ALL ROADS LEAD TO
HAINES CITY
South Florida's Most Strategic Investment Point

Where six of Florida's most important highways meet, in a colorful setting of lakes, groves and hills, 250 feet above sea-level, Haines City is caressed summer and winter by genial breezes. The hills and lakes of the vicinity make possible a year 'round sport program including hunting, riding, fishing, boating, bathing, tennis and golf. Added to the gifts which Nature has provided is an abundant supply of pure water.

Haines City will be the best paved city in the state when its present paving program, now under way, is completed. It will be 100 per cent paved! Many hundreds of thousands of dollars are now being expended on a great civic improvement program, which includes a new modern grammar school with all up-to-date features, an extensive system of storm and sanitary sewers, a new City Hall. An ideal city is in the making.

Building is going on in truly wonderful fashion. The new Hotel Polk, a half million dollar structure, will add to the beauty of the city and aid in taking care of the thousands who are coming to Haines City. The Haines City Country Club, also under construction, will increase the recreational life of the community. A costly new theatre is under way. Two apartment buildings, an office arcade, stores, churches and homes are being rushed to completion.

All who are looking for the utmost in Florida opportunities should give Haines City careful consideration. Strategically located, with the best of transportation facilities, in the center of a rich and rapidly developing territory, with Nature's varied gifts augmented by the hand of man, growing in a way impossible to appreciate until you are in full possession of the facts, Haines City offers the ultimate as a place to live, do business and invest.

Haines City is the Fastest Growing Community in the State of Florida!

PROFIT AND WELCOME AWAIT YOU

Frank Bryson
Realtor
Now Comes The

World's Largest Street Lighting Contract

THE largest complete ornamental street lighting contract for real estate development ever placed in the world has been awarded to the Westinghouse Electric and Manufacturing Company for the illumination of Davis Islands. This contract, which was placed through the Pierce Electric Company of Tampa, provides for the installation of 1,500 complete lighting units costing $250,000, and gives to Davis Islands the distinction of having the most uniform street lighting system in the world. Installation will begin in the Hyde Park Section within thirty days and will be extended as rapidly as possible throughout the entire twenty-seven miles of paved streets on Davis Islands.

Some idea of the size of this contract may be gained from the fact that the 1,500 ornamental lighting units will require more than 300,000 feet—which is in excess of fifty-five miles—of underground Hazard Parkway cable, weighing approximately 360,000 pounds. Ten solid railway cars will be required to transport the cable alone. The standards complete will average in weight 800 pounds each, or a total of 1,200,000 pounds.

Octagonal Reflectolux lighting units will be used exclusively. The lighting standards selected are of concrete, with bronze and aluminum lantern tops. The lights will be fourteen feet in height in the residence units and along the boulevards they will be seventeen feet. The standards will be placed close together in the business units to give a white way effect along all business streets. In other sections they will be placed at intervals to give correct distribution of lighting.

Westernhouse Hollowspun concrete standards of the Sheridan design will be used exclusively on Davis Islands. These standards resemble stone in appearance and are unexcelled for durability, toughness and strength. Photographs of sample units already installed near the Administration Building on the Island are shown in this advertisement.

In no other city or development in the world is there a street lighting system of such uniformity and completeness as has been provided for through this contract. Such utilities are but fitting for Davis Islands, where $30,000,000 is being spent to produce a glorious setting for distinguished Southern homes. Other features of the Island development will be of similar type—to create in the completed project one of America's most illustrious home developments.

D. P. DAVIS PROPERTIES, TAMPA, FLORIDA
Branches Throughout Florida
Ahoy!

What Kind of a Boat Would You Like to Own?

That's problematical—you'll agree, and for that very reason we have equipped ourselves to serve you. From the very first our policy has always been to bring to Florida the very best products of the boat builder's craft that could be found. We do not deal in second-hand pick-ups. Pride of our State prevents us. Beautiful water ways call for beautiful boats. For a long time people were satisfied with "just a lil' ol' boat"—but today things are different.

Men of Affairs

who should have known better long ago, have now "discovered" that in boating there is social, physical and mental enjoyment. They are asking for the best—and we are pleased to state that we can offer the widest selection of any dealers in the State.

Act on that first impulse, and tell us what craft you like best
We Have It

R. Stuart Murray

POWER BOATS AND WATER CRAFT
Mezzanine Hillsboro Hotel
TAMPA, FLORIDA

A. F. Raymond Marine Ways
Fort Myers

Gardner-Noble Co.
Mira-Mar Building, Sarasota
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The home of the Cavendish banana is in Indo China. When we think of the Chinaman we think of a sturdy man who has learned to work out of his limited opportunities a passable existence. The nature of the land and its density of population have made him a thrifty and robust citizen.

In like manner the Cavendish banana plant is the hardiest of all the bananas. It has even been accustomed to being frozen to the ground occasionally, in its Indo China home, but it comes up cheerfully and fruits the same year.

Once having established its root system it is very independent, requiring little attention, and going far to furnish itself with food in the form of decayed leaves and other waste material. It thrives in the semi-tropical climate and is immune to the many diseases which molest the bananas of the tropics.

The Cavendish or Chinese banana has been found after years of experiment to be perfectly at home in the semi-tropical climate of Florida. Individual planters have grown it on a small scale for a number of years, but it remained for the vision and energy of some one to place banana culture upon a commercial basis. The great possibilities of the new industry, in Florida, were recognized, and led to the formation of the TAYLOR-ALEXANDER PROPERTIES, INCORPORATED of Winter Haven.

We are developing approximately 15,000 acres of banana land in the fertile Peace Valley, located in the wealthiest county in the whole United States. The extensive holdings of this company are being divided and sold in 5-acre tracts. This plan offers for a small investment, a share in Florida's banana industry.

Own a Five-Acre Banana Plantation for a Monthly Income

We plant and give each acre six months' free care, after which time we will continue to care for your plantation and market crops for a small per cent of the net crop receipts.

This is a productive Florida industry which offers profits worthy of your serious consideration. We will be glad to tell and show you more about this profitable industry upon request. Write for illustrated booklet. Clip coupon for your convenience.

Florida's Original Banana Plantation Developers

Taylor-Alexander Properties

INCORPORATED

WINTER HAVEN, FLORIDA

Name

Address

Send me specific information about my opportunities in the Banana industry in the Peace Valley, Winter Haven.
THREE BIG VALUES
All in
Interbay Peninsula

TAMPA'S MATCHLESS
SUBURBAN DISTRICT

The last limited residential area in the natural growth of Tampa, the Metropolis of Florida

For twelve years I have been picking up properties here and there throughout the Peninsula at prices far below present market value. I have now reached a point where it becomes imperative that I dispose of certain holdings. I am for that reason offering for sale the following properties at prices sure to return big profits to the purchaser:

1. Entire city block on Bayshore Boulevard between Gadsden and Fifth. This property now contains five dwellings now paying $125 per month. This property should sell within one year for at least twice its present price of $35,000. Terms within reason.

2. 40 lots near carline and fronting on paved streets. Big bargain at $30,000. Terms very reasonable.

3. An unplatted tract of 240 lots, well located and priced very low at $100,000.

It Will Pay You to Communicate at Once with the Owner

A. M. WADE
REALTOR
Corner Bayshore and Interbay Boulevards
Ballast Point

TAMPA
FLORIDA
West Florida's City of Greatest Growth

Marianna has never had a boom.
It is 100 years old and 100% new.
It experienced a growth of 25% in population from 1920 to 1925 by official census.
It is the highest elevated city in Florida.
It is the largest, best paved and best lighted city between Tallahassee and Pensacola. It has hydro-electric lights and power and offers great opportunities for industrial development on account of the power plants already operating and in course of construction on the rapid Chipola and its tributaries.
It is served by the main line of the Louisville & Nashville Railroad and the two great national highways, the "Old Spanish Trail" from ocean to ocean and the "Bee Line Highway" from Great Lakes to Gulf, cross at this point.

Jackson County, Florida’s Horn of Plenty

Jackson County, of which Marianna is the county seat, is bordered by both Alabama and Georgia.
Its soil is as fertile as the best in either state and it produces in abundance every staple crop of the south.
It leads Florida in the production of cotton, corn, sugar cane, sweet potatoes, peanuts, hay, Satsuma oranges, peaches and plums.
Its lands may still be purchased at prices ranging from ten to fifty dollars per acre and there are numerous instances of farms being paid for from their products the first year. Its ranges are "tick free" and it leads the state in live stock. It is also one of the greatest fish and game counties of the entire country.

Historic Interest and Natural Wonders

Named for Andrew Jackson, the county was one of the four constituting the territory of Florida. As headquarters for "Old Hickory" in his Indian war campaigns and as the scene of the "Battle of Marianna" during the Civil War, the city and county are rich in history and legend, while natural bridge, where the Chipola runs underground, Natural Bridge Cave, rivaling in size and subterranean grandeur the Mammoth Cave of Kentucky, and Blue Springs, where a great stream flows from under a rocky hill, are natural wonders near Marianna which are unequalled in Florida or the South.

Booklet Upon Request. BETTER—Come and See

ILLUSTRATIONS
1. Character of corn grown on Jackson County lands.
2. The kind of satsuma oranges they raise about Marianna.
3. Victory bridge over Apalachicola River, leading into Jackson County from east, largest vehicular bridge in South.
4. Grain elevator of Brandon Mill and Elevator Company, Marianna.
EVERGLADE ACREAGE

STONE FARMLANDS
NOW OPEN TO THE HOMSEEKER

5 and 10-ACRE TRACTS
of

The World's Richest Soil

at

MOORE HAVEN


Write

STONE DEVELOPMENT CO.
511 J. Bruce Smith Building
ST. PETERSBURG, FLORIDA
or
MOORE HAVEN, FLORIDA
ANNOUNCING

PEACE RIVER ESTATES

SPLIT BY THE PEACE RIVER

AT

WAUCHULA

THE AGRICULTURAL CENTER OF

FLORIDA

McMMASTER

313 WARNER BUILDING
TWO MILES OF RIVER FRONT

PEACE RIVER ESTATES

ARE IDEAL FOR THE HOME SEEKER AND ARE EXCELLENT INVESTMENTS FOR THE INVESTOR WITH LARGE OR SMALL CAPITAL

McMASTER AND McMASTER,
313 Warner Building,
TAMPA, FLORIDA:

Without obligation please send me at once full details on PEACE RIVER ESTATES.

Name __________________________ Street and No. __________________________
City __________________________ State __________________________

McMASTER
TAMPA, FLORIDA
SUCCESSFUL SUBDIVISION SELLING

GIVEN

POWERFUL POSITIVE PUBLICITY

By Having the

Godfroy Art Studios

Produce a Bird's-Eye View of Your Property

Now Operating in Our New and Own COMPLETELY EQUIPPED STUDIO BUILDING

Write and a Representative Will Call—Post Haste

OUR PRICES ARE IN REASON

R. F. D. 1 Lutz, Florida

Studio located on State Road No. 5
4 miles north of Sulphur Springs
(Former location, 909½ Franklin St., Tampa)

Among Our Patrons:
Coral Gables
Davis Islands
Fulford-by-the-Sea
B. L. Hamner Organization
Oldsmar

Also specializing in:
Window backgrounds,
Theatre curtains,
Enlargement coloring
Knock--Knock--Knock

—IT KNOCKS BUT ONCE

Here is the Opportunity You Have Been Looking For

AN ESTABLISHED SYNDICATE INVITES YOUR INVESTMENT.

Royal Palm Estates near Henry Ford's proposed rubber plantation at La Belle is one of the biggest and finest real estate projects in Florida.

A CHANCE TO MAKE MONEY AND MAKE IT QUICKLY

To finance this and other property developments which have been offered me I have decided to open the doors to those who appreciate the advantages of co-operative or syndicate enterprises.

If you are interested in an outstanding investment opportunity sponsored by a going organization with a real record of achievement this is your chance.

The properties controlled by us possess the soundest investment values. They are rich in natural advantages—location, nature of the soil—center of the highway system of South Florida. Improvements and developments under way.

LOSE NO TIME—COMMUNICATE WITH US AT ONCE

Pool Your Money With Men Who Know Florida Real Estate Values

A Clean, Straight-forward, Well Considered Proposition with an Especial Appeal to the Conservative Investor—Large or Small

Write or wire for full information

FRANK L. GREENFIELD

1314 Franklin St. Tampa

Best Personal and Bank References
LAST...?

Of Course It Will Last!

MIAMI'S era of prosperity will continue just as long as the sun keeps shining—just as long as the Gulf Stream stays in its accustomed location—just as long as the trade winds blow—just as long as folks desire to avoid the inclement weather of the North and just as long as the composite payrolls of all industries of the Nation provide the means for those who wish to come.

If this does not bespeak a CONTINUED ERA OF PROSPERITY, what could?

Don't forget that population makes industry, and as Miami grows, local industry grows into being. With an estimated building program of $100,000,000 in the Greater Miami District, the payrolls of the building trades alone represent approximately $50,000,000. Add to that the immense amount spent here annually by visitors, and the total surpasses by far the payroll of the average large city. And because Miami's chief assets are **Permanent and Unchangeable**, MIAMI'S PROGRESS MUST LAST!

And so, Miami Shores—where today you can invest as you might have a few years ago in Miami—warrants your serious consideration.

IT IS CALLED THE REPLICA OF MIAMI

MIAMI SHORES lies along Biscayne Bay north of Miami, a tremendous development, 2,800 acres in extent. Its immense water frontage, more than 10 miles on Biscayne Bay, on lake and on stream, gives it unusual charm and desirability for residential sites in this land of sub-tropical beauty.

Moreover, Miami Shores is strategically located with reference to main highways. All the main thoroughfares leading from Miami to the North pass through this great development, and Miami Shores is creating still another great avenue of travel, which will add tremendously to the prominence of this development—another causeway to Miami Beach. A 600-acre island to be crossed by this thoroughfare will be one of the important features of the Miami Shores project.

MIAMI SHORES

America's Mediterranean

125 EAST FLAGLER STREET

MIA M I, FLORIDA
Massive Moss-Draped Oaks Line the Highways in Hernando County
Scenes at Fort Lauderdale's Beaches

1—Fort Lauderdale boasts about its prize swimmers and divers, and this girl is merely one of many. 2—Christmas Day scene at Las Olas Beach. 3—Purely informal—Beauty surprised on the beach enjoying the health-giving sun and air. 4—Nympha enjoying a secluded tropical garden of which Fort Lauderdale boasts many. 5—A picnic party sends one of its members up a coconut tree after some of the nuts.
The "Boom" Heard 'Round The World

SOME persons who retain lively recollections of certain events attending the original exploitation of cities like Wichita, Kansas; Big Stone Gap, Kentucky; Beaumont, Texas, and of other places that sprung up overnight at the temporary railheads of transcontinental railroads, are fond of referring to the present and increasing activities in every part of Florida as a "boom."

These are the habitual "bubble bursters," the perennial crapehangers, the pessimists who can find a worm in every apple, the temperamentally unfortunate who can pick up a stone bruise even if they walk on a feather bed while shod in brogans. They cannot differentiate between the "booms" that created dozens of "cities" throughout the west and then left them struggling under a blight, a curse, that two decades failed to remove, and the long delayed but inevitable development and growth of an empire such as exists nowhere else in the length and breadth of the United States. To these constitutionally jaundiced individuals the butterfly, flitting stone bruise even if they walk on a feather bed while shod in brogans. They cannot differentiate between the "booms" that created dozens of "cities" throughout the west and then left them struggling under a blight, a curse, that two decades failed to remove, and the long delayed but inevitable development and growth of an empire such as exists nowhere else in the length and breadth of the United States. To these constitutionally jaundiced individuals the butterfly, flitting on iridescent wings from blossom to blossom, with no object save the enjoyment of a few brief hours of sunshine and pleasure, and the eagle, soaring on waveless pinions high in the azure deeps, have exactly the same importance. There are the persons who speak disparagingly of Florida's growth as a "boom": these are the ones who predict, day after day, the bursting of what they call "the Florida bubble" within the next few hours, the next few days, or weeks, or months, and who are discouraged not at all in their prognostications of evil by the fact that Florida keeps right on growing, attracting more and more people from every corner of the land, swelling bank deposits and resources, building more miles of wonderful paved roads, constructing more homes and office buildings and hotels and factories, planting more groves and gardens, than any other section of Uncle Sam's domain.

Nobody denies that there is speculation in Florida lands—building sites, subdivision tracts and lots, farm lands, groves, acreage and every form of real estate. Certainly there is, and some of it looks mighty hectic to a great many northerners. There is plenty of speculation everyday in wheat and corn and pork, and in cotton that hasn't been planted; but nobody uses that fact as an argument against the basic values of those commodities—nobody suggests that the farmers cease growing wheat, corn and cotton or stop raising hogs.

The gambling instinct is one of the primitive instincts of humanity. In the most ancient ruins of prehistoric peoples explorers find dice or the things those long-vanished races used for dice. Joseph's brethren cast dice for his raiment when they sold him into bondage; and the garments of the crucified Saviour were the stake for which Roman soldiers cast lots at the foot of the cross. Men will gamble for and with everything under the sun: therefore it is natural that some of them should gamble with Florida real estate. But that doesn't alter the fact that practically every foot of land under Florida's arching blue skies and Florida's glorious golden sun is valuable; rather, it proves that fact, because almost nobody gambles for or with that which has no worth. But there is a wide difference between wild gambling in sagebrush acres at the head of rail construction that tomorrow will no longer be the head; in town lots where the population was mostly prairie dogs: in land that produced scanty crops only by means of the most arduous, soul-destroying and body-breaking toil—crops that, when produced, could not be sold: there is a wide difference between gambling of that kind, and the wildest of speculation in Florida land.

Everybody knows that Florida is the oldest and the newest state in the Union, the first discovered mainland of America, and the last to be discovered by Americans. Kansas and Colorado, Wyoming and Utah, the Rocky Mountain states and the Pacific Coast, had railroads before Florida had even a narrow-gauge line. Although St. Augustine is the oldest city in the United States and boasts the oldest house in the land of the free and the home of the brave, Miami and Tampa, wonder cities of the East and the Gulf Coasts, respectively, the former is scarcely a quarter of a century old, while Tampa observed its sixty-ninth anniversary as a city last December. The cities in between, such as Orlando, Lakeland, Bartow, Fort Myers, Bradenton and others, have not reached the half century mark: while such places as St. Petersburg, Sarasota, Winter Haven, Haines City and a whole galaxy of others can count no more than from ten to twenty-five birthday anniversaries or so. In 1920, the year of the last federal census, the population of all Florida was only 968,470: but in 1925, the year of the state census—Florida being one of a few states that counts noses every five years—the state's population had grown to 1,253,635, an increase of more than 29 per cent. Only one city of Florida failed...
to show an increase between 1920 and 1925; every other one increased, from Jacksonville’s 2.8 per cent to Fort Lauderdale’s 174 per cent. Recently the Wall Street Journal published preliminary figures of the state census of 1925, which are reproduced here as showing by numbers and percentages the marvelous growth Florida has enjoyed in the last five years:

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>City</th>
<th>1925</th>
<th>1920</th>
<th>Increase</th>
<th>Percentage</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Tampa</td>
<td>94,808</td>
<td>51,608</td>
<td>43,200</td>
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<td>Jacksonville</td>
<td>94,206</td>
<td>91,558</td>
<td>2,648</td>
<td>2.8</td>
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<td>Miami</td>
<td>71,419</td>
<td>29,578</td>
<td>41,841</td>
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<td>St. Petersburg</td>
<td>26,766</td>
<td>14,237</td>
<td>12,469</td>
<td>87</td>
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<tr>
<td>Pensacola</td>
<td>24,958</td>
<td>31,035</td>
<td>-6,077</td>
<td>-20</td>
</tr>
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<td>Orlando</td>
<td>22,272</td>
<td>9,282</td>
<td>12,990</td>
<td>130</td>
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<tr>
<td>W. Palm Beach</td>
<td>19,132</td>
<td>8,659</td>
<td>10,473</td>
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<td>Lakeland</td>
<td>17,064</td>
<td>7,062</td>
<td>10,002</td>
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<td>St. Augustine</td>
<td>10,190</td>
<td>6,192</td>
<td>3,998</td>
<td>64</td>
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<td>9,594</td>
<td>5,445</td>
<td>4,149</td>
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<td>Bradenton</td>
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<td>3,868</td>
<td>3,496</td>
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<td>3,678</td>
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<td>3,729</td>
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<td>Deland</td>
<td>5,801</td>
<td>3,324</td>
<td>2,477</td>
<td>74</td>
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<tr>
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<td>5,665</td>
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<td>3,600</td>
<td>174</td>
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<tr>
<td>Sarasota</td>
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<td>2,149</td>
<td>3,361</td>
<td>156</td>
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<tr>
<td>Clearwater</td>
<td>5,008</td>
<td>2,427</td>
<td>2,581</td>
<td>106</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

* Decrease.

Now, increases such as these, spread over a period of even five years, mean that there must be a substantial foundation, a solid background, for growth. That Florida has this background cannot fail to be realized by anyone who gives even ordinarily careful consideration to a few basic facts. Florida has the climate; nobody can deny that. It has forever banned the imposition of state income or inheritance taxes, its laws make it easy to do business within the state, it is on a foundation as substantial as was that of Iowa or any other state west of the Alleghenies. Florida is on a foundation as substantial as was that of Iowa or any other state west of the Alleghenies. Florida is building cities for its new population, it is linking those cities by means of thousands of miles of marvelous paved highways and constantly increasing miles of steel rails, it is clearing the forests, draining the land, doing all of the things that must be done in a pioneering way to make the land habitable and to create occupations for its new peoples. It has forever banned the imposition of state income or inheritance taxes, its laws make it easy to do business within the state, it is saying in clarion tones to the northern peoples that here is a land of sunshine and year-round comfort, opening wide the doors to untold opportunity, with room for ten million homes and with a wholehearted, honest and honest welcome for every home seeker. And the call is being heeded. The tide is setting, not toward the setting sun but toward the palm fringes of the subtropics, the wide lands laved by tropic seas and swept by the tempering winds from azure leagues of ocean and gulf. The movement is no boom; it is a manifestation, a phenomenon, a recurrence of the racial instinct to migrate, to penetrate new frontiers, to blaze new trails, to open up new lands, to found new homes and cities. Mountains and rivers and endless prairies never have halted the migrations of the Aryan races in the past; the warnings of pessimists cannot and will not halt this latest migration.
Tomato growing has for many years been one of the most important industries in Broward County.

The GATEWAY to the EVERGLADES

Thus Fort Lauderdale Proclaims Itself to the World

By SHELTON S. MATLACK

What shall be said of Fort Lauderdale? It is difficult to find a point of beginning, and once started, hard to find a suitable place to end. Most Floridians know that the city is located on the Dixie Highway, the Main Street of Florida, at the junction with the state's most picturesque river, and that during the five-year period from 1920 to 1925 it outdistanced all other important Florida points in gains of population, registering an increase of 203 per cent. Not all, however, realize that statistics in all other important lines have kept well up with population, and that the city's present growth and popularity is founded on a solid basis. The city is backed both by the illimitable wealth of nature, which has wonderfully endowed it, and the millions of leading developers, whose faith in its future is unbounded.

Fort Lauderdale is, in fact, one of the centers of the 1925 "gold rush" to Florida. It is located within the tropic zone of this state and will always be one of the principal points to be noted in the great white city which will soon extend in continuous formation all the way from Key West to Jacksonville, fronting Florida's famous Gulf stream and backed by the tremendous resources of the Everglades. That this great city along the entire Atlantic Coast of Florida is rapidly and surely in the building one cannot doubt after a survey of the situation, and the fact that the leading financiers and thinkers of the nation are settling in the Florida tropic zone, in which Fort Lauderdale is situated, convinces one that eventually New York City may safely be referred to as one of the outposts of this wonderful section. The southern outposts, perhaps, will be in South America, which many think will shortly become engaged in important trading relations with Southern Florida, where splendid harbors are being supplied in anticipation of this movement, particularly at Fort Lauderdale.

The movement to Florida has been referred to as a "gold rush" by many persons as most nearly approaching the enthusiasm with which persons sold all they had and went to California in the days of 1849. In one sense it is a gold rush, but in many other important respects the movement is entirely dissimilar. The pioneers of the early days could reach the west only by ship around Cape Horn, or by crossing uninhabited deserts in prairie schooners. When they arrived their troubles had only begun. With such of their funds as were left, they began the search for a vein of gold. If they succeeded, fortune would be theirs, but if they failed—and the chances were badly against them—they would be without funds in a strange country thousands of miles from home. Those who happened to find the gold returned honored and beloved, but a great many are still listed among the missing.

The gold rush to Florida in 1925 is different. There are no deserts to cross. The roads are all habituated and pleasant. The end of the rainbow is half the distance from New York. It can be located and the pot of gold is on hand. Mankind is tired of fighting the intense cold of winter in the North and a few months later being prostrated with the unbearable heat of summer—both of which curses are unknown in Florida's tropic zone. It is a case of saving pocketbooks, coal bills and doctor bills, and those who reach here prosper and live to a ripe old age.

The fact that the land of the avocado, the pineapple, the coconut, the
mango and the banana have begun to beckon appealingly—nay, commandingly—to the hosts of the north who are tired of fighting a hopeless battle against the climate, can be seen any day by any traveler along the main artery of the East Coast, where vast caravans of motorists are winding their way southward months in advance of the chilling winds. In fact one railroad reports its tourist movement into Florida better this summer than it was at the height of the tourist season last winter. They seem to be beginning to realize that the hour has struck, and that if they are to enjoy the remainder of their lives, they must lose no time in coming this way. Many patriotic northerners hate to leave their native hills, but admit they are uncomfortable when snowclad. They have been forced against their will, perhaps, to admit that it is much better in a land that is always afternoon, where it is never too hot or too cold, and where sea bathing can be enjoyed in comfort every day of the year.

What does this mean to Fort Lauderdale? This seeming digression from the subject of this article was not altogether purposeless. A large percentage of those motor caravans are headed for "the city of opportunity," and their passengers will abide there, not for a few weeks or a few months, but forever. The call has been heard and heeded. No, it is not a gold rush in the old sense. They have been forced against their will, perhaps, to admit that it is much better in a land that is always afternoon, where it is never too hot or too cold, and where sea bathing can be enjoyed in comfort every day of the year.

