. It is one of his worst misfortunes when he is permitted to run riot with the meat market. No class of athletes is harder to convince that it should refrain from meat, and there is no class for whom it is better to eliminate meat in too large portions.

"Many years ago baseball teams went to Florida to train, but only now and then was one induced to go farther south than Jacksonville. There were no good dia-

monds in those days in Florida. The state

Orange Song
By Clinton Scollard

The orange glows
In our garden-close
Under the noon
And under the moon,
And though winter-time
Is at its prime,
It seems like the heart of June,
And the mocking-bird sings at the dawning
hour
To the orange fruit and the orange flower.

Cold is the theme
Of a bygone dream
Under the noon
And under the moon,
For the breeze has a scent
That is redolent
As a breath from the heart of June,
And the mocking-bird sings at the dawning
hour
To the orange fruit and the orange flower.

is all sand and loam, and not much turf, and the smaller cities and towns which had not been run to feel the tonic of gasoline took little interest in baseball beyond the games that were played by local teams.

"Now it is entirely different. Every-
where the automobile has penetrated into fertile land and swamp. It is not uncom-
mon to take a ride of 100 miles to play a ball game and ride 100 miles back home — not by rail, but by automobile. The auto-
mobile has made Florida the spring center of the United States. Now for something that baseball has done. It has helped to develop that part of the country."

Tris Speaker summed up his reasons for bringing his "Indians" to Florida to train in four words—"The climate, of course."

Tris, the far famed manager of the Cleveland team, firmly believes that Lakeland has an unparalleled climate, else his team would not have sought out Lakeland for the spring camp of 1923, returned for another rejuvenation period in 1924, and is still rejuvenating in 1925.

"Sure, we selected Lakeland because we feel that it has the most remarkable equable climate in the United States. If we didn't think so, you would find us shagging flies in the spot that is the best," Tris, as he is familiarly known to thousands of fans, stated when interviewed.

Possibly his unshaken faith in Lake-
land's superiority was best displayed on the night of March 17, following the dedication of Lakeland's handsome new $125,000 athletic field, where Speaker stated in the presence of Judge Kenesaw M. Landis, high commissioner of baseball and M. H. Sexton, president of the National Association of Baseball Clubs:

"I only hope that it will be my good fortune to live many more years and continue to be manager so that I may bring the Indians back to Lakeland each year."

And why shouldn't Speakers' faith in Lakeland be unshaken? The Indians have lost but one day's practice in three years!
A FISHERMAN'S PARADISE

Where Truth Is Much More Vivid Than Fiction

By JOSEPH MICKLER

THEY have a saying at Boca Grande which bears strongly on the matter of abstract veracity, and offers considerable assistance to metaphysicians in their search for an answer to Plato's "What is Truth?"

"Truth," submits the confirmed sportsman, "is whatever an honest fisherman in these waters tells you about his experiences."

From which it may be inferred that anglers there proceed on the theory that anything may happen and very often does. Indeed, anything is rather more than likely to happen in those warm seas, where the chiming surf curls and curles along the opal beach of Gasparilla Island.

Give a man a boat and some tackle; put him in charge of one of the sunny guides; give him a day's fishing in gulf, or bay, or Pass; and a lubbery landsman might thereafter be forgiven a belief that the truth was not in him.

But a brother angler would know in a minute that he spake truly, and that even if, specifically, he was lying, his story was potentially true, and ought so to be regarded.

Simple, isn't it?

There are, roughly speaking, some 600 different species of fish to be caught in Florida waters. And all of them can be caught at Boca Grande, many of them easier there than elsewhere. That is why Boca Grande is called the fisherman's Paradise of the state and even of the entire United States.

And since the fish may vary in size from an ounce to a ton, and the chances of the angler are nearly equally favorable to pulling in a deep sea denizen of either weight limit, it is not difficult to see why sportsmen are prepared for any happening.

"Why, a fellow just can't tell a lie about Florida fishing," a member of the Pelican Club, that estimable fishing organization at Boca Grande, one of Florida's four such clubs, gracefully declared to this writer. "The truth is always so much more vivid than fiction. If I come in with a story of a two hundred pound tarpon which I lost because some larger fish swallowed all but his head before I could land him, the chap I tell the story to will nod his head, summon a faraway expression to his eyes, and begin: 'One day, when I was trolling in Captiva Pass...'."

Even the esteemed and infallible Geographic Magazine could scarcely hope for any widespread acceptance of the following account of a devilfish at play, were it not for the receptive mood into which all anglers who have bent rods over Florida water have been cajoled. Writes the Geographic: "As a matter of fact there are a number of authentic reports of the devilfish's running foul of a ship's anchor chain. True to instinct it claps the chain tight by wrapping its tenacula horns or feelers about it, applies its tremendous strength, lifts the heavy anchor as if it were a feather, and starts to sea with the anchor, chain, and ship, to the amazement and terror of the crew."

Of the 600 varieties of big fish and little ones, some game and some otherwise, it is to the tarpon that Boca Grande owes its greatest fame as a fishing resort. "If there are better tarpon waters in the world than those around Boca Grande, I do not know of them," says A. W. Dimock, world famous sportsman and author of "The Book of the Tarpon," the standard work on the subject. Snorts' men from every corner of the globe have come to this beautiful and charming winter colony on Gasparilla Island, enjoyed the hospitality of one of Florida's finer resorts.
notes there, done battle with King Tarpon under the sun or under the moon—for some of the best tarpon fishing is often had at night—and then departed wearing on their countenances the unmistakable stamp of a major revelation.

The future promises, and even the present holds, other charms than tarpon fishing for the visitor to Boca Grande. A sporty golf course fronting on the Gulf of Mexico, green fairways paralleling purple seas, with only a glinting sheen of beach between, offers the golfer the opportunity to pursue, under fascinating conditions, "The old, old dream of a slashing drive.

Under a wide, blue sky." Like other portions of Florida, Boca Grande is due for immediate development. The Boca Grande Corporation, owners of ninety-eight per cent of the island, have made homesites available for purchase for the first time in ten years, having previously guarded rather jealously the entire island property until its development could be carried out along unified lines. For ten years the work of building Boca Grande into a new village in an old manner has gone on. An atmosphere of antiquated charm prevails, unspoiled by the blaring notes of Spanish and Venetian architecture now too prevalent in newer parts of South Florida. The newest homes at Boca Grande are to be built along old colonial lines, with strong leanings toward the plantation and bayou houses of Louisiana under French dominion. Long lines of towering Australian pines and rustling coconut palms border streets lighted by lamps modeled after the whole oil lamps of colonial times. It is like a story book village come to life.

But to try conclusions with the litho, lashing tarpon—that is what now brings your true sportsman to Boca Grande during the merry months of spring time, when the chill is departing from the waters and the silver mailed monarch of the depths begins to "feel his oats," or whatever it is that fish feel. As a matter of fact, the months of May, June, and July, are the best tarpon months, but catches are made every month in the year though patience and skill are needed to tempt the tarpon to strike before the water is warm.

And there are few rewards that come to a red-blooded sportsman like that of landing a tarpon—few thrills greater than to feel the first strike of this fighter and to see him throw his great, gleaming body a dozen feet into the air, his scales flashing like newly minted silver dollars as he tries to dislodge the hook which may or may not be firmly caught in his bony mouth.

"He leaps out of the water," says Dimock, "at the prick of hook or harpoon, he leaps to catch the fish on which he feeds, and one unhooked tarpon jumped into the boat, knocked my guide overboard, laid him up for a month and very nearly sent him into the next world. His jumps are vertically upward, at any angle, in any direction, or he may skim the surface of the water. He can hold himself straight as an arrow, bend into a circle or the letter S, or tie himself into a knot, and I never saw the leap of a salmon that the commonest kind of a tarpon couldn't double discount in his sleep. The performance of a tarpon is so picturesque, so thrilling, that to see it sportsmen travel thousands of miles, sit for days in little skiffs, and then grind fifty dollar coffee mills on springless rods for hours."

In mile-wide Boca Grande Pass, with its sixty feet of water, most of the tarpon are caught. Nearly everything shares their share, though in smaller numbers, and of course there is good tarpon fishing in most of the waters along the entire Florida coast. But the dictum of Dimock regarding the superiority of Boca Grande for this sport stands undisputed.

In weight tarpon display a wide range. Some have been known to weigh as much as 400 pounds. The record catch for rod and reel fishing is said to be 212 pounds—while within the past two months the other extreme was reached when Mrs. Florence B. Gray, of Albany, N. Y., a woman angler at Boca Grande, landed a nine pound...
TOP SPEED!

TOTAL SALES OF CORAL GABLES PROPERTY FROM JANUARY 1st to MARCH 13th.

$10,000,000

CORAL GABLES

Miami Riviera
40 Miles of Water Front
George E. Merrick

Executive Offices: Administration Building, Coral Gables, Miami, Florida
Branches in all Florida Cities, Birmingham, Atlanta, Baltimore and Montgomery
The Pelican Club numbers among its members the most famous fishermen in the world, most of whom return each year for shorter or longer spells of sea sport, although the present season will witness the first absence in years of one important member, Dr. Henry Van Dyke, who has elected to go to New Zealand for the trout fishing there. Between intervals of tarpon fishing the sportsman at Boca Grande has an opportunity to try his luck at the other 599 species which swim in Florida seas. And his luck is almost certain to be good. No one can doubt this who has ever gotten an inkling of just how many fish there are in the sea that have never been caught. This inkling is within reach of anyone who sees Boca Grande Pass on one of its big days, its surface in a turmoil, the water churned to the whiteness of buttermilk by teeming millions of fish—jackfish chasing minnows, tarpon chasing both, and sharks chasing all three.

Kingfish times are big times, too. The kingfish season is March and April. During the season the fish move in immense schools, and it is a strange and thrilling sight to see the ocean fairly boiling over a patch several acres in area. Madness seizes the kings at these times, and they are as ready to strike at a strip of ribbon as at a piece of bait. But once hooked they are fine game, and are good food. They range in weight from a few pounds up to forty pounds.

Many of these smaller fish yield nothing to the tarpon in gameness. And they are varied and plentiful enough to insure an abundance of fine sport the year around. For light tackle, the dainty ladyfish, beside which even the tarpon seems sluggish, proves the quickness thing that swims. Ladyfish seldom reach a greater weight than six pounds.

Then there is the cobia, which offers good sport, and the bonefish which is like nothing so much as an animated pronghorn. There is the incredibly fast dolphin, and the spectacular sailfish, which flashes through the water with its dor-sal fin elevated, like a top ship with all sails set. There is that tiger of the sea, the barracuda, and the sawfish, large enough to tow a boat, and receiving short shifts from fishermen because of its tribal connection with shark family. There is the wahoo—there really is!—and the marlin fish, and the big jewfish, and of course the devilfish, ten by twelve feet square or larger, waiting for the stout, sure arm of the harpooner. Scientists swear that the devilfish, in the Mesozoic age, was one of the highest forms of life.

All these are caught regularly at Boca Grande, besides the familiar mackerel, trout, grouper, snapper, channel bass, and the others of their brood which regularly adorn the menu card. They take out bait, minnows, or spoon. In warmer months they strike the fly greedily. But trolling with spoon is the more prevalent method nowadays for catching anything that can be coaxed to a hook.

Fishing guides, old timers trained in the lore of the passes, are always ready to steer the keen fisher fellow out to the deeps, or to some hidden treasure trove in the flats, and to smooth the way generally for the sportsman. There is small cause for wonder, then, that Boca Grande is so widely known as a fisherman's paradise—this island, miles out in the gulf, which Fate, when she drew up her annals of the sea, checked as one of her backgrounds for legend.

