ate, but he never drawls; a business man without the fidgets of a "hustler." You realize that there is no life-habit of caution; you get no impression of a man perennially on his guard, as in John D. Rockefeller; he is calm and kindly; never distant—and always at a distance.

A STATUE WITH VEINS

You realize that you are before a man who has suffered and has never wept; who has undergone intense pain and has never sobbed; who has never bent under stress and has never hurrahed! When a man has one or another group of salient traits, you place him in a certain pigeonhole of human classification. Your great man is apt to be one with certain faculties over-developed, and classifies easily. But Flagler is not like any one else and withal is not eccentric. He is without redeeming vices, without amiable inconsistencies, without obsessions. He simply does not "classify." You cannot accurately *adjectivize* him. He does not defy analysis; he baffles it. It is as if the soul of him, condensed, compressed by environment, or heredity, or some great natural force—not by self-effort—had been molded into a statue, full of vitality, yet immobile; a statue with veins. Whether they run red blood you cannot tell; but you are certain it is not ice water. What ichor is it, then?

That is the mystery of the soul of Henry M. Flagler.

"Sit here, on this lounge, beside me. I will let you have my good ear. It is none too good at that," he said, and made room for me beside him, the first time I saw him.

I asked him many questions. He answered every one promptly; I received no definite impression of the man. It does not often happen. Silence is the best guard against self-betrayal. With this man it was speech. And yet he was frank.

The conversation ran like this:

"Do you do thus and so?"

"Sometimes."

"Do you like this?"

"Oh, yes."

"Are you fond of that?"

"Yes; somewhat." Always with a quiet voice, neither bored nor interested.

"How did you build your system?"

"Oh, it's one of those things that just happen. I happened to be in St. Augustine and had some spare money."

"You must have thought a good hotel was needed."

"I suppose so," very simply.

"You think ten times to one of talking?"

"I've talked *you* black and blue."

"But you do think ten times more than you speak?"

"I suppose so." There is no weariness in the "I suppose so." It isn't languid, it isn't tired; no indifference, no interest. He accepts facts without thrills.

"How did you achieve your success in business?"

"All I can say is by working six days a week." He does not seem to have any maxims or business aphorisms.

"How do you manage to have such health at your age?"

"When I answer friends who ask me that same question, they laugh. But I mean it. When I was young I was too poor to indulge in bad habits. By the time I was able to afford them, it had become a fixed habit to live simply."

Only now and then are you made conscious that he is of an earlier generation. Thus, in answer to another question:

"I have studied the price men pay for success—the loss of health or of character or of reputation. And I find that all men who win success, no matter how they win it, are always met with envy. That accounts for many of the attacks you mention."

"Why should that be?"

"Poor human nature, I suppose." He has not grasped the reason for our muck-raking.

On a trip to Indian River, years ago, he met a squatter, a Jerseyman who had gone south for his health and was growing all manner of fruits and vegetables, including pineapples, of which he had secured the slips on a trip he once made to the Bahamas.

"He told me," said Flagler, "that the apple Eve tempted Adam with must have been a pineapple. When I saw how this man was growing all sorts of sub-tropical fruits, I thought that what he could do others could do, and that it ought to pay. I decided to give them a chance to do it by building a railroad. It was forlorn-looking country. If I hadn't seen that Jerseyman, I'd never have believed it could be done. But I decided it was a good thing."

"And you were right."