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into plantations. Great Britain at present has her hand on America's pocketbook, and a great tax is said to be flowing into the coffers of Old World financiers because of high prices being charged for automobile tires and all other products made of rubber, the supply of which is controlled by a monopoly. To break this hold is considered by many to be important for the future of the nation in peace and war, and particularly the latter when the British sources of supply might be cut off from America through submarine warfare. The production of camphor is said to be no less important, as being one of the substances necessary for the manufacture of photographic films, moving picture films and all celluloid goods, as well as high explosives.

Development of dairy farms and cattle ranches in the back country is in its infancy. For years dairymen have been producing some of the nation's best milk at the edge of the Glades, but few have been daring enough to put their plants on the muck. Experiments which have been made recently show what this is entirely feasible, as a combination of dikes and canals, pumped by gasoline machinery, will keep the reclaimed lands free from water. The forage on these lands is said to be wonderful—in fact the best that has been found anywhere in Florida. That a tremendous dairying industry should be built up in the Florida Everglades near Fort Lauderdale is entirely logical. There is a great and growing demand for milk and butter, due to the phenomenal increase in population. Florida at present sends away for its butter and cheese, and in some instances for its milk as well, and with obstacles removed it is reasonable to suppose that business men will take advantage of the opportunities offered.

Prize-winning stock raised on Everglades land shows that it is highly feasible to make this section a cattle-producing country, and in view of this Fort Lauderdale has decided to establish a pioneer packing plant. In future years this will be looked back to as a beginning, and a great industry which heretofore has been largely confined to the west will be centralized in the southernmost state.

In advertising Fort Lauderdale as "the city of opportunity," its Chamber of Commerce has in mind pleasure as well as business, for at no other point in the state can there be found a pleasanter or more congenial atmosphere or greater opportunities for enjoying one's self in the delightful outdoors. Practically 365 days per year can be devoted to outdoor sports in this climate, and the variety of amusements in which a person can indulge is innumerable. One of the principal attractions is wonderful Las Olas beach, which is inside the city limits and is reached by a magnificent concrete causeway. This is one of the few wooded beaches on the East Coast, and the view is entrancing. Thousands of picnic parties take their lunches and eat them under the spreading trees. It does not take special prizes to get beauties out in bathing suits on a beach like this, and very few of the pretty ones who do not go for a plunge.

Fishing is one of the greatest sports in and around Fort Lauderdale, and attracts probably more tourists than any other one factor. Both fresh water and deep sea fish can be had, and best of all the tarpon, the sportiest, gamest fighting fish known to the angler, is at his best at this point. Some splendid hauls have been recorded, in fact good catches are the rule rather than the exception, and many women and children who have never used hook and line before, find much to their satisfaction that the tediousness of the fisherman's lot has been greatly exaggerated. Golf fans, of course, are largely in evidence among the vast throngs which are closing in on Fort Lauderdale, and to please them the city has constructed one of the best courses for many miles. During the season, splendid hunting can be had in the woodlands back of the city.

It was probably the opportunity for wholesome recreation and rest which appealed to Robert M. Lafollette, who spent some time last winter at Fort Lauderdale recovering from the hardships of a presidential campaign. Senator Lafollette at that time was not vigorous, but experienced improvement to such an extent that he returned to his northern home in the belief that he was on the road to recovery. Many residents of Fort Lauderdale believe that had the senator realized that he was working beyond his strength, and had he given up the struggle of politics and settled down in peace to seek wholesome good health, like William Jennings Bryan did in Miami, he would have been alive and well today. Mr. Bryan was many times called on to exert himself to an exhausting degree in the heat of a political campaign, but his discovery of the way to regain his health by settling quietly amid environs of beauty in a section similar to Fort Lauderdale has preserved him well in spite of a ripe old age.

Wholesome recreation also is what brings Richard Barthelmes, the moving picture actor, to Fort Lauderdale at frequent intervals for rest and change of scene. Mr. Barthelmes, in fact, would like to make Fort Lauderdale his permanent home, but the calls which are made upon him professionally keep him constantly on the move. Whenever he can find time to relax, he likes to get out on a hunting, fishing or camping trip, as far as possible away from the director's voice, and so far from town that no telegram can reach him. It is an open secret that the exteriors of a large number of Mr. Barthelmes' pictures have been filmed at and near Fort Lauderdale, the latest of these being his immortal "Classmates," which recently was
shown at the best moving picture houses. Fort Lauderdale is in a strategi-
cation between Miami and Palm
expansion from the larger cities, both of
transit for business, beauty and enjoyment of Life. Nature has
not only placed a storehouse of unestimat-
eous spirit of the citizens, has held the com-
from the larger cities, both of
beauty and enjoyment of Life. Nature has
not only placed a storehouse of unestimat-
ueful as well as practical demands, but archi-
ies, and between

growth in the pioneer days,
20

through the city. Indian traditions have it that
New River sprang up in a single night, and scientific investigation indicates that
there was a subterranean convulsion at some time in the past, which forced this stream from the underground rock ledges and made it into a navigable river for the use of future generations. Its depth enables ocean-going craft to enter and anchor in the heart of the city, while a trip upstream west of the city proves wildly picturesque, as the river winds in and out of the palm-covered hammocks, and between tropical shores bordered by many trees and plants dear to the heart of the naturalist. The manner in which the city is laid out is like old Venice in that many natural waterways in and out of Fort Lauderdale have been connected by artificial canals in such a way that the landscape at most points is entrancing and bewildering. Most of these canals have been made 100 feet wide, affording ample room for the anchoring of pleasure yachts, while every residence lot fronts on the water. Lauderdale residents declare that they are not only building a solid, substantial and pro-
gressive city, but are making it a place of
magnificent vistas as well, a place so beautifully landscaped that the general impression made on strangers is that Mother Nature herself did the work. This forms a pleasing place to rest in comfort and is a delightful departure from the conventional. The beach is especially beautiful, as it is wide and sandy, and is flanked by all kinds of tropical trees and shrubs.
Fort Lauderdale's public and civic in-
stitutions are a source of pride to its citi-
zens. In schools, it occupies a command-
place in Florida's great educational march forward. The institutions of learn-
ing are second to none, as shown by the state statistics of accomplishment. Her
churches are sufficient in number and are presided over by men of high ideals. A
large number of denominations are repre-
sented. The principal fraternal organiza-
tions are present also, and the work done
and other items, create a
business and financial condition of rare
attractiveness. Within the last few months
a number of important new enterprises
have been announced, and in a short time it is expected that others will appear. The

Several strong banks, the deposits of which are steadily and rapidly increasing, activity in real estate greater than ever known before in that section, increased

The Seminoles make pets of birds of rare plumage

A Seminole Indian village near Fort Lauderdale

The Seminole Indian village near Fort Lauderdale

The Seminole Indian village near Fort Lauderdale
situated between Dade and Palm Beach counties. It can be reached by several direct routes, among which are the Florida East Coast Ry., Dixie Highway, East Coast canal or inland waterway from New York to Miami, and by New River, connecting by canal directly with Lake Okeechobee and the Upper Everglades. Fort Lauderdale is one of a chain of cities and towns between Miami and Palm Beach which will eventually form a part of the great Key West to Jacksonville metropolitan development which many vision within the near future. The towns of Broward county, along the Dixie highway from north to south, are: Deerfield, known as “the new Riviera,” where are to be found some of Florida’s most beautiful groves and farms; Pompano, a city with schools, churches banks and bathing and fishing facilities; Fort Lauderdale, the “city of opportunity” and queen of New River; Davie, the Everglade city, where marvelous farms on muck soil yield several crops per year; Dania, a city of schools, churches, stores free camp grounds and bathing beach; Hollywood-by-the-sea, famous over the nation for its realty developments, its hotel, golf course and bathing beach; Hallandale, a paradise for persons seeking hunting, fishing, bathing and homesites. The entire region is one solid truck farm, while each community has its bathing beach, and a movement is under way by J. W. Young, developer of Hollywood, to make Lake Mabel the entrance to one of the finest seaports on the Atlantic Coast of the United States. Gen. Geo. C. Goethals, builder of the Panama Canal has been called into consultation.

Broward county is essentially the paradise of the truck grower and producer of tropical fruits. Maturing of crops is materially hastened by climatic conditions, there being a greater number of growing days with seasonable weather, which brings vegetables early to market. Three kinds of soil afford interesting study. They are sand, marl and muck. The vast stretches of sand at first seem to mock any attempt to plant with the expectation of reaping a harvest, but after experiments with fertilizers, the most fanciful dreams have been made to come true. The strip of marl running along the Dixie highway is under a high state of cultivation. The last three years Broward county has been the largest shipper of vegetables on the East Coast. Tomatoes, peppers, egg plants, cabbage, potatoes, onions, together with celery, avocados, mangoes, strawberries, guavas and other varieties, yield fresh fruits and vegetables during every month in the year. Packing houses in each town run to capacity during the winter, and the citrus growers have lost no time in adopting the most improved methods for standardizing fruit, which commands the best market price. Further over into the Everglades, a more pioneer form of farming exists, but it is yielding abundantly, with three and four crops a year. This work has been particularly well carried on at Davie, west of Fort Lauderdale, which has gained the name of “the demonstration ground of the Lower Everglades.” It is safe to say that during the remainder of 1925 and probably for many years thereafter, the eyes of the nation will be focussed on Fort Lauderdale and Broward county because of the many advantages gained by becoming a resident of that locality.

Florida Shores

By H. E. HARMAN

The white sails fill before an urgent wind
That blows from off some shore of verdant hue;
God's sunlight falls where sight and vision end
And makes the dream of other days come true.

Yon stunted pines bend low against the sky,
Dwarf for an hundred years by scanty soil,
Like eager souls, without the wings to fly—
Held down by want and unrewarding toil.

A day with wind keen set from Southern shores,
A day with breakers tossed from East to West—
A day of sea-life, which the heart adores—
A day the soul of freedom loveth best.

Twilight off shore—near by the mist and maze
That come with night, and nightly moan of sea—
Twilight on ocean's sad, mysterious ways
That leaves its softened glow and gloom with me.

Tall palm trees frescoed on a sky of blue—
White gipsie clouds on vagrant errands bent—
My boat, the river, dreaming eyes and you,
Behold my kingdom in a word—“content.”
BEHIND the development of every community lies the far-flung vision of some one man. James J. Hill looked across the alkali waste of the western plains and visualized an Inland Empire; Henry M. Flagler dreamed of a future for the East Coast of Florida and made the dream come true; Henry B. Plant saw the possibilities of the gulf-kissed shore of Southern Florida and the fruition of his plans exceeded his fondest expectation.

William B. Harbeson has within the past few years touched the western boundaries of northern Florida with a magic wand and made it blossom with new commerce and industry. His broad vision and business acumen is working precisely the same sort of a miracle in the northwestern corner of the state that Flagler and Plant wrought in the Florida peninsula. Fortunately Mr. Harbeson is still in the prime of life, with an active mind and a vigorous body, and his boundless ambition is largely instrumental in bringing to this land of his adoption the full measure of West Florida's God-given inheritance.

Most people think of Florida only as a long peninsula, cleaving the waters of the Atlantic ocean and the Gulf of Mexico, with such famous places as Jacksonville, St. Augustine, Daytona, Palm Beach and Miami on its eastern coast and its western shore dotted with such as Tampa, St. Petersburg, Sarasota and Fort Myers, with divers and sundry, interior points of wide renown, as for instance, Orlando, Lakeland, Sanford and scores of others. But of that wonderful stretch of territory extending from the state's capital to its western boundaries not much is known, because Florida is after all a new state and, largely because there was no Harbeson in West Florida until recent years, the development of the peninsula came first, through the instrumentality of Flagler and Plant, the pioneers.

Yet here is a veritable empire within a state, a marvelous land of hundreds of thousands of acres of productive soil, extending like the handle of a giant pan as far due west from Jacksonville as is Miami from the “Gateway City” on the East Coast. Because of this very geographical position, there are those who would if they could chop a portion of this country off the state of Florida and annex it to Alabama. Perhaps it is just as well that western Florida has until recently escaped the popularity of the peninsula section of the state because the interval has given Mr. Harbeson and other large interests an opportunity to properly prepare this section for the tourist, industrial and commercial invasion that is now advancing upon it in Seven League Boots.

Since this is a story of an individual who has made two blades grow where one—or none—grew before, rather than a story of the country itself, the reader is asked to meet the subject of this sketch by one who has watched the methods of this masterful financier in meeting and overcoming apparently unsurmountable obstacles. The writer, who has studied Mr. Harbeson during long hunting trails through the forests, through days of boat companionship when the fish were biting; through evening hours before blazing grate logs and uncounted hours beside the parson, he convinced himself that the great force behind Mr. Harbeson's successful accomplishments is his perfect confidence in himself—a sublime belief in his own ability to finish what he starts.

No task that Mr. Harbeson ever assigned to himself to do has ever failed of accomplishment, whether it be the building of a new town in the piney woods and the opening of an unknown hinterland to commerce; the building of railroads, boat lines, hotels, etc.; the buttering of banking institutions, or turning a scrapped railroad into a profitable property; it is all in a day's work for Mr. Harbeson, whose record for doing things, sometimes bordering upon the hazardous, began with his first marriage. For when "Uncle Billy" Harbeson was married, upwards of fifty years ago, the five silver dollars in his trousers pocket was all the money he had in the world. He spent two of these for a license, he gave the parson two dollars for performing the ceremony and with the remaining dollar he purchased a huge plug of chewing tobacco. Then he was stony broke. But he had a job on a railroad section gang. He also had something up in the top of his head that has been worth a fortune to him and a boon to the community in which he lives—an indomitable will to do things worth while. That he is today the owner of three large saw mills, five hotels, sizable owner of two banking institutions and financially interested in a lot of other worth while things, is evidence that during the intervening years Mr. Harbeson has, to say the least, done well.

And to his everlasting credit be it said that Mr. Harbeson has worked him­self alone; he is one of those rare types of the human family who love to bear others with him on the wings of success. A con-
Several hundred thousand acres of cutover pine lands are owned by this genius of West Florida.

The Harbeson influence has resulted in paved roads and the development of large tracts of land.

structionist in the very essence of the word, Mr. Haberson not only sees to it that the thousands of men associated with his business enterprises are permitted to partake of the profits of the business, but he is a real community builder. The Harbeson Interests, as his entire commercial and industrial system is known, assist their men in owning their own homes. By his fair treatment he has made his employees happy and contented, with pride in their community and in the company that they work for. Prosperous towns have grown up where Mr. Harbeson first blazed the trail through the forest fastness.

Western Florida, the home of Mr. Haberson’s operations, has developed under his influence; he has made good hotels better, he has made good banks sounder, he has made good lumber better, he has caused cut-over lands to yield fruit and vegetable crops. His interests have developed railroad and other interests other than his own. He has brought people into a land heretofore but sparsely settled and built up a citizenry of which the state of Florida may well be proud. Small wonder then that the writer, knowing him for what he has done, is doing and will continue to do, chooses to call Mr. Haberson the Flagler of West Florida. Perhaps the Henry Ford of West Florida might be more appropriate because Mr. Haberson’s methods and those of the great Detroiters are somewhat akin.

Mr. Haberson’s most recent business accomplishment was a piece of wizardry. And yet not wizardry at all; only good business tactics. This was the feat of turning the Muscle Shoals, Birmingham & Pensacola railroad from the scrap heap into a productive property. The road, which had proven to be a losing venture from the start, lay on its back gasping for air and had been given up to die when Mr. Haberson was appointed receiver, in the very vague hope that this man who had always made everything pay that he touched might do something to inject life into the road. Mr. Haberson went first after the road bed, tearing out old bridges and putting in new ones, straightening and ballasting. Then he added new equipment. Presently business picked up and as this story is being written the road for the first time has a healthy balance in the bank at Pensacola and is doing a profitable business.

But Mr. Haberson is only incidentally a railroad man; he is essentially a lumberman. Shortly after he was married he entered the lumber business with the Eastman, Gardiner Lumber Company, at Laurel, Miss., and after remaining with this concern for a number of years, he engaged in the sawmill business in Carrier, Miss. In the meantime he also had a going sawmill business in the Black Hills of Dakota. Cutting out at Carrier, he built a mill at DeFuniak Springs, Fla., and his expansion as a power in Western Florida was rapid. In this connection he acquired a controlling interest in the Bagdad Land & Lumber Company, at Bagdad, Fla., which he subsequently sold, after a period of expansion, in order to concentrate his energies upon newer and tougher lines of resistance. This led to the purchase last year of the large new sawmill which had just been erected at Carrabelle, Fla., by the Graves Brothers Lumber Company, and the erection of the model town of Haberson City.

Mr. Haberson builds a sawmill and flings a railroad from the mill into the timber, which grows longer and longer and puts out spurs in various directions as the timber is cut away. And presently towns spring up in spots that had once been logging camps, and logging trains become carriers, hauling inbound and outbound freight and passengers. Under his system of operation Mr. Haberson encourages his employees to own their own homes by selling them land and erecting substantial houses, taking the low cost in small driblets out of their weekly pay envelopes. Often he cares for the sick and he provides good schools, churches, amusement, etc. He makes solid, substantial citizens out of men who drift in for a job. He builds thriving towns which stand on their own bottom after the timber has been cut out and the sawmill passed into history, and he turns the cut-over land into profitable farms. In a larger agricultural way he develops the timber-devastated acreage into profitable pursuits, such as the growing of Satsuma oranges, sugar cane, etc. This is what the writer meant elsewhere in this story by stating that Mr. Haberson “touched the land with a magic wand and made it blossom with new com" (Continued on page 70)
HE IS BELOVED BY AMERICAN BOYS

This Adventuresome Author, Kirk Munroe, a Resident of Florida for Forty Years, Ranks High Among the World's Pre-eminent Juvenile Story Writers

By Judson Jarvis

A LIBRARY of juvenile dreams come true — 40 boys' books aggregating 1,600,000 words which are read as long as the written word is read — is the contribution of notable Kirk Munroe of Coconut Grove, Florida to American literature.

A pretty creditable memorial to a lifetime of adventure and worldwide roving, this shelf of valuable books which inspires the boys who read them to lofty ideals, which inculcate the youngsters with the attributes of manliness and which satisfy the lads' cherished cravings for tales of adventure and excitement. Kirk Munroe, G. A. Henty, Horatio Alger and Oliver Optic have all aided immeasurably in improving the principles, patriotism, spirit, pluck and progressive values of millions of English and American youths by the remarkable boys' books which they have published. These volumes rank high among the epics of juvenile literature and will be read as long as the written word is printed.

Kirk Munroe, the outstanding writer of boys' stories in the Southland and one of America's best juvenile authors, is one writer who went out and lived the exciting adventures concerning which he wrote so intelligently. He actually enacted the stories which he committed to the printed page. There is not an adventurous form of livelihood but that this man Munroe is well acquainted with it. He circumnavigated Florida in a canoe away back in 1881 when our most southerly state was a wild frontier with vast tracts of uncharted territory. In 1867, Kirk Munroe, then only 17 years old, was one of the daring volunteers who aided in the first railroad survey from the Atlantic to the Pacific. The Indians killed many of the surveyors during this extensive jaunt which was made a-foot with a companion, Mr. Munroe made a famous trip on a raft down one of South America's dangerous rivers of doubt. This exciting excursion produced the data used in writing the popular book, "Raftmates." At the end of the perilous journey, Munroe and his friends were in rags. All of their dunnage and baggage had either been lost or shipped to the United States. They were without funds but had saved their transportation to Boston. As tattered tramps, the young men made the trip to the United States. Finally, when Kirk Munroe reached his father's house, he was ashamed to enter because he looked so disreputable.

Young Munroe paced back and forth on the lawn for more than an hour. Then he went up and rang the bell. His father came to the door. When he noticed the unkempt garb of his visitor, he said, "We have nothing for tramps," and started to close the door. "Father, it is I, Kirk, your son," cried the caller. And then the disheveled caller was welcomed warmly and was urged to tell the story of adventures on some of the world's wildest waters.

Kirk Munroe lives in an inviting, spacious residence called Kirkland House which fronts on a foliage-sheltered street known as "Leafy Way" in one of Florida's oldest and southernmost cities. For two score years now, Mr. Munroe has claimed Florida as his home. Many of his books are the embellished recitals of thrilling events which he has participated in in the hinterlands of the Everglades, along the Floridian keys and in the picturesque tropics of these matchless United States. Kirk Munroe has traveled around, about and across and crisscross of the world's map. There is hardly a land but that is not represented by wonderful curios at Kirkland House. Mr. Munroe has gathered real treasures in his far-flung travels.

An attractive tower at Kirkland House which peeps above the tropical tree tops and like sempiternal sentinel keeps tab on the surrounding country is Kirk Munroe's modern "Tower of London." During the many years when he was writing his books for boys, this tower was Mr. Munroe's literary prison. He told me latterly how he always hated to write. He used to force himself to his work room. Once inside, he would bolt the door — to keep other people out and to keep himself in.

Living the thrill and risking the hazards which provided the truthful experiences for his stories — these were the things which Kirk Munroe enjoyed. He is a thorough out-of-doors man. Any form of sport or recreative amusement lures him. But the business of recording his experiences in black and white, of telling the tales in a fashion and style which would appeal to juvenile readers — that was the literary drudgery which this man Munroe disliked.

Yet during the age before the advent of the typewriter, Kirk Munroe was a prolific producer of masterly books for boys. He wrote so much that he had to distribute his works among four to five of the leading American publishers.

Kirk Munroe was almost systematic writer. He attended to the profession of authorship with similar routine to that which his friends devoted to selling real estate, machinery, ships, furniture and foodstuffs. Kirk Munroe during his active authorship wrote three books a year. He would accomplish this assignment in exactly three months. A 40,000 word book a month was his goal. It would take two weeks of hard work to write the first draft.
of the book in pencil. The remainder of the month was spent in correcting the manuscript and copying it in ink. Mr. Monroe was most methodical. Directly after breakfast, he would hurry to his "tower." There he would work as long as the urge to write would permit. There is a certain period—the elastic limit of literary composition—when the flow of thoughts begin to clog and the channel of expressive English becomes blocked. That is the danger line for writers—the period when it is best to knock off work for the day.

Kirk Munroe was traveling in China at the outbreak of the last Chinese-Japanese War. Immediately sensing the opportunity to gather the material for another book, Traveler Munroe with his nose for news working at its best hurried to the Japanese capital. There, through prominent friends he arranged for an interview with the notable Togo. And, as an outgrowth of this meeting and many others which Mr. Munroe had with the military and naval leaders, he wrote his last and most popular book, "For The Mikado." This book was published in 1892 and is still as popular with young folks as it was when first issued.

Peculiar to say, Writer Munroe although a citizen of the United States is unable to tell of what state he is a native. It so happened that his parents—Bostonians by the way—decided to devote their lives to missionary work among the uncivilized Indians of the Middle West. Thus it was that they were traveling on a Mississippi River steamer on route to northern Wisconsin when the boy Kirk was born. It so happened that nobody paid any attention to the position of the boat when the stork arrived. Hence, Kirk Munroe has never been able to claim any certain one of the 48 states as his homing health. His birthplace on a river packet has afforded him considerable amusement during various times when he has obtained passports for foreign travel. His birthplace "some­where on the Mississippi" has been a source of extraordinary annoyance to the passport officials.

The elder Munroes finally decided that the life of the traveling Indian missionary did not dovetail satisfactorily with the domestic upbringing of a young son. Hence they returned to Boston. In that city, Kirk Munroe attended school. In the course of time, he graduated from the Cambridge High School and entered the scientific department of Harvard University. Although he spent three years of study at that famous educational institution, he never won his sheepskin as more important work in the guise of empire reclamation intervened.

Every summer, young Munroe engaged in some form of scientific survey work. It was thus that he came to join the expedition sent out to run the line for the first transcontinental railroad. This party of 200 experienced men divided into five groups which followed different courses, they walked from Boston to Los Angeles, running levels and establish base makers all along the routes. A wagon train of 20 wagons and 120 mules accompanied the surveyors to carry provisions and supplies. The trip was made through a hostile Indian country. The wagons and mules were all captured or destroyed. Many of the white men were killed. In one of the attacks, a barbed Indian arrow passed through Munroe's buckskin blouse between his arm and chest. The missile pinned him to a wagon in which the arrow became embedded. Kirk Munroe was not injured. He showed your writer that particular arrow which he has saved as a relic for 58 years. The mental head of the arrow had been forged in the hot coals of a hardwood fire by the savages. It was so shaped that was impossible to pull it from a wound without horribly mutilating the victim.

The buckskin jacket which Kirk Munroe wore on his first trip across the western plains now hangs amidst his treasure trove at Kirkland House. An Indian squaw of a friendly tribe made this leather garment for the young surveyor. She even added a watch pocket under Kirk's direction. In those days, the hunting and frontiersmen's shirts were not provided with any pockets. This trip supplied the facts and fancies which gave rise to the book "Campmates."

When Kirk Munroe docked in San Francisco from a boat on which he had traveled up the coast from Los Angeles where the survey survivors disbanded, he was without funds or belongings except the clothes on his back. He went to his uncle's law office. When his relative finally was free to see Kirk, he thought that the rough clad visitor whose hair was so long that it hung far down his neck was a boy who had come to clean up the office. The uncle began to give directions of how the job should be done. "Uncle, don't you know me, it's Kirk," said young Munroe. And then, an entirely different welcome was extended to the caller.

To secure colorful material and a true background for another book, "Snowshoes and Sledges, Kirk Munroe once made a special trip to the Yukon during the dead of the icy winter. He never won his sheepskin as more important work in the guise of empire reclamation intervened. Every summer, young Munroe engaged in some form of scientific survey work. It was thus that he came to join the expedition sent out to run the line for the first transcontinental railroad. This party of 200 experienced men divided into five groups which followed different courses, they walked from Boston to Los Angeles, running levels and establish base makers all along the routes. A wagon train of 20 wagons and 120 mules accompanied the surveyors to carry provisions and supplies. The trip was made through a hostile Indian country. The wagons and mules were all captured or destroyed. Many of the white men were killed. In one of the attacks, a barbed Indian arrow passed through Munroe's buckskin blouse between his arm and chest. The missile pinned him to a wagon in which the arrow became embedded. Kirk Munroe was not injured. He showed your writer that particular arrow which he has saved as a relic for 58 years. The mental head of the arrow had been forged in the hot coals of a hardwood fire by the savages. It was so shaped that it was impossible to pull it from a wound without horribly mutilating the victim.