For it was at Boca Grande that the notorious buccaneer, Jose Gasparilla, in the days of Kidd and Morgan and the other freebooters of the Spanish Main, fixed his rendezvous, and Gasparilla Island received its name from the circumstance. Thus the centuries have passed down tales of scarred frigates nosing into the retreat, and of great treasure chests dragged over glittering beaches to hiding places which have never been discovered. There must have been in the soul of the old pirate a certain elemental love of beauty. For he chose as his rendezvous one of the most colorful beauty spots of the Florida coast. Or perhaps his motive was strictly utilitarian; the harbor at Boca Grande is one of the finest in the south and the network of fringed isles in peacock hues (Cont. on page 68)
DAVENPORT

Enters upon a new era in building a city of homes. DAVENPORT is progressing substantially, rapidly fulfilling plans and presenting pleasing results, all of which are manifested throughout this re-zoned city that is being built in preparation for a population of thirty thousand inhabitants.

Thousands of people, who have visited DAVENPORT this winter, have confirmed with their eyes the facts that they have been told about this wonderful commercial park.

DAVENPORT is building systematically. City-planning architects and landscape experts have designed this city perfectly, providing parks, lakes, beautified drives, villa sites and every convenience and improvement that can be humanly anticipated to please a large population.

DAVENPORT—The City of Five Thousand Acres of Holly Hill Groves

an industry of substantial proportions, contributing materially to the prosperity of Davenport and forming the foundation upon which the city is being built.

DAVENPORT—The City of Five Thousand Villa-Grove Sites

each forming a beautiful setting for a Florida home, in restricted and famed

POINSETTIA HILLS

DAVENPORT has every known kind of wholesome outdoor sport and a beautiful GOLF COURSE, with a professional in attendance.

THE HOLLY HILL INN, at DAVENPORT, affords modern accommodations and excellent cuisine.

Beautifully Illustrated Folder in Colors for Mailing

HOLLY HILL GROVE & FRUIT COMPANY

Frank W. Crisp, General Manager

DAVENPORT, FLORIDA
Real estate may be real estate the world over but, as the undertaker would remark, the important part is where it's laid out. Simply because it is called by the same name doesn't mean a thing. Take ticks for instance—the kind that come from a clock and the kind that come from a cow are spelled the same way but there's a lotta difference between them when they start doing their stuff. Real estate—but let's check back to the beginning of this scenario for the benefit of those patrons who missed the first part of the show.

I'm the daylight —hello—trail at the Royal Palm—a resort hotel in Florida where palms (of the human variety) are in abundance. In professional life I have a sweet hello for any bim that tunes in on my circuit. But in private life my choicest hello's are for one Hart Hamilton Nelson—a sartorial knock-out if ever there was one. Through my evil guidance, Hart pulled off a shrewd business deal by keeping one jump ahead of old man Witherbee and selling a hunk of real estate to Hedda La Belle, the flicker queen. As the old man, who hates jack so much that he hangs on to every jit he can lay his hands on just to make himself mad, found that he had a juicy law-suit knocked in the head by the sale, his feelings towards Hart weren't exactly brotherly—to say the least.

The night of the sale Hart and I and a fishy eyed bozo by the name Blas Glinky were putting on the feed bag at a high-priced hash bazaar when the old man and his attorney entered the scene. Later in the evening, Hart heard two descendants of the James brothers planning to stick up the old man on his way home. Hart was all for putting Witherbee and the police wise before the stunts was pulled but seeing a chance for him to get back into the old skinflint's favor, I delayed him until it was necessary for him to do the rescue in grand style and on the scene of action. Spectacular and sensational perhaps but it sure did have the desired effect on the old man. He asked us to drop around at his office the next day at ten for a—talk. I don't know how Hart and Blas felt about it but, personally, I hoped there would be something tangible about his palaver when we called.

When I punch in the morning after the rescue escapade I make arrangements to be reseeded at ten and from the way they grant me the pardon you'd imagine I'd asked for the present of a Yale lock to fit the Florida keys. It's getting to be a pretty pickle when us girls can't slip outta the shackles to attend to personal business. Honest, you'd think I was married to Mr. Bell—than which nothing could be further from. The punctured side of a hotel switchboard may be my meal ticket but, confidentially, I love it about as much as California loves Florida. And that's saying it as tersely and, so to speak, to the point as it would be said by the bimbo who composes the reading matter that is published on postage stamps.

About nine forty-five, or to be more exact, a quarter to ten, Hart and Blas make their appearance. Blas is looking kinda wobbly and I judge it's because of the beautiful konk on the bean the bandit handed him the night before. In the fracas, you know, Jesse James, Jr., produced a blackjack and presented it to the Glinky individual on the crest of his highest elevation.

"Well, how's the kink this morning?" I ask as Hart and his self-appointed shadow approach my counter

"Meaning which one of the two handsome gentlemen?" Hart inquires.

"Blas, of course," I reply. "You were so busy with your part of the criminal element that you didn't have time to see the other half of it crown Mr. Glinky."

"Some coronation!" Blas agrees. "That baby was a wizard with his instrument! Between the time it slapped me and the time I settled down to terra cotta I discovered no less than fifty new constellations that astronomers never even heard of before said moment."

"What was on your mind?" Hart demands as we were spinning along in his roadster.
High up on the Ridge, on the shores of a crystalline lake, surrounded by bounteous groves, and in the midst of gently rolling hills, lies the little Embryo city. It is connected with the outside world by smooth, winding roads, over which is continuously passing the traffic between Palm Beach and St. Petersburg.

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

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

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

Stephenson Realty Company
Princess Martha Corner
St. Petersburg, Florida

Opposite Post Office

Telephone 900
"By the way, what was the meaning of those Greek names you started reciting as soon as you came out of your coma?" Hart wants to know.

"Were they Greek?" Blas replies. "Maybe I was a bootblack before I went over to France and filled a date with a piece of Hun metal."

"Don't you ever recall anything that happened before that incident?" I ask him.

"Sister, when I come to in the base hospital," Blas says, "it was just like I was born over again. Between the shell and gas, I have no more past than a Grand Rapids rocking bimbo tapped me last night," he explains, taking off his hat and showing me the scar. "But you ought to see the pretty slice I got on the right hip from a Fritz's bayonet," he adds, starting to unfasten his belt buckle.

"Cut!" Hart contributes to the conversation. "The lady takes your word for it, Blas. Remember this, feller: There are more scars in the world than ever seen the light of day."

"But it's a beautiful scar," Blas protests. "Again we take your word for it," Hart says.

"One of the prettiest scars you ever laid your eyes on," Blas insists.

"Not that I want to be a traitor to the present subject," I put in, "but it seems to me I remember an appointment with Witherbee."

"Yeah," agrees Hart, "an appointment to talk."

"Sa-a-ay," Blas exclaims to Hart, "is that what I'm being let in for—a Witherbee gab fest? If so, count me out."

"You've got about as much chance of being counted out as Dempsey had on his Carpenter expedition," Hart tells him. "Try and get away from us."

"There are sweeter things in life that I crave more than the sound of that old party's chatter," says Blas sulky. "But suppose there's a jingle that goes with it?"

"Now, you're talking, sister," he replies and turns to Hart. "Ten o'clock I think you said."

"Right-o," agrees Hart. "Kit, suppose you get under your hat so that we can ankle down to the old man's office. I understand he's such a stickler for punctuality that even if he had a date with the Grim Reaper at half-past ten o'clock he'd get right in lamed if the other boy was a minute late."

"Well, as none of us is the Grim Reaper I don't guess we ought to be worried," Blas opines.

Hart had his boat parked near the Royal Palm and it wasn't any trick at all to shed the walls of the Ritzy hostelry, cut across town and make Witherbee's sanctum sanctorum in less time than it takes a man who stutters to say Shiawassee, Michigan. We had to wait in the old man's waiting room for a few minutes while a frisky, freckled faced kid escorted in Hart's card. But it wasn't long before the kid returned and told us his chief said to step right in. We stopped.

Witherbbee was sitting at his desk and on his right hand was Prescott, the old man's legal shark of the firm of Prescott, Tupper and Prescott. A lotta mean things have been said about Prescott's firm, but not all of them are true. For instance, it's been said they'd steal the nickles off a dead man's eyes. In perfect honesty, I don't think they would—it takes too many nickles to make one berry. Prescott, Tupper and Prescott go after big game. More over, it's been said they'd burn down an orphan asylum just for fun. That's loony talk. They wouldn't do anything for fun. You'd have to pay them real money before they'd agree to burn down the orphan asylum—and if the price was gigantic enough they might throw in an Old Folks' Home as evidence of their thoroughness. As we enter his office, the old man looks at his watch.

"Two minutes late," he grunts.

"Charge that two minutes off to 'office (Continued on page 70)"
A Private Paradise!

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

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

Temple Terrace Estates is a Monument to Promises Kept!

"Tampa's Incomparable Suburb"
L A S T month Suniland, on the publisher’s Page, propounded the question: “Why did you come to Florida?” The idea behind the letter contest was, first, to discover what are the attractions that Florida offers to people of other states, and, second, to set readers thinking why they picked Suniland for a home. From the flood of answers received it is obvious that both objectives have carried. No better testimony of the diverse appeal to residence in the state to health reasons. The harvest of letters was rich in human interest and abounded with vivid personal experiences. Some were from those who had amassed fortunes in other sections and sought ease in plenty for their last days; others had failed and came at last to ask only the blessing of perpetual sunshine in old age. There were letters from hard-headed business men, frankly seeing in Florida a rich field for sun shine in old age. There were some who had spent many years—because of its superior climate, its balmy breezes, its health giving ozone, its many and varied opportunities for outdoor life, for pleasure and recreation, or for toil and labor in comfort many more days than any other place in Uncle Sam’s domain.

“Why did I come to Florida?”

“I came to the sun-kissed State of Florida from the land of the golden west and setting sun—Calif ornia, where I have spent many years—because of its superior climate, its balmy breezes, its health giving ozone, its many and varied opportunities for outdoor life, for pleasure and recreation, or for toil and labor in comfort many more days than any other place in Uncle Sam’s domain.

Then again, I came to this awakening State of Florida because of its unparalleled opportunities for investment— not only for the capitalist, but also for those who have not so much of this world’s goods. By a little careful judgment they can increase their earthly holdings, thereby giving them a secure footing in life and well-being.

“Florida offers the seeker the golden key, wherewith to unlock her inexhaustible storehouse of her manifold supply. Mother Nature justly aches for the willing and industrious hands to give forth in abundance from the depth of her bosom. This is a land of great prospect just coming into her

THE CONTEST WINNERS

First Prize—$15.00

Second Prize—$10.00
Herman Wirz, 709 Platt St., Tampa, Fla.

Third Prize—$5.00
Hel en M. Holley, 305 N. W. Fourth St., Miami, Fla.

Ten Prizes of $1.00 Each
Mrs. Mary B. Moser, Starke, Fla.
R. E. Lufsey, Box 272, Lakeland, Fla.
Mrs. E lla N. Kenney, Box 438, St. Cloud, Fla.
Mrs. W. L. Carter, Box 1571, Sarasota, Fla.
Bertha Brown, Box 173, Haines City, Fla.
K. W. Henry, Box 526, West Palm Beach, Fla.
Sam L. Schlacht, R. F. D. 4, Box 280, Jacksonville, Fla.
Lorain Lilly, 216 Voorhees Ave., East DeLand, Fla.
Fred J. Berry, Box 4393, Jacksonville, Fla.
Mrs. Glenn E. McKay, Sanford, Fla.

Los Angeles heard my (Continued on page 92)
Safe, Sound, Conservative Florida Realty Investments

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

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

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

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

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

Call, Wire or Write.

