

If you are a motorist, you will see the Ormond beach, return thanks to the Maker thereof, and refuse to use the rest of your railroad ticket, for you have here the most wonderful speedway in the world: flat, smooth, just hard enough, and swept clean every day by the mighty broom of the tide. The Ormond Hotel is between the beach and the Halifax River. It is comfortable, more homelike than any other Flagler hotel, and the grounds have a more exotic look than in St. Augustine. You drive to Daytona along beautiful shell roads, past orange groves and the cottages of the winter residents, through streets bordered by trees heavily hung with Spanish moss. Beautiful places, Daytona and Ormond, with river and ocean "views"; but you must push southward, to Palm Beach.

It is the heart of our Riviera. The train stops at the very gates of the Royal Poinciana—the largest wooden building in the world used exclusively for hotel purposes. You notice long, colonnaded porches; and no architectural pretensions—a hotel that has grown by means of additions as it grew in popularity.

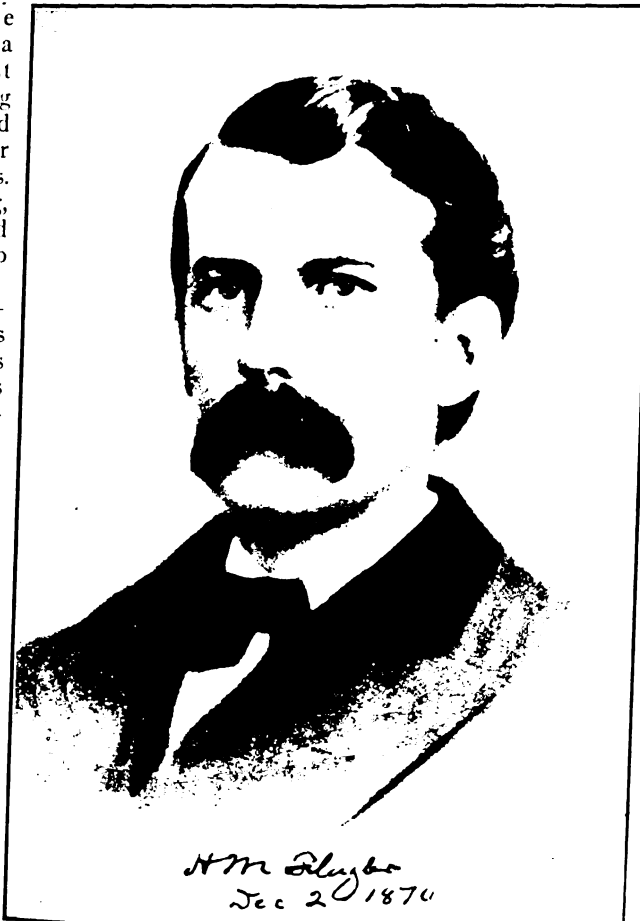
If the Royal Poinciana Hotel neither awes you by its size nor charms you by its architecture, the grounds completely delight you. Yesterday a swamp was here; to-day you see the wizardry of the dollar. To make a lawn here was more difficult than it would have been to spread a sheet of solid silver

on this spot, or on the golf links, where Mr. Flagler's engineers dumped thousands of carloads of earth. Lawns you have seen before; but not these curious trees and strange shrubs with polychromatic leaves; uncanny screw pines with clumps of exposed roots like writhing serpents upholding the trunk; the gaudy crimson blossoms of the hibiscus that suggest the red lights on a Christmas tree; palms of divers kinds; borders of century plants grown to huge size. And over it all the azure splendor of the Florida sky canopied a scene of so exotic a beauty that you are not merely miles, but whole worlds, away from New York.

Hither comes the ultra-fashion of the great cities to wear its summer gowns six months ahead of time; to see and to be seen. The crowd alone is worth the trip. You get to

know Doucet and Paquin better than you know your pastor, and a trip through the corridors in the evening is merely a journey from Paris to Palm Beach by way of the rue de la Paix via Fifth Avenue.

In an Ethiopian-propelled wheel chair you go forth to see Palm Beach; no horses are allowed here. The hotel is on Lake Worth, and you take the drive along the shore. Bluebill ducks swim about and dive with an air of doing it for your benefit. You see the garfish poking their noses into everything; the oldest of extant fishes, unchanged and "unevolved" these hundred



FLAGLER AT THE BEGINNING OF HIS CAREER AS MONEY MAKER.