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Caesar's Garlic Wars

By JOSEPH FAUS

"IT'S TERRIBLE!" said Alice to the Red Knight, drying the tears from her soft blue eyes. "I feel like I'll die soon."

"Terrible, indeed!" concurred her little friend. "The entire ship's company is up in arms about it. Something must be done or we'll all starve to death."

"Garlic!" said Alice disgustedly. "Why, even the word itself makes me sick. Garlic!" And poor Alice's kind face did blanche in sudden indisposition.

"Garlic in everything!" appended the Red Knight mournfully, and he poked his small head through the port-hole. Then he smiled in ghastly fashion and drew it back. He was quite empty; he hadn't eaten for two days.

"Who's the new chef, anyway?" asked Alice, weakly sitting herself on the side of the berth.

"Name of Caesar," answered the Red Knight. "Julius Caesar. I'm sure I don't know how in the name of common-sense and humanity he got the job, though. I thought Simon Legree was the chef—you know, the fellow whose specialty was the nice hot dogs."

"Yes, I remember," said Alice wistfully, "and with mustard 'n' everything. Oh, it makes me so hungry to think of it! Let's go in to dinner—maybe he'll forget this time."

Hopefully, she and her companion hurried to the dining saloon. They found all the passengers there, ensconced glumly at the long narrow table. Uncle Tom, his ebony countenance reflecting tragic pessimism, sat dizzily in the captain's place of honor.

There was a deathly silence as Alice and the Red Knight took their seats at the bare table. All eyes seemed to be directed sadly, accusingly, on the chocolate-colored old darky.

"Oh, Uncle Tom," burst out Alice pathetically, "how could you do it?"

"Ise sorry, Missy," said the captain forlornly, "but hit's all my fault, I guess; This gem'man got on at de las' stop and sez he wuz a swell cook. I told him we-uns from he r position beside her horsey-smelling friend, Paul Revere; and she reached over and patted the old fellow's wrinkled hand. "Never you mind, Uncle Tom, he's bound to take pity on us soon. Don't worry so."

"Here he comes now!" whispered Alice excitedly to the Red Knight as the door to the galley opened and a lithe-bodied, stalwart man entered. In his hands were several trays filled with dishes, from all of which emanated a strong, repellent odor.

"Garlic!" dejectedly sighed the guests as one. "Garlic again!"

Julius Caesar let his cold eyes roam about the assemblage. He smiled in austere reminiscence and said: "You all remind me of Cassius. You have that lean and hungry look.

Then he proceeded to place the food at the end of the table where sat the disconsolate Leonidas, the Spartan. Julius motioned haughtily to this individual to pass on the steaming dishes.

At the gesture the pale face of Leonidas flushed with determination; he drew his frame up taut in his chair. "They shall not pass!" he declaimed fiercely.

"Think you're at Thermopylae, oh!" sneered Caesar. "You and your three hundred Spartans—bah! It's been Xerxes, I'd have whaled hell out of you!"

"Mistuh Caesar! Mistuh Caesar!" ex-postulated Uncle Tom in embarrasmed alarm. "Profanitation am not allowed afront de passengers."

"I'll call the ladies, then," acknowledged the chef, and he proceeded to bow courteously to Cleopatra, Alice, Lady Godiva, and Potiphar's wife. (Potiphar himself was not along; there was a rumor though—so Cleopatra had avidly whispered about—that Joseph had stowed himself away somewhere in the cabin cruiser.) "What I meant to say," explained Caesar, "was, I'd have whaled a naughty word with four letters meaning where the devil lives, out of him."

To this the guests, though not understanding, giggled politely.

Then, "Pass the wittles, Mistuh Leonidas," requested Uncle Tom.

"They shall not pass!" sonorously reiterated the stern-visaged hero of Thermopylae. "They are infected with vile garlic again; you could eat but a mouthful. Caesar," he turned with sudden berserker rage on the coldly smiling chef, "why all this dastardly, ill-smelling campaign?"

A fanatical gleam came into the Roman's eyes; he struck a ponderous, dignified attitude.

"Speech! Speech!" weakly clammed the passengers, all holding handkerchiefs to offended nostrils. "Speech! Speech!"

"Four score and ten years ago," anachronistically declaimed Caesar in a loud voice, "by the people, for the people, of the people."

He halted uncertainly, evidently grogging for more words. Then ringingly: "Lend me your ears! Give me garlic or give me death! I have conquered Normandy, Spain, Africa, Britain; I have fought and won the famous Gallic Wars.
Over the Alps lie Italy; in Italy is the beloved garlic; and it shall be known to the whole world! This is Caesar’s Garlic Wars, the most important campaign of my life!”

With that stentor assertion, he turned and left the saloon. Poor Leonidas, as the noxious fumes from the steaming plates more strongly assailed him, feebly rose up and stumbled out on deck for fresh air. Brave Paul Revere then stepped over and distributed the food about the table.

Alice, almost nauseated, discovered that the soup was flavored with powerful garlic; that the entree was spiced with powerful garlic; that the salads were dressed and powdered with powerful garlic.

“I—I don’t think I care for anything today,” said Alice faintly to the Red Knight.

He nodded sympathetically; he said, “Look at Falstaff—he’s losing weight fast.”

Alice gazed across the board at the Englishman. He was scowlingly trying to sip some of the odorous soup. He looked as though he had lost fifty pounds in the last two days, thought Alice commiseratingly.

At that moment Falstaff glanced up, a demoniacal glare in his usually good-natured eyes.

“What kind of pie you got for dessert?” he yelled toward the galley door. Then sotto voce: “Make mine garlic!” And he proceeded to sob and blubber into his napkin.

All the guests out of pity and respect turned their eyes from the sad scene.

“Liza,” ordered Uncle Tom, motioning to the mulatto girl, “send in that air music gem—man. He ought helpen us to down the wittles.” The negro limped away, and returned in a few minutes with Nero who carried his violin with him. However, he sullenly refused to play till a fire was started in the fire-place. Then he rendered “What’ll I Do?”

“Yes!” said Alice aside to the Red Knight, “what’ll we do? I can’t stand this any longer. I’m starving! Oh, I wish I had never come on Uncle Tom’s cabin-cruiser!”

At that moment there came a rapping on the companionway-door. It was opened, and Simon Legree, jubilantly cracking his whip, escorted in a youthful-looking Spanish gentleman.

“Miser De Leon?” he enunciated importantly to the awed and curious assemblage.

“Nobody else but!” grinned Uncle Tom in delight, rising to his feet. “Welcome to our vessel, Mistruh De Leon. Have this air seat. Fumadiiddles, suh! You ‘pears younger ebery time I sees yo’!”

The stranger bowed his acknowledgment to the compliment, and then gravely sat down.

“What makes Uncle Tom fib like that?” queried Alice sorrowfully to her little friend. “A man can’t get younger; he gets older.”

“No, no,” said the Red Knight. “You see, Mister De Leon used to live in Florida.”

“Oh!” said Alice, as if that settled it.

“Where yo’ bin, Mistruh De Leon?” asked Uncle Tom after he had introduced the newcomer around.

“Back to Florida,” answered the Spaniard.

“I’ve been visiting the country I discovered long ago,” stated Ponce de Leon implacably.

“How come?” beseched Uncle Tom wonderingly, while all the passengers craned their necks to hear the reply.

“Conan Doyle and Sir Oliver Lodge fixed it up for me—the transit and everything,” tersely explained the famous explorer. “They are really very clever.”

“I’ll say dey is!” ejaculated the old darky. “An’ what’d you think of the state, Mistuh De Leon?”

“This casual enough question seemed to act as a match to inflame the newcomer’s eloquence. He immediately began a glowing eulogy.

“Scenically, Florida is the most beautiful, the most wonderful, the most marvelous—”

“That reminds me,” at this point rudely interpolated Henry the Eighth, “of an odd incident that took place during my marriage to my fourth, or fifth, or was it the sixth wife. Anyway, in that part of the ceremony where the priest says, ‘If any man has anything to say why this marriage should not be, let him speak now or else hold his peace forever,’ there ensued as usual the short silence; and then, just as the divine was going to read on, a fellow rose up from his seat and walked to the front.

“If no one else doesn’t care to mention anything,” he said, “I’d like to say a few words in favor of Coral Gables.”

(Continued on page 72)
Coconut palms grow at various angles

“He who plants a coconut tree, plants vessels and clothing, food and drink, a habitation for himself and a heritage for his children.”

FLORIDA’S most popular tropical plant is the cocoanut palm, the tree of one hundred uses which ranks it an outstanding world’s champion from a utility standpoint. Science has searched the whole world and has never discovered any other tree as valuable as this curious grower of the tropics which towers to heights of from 75 to 100 feet under climatic and soil conditions in our southernmost state.

This same palm tree which adds beauty and stately dignity to ornamental views and vistas far south of freezing weather is revered in the East Indies as a “sacred tree.” The natives believe that any tree which provides so much food and so many valuable products emanates from a God-given source. From root to crown, the cocoanut palm tree exemplifies utility. And despite its record utility, it is an outstanding object of beauty, an adornment to the shores and sandy soils, the parks and driveways, the boulevards and walks of the Floridian Peninsula.

Wind, wave and man have been the agencies which have spread the palm tree from one end of Florida to the other. Science is not exactly sure how the cocoanut palm migrated to the southernmost section of these United States.

The romantic belief is that the first storm-tossed seed was transported to Florida from the American tropics by the Gulf Stream. It is thought that the pioneer palm trees sprang from these derelict seed and that wind and weather, storm and water subsequently scattered seed to all sections of the state. All the indications are the palm tree is of seafaring inclinations. It may be that it grows commonly close to salt water in order that it may distribute its seed via waves and currents to new fields of propagation.

The seed are watertight while they float like bobbing corks in a millstream. Certain islands which years ago were practically barren of vegetation are today garbed in an abundance of palm trees that sway and rustle under the impulse of gentle trade winds. The logical deduction is that the seeds which have produced these interesting trees came like shipwrecked mariners to their new homes.

Time was when the cocoanut trees like mighty snakes twisted, turned and grew along the ground. They assumed this supine posture in order to better withstand the violence of the hurricanes and tornadoes which are prevalent in the tropical countries. Even today cocoanut trees bow and bend, incline and slant in the direction of the wind which blew the strongest when they were small. In some cases, their growth is corkscrew-like. The trees grow in every possible direction. The growth of the saw-palmetto now existent in great numbers in the swamplands of Florida is a perfect picture of what the palm trees once looked like before they developed the habit of erect growth.

The cocoanut palm tree refused to remain among the family of swamp-crawlers. It grew erect as times changed and finally conquered the tropics. It now ranks high among the bravest battlers of mighty storms. It remains erect in tempest and hurricane. It boasts a very strong trunk and root system. Its modern tendency to flare away from the perpendicular is probably a throwback to the days when it was listed among the creeping families of tropical trees.

In the tropical countries, this warm climate tree grows, blooms and bears fruit throughout the year. Under Florida conditions, the individual palm tree produces large clusters of 30 or 30 to 40 or more cocoanut. The frosts that sometimes occur in Southern Florida blight the leaves and occasionally ruin a few nut crops. Commonly, the cocoanut palm tree prospers as far North as latitude 27½ degrees. It does best on hammock soil and the moist land close to the sea-side. Although this palm tree variety is used as an avenue ornamental, such utilization involves certain dangers to pedestrians. During wind storms, the nuts and leaves are liable to blow off and crack the skulls of
passesby. The huge leaves weigh as much as 25 pounds apiece while the coconuts are as dangerous missiles as small cannonballs. The nuts usually drop at night. The moisture of the dew loosens their connections with the tree so that they fall to the ground. Accidents are thus not so numerous as they would be during the day-time when folks are a-stir.

Coconuts with the husks still in place are set out in damp, sheltered beds in a mangrove swamp or other place of natural seclusion. In from three to four months, new plants will sprout from the old nuts. The soft sprout of the folded leaf emerges through the eye of the nut and spreads gradually into a broad fine leaf. Other leaves follow and in the course of time a root system develops. Then the young plant is ready to be set out in a commercial planting or as an ornamental. The trunk begins to form when the plant is about two years old. It produces a sort of cloth-like fiber. One section of these fibers cross the other at right angles and form a kind of protective armor for the base of the tree. Furthermore, this fiber binds together the palm leaves and supports them in position. Later, when the leaves become strong enough to support themselves, this fiber decays and disappears. In the royal palm tree, the arrangement is somewhat different. The base of the leaves encloses the tree trunk and forms a tight solid cylinder which looks as though it were made of concrete.

After its sixth or seventh year, the Florida palm produces flowers. These blooms look like large tassels of corn. The male blossoms which occur at the upper part of the tree sprinkle the female blooms below with pollen and thus fertilize them. The royal palm in southern Florida grows as far north as Fort Lauderdale and as far south as Cape Sable. Unquestionably, birds have played an important part in disseminating its seed. The royal palm can not exist on pine land and demands a moist hammock soil for successful growth. Some royal palm leaves are 20 feet in length while the sheaf of the leaf is from four to five feet in length. The massive leaves of the royal palm are draped artistically by nature to add beauty to the tropical scenery of which this stately tree is an impressive feature. The tree is always beautiful as new leaves appear to replace the old ones that fail. On Paradise Key in southern Florida there are 70 matchless royal palm trees which tower to heights of from 85 to 120 feet.

Altogether, there are more than 1,000 different varieties of palm trees being grown. There are 30 distinct kinds of coconuot palm trees including the type that is so popular in Florida. The coconut palm tree is widely distributed throughout the Tropics and is always the first tree to gain a foothold on newly formed islands. Some of the European palm trees produce building material, masts and similar products but the Florida palms are grown exclusivley as ornamental and for nut production. No person, as yet, has attempted commercialized palm tree production although such a traffic may develop in the future. The leaves of the palm tree are used to thatch houses and sheds, to line fences and to make hats, mats and baskets. The plant stems of certain rattan palms are employed in the manufacture of wicker-work furniture. The terminal bud of the cabbage palm is cooked and eaten like cabbage. It is also a favorite food of bears. Hunters who seek bear meat always wait for bruin in the neighborhood of the cabbage palm trees. The spines of some palms are used by natives for tipping arrows and spears as well as for fish-hooks and in tattooing. “Sailor's cabbage," or "millionaires' salad" are the names of relished foods prepared from the unopened leaves in the crown of the palm tree. The removal of this material always kills the coconut palm tree. Hence the dishes are expensive luxuries. In the tropical countries, the dried leaves of the palm tree wrapped together are often used as a homespun torch.

The long slender trunk of the coconut palm tree is used in making cradles by hollowing out the central core. This material is also made into lumber for building houses or making furniture in warm climate sections where the trees grow. The coconut palm trees are tapped at certain periods of the year as they yield a so-called "toddy" which the natives convert into an alcoholic drink. The "toddy" is also used in making sugar and molasses. The husk of the coconut contains valuable fiber which is used in making cordage, rope and fishlines. The "coir" ropes and cables made from this material are used extensively in the maritime world. Instead of rotting when exposed to salt water as does ordinary rope, the "coir" cables become more durable and tough. This fiber is also used in making sails for canoes, thread for sewing rugs, floor matting, clothing, nets, brushes and brooms. It is also used to stuff pillows and mattresses.

In certain of the tropical countries a large commerce has been developed in copra, the ripened meat of the coconut broken into pieces and dried in the sun.

(Continued on page 74)
The OLD SPANISH MISSION
AT NEW SMYRNA

SOMETHING back from New Smyrna town,
'Twixt swamps and forest lands,
Crumbling with age, abandoned, lone,
A Spanish Mission stands.

Each crumbling stone a story tells,
Of faith and courage high,
When men of God in a savage land,
Did work and pray and die.

The palm trees grow in the cloisters dim,
Crests to the blue of day,
While the priest who kneels at the altar rail,
Is an aged oak, and gray.

Surplice and stole of the swinging moss,
His knarled knees bend low,
His chant the wind in the moving leaves,
As the seasons come and go.

Time is lost, and the long dim past
Is buried in sun and rain.
But the steadfast soul of the Mission Priest
Is kneeling there again.

I hear the peal of the Mission bell,
E'er the dawn is in the sky,
And the Red-man bends to the white-man's God,
As the gleaming cross goes by.

I hear the strains of the Vesper Hymn,
Float through the twilight, gray,
As the velvet cloak of the tropic night
Falls o'er the burning bay.

Gone are the savage days of old,
When the Red-man wandered free,
When white-men seeking gold and fame,
Came over the cruel sea.

Fame was lost in the jungle wastes,
And the price of gold was death,
And the land was lost to the native tribes,
Through treachery and stealth.

His brothers have fought, and conquered, and lost,
Men have toiled and died in fear,
But the steadfast soul of the Mission Priest,
Is ever kneeling there.

—Fae Oemler Smith.

Ruins of the Old Spanish Mission erected during
the fifteenth century at New Smyrna, Florida
WEST of the SONG-SUNG SUWANEE

Capital Shakes Hands with the Land of Plenty in Western Florida

By GEORGE H. DACY

FORTUNA, Goddess of Plenty, is the appropriate symbol of progressiveness and progress in agriculture up in the latitude of West Florida—that expansive territory west of the Suwannee River which has been immortalized in song and story.

If you recollect the likeness of Fortuna as she was pictured in mythologies of yore, you will recall that the venerable madam was represented as holding a cornucopia in her hands proffering to a world eager, yet ignorant of her measureless possibilities.

And Western Florida today is none other than the ancient image of Fortuna revamped and modernized, equipped with a 1925 chassis and boasting a superpower motor of matchless efficiency. An agricultural land of promise newly awakened, an Eden of farming potentialities, a section which, gauged on what has been accomplished in other regions of our southernmost state, appears to the impartial observer like another Golconda recently uncovered. Capital from all parts of the United States is shaking hands with Western Florida. An empire discovered many centuries ago by the adventure-seeking Spaniards is now responding to the explorations and exploitations of twentieth century pioneers. They come by rail and water or in gasoline-driven vehicles. They study facts and figures. They seek investments. Western Florida extends hearty welcome. A new era of prosperity has latterly been ushered in the Suwannee River's gliding waters.

West Florida is that geographical zone of the United States' extremity which lies west of the Suwannee River. It consists of 20 counties that cover 9,658,000 acres and comprise 27 per cent of the area of the state. It produces nearly nine-tenths of all the cotton, about nine-eighths of the tobacco and four-tenths of the corn raised annually in Florida. Gadsden county alone yields three-fourths of the American supply of fuller's earth. One fourth of Florida's pecans come from the western section of the state. Leon county boasts the largest grove of tung oil trees in the South. This same county is prominent in dairying and operates one of the largest creameries in our most southern state. The most extensive forest reserve south of Appalachia is another pre-eminent factor. West Florida markets annually one-third of the state naval stores and more than eight-tenths of the oyster output. The finest harbor south of Newport News, Virginia, is the pristine marine asset of Pensacola.

An important state highway is being built through West Florida which will link that region with the rest of the state and make it readily accessible to motor travelers. The writing on the wall promises a West Coast railroad as another eventuality. Steel rails shortly will connect Tampa, St. Petersburg and other West Coast cities with the land of the song-sung Suwannee. Better transportation facilities always augur increased population. And several thousand more permanent residents is what West Florida today needs most of all. Experienced farmers to work the idle land, agricultural experts to mine the farming wealth of an unplumbed empire.

If this writer were to tell you all the stories of success and prosperity that he ran across during a recent tour of Western Florida, you, forsooth, would doubtless dub him a truth-tweaver and would toss aside in sheer disgust the pages which he might have written. Your writer has put the curb on his enthusiasm. He will offer you nothing but guaranteed data—statistics which come from the state authorities and from conservative business men who think twice before they speak once in singing Florida's praises. It is indeed a wonder tale which can be typed even when one eliminates the headlines and deals exclusively with the more mediocre stories that have inception west of the Suwannee.

During the last ten months the merchantable value of the marketable lands of West Florida have increased two-fold. Acres which could have been purchased last Thanksgiving for X dollars now will cost you 2X dollars or more. Reality that for years has stagnated as though mired in the slough of despond has come to life with surcharged zeal. Things are booming. Business is creating the zenith of prosperity. Values have mounted rapidly yet they are substantial. Wealthy men of vast financial credits are backing the development programs. The trade winds of good fortune which have wafted their breezes of contentment to Southern and Central Florida have now penetrated to the homing heaths of the Apalachicola and Suwannee Rivers. Peace, contentment and permanent prosperity are pouring into the western section of our oldest state.

During the last ten months, bonanza purchases of agricultural land which will be used for farming purposes and developed as valuable food mines have been made. For example, a certain gentleman from Kansas City started the ball a-rolling by studying Western Florida intensively as an investor's paradise and then buying 1,000,000 acres of well located coastal lands along the salty breeze course which extends from Tampa to Pensacola. Another gentleman from Chicago whose name is West decided that West Florida was the place that he had long been searching for. The result—he purchased 100,000 acres of agricultural land, the greater part of which is located...
in Franklin County. Just a few weeks back, a Chicago firm bought 200,000 acres of cutover and farming lands from a large lumber company in Taylor county. A Boston corporation, about the same time, paid cash for 150,000 acres near Tallahassee. Barron Collier of New York who owns more than 1,000,000 acres of southern Florida and Everglades' lands is also reported to have purchased extensive holdings latterly in the land of the inimitable Suwannees.

The foregoing are but a few of the many, many extensive sales of real estate which have been made recently in West Florida. Many a land boom is but a flash in the pan which flickers out and is forgotten directly after the powder ignites. The rise in values in the 20 counties of Western Florida does not qualify under any such description. The reality increases have been solid and substantial. They also were inevitable. For as soon as the rest of the state began to hum with the bustle of progress' procession, it was as certain as dooms' day that West Florida would also in the course of time have to follow behind prosperity's newest band wagon.

Should you elect to purchase any land in the territory where the barometer of prices is constantly rising follow this tip which comes from one of the best informed agricultural experts employed by the state of Florida. He told me to advise the readers of Suniland to purchase none but the farming lands with a clay subsoil. All such lands in Western Florida respond rapidly to practical agricultural development. They will be the backbone of the Suwannee country's future development. Like the wheat fields that provide the bread grains for all America, they represent the sum and substance of potential well being.

Western Florida is the land of the hardy Satsuma orange, a citrus fruit which is finding wonderful favor with the medium class consumers throughout the United States. The Satsuma belong to the Mandarin group and commonly is called the "Kid-Glove orange" because the peeling can be removed without soiling a kid glove. From two to three thousand acres of Satsumas in Western Florida are doing extraordinarily well because this variety prospers close to the northern border of the citrus belt. When budded on Trifoliate stock there is no other edible orange which is as hard as the Satsuma. Trifoliate stock will withstand zero weather while Satsuma trees have been exposed to temperatures as low as 15 degrees and produced profitable crops the following season. Eleven year old trees of Satsumas have produced as many as 2,000 marketable fruits a season which sold for two cents apiece—illustrative of the possibilities of the industry.

Jackson, Escambia, Santa Rosa, and Bay Counties have won success in growing Satsumas. The variety is adapted for cultivation in all the counties of West Florida. The Satsumas sell for about $1 more per box than the average variety of Floridian oranges freight on board, West Florida. The Satsuma handles exactly like a tangerine and is favorite with the working classes and school children who carry lunchboxes. It is one of the dependable fruits which can be raised extensively in Western Florida. The future of the industry is bright. The demand for Satsumas in the northern cities of maximum consumption is annually increasing. The fact that the variety is remarkably resistant to drastic temperature changes is of great financial significance to northern and western Florida land owners and citrus farmers.

West Florida is also the center of the state's blueberry industry, a commercialized enterprise of recent origin. Altogether about 2500 acres of acid sour lands have been mobilized and equipped for market blueberry production. Florida has hundreds of thousands of acres of land which now are idle that are admirably adapted for the cultivation of this novel cash crop.

The blueberry is indigenous in West Florida and is not bothered there by pestiferous diseases. In fact, the blueberry farmers thus far have not had to spray their trees as no insects have been found in that state which attack either the roots or branches of the valuable trees. Washington and Walton Counties are the hubs of the novel industry. Lands which are too sour to produce profitable grass and grain crops yield net profits of from $300 to $900 per acre when cropped to blueberries. Japa-
nes persimmons are also being grown profitably as well as Excelsior plums crossed on the native Suwanee Country stocks.

Although West Florida is a little too far north to classify among the winter vegetable sections, nevertheless considerable profit is yearly being realized from the production and sale of such green foods. During 1924 more than 255 carloads of truck and vegetables were shipped to the northern markets. Turnips, cabbage, lettuce, English peas, radishes and other vegetables that are capable of withstanding cool weather prosper in Western Florida. Pork production which features the raising and grazing of peanuts is a promising potential industry. Kudzu and velvet beans constitute another imported forage crop which prospers and adds to agricultural prosperity.

There is no large consuming city centrally located in Western Florida adapted to handle great quantities of market milk. As a result, dairying on an extensive scale has not developed. This does not imply that milk farming is not profitably pursued. In the neighborhood of all the larger towns and cities of the western part of the state, the provident dairy cow is a prominent factor in animal husbandry. However, what West Florida needs today more than all else are thousands of additional small scale farmers who will specialize in vegetable and fruit production and who will remain as permanent residents.

A veritable paradise for pecan production. Introducing Western Florida as one of the leading sources of nut supply. Jefferson County, in particular, is a preeminent pecan country. During a recent exhibition nut exposition, in Texas, the pecans from Jefferson County were awarded world's championship honors in competition with displays from all parts of the globe. Under Floridian and Georgian conditions, pecans yield approximately two full crops in three years. The best improved pecan groves at present are selling for from $500 to $1500 per acre. Last year one 20-year-old grove near Jefferson netted $1,000 an acre to its owner in nuts marketed—an income which is an ample justification for the existence and extension of the pecan industry in the western Suwanee country.