Read this clipping from the Tampa Times of "20 Years Ago Today"

"Fine home lot on Grand Central within easy walking distance Franklin. The new trolley line will pass in front. It is a bargain at the price of $630. Also 20 lots in West Hyde Park, within one and two blocks Grand Central at $100 each. $10 down. The above lots are selling today at from $20,000 to $175,000 a lot.

My Special Investment For a Few Days

Lots 50 by 150 on Sanibel Island, with beautiful beach, playground of Fort Myers. Price $125. $25 cash, $10 per month. I believe this a good bargain as this Island bids fair to follow the development of Miami Beach.

H. E. Opre

307 Twiggs Street Tampa, Florida
Beautiful Orlando
(Continued from page 21)
sections, is arched with moss wreathed oaks. They say that Mayor Marks had
them planted about forty years ago, and what was then called “Mark’s Folly” has
become one of the city’s greatest assets.

“You know, of course, that Orlando has
a recreation ground for winter visitors—
Sunshine Park? There are 24 horseshoe
pitching lanes, four roque courts, eight
lawn bowling rinks, and hundreds of peo-
ple are enrolled in the clubs within the
parent club. You know too that there is
another small park for their pleasure right
in the center of the city, and that there
are band concerts daily in the Eola Park?
You’ll find people there from everywhere.
Then, too, in the State Societies with their
many activities, directed by a special secre-
tary, you will find your friends, indoors at
entertainments or outdoors at picnics.
Perhaps you will find them at the Open
Forum or at the Symphony Orchestra, or
you may find them watching a hundred
race horses on the Orlando track, or over
at Tinker Field watching a ball game—the
Cincinnati Reds own Tinker Field, you
know. I can’t tell you about Orlando; you
must find it out for yourself, it has so many
sides.

Situated in approximately the center of
the peninsula, with good roads in every di-
rection leading to all points in the State,
and six main highways entering it, Or-
lando is so fortunately placed that it has
become the natural distributing center for
many wholesale businesses, and it is the
trading point for fifty miles around.

With its own outlet to the sea, the
Cheney Highway, just completed, the
distance now is only thirty miles, and Co-
oa on the East Coast is less than an hour and
a half by motor. In twice that time one
may drive to the Gulf Coast.

With seventy-five miles of brick paved
streets, soft water analyzing 99.8 per cent
pure furnished by a municipal plant large
enough to serve the city when it shall have
reached twice its present population, a
modern gas plant making high grade gas
for domestic and industrial purposes, elec-
tric lights in most of its 6,000 homes, the
city is justly proud of its public utilities.

Over 4,000 telephone subscribers are
served by the Southern Bell Telephone
Company, which, in a recent survey and
count made to determine its own expansion
needs, gives Orlando a present population
(this was in September) of 23,316. It
predicts, from a system that cannot go far
wrong, a population of 39,000 in 1930 and
64,000 in 1940.

“Tell me the nicest thing you know
about Orlando,” and the little man-to-be,
with wonder in his blue eye, as he turned
from where he had been sailing paper
boats on the lake where his faithful furry
guardian eyed him watchfully from his
shelter under a fragrant rose bush. “Why,
the nicest thing I know about Orlando is
that it is my home,” he said.
St. Andrews Bay
Florida

“Nature’s Masterpiece for Winter and Summer”

Where Climate is Unsurpassed
Where the Satsuma Orange Grows. The First Orange on the Northern Market
Where There are Miles of Water-front Property—Sites on the Gulf of Mexico, St. Andrews Bay and Many Beautiful Bayous
Where Four Cities Are Growing Fast
Panama City St. Andrews
Lynn Haven Millville

Where the Finest 18-Hole Golf Course is 80% Completed
Designed by Colt and Alison, Golf Architects, Detroit and London

WHERE VALUES OF REAL ESTATE ARE JUST BEGINNING TO GROW
Good Hotels, Splendid Roads, A Magnificent Body of Water, Fishing, Hunting, Bathing, Boating.

Write for Further Information

St. Andrew’s Bay Publicity Club
PANAMA CITY ——— FLORIDA
8% First Mortgages
On Approved Real Estate

Your money EARNs more in Florida because it is WORTH more. The high rate of interest is due to the great demand for capital in Florida to meet its cost construction and development needs. This condition may not, and probably will not continue indefinitely, but you as an investor, should take advantage of a favorable situation NOW.

SAFETY Our mortgages are doubly safe because

14 YEARS in Florida Without a Loss
1—Florida property is rapidly increasing in value.
2—50% of appraised valuation is our maximum loan on first mortgage.
3—No first mortgage offered except on property on which we are willing to take a second mortgage.
4—Each mortgage will be accompanied by abstract showing clear title from U. S. Government to present owner.

FLORIDA INVESTMENT FACTS—
The laws of Florida require insurance companies to pay the FULL FACE VALUE of the policy in the event of loss. They cannot question—THEY MUST PAY THE FULL AMOUNT.

SPECIAL OFFER TO BANKS AND INSURANCE COMPANIES
Let us send you one or more of our first mortgages for examination, that you may see how reliable our paper is and how complete our service.

Write us stating the amount you wish to invest and we will describe our offerings

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Investment Specialists—305 Ferlita Building, Tampa, Florida
Guarantee

If, at any time, a purchaser of our mortgages wants his money for other purposes, we will buy the mortgage without question or delay.

Florida Will Become Our Richest State
(Continued from page 27)

...of fixing prices. My recommendation to the Florida Citrus Exchange and the industry in general is to spend less money in advertising and more in scientific research. Florida could well afford to expend $100,000 or more annually in investigating the matter of citrus canning and orange juice preservation.

Limitless amounts of building sand are available in all parts of Florida, yet cement has to be shipped all the way from Gary, Indiana, and other points of manufacture, while crushed rock has to be hauled long distances. The best scientific talent of Florida should now be experimenting in every possible way to try to develop a practical method of manufacturing cement from the local sand. The building problem of future Florida is a very important one. Millions and millions of dollars can be saved if a method of utilizing the local sand in certain chemical combination to make cement can but be devised. Such a discovery would facilitate road building and all other forms of permanent construction. Improved roads which now cost $40,000 a mile could be built at a much lower figure if a system featuring the complete utilization of local building material could but be originated.

"In the neighborhood of three-quarters of the land area of Florida consists of fertile muck land profitably adapted for food production. The matter of reclaiming and draining these stupendously large areas of idle acres should be of crucial state concern. Once these waterlogged lands are adequately drained, their acidity must be neutralized sufficiently so that they will be adapted for the general run of crop production. Other riddles of scientific agriculture are involved in the most effective methods to follow in consummating this important assignment. The state of Florida can well afford to experiment extensively in order to find the best solution to this question.

"Florida should be a potent potential supply source of wood pulp for paper manufacture. It is a land with vast tracts of territory which are not used. Much of this land could be harnessed for the production of rapidly growing tree crops. There is no state in the country where timber grows quicker than in Florida. The Florida National Forest near Pensacola is fostering conservation and introducing improved methods of harvesting gum and naval stores and simultaneously maintaining the vitality of the trees. There is plenty of opportunity in Florida for the development of both state and city forests along the lines pursued in California. The recreational advantages of such forests in the future will more than pay for their establishment. In the course of time, these woodlands under proper management will produce annual tree crops of importance and value.

"There are many unsolved problems in Florida, the keys to which are to be had only through the medium of capable scientific research. These perplexing problems should be attacked in a determined manner. Thorough campaigns of investigation should be mapped out. The work should be continued until either positive or negative results are obtained. If rubber can be produced commercially in Florida, a future industry worth millions of dollars to the state can be established. Complete experimentation relative to the possibilities of rubber raising are essential. Banana culture and the commercial production of sugar cane for milling into refined sugar also merit thorough study.

"I am an ardent advocate of cooperative societies, but I am opposed to associations..."
A Region of Homes—

NEW home region is in the building. Daytona Highlands is not, and never will be a city. It will never be a townsite or township. It will not long remain a suburb, for the City of Daytona will, in a few short years, have grown around it.

Daytona Highlands will always be a region of homes. It is being made that today as rapidly as men, money and machinery can bring it about.

In the future, even with Daytona, a City of 50,000 or more surrounding it, the Highlands will still stand, it’s position inviolable, as the most exclusive home location anywhere on the East Coast of Florida. It’s size, it’s location, it’s restrictions, it’s lakes and hills, parks and playgrounds, golf course, tennis courts, and other scenic and recreational features, will maintain for it this enviable position.

There is no call for a city there, the shops of Daytona are too accessible. There is no logic in calling it a town, for it is almost a part of one already. A suburb it most certainly is at present, but its permanent designation, the one by which it will be known for all time is, A REGION OF HOMES.

DAYTONA HIGHLANDS
Florida’s Suburb of Hills and Lakes

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The tourists push steadily south as new sections open. Key Largo is the next resort south of Miami. Fifty miles by Inside Waterway or rail, and three hours by auto upon the opening of the Dixie Highway Bridge this summer. The center of the Island. Yacht-landing and basins, Postoffice, Railway Station, beautiful surroundings and The World's Premier Fishing and Boating Center.

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One-third Cash—Balance 1, 2, 3 and 4 years. This is good and will go quick—Write now.

ROSE & SMITH
Melbourne Hotel Bldg.

FLORIDA

Florida in the Movies

(Continued from page 25)

is a secret held in close confidence by the producers, but it unquestionably requires studio work of the most painstaking quality. One of the spectacular scenes in the original is the escape of a dinosaur from a cage in London, and the film shows him smashing automobiles and railway trains. Events equally thrilling will be part of the sequel which will be screened in Miami, according to Mr. Rothacker.

While not appearing in moving pictures, a professional artiste of world-wide fame who is wintering in Miami should not escape notice in this article. She is Gilda Gray, the noted dancer, who with her company appears nightly at the Hollywood Golf and Country club, where there is always a crowd that taxes the capacity of the building. Miss Gray is known for the sensational nature of some of her dances, but these are not all the same, and present a wide variety of ideas gleaned from travel in different parts of the world. She is ably supported by a company of girls
Proofs of these plates in full color will be sent on request.

These magazines take pride in their covers; and it is our pride to make plates fine enough to please even their standards. You, too, can have photo-engravings beyond criticism, once we add your name to our roster of satisfied customers.

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DAYTONA FLORIDA

brought from one of Chicago's leading theaters. Her engagement in Hollywood is for the winter, but her home in Miami, it is said, is to be permanent, and she will occupy it whenever she is not traveling.

Miss Gray and her husband, Gil Boag, who is her business manager, immediately upon accepting the engagement at the Hollywood Golf and Country Club, purchased a home in an aristocratic suburb north of Miami. From this beautiful residence she makes the trip daily to Hollywood by motor bus, and the coach used by herself and girls, which is of the two-story variety, and is embellished by coachmen with horns, is a frequent sight on Miami streets. Miss Gray has mastered dancing. She now seeks to know every detail about the art of being a housewife. Cooking is a newly-discovered pleasure, she says, and she even scrubs the floors for the sake of the experience.

I am now more interested in cooking than in dancing," Miss Gray told interviewers behind the scenes at Hollywood a few days ago. "Today I scrubbed, and you should see my knees." Miss Gray had been dancing off and on for several hours and her knees had been in plain sight. If there was anything the matter with them, nobody could detect it.

Ruth St. Denis and Ted Shawn, dancers, played a brief engagement at a Miami theater and both were enthusiastic about Florida, it being reported that they purchased property in the Magic City.

Late arrivals in Miami include Fritzi Schaefer, well known musical comedy star, who is appearing for the time being in vaudeville. This is a new experience for her, but she hopes to profit by it. Her engagement is at a popular Miami club and will last for several weeks. Miss Schaefer remarks at the contrast between the weather in Miami and in New York and hopes she will not acquire too much tan.

