

"I tell you, it is difficult to convey to strangers or visitors how he has worked for Florida and for the people he has brought to the East Coast. He wants them to find work, to make money. He has never gone into anything that local capital would or could do. Nobody else would build the railroad, because it would not pay; nor the hotels; nor the waterworks and electric-light plant in Miami; and so he did. But he won't, for instance, even run the stage line in St. Augustine, nor permit his hotels to do a livery business, because other people can make a living at it.

"Kindly and considerate as he is, he also is the most self-repressed man living. Hang it, man, the day Judge Grosscup reversed the famous Landis decision fining the Standard Oil \$29,000,000, the news reached one of Mr. Flagler's trusted lieutenants. He went into Mr. Flagler's office to tell him about it. This man knows more about Mr. Flagler's business than any other living man and has been with him many years. Nevertheless he thought it wise to carry a bunch of papers, as a sort of excuse for being also the bearer of news. Think of it! Yet he was, after all, afraid to speak about the decision and was going out without saying a word. But at the door he turned and, in desperation, blurted out: 'To tell you the truth, Mr. Flagler, I really came in to tell you that Judge Grosscup has reversed the Landis decision. The \$29,000,000 fine does not stand.' Now, Mr. Flagler had said all along that the fine was gross injustice. He felt very strongly about it. For a moment he looked as if he were going to say something. But he merely nodded and then said casually: 'Mr. —, do you happen to have those Whitehall plumbing bills handy?'

"I do not know whether I have helped you to form an estimate of Mr. Flagler. His innermost self? I don't know it. He keeps it under lock and key."

And it was the same story everywhere. Respect, admiration, affection; but not knowledge of the man.

I decided to let him explain himself.

He received me in "Whitehall," his Palm Beach palace—a beautiful house set amidst beautiful grounds. Without, flowers and shrubs and green grass and the wonderful sky; within, magnificence—and good taste.

I saw an old man with a high forehead rising in straight lines from the temples.

His hair is of a clean, glistening silver, like the cropped mustache and the eyebrows. They set off his complexion, which is neither ruddy nor baby-pink, but what one might call a virile red. He has a straight nose and a strong chin. The head is well shaped; that is, without phrenological over-accentuations. The eyes are a clear blue—some might say violet. They must have been very keen once; to-day their expression is not easy to describe—not exactly shrewd nor compelling nor suspicious, though you feel they might have been all these, years ago. Withal, you are certain that it is not age which has mellowed them; the change is more subtle; it is from within—eyes that gleam but never flame. Between his eyebrows there is an inverted V, deep-wrinkled; you think of it as a sort of chronic frown, which persists even though the cause of it disappeared decades ago. A handsome old man! Under his fourscore years his shoulders have bowed slightly, but there is no semblance of decay.

#### FLAGLER—A MAN ALONE

You see in his face good concentration; good observation, without undue alertness; meditation without self-abstraction; attentiveness without tension; indomitable will without stubbornness; a steady-gaited man, deliberate not from age nor from indifference, but from temperament and life habit. But the most remarkable thing about him is the curious sense of *difference* rather than mere aloofness. There is no superciliousness, no impatience, no hint of superiority; yet you are subtly made aware that he is alone, by himself. His forehead suggests the *façade* of a strange temple. What there is within no human being knows. You think of his mind as a machine, prodigiously powerful, that works without a hitch, without sensational bursts of speed, without an eccentric in the entire engine, always steady, precise, automatic, cool, perfectly lubricated, marvelously adjusted, beautifully compensated. And the motive power comes from—where? I do not know. But one can always say: From God!

After you have become acquainted with him, you find a man who talks freely, yet never freely enough; who *answers* everything, but *volunteers* nothing. You are not guilty of a "bull" when you say of him that he talks taciturnly. His speech is deliber-