The tung-oil industry is yet another business which is looking up in this semi-rolling country. For many centuries, tung-oil production has been anchored securely in China. Heretofore, the United States has purchased about $13,000,000 worth of tung-oil annually from the slanted oriental traders. Dissatisfied with the shiftless systems of recovery practiced by the Chinese, American science recently has been testing out the commercialization of the tung-oil enterprise in Florida. The results have been most gratifying. Seventy of the leading paint and varnish manufacturers in the United States have combined in the development of the new business. They have purchased large tracts of land and have made arrangements to promote an industry which in the future will satisfy America's needs for tung-oil—one of the best oils known which makes varnish water-proof and is also used in the manufacture of oilcloth, linoleum, soap and other important products.

Florida is the annual supply source of about 1,000,000,000 feet of lumber, 8,200,000 gallons of turpentine and 560,000 barrels of rosin. The lumber industry yields a monetary return amounting to more than $40,000,000 yearly and one-third of this income is distributed among the lumber interests of the western section of the state. Florida spends $85 per capita in the construction of new buildings each year. This extensive building program would indicate a drain on the domestic forest resources. Their enormous extent is shown by the fact that there is still enough raw building material in this southernly state to construct dwellings for 20,000,000 inhabitants. Lumber is available in the rough to build 200 cities as large as Jacksonville. West Florida has the largest government forest reserve south of the Appalachian mountains.

Many people think of the homeland of the flamingo as a center of sport fishing where wealthy men while away their leisure yanking 150-pound silver tarpons from azure depths. These persons forget to visualize Florida's commercial fishing industry. The annual shipments of salt and fresh water fish aggregate 60,000,000 pounds while the merchandizing of shell fish, shrimp, crabs, oysters and clams amounts to a 125,000 barrel crop. It would take a 14 mile freight train to haul these fish to market in one freight train. Assembled as a single gigantic fish, they would form a monster larger than 2,000 of the biggest whales ever captured. This

Sunset on beautiful Apalachicola Bay
Satsuma oranges are grown in large quantities in West Florida
Tobacco is grown both in the open and under shade in Northwest Florida in large quantities.

fish of statistical imagination would be huge enough to swallow the largest battleship that ever was launched. Your writer cites these figures for your information. His study of West Florida's fishing industry evidence that that section is a very important supply center. Eight of every ten barrels of oysters shipped north have their origin in the latitude of Apalachicola.

Along the coastal exposure, land has been gobbled up like political offices during election year. Practically all the outstanding waterfront property has now passed into the hands of speculators or wealthy capitalists who plan to develop their tracts as hotel and resort sites or as winter homes. Just to illustrate how rapidly prices soar when an energetic boom is functioning full force, the case of a certain 150 acre island close to Florida's western face is interesting. This island is located near St. Marks and looks out over one of Florida's finest fishing grounds. Several months ago, when Western Florida was just beginning to awaken, this seawarded parcel of land changed hands for $75,000 consideration. Shortly thereafter, land values began to mount. Again and again, the price of the island pyramided until only a few weeks before this article was written, the place was marketed for $500,000.

Purposely your writer has left a brief discussion of the waterpower resources of Western Florida to the last for it is a potentiality of almost incomparable possibilities. The hydro-electric power assets of this territory are greater than the combined waterflow offerings of the rest of the state. Tallahassee is now beginning the development of a $1,000,000 power plant from the Ocklaweehie river. Power from the Withlacoochee river is provided to Ocala, Dunnellon, Crystal river, Inverness, Floral City, Brooksville, Bushnell, Coleman, Center Hill, Webster, Dade City and Zephyrhills and to a number of hard rock mines and rock quarries. Leesburg gains its hydro-electric power from the Oklawaha River. Marianna utilizes the energy furnished by Dry Creek. These instances of the utilization of harnessed waterpower are so remarkable as to serve as pathfinders indicative of what efficient purposes the flowing waters of the western part of the state may be made to serve. It is not beyond the limits of reason to predict that some day a chain of factories somewhat similar to the cotton factories of North and South Carolina may border the run-away waters of Western Florida rivers. They will lend an economic background to the industry of what promises to be a most prosperous and progressive land of plenty.

To recall the epochal days when Noah built the famous ark carries us back many centuries into the dawn days of history. Curiously enough, West Florida boasts an extraordinary forest which is intimately linked with the construction of that notable craft of refuge. This particular woodland is the only forest of evergreen cedar in the United States. The material is commonly called "gopher wood." It is claimed that Noah built the ark from this variety of lumber. Thus a wood now growing vigorously in our oldest American state dates back to an exciting period of Biblical history.

A certain quartet of factors govern the industrial and commercial success of a county or a group of counties. They must be equipped with adequate capital, power, raw material and labor. All of these Western Florida today has in abundance. That is why the region qualifies admirably to use the services of Fortuna, goddess of Plenty as guide and guardian. If modern man like Rip Van Winkle could but go to sleep for a century or more, he, doubtless, would awaken to see this westernly part of the Floridian Peninsula metamorphosed into a bustling beehive of thrifty business. For it remains but for man and his mates to capitalize on the natural advantages and climatic riches of this belt of land that borders the Mexican Gulf on the one side and the Suwanee River on the other to effect this transformation. A fine start has been made. It is now up to Florida and Floridians and the adopted sons and daughters who are flocking south of the snow line for permanent settlement to consummate proportionally as fine a finish.

West Florida's $2,000,000 Fuller's earth project merits brief description as a worth while example of what industry is already accomplishing west of the Suwanee. Fuller's earth possesses remarkable absorbent characteristics. It is used in filtering the impurities from crude petroleum. It also is invaluable in removing grease from the woollen goods of ordinary and extraordinary commerce. At Quincy, Florida is located the first Fuller's earth mine established in this country. Previous to this discovery, the United States obtained its supplies from England. More recently additional deposits have been found in Illinois and Texas but northwestern Florida and southwestern Georgia are still the major production points in the New World. A measure of the rapid gain in property values which has obtained during the last half year in West Florida is had in the matchless record which the state of Florida as a unit has hung up during a recent decade. At the beginning of this period, the total state wealth was estimated to be $922,000,000. Ten years later, it amounted to $2,424,000,000. This represented a statewide increase of 163 per cent. The per capita wealth jumped from $1,148 to $2,341 during the same interval. On the basis of this increase during that decade, it is logical to reckon that the value of all Floridian property will total more than $6,000,000,000 at the end of the next decade. Government records show that there is but one other state of the entire forty-eight that has increased in wealth faster than Florida during the last ten years. The writer feels that his estimate is rational and conservative when he offers the opinion that West Florida during the next half score years will make as remarkable a commensurate gain in property value as did the state as a whole during the last decade.

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AM only human, and I won't pretend that it isn't a source of gratification to me to be postmaster of Tampa," said Mrs. Elizabeth Barnard, highest paid woman postmaster in the United States, with only seven men in similar positions receiving larger salaries.

"Tampa is such a wonderful city. It is growing so rapidly and it is only natural for me to feel a source of pride in having a share in its growth."

"If you stop to think of it, Uncle Sam is playing no small part in its development. It is a pet conceit of mine to believe that the large sales that are consummated are helped along by the promptness and efficiency of the mail service. Undoubtedly, the postoffice has its finger on the pulse of the activity in Tampa."

"Oh, yes, I am sure we are having a vital part in the progress of Tampa—the phenomenal increase in business and in population."

Mrs. Bernard hesitated and I remarked:

"It is wonderful that you—a woman—are Tampa's postmaster."

Mrs. Barnard smiled at that. "I did not become postmaster overnight," she said. "It required years of apprenticeship—hours of study. My training was pretty hard at times. But I don't regret a single bump or jolt. It was the experience I needed."

"There was exhilaration in each inch of ground yielded to me. I would think: 'This is my very own. I won this recognition alone.'"

"But you may be sure that I worked every inch of that way! "I came to Tampa in 1906 equipped with nothing more than a great desire and a boundless determination to find some sort of 'job.' I sought employment at the postoffice here and was told that they 'were not using women in the postal service.' The next year, however, when I was attending business college I was offered a stenographic position by the postmaster, George W. Bean."

"The woman who enters the business field fully trained does not know how fortunate she is. I realized from the first how handicapped I was by my lack of business preparation. It was fearfully inadequate. So I continued my studies at night at a business college."

"This step perhaps shaped Mrs. Barnard's destiny."

Later, she was appointed secretary to Mr. Bean, continuing in that capacity under his successors James McKay and E. D. Lambright. Then she was appointed assistant superintendent of mails.

"Success in life," says Mrs. Barnard, "never comes easily."

She laughed at that, adding, "Which has been said platitudinously so often that it sounds like an outgrown myth. It isn't, though. It is true. The law of cause and effect is inextricably mixed with success."

"The difference in failure and success, as I see it, is the sheer ability to hang on. A grim determination to reach a certain place. If a woman has no goal, no objective, she will never go far in business."

"Perhaps," I suggested, "you had an aptitude for business that some women do not have."

Mrs. Barnard shook her head, answering slowly, a reminiscent look in her brown eyes, "No, that is not true. It was hard for me at first. You see I did not choose a business career. It was forced on me. But once in the game, I meant to be successful. I could not accept the idea of mediocrity, of standing still. I worked always with the thought in mind of going a little higher."

The door that leads to the office of this remarkable woman is distinguished by two words: "Come In."

It is the only door in the United States postal service marked in that way. It is
the only postmaster's door in the United States that does not carry the forbidding word: "Private."

The sign is symbolic of Mrs. Barnard's attitude of mind.

"I am a public servant," she says. "When people want to see me it should not be made difficult for them. I think, too, there is a great deal of waste motion saved by eliminating barricades and middlemen.

"In most instances, when some one says 'I want to see the postmaster,' it is generally the postmaster who alone may smooth out that particular difficulty. Of course, there are times when I refer people to other sections and departments. But not so often as to require a change in my policy of personally meeting the inquiring public.

"Perhaps, after all, I am only lazy. The door, you see, obviates the necessity for answering many knocks and saves many steps."

A great deal of her success hinges on her accessibility and her willingness to discuss the problems of others. They are never too insignificant for her earnest attention.

In her eighteen years of postal service she has worked in every department, financial, registry, complaints. During this time she has come in contact with every phase of human nature. And from this contact has been developed this most outstanding trait of character—consideration of the other person's state of mind.

"I'm afraid at times I'm much like Mark Sabre, in 'If Winter Comes,' thinking the other man's thoughts for him. That, of course, can be carried to an extreme. And again it proves very helpful and untangles perplexing situations for me."

IV

"I want to speak to the postmaster," says a particularly cross-looking individual. He says this sharply, a trifle arrogantly to the woman seated at large mahogany desk.

"All right," says Mrs. Barnard briskly. "I'm listening."

For a moment the man stares in perplexity. His gaze clashes for a fraction of a second with that of Mrs. Barnard. His manner changes abruptly, and he states his mission, respectfully.

It is not long before he realizes that he has come to the right place. When he goes away his minor grievances have vanished and difficulties which had appeared insurmountable a moment before are already in process of being solved by the keen intelligence and specialized knowledge of the woman at the desk.

For despite the flowers growing on the window sill, the summer frock she is wearing, and her feminine readiness to smile, Mrs. Barnard is every inch a postmaster. And she knows her job!

"I am a strong contender," says Mrs. Barnard, "that a woman should not mix home and business.

That remark sounded so strange from the lips of a woman who, first of all, is a devoted mother, an eminently successful business executive, member of the Tampa Board of Trade, the Y. W. C. A., Red Cross and who was recently elected State President of the League of Business and Professional Women's Clubs.

A woman who analyzes a chart dealing with postal conditions with lightning-like rapidity.

Who guides the destiny of the postoffice with a sure, firm hand. Yet finds time to go on shopping tours with her daughter and attend baseball games with her son.

Reading my thoughts, perhaps, Mrs. Barnard explained: "That is, I do not believe you can combine the two successively.

"I am building a home at Brandon. We have a beautiful site, seventy-three acres, with two lakes on the property. The home is attractive, designed in keeping with true Spanish architecture. I should be thrilled to my toes at the prospect of possessing it. I'm not. It will be a nice place to eat and sleep and relax, that I may feel fit to begin my next day's work."

"It is my daughter who is thrilled at the thought of color combinations. And my son who hasn't a thought above his White Leghorn chickens!"

"When I am at home," she continues, "my mind is busy with the problems of the office. It would never occur to me to go out in the kitchen and test a recipe for cake-making, or gather flowers for the table, or polish the silver. It simply wouldn't occur to me. For the time I am at home I am relaxing, as only a woman needs to relax, who is 'hitting it up on all cylinders' six days in the week.

"It requires a vast deal of energy to be an efficient business woman. It requires just as much to be a successful housewife.

As I see it, a woman must make her choice, unless she is willing to give any half away toward the goal in both vocations.

"I did not choose. As I said, the decision for business was forced on me."

That doesn't mean that Mrs. Barnard is not a loving, devoted mother and a 'pal' to her son and daughter. It does not mean that she has not watched with pride every step of their progress through childhood, until now, when both have finished college.

It does mean that she realizes that they have missed something—and that she has missed a great deal.

She believes, too, that because of instincts, traditions, heritage, a woman who is denied a "home life" is never a supremely happy woman, though she may have learned to control her emotions so that she may be fairly content and serene.

This, she says is only possible when a woman has learned to sublimate her feminine reactions and adapt herself to a man's world—the business world!"
Florida Assured of Great Future Says Roger W. Babson

**HERE** is no doubt that a boom is growing in Florida, which can almost be compared to the California boom of a decade ago; the Duluth and Central West booms of the early 90's and the rush to the Klondike a few years later. Furthermore, this Florida boom is based upon something besides oranges and grapefruit, or early lettuce and tomatoes, but rather upon the habit of spending a portion of one's Winter in a tropical land. This may be, to a certain extent, a fad; but no more so than the Florida boom is destined to Florida by from five to ten years, it can be seen that there is a real basis for Florida's boom. Florida has come to its own and—boom or no boom—is destined to have a great future.

As to how long the present continued mounting of prices will continue, no one knows; but surely, in most sections the real boom is just beginning. The national publicity which Florida has received this year has awakened interest here before equaled. Without doubt next year will show a great increase over this year and for some years to come the numbers going to Florida should continue to increase. Of course, prices cannot always go up. Some time prices will reach a peak. Then everyone will start to sell and down they'll go. As a boy I was brought up in Gloucester, Mass., and saw the great boom in seashore property which extended from Newport, R. I., to Bar Harbor, Me. Humble people who had farms of fifty acres, which they valued at $100 per acre, sold for $2,000 per acre; but did they really make any money? No, because after having the money in the bank for a year or two, they took it out and bought seashore "lots" with their $100,000 which they still have. Only today they have but five acres in place of their fifty. Land at Magnolia, Mass., where I worked when a boy, went in ten years from 1 cent a square foot up to $1, but is now back to 20 cents. Estates in Newport which cost $200,000 can now be bought for $50,000 or even less. The same thing may be repeated in Florida. Some day the boom will break; but unless something happens, it should continue several years longer. Moreover, going to Florida Winters may become a great new industry like the movie industry, the automobile industry and the radio industry. If so those who now get in right should make a great deal of money.

My mother used to say, "Every dog has its day," and without doubt Florida is beginning to have her day. Unless something happens, Florida will, during the next few years, offer the greatest opportunities for money making ever known in America. On the other hand, those who have the true interests of Florida at heart will remember that it is righteousness and not realtors which truly make a nation. True friends of Florida will stamp out gambling, horse racing and other questionable activities.

True friends of Florida will keep out vice, liquor and irresponsible subdivision supervisors who are merely legalized burglars. I believe you can spot them by their cheap signs on the highways. In closing, however, let me say that these true friends of Florida will be richly paid as a reward.

Florida will be richly paid as a reward.
Cruising Through Our Inland Waters
Being the Informal Log of a Seven Days' Voyage Through the Rivers of Florida

By Rex Saffer

Yielding among the keys lying near the coast, the marauding sallies of pirates in the old days and the illegitimate traffic of rum runners in later times, commercial shipping in and out of the many ports of the Florida peninsula—all these things have had their just due at the hands of oral and editorial re¬"counters.

Seaports of the state have for three hundred and more years been the head-quarters of men who could through their tales bring about a variety of mental sensa¬tions. These have ranged from the lazy, contented feeling that pervades the atmos¬phere during the recollection of delight¬ful, sunny days aboard a small cruiser or a houseboat dodging in and out among the Florida keys, through the stately and majes¬tice visions of four-masted schooners or huge freighters plying their commercial way through the Gulf of Mexico and the ocean, with a final dash of romance or danger—take it as you will—in the recollections of the exploits of pirates of the sixteenth century or the perilous labors of the modern buccaneers and their liquor ships.

But with the constantly increasing atten¬tion that is being paid to the lakes and waterways of inland Florida, there is springing into the everchanging popular mind a diversion with all of the basic prin¬ciples of the coastwise boating. Cruising among the inland waterways of Florida is becoming not only a popular sport but one that is receiving its share of attention as a prodigy among the thousand and one varieties of sport known to the residents of the peninsula.

As far back as 1870, and perhaps before that, the inland waterways of the state were used extensively for such small quantities of commercial shipping as could be accomplished in long, flat boats with a short draught.

Now, however, with the channels cleared out enough to eliminate the danger which threatened the boats of older days, the com¬mercial aspect of the situation is veering to the side for the time because of lack of properly navigable waters. In its stead is appearing the pleasure boat, laden with lovers of water and the jungle beauty that is constantly evident along the banks of the rivers and lakes. Some of the pleasure craft, it is discovered upon inquiry, are bent upon but one day's travel in and among the lakes and rivers of Central Florida. Others, well stocked with supplies for several days' journey, leave the lake ports of the central region bound for an outing to Silver Springs, to Welaka, to Palatka and to Jacksonville and the Atlantic ocean.

Some of the more adventurous and en¬thusiastic boatmen and sailors are bound by way of the inland channels for ports in the north. The commodore of one of the Central Florida yacht clubs is the authority for the statement that a boat drawing three feet of water may make the voyage from Lake county to Toronto, Canada, entirely by inland waterway, with the exception of less than sixty miles off Cape Hatteras.

This trip, of course, requires more prep¬aration than can be given by the average Floridian, who has no desire to carry coals to Newcastle by leaving America's Last Frontier, with its countless possibilities for pleasure, to go into another section of the country for a vacation.

For the resident of Central Florida who desires a week's boating where the gran¬deur and glory of Florida's growth are intertspersed with many of the marvelous natural attractions and with just enough of the city to prevent the monotony of solitude, a week spent on the waters be¬tween Central Florida and Jacksonville, on the Ocklawaha and St. Johns rivers, is comparable only to the slight dash of sauce which improves and brings out the finest qualities of an otherwise perfect dish.

Listen to an informal log of such a journey:

"Captain Richard Elliott of Tavares, and I left that city, the capital of Lake county and situated in one of Florida's most beautiful lake sections, at eleven-thirty o'clock on Tuesday morning in Cap¬tain Elliott's twenty-two foot boat, the Whyome. From the public dock at Tavares, on the west end of Lake Dora, we went through Dora canal, which will eventually be known throughout the state as the headwaters of the Ocklawaha river, and into Lake Eustis. Across the end of this body of water we journeyed, the Whyome riding easily across the waves blown up by an east wind. From Lake Eustis we went into Haines Creek, later to be another part of Ocklawaha.

"We found easy sailing for an hour. At Lisbon, where there are railroad and highway bridges, we held up a train while the bridge-tender opened the bridge for us. Here we heard for the first time the slogan and hailing sign of the Very In¬formal Union of Bridge-Tenders—'When you comin' back?'

"Two miles below the bridge, we struck trouble and spent two hours digging our way with boat hooks and oars through floating islands and heavy growths of lily pads which had jammed the channel. Quite evidently interested cranes, herons and other waterfowl watched us as we struggled to open a way. Each of them, perhaps commented to his neighbor on the inad¬visability of approaching a pair of humans who would in their feeble way attempt

The Whyome at her Tavares mooring
to move the earth. We had the courage of our convictions, however, despite the rather aloof inspection of the birds, and shortly were on our way again.

"From Haines Creek, we went into Lake Griffin, and followed for some time a clear-cut path through huge beds of lily pads. After approximately five miles of this, the path disappeared, and we were left to our own resources in our endeavor to find a channel. We continued straight north, and as dark approached, we ran into the Ocklawaha canal and sat back to enjoy the beauty of our natural and constantly changing landscape until we arrived at a combination of difficulties. These were a pontoon bridge and a government dredge.

"The dredge hands seemed to foresee an enormous quantity of unremunerative labor in opening the bridge for us. Captain Elliott in a few minutes of high pressure argument convinced them that the two of us would be unable to carry a twenty-two foot boat around the obstruction, with the result that the bridge was untied and allowed to swing down stream. A swift current had swung us around in the narrow channel when we tied up to argue with the dredgemen, so we backed down stream for a distance of thirty yards until we got almost to the dredge.

"The ponteinate of the giant shovel, clad in a uniform of overalls and a jumper which proclaimed to the world his desire to have the shovel operate efficiently, spilled grease where he might, beckoned to us. He 'misdoubted,' he said, that we would be able to back the Whyome through the narrow channel between the dredge and the bank, and nearly insisted that we turn and start at the problem correctly. We convinced him that the boat was no wider going backward than going forward, and proved it. A moment later, despite an obstinate current, we swung around again and were on our way.

"From the dredge, we followed an almost straight channel until we reached another, and considerably larger, dredge. We blew for them to 'open up' just as the operating gang was laying off for the day. They were not only more obliging than the first outfit, but were more optimistic in that they believed we could get through. Captain Elliott and I took down the Whyome's canvas top, and made it through the narrow space with only the thickness of the boat's paint to spare.

"The dredge gang informed us that they to time darted across our channel were replaced by owls and other after-dark prowlers. Captain Elliott stood back at the engine, while I steered as efficient a course as was possible in the almost total darkness. He asked several times from his location as chief engineer if I wouldn't like to tie up for the night, but believing that I could see (or that in my lack of sight I would be lucky enough not to hit anything) I kept on.

"I lit a cigarette and looked at my watch. Seven-forty.

"A moment later, I saw what appeared to be a thin line of white about even with my shoulders. Despite the fact that we were barely crawling along, the line grew with startling rapidity. I decided that it would be best to stop for an investigation, but, as would be expected, reached my decision a split second late. I saw the thin line grow into a dangerous looking strip across the channel, and called 'Whoa' as loudly as I could. Evidently realizing that I meant to call out some seagoing term that has to do with stopping in a hurry, Skipper Elliott threw the boat into reverse, but my warning had come too late.

"Bump!

"I picked myself up from the deck, not doubting that we had struck a hitherto undiscovered Florida mountain.

"An inspection proved that it was another bridge. We looked over the front end of the boat immediately and found that there had been no great damage. The only casualty we found was a tipped-over can of gasoline. No lights were in view, so we decided that the bridge-tender was not near. We also felt that we had travelled far enough in the darkness, and that the warning bump of the bridge might be the forerunner of other dangers. Pulling over almost to the bank, we threw out anchor, put up the boat top and cooked coffee over an alcohol stove.

"We spent several minutes in rejoicing over the fact that the bridge was high enough not to damage the boat materially.

"We felt rather professional in our manipulation of the Whyome, and put one over on the tender of the next bridge, a mile above Moss Bluff, where by holding our breaths, we got through without having to call for assistance.

"The current continued swift as we went on to Moss Bluff, where we encountered another bridge. We thought then it was the last bridge until we would reach Conners, where we planned to spend the night. Darkness began to fall about seven o'clock, but regardless of the fact that we had no light, we went on, in the hope of reaching our camping site or Silver Springs Run before it became too dark to see.

"After a time, however, it was necessary to cut our twelve-mile-an-hour-speed down to about five miles.

"Total darkness came on, but we kept going. The day birds who had from time
and low enough not to take our heads off without warning.

"Spreading out our blankets and cushions in the cockpit, we slept until six in the morning when I heard the one— as far as I know, the only—mosquito of the night.

"On Wednesday morning, we found a clear sky and anticipated nice traveling for the day. We made another inspection of the boat and reassured ourselves that the damage was negligible. Cooked breakfast and cleared up another day's ride. We saw no signs of a bridge-tender but blew for him in the hope of arousing someone somewhere. The territory looked as if it had not been a human for years, and the dilapidated condition of three skiffs tied near us seemed to bear out the general appearance.

"Only a few minutes after we blew, however, a boy and a woman came ambling down the path in a sort of limpity-trot manner, the woman, it developed, being the guardian of the bridge. She opened it for us and told us we were about four miles from Conners, where we had tried to go the night before, and only a short distance from Silver Springs Run. As we swung out into the channel, she proved her bridge-tendership by calling after us, "When you comin' back?"

"The sun was out, so I took a number of pictures during the morning, discovering to my amazement that there were several do-jiggers on Elliott's new camera that snapped the picture, and that if one of them refused to snap, some of the others would.

"A survey of the meals of the morning and the evening before revealed that Elliott made excellent coffee. He disparaged this, on receiving congratulations, explaining that there was no trick to it, since he bought only the best coffee. So that explained it.

"Shortly before we reached Silver Springs Run the rudder went on a rampage, due to its rough treatment of the night before, and became quite unattached.

"Progress Spring's Run the rudder went on a rampage this, on receiving congratulations, explaining that there was no trick to it, due to its rough treatment of the supply, but decided to go on to Conners. During our conversation, a grapefruit-laden Ford appeared from over the top of a nearby hill, and was ferried across by man power when the tender pulled his way across by means of a huge chain. As he started his return trip to the 'homedoe,' the Silver Springs on its trip to Palatka whistled for him to let down the ferry chain. With the help of two women who suddenly appeared from a large building on the bank, he had the chain down in time for the boat and its sightseeing passengers to cross. Considerably larger than the Whyome, the Silver Springs makes three trips a week from Silver Springs to Palatka, and devotes three days to the three return trips. Inasmuch as it preceded us, we decided that there were not so many stumps in the channel as we had noticed prior to the juncture of the channel and the river.