Telegraphic information just received from Vitagraph in New York states that the exteriors for "Wildfire" will be screened in Miami during the next few weeks, and that the entire company will be sent here. The production is being made by Distinctive Pictures and is directed by Henry M. Hobart. Alleen Pringle is to be starred. The picture is one of racing life and the Miami racing oval will be used for many of the shots.

Other film, stage and musical celebrities who visited Miami included Allen Dwan, Gloria Swanson's director; John McCormack, noted Irish singer; Evans Burrowes Fontaine, dancer; Irene Bordoni, noted actress, and Richard Barthelmess, widely known moving picture actor.

Mr. McCormack, who came to Miami to recover from an attack of la grippe, and who remained for several weeks, gave a concert before leaving, and declared he believed Miami would become a rendezvous for the leading minds in the musical, literary and artistic world.

Mr. Barthelmess is engaged in making a new jungle picture at Port Largo. The others mentioned were vacationing, with the exception of Miss Fontaine, who was fulfilling an engagement at a cabaret.

It is understood that several other moving picture companies will reach Miami from New York early in the spring.

Reflections

By MORDINA FLOYD BRAGUINIER

Over the western rim of the world
The hot glare slips,
And dusk throws out from the panting sea,
The lights of ships.
Are the stars in the cloud-foamed deep above
Reflections cast?
Or lights on other weary craft—
Home-bound, at last!

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COMMUNITY—High class residential, free from industrial annoyances.
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CULTURAL ADVANTAGES—Adjoining a 12 acre park and near the Tampa Yacht and Country Club, one of the most exclusive and popular clubs in Tampa.
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But the beach is not the only attraction at Cocoa Beach. There is bathing, fishing, golf, shooting (either trap or wild game), motoring, boating and yachting, baseball, band concerts and theatres.

Let us send you a beautifully illustrated booklet describing these, and many other attractions. It is free. But better yet, let us show you. It will be a mutual pleasure.

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Are you seeking a real home where it is neither too hot nor too cold; where the utmost healthfulness and perfect climate are found Winter and Summer; where you may have the most congenial social relations; and where your children may grow up in the midst of ocean-fanned semi-tropical splendor, and the best of school advantages?

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twelve barges, two stern wheel towboats,
two speedboats, four tugs and six house-
boats. The roster of road building
machinery is the most complete and ex-
tensive of any highway building campaign
initiated in Florida. All this equipment
was in excellent condition at the completion
of the gigantic task and will be used in
other roadway making projects in the Ever-
glades and in the maintenance of the Con-
ers' Highway. The payroll weekly during
the building campaign averaged $10,000
while it cost $700 a day to run the rock
crusher plant which provided the road
building material.

On July 4, 1924, 20,000 people, includ-
ing Governor C. A. Hardie and Governor-
elect J. W. Martin of Florida and Governor
"Al" Smith of New York attended the of-
official opening and dedication of the Con-
ers' Highway. Independence Day was a
fitting occasion for the ceremony for the
completion of the road to market ushered
in independence for the Everglades and its
previously marooned residents. After
years of isolation and comparative exile
from all that civilization offers, these peo-
ple who have kept faith with their fertile
fatherlands have found freedom.

The daring and persistence of William
Connors in building a highway where the
most of men would have been afraid to
venture and invest their savings has already
been father to another and important ad-
vance of civilization into the neglected
Everglades. Shortly, the rumble of mighty
locomotives and shrill shrieks of train
whistles will resound for the Florida East
Coast Railroad is now busy building its
long-promised extension from Okeechobee
to Miami. This transportation system will
tap the same section which is now being
served by the new highway. Both these
roadbeds follow the northern and eastern
shores of Lake Okeechobee. The Atlantic
Coast Line is also crossing the state from
the West via Okeechobee with its terminus
at West Palm Beach. The state is building
a hard surface road from Okeechobee to
Fort Pierce in the Indian River country.
Small wonder that prayers of thanksgiving
are legion in the latitude of Florida's
largest lake. A new existence has been
opened and the luxuries of life are now
available to people long denied the offer-
ings of modern civilization.

William J. Conners consummated the
largest achievement of his remarkable life
when he accepted the role of pathfinder
for the long-lost Everglades. Henry Flagler
has won semiternal praise as the discov-
er and sailor of Florida's east coast.
Henry Plant is the father of west coast de-
velopment and progress. And now William
Conners, another great man of the North
has found his heart's desire in Florida and
has fostered the future growth and ex-
pansion of a previously waterlogged king-
dom.

Naturally there will be some settlement
in the Conners' Highway. The expert
engineers in charge of the work predicted
such results. It will be a simple matter
after about two years of service to apply
more rock to compensate for this unavoid-
able sinking. Then a final coat of asphalt
will be applied and the roadway will, like
the venerable highways of ancient Rome,
be fo,tted against the wear and tear of
centuries of use where properly main-
tained. A total of 130,000 cubic yards of rock
were dredged from the canal, passed
through the crusher plant, hauled an aver-
age distance of 11 miles and were in-
corporated in the body and surface of this
extraordinary highway. It is destined to
become the most traveled and most fam-
ous road in Florida—one of the wide and
durable highways which will play an im-
portant role in carrying Florida to the fore-
front among her sister states of the
awakened and progressive South.

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---

A Fisherman's Paradise

(Continued from page 48)

must have lent themselves admirably to that game of hide-and-seek which the old rover of the seas, with every man's hand against him, was forced to play.

Eventually he was caught—this wilj one—and quickly hanged. The annual Gasparilla pageant at Tampa alone keeps alive the memory of his more romantic deeds. But as recently as a decade ago the burned skeleton of his ship was visible at low tide, half buried in the sands off Boca Grande Pass. And the tradition of his vast treasure buried near still survives. Some years ago the treasure hunters went after the doubloons and jewels in dead earnest. A company was formed, stock sold, and the corporate funds employed in the sinking of a coffer dam on the mainland off Gasparilla Island. The dam was sunk and the tunds of the company sank with it, but not so much as a copper coin of buried loot was discovered. The Gasparilla treasure must furnish another stanza for the ballad of lost doubloons.

But if that treasure is lost, beyond per-adventure of resurrection, the fish in the sea furnish an inexhaustible source of wealth, and one that is always at hand. The commercial aspect of the matter is cared for by the fishing village of Gasparilla, on the northern end of Gasparilla Island, three miles from Boca Grande.

This village of Gasparilla differs just a little from any other village in Florida. It is like the fishing villages of New England. It is neat, but not gaudy. Several scores of small dwellings, all nicely and uniformly painted in white, are the extent of the buildings. They are all owned by the Boca Grande Corporation, which rents them to the families of professional fishermen throughout the year.

The village faces on the bay side of the island, looking to the mainland. Along the shore the fishermen dry their nets or haul their boats up for painting or calking. Old wives sit in the sun . . . .

When the fishermen return with their hauls they take them at once to a central fish house where they are weighed and then iced, pending shipment to markets in Florida and the north. The fishermen are paid in cash, and if Uncle Sam's income tax collectors choose, they can tell an impressive story of the wealth which these toilers of the sea are accumulating.

To the Charlotte Harbor and Northern Railway and its backers must go the credit of giving Boca Grande to the world. In 1905 a group of keen visioned men, with charts of an amazingly fine natural harbor before them, and urged on by the needs of a back country filled with phosphate rock demanding shipment, conceived the idea of a port at Boca Grande, or rather at South Boca Grande, at the opposite end of the island from the fishing village of Gasparilla. The C. H. & N. railway is the result, a railway that connects Gasparilla Island with the mainland by means of the present long trestle out over Charlotte Harbor.

As a port, South Boca Grande with its harbor presents a challenge to Tampa and to other ports along the gulf shore of the United States. At the docks sixty feet of water give vessels all the room they need. The port is only about four miles from the bar and the open gulf, while Tampa is 35 miles inland on Tampa Bay.

Of course the sixty feet of harbor depth is not available along the entire channel course to the bar. At the bar itself there is a guaranteed depth of twenty-four feet at mean low tide. Increasing depths are found from the bar into the port proper. United States engineers, following a recent survey, have recommended the dredging of the entire channel to a low tide.
POMELLO PARK

An Investment Opportunity Extraordinary

A Large Orchard Development Near By

Pomello Park is a twelve-thousand-acre Acreage Subdivision, divided into ten-acre units, situated in Manatee County between Bradenton and Arcadia and Sarasota and Arcadia, thirteen miles from Sarasota Bay. Coming into it from five different sources are five highways, all now being hard-surfaced. The East and West Coast Railroad also passes through it, making it accessible from every angle.

A big grapefruit development of northern people joins this property on the north—the groves now are bearing.

A NEW Townsite

One thousand investors have already bought in Pomello Park. Prices range from $60 to $75 per acre for a few weeks, after which, it will be $100 per acre.

The village of Verna lies within the Pomello Park property and over one thousand acres have been reserved for a new townsite which will be developed in the near future.

TERMS

Terms are $50 cash and $15 per month on each ten acres of the acreage. $100 cash and $10 per month on each ten lots in Pomello townsite.

SPECIAL—For a Few Days: Lots in Pomello Townsite are Offered at an Advertising Price of $35 cash, each.

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Railway runs through the tract with station and towe-site on the land. Also water transportation.

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

This can be sold at a small part of the price of Sanford land and show big profit. Lots can be sold for $100 each, or 20 acres of land and 10 lots for $1,000—Easy terms.

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

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

There is a reason why this has not been offered before.

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to receiving a token of my gratitude.”

"Not at all, sir; not at all, sir!” breaks in Bias quickly.

Again, Hart silences Glinky and turns to Witherbree.

"I don't want you to feel obligated—" Right away, I saw that if I let Hart and Bias alone they'd break the deal—even in his individual little way. It was time for somebody to interfere and so I took the responsibility.

"I understand exactly how Mr. Witherbree feels about it, Hart," I sing out in my sweetest soprano. "He does feel that he's obligated to us and wants to discharge the obligation in as business-like a way as possible. I don't blame him. If I were in his shoes I'd feel the same way about it. And knowing how he feels I, for one, am willing to let him clear the debt in any way he sees fit.”

"Hear! Hear!” breaks in Bias, but seeing Hart's disapproving eye upon him he stages a good imitation of the North Wind on a hot day in summer.

"If that is really how you feel about it, Mr. Witherbree,” remarks Hart, showing some sense, at last, "I agree with Miss Page that we ought not make it any harder than necessary for you to discharge the obligation.”

"Very good!” speaks up the Prescott disease. "Now that the question of suitable renumeration seems to be settled——"

"Just a moment, Mr. Prescott,” interrupts Witherbree and hurls for him. "If you'll allow me, I'll do the talking—"

Out of the corner of my eye I see Bias getting ready to lead the cheers for the old man, so I manage to park one of my French heels on one of his dogs without attracting any attention from the rest of the mob. Witherbree gets back into the conversation without delay.

"For a while,” he says, "I wondered what I might give. Money seemed to make the transaction too commercial. Other gifts that occurred to me didn't have sufficient value. But, at last, I struck upon the right token—something which will mean more to you than it does to me—something which you will be able to capitalize better than I ever could hope to do. You two gentlemen are in the real estate business. Briefly, what I intend to do is deed over to you three a tract of land which I own on the outskirts of the town. No doubt you, Mr. Nelson, know of Marchmount Heights."

He settles back in his chair and folds his thin hands over his narrow stomach in self-satisfaction. Hart pinches his lower lip thoughtfully for a moment.

"Can't say that I do, Mr. Witherbree,” he replies.

