

passenger traffic. He did not care so much for the tourists as for the fruit growers now. Therefore in Palm Beach he did not take the interest in the Royal Poinciana Hotel, architecturally, that he did in the Ponce de Leon. He gratified his love of beauty with the marvelous grounds, in the making of a garden spot.

And again the frost came. When orange trees were killed, perversely, in what up to that time had been a section safe from "freezes," somebody showed him a spray of lemon blossoms from near Miami. The lemon tree is even more delicate than the orange. So he carried his railroad to Miami. He built the town. He felt safe there. He would see a city below the frost belt. He laid it out, when he should have been thinking of the City Beautiful. But had he not found his Second Youth?

When Cuba became a republic, it was evident that under American influences it would develop fast. Friends tried to induce him to build a chain of Flagler hotels on the Island; but he declined. I myself think it was too much of a money-making scheme to move him. His views were more serious; if he worked at all, he would do a man's work; not merely a capitalist's. But he did think of extending the railroad to Key West. When it became certain that the United States would build the Panama Canal, he sent for his engineers. And the amazing railroad among the Keys followed.

I do not know whether I have succeeded in making clear what I mean by saying that in Florida Henry M. Flagler found his Second Youth and was able to do a work that only youth ever does. It is an amazing work, even in this land of rapid development. Where others have *helped*, he has *forced*, growth. That it is a work of vast importance is obvious. That it is unique is due to the impossibility of finding a man of Flagler's mind and Flagler's wealth and Flagler's business experience, having the attitude of Flagler toward his fellow-men. To my mind his most remarkable exploit was the changing of his own point of view, of his attitude toward his fellow-men, so completely, at so advanced an age. You must admit that he has done as a man in his prime does. It is easy to give; it is not easy to give as Flagler has given—money and service. And if the magnitude of his accomplishment grows the more you ponder it, so does the man's character appear more remarkable the more you reflect. It is therefore not so

difficult, after all, to visualize the man as he is to-day, at eighty years, *in the flower of his Second Youth*.

I shall never forget the last time I saw him. It was in Palm Beach. A supernally beautiful day! . . . Now that the end was coming, the heavens took on marvelous tints. From the dark fringe of trees on the opposite shore of Lake Worth palest greens shaded upward into incredibly delicate blues. Veils of fire opal had been drawn across the sky and then rent. You saw tatters of incandescent gold, topazine splendors in shreds. . . . The clouds grew faintly pink, then rosy, with tints almost of dawn. . . . To the south the sky was a plowed field; the furrow-slices were of molten fire, and in the depths of the furrows, as though it were shallow soil, the sky showed through in streaks of beryl and aquamarine and turquoise. In the east, where the sun's cloud-plowing had not yet begun, the sky remained a stupendous meadow of amethyst.

All that day I had tried to catch a glimpse of this man's soul—in vain. And now, in the loggia of his palace, looking out to where Lake Worth, expecting the night airs, had covered its bare blue bosom with silver-cloth, and, beyond that, to where the dark green tree-fringe was spotting itself with inky shadows, I turned to this old, old man who had done so much and had talked so little; and, forgetting all differences—in age and experience and ideals and point of view—I asked him, I fear impatiently:

"Doesn't this sky get into your soul? Doesn't that glow light it? Don't you love that water, that line of trees, that sky? Isn't *this* the real reason why you do things here?"

He turned to me, hesitated; then, very slowly, very quietly, he said: "Sometimes, at the close of day, when I am fortunate enough to be alone, I come here." He faced Lake Worth and was silent. Then: "I look at the water and at the trees yonder and at the sunset." He turned to me and placed his hand on my shoulder. Then, earnestly, almost wistfully: "I often wonder if there is anything in the other world so beautiful as this."

I saw him, a tall, sturdy figure, snow-crowned, looking at the lake over whose mid-day turquoise dusk had spread a silver rug—wrinkled in places, for the night winds had come.

I did not say good-by to this man. The sun said it for me.