"We reached Conners at ten o'clock and left a half hour later after refilling the tank and extra cans with gasoline.

"Almost immediately we began to watch for the sister ship of the Silver Springs, expecting to meet it on its return trip from Palatka at some narrow point in the river.

"From the time we started in the morning, we found nothing but the most beautiful and varied plant and tree growth I have ever seen. Almost every kind of tree common to Florida is somewhere along the bank. From the point of view of jungle beauty in Florida, I should say that there is no finer place to find it, without miles and miles of swamp-wading, than along the banks of the Ocklawaha. Birds of every description, too, are to be found there, and it is my belief that nearly every one of the four hundred eighty varieties in the state may be seen at some place along the river and the canals. On rare occasions, we saw an alligator slip from a warm log into the river, while almost every ten feet we saw turtles, disturbed during their morning nap by the noise of the Whyome, slip into the river.

"We did not stop to cook dinner, but ate sandwiches and drank ice water as we went along. Contrary to my previous belief that we might be bothered with bugs, not one appeared.

"Throughout our trip in the Ocklawaha, our standard speed of eight miles an hour was aided by the current, until we figured that we were making ten miles an hour easily through the day.

"At one-thirty, just after I had heeded a mental warning to remember that we were to meet another boat, we came upon the City of Ocala on her way to Silver Springs from Palatka. It struck the passengers as exceedingly comical to see Elliott jump to throw the boat out of gear, while I twisted and twirled the wheel madly in an effort to make safe passage between the big boat and the bank. We thought it funny, too, after we had safely passed the other craft.

"Often, during the afternoon, we saw fish lines staked out with good sized catches on them, and about two o'clock passed two fishermen in a boat who were re-baiting their lines. They told us the St. Johns river was about fifteen miles farther.

"I continued to take pictures whenever I saw an exceptionally pretty spot, until I discovered that Elliott's camera, a new model, had to be cocked every time it was shot. Further investigation revealed that I had probably lost half of the pictures I had taken because in my simple belief that everything that clicked was a shutter (Continued on page 74)
"THE LAND of CORN and WINE"

A Rich Section on the West Coast Is Being Developed Rapidly

By FREDERICK WILLIAMSON

In pre-Volstead days, one of the inspirational incidents of the old-fashioned religious revival was the singing of that grand old hymn, "I've reached the land of corn and wine"—the implication being that the summum bonum of life's happiness is achieved among golden cornfields and empurpled vineyards.

With all respect to the originator of the prohibition enforcement act, it is quite certain that no other expression ever coined has quite so satisfactorily expressed the joy of living as that line of the familiar revival hymn.

Despite the inhibitions of present times, a land of corn and wine is still the picture of the plenitude of material comforts and the sheer gladness that is a part of contentment with good living.

It is no mere high-sounding phrase of the bumptious rhetorician which the Floridian employs when he candidly avows that the whole state of Florida is in truth and in fact a veritable land of corn and wine—a land of plenty and of happiness. If the issue is forced he is prepared to prove it by statistics, only he will be cautious enough to take refuge in the assurance that the "wine" is no fermented product of the grape, but the original and luscious fruit of the vine itself.

Much has been written, a great deal more has been said, of the future of Florida as "the nation's playground." That is a fine phrase, and finer because it has all the elements of truth in it. Because of its climate and its sunshine, its lakes, its rivers and its unparalleled sea coast, Florida has everything to make it the ideal recreation field for millions of people.

Fulfillment of the terminology—trite as the phrase may be—is much more simple and literal.

A motor trip through that region of the West Coast of Florida that is embraced in the territory within a hundred miles north of Tampa would prove a revelation to the northern tourist who is accustomed to thinking of Florida as merely a series of sandy slopes that rise a few feet above the level of the Gulf of Mexico or the Atlantic Ocean, and which furnish hardly sufficient altitude to offer rootage for the palmettos that line the several golf courses with which he is most familiar.

The opening of new highways into the agricultural belt of Florida—especially that section that lies north of Tampa—Pasco, Hernando and Citrus counties, has given occasion for the writing of a new epic of the Sunshine State. In this region lies a vaster gold mine than has been—a source of wealth, both in its material and psychological richness, that is quite beyond computation in prosaic figures.

A land of corn and wine? Aye, verily. Corn towering so high in the fields of Hernando county that it is like nothing so much as a golden forest spreading across sunny hills that lift their crests high into the azure of the soft Florida skies and sweep down to the glorious waters of the Gulf of Mexico.

And the wine? Assuredly. Atop those same lofty hills, where the marvelous sunlight focuses its not less than magic power...
on the productive soil, row on row of trellises support the clustered purple fruit that from time immemorial—until the advent of Mr. Volstead—has typified one of the pleasures of living.

The corn and the wine of this West Coast country is more than emblematic. It is wealth itself. The pride of Kansas, greatest corn growing state of the Union, suffered not a little jolt when last spring at the corn show in Chicago the prize for the best corn grown in the United States, was given to Florida, a state of which it was once said that its sand hills "were so barren they couldn't even grow corn."

Along the new State Highway from Tampa to Brooksville—the famous State Road No. 5—there is a new town growing into existence. The coming of that town marks a new era in Florida history. For here a remarkable experiment is being tried out.

The town was founded by a group of Czecho-Slovakiens, headed by Clement Hrisky, a manufacturing chemist of New York City. Twenty thousand acres of land, in Pasco and Hernando county, are being devoted to the purposes of the developers of the town, which are simply to provide Florida farms for the use of Czecho-Slo-vakiens, who know the business of grape culture.

The little town, called Massarycktown, after the president of the Czecho-Slovakian Republic, is the center of the farming community. The farmers, of whom 5,000 are expected to occupy the little homesteads round about, will devote themselves to growing grapes and oranges and tangerines—but especially grapes. Four hundred acres, just eight miles from Brooksville, have been planted in those grapes this year—just the beginning of the work in what promises to be one of the most remarkable experiments in community building that has ever been attempted in any part of the country.

It was "Jim" Hill, the railroad king and empire builder of the past generation, who said that the greatest work of human beings was that of making two trees grow where only one grew before, or two blades of grass to thrive where previously only one found subsistence. If that be true, what shall be said of people who make a whole community grow where none existed, and to make vineyards and cornfields thrive where once there was but wilderness?

There are other phases of this development in agriculture in Florida that emphasize the important fact that others besides the native sons have discovered Florida as veritably the "land of corn and wine."

Dr. Harvey W. Wiley, world famous for his fight for pure food, found Florida as far back as 1880, when he was sent to Florida by the United States government to investigate the Hamilton Dixton project for the reclamation of Everglades lands to grow sugar cane. His study of Florida never subsided, though he didn't continue to devote his attention to the sugar cane lands. That was as near to corn-growing as he ever came. But if he is not literally cultivating corn, he has a good substitute in citrus.

Now Dr. Wiley, at 82 years of age, is directing experiments in the development of a grove of tangerines in the remarkable Annutalaga Hammock in Hernando county, a few miles from Brooksville. Out of his experiments with this grove he has begun another set of experiments with a second grove near the site of the old city of DeSoto, the first settled portion of the hill country of the West Coast of Florida.

Dr. Wiley's ideas about the cultivation of tangerines is a little different from that of most grove owners. It is not the present high price of the fruit, which grows to its greatest perfection and profusion in the high hills of Hernando county, that stimulates the interest of the pure food expert as he briskly sarts a new cycle of life's experiences at 82 years of age. Not at all. Dr. Wiley has one cherished ambition, and that is to "sit under his own vine and fig tree" in Florida.

He might literally grow figs in his experimental grove in the Annutalaga Hammock, but he has preferred to center his attention on the royal tangerine. He talks of his hopes in the simple language of a man of greatness.

"I imagine," says Dr. Wiley, speaking of his interest in Hernando county tangerine, "like every other successful business, the citrus industry will be over-worked. The result will be, doubtless, that when my groves come into bearing in the next few years they will meet with a competition which will make it impossible for me to realize the present rate of profit on tangerines. At any rate, if I am permitted to live a few years longer I can enjoy seeing them grow, and that is what I am looking forward to with the greatest expectation."

To Dr. Wiley his tangerine groves are his "land of corn and wine." What a vision to inspire a man who has grown hoary in the service of his country. Past four score years, and yet he is looking forward to that time in the future when he can gather the fruitage of his experiments in citrus in the hills of Florida and enjoy the peace and plenty that should crown a life of successful activity. It is enough to stimulate the rest of the nation to lift up their eyes to those magnificent hills of the West Coast of Central Florida—hills from which cometh strength and purpose and faith and new inspiration.

Dr. Wiley is entitled to all the enjoyment he plans to derive from his tangerine groves in Hernando county. Busy as he was in the great fight he waged to insure purity of food products for the people of the nation, he didn't find time to get mar-

The counties of Pasco and Hernando are destined to be the great dairy section of the West Coast
Each of these productions against the place from their tribal stockade for the protection of the settlers headquarters at Homosassa on the coast. Where at various times besieged by the Seminole chiefs, who made their excursions against the place from their tribal headquarters at Homosassa on the coast.

A top the highest of land in this historic region the grove of Dr. Wiley has been located. Here some of the finest old trees in Florida, survivors of the primeval forest, have been allowed to remain as a setting for the home “under his own vine and fig tree” which Dr. and Mrs. Wiley will occupy in their remaining years.

Not alone in citrus culture is Dr. Wiley especially interesting in his study of the sources of wealth of Florida and Hernando county.

“I am greatly interested in the dairying industry around Brooksville,” he says. “I am glad to know that so far it has been profitable, and I am particularly interested because the dairymen themselves own the distributing plant. I believe that the future of the citrus industry, as well as of the dairy industry rests on the dairymen becoming also the distributors. In fact, I think that the principle is the only one of an economic character which can relieve the present depression in the agricultural industries throughout nearly all this country.”

In this expression of opinion Dr. Wiley has struck a keynote that is of vital importance in the development of Florida as a great agricultural state. He refers to a situation in Hernando county which is typical of the spirit and purpose of the communities of the hill section of Florida.

The producers themselves formed their own distributing organization by the establishment of a dairy. Hernando county is a great dairying county. Each of these progressive farmers is a director of the distributing business, which as Dr. Wiley says, has commanded attention because it has been a success. Here, then, is concrete evidence that production which controls its own outlets may achieve its purpose if the right kind of energy is applied.

The cooperation between the business interests of Hernando county and this great development of the natural resources of the hill country is measurably responsible for the notable results achieved by the dairymen. Without the encouragement of such men as Charles Monroe Price, mayor of Brooksville, the farmers would probably have delayed a long time before they initiated the movement which has proven a boon to this section of the state. Mayor Price, as head of the First National Bank, has been one of the powers behind the movement and has helped to make it the greatest industrial force in Hernando. (Continued on page 80)
"Things have got to break right for us," he says emphatically.

CUPID TAKES The COUNT

Kitty Page and Hart Have a Clash Worth Mentioning

By O. Foerster Schully

As the grave digger remarked when his understudy slapped him on the back of his neck with a hunk of mud, it's a dirty trick," Bias exclaims. "Here the three of us agree to snatch in some wandering gelt for our Marchmount property by hook or crook and after I've done my part of the filthy labor I get the beautiful, lilting razz by you two."

"What are you kicking about?" Hart demands. "Didn't we do our share?"

"Yeah, you did," Bias replies in disgust. "The point of the story is, each of us agreed to turn our private little trick and after I defy law and order on my individual hook you two team on yours. It ain't fair, I tell you, it ain't fair. Tell the truth, Kitty, is it?"

Appealed to in this way, I must admit we've handed Bias somewhat of a raw deal. The bim's got ground enough to beef good and heartily and I yield him the point. On the other hand—

"What would be the use of one of us risking freedom just to make the scale balance?" I explain to him. "Marchmount Heights is out of the water, divided into lots and on the market. It's true we've used up practically all our remaining capital for advertising but we're sure to start selling the lots in a day or two."

"Talk about your optimism!" Bias says. "A day or two! Sister, that's a radical thought. If you ask me, I'd use the same figures but change the time to years—mebbe centuries, to be on the safe side."

"Things do look rotten, Kitty," Hart agrees. "And to make matters worse, all three of us have given up our sinecures, rented this expensive office and face starvation—all on the strength of a collection of lots that just won't sell. Of course, they might start moving any day now and, once started, continue to move like the proverbial hot cakes. But until then—"

"What's the matter with the buying public?" I want to know. "Can't they recognize a good thing when they see it? Our land is right in line of big money to come. When the branch of the Dixie Highway is completed—"

"That seems to be the whole trouble—it may take months," Hart says. "And there's a lotta other property to be developed before they reach Marchmount Heights—miles upon miles of it. Our land is so far removed from the heart of immediate development that we'll have to wait until things catch up with us."

"Meanwhile," Bias puts in gloomily, "we starve."

"What would be best thing that could happen to Marchmount Heights?" I ask, ignoring the gloom crack our forgetful friend contributes to the gab fest.

I suppose we all shoulda made allowances for Bias Glinky—but somehow nobody did. Anybody who risks his life for his country and crossed over to France to show the stay-at-homes how it's done deserves an extra big posy for his trouble. And when this hero gets tapped on his beanoshe with a slice of Hun shell and forgets name, address and family connections the floral offering should be multiplied by numbers. However, as I say, I ignore his remark. Being ignored is one of Bias Glinky's chief missions in life."

"The best thing that could happen to the property," Hart replies, "is for people to wake up to the fact that it's on the map. Being away from things might not be the biggest kind of drawback in the world. It might finally result in the making of Marchmount Heights."

"That talk is kinda muggy, Hart," I re-
mark. "Suppose you spread it out slow and thin."

"Here it is, then," he says. "My idea for the Heights is that it be developed into an exclusive colony—ritzy, boot to booth, beautiful grounds. If we can put that idea over our fortunes are made. Being away from things will be the main talking point. Does it filter through the fog?"

"Kitty, he takes the medal away from you for radical thinking," Blas interrupts. "Exclusive colony! Why, the way things stand right now we can't unload one of the lots on even a bird who wants to erect a shack on it."

"The idea itself is sound," Hart protests. "You can't get away from that. Personally, I consider it a flash of genius."

"Yeah, the idea is beautiful," Blas assents. "But it doesn't work out easy. How do you figger on getting the crowd there?"

"That," Hart admits, "is our only problem."

"Well, solve that and you practically solve all of them," Hart replies. "The only way to get the crowd moving in the right direction is to get someone to build a palace on the property. Let the mob see a real eye-smasher rear itself in the vicinity of the Heights and we'll have to station a harness bull at the door to keep 'em from crashing the front glass."

"The only way to get the crowd moving in the right direction is to get someone to build a palace on the property. Let the mob see a real eye-smasher rear itself in the vicinity of the Heights and we'll have to station a harness bull at the door to keep 'em from crashing the front glass. Customers will be that plentiful—and I don't mean mebbe."

"Do you mind confiding to me how you expect to get the first palace on the grounds?" Blas asks. "That ought to be easy sailing for an imagination like yours. Just sketch it brief; I'll nab the detail is bothering me a bit," confesses Hart. "But we ougthn't to have any trouble dealing with it."

"Course not," yields Blas loftily. "When you get through with the needle pass it over to me—or do you smoke the grounds?"

"That detail is bothering me a bit," confesses Hart. "But we ougthn't to have any trouble dealing with it."

"Fantage is looking for a wise cracker like you to pep up his acts, Blas," I put in. "But all joking aside, boys, do I understand that a nifty little palace on the grounds would line Marchmount Heights up for big things?"

"Nothing short of it would do the trick," Hart says. "Of course, I'm speaking for immediate results, Kit. If we had capital enough to sit back, sweet and pretty, we'd wait for the march of progress to overtake the Heights we'd be sure to reap the harvest eventually—but not now. We can't wait for the march—what we've got to do is make progress take a flying jump. And the only way to do that, as I see it, is to get some dough kid to fall in love with the Heights and smear a piece of stunning architecture on the landscape."

"Got any suggestions, Kitty?" Blas asks. "Not one, ole timer," I must admit. "The think dome is registering nil minus. But don't crowd me. There's no telling when a thought will wander into captivity. Give me time, ladder, give me time."

"If time was all I needed sure did have ample room for operations. But did you ever see it to fail when you needed an idea the most that was the only time you never could depend on one sneaking into existence."

"Things were getting desperate with I and the boys when a new development did its stuff. One day I'm anking down the boulevard, all by my lonely, when a big blue touring car of foreign make crowds the curb next to me and slows down to the speed of my walk. A few feet further and I hear a pleasant—oh, so pleasant. "Good evening!" issue from the driving seat of the boat. It's a cinch it's meant for me because there isn't another jane within a hundred yards and men use only that kind of a tone for the frails. However, it doesn't get a play outta me—not so much as the sneakest glance. Although, amongst friends, I don't mind admitting I was about expiring to give the him the double-o and see how he stacks up."

"May I offer you a lift, Miss Page?"

"Right away, that "Miss Page" does the work. One glance and I see that I know him. However, our meetings have been so few and far between—the first being at a "Neptune Party" given at his home on the bay to which Hart brought me and a few others since then we'd see each other by accident on the street. His name— as far as I know—is Cyrus Nelsen. He's on the production end of a movie unit in Florida and he has the rep of traveling fast and furious. As our eyes meet his mug breaks into a winning smile, and he stops his boat."

"Isn't it wretched to be alone on such a beautiful evening," he asks. "Don't know that I am losing weight about it," I reply. "Personally, I detest being alone, at any time and this evening it is equal to capital punishment," he says. "May I take the liberty of offering to drive you to wherever you may be going?"

By this time, he's crawled outta his wonderful boat and is standing before me, hat in one hand and the other holding open the door of his bus."

"The funny part about it," I admit, "is that I'm not going anywhere in particular."

"Never do that!" he advises me playfully. "Always have a destination—even if it doesn't measure up to the standards set by the copy books—but by all means, a destination. In view of the fact that you haven't one is all the more reason that you should let me drive you there. Time you see, won't be one of our objectives."

"Well, all things considered, I was tempted to enter Dunbar's doggy boat and help him to consume mileage. It was a ritzy affair, take my word on it and that is temptation enough for any normal girl. Moreover, I was a little sore on Hart for cutting a date with me and lining up Hedda La Belle for the evening's frivolities. The reason he gave sounded legitimate enough: he said he wanted to sound her out about buying some Marchmount Heights lots. But what I beseeched was why he didn't make it a daylight expedition instead of using the cloak of night for their joint activities. That might sound a bit squeem-

"Nelson," he says, "just look what a man will spend for a girl who takes his fancy."
Keeping Faith With Investors!

The Miami-Biltmore Country Club is now practically completed. This first unit of the $10,000,000 program projected at Coral Gables by John McEntee Bowman carries out the famous hotelman's promise to build here the most splendid hotel and sports center in the world.

Work on the second unit, the Miami-Biltmore Hotel, is a week ahead of schedule, and the promised opening next January may even be advanced. The wings already are up to the seventh story. Eventually, they will go to ten stories with, between them, a beautiful tower of 300 feet.

Many who bought in the Country Club section of Coral Gables when these projects were first announced have taken down handsome profits as development progressed.

The same opportunity is now open to investors in the new Riviera section where properties can still be had at pre-development prices.

CORAL GABLES

Atlantic City Office:
1729 Boardwalk

New York Office:
140 W. 42nd St.

Miami Riviera
40 Miles of Water Front

Executive Offices: Administration Building, Coral Gables
Florida Offices: Jacksonville, West Palm Beach, Daytona, Orlando, Tampa, St. Petersburg, Sarasota, Bradenton, Tallahassee, Ft. Lauderdale, Deland and Ft. Myers.
The door to Hart’s private office was torn open and my dream of love hove into the scene, taking in all details with one glance—the crumpled Blass, and the leering Dunbar with hands on hips.

ish over small details but when you classify a him as your dream of love and find him willing to cut dates with you in favor of another frail—regardless of his reasons—you don’t feel as kippy as you might, if you get what I mean.

Here I was with an evening to kill on my hands, a grudge against my sweetie and a desire to take a fling of my own just to spite him. There was Cyrus Dunbar holding open the door to his doggy boat, using his best arguments to induce me to step out with him and—well, a port in the storm. You have three chances to guess what I did. Right-o! The first bat outta the box. Sailing down the boulevard in the likes of Dunbar’s big blue boat was a treat the average frail don’t get every day of her life. And neither do I, if you want... have a treat to feast their lamps upon. At one of the corners we’re held up by a momentary traffic jam and its several minutes before I realize that we’re parked next to a Packard roadster with which I’m on fairly intimate terms. Sitting at the wheel is Hart and beside him is that flicker queen, Hedda La Belle. She’s pawing the lad’s shoulder and he’s gripping the steering wheel tightly and looking straight ahead. From the grim expression on his face I can see he had the drop on me long before I got hep to his presence. It’s too good a chance to let go by. “Hello, beloved!” I call to him in my sweetest voice. “You with the nose! Hart!”

The brief distance between the two cars would have made it easy for me to reach out and pet his hand. Therefore, I know that my voice carried. But he didn’t... to us. Then, he gives me a sickly smile, bows shortly and looks straight ahead, again. Ain’t we got enjoyment!

Later, Dunbar wants to drop in at a cabaret and I want to go home. So, we compromise with a short drive along the bay—at least, it was intended to be short. After he had covered a stretch of about twenty miles—it might have been thirty or forty—I tell him its about time to trail back to town. He agrees, or seems to, by nosing his boat towards town. Then, he drives up to the side of the road and kills his engine. Some racket!

Anybody who knows what to expect from a combination of fast male, fast automobile, dark night and quiet road can lay aside his head set for the next few minutes of my Tale-for-the Kiddies. Dunbar’s a cyclone of a Romeo when he gets started but, be it known far and wide, I’m no slouch in dealing with these fast and furious bad boys. After several rounds of silent but impressive wrestling Cyrus finds that he’s weakening fast without a score in his favor. And finally he throws up the sponge.

“Kitty, why do you treat me like this?” he demands. “I love you!”

“Brother, you sure have a warped idea of how to treat your beloved,” I tell him. "If I didn’t have a sturdy constitution I’d have passed out long ago.”

"It’s your own fault,” he complains.

"You should have yielded to me.”

"Yeah! That’s just about what Kaiser Bill thought before he took up wood chopping as a profession.”

"Listen to reason, Kitty,” Dunbar pleads.

“I can give you anything you want. And when I say that, I mean the sky’s the
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DAVENPORT FLORIDA
to cheer you up with some boloney that I don't believe myself, you deliver a 'Do-it-
now' talk with an extra jab at my supposed laziness.

"I'm sorry, Blas," I tell him quickly.

"You mustn't mind what I say. I'm not responsible, right now. You know I didn't mean it.

"Absolutely, Kit," he replies brightening.

"We've still gotta chance to put this 'exclusive colony' idea of Hart's over. I wouldn't be surprised to see him dance in through that door—"

And just then Hart does dance in! Dance is the only way you could describe it. The lad's fat face is twisted into a smile and he comes sailing in as light as custard.

"A sale?" Blas yells.

"You said it, big boy!" Hart yells back at him.

"Atta kid!" I break in. "Who was the victim?"

"None," says Hart. "This is the mystery I'm holding too. Meetol goes the wrong way and after all was said and done, it stood out like a barber's pole against all competitive companies in the neighborhood—which is exactly what we wanted.

The day after my seance with the bad boy of the films I sat amidst the splendor of the furnished rooms of that joint. It practically cleaned us out of every dollar we had left the switchboard of the Royal Palm for this questionable existence. Of course, I didn't do any more than Hart and Blas did. We didn't put the whole thing in the hands of the contractors or send them a check at all; I wasn't precisely contented with the results of my flyer in the newspaper. We had a little capital left and I knew all three of us would hang on until the ole B.R. was no more. Game to the last and the rest of that copy-book blah! But you can't blame me for mentally craving about the break we got with Kit Fortune.

The office is occupied, at the moment, by I and Blas. He's hanging over his desk fluorescently, while I sprawl on the mahogany draped divan, which I have made but didn't. I'm wrapped around a typewriter pecking out "Now is the time for all good men to come to the aid of the man who's been put on the wrong road by a callous, heartless, and the sort of thing that I didn't enjoy that mid-day celebration of the house boosted values in Marchmount Heights considerably. So, in the meantime we were living off the proceeds of the Dunbar sale and waiting for future profits.

On the day the house is finished we hold a celebration feast at the Royal Palm in honor of the completion of the project. If we—I, Hart and Blas—are in the best of spirits and Hart proposes to toast the absent Dunbar and to a mysterious "little stranger" who has played a big part in the deal. Blas immediately cooks up his head and wants to know more about this strange, little stranger" end and exactly what part she played.

"To tell the truth," Hart says, "I don't know hardly any more than you do about her."

"Anything more than I know," points out Blas, "is something. Up to a few seconds ago I wasn't hep to her existence. Go ahead and spill it."

"Well, it happened this way," Hart explains. "About a week ago, Dunbar and the property—he inherited the situation when the contractor is getting along. He's slightly spiffed and hits a pocket flask several times before we get there. By the time we ar-

... (Continued on Page 84)
Prosperous Florida Seed Business

FOR SALE

A Well Known and Firmly Established Wholesale and Retail Seed Business of 15 Years Standing in Florida Can Be Secured at a Most Favorable Figure if Taken at Once

This company is known to me (as it is to all seed interests) as one of the most prosperous and best established concerns of its kind in the entire South. In no year has its net earnings been less than 25 per cent and its average net profit per year for the past four years has been more than $35,000.00. The good will and complete personnel of present employees including its thoroughly competent manager of many years experience are included in the purchase price. The present owner has made a comfortable fortune and desires to give his full time to other interests.

A certified check of $10,000.00 sent to any bank in Tampa to be held in escrow will hold the business for a ten-day examination of the physical assets and the recently made audit by a nationally recognized firm of certified public accountants.

Consideration to offers will be given in order of their receipt.

Quick acceptance is necessary inasmuch as they are now booking orders for next season’s delivery and if the business is not sold within 30 days it will be withdrawn from the market.

For further particulars and interview address:

Lundy Dirr
Advertising Manager
SUNILAND MAGAZINE
Warner Bldg.