"Well, it's there, just the same—north, about five miles from the heart of town and just a little removed from the Dixie Highway. At present, it doesn't amount to very much, but with a small amount of development and the kind of sales pep that you and Mr. Glinky will be able to put behind it, you three ought to amass a neat sum from the property.”

"That's real handsome of you, Mr. Witherbree,” I found myself saying. "Handsome?” Bias breaks in. "Why, it's simply beautiful.”

"Nonsense,” replies the old man. "My life is worth more to me than Marchmount Heights. It's a fair exchange, I say. The title is clear and I had the property re-surveyed only last week. Mr. Prescott says he can effect the transfer within a very short time."

"There'll be no trouble at all in doing it.” Prescott adds. "In the meantime, however——"

"Ah, yes, Prescott,” interrupts the old man again. "I had almost forgotten. In return for Mr. Prescott's legal guidance in the matter,” he goes on to us, "he has a little favor to ask of you three. It seems
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that after he had turned over to the author-
izes the two desperados which Mr. Nelson
knocked into insensibility and placed in our
car, Mr. Prescott was ever so sightly in-
accurate in his description of the encounter.
From what I can understand, he took all
the credit for Mr. Nelson's heroism. Eh,
Prescott?"

The legal buzzard turned the color of a
rosy beet and bit nervously into his dead
Punko Perfecto. This got a hearty round
of mugs from everybody in the room, but
the bum, himself.

"It now de-erops," Witherbee continues,
"that Mr. Prescott fears d-tection. And he
doesn't like to have the horrid ruffians he
has erected in his own likeness to be
ground to clay. The favor he wants is
that he be allowed to retain the credit he
has already claimed. It's a peculiar wish
but, personally, I can see no harm in it.
How do the rest of you feel?"

"It's agreeable to me," Hart says gener-
ously. "Past glories are things I never
care. Mr. Prescott is free to say all the
nice things he cares to about Mr. Prescott,
as far as I'm concerned."

"Sap on a ditto for me," Blas remarks.

"Very good!" exclaims Prescott. "I have
a sort of document with me, here,
that I will ask you to sign to that effect,
please."

"A document?" I demand, my mind
starting to g.t cold up a bit.

"Call it that," Prescott says smoothly.
"A mere scrap of paper. You see there is
always the possibility that the real story
might leak out and I would like to have
something to substantiate my account. In
brief, a denial of you three that you had
anything to do with the affair."

He had laid the paper on the desk and,
quickly, shoved a fountain pen into Blas
Glinky's hand.

"Sign here, please," he begs in a slip-
pery tone.

Blaz is starting the pen on the first let-
ter of his monicker when I stop him.

"How do we know you'll railroad this
transfer for us," I demand.

"I've promised," he replies frowning.

"Yeah, I know," I say. "But, not get-
ing personal, there are some people in
town who say you have more promises
than China has firecrackers. I'd like to see
that transfer in black and white before we
got down on that line, brother."

"Absurd! Utterly absurd!" he exclaims.

"So was: 'Yes, we have no bananas,' but
it sure held its place with the mob," I re-
ply. "And that's what I'm going to do
now. No transfer, fair knight—no mere
scrap of paper."

"The lady's a stickler for details," he re-
marks to his legal friend. "But, knowing
you as I do, Prescott, I can't half blame
her."

"Very good!" says Prescott Stiffly. "I'll
see that the transfer goes through today."

Witherbee lets out a whistle and looks
at his watch.

"If you do you're a wonder," he says.

"Just watch me," remarks the law
shark, reaching for his hat.

After he had taken unto himself the air,
Witherbee breaks all previous records by
chuckling the second time in one day.

"You've certainly excited Mr. Prescott's
interest," he tells me. "I wonder how
many palms he'll have to lubricate before
he can do as he says?"

There being nothing of importance to
keep us for the present, we made another
appointment with Witherbee for five-thirty
that afternoon and get out into the open
again. Hart and Blas are all excited about
the old man's gift and decide to drive out,
right away, to give it the double-quick. But
I veto the expedition for myself.

"What's the immense idea?" Blas
wants to know. "Where's your patriotism?"
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your mother country and you haven't curiosity enough to want to see what it looks like."

"Listen, boys," I tell them. "You know real estate; I don't. Go out and inspect it. Then, you can give me all the details at lunch. Don't forget that I'm a slave to Mr. Bell and that there's a hunk of brunette Swiss cheese back at the Royal Palm waiting for my soothing touch."

"Of course, you'll let us drive you back to the Royal Palm," says Hart.

"Sorry but I can't give you that pleasure. It would throw you out of your way, for one thing, and besides, I slipped up on my diet yesterday and have to work off those extra delicacies I let Hart inveigle me into absorbing at the Tropical Gardens."

They both try to argue the question out with me, but in the end I win out, my sex helping me considerably. Being of the speaker-sex is a great help to a girl in these everyday debates. To start out with, her general wordage is considerable, heavier. Then, again, when she can't get by on arguments, all she has to do is forget there is such a thing as logic, and slip in two or three thousand horse-power words—"just because." We've been razed to death, really, on the abuse of those two words but there's nothing like them to help a girl get the long end of an open forum affair.

When Hart's boat pulled out of sight, I started in on my dirty work. First of all, I had fibbed to the boys; I had no more intention of getting back to the Royal Palm than I had of flying—and heaven knows, I'm no member of the feathered kingdom. An idea or two had been sorted active in my little ole bean and ideas are so rare these days that when they do come, it's best to give them preferred attention which meant immediate action in this instance.

Lotta time has been wasted showing sympathy on women. We don't need sympathy. It's the men who do. In, I don't know how many ways, we have the advantage over them. All we need to get by with colors flying is a good modiste, a good milliner, a good hair dresser and a fair knowledge of the make-up box. The only advantage a man has over a woman is that he can go home late alone; but where the heck is the fun of going home late when you have to do it alone?

On that particular morning, I'm glad that I gave considerable attention to my personal appearance before starting out because after I had ditched Hart and Blas it sure came in useful. Of course, I had to freshen up my complexion a bit and give an extra saucy twist to my hat. It's the big things in life that count—and complexion and hats are about the biggest things that I can think of when it comes to creating a good impression with a man you hope to get some valuable information out of. In less than an hour, after leaving my two partners in crime, I had flopped down in my chair before the switchboard—but in that time I managed to get some mighty good tips.

I was just getting back into good running order again when the noon whistle blows. It seemed like petty larceny to knock off again on the management but feed time is feed time, so I turned over the board and looked around for Hart and Blas. My patience is about exhausted when they put in their appearance. And if looks count for anything they have as much good cheer in them as a mocking bird has teeth. But I check their tale of grief until we're ribbing a table and the chef is wrestling with our orders. Then, I give the signal that opens the floodgates—and, ho, what a deluge I get."

"Well, how does the property look to you?" I ask.

In answer, I get a duet of groans that harmonize pretty with their joint looks. Then, Hart leans across the table to me confidentially.

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"If you take my advice, sister," he says, "you'll ask Withbee to keep the deed and give us, maybe, an old Tin Lizzie he might have hanging around his house. If he hasn't an old Tin Lizzie, tell him we'll be grateful for anything else he might have—anything but the property. That way, we'll be getting the best of the deal."

"What's wrong with the land?" I want to know.

"Land? Ha, ha!" replies Blas mirthlessly. "you're nothing but a flatterer, that's what you are."

"Land?" joins in Hart. "As far as I know, there might not be anything the matter with it. Frankly, I didn't get to see it."

"You mean to say you didn't go out there?" I demand.

"Sure we went out there," Hart remarks.

"Then why didn't you see the land?"

"Well, one reason—the main one—is that we're not fishes," Hart explains. "Here's the story, Kit. We went out looking for land and found water. Nobody, including Noah and Columbus, ever saw a prettier aquatic scene. It's about as far from the Dixie Highway as it is from the heart of town. But that's not the real drawback. If the old man gave us that amount of land on the Highway, he'd be giving us a fortune. The location, however, is not bad—it's on the banks of the bay; the only trouble is, you can't tell where the land ends and where the bay begins."

"If we wanted to sell it," Blas snorts, "we'd have to sell it by the quart, not by the foot."

"The truth of the matter is, as I see it, the property has been a drag on the old man for years," Hart continues. "Not being able to sell it, the taxes have been eating up its original value. Of course, it could be filed in with a dredge, but that would be a considerable expense and, as the building movement has not been in that direction, it might be years before he'd realize anything from it. He figured that he was obligated to us, on account of last night, and now he's kind enough to want to saddle us with all this grief connected with the property."

"You can't look a gift horse in the mouth," I remind him.

"Who says you can't?" Blas growls.

"Besides, it ain't a horse he's trying to give us."

"What do you want to do?" Hart demands. "Assume the responsibility for future taxes with little possibility for future profit?"

"How do you know there is little possibility for future profit?" I ask. Hart throws up his hands in disgust.

"After I've gone to the trouble of explaining the situation to her," he remarks to Blas, "she has the power to sit there and ask a fool question like that. Lissen, Kitty, the land, to be at all valuable, would have to be reclaimed and neither Blas nor I have any money worth talking about to our names."

"That doesn't mean that you won't have the money when the time comes for the reclaiming," I tell him.

"Do I understand you to say you have ten or twenty grand that you are willing to throw my way?" he demands.

"Would twenty thousand do the trick?"

"It would help considerably," Hart replies. "Aw, quit stringing me, Kit. I know you're only fooling. You haven't any more than—maybe not as much as we have in the home for happy greenies."

"I know I haven't," I announce. "But maybe I can get it."

"Yech, and maybe a rattle snake has feathers," he says gloomily. "Here comes our hash dispenser with our orders."

"Before we fall to," I tell him, "I want you to promise me one thing."

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MIAMI, FLORIDA
"Shoot."
"Promise me that when we call at Witherbee's office, at five o'clock this evening, you won't turn down his gift."
"All right, all right," he replies, about as cheerful as O'Sullivan would be if they passed a law against rubber heels. "Come on. Let's getigation."
I waited impatiently for five o'clock to come because our visit to o.d man Witherbee's office meant a whole lot to me—more than it meant to Hart and Bias although they were as much interested in the outcome of the interview as I was. And, of course, I had to be late. The frizzly hair of the tabby who checks in for the first night shift couldn't possibly be on time. It was loomy for me to expect her to be. There I was, stalled at the switchboard until nineteen past
manipulating the plugs like a crazy woman. And to make matters worse, both Hart and Bias were at my elbow pulling their watches on me every second and tapping the counter nervously. But when the cat finally did show up maybe I didn't give her an elegant capitulation of my feelings. Creeping crocodiles! That baby slid into his chair as meek and humble as a temp-erance advocate at the Fraternal Order of Bootleggers' annual banquet.

Once I had calmed my feelings on that head bowed female I felt much better and from that moment we made time. We puffed into Witherbee's office nearly a half hour late, but at that, we beat Prescott to the post. The old man was sore at us but soror at Prescott. Seeing that I had the stage for at least a few minutes, I asked Witherbee for a private interview. Hart and Bias exchanged surprised looks but that didn't make me skip a breath. They had far, far greater surprises in store for them.

When I and the old man come out of conference we're real chummy—I'm calling him "Pops" and he's calling me "Little Girl." If that isn't fast work, I'm a bot-tle-nosed palooka. I'm not one to throw posies at myself—but consider that material I had to work with. And no sooner are we set-tered in our chair than the door flies open and who bursts in on us but His Royal Sleness, Kid Prescott, himself.

Everything was in order. The transfer was hunky-dory in all respect except that our signatures were needed. This, Prescott explained, could be remedied immediately. So we all set down on the dotted line.

"Prescott," says the old man admiringly, "you deserve credit for the work. Frankly, I didn't think you could do it.

