

thousand years, they now help to intensify the feeling of being in a strange world. . . . The lake shows curious patches of varying blueness. . . . There is no sky: only a stupendous turquoise incandescence; and along the horizon a paler strip—crushed jewels and vaporized silver—otherwise you could not tell where sky began or water left off. And where you should see clouds, you see instead soft whitenesses, glinting like new snow in bright sunlight. . . .

On both sides of the Lake Drive grow cocoanut palms, graceful, lithe, almost animate. You see them gazing at themselves in the mirror of the lake, perennially fascinated by their beauty. But others distinctly lean away from the water: veritable women in the act of fleeing, suddenly metamorphosed into palms. . . . Along the glaring white road, through tunnels of verdure, the noiseless wheel chair carries you, each strange tree adding impressions of a land utterly foreign. It is as if your soul were receiving mysterious little taps—*tap! tap! tap!*—psychic hammer-strokes that numb other thoughts and lull your senses into the

Floridian mood. . . . The lake and the sky are having fights in blue. A draw! . . .

You return and drive through palm-bordered streets to the "Jungle Trail"—a man-made labyrinthine road, cut tunnel-like through banks of vegetation; past weird, misshapen trees . . . on out to the "Breakers," the other Flagler hotel, and the pier. . . . The ocean is very blue, save near the horizon, where it is green. There is the smell of the sea and the roar of the sea—that and the sky and its eternal azure challenge to the water.

It is a place, Palm Beach, unlike any other in the world. And only the other day it was merely sand and marsh and brush, with a few palms that grew from cocoanuts which drifted ashore from the wreck of a West Indian schooner. Only that and the blue sky and the blue lake and the blue ocean. And Flagler came and saw what there was. And then he saw what there would be.

You push on to Miami, in what was, till recently, the southernmost section under Flagler development. It is not so pictur-



Courtesy Frank Presbrey Co.

ON BOTH SIDES OF THE LAKE DRIVE AT PALM BEACH GROW COCOANUT PALMS, GRACEFUL, LITHE, ALMOST ANIMATE.