TAMPA FLORIDA
FLORIDA lies entirely within the Coastal Plain province of the United States. This is a region of comparatively slight relief, of varying width and extending from lower New York state along the Atlantic Coast, including all of Florida, and thence along the Gulf of Mexico to Texas. In Florida there is a range in elevation of from sea level to exceeding 300 feet in the more elevated portions of the middle-northern and central peninsular sections. The major portion of the State, however, lies below the 50-foot contour.

Geologically speaking Florida is young and of comparatively recent origin. The formations exposed in the State fall in the Cenozoic or the latest of the major geologic time divisions. These formations and their place in the geologic time scale are as follows:

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Formation</th>
<th>Age</th>
<th>Description</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Ocala</td>
<td>Recent</td>
<td>Reef, beach sands, sand, shell mounds, Indian remains, etc.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Coquina, Palm Beach lime, Pleistocene</td>
<td>Pleistocene</td>
<td>Coquina, Palm Beach limestone, Miami and Key West Oolitic limestones, Key Largo oolitic limestone, Key Largo coralline limestone, shell marls, Bone Valley (the land Pebble phosphates), Alachua (the Hard Rock phosphates), Caloosahatchee and Nashua marls, Charlton.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Choctawatchee marl, Jack-Miocene</td>
<td>Pliocene</td>
<td>Choctawatchee marl, Jack-Miocene sonville phosphatic limestone, the Alum Bluff including marls, phosphatic limestones, clays and fuller's earth.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Tampa, Chattahoochee, Glendon</td>
<td>Miocene</td>
<td>The Tampa, Chattahoochee, Oligocene Glendon and Marriana lime stones, varying in character and purity.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Ocala</td>
<td>Eocene</td>
<td>Ocala. A very pure, high Eocene calcium limestone.</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

For many years it was generally believed that Florida was of coral formation. This view gained credence by published accounts of the geology of the State of Agassiz and LeConte. In 1881, however, Dr. E. A. Smith, State Geologist of Alabama, corrected this interpretation and made known the fact that the underlying formations of the State were marine limestones.

As seen from the table presented above the oldest formation exposed in Florida is the Ocala limestone which is extensively quarried in and about Ocala, Marion County. The limestone is very pure, rarely containing any great amount of sand or other impurity. It is very fossiliferous, containing large and small shells as well as an abundance of microscopic fossils. This limestone is the controlling formation over a rather large area in west central peninsular Florida, extending in a roughly circular belt from southern Taylor County, east-central Marion County and northwestern Hernando County. It also occurs to a limited extent in western Florida. It is the limestone from this formation that is contributing so largely to the improvement of the highways of the State.

The four formations making up the Oligocene time division are likewise all limestones. The Marriana limestone closely resembles the Ocala physically and is distinguished from it mainly on the basis of its fossil content. The Tampa, Chattahoochee and Glendon formations on the other hand are limestones of varying purity, occurring in boulder and massive form usually associated with large proportions of clay and sand. In structure likewise there is a wide range from rather soft rock to semi-crystalline. Such fossils as do occur are mostly as casts, except in the Marriana.

The Miocene has a wide areal distribution in Florida and is composed principally of shell marls, phosphatic limestones, marls and sands. Fuller's earth and other (Continued on page 60)
WHAT THEY SAY

"In my opinion, there is no soil in Florida that will average better than this Boyette tract. Boyette is on the highest ground on the Seaboard Air Line Railway." D. W. Doodell, Wimauma, Florida, one of Hillsborough County's most successful and prosperous farmers.

"I am 60 years old and have farmed in Florida all my life. In 1910 I bought 80 acres at Boyette. I am cultivating 18 acres. From the crops I've supported five people, brought up a family, lived well, paid for my land, and put away 'a-plenty'." A. L. Burnett, Boyette, Fla.

"In 1916 I bought 20 acres of raw land located next to Boyette lands. I now have 12 acres under cultivation. For 40 years I was an accountant and office man in New York City, without any agricultural training. My land today is worth $500 per acre and as soon as the grove is a little older will be worth $1,000 per acre." August Roehsner, Boyette, Fla.

INVEST them in Boyette, one of the few remaining sections of Florida where land values are still within the reach of idle dollars.

Located in the heart of fertile Hillsborough County, only 20 miles southeast of the fast growing city of Tampa, and close to Plant City, the strawberry "capital" of the world, Boyette with existing railroad and automobile facilities, offers sound, secure investment.

To the practical farmer, now struggling elsewhere to yield the comforts of life from a reluctant soil, 10-acre farms are available at LOW COST and EASY TERMS. Every possible advantage that Florida offers—ideal climate and a soil which will produce profitable crops the year round—is to be found here.

For the man who prefers townsite property for business and residence purposes, and a chance to garden as well, Boyette townsite provides a golden pre-development opportunity in a fast-growing marketing and civic center.

IT COSTS NOTHING TO LEARN MORE ABOUT BOYETTE

The coupon will bring full information. It obligates you in no way whatsoever. Sign it now to take advantage of this pre-development offer:

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Let this coupon bring you more about Boyette

Inter-City Realty Co.,
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Tampa, Florida

Please send me at once, without obligation, full information about opportunities for profitable investment in Boyette farm and townsites.

Name:

Street No. City State

53
AUGUST brings us one of the best of fruits, the grape, and while as yet cultivated it is only of the Muscadine group, yet within the State some acres are of the Muscadine group that are equally as delicious as those of Northen types and we can use them perhaps better for spices, pickling, and jellymaking. The skins are thick and the pulp is both plentiful and firm. Then we have abundance of wild grapes from which to make variation in jellies. But in putting up any produce the very best thing which can be done is to bottle the unfermented, simple juice for future use. The following recipes are from the United States Dept. of Agriculture. Among these the "Dixie Relish" which we find in the following recipe for "Mangoes," is one of the simplest and most delicious of relishes and may be canned like any chopped pickle.

The following recipes are from S. R. S. Doc. 39-A-84, published by the U. S. Dept. of Agriculture. Among these the "Dixie Relish" which we find in the following recipe for "Mangoes," is one of the simplest and most delicious of relishes and may be canned like any chopped pickle.

**Stuffed Pepper Mango**

Soak sweet peppers in brine (1 cup salt to 1 gallon water) for 24 hours. When ready to stuff, take from the brine, rinse in fresh water, carefully cut a circle off the top of each pepper, and save some, to be placed on peppers after stuffing. Remove the seeds and white sections. Soak in clear cold water for one to two hours. Drain the peppers well and place them in as much vinegar as will cover them enough for thirty minutes at boiling temperature.

**Diced Green or Red Peppers**

Select and wash three medium-sized green peppers. Cut around the stem of each with a slender paring knife to remove the seeds and white sections. Stuff the insides of the peppers with cottage cheese, pressing it in firmly. Chill, and when ready to be used, cut them into quarter-inch strips horizontally. Drain these slices in a nest of tender lettuce. Serve with a salad dressing.

**Red Pepper and Cabbage Salad**

3 cups chopped cabbage; 3 sweet peppers (red or green); ½ cup sugar; ¼ cup vinegar; 1½ tablespoons mustard seed; 1 tablespoon sugar; 1 teaspoon salt; 1 tablespoon white vinegar; 1 quart celery.

**Spiced Vinegar**

½ gallon vinegar. ½ cup grated horseradish; 1½ tablespoons celery seed (crushed); 1 cup sugar; 1½ tablespoons mustard seed; 1 tablespoon salt; 1 tablespoon cinnamon.

Coves, nutmeg, and grated onion may be added, if desired.

**Dixie Relish**

1 quart chopped cabbage or chayotes; 1 pint chopped white onion; 1 pint chopped sweet red pepper; 1 pint chopped sweet green pepper; 4 tablespoons salt; 4 tablespoons sugar; 4 tablespoons spices; 4 tablespoons celery seed (crushed); ½ cup sugar; 1 quart vinegar.

Soak the pepper in brine (1 cup salt to 1 gallon water) for 24 hours. Freshen it in cold water for one or two hours. Drain well. Remove seeds and white sections. Chop separately, and measure two cups of peppers, and onions before mixing. Add spices, pepper, and vinegar. Let stand over night covered in a crock or enameled vessel. Pack in small sterilized jars.

The standard pack will be in vase-shaped 10-ounce hermetic jars. When ready to use, take jar of relish and 1 tablespoon of vinegar which was drained off. Paddle the jar to tightly get every bubble out and allow the vinegar to displace all air spaces. Garnish each jar with two quarter-inch-pointed strips of red pepper 3 inches long. Place these strips vertically on opposite sides of the seams of the jar. Cap, clamp, and process for 10 minutes at boiling temperature.

**Green Pepper and Cheese Salad**

Select and wash three medium-sized green peppers. Cut around the stem of each with a slender paring knife to remove the seeds and white sections. Stuff the insides of the peppers with cottage cheese, pressing it in firmly. Chill, and when ready to be used, cut them into quarter-inch strips horizontally. Drain these slices in a nest of tender lettuce. Serve with a salad dressing.

**Red Pepper and Cabbage Salad**

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**Red Pepper and Cabbage Salad**

3 cups chopped cabbage; 3 sweet peppers (red or green); ½ cup sugar; ¼ cup vinegar; 1½ tablespoons mustard seed; 1 tablespoon sugar; 1 teaspoon salt; 1 tablespoon white vinegar; 1 quart celery.
If you have $1,000 to $1,000,000 and wish to invest in Florida, I can place your money where excellent profits will be assured.

I have made from 20% to 1000% for all clients who have invested with me the past year.

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Offers exceptional home seekers’ and investment opportunities.
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11 lakes in the city limits and no mosquitoes.
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Representing both buyer and seller fairly.
None of our salesmen are permitted to inflate prices.

Escaloped Potatoes With Peppers
4 medium-sized cold boiled potatoes; 1 cup cream sauce; 1 slice of onion (minced); 1 chopped red pepper; 1 chopped green pepper; ½ tablespoon parsley (minced); season with salt and pepper.
Cut the potatoes into 1-inch cubes. Put a layer of potatoes in the bottom of a buttered baking dish. Mix minced pepper, parsley, onion, and seasoning, and add a layer of this mixture. Continue putting alternate layers of each until the mixture is all used. Pour over this the cream sauce and put a thin layer of buttered bread crumbs on top. Bake for 25 minutes. Serve hot.

Creole Sauce
1 pint tomato sauce (about the consistency of catchup); ½ cup green pepper (cut in 1-inch cubes or strips); 1 tablespoon celery seed (crushed); 2 tablespoons chopped onion; 1 tablespoon sugar; 2 tablespoons butter; 1 bay leaf; ½ tablespoon minced parsley; 4 tablespoons minced ham or bacon; season with salt and pepper.
Make tomato sauce by first cooking the tomatoes and putting them through a sieve. Cook the pulp until about the consistency of catchup. Chop the onion and fry in the butter until yellow; add the pepper, tomato sauce, ham and seasoning, and simmer for half an hour. Serve hot.
This creole sauce can be used in omelets, with rice croquettes, veal, lamb, boiled or backed fish, in soup, and with creole chicken. When creole sauce is to be canned, omit the ham or bacon and simmer only 15 minutes before packing. Process in 10-ounce glass jars for 20 minutes in a

Spanish Soup
4 tablespoons butter; 4 tablespoons green pepper (chopped); 4 tablespoons red pepper (chopped); ½ medium-sized onion (chopped); ½ pound macaroni; 1 bay leaf; 4 tablespoons flour; 5 pints stock; 1 quart tomatoes (canned or stewed); ½ tablespoon salt; ½ teaspoon pepper; 1 teaspoon vinegar.
Cook chopped peppers and onion in the butter for 5 minutes; add flour, heated stock, and strained tomatoes; strain, season, add cooked macaroni, and just before serving add the vinegar.

Unfermented Grape Juice
(Without Sugar)
Unfermented grape juice may be put up by several methods and with or without sugar, also with or without water. In all cases use sound, ripe grapes. To can without water stem, wash and drain the grapes and place in double-vessel to heat without boiling. Stir without washing. Heat to 180° F, then strain through cheesecloth without squeezing. Pour the strained juice into sterilized jars or bottles, uncorked.
Place these on a rack in a canner; cover and let boil one minute then remove and seal.
Or place the stemmed, washed grapes in a kettle with about two quarts of water to six quarts of grapes. Skim while slowly heating. At boiling point strain; place in a clean kettle; let slowly come to a boil; remove and seal in jars. The flavor and color will be better where cooked very little.

Unfermented Grape Juice
(With Sugar)
Prepare with water as in foregoing recipe (second part); strain without squeezing and to each quart of juice add one-half cup of sugar; boil four minutes; place in jars and seal. Or you may cook your
A Region of Beautiful Homes...

It is daily becoming more evident that Daytona Highlands provides not only a sound investment but perfection itself as a homesite.

The homes already built there, the homes now under construction, and those planned for the immediate future are calculated to induce an atmosphere of harmony. The landscaping now being carried out tends to strengthen this: protective restrictions insure its permanency.

Write us for full information regarding this great residential section of Daytona.

DAYTONA HIGHLANDS
Florida's Suburb of Hills and Lakes
Main Sales Office, 214 S. Beach St.
DAYTONA FLORIDA
Business Lots In
The Plaza at Key Largo
America's Most Beautiful Business Development

with adjacent areas of wharfage and residence property, make up a long-time development. The present owner does not want a quick turnover and getaway, but retains a fair portion of the lots for building and rental, knowing that their value will rapidly and steadily increase through the years. This is not merely a money-making proposition for the developer, rather the realization of an artistic ambition—the creation of an architectural gem, a business and waterfront section unparalleled in the New World. An unusual proportion of receipts will therefore go back into works of convenience and beauty for all investors alike.

As A Guarantee of Honest Development
Owner now offers a number of 25x110 foot lots in Block D, facing upon The Plaza, on exceptionally easy terms: First payment $500 and up, increasing from railroad toward water, subsequent payments at intervals of six months, making cost of actual lots $5,000 and up, with guarantees that certain portions of development must be finished at each subsequent payment, a reputable engineering inspector and a Miami bank safeguarding the buyer. In addition to the cost of lot, the expense of masonry arcade of one story in front and rear of each lot, and a three-story passageway of masonry with stairways, down center of block, is assessed against each buyer in form of a mortgage of $7,000 drawing interest from 1930, when arcades must be completed, to 1935.

You Are Protected
Should developer be delayed beyond schedule, your corresponding installment note is extended. Should he fail to construct his arcades on time, the $7,000 mortgage is correspondingly deferred. You are protected.

Restrictions and Special Inducements
Restrictions comprehensive and rigid but not burdensome. Special inducements in price to early builders. Still greater discounts to bona fide settlers. No brokerage on these installment sales. These prices and terms good only until September 1st, 1925. TITLE INSURED.

C. E. Sexton
Owner-Developer
Key Largo, Florida

---VARIETIES---
Kumquat, Guava, Orange, Mint Jelly;
Grapefruit, Orange and Kumquat Marmalade;
Guava Paste and Canned Grapefruit Hearts.

Hornbrook & Gist
Tampa
Warner Building
Florida

Grapes two hours, watching carefully but not mashing. Strain without squeezing; to each quart allow a half cup of sugar; re-heat and boil thirty minutes, skimming meantime. Add the sugar (hot); cook five minutes and place in jars, sealing at once. Still another rule is to mash the undercooked fruit without heating; strain several times, letting stand to settle between strainings. To three pints of juice allow a pint of sugar and a half pint of water. Heat boiling point; boil fifteen minutes then skim and bottle at this heat.

Grape Jelly
Grape alone, either wild or cultivated, or grapes with equal measure of elderberries make fine jelly. Stem, wash and drain and heat slowly till juice runs free. Strain, boil fast about half an hour; add equal measure of hot sugar; stir till dissolved; boil three minutes, skimming, and place in glasses.

Grape Cutney (Fruit Recipes)
Use one quart of grapes (not yet ripened, though full sized) and one and a half pounds of fresh apples. Place in preserving kettle with an ounce each of garlic (may be omitted) grated horseradish, ginger, mustard, one half teaspoon of salt, one safespoon of cayenne pepper, a pint of vinegar and one cup of raisins. Simmer slowly till thick, when rub smooth, add one-half pint brown sugar and let stand (in earthenware) a week, stirring each day. Then place in small jars and seal.

Grape Bar Le Duc (Marion Harris Neil)
Make with either green or ripe grapes. Stem, wash and drain and put in preserving kettle with a pint of water. Cook soft; put through sieve and allow for five pounds of fresh fruit. Heat slowly and when near boiling point sprinkle in the sugar, a little at a time, adding more as it melts. When a syrup forms skim and simmer. If the cooking is done slowly and care taken not to scorched bottom of pan there will be little need of stirring. Seal in small glasses.

Grape Marmalade
Make with either green or ripe grapes. Stem and wash one gallon, drain and put in preserving kettle with a pint of water. Cook soft; put through sieve and allow for five pounds of fresh fruit. Cook quickly over fire. Meantime heat pulp and juice in separate vessel until pulp breaks enough to free the seeds, when put through colander to remove seeds. Combine skins and pulp and for every five pounds add 2½ lbs. sugar, 2 ounces ground cinnamon, 1½ ounces ground cloves and ½ pint vinegar. Then boil mixture over a slow fire until a little thick. This amount will require about an hour's cooking.

Grape Catsup (Farmers' Bulletin 859)
Weigh the fruit; separate skins and pulp. Place skins in a closed vessel, adding one-half pint water for each six pounds of fresh fruit. Cook quickly over fire. Meantime heat pulp and juice in separate vessel until pulp breaks enough to free the seeds, when put through colander to remove seeds. Combine skins and pulp and for every five pounds add 2½ lbs. sugar, 2 ounces ground cinnamon, 1½ ounces ground cloves and ½ pint vinegar. Then boil mixture. Cook until slightly thick then seal in hot sterilized bottles or fruit jars.

The bulletin mentioned is of particular interest to Floridians ("Home Uses for Muscadine Grapes") since Dr. Charles Dearing, who wrote it, has lectured a number of times in the state upon this Florida type of grape.
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Property in the City of Sanford Is Not Inflated

364 feet facing on Sanford Ave. from Commercial St. down to River Boulevard—117 feet deep.

407 feet facing West on Sanford Ave. from Commercial St. to River Boulevard—117 feet deep.

In the Center of the Business District

Two blocks from the City Hall
One block from the Postoffice

Situated Half Way Between the Two Leading Hotels. Surrounding property now selling from $750. to $2000. Per Foot.

Price $650 per Front Foot

3000 Acres in Lake County Facing Both Sides of Brick Road and Railroad at $60.00 Per Acre

We Own Both These Offerings and Can Absolutely Deliver Real Estate Dealers Protected
Write or Wire Mr. John Fletcher

FLETCHER-BULGER REALTY COMPANY

ORLANDO
44 North Orange Ave.

FLORIDA
Florida's Mineral Resources (Continued from page 52)

clays are also found within this classification. In peninsular Florida the Miocene
is exposed from the north line of the State extending southward through the central
portion including that area so well known in literature, and otherwise, as the 'Lake
Region.' In western Florida is the type locality for the Miocene which is Alum
Bluff on the Apalachicola River near Bris-
tol, Liberty County. This bluff has a height
of 160 feet or more above the river and
presents a very excellent geologic section.
Westwardly the Miocene extends as far as
Okaloosa County. It is from the phos-
phatic marls and sands of this group that
the workable phosphate beds of State were
derived through a process of reworking,
replacement and concentration.
From an economic standpoint the forma-
tions included in the Pliocene are the most
important in Florida. Placed in this divi-
sion are the phosphate deposits, the land
pebble and the hard rock. The Caloosahat-
chee marl so extensively developed along
the river of the same name in southern
Florida and the Nashua marl of the St.
John's River valley, are marine shell marls,
richly fossiliferous, of Pliocene age. The
Charlton formation has a limited develop-
ment in northern Florida consisting prin-
cipally of sands and clays. The Pleistocene formations attain their
maximum development in eastern and
southeastern Florida whereas marine and
fresh-water limestones and marls occur
over an extended territory. Several forma-
tions of this age have been recognized and
to each appropriate names have been ap-
plied. Of these perhaps the Miami oolitic
limestone and the coquina are best known
and extensively utilized.
Of the mineral resources of Florida the
phosphates easily assume first place. In
1923 this State had an output of 2,547,663
long tons of phosphate rock which amount-
ed to 85 per cent of the total sold in the
United States. In recent years three
varieties of phosphate have been produced
known commercially as the land pebble,
the hard rock and the soft rock. The soft
phosphate is at present not recovered to
any commercial extent. It is found, how-
ever, in both the hard rock and land pebble
regions, and during the years of production
the output came mainly from the hard rock
field. By far the greater output of phos-
phate in Florida comes from the land peb-
ble district of Polk and Hillsborough Coun-
ties. In 1923 this constituted 92 per cent
of the total State production. The hard
rock phosphate grades from 77 to 80 per
cent tricalcium phosphate, although indi-
vidual specimens frequently run higher.
The land pebble deposits vary from 66
to 77 per cent tricalcium phosphate, with
some deposits running above the latter
figure. Nearly the entire output of hard
rock is exported to European countries. In
1923 approximately one-fourth of land
pebble output was exported, the remain-
der being used within the United States.
Low grade phosphates are known to occur
in various portions of the State. These
will no doubt come in for development in
the course of time. The mining of phos-
phate is carried on entirely by the open
pit method, the overburden is removed by
steam shovel or by hydraulics. The phos-
phate rock itself is taken up by pick and
shovel, floating dredge, steam shovel, or
by hydraulics.

The mining of phosphate in Florida be-
gan in 1888. Since that time to the close
of 1923, according to statistics collected by
the U. S. Geological Survey and the Flor-
da Geological Survey, this State has pro-
duced 46,626,172 long tons with a valua-
tion of $184,156,669.

Florida is not only the leading state in
the production of phosphate but also of

HOW SOME FLORIDA HOMES
HAVE SOLVED THE PROBLEM OF CLEAN
AUTOMATIC COMFORT

Artificial heat here in Florida is needed when subnormal temperatures are
accompanied by health giving, but nevertheless chill, salt air.
Warm air heat is the logical solution, since it is quickly "on the job" when
temperatures drop, and it is not exorbitant in price. Installations of warm air
are quick and simple.

THE WEIR ALL-STEEL FURNACE
FOR USE WITH OIL BURNERS

affords a positive assurance of quick, clean heat with no chance of furnace
fumes or soot in your rooms. Arc-welded seams prevent, forever, any such
leakage, and special low-carbon steel gives both quick heat and many years of
untroubled service.

Full information, without obligation, will be gladly given you.

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The WEIR is Made In Peoria, Ill., By The
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30,000 Acres Including 56 Beautiful Lakes
Among the scenic hills and on the picturesque Oklawaha River
Over 100 Miles of Waterfront
Wonderful for Big Development—Act Quickly!
HUDGINGS & SHERIDAN
Lakeland Realtors Florida
A City Built on a Hill
Cannot Be Hid

DAVENPORT

Sitting astride the main arteries of the State affords a magnificent entrance to the Great Ridge Empire of Polk County.

Beautified—Restricted
Carefully Zoned
Where People Live!
Write for the interesting story of Davenport

Northern Representatives Wanted

The Paul Henry Organization
Realtors

DAVENPORT  FLORIDA
**OPPORTUNITY**

**Best Subdivision Acreage in Pinellas County**

**Why?**

1. Ninety acres located in LARGO, one of the fastest growing cities on the West Coast.
2. Adjoins a subdivision practically sold out and having many pretty homes.
3. Has three-quarters mile frontage on one of the main thoroughfares (brick paved).
4. Fifty acres entirely within city limits, which makes brick streets, sidewalks, water, lights and sewers available by petitioning City.
5. Land is some of the highest in County and will make a beautiful subdivision. Fifty per cent in bearing citrus grove, with two houses, barn and machinery.
6. Will cut into 450 lots, and estimating by what lots in adjoining subdivision have actually sold for, this should easily bring $500,000.00.
7. Price of ninety acres is $140,000.00—$45,000.00 cash, balance in four years with release clause.

*If you are a subdivider don't fail to see this, we invite comparison.*

**FOGARTY BROS.**

689 Central Ave., St. Petersburg, Fla.

or

No. 7 Bay Drive, Largo, Fla.

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**FLORIDA ACREAGE**

The Road to Independence

**WE HAVE IT—AND CAN DELIVER**

Let us quote you on a few of our quick money-makers.

HOMES :-: BUSINESS PROPERTY :-: FARMS

"We have what you want"

BARNARD-BLOUNT CO.

107 Madison St. Tampa, Florida

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The Road to Independence

**WE HAVE IT—AND CAN DELIVER**

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HOMES :-: BUSINESS PROPERTY :-: FARMS

"We have what you want"

BARNARD-BLOUNT CO.

107 Madison St. Tampa, Florida

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fuller's earth and this rank has been continuously maintained since the discovery of this clay in Gadsden County in 1895. The fuller's earth output for 1923 had a valuation of approximately $1,000,000. For the year mentioned Florida, Georgia and Texas, the three leading states named in order of rank, reported 92 per cent of the total production of this earth in the United States. This clay finds its principal use in the clarifying of crude mineral oils, although its use in the refining of vegetable and animal oils and fats is increasing. It occurs in several parts of the State but is mined in only two counties, namely, Gadsden and Manatee. The clay next in commercial importance is that termed plastic kaolin or china clay. This clay occurs intimately mixed with rather coarse sand and quite a percentage of mica flakes which is removed by washing. It has a rather wide distribution, principally within the 'Lake Region' section of the State but it is mined in only two counties, Putnam and Lake. This is a very plastic, high grade, white burning clay and its chief use is in the white-ware industries, such as in the making of high-grade porcelain wares, pottery and tile. For these purposes the raw clay is shipped out of the State to the potteries of the north, as for instance New York, New Jersey and Ohio.

In addition to the clays mentioned Florida also has large deposits of the more common clays suitable for the manufacture of building brick, building and drain tile, stoneware, pottery ware and other clay products. In 1923 more than 20,000,000 brick were manufactured in the State and the total value of all clays and clay products including fuller's earth, kaolin, brick, tile and pottery, amounted to $1,859,045.