"The evid-moe is here," replies Prescott with the modesty of a peacock. "It was difficult but not impossible."

"Tell it to him," breaks in Blas. "Go ahead. Don't be bashful. Let him know how good you are."

Prescott sets his jaws and a nasty look comes in his eyes. But he doesn't answer Blas. He speaks, instead, to all three of us.

"I've completed my part of the contract," he says. "Now, I must ask you to fulfill yours."

He spreads the "scrap of paper" on Witherbee's desk and offers me his fountain pen. I accept it but don't get down on the dotted line right away.

"I know you won't raise any row when I ask you to explain why you want me to sign this," I tell him.

"Certainly not," he replies. "Mr. Wither-bee's explanation of this morning was very concise. However, as you seem to have a poor memory, I'll go over the details again. There is a story being circulated around town that I, unoaided, captured the two men who tried to hold up Mr. Witherbee and myself last night. I haven't encouraged the story. It's wonderful publicity for a man in my profession. In return for my legal services in this real estate transfer, I've

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

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

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

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

—P. & S.—

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Wholesale Lands Exclusively
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Investments—

You missed securing one of those large tracts that I listed last month by not taking quick action, practically every one sold and the rest advanced in price. Have a few good acres left, butter me up if you want one of them.

Twenty-eight thousand acres with 12½ miles of rail and bay frontage; seven miles of railroad through property; 65 million feet of virgin pine timber. Price for quick sale $40 an acre in fee simple, one fifth cash, ten years to pay for remainder; 6% interest.

Thirtv thousand acres, south Florida, good farming and truck soil with some fruit land; worth more money than is asked. Price $12 an acre.

Fourteen thousand acres in middle south Florida, not far from railroad; five miles of lake frontage. Dirt cheap at $10 an acre.

Two hundred thousand acres in south Georgia; railroad on two sides: 200 million feet yellow pine; 50 crops turpentine now in operation; enough timber for 50 more crops; 180 shanties; 80 miles; 3 dwellings, 225 head cattle, 540 head hogs; 15 miles of railroad, one locomotive. Price $6 an acre including EVERYTHING. Terms. Here is an investment equal to buying a Wall Street lot in New York City at half price.

J. F. STEBBINS
P. O. Box 2945 Tampa, Fla.

asked, as a favor, that you let the story stand as it is.

"And you wouldn't use this—scrap of paper for any other purpose?" I inquire innocently.

"Most assuredly not," he exclaims. "Sure about that, Mr. Prescott?" I insist.

"Positive!" he blurs out. "Why are you laying emphasis on such a small, such an insignificant detail?"

"Because I think you’re giving me the raspberry, big boy," I reply.

Hart jumps to his feet.

"For heaven’s sake, Kit, calm yourself," he protests. "Play in low, sister. If you ask me, I’ll say Mr. Prescott did us a mighty big favor in ditching all his other work so that he could railroad the property transfer through for us. There was no real reason why he should play up to that easy whim of yours to have the property in our name before night."

"Keep away from Cleveland," I warn Hart, "or they’ll string your head with wires and call it an electric globe. Who wanted the property by night? All I wanted was time to investigate—time to get some dope on this buzzard. And I’ve got it! Savvy? Got it!"

"But we practically promised to sign that document," he insists.

"What we practically agreed to do was let him keep the credit for capturing the James boys. But when we agreed to doing that he forgot to mention certain important facts about their history. He forgot to mention that they had knocked-off the wife of an Illinois millionaire last year. He forgot to mention that the millionaire had sworn to devote the rest of his life and all his kule, if necessary, for their capture. He forgot to mention that thousands had already been spent and all the good it did was to fatten up the swindles sheets of professionally lame operatives. And he forgot to mention that there was a standing reward of twenty-five grand to their capture—something that we would have signed away our rights to if we had put our John Hancock down on that scrap of paper of his."

Prescott starts fingering his watch chain nervously and looks as if he would welcome a T. N. C. explosion in the building or some other form of light division so that we’d get our minds off him.

"Maybe Mr. Prescott didn’t know about these things," argues Hart, big hearted fellow that he is. "Give him the benefit of the doubt."

"When I say he forgot to mention them," I reply, "I’m doing more than giving him the benefit of the doubt; I’m granting him an absolute concession. Because I happen to know he was wise to all the facts long before he saw this morning."

"Are you going to sign this paper?" Prescott demands.

"That’s crust!" I say admiringly. "Asking us to sign it after he knows we’re hip to the dope."

"Very well, then," he snaps, folding up the paper and putting it in his pocket. "The only reason I asked for your signatures was to avoid possible unpleasantness with you in the future. Take my advice and don’t put up any fight. It won’t do you any good. I’m entitled to the reward. I delivered the culprits into custody."

"Just a moment," pipes up the old man. "I think you’re wrong about that, Prescott. I admire you in a professional way very. This little girl and her friends are entitled to it. They did the capturing. And while very much, I’m sure I’ll stand by them and see that justice is done. However, that won’t affect our professional relationship. In perfect honesty, I wouldn’t trust you out of my sight—but that’s just the type of man I want for a lawyer."

After Prescott has Very Good-ed himself out of the office we pull our freight.
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near his northern investments will be

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address the 45-year-old, reliable "BRUCE

SERVICE" for investors, 303 Tampa

Street, Tampa, or if more convenient, plainly write your

Name above and address below.

Detach and mail to above address.


I throw the old man a kiss from the doorway just to give him a devilish feeling. It pays in the long run.

"We are spinning along in Hart's Packard when he remarked:

"Sister, you're good. You slipped it over all of us this morning. Nobody would have guessed you had anything else on your mind but to get the property in our names before night. And to think you were only playing for time!"

"Howling heathens! You didn't gulp that bunk?" I reply.

"Then what was on your mind?" Hart demands.

"Well, from the way he seemed to crave our John Hancocks I suspected there was a reward mixed up in it somewhere. Also, I figured Witherbee didn't know anything about it. Otherwise, he wouldn't have offered us anything additional. The thing was to get him transferred before wising him up. Clear now, ole egg? 'Very good.' Home James!"

Next Month—Another Kitty Page Story.

Editorials

(Continued from page 16)

"Florida is the second largest state in the Union east of the Mississippi River. Its generous area is comparable to the large and varied mineral resources within its borders. Within the state occurs the most extensively developed phosphate fields in the world; widespread deposits of limestones and marls; clays, including fuller's earth and high grade kaolin, as well as those used in the manufacture of building brick, hollow building tile, drain tile and pottery products; vast areas of peat and muck; building sands and gravel, gyp­site; diatomaceous earth and abundant supplies of mineral and artesian waters. In the list of mineral resources the production of ilmenite, rutile and zircon from the beach sands on the Atlantic Coast is deserving of special mention."

FLORIDA MAGIC

He found it not, the gallant knight—

With all his lordly train,

Who lands and castles left behind,

To sail the Spanish Main.

Yet it is here, that Fountain Fair,

Transmuted tho' it be—

Diffused thro' every golden air

That blows o'er sun-kissed sea.

Bright Florida renewes our youth;

De Leon's quest was based on truth!

—LEONORA BECK ELLIS.

Don't Miss

ROBERT W. CHAMBERS

Great Story

"PASQUE FLORIDA"

In the May

Suniland Magazine

The Editors of SUNILAND believe the best is none too good for their readers and announce with a great deal of pride a series of Florida stories by America's best known writers.

WATCH FOR THEM IN

SUNILAND

"The Magazine of Florida"
Satisfactory Service and Results

We handle business property, long term leases, industrial locations, residence property, building lots, acreage and, in fact, every detail of the general real estate brokerage business.

Our long experience in this business is a factor of inestimable value to the purchaser and seller.

Our reputation is established. Our prestige has been built up on satisfactory service and results to both the seller and the buyer. As a result our clients are steadily increasing in numbers as our business records show.

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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 necessitites 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 Re-Sale 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.

I. N. BEERY, JR.
Sales Manager
Hollywood, Florida.

The Florida Home
A Department Conducted By
JANE WAY

IT IS fitting to consider Irish potatoes just now since Florida's Irish potato center, Hastings, produces about 20% of the South's Irish potato crop and this is the chief month for digging these delicious Florida tubers. Potatoes may of course be dug earlier if the season is "forward," but April generally sees the most pronounced activity in harvesting them.

As food potatoes are extremely important. Essentially starchy, they mean fuel for the body; heat and energy. There is also a valuable percentage of fiber with a small proportion of mineral matter and nitrogen in them. Some of the new food theories claim that potatoes (and other starchy foods) should not be eaten with the protein-filled meats, but, instead, combined with green vegetables and fruits at a meal, the proteins, eaten at other meals, also combined with green vegetables and fruits. Leaving aside this matter, potatoes for human digestion should be thoroughly and properly cooked and not go into the stomach loaded with the indigestible fast which too frequently are to be found in the ordinary "fried potatoes." Delicious as fried potatoes may be, they are not usually wholesome. There are a few dainty forms of fried potatoes which are extremely tempting and if carefully cooked need not be "greasy," but there are so many variations possible with this tuber that no one need have "plain potatoes" even though one avoids the fried form.

There is one bit of cookery-witchery which transforms a very simple, plain, potato dish into one even more wholesome and yet daintily artistic: the use of parsley. Of itself, parsley has tonic properties; because of its distinctive and appetizing flavor adds zest to the palate and through its color and grace of form invites the eye. It may be grown the year round in Florida (I have known parsley plants to live here — grown in a box — through four successive seasons), and even in the North a box in the kitchen will, with proper care, thrive throughout the winter providing endless garnishes and beautifying many an otherwise quite unattractive dish of soup, meat or salad as well as of potatoes. Lyonnaise Potatoes, Potatoes a la Maitre d'Hotel and O'Brien Potatoes are three of which parsley is a special feature, but it may be added to other potato preparations according to choice. For instance, with "plain boiled" potatoes, a sprinkling of minced parsley will add a "company" air with no trouble at all.

Do not serve potatoes with other starchy foods, as macaroni or rice. Even bread, being also essentially starchy, it is just as well not to eat with potatoes. Potatoes combined with milk, cheese or egg, furnish so substantial a dish that meat is not necessary at the same meal. In Florida, therefore, where our wonderful, warm weather makes it the part of wisdom not to eat much meat we have this delightful climatic reason for experimenting fully with our Florida Irish potatoes and substituting them for this heavier food.

Lyonnaise Potatoes

Peel some uncooked potatoes; dice them and place in a frying pan in which one tablespoonful of minced onion has been lightly browned in a tablespoonful of butter. Sprinkle the potato with a little salt and pepper, then cook carefully, shaking the pan often until browned. Place in a...
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serving dish; sprinkle with a heaping tablespoonful of minced parsley and serve hot.

O'Brien Potatoes

There are three ways to prepare O'Brien Potatoes, but the friend form is omitted here. For the second form slice rather thin some uncooked, peeled potatoes. Slice also some sweet peppers and fill a buttered baking dish three-fourths full with alternate layers of the two vegetables. To each layer of potato add a teaspoonful of flour and a sprinkle of salt and pepper. Have a potato layered on top. Add a half cupful each of milk and pepper liquor or one cup of milk. Sprinkle with breadcrumbs and bits of butter then bake in a moderately brisk oven until the potato is done and the top well browned.

For the third form use cold, cooked potatoes, chopped. Allow for each quart of potato a heaped tablespoonful each of minced parsley and onion, six chopped sweet peppers and salt to season. Bake with a cup of milk as with the other form or brown well after cooking carefully in a frying pan till done.

Potatoes a la Maitre d'Hotel

This also, may be made with either cooked or uncooked potato. If uncooked, cut the tubers into tiny balls with the commercial cutters to be had for this purpose. Cook in boiling, salted water till barely tender; drain and place in a pan with a little cold milk, letting this absorb into the balls, shaking often to prevent burning. Serve with this sauce: One tablespoonful of butter and minced parsley and a teaspoonful of lemon-juice. You may dice cold, cooked potatoes, if you prefer, for this. Place in a saucepan with a cupful of milk or stock for each four (large) potatoes, cooking slowly from ten to fifteen minutes in a rather hot oven or until well serve.

Savoy or Milanaise Potatoes

In a buttered baking-pan alternate layers of diced, uncooked potatoes and grated cheese, placing on the potato layers bits of butter and to each of three layers add a teaspoonful of flour. When the pan is three-fourths full nearly cover the layers with milk; add grated cheese with a sprinkling of paprika and bake till quite done and well browned.

Philadelphia Potatoes

Wash, but do not scrape small, new potatoes and boil till done. When cool, skin and slice them. Allow for three cups of potato a sauce made of two tablespoonfuls of butter rubbed smooth (over heat) with one of flour and three-fourths pint of milk, seasoning with salt and pepper. Place half the potato in a buttered baking-dish and pour upon it half the sauce. Add the remainder of the potato, then the rest of the sauce and over the whole pour a well-beaten egg. Bake in a quick oven until the egg is set, when serve.

Good Ladies' Potatoes

Prepare mashed potatoes, seasoning well and beating very light. Place in one large baking dish or in smaller, individual ones; sprinkle with minced parsley and breadcrumbs; dot well with butter and bake ten minutes a rather hot oven or until well browned.

Delmonico Potatoes

For each pint of fine-chopped cold, boiled potatoes, allow a half pint of cream, a teaspoonful of salt, pinch of white pepper and three tablespoonfuls of butter. Rub an onion vigorously over the bottom of a shallow baking-pan or dish, then put in the potato; pour over it first the cream and then the butter, melted. Brown in a quick oven.

Price's Potatoes

These are a wholesome form of croquette, being baked instead of fried. Press hot, mashed potato (well seasoned), into

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ANY KIND OF PROPERTY
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“All right, say it, old boy.”

“Well, I am putting on a subdivision, and naturally will need a bird’s-eye view painting.”

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The Most Wonderful Opportunity in Florida
For An Experienced Developer or Subdivision Organization

The shaded portion at the right of Tampa on the map above shows 2,800 acres of the most beautiful land available in the state of palms and pines.

This tract lies at the city limits of Tampa, the most progressive city in America today. It stretches for six miles along Hillsborough Bay. It is cut by many small streams and borders Palm River. Tamiami Trail, Florida’s scenic highway, one of the best roads in the state, skirts the tract. A causeway is proposed which will link it with the center of Tampa. The Seaboard Air Line Railroad passes through the property.

The northern 600 of the 2,800 acres can be bought in one unit. We shall be pleased to furnish full details as to price, terms and description to responsible persons or organizations able to handle a proposition of this magnitude.

Lloyd-Skinner Realty Company
108 East Lafayette Street
Tampa, Florida
Fine Location
Townsite
Pasco County

1,400 acres of high rolling land within five miles of Dade City, practically surrounded by small towns, with three railroads, two highly improved highways, as well as an electric power line through the property.

This tract is imminently suited as a townsite, and has perhaps, more natural assets for this purpose than any other like size piece of property that I know of. It is in one block, and has not to exceed three acres of waste land on the boundary. A portion of it is cleared and fenced. Some few houses and other improvements, which all go with the property.

Price, $105 per acre. Terms, one-fourth cash, balance to be arranged.

Lamar Rankin
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Phone 2425 Tampa, Florida

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Quick Results! assured on sale of property listed with us. Send description today if you want to sell.

M. D. MORSE
101 S. E. First St. Miami, Florida

griddle or in a hot oven. When done split and butter, serving at once.

Potato Hot Bread
To one pint of mashed potato add one or two beaten eggs, two teaspoonfuls of baking-powder sifted with enough flour to make rather a stiff dough. If the potato has no butter in it add two tablespoonfuls of butter and season with salt. Roll out in a round sheet and bake on a griddle or in a quick oven. The flour and baking-powder may be omitted and the potato mixture baked in a buttered dish or pan. This form is called "Potato Puff."

White Potato Custard Pie (Mrs. Roper)
For one pie grate two large potatoes into a pint of milk. Beat two eggs (unsalted) until light; add milk and potato. Add one-half cup of sugar, a teaspoonful of cinnamon, a grating of nutmeg, or you may add the juice and rind of a lemon. Mix thoroughly, pour into a deep paste-lined pan and bake in a quick oven thirty minutes.

Suniland Letter Contest
(Continued from page 54)

own. Smilingly she beckons and welcomes those who have the vision to see, to create for themselves success, joy and happiness and plenty.

"That's what I came here to accomplish—to get away from the weary grind of life, to inherit my birthright, and live the life abundant with less strenuous effort, and more favorable conditions, to get me over the top in the struggle for life and existence. Every wide awake man or woman can have his heart's desire and well thought out day dreams fulfilled at a minimum effort in the glorious and wonderful State of Florida."

Whoever devised the term of ridicule, "a woman's reason," certainly knew not whereof he spoke. Listen to the points advanced by Helen Holley of Miami who frankly says she came to Florida because she wanted to—and has never moved away because she wanted to stay:

"Why did I come to Florida?
"I came because I wanted to. And why did I WANT to come to Florida? Well, I wanted to come to Florida for the same reason that people want to go to Heaven. I had heard about it all my life—heard about the climate, and the scenery, and the people, until I finally thought I couldn't live another minute if I didn't see it all for myself.

"So I came down to spend the winter—to get away from the snow and ice of the North for a few months, at least. Incidentally, I wasn't very well and I thought a change of scenery and climate would do me good.

"It did. After I had been here two months I had gained twenty pounds, and I was perfectly happy. Florida grew and grew on me, and when finally the time came for me to go back home I was actually miserable. Think of it! Being miserable because you have to go home! Yet I had only come down for a short winter season, and I owned a doting mother and father in the North who were waiting for me to return to the fold.

"I had to leave my beloved Florida, and I shed many bitter tears on my way home. You see, I never expected to come back again. It was my one 'dingle' and it was over.

"Well, I came back, I had to come back. Florida drew me as a magnet draws to itself the little shavings of steel. I could no more keep away from this wonderland than I could keep from breathing. I had the Florida sand in my shoes.

"And since then I've stayed—for over four years. Furthermore, I expect to remain for the rest of my life.

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YOU CAN
Master Touch Typewriting
Chart and 15 Lessons
by Mail $5.00

"Key after key, day by day, in the right way, raises our pay, higher and higher."

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MRS. ADA COWAN KENDRICK
141 N. E. Second St. Miami, Fla.
KEEP STEP WITH PROGRESS
and Get More Out of Life

The day of the oil lamp has gone—bless the smoky, dirty, smelly old thing—it was all right in its day, but it has outlived its usefulness. This is the age of progress and along with the ancient lamp will soon follow some other antiques—the foul smelling oil stove, the dirty, troublesome coal and wood stoves, the disease breeding ice box and the use of hard water. You use automatic time and labor saving devices in business. Did you ever stop to think about the faithful wife—struggling along with equipment that’s been out of date for years. Don’t you honestly think the conveniences of life are all one sided? Well then, let’s get together and fix up the home. Let’s make it so convenient half the work of home keeping will be eliminated. And you’ll be happier and more comfortable and get a lot more out of life.

THE SKINNER GAS MAKER
The first thing let’s do is to put in the kitchen the Skinner Gas Maker. It makes gas from gasoline in a carburetor buried in the ground outside. This gasoline gas is clean, hot and cheap. It’s better than city coal gas, is not poisonous and is non-asphyxiating.

With gas for cooking and for heating water for the bath, you have eliminated the oil, coal and wood stoves with all their foul odors, dirt and inconvenience, and substituted a Clark Jewel gas stove with 3 regular, one simmering and one jumbo burners, baking oven and broiler oven.

With this equipment installed you have instantly available a dependable, economical and wonderfully convenient fuel for cooking and baking.

We’ve shortened your wife’s hours of labor, made her kitchen work much easier and have added some years to her life—we’ve done a good job. Let’s turn next to the refrigerator.

WHY BOTHER WITH ICE
Every time the ice man comes he leaves a trail of mud and water through the kitchen. Then there are drain pipes to contend with, wet floors underneath and an uncertain temperature all the time. Let’s put in the Serv-El Electric Refrigerator. It requires no attention except an occasional oiling. It maintains 40 degrees automatically all the time. The air is cold, dry, crisp. Foods keep indefinitely—it’s the cold storage temperature. Prevents tainted foods getting on the family table, makes your own ice for table use. Freezes ices, sherbets, etc.

KLEEN HEET
The Approved Oil Burner

Let’s next put in an honest— to goodness heating plant. Kleen Heet is our choice—it’s listed as “standard” by the Insurance Underwriters. It burns oil and makes a big stride forward in home comfort. It is clean—it eliminates the coal man and all that means. It is economical—burns cheap fuel oils. It is safe—no oil storage inside. It is automatic—starts and stops when needed—no fuel waste.

And there you have a system that keeps you comfortable no matter what the conditions outside. There are no fires to build, no ashes to carry out, no furnace to fire. With Kleen Heet on the job tending furnace is a bad dream of the past.

Write us for further information on any of these home conveniences. We have catalogs and circulars going more into detail which will answer any point not clear to you. Of if you live near any of our Branch Offices, drop in and see the equipment in operation.

It Will Pay You to See the Skinner Man, or Write

SKINNER MACHINERY COMPANY
DUNEDIN, FLORIDA

DISPLAY ROOMS
St. Petersburg, Fla.—18-31 Florida Arcade Building
Miami, Fla.—1229 N. E. Second Avenue
Tampa, Fla.—1319 Florida Avenue

SPECIAL REPRESENTATIVES
Clearwater—H. T. Simpson, 901 E. Turner Street
Orlando—Guyton Melton, San Juan Hotel
Lakeland—Geo. Blackburn, Elks Hotel
Sarasota—T. O. Mitchell, Wida Hotel
Bradenton—A. K. Whitaker, Box 274
Florida Investment Acreage

33,000 acres in a compact, single tract, about midway between Sarasota and Sebring, in the heart of the richest, fastest growing section of Florida. Soil is principally extra good pine land (cutover), partly rolling, very little low. High character of soil is indicated by the fact that it yielded 2,000 board feet per acre on second cutting. Is near C. H. & N. Ry., and is crossed by hard surfaced highway. Is an excellent investment at $10 per acre. One-fourth cash; balance, one, two, three and four years, with 6% interest. An adjoining 4,000 acres can be obtained if desired.

Jones-Blank Realty Company, Inc.

REALTORS
202 Madison Street, Tampa, Florida
Phones 3892 and 3872

A Contributor We Love to Touch

A northern college has just made a prominent Florida man a Doctor of Literature. It was not known before that he was a writer, but, it is said, in this case, his literary effort was presented on a check.

* * *

Saved

George Washington Alexander White was big, black and had curious ideas as to the use of slang. After his first, last and only trip as a porter he exhibited samples of plain, fancy and the ordinary garden variety of slang, but the climax came at a negro revival. George had gone through several nights of bodily and spiritual struggle before he finally "came through." Leaping to his feet he shouted: "Glory Halleluia. Praise the Lord. I'm a saved sinner—hot dawg!"

* * *

Ungrateful Cuss

Ed Howe edited the Crossville Banner and Lou White was manager of the Crossville opera house. On the morning after Howes had roast.ed a show at the opera house, which he viewed from a complimentary box seat, White met him on the street and said, "You remind me of Bill Bachbighter."