Of the Florida mineral industries none perhaps have shown greater activity in recent years than the limestone. The limestones and shell marls are extensively used as road-making materials, as well as in building and other construction work. The deposits developed on a large scale are those of Central Florida in the vicinity of Gainesville, Ocala, Williston, Florida City, Crystal River and Brooksville; and those of southeastern Florida in the general region of Miami. The deposits of coquina, a shell limestone, occurring at different localities along the East Coast from the vicinity of St. Augustine southward for many miles, are of particular interest historically. From the coquina old Fort Marion and many of the older public and private buildings at St. Augustine were constructed and this material is therefore the first building stone used in America. In recent years the coquina has been used for road construction as well as for a building stone. The importance of the lime, limestone and flint industries is revealed in the production and value figures for 1923 which show that 1,507,999 tons were produced with a value of $1,572,768. Vast deposits of limestone, largely undeveloped as yet, are to be found in northern and western Florida. The development of these will surely come along with the rapid progress the State is now making.

Of greater consequence than is perhaps generally known is the sand and gravel industry. The Florida sands enter into construction work as in mortar, concrete, artificial building blocks and brick, and sand-lime brick. Some is also used as foundry sand, engine sand, as well as for filtering purposes and recently sands have been tried out in the manufacture of glassware. Deposits of gravel are also worked in central and western Florida, these materials entering mostly into the building of roads and other concrete work. The value of the output of sand and gravel and sand-lime brick in 1923 was $457,018. Large deposits of peat and muck are found in various parts of Florida, the
The Florida Keys—

Stand out supreme as the one Great Opportunity for quick, sure profitable Investment in the Southern part of Florida

Most of our properties are either Ocean Frontage or Bay Frontage.

These important facts must be weighed and accepted in their favor:
—Their geographic location.
—Their unparalleled natural beauty.
—Their strategic position in the path of development.

Other features, too, make the Florida Keys of first importance to those on pleasure bent:
—The Yachtman’s and Fisherman’s Paradise.
—Most delightful bathing the year round.
—Marvelous year-round climate and sunshine.

THE FLORIDA KEYS ARE FACING THEIR GREATEST DEVELOPMENT
—The new giant causeway connecting with the mainland.
—Dixie Highway extension to Key Largo and beyond.
—Proposed development program greatest in their history.

LET US TELL YOU MORE ABOUT THE FLORIDA KEYS
We know THE KEYS better than any other part of Florida, and their appeal to the investor and the homeseeker. Our knowledge is at your disposal. We have LOTS or ACREAGE. Write us, phone or call.

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Buy This, Develop It
And Retire

An exclusive opportunity in a charming locality offering unusual subdivision possibilities, featuring lake-shore home-sites. COLLEGE PARK development, comprising 492 acres, adjacent to the attractive University City of Gainesville, is for sale through us at $350 an acre, $45,000 cash, balance 1, 2 and 3 years.

Note on the accompanying map the proximity of this tract to the University Campus and to other University properties; also to State Highway No. 2, and to the Seaboard Air Line Railway.

A delightful spring lake with sandy bottom and high bluff shore, ideal for home-sites, is Another Attractive Feature of this property which is located in a section already alive with extensive developments.

College Park is a choice buy which will not be on the market long. Act quickly if you want to subdivide one of the most beautiful properties in Florida.

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Kissimmee, Florida

largest continuous bodies of which are in the Everglades and the region contiguous thereto. Quantities of Florida peat have been produced for use as a fertilizer filler and for agricultural purposes. Recently experiments have been conducted with certain peat deposits with respect to the fuel value and from reports this field gives promise of future development.

Of more than passing interest is the fact that Florida is now one of the principal sources of ilmenite in the United States. This mineral is an iron-titanium oxide, and its occurrence in Florida is in intimate mixture with the beach sands of the Atlantic Coast. Ilmenite together with other minerals, rutile, zircon and monazite have been produced in Florida since 1916, at which time operations were begun at Mineral City about 5 miles south of Pablo Beach. These minerals are separated from the beach sands and these are then placed on the market. Ilmenite and rutile enter into the metalurgical industries as for instance in the manufacture of high grade steels. At the present time, however, ilmenite is used chiefly in the manufacture of white titanium oxide, a paint pigment. The prospects are that this industry will prove a continued and increasing importance to the State.

Among the resources of Florida, and one that can not be expressed in dollars and cents, is the abundant supplies of pure, wholesome underground waters. In practically every section of the State limitless quantities of water can be obtained from bored wells. In some sections flowing artesian wells can be had with pressure sufficient to supply water for all domestic purposes, as well as for irrigation and in some instances power. Some of the largest springs in the world are found in Florida, these being but the natural outlets of the large volumes of underground waters. One of these is of a size sufficient to float passenger and freight boats, the boats entering the spring basin itself. Springs yielding waters of reputed medicinal properties occur in almost every section of the State. In this connection it is also worthy of mention that waters with a very low mineral content are obtained from some of the bored wells, this being particularly true of those of extreme western Florida.

Among the more or less undeveloped resources mention might be made of deposits of diatomaceous earth, gypsum, bog iron ore, and ochre. Some of these have been produced in Florida to a limited extent. The total value of the mineral output of the State for 1923, the latest year for which complete statistics are available, was $13,226,099. This is an increase in valuation of almost $5,000,000 over that for 1922.

To a Florida Lake

By BERT MOREHOUSE

Behold the queen of inland waters here Enthroned in Nature’s scenic, blue-domed hall, Where scented bud and blade festoon the mere, And Spanish moss in garlands drape the tall And stately trees, the sentinels which stand Serene in their nativity. The sun Arrayed in courtly splendor o’er the land, Reveals at dawn fresh beauties one by one. With silver wand beneath the witching moon, The gentle breezes flit about where dwell The fairy things of life, forgotten soon. Enchanting still with elfin vesper bell The tuned ear, the list’ning, childlike heart: Where rhythmic, rippling waters shoreward part.
For years Miami has been thought of only as a great winter resort. But times have changed, and today Miami is recognized as

ONE OF THE FINEST SUMMER RESORTS ON THE AMERICAN CONTINENT

Miami has wonderful bathing beaches, a delightful summer climate, cooling sea breezes and refreshing summer rains. An ideal place for rest and recreation.

No other city in America has made such wonderful progress during the past year. No other city has grown so fast and built up so quickly. No other city has known such splendid business and general prosperity. Miami, the Magic City, has shown a growth unparalleled in the history of American cities.

For sound investments in Miami and Dade County, see us. We handle business properties, homes, homesites, acreage. Write us for information. List your Florida properties with us for sale.

Sunnyland Realty Company
ALVIN LOVINGOOD, Owner
Flagler Street East
MIAMI, FLORIDA

Miami Bank Clearings June 1925
$79,309,836.40.
Total first six months of 1925
$168,287,292.48.

Miami Building Permits June 1925
$6,688,952.00.
Total first six months of 1925
$21,878,675.00.
He Is Beloved by Boys

(Continued from page 25)

epochal excursion is the birthright of the book “Canoemates.” Starting from Jacksonville, Mr. Munroe canoed down the St. Johns and Suwannee Rivers and followed a net work of inland rivers and inside waterways until, he had circumnavigated the United States’ southern extremity.

Since 1883, Kirk Munroe has spent his winters in Florida. For the last four decades, his legal domicile has been at Coconut Grove. There is no white man living in Florida today who has made as many canoe trips through the Everglades as this adventurer-author. He has been a painstaking student of Seminole life and customs. His book “Through Swamp and Glade” tells the story of the Seminole Wars as translated by Kirk Munroe from interviews with the surviving redskins and soldiers who participated in that extended warfare.

Kirk Munroe, now 75 years old, treasures many of the keepsakes which he has collected in various parts of the world. Each article has its particular story of privation or peril to tell. On one shelf in his home, several dozen hats form an interesting exhibit. The oldest hat of the group is the one which Mr. Munroe wore during his walking trip from one coast of the United States to the other. Latterly, the son of one of America’s leading hatters visited Mr. Munroe. When he saw the old hat, he immediately recognized it as one of the first which his father had manufactured.

There is another battered felt hat in the collection now nothing more than a mass of holes. This was Kirk Munroe’s canoeing hat. Years ago, Mr. Munroe was one of America’s canoe championship competitors. He competed in tournaments in all parts of the country. And he never failed to wear this particular hat—his lucky racing felt. Several other hats of interest are those worn by Kirk Munroe when he served as captain of the famous Black Horse Troop at the Culver (Indiana) Military Academy. There are also tall-crowned, broad-brimmed straw hats from Mexico and the Latin-Americas as well as headpieces which the juvenile writer has worn in China, Macau, and other distant lands.

A human thigh bone fluted through the core and with the joint extremity covered with parchment-like human skin—a relic which Kirk Munroe brought from China where it was used by a priest in certain religious ceremonies. Another article of interest is a rea; Chinese prayer mill which you turn round and round like a toy top as you chant religious devotions. Then there is the ivory cross-section of an elephant’s tooth 12 inches long which Mr. Munroe brought home from Africa. A bronze temple and altar lamp from Lassa and Tibet is another inimitable trophy. A Chinese clock with the curious table scrolled in Chinese figures, a “dag”—the snowknife of the Arctic Circle made of a copper blade with a whalebone handle are other extraordinary curios. This snowknife is used by the Eskimox in building huts of ice and snow.

In an ornamented wooden box is a deck of the most novel playing cards you ever saw. They come from innermost India and probably are the only ones of their kind in this country. Munroe secured them from the servant of a prince’s family. The cards were discarded when one was lost. The cards are circular and made of camel’s skin, they are lacquered and handpainted. For centuries, the natives of India have used cards of this type. It is evident that the English secured their card games from...
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Developers of St. Cloud-Osceola and Okeechobee Five-Acre Truck Farms
Acreage Wanted

I am opening branch Brokerage offices throughout New York, Illinois, Michigan, and Ohio. Have clients with one million dollars to invest in Florida Acreage. Titles must be insurable. Send plats and full description. Price, terms and commission.

CHARLES R. HALL
310 Central Avenue
St. Petersburg, Florida.

Section 27, Township 24-S. R. 18-E.
PASCO COUNTY — $250 PER ACRE
(Brokers protected)

5 Large Lakes
Beautiful shady camps on sand beaches. No. 5 highway and railroad run diagonally through property from corner to corner. Fine development proposition. Adjoins the Florida Land and Grape Co. Vineyards. The psychological point between Brookville and Tampa for a town! High and rolling!

DRAKE-SANDERS
REALTY COMPANY
614 Tampa Street Phone 3057 Tampa, Fla.

The old buckskin shirt and felt hat which Kirk Monroe wore on his walking trip across the continent in 1867.

Kirk Munroe, a tennis expert during his younger days, has gathered together a unique assortment of the different ball bats used by the various tribes of American Indians. He says that these primitive articles are the progenitors of the modern tennis racket. A pair of remarkable ice-glasses used in Northland’s snowland empire consists of a wooden covering for the eyes with mere slits cut in the front. You can see wonderfully well while you wear these extraordinary spectacles that boast no glass lenses.

Florida’s leading author has a seal which but few people this side of the Chinese Sea can decipher. It was while on a trip to Manchuria, Mr. Munroe, one day, visited a native shop and ordered a seal. He instructed that the letters K. M. be placed on the seal. When the seal was finally delivered, he found that instead of using American letters, the workman had re-sorted to Chinese characters. Thus it comes to pass that the seal which Mr. Monroe now uses is most fantastic. The shomen provided him with a small package of paste in which the seal was to be dipped before use. That was more than 20 years ago yet today that paste is as moist and useful as it was when Mr. Monroe first purchased it.

A ring made from a silver half dollar and ornamented with a blue gem which a Mohave Indian made and presented to Kirk Munroe is another keepsake which he keeps as a valuable. The most priceless object in the collection is what looks like a mumified specimen of a Floridian sunfish. It is supposed by science to be hundreds of thousands of years old. It was excavated some years ago in Tennessee and is one of the only objects of its kind ever uncovered in America. Scientists say that it dates back to a race of so-called “Little Men” who occupied certain sections of Tennessee thousands and thousands of years before the precolombian period.

There are but few authors who have lived in the New World who have written so successfully of their personal adventures and experiences as has Kirk Munroe.
Investors of the North
Fortunes Are Being Made in Florida

We made a Minnesota Banker $7,000 profit within five
months from $100 Real Estate Option—another Minnesota in-
vestor $60,000 since March.

Organize a local syndicate of
10 members, each put in $500
to $1,000, send your represent-
ative here NOW to thoroughly
investigate and option proper-
ties before the Fall Rush.

Buying and re-selling well located
Real Estate—Acreage, Subdivisions,
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We wish to connect with those
having ready funds for quick turn-
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No State Income or Inheritance Taxes in Florida

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SEND US FLORIDA LISTINGS
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Highest References—We Control Two Banks
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We Specialize In This Work
Send for price list on all sizes
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Is One of Infinite Appeal to
Investors—Homeseekers—Sportsmen
Where Fortunes are Being Made
The Heart of Florida’s Fastest Growing Development

CITY LOTS SUBDIVISIONS ACREAGE

BRY-CO DEVELOPMENT CO.
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You Are Invited
to Inspect
Our New Home
Corner Seventh Avenue and Eleventh Street

AUTHORIZED
STRICKLAND Ford WISDOM, INC.
DEALERS
TAMPA - - - - - - FLORIDA

The Flagler of West Florida
(Continued from page 27)
merce and Industry.”

Running the Walton hotel in connection
with his sawmill at DeFuniak Springs gave
Mr. Harbeson a liking for the hotel busi-
ness and he began acquiring hotels until
he had a string of five. With the same
devotion to detail that has characterized
his endeavor in the lumber business, he
concentrated his energies on his hotels, re-
modeling the buildings, throwing out anti-
quated furniture and putting in new, in-
stalling the best help and buying the
choicest foods and supplies. In short, he
sought to make good hotels better just as
he decreed to make good lumber better,
and he has been proportionately as success-
f ul in the hotel business as he has been as
a lumber manufacturer. Mr. Harbeson
now owns the magnificent San Carlos hotel
in Pensacola, the Harbeson hotel at Camp
Walton, the Walton hotel at DeFuniak
Springs and the Leon and Cherokee hotels
at Tallahassee. By providing better hotel
accommodations Mr. Harbeson has attract-
ed people, both business and pleasure-bent,
to West Florida and other hotels have
sprung up throughout the section as a re-
sult of the added influx which the develop-
ment of the whole of Western Florida is
bringing to pass.

Service is a big word in Mr. Harbeson’s
vocabulary and in his desire to make the
new pleasure resorts of the gulf district
more accessible to the public Mr. Harbeson
has had a steamboat built and established
a regular sailing schedule to carry pas-
sengers and freight between Pensacola,
Camp Walton and Valparaiso. Mr. Har-
beson told the Pensacola Shipbuilding Com-
pany what kind of a boat he wanted and
when the specifications and price were
submitted—something like one hundred thou-
sand dollars, it came to—Mr. Harbeson
in characteristic style, said “All right, but
add another five thousand dollars. Give
me that much better boat.” In this Mr.
Harbeson was neither vainglorious nor im-
prudent; in all of his purchases he has
stipulated “give me the best,” in the belief
that the best is the cheapest in the long
run. He got the kind of a boat he ordered
and the steamship William B. Harbeson
made her maiden trip last summer. By
this new service which Mr. Harbeson has
inaugurated between Pensacola, Camp
Walton and Valparaiso he has automati-
cally opened up a new resort district which
is becoming more and more popular as this
service becomes known.

An ardent sportsman himself, Mr. Har-
beson is playing an important part in ad-
vertising the advantages of Western Flor-
da to those who like hunting, fishing, bath-
ing, golfing and boating. He has been in-
strumental in laying out golf courses in
proximity to his several hotels and his
speed boats are among the fastest on the
Gulf Coast. As busy as he is with busi-
ness affairs, Mr. Harbeson religiously
takes at least two days off each week for
the gratification of his greatest pleasure—
fishing. For his theory is that all work and
no play makes Jack a dull boy. Probably
more than any other agency he has
lifted Western Florida from practical ob-
curity into the limelight of prominence. He is in truth “The Flagler of West
Florida.”
Prosper With Fort Myers

Fort Myers, the most beautiful city in the United States, is the best location for:

**HEALTH — WEALTH — HAPPINESS**

- Climate
- Enjoyment
- Fishing
- Golf
- Hunting
- Bathing
- Boating
- Tropical Beauty
- Charming People
- Professional Opportunity
- Business Opportunity
- Hotels
- Apartments
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- Farming
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We specialize in high class Duval County water front and highway acreage tracts for investment or development.

Nineteen years experience in constantly selling Duval County acreage is offered you.

Investments made in suburban Jacksonville acreage are bringing handsome returns.

Tracts from 10 to 600 Acres

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Anclote Highlands

Adjoining the city limits of Tarpon Springs, “The Venice of the South.” This ideal residential subdivision sits on a high knoll and is on Anclote Boulevard. Only one and one-half miles from the postoffice and three-quarters of a mile from the Gulf.

Sixty-foot Streets and Wide Cement Sidewalks
Lights and Water Available to Every Lot
CORNER LOTS $700. INSIDE LOTS $600.
BUY IT BY THE BLOCK
24 lots $10,000. All lots 50x125. One-third cash, balance easy terms.

E. R. CORSON
P. O. Box 83 ST. PETERSBURG FLORIDA

Caesar's Garlic Wars

(Continued from page 27)

This interruption piqued Ponce de Leon, and he refused for some minutes to go on with his talk. It was when Uncle Tom asked, “And how did you like the Florida wittles, Mistuh De Leon?” that he brightened up. “Splendid!” he answered. “Splendid!”

At this reference to food, all the guests leaned yearningly forward.

“For breakfast?” hinted Cleopatra, her eyes fairly burning with eager intensity. “Grapefruit,” replied the visitor. “And flapjacks with good old Florida syrup.”

“No!” exclaimed Uncle Tom incredulously, his mouth watering. Falstaff ceased his weeping and looked up; everyone was listening intently.

“For dinner?” said Cleopatra. “For dinner,” recounted the explorer reminiscently, “we had string beans, squash, tomatoes—in fact, any kind of vegetable you cared for. You see, Florida grows them all. And then some of the famous Aplachicolian oysters. Or fish of any specie—they all are caught in the state. And fruit of every tropical variety.”

“At night?” whispered Cleopatra, her voice now so impassioned that it trembled. “Good old razor-back,” said Ponce de Leon—“sweet country ham.”

“The ham what am,” breathed the ecstatic darky Swiftly. Then, before the explorer could say another word, he suddenly jumped up from the table.

“Well, old Julius will feel like a naughty word with four letters meaning where the devil lives, when he comes back to the saloon and finds us all gone. e’s the loser—darn his stinking food!—in his last campaign, Caesar’s Garlic Wars!”

The Bride

By M. F. BRAGUINER

If you will be my bride, my Dear,
A year in Florida I’ll give—a year! I’ll give the wonder of that land—
The organ-sea, the singing sand;
Where every morn, at early dawn
A little Floriday is born!
And tawny swell of wheat-crowned dunes
I’ll give; and gold and cobalt afternoons.

The treasure there! Oh, trove on trove—
Not hidden in a pirate cove,
But scattered wide with lavish hand—
Gifts from a magic Sunland.

Fruits, Sunshine, Health—true gold—
Take all your little hands can hold!
And from some silver pool, in sooth,
Drink beauty and a springing youth!

And Florida enchantment Night:
A world drowned in a sea of light;
The sea and palms and pines will eroon
“Oh, Love! Oh, Love! Oh, Honeymoon!”
Columbus had it and he discovered America. Edison had it and he has given to the world many rich rewards. Every leader from time immemorial has had vision.

Vision is the thing that makes progress, prosperity, success.

Have you the vision to see the wonderful investment possibilities open to you in Pomello City and Pomello Park, located in the prosperous Manatee County, Florida—where land values are made sound and secure by tremendous agricultural returns already demonstrated by the shipment of 8,000 carloads annually?

THEN BUY NOW because the same opportunity will never again be open to you. Over 1,000 purchasers have indicated their confidence in the soundness of Pomello Park as a safe investment with outstanding SPECULATIVE profits.

Pomello Park is sold in 10-acre units at $100 to $175 an acre; 10% down and the balance at $15 a month.

Pomello City Lots are priced low at $100 to $500 each. Improvements are now under way and these prices are based on pre-development schedules. Buy now before prices are increased.
Investors and Developers--Large or Small

Are invited to consider the advantages of

EUSTIS—Lake County’s leading tourist city. Every educational facility. Extensive agricultural development. Exceptional educational opportunities.

HIGH AND DRY—162 feet above sea level.

EUSTIS—138 per cent population increase in past five years.

EUSTIS—Located among the hills and lakes of Lake County, accessible from the East Coast by inland water route.

EUSTIS—The original Sportsman’s Paradise—Hunting and Fishing unequalled.

EUSTIS—Excellent drinking water—Unsurpassed hotel accommodations—Center of $5,380,000 county highway system—On Dixie Highway—Served by Atlantic Coast Line, Seaboard Air Line and Clyde Line Steamship Company.

“GET USED TO EUSTIS—Queen City of the Lake Region”

EUSTIS—Where values have not yet mounted in proportion to natural advantages.

Reliable information furnished through courtesy of the Eustis Kiwanis Club

Address: L. L. Bonner

EUSTIS Box 1627 FLORIDA

A Tree of 100 Uses

(Continued from page 29)

Handling the cocoanuts in this manner reduces the weight of the material which is shipped to the United States and Europe where coconut oil is extracted from it. Many thousand tons of copra are annually used in such oil extraction operations. Artificial copra driers are now used instead of Maryland on the coast in the manufacture of soap. It is valuable for the manufacture of soap, candles and similar products.

The green cocoanut contains a clear sweet fluid which is treasured highly in tropical countries as a cooling drink. The liquid close to the shell ultimately forms the meat of the cocoanut while the remaining fluid is converted into the milk of the ripe cocoanut. This milk is used as a beverage and for confectionery purposes while the grated cocoanut of commerce comes from the ripened meat. The decorative cocoanut palm tree which is cherished as an ornamental in Florida represents a two billion dollar industry to other parts of the warm climate zone where this tree prospers. Potentially, commercialized groves of cocoanuts in our southernmost state may become actualities in the districts where land prices are low enough to justify such development.

Cruising Through Our Inland Waters

(Continued from page 41)

I had cocked the affair half of the time and had really taken pictures the other part.

With the approach of four o’clock, we began to look for the St. Johns, and at four-fifteen ran from the Oklawaha into the larger stream. Up the river, and on the other side, was Welaka. We pulled in there for gas, and found it to be a fishing village such as one always sees in the movies, except that the fishermen did not wear funny blue stocking caps. Another exception was that they smoked cigarettes instead of short black pipes. Feeling that they were unconsciously doing their best to provide atmosphere, however, we let the differences pass without comment or suggestion.

Leaving Welaka at forty-three, we hoped to make Palatka and tie up for the night by seven. It was twenty-five miles, according to the proprietor of the store where we bought gas, and I thought we could make it easily by seven. Elliott did not believe that we would, and not until some time later, when I found that we were making only about eight miles instead of ten did I change my mind.

We passed several boats along the way, and about six or sixty-thirty did considerable dodging here and there about the river to miss fish nets that had been strung across it. By following the beacons, we had no difficulty in keeping the channel. Twilight came on, and seven o’clock appeared, with no sign of Palatka. I was just beginning to admit to myself that we could not make the city before dark when the stacks of a lumber mill in East Palatka came into view. Around a bend, with the city lights standing out in the new darkness, was Palatka.

“We pulled into the city dock and tied up for the night at seven-thirty under the direction of a kindly watchman. We were only a half hour later than I had expected, despite the fact that our speed had not been as great as I had believed it.

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74
The West Florida Development and Investment Company, Inc.

ANNOUNCES

Our Plans, Principles and What We Stand For
As Outlined Below

The development of large tracts of undeveloped acreage into small diversified farms of from 20 to 40 acres each for intensive cultivation, and to be sold to farmers on a 20-year payment plan at 8 per cent per year, which takes care of interest and principal, retiring the complete amount of principal plus interest in twenty years.

All lands under development to be cleared, stumped, fenced with woven wire hog-type fencing, and the entire territory to be made accessible and open through a complete system of hard surfaced roads built so that each farm will face a good road.

To set out portions of each twenty-acre tract to fruit, pecans, and different varieties of berries.

To build an agricultural college and laboratories, such as will be necessary for the education of farmers and their families in the value of small, well-kept diversified farms, intensively cultivated, and to guide each farmer in the planting of such crops as are best suited to his soil and to the climate of Western Florida, and as to the type and use of fertilizers best adapted to this soil.

Establishment of pure-bred farms for the raising of dairy stock, registered hogs, blooded sheep, and poultry.

The establishment and operation of a large creamery to take care of all dairy produce. The establishment of a truck route to collect cream and dairy produce from the various farms and deliver same to creamery.

To build and operate a plant for the purpose of canning fruits and for the manufacture of varied jams and preserves from fruits and berries, and for the manufacture of peanut butter, and the canning of sweet corn, peas, beans, tomatoes, asparagus, and for the pickling of small onions, cucumbers, cauliflower, and manufacture of sauer kraut in barrel lots; in fact, for the pickling and canning of all farm produce suited to that purpose and raised on the soil of Western Florida.

The establishment and operation of packing and cold storage plants for the purpose of curing, preparing for market and storing of hams, bacon, salt pork, sausage, pickled pig's feet, weiners, and for the proper cold storage of butter, eggs, poultry and all similar produce.

The establishment and handling of poultry and pigeon farms for the purpose of placing on the market young fryers, squabs and all similar poultry produce.

The establishment and handling of large warehouses for the purpose of storing all farm produce.

The plotting and development of a town site; the building of schools and churches; the scheduling and operation of bus lines. In short, the introduction of all those ideal features of community life necessary to make life worth while to the farmer. The establishment and operation of lumber yards and handling of fertilizers, and farm implements sufficient to provide for needs of the farmer.

The establishment and running of sales offices and the maintenance of a trained and capable sales force sufficient to place these 20-acre farms in the hands of capable farmers.

The establishment and operation of one of the most unique marketing systems ever undertaken, which will net the farmer a larger income than any other marketing system today in operation, and which will enable him to become one of the real business men of the world.