"Eh, how's that?" asked Howe. "Bill was taking a short cut through a timber pasture when he saw Miss Abigail and Miss Tabitha, two elderly spinsters, swimming in the creek without bathing suits. Bill got his eye full and then spent the next two weeks telling folks what novelty figures the girls had. When Miss Tabitha heard about his remarks she was mad as a hornet."

"The sneaking pup, ' she cried. 'We ought to horsewhip him!'

"Pooh,' said Miss Abigail, 'I don't think that a deadhead has any right to complain about the quality of the entertainment!"

* * *

Good at It

'They say that the hardest thing for an actor to do is to remain perfectly motionless," remarked the man who is always telling you things you never even suspected. "Well," remarked the busy man, "if that is true, I have a man in my plant who is a perfect actor."

* * *

Absolutely Not

Some nitwit writes to the editor to know if the artists who draw the pictures for store ads from real life actually get paid for it. For his benefit we remark that every married man knows that those pictures are not drawn from life.

Safety First

They say that a tourist who is spending the winter with us actually consulted the state game laws before setting a mouse trap.

One Mile Square

640 Acres
15 Miles from Tampa—split by railroad, and containing a beautiful fresh water lake. Ideally located for subdividing into 16 forty-acre farms and groves, which would now sell for more than double price asked.

All property offered is owned or controlled by us—

McMaster & Master
REAL ESTATE
TAMPA, FLORIDA
130 Feet On Franklin Street Running Through to Florida Avenue

This piece of property fronting 130 feet on Franklin street and running back a depth of 172 feet with a frontage of 130 feet on Florida avenue, is the most choice piece of property of its size and with a frontage on both Franklin street and Florida avenue, that we know of. This property on the north adjoins a 15-foot alley and the party owning the abutting property has agreed to give 10 feet additional, making a 25-foot street through from Franklin street to Florida avenue, affording two very desirable corners.

Property now improved with frame buildings paying sufficient income to take care of all taxes, insurance, etc., and leave a small percentage for carrying the property. Within a very short time this property will bring $1,000.00 per front foot on both streets.

For price and terms call or see

Beckwith & Warren Company
REALTORS
“Established 1887”
Phone 2658
First National Bank Building
TAMPA, FLORIDA

Overheard in Tampa
First Bank Robber: “Drive on to the next bank, Bill; you can’t park in this street.”

Lifesavers
“What ever is keeping the Jones family afloat?”
“Oh, they have a raft of friends.”

A Rose By Any Other Name
An Irish section hand on a Northern Florida railroad was seriously injured and taken to a hospital.
“An’ what did ye say the docther’s name might be, nurse, dear?”
“Dr. Kilpatrick. He’s the senior house physician.”

“That settles it,” muttered the injured man. “He’ll never be gettin’ a chance at me.”

“Why not?” inquired the nurse. “He is a very skillful surgeon.”

“Be that as it may, but me name happens to be Patrick.”

Wise Boy
A young man with every evidence of great mental agitation walked into the office of a Jacksonville business man recently. He hesitated a moment, then, with the air of one who has abandoned all hope and decided to take the final plunge, come what may, he approached the smiling young lady in charge of the outer office.

“Is this Mr. Blank’s office?”
He was informed that it was.

“Mr. Stephen W. Blank?”
“Yes.”

“Is he in?”
“Yes. Would you like to see him?”

“N-n-no. No, thank you. But could you tell me how long he will be here?”

“Why, Mr. Blank will be in his office all afternoon. But he can see you right now.”

“Thank you just the same, but I think I shall call on his daughter.”

Arent They, Though?
Sitting in the park at Orlando one day recently, we overheard a muchly overdressed woman remark pensively:

“The poor we have with us always.”

“Yes,” replied her companion, “and aren’t their flivvers a terrible nuisance?”

Might Be
Chief: “Do you mean to say that this man choked this woman to death in a well lighted dance hall right here in Tampa with the hall full of people looking on?”

Cop: “Well, you see, Chief, everybody thought they were dancing.”

More Than He Wanted
A maiden lady of Ft. Myers awakened in the middle of the night to find a man in her room. She didn’t faint and she didn’t scream. Instead, she indicated an armchair and said, “Sit down there, sir; I want to talk to you.”

An hour later there came a frantic ring on the telephone at police headquarters, and an anguishd voice said:

“There’s a burglar in Miss Spinster’s bedroom at 633 Blank Street, send the police at once.”

“All right,” answered headquarters, “We’ll be there in a moment. Is this Miss Spinster speaking?”

“No,” came the anguished reply, “this is the burglar.”

“Quality Fertilizer for Quality Fruit”
SUNILAND takes pleasure in introducing to readers this month, R. S. Hanford, its Managing Editor, who supervises the editorial policies of this magazine. Mr. Hanford is perhaps best known as the man who built up Photoplay Magazine from a small class publication to a position of eminence in the magazine field. Other than that he has proved a successful finance man, and, as Irvin Cobb boasts of himself, "A good reporter, which is a mighty scarce article."

Mr. Hanford was born 37 years ago in Iowa and at the age of 16 joined an uncie of his in Southern Missouri "to learn the lumber manufacturing business from the ground up. But the young man's inclination leaned toward writing rather than producing lumber, and at the age of 19 he went to Chicago, where he broke into the newspaper game as a "cub" with the old City Press Association. About this time Theodore Dreiser was nervously roaming the streets of the Windy City in search of "color"; Ben Hcht was a boy dreaming of a job on the "Trib;" and justin Smith was one of the "boys" in the city room of the Chicago daily, of which he is now city editor.

For two years Hanford served as a reporter covering police and court "runs" and then Federal courts where he covered the International Harvester and other investigations conducted by the government in its "trust-busting" crusade. For a time he was with the old St. Louis Globe-Democrat, returning to Chicago when the City Press Association became the City News Bureau of Chicago, virtually the Chicago department of the Associated Press. Two years more in the Windy City, and then Hanford departed for New York to go with the Hearst organization. Then the magazine field beckoned and he started "Moving Picture Stories," a weekly publication, for the Frank Tousey Publishing Company. As a result of his success with that publication he was offered complete editorial charge of Photoplay, back in Chicago, then a small magazine with a circulation of less than 30,000. Fifteen months later the public had begun to recognize Photoplay as the leading motion picture magazine and its circulation had jumped to over 150,000. Mr. Hanford then launched "Movie Pictorial," a weekly for the same company, but this was discontinued when he resigned on account of a trip to Missouri to engage in the land and lumber business. After the United States entered the World War in 1917, Hanford enlisted in the Air Service and served as a Sergeant, first-class, until January 1919. He then became connected with a large land development company in Eastern North Carolina. His health became poor in 1921 and he came to Florida for recuperation.

Florida's finest and pure air gave him back his former good health and in return he has helped materially in developing a REAL Florida. For the "quality" cause of readers is his success with his wide experience and undoubted talent in the field of magazine and newspaper work.

In newspaper and magazine circles there is always a great deal of talk about "quality" circulation, a term used to distinguish between the classes of readers of different publications. A magazine or paper is said to have "quality" circulation when it attracts a large number of substantial people and a fair percentage of the wealthier homes. Department stores, automobile dealers and other merchants in the better class commodities demand "quality" circulation among things in order that their advertising may reach a class of buyers who are able to purchase their goods.

Suniland has always had as its aim the cultivation of "quality" circulation. Its editors have tried to make it a "quality" publication and no trouble nor expense has been spared that it might possess the appeal that rich, yet simple good taste would give to it. That it has succeeded in appealing to the minds of its readers is evident by a glance at recent additions to the subscription lists.

There are now such names as John D. Rockefeller, Jr., and Perc Rockfeller; William Jennings Bryan, Richard H. Edmonds, Senator Nat. B. Dial, Frank Adair and scores of other men who are reading Suniland. It even goes to the White House, Col. E. M. Starling, military aide to Calvin Coolidge, and to whom all the president's mail goes, being on our lists. In Washington, Suniland is also read in the Armand and Cosmos Club; in New York by the New York Bankers Club.

Practically every northern dealer in Florida bond issues is on the rolls. In Teledex, Suniland enters the offices of the Paul Prudden, Strahan-Harris-Oates, W. L. Slaton and Spitzor-Rorick companies. It is scanned by executives of the Bank of America, the American Exchange National, and the Chemical National banks of New York City. In New York list are also Walter B. Bonwit of Bonwit-Teller; Peake- Peacock and Herr; G. Kirchner, of Double-day-Parker Company; G. L. Miller, president of G. L. Miller and Company; T. R. Raff, vice-president of the American Smelting and Refining Company; A. T. Thompson, of the Phlips-Dodge Corporation, and others.

Suniland travels literally to Greenland's icy mountains from Florida's coral strand. It comes home from the Great Skagway and Seward, Alaska, and is received in Egypt, Holland, South Africa, Switzerland, Mexico, England, Han- way, Canada, the Canal Zone and dozens of other faraway countries.

INCIDENTALLY, while speaking of circulation, it might be mentioned that Suniland is now facing the most extraordinary situation that ever confronted a magazine published in the South. All agents have been instructed to cease soliciting subscriptions and to take only those applications that are accompanied by consistent demands. This unusual situation is the result of Suniland's phenomenal growth which has surpassed the magazine's printing facilities. Since the January issue there has been no ability in the demand for Suniland at a rate of better than a thousand new subscribers each week. As a consequence the printing capacity has been reached for the present and stop-orders have been issued news dealers and agents. However, Suniland is making plans to take care of its expansion and expects to have an announcement of interest to make in the next issue.

Suniland is being complimented by the greatest of its name throughout Florida. In fact Suniland must be about the most popular name there is in Florida just now judging from the number of concerns and people that are using it. There are now Suniland sub-divisions, poultry farms, garages, grocery stores, dairies, drug stores, cigar preserves, etc., etc., in a few days ago that a new town is to be named Suniland. Perhaps it wasn't a bad idea for the new Legislature to change the name of Florida to Suniland.

SUNILAND FLORIDA HUMOR CONTEST

Prizes will be awarded as follows for the best humorous incidents of Florida origin received by Suniland before April 20:

1st price $15.00
2nd price 10.00
3rd price 5.00
4th to 23rd prices 1.00

The song contest Editor is responsible for this. He discovered that Suniland rhymes with Suniland nicely; hence the idea of a Florida Humor Contest, a real Suniland Sweepstakes, free-for-all.

Visitors to Florida as well as residents often run across humorous incidents that will bear repetition and the editors of Suniland believe that its readers can have a lot of fun digging up some genuine Florida laughs.

In addition to prizes for the best jokes, as mentioned above, one dollar each will be paid for jokes found available for publication on Suniland's "Pieces of Eight" page in future issues. No manuscripts will be returned.

Only one restriction is imposed, that being that the jokes must have a Florida angle or setting. They need not even be original—but please be found.

Think over your experiences in Florida and jot down the humorous happenings you can remember. Then send them in.

HUMOR CONTEST EDITOR
Suniland Magazine, P. O. Box 2711
Tampa, Florida
PACKARD IN FLORIDA

Visit us this season. Ship us your car by boat or rail. We take care of freight and adjustments. Have car ready on your arrival.

Leave car with us when you return. We attend to all details for re-shipping. Packard’s service in South Florida.

CARY-CRANE MOTORS, Inc.
TAMPA
ST. PETERSBURG

C-1274
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The Land of Opportunity
Where one does not have to visualize but can actually see what has and is now being accomplished.
Where you can invest with safety either from a speculative or homeseite standpoint.

LAKE ALFRED, nestling in the beautiful hills of Polk County in the famous Ridge section offers many inducements and opportunities to those seeking a home or an investment

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Lake Alfred, Florida

“Down on the Dixie Highway”