The West Florida Development and Investment Co.

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80 acres at $100 per acre. Near the above tract. Practically all cleared and fenced.
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HILLSBOROUGH COUNTY
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and twisted the dial on the safe as we walked in. Both of us looked as if we had just dismounted from a side door Pullman. My whiskers, which when one day old give my face a more disreputable and dirty look than usual, had just lived to see the lights and shadows of nearly three days. I was dirty and greasy from head to foot, and I wore a cap and an old sweater that would have done credit to any cinema Apache. Elliott was not as dirty as I, but presented a formidable appearance nevertheless.

"After one look at us, the clerk began to shake his head, even before we had asked him for rooms. We continued to the desk though, only to be informed definitely and without opportunity for contradiction that everything was sold out. It may have been, but the suspicion that he thought we were highwaymen will linger in my mind for some time. We went to another hotel, where we found that we could get two single rooms without bath, but that was all. We took them, betting that a sponge bath and a bed would be more desirable than the cockpit of the Whyome.

"At seven Thursday morning, we were up and saw another glorious Florida day. What with eating breakfast, cleaning up the boat, filling up with gas and water, we got away from the Palatka dock at eight-thirty, with an eight or nine hour day ahead of us.

"The banks of the river, while considerably farther away from us than those of the Ocklawaha had been, proved as beautiful in the morning light as had any that we had seen. As had been the case in the ride to Palatka from Welaka, we found no necessity to stand right at the steering wheel and engine, so both of us had opportunity to sit down and enjoy the scenery. We met several fishing boats, but nothing of any size.

"Elliott estimated that we would reach Green Cove Springs at about twelve o'clock, but we found that it took that long and forty-five minutes more to come even with the water tower of the city. Before reaching the springs, however, we were justly punished for refusing to follow the beacons along the river. Instead of pulling to the left of one of the black guides, I had tried to cut off a corner by going to the right. I just about did it, but changed my course abruptly and headed for the middle of the river when Elliott felt the keel of the boat scrape. He made a hurried sounding and found that there

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was but little more than three feet under us. "Shortly after twelve, we met a boat belonging to the government's engineering department, and got our first wave-riding in its wake. "About one-thirty, a squall blew up several miles in front of us, and we were fearful that we would have to tie up until it spent itself. The river became pleasantly choppy and tossed the boat a good deal, but not enough to make for anything but a pleasant ride. The squall and whatever rain there was kept in front and to the north of us, however, so we kept to our course. "Beacon after beacon we passed, while the ever changing scenery on the banks of the river kept our attention many times when we should have torn ourselves away to the course of the Whyome. About three-thirty, we saw the smoke of Jacksonville. Elliott estimated that it was fifteen miles away, and later proved for the third or fourth time that he could estimate distance almost to the foot. "We kept on, until at four-thirty we saw the last bend before we came into the city. The water was still a little choppy, and we passed a tug with several large loads of sand that evidently was waiting for the weather to clear before attempting the bend. We went on, however, steering for the big bridge. Just before we reached there, two boats blew for the bridge to open, and came into the river channel toward us. One was a Clyde steamer, the Osceola, evidently on its way up the river to Sanford, while the other was a little freight boat, the Palatka. We got in their wake and had the best riding of the trip when we dipped into the troughs and mounted the crests of the waves they left behind them. We followed the waves through the bridge and almost to the dock where we tied up. "The first half of the trip ended at five o'clock, after a trip of twenty-eight and one half hours' running time, for which we figured we had covered from 220 to 225 miles. "On our arrival, we decided to rest for a day in Jacksonville and to leave on Saturday morning to start the return trip. We planned to make Palatka, and possibly Welaka on Saturday and to go to Silver Springs on Sunday, leaving there early on Monday morning on the last lap of the journey. "A day's rest in Jacksonville left us in considerably better shape to start on our return trip to Tavares and the fourteen hundred lakes lying in the country around that city. During our 'shore leave' we restocked everything from the larder and the water jugs to the Whyome's oil cups and fuel tanks. Leaving everything in excellent order for an early start, we prepared to leave Jacksonville at six the next morning for a long day's run. "Our attempt to leave at six was foiled by a tardy hotel clerk, but a half hour later we backed out of the dock for the return trip. A tug chaperoning a large schooner preceded us under the bridge as we started up the river, but by taking a short cut around the first bend, we won the lead and started out. The sun had not yet performed its full duty of breaking the dawn, but before many minutes had passed, a Florida day in all its supreme glory was born. The reflection on the water became bright enough that smoked glasses were in order at eight o'clock, when both of us allowed our attention to the Whyome's course to lag long enough to try out a new type of cheese with rye bread and coffee that Skipper Elliott brewed.
WRITE FOR CATALOG—If you would like to get an idea of some of the latest and most satisfactory ways of modernizing the home, write for the Skinner Gas Maker catalog—it is beautifully illustrated and shows the appliances in the home so you can see just how they operate. There is no obligation and it’s good judgment to get this special catalog if for no other reason than just to keep yourself informed on present day home economics.

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Throughout the morning we led the tug and its schooner, but found at noon that we had neither gained nor lost distance in the morning’s travel. Shortly before noon, we passed Green Cove Springs, and during the six hours’ ride we met several boats of all classes, more than we had seen on the entire trip down the river.

“I had felt that the return trip to Palatka would not provide the entertain-ment and variety of the first one, but discovered that every mile down the river had as many attractions as we had found two days previously.

“Three-thirty in the afternoon saw us at the city dock in Palatka, where the same watchman who had been on duty on the first half of the trip welcomed us. We refueled the Whyome, but hurried on in order to take advantage of as much of the daylight as possible.

“Before we left we saw the schooner that had been our traveling companion for the day lined up with a sister ship to take on a load of Florida lumber.

“Despite Elliott’s warnings about a careful watch for the right channel, I proved myself a landlubber before we reached Welaka by following the wrong branch at a spot where no beacons were immediately evident. Without much trouble, we were back in the main way, and came even with Welaka at sixty-three. Instead of stopping there for the night, as had the occupants of a magnificent cruiser, we continued and a quarter hour later were in the swift current of the Ocklawaha.

“Thirty minutes and we were traveling almost in the darkness. Because of our experience several nights before with the bridge, we decided it best to throw out anchor at dark and get an early start on Sunday morning, rather than attempt any more ‘night-riding’. Cool breezes had arisen and for the first time since we left Tavares I felt cold. Two cups of steaming coffee helped in a large way though, and both of us were asleep and warm by half past eight. Several times during the night, I stirred in my improvised bed in the cockpit, because the air was cool and penetrated the several shirts that I had donned in anticipation of a cold bed.

“At four in the morning, I awoke to find Captain Elliott up and smoking. ‘Cold weather did it,’ he informed me. By winding my blanket about me several times more than I had ever thought it would go, I managed to get back to sleep until six, when we started breakfast.

“By six-forty we were on the way again, running against the current of the Ocklawaha at a speed we estimated to be six or seven miles an hour. The Whyome’s engine ran like a charm, and we putt-putted on and on up the river until mid-afternoon, when we began to look for the ferry that we must pass before we reached Conners. Early in the morning, we had been passed by the City of Ocala as we were tied up at the shore for a few minutes, and throughout the day we watched for the Silver Springs without success. We ar-ived at and passed the ferry, the passing consisting of blowing the horn and slowing down for a moment while the ferry-man lowered the chain for us to slide over. Our vigil for the ferry was not ill-founded, because of the many sharp turns and bends in the Ocklawaha which tend to throw the careless steersman into trouble in short order if he is not particularly watchful of his course.

“At four in the afternoon the engine stopped abruptly and indisputably. And there we were. Near Conners, believed, but how near we did not know. I threw out the anchor and went aft. Inasmuch

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as all I know about an engine is that it has spark plugs and generally needs gasoline, the only reason I have found for joining Captain Elliott was a desire to help him look at the temporarily incapacitated pusher. “We both suggested that we might be out of gasoline. An inspection proved this to be true. I took one of the reserve cans of gas and poured it in the tank. For five minutes Captain Elliott cranked the engine to no avail. He suggested looking at the carburetor and found that dirt had stuck on the needle valve. He cleaned it and cranked without result again. It occurred to me that engines need spark for proper ignition and explosion and that some engines have platinum points. With the aid of the book of instruction we found that the points in the magneto needed adjusting and adjusted them according to schedule. The engine still refused to start.

“In a desperate last stand, Captain Elliott looked at the switch key and found that in some mysterious way it had jarred loose. With the key thrust into place again, the engine started off as merrily as if nothing at all had happened.”

The chronometer showed that we had lost an hour, but we blessed whoever it was that protects sailors and embryo sailors as we thought of our good fortune in having all of our trouble at once and in having trouble that we were able to repair alone.

“We came into sight of Moss Bluff at eleven-thirty and were at the first dredge with no trouble, but another five minutes saw us heaving and tugging as mightily as we were able at the pontoon bridge that had furnished so much disgression on the down trip. With long poles

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Cupid Takes the Count
(Continued from page 50) thrusts down. But to offer a glad front to a meal that lodges in your throat with every mouthful is a job, when put over beautiful, deserves lots more credit than the credit bureaus have in stock.

However, my efforts were successful because after the grand burst of Blas in calling Hart’s attention to my fasting state, no further remarks were put over the plate. On our way back to the office we drop Blas at his pet barber shop. I and Hart continue our way together and I must say the feller’s in high spirits. He’s babbling about the bright future ahead of the firm and gives cunning little side lines that suggest that I and his future will be linked closer than that of the Gold Dust Twins. To which remarks I remain silent.

Upon our arrival at the office, Jimmy, our little kid Friday at the diggings, meets us at the door, cap in hand. Without thinking, we’ve kept the kid long past his feed hour and his watchful attitude at the door tells us that he’s longing for the odor of beans at close range. Hart gives him the send-off he’s waiting for and he starts to beat it, but remembers something, pauses and yells over his shoulder: “Gentlemen, to see you,” which translated, no doubt, meant: “Gentleman to see you.” After delivering his message he disappears down the street in a cloud of dust. I and Hart enter the office.

Sitting on the corner of one of the desks with his thumbs thrust down into his belt and his fingers beating a tune on his hip bones is Cyrus Dunbar. In one corner of his mouth is a dead stogie which he is chewing on viciously. From the cocky angle of his fedora and a murky look in his lamps I judge, right away that he’s been quaffing deep of the stuff that bleeds. Hart, thinking that Dunbar is waiting for him, advances with outstretched mit and a forced smile on his face.

“Welcome to our city, Mr. Dunbar,” he says. “I’ve often wondered why you never paid us a visit. We’re always too glad to have you drop in.”

Dunbar climbs down from the desk and stands unsteadily on his dogs.

“Nelson,” he remarks thickly, “when I wan’ed ground for th’ house I went to you and I haven’ any complaint—fine—treat-
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ninety-six cubes at a time—
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ment of me. Good boy! You've done your share—transaction very, very, very, very well. Played your part 'host any fault but a time you stepped out th' picture. Bye-bye, Nelson. Good boy! Person I came to see—that little lady over there."

His voice is about as thick as the china in a third rate hash foundry but he puts over his meaning clear. Hart gets the words but he muffs their meaning.

"That little lady?" he asks looking around.

"Miss Page," Dunbar assures him solemnly, "Miss Skitty Page." Hart smiles tolerantly and gives me a sly wink.

"Some mistake, I'm sure," he says to Dunbar.

But the wozzy bird shakes his head.

"No 'stake," he insists. "Remember th' little girl I told you that you had to thank for me buying—Marchmont Heights?"

"Yes, but surely—"


By this time I don't know whether to rush from the room or stay there and hold front Dunbar's claims. Hart turns fully around to me for denial. But something that he finds in my eyes makes him turn bested to the roots of his hair. Then his face changes, his mouth twists into an ugly smile and he stiffens his backbone.

"I offer my apologies—my humble apologies," he says in a hard voice, "for intruding on Miss Page's private and personal affairs."

With that he turns on his heels and walks into his private office. And I'm alone with the Dunbar party with whom I've got something in common—he being boiled and I boiling.

"Now, you beat it outta here!" I order him. "'You've duched me enough for one day. Curtain for yours, feller."

Dunbar looks at me blankly.

"What have I done, sweetheart darling?" he asks wondering.

"Enough—and that's too much," I reply. "It'd take a sober him ten seconds to reach the door. I give you sixty. But be gone by that time. If you need any help in getting out call on me. Only too glad to help you."

"And that house?" he demands, the fact beginning to sift into his muggy brain that I'm giving him the air. "What about it?"

"I bite," I reply. "Tell me the point if it's good."

"Mean to say—never going to occupy it?"

"This is news," I remark. "Suppose you give the tip to the Associated Press. They'll be grateful."

With that he breaks into a hot speech about the deceitfulness of women in general and one in particular, that one being sweet little I. He accuses me of encouraging him to false expectations when all I did that night when we went driving was not to discourage him from them—after I got him to the extent of his prospective generosity. And the only reason I don't repeat his exact words is because some of them ain't fit to be repeated. Oh, I guess I had it coming to me, taken by and large, but anyway, I got my full share. He ends up his afternoon talk by suggesting that I needed a lesson I wouldn't forget and adding that he was ready to give it to me. With that, he starts over in my direction when something happens! Somebody jumps between us! And it's Blas!"

"Just a minute, booxy," he says quickly. "I came into the office when you were delivering your address and while I wanted..."

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to throw the brakes on you, then, I didn't feel as if it was any of my business. But when you talk about mopping up with Kitty—well, that's another matter. Better go slow, bimbo; I pack an awful Dempsey in my wing.

"Oh, a hero on the scene," sneers Dunbar, still advancing. "Clear out. This business is between me and that—"

The word got halfway outta his lips when Blas stopped it with a short jab that sent Dunbar back some ten feet and sprawled him on top my desk. He lays there for a few seconds and then slowly starts to raise one half of himself up with the other half still resting on the desk.

Now, a week or two before Hart had invested in a new radiator cap for his Packard roaster. His discarded one—a nickle-plated Cupid—I had been using for a paper weight, it being heavy enough to hold down a stack of papers in the stiftest Florida breeze. As Dunbar sprawled on my desk one of his hands fell right on top the Cupid and as he straightened up his left side I noticed that his right hand was still on the cap. Then, drunk as he was, he raised himself up fully and swung his right hand towards Blas. There was a flash of shiny metal flying through the air, a sickening "crack" that made my heart turn over and stop beating, and Blas flopped to the floor without uttering a sound.

"You beast!" I cried. Then: "Hart! Hart!"

The door to Hart's private office was torn open and my dream of love hove into the scene. He takes in all details with one glance—the crumbled Blas with his bleeding dome, the radiator cap lying near by and the leering Dunbar standing with his hands on his hips.

"Another hero!" Dunbar remarks. "Come on and I'll do likewise with you!"

Hart didn't need a second invite. He fairly leaped through the space that separated him and Dunbar. But Dunbar wasn't to be taken off his guard this time. He stops Hart's rush with a stiff one to the nose. Just watching I get the feeling that he know me musta had. It was terrible! But Hart lowers his head and plows into and past Dunbar's defence. There's about a dozen fast close blows exchanged; then I see Hart's right rise up, draw back and shoot forward quick as a flash. Dunbar lets out a grunt and sails backward. A second later he's occupying floor space in our sitsy office.

Always a quick thinker, Hart doesn't waste any time in getting a Medicine Man on the phone. While we're waiting for the M.D. I bathe Blas' dome with the cold towels Hart brings me but neither one of us speak. The doctor's evidently worried after an examination. "That one," he says pointing to Dunbar, "will recover in a few minutes. But I—don't—know—about—the—other. We'll have to rush him over to a sanatorium immediately. My car—"

But Hart used his Packard roaster, picking up Blas as tenderly as he might have done a baby. He never said a word to me. That's what hurt so!

The M.D. and his showfer handled Dunbar pretty rough, but they got him away. And left alone in the office I spread my arms on my desk and—well, just broke down. Tears ain't one of my specialties but when I do give in, it's time to open the flood gates.

Suddenly the phone rings. I drag myself over to it and pick up the receiver. Of all parties, it happens to be the manager of the Royal Palm.
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"The girl who succeeded you is leaving us this evening," he tells me. "Can you recommend anybody, Miss Page?"
A thought strikes me—a wild one but worth action. Anything would be better than having Hart's eyes on me fifty times a day.

"Would I do?" I ask, glancing down at the nickle plated Cupid at my feet.

"Would you! When can you report for duty?"

"Tomorrow morning!"

"Good!" he says. Then adds: "What's the matter? You sound as if you've been crying."

"Crying?" I reply, choking down a sob.

"Ha, ha! Now let me tell one. Did you hear the one about Pat and Mike?"

(The next installment, "All's Swell That End's Swell," completes the Kitty Page series.)

The Land of Corn and Wine (Continued from page 44)

county it is today.
And the dairying industry in Hernando county promises to be one of the outstanding elements which will make the West Coast of Florida more than merely a recreation ground for the pleasure-seeker. The herds of cattle that roam its hills today tell the story. Not the cattle that run at large, seeking forage wherever they will—another phase of the situation that has in it a menace to the progress of the state—but the well-kept herds on such farms as those of Menacke, Wernicke and Stuart, or those of August Johnson. These farmers, applying scientific methods to production of milk, have succeeded because they are intelligent, progressive and inspired by the opportunities of the time.

They are not the only ones. Their success has attracted the interest of another notable figure in American national life, who has begun the development of a herd of pure bred cattle among the hills of Hernando county.

Dade County may have its Bryan, Lee County may have its Ford and Edison, Polk County has Bok and Babson, but Hernando County has Dr. Harvey W. Wiley and Raymond Robins, one of the most influential figures in the nation today.

Raymond Robins is going in for dairying. In this he is simply following a line of least resistance. His estate in Hernando County covers two thousand acres, centering around the famous "Chinsegut-Hill," probably the highest point of land in all Florida. Here the elevation is said to be 368 feet and commands an outlook that is one of the most inspiring of any in the state. It is an ideal location for the development of pure bred dairy stock.

Colonel Robins—or, perhaps it would be more literally true, to say Mrs. Raymond Robins, for it is she who has superintended the activity up to the present—has installed a small herd of Jerseys, which will be added to as the idea expands. A model dairy farm is being created at Chinsegut-Hill, and eventually it is not unlikely that the Robins herd will become quite as famous in Hernando County, Florida, as did those of Thomas W. Lawson at "Dream- wold," in Massachusetts.

The Robins estate, which is five miles north of Brooksville, has already achieved a fame of its own. Here the Colonel, close personal friend of President Roosevelt and of every president who has since occupied the White House, is demonstrating the practical value of those policies of conserving the natural resources of the nation.

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which received their greatest impetus during the Roosevelt regime.

Chinson’s Hill is the site of one of the old plantation homes of Florida. The mansion was erected in 1841, and occupied by the homesteaders of the Robin family for years after the war between the states. It was the scene of Colonel Robin’s earliest experiences as a lad, when he herded dairy cattle and roamed barefooted over the Hernando County hills. After he had gone into the world and made his fortune in the gold fields of Alaska he came back to Hernando County, Florida.

“I want one of these magnificent hills for my very own,” he had said, and so he got the highest one of all. It had been his great ambition to return to his childhood home and pass his days among the woods and flowers and the hills that as a boy he had learned to love. Since those early days he had moved among the great people of the earth and he had those intimate contacts with Theodore Roosevelt which made Raymond Robins the man of all men to that great Progressive. Roosevelt and Robins were men of like minds. As Roosevelt was a crusader so was Robins. Chinson’s Hill today is an example of his practical ideas.

Probably every known variety of tree and shrub that grows in Florida is found on Chinson’s Hill. If for any reason one of them ever dies or is injured so that it has to be cut down another tree is planted in its stead. A telephone company wanted a right of way alongside Chinson’s Hill to erect some poles.

“You may erect the poles, provided you do not injure a single tree,” said Colonel Robins. And the telephone company followed instructions. If the placing of a pole interfered with a tree, the pole was shortened and the tree spared. The wild flowers on Chinson’s Hill and its woods are religiously protected. They are allowed to re-seed themselves and come up again the next season. The destruction of wild flowers, Colonel Robins holds, is a crime against the beautiful in nature, and the encouragement given to children to indiscriminately gather the blooms is a sort of vandalism that has a bad reaction on that sense of loveliness that is inherently a part of the child mind.

More statistics showing the kinds and varieties of trees that are displayed under the protection of Colonel Robins on his Hernando County estate are hardly sufficient to indicate the scope of his work in this particular respect. There are four thousand eucalyptus trees on the place and more than two hundred camphor trees. There are Chinese chestnuts and rare species of the pine and cedar. Hodges of Florida crape myrtle, rhododendrons, and almandas and hibiscus make a riot of color the year round. There are tea shrubs from China and tall firs from Norway, as well as bamboo from the far off Orient.

It is all set out in orderly irregularity, in the midst of groves of tangerines and grapefruit and oranges, with loquats and kumquats and mangos and avocados scattered here and there as ornamental asides.

There is a lake at Chinson’s Hill, where the fish are protected by principles of conservation, and there is a beautiful spring in a little woodland glen that might well be the habitation of Peter Pan and the nymphs. It is all utterly charming and interesting, and it is all part of the picture so eloquently expressed in the words of the old fashioned revival hymn—

“I’ve reached the land of corn and wine.”

Eating oranges will keep your hair growing, says a Nebraska professor. An orange a day keeps baldness away.

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Otherwise Correct
A recent Florida story had to do with a certain resident of Chicago, one Black, who had made a killing in Florida real estate. According to the story he had cleaned up $50,000 in three months at Miami.

A former neighbor, hearing about it, became greatly excited and hurried around to Black's brother's office and said, "By golly, that's great! Bill making $50,000 in Florida in three months. It's just great, now, isn't it?"

"It wasn't in Florida," said Bill's brother, "it was in California and they got the story just a little mixed. It was three years and not three months."

"That doesn't make any difference," interrupted the neighbor. "By George, he made the money!"

Bill's brother continued: "They also got the amount wrong. It was $5,000 instead of $50,000 and—and he didn't make it—he lost it."

Had His Doubts

As a sight-seeing bus was going through Yellowstone National Park it passed a lone pine tree standing by the side of the road. At the very top of the tree an osprey had built a nest of loosely woven sticks. The driver called out above the noise of the motor: "Osprey's nest." Those in the second seat shouted it back to those in the third seat. Finally a slightly deaf old fellow in the rear seat shouted back to the driver:

"Do you mean to tell me that an ostrich built his nest way up there in the top of that tree?"

a la Dayton

Smith: "Are you trying to make a monkey of me?"

Smythe: "Oh, no. I merely remarked that your grandfather was an old gorilla."

"Wise Crackers"

There are a couple of old crackers over on the East Coast who never meet at a public gathering that they do not attempt to stage a fight. Until recently friends have interfered and kept them from blows. They are really good friends and think a great deal of each other but their arguments always lead to attempted violence.

Their last meeting terminated in the usual way—a hasty declaration of war. Friends hastened to separate them when an acquaintance who had grown tired of the performance stepped up and said:

"Let them alone. They want to be separated." Then to the would-be combatants he said, "Now, go ahead and fight. I'll see that you are not bothered."

There was no fight.

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Obey That Impulse
A negro witness was being examined in a case where a patrolman was charged with misconduct. Upon being told by the judge to state just what happened the negro said:
"Well, Judge, Ah war asleep in a cheer. Dis here Mr. White come in and, Boom, with he's gun in the floor' right side muh. Ah jumped up and jist then, Boom, agin' right ahind muh. I seed a doo', Judge, and Ah used hit. Dat's all."

Here Too
He: "Did you spend your vacation at Palm Beach last year?"
She: "No."
He: "What a coincidence; neither did I"

Particular Miss
At Pass-a-Grille beach last Sunday a fair bathers out in the surf called loudly for help. A fat, red faced, bald man swam to her rescue. As he neared the fair damsel, she cried out:
"Go away, you nasty thing. You are not the man I wanted."

Down, But Not Out
At the Miami race track last winter the following conversation was overheard between the rider of one of the losing horses and its owner:
Jockey: "Well, anyway, I wasn't last. There were two horses behind me."
Owner: "Gwan. What's the matter with you? Those were the first two horses in the next race."

Absolutely
Buddy: "Dad, how will I keep from marrying the wrong woman?"
Dad: "You won't, Buddy. A woman never was wrong in her life."

Not Exactly
It was a little English girl who said to her mother: "Now that Daddy's been made a knight, I suppose I'm a nightie."

It Might, Too
Florida doesn't have many of them, but a stray burglar slipped into Jacksonville recently and was doing a lovely job when the lady of the house appeared and opened fire with an automatic pistol. The burglar was very nice about it until about the third or fourth shot when he turned from his work and said:
"For God's sake put that thing down and clear out of here. You make me nervous as Hell."

Probably Bottled in Barn
One of Keith's "vaudevillans" who appeared here last winter pulled this:
"I know where you can get a pound of sugar, two pounds of coffee, a beautiful wife and a quart of whisky for $2.25."
"Gee," remarked a voice from the audience, "that must be rotten whisky."

A Good-Hearted Chief
A Kansas man, now in Florida, wrote back home that he ran into the following inscription on a flat stone, part of a memorial pile:
"This very elaborate pile is erected in memory of Tolomato, a Seminole Inger Cheef, whose Wigwam stued in this spot and sroundings. Wee cherris his memory as he was a good hearted Cheef. He wood not take your skulp without you beged him to do so or pade him some money. He alwys asked more like a Christshun gentle­ man than a savage Inger. Let him R. I. P." The correspondent explains that R. I. P. is the abbreviation for "Rest in Peace."
"Nature's Masterpiece for Summer and Winter"
August, the Year's Hottest Month, Is Cool On
St. Andrew's Bay, Florida

Average August Temperature for 20 Years ............... 81.8 degrees
Lowest August Temperature in 1924 ......................... 69 degrees
Lowest August Temperature in 20 Years .................... 58 degrees
Average Lowest Temperature in August in 20 Years 73 degrees

What causes this? The South and Southwest prevailing winds from the Gulf of Mexico. Another reason why—

Write for further particulars

St. Andrew's Bay Publicity Club
Panama City, Florida