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"WHITEHALL," THE RESIDENCE OF H. M. FLAGLER AT PALM BEACH, FLORIDA.

Duomo of Florence, though without the sea of Florentine roofs about it: the Memorial Church, perhaps the most beautiful small church in America. More Flagler!

You stop in St. Augustine to rest before proceeding south. (It sounds curious to say *south*, here!) It is an old town, St. Augustine: "The oldest city in the United States," they are careful to tell you. Also they point out a dozen "oldest" houses, none particularly interesting, and the old Spanish fort and the old slave market—which probably wasn't a slave market at all. In point of fact, the spirit of the place does not bear down very heavily on you with the weight of antiquity. No huge ash-shifter has been shaken over it, covering everything with the fine dust of disintegrated centuries, as in the medieval towns of Europe. Nevertheless, something here is different; I think it is because everywhere you see palms.

And utilizing to the utmost this palm-motif are the Flagler hotels. They fit, these beautiful edifices, Spanish in architecture and gorgeously successful in the utter un-Americanness of their environment and gen-

eral effect. Barely twenty years old, they look as if they had always been there, in that precise spot. They "belong," very decidedly.

And the crowd that you see is a crowd of all kinds of people, who are not altogether pleasure-hunting nor exclusively health-seeking, neither prosperous-looking nor shabby. In all the hotels you see more gray heads than black or brown or blond. They tell you, on the slightest provocation, how many years they have been coming down here for the winter. And you gather, before your first day has passed, that Florida is not merely a Fashionable Fad. It is a National Institution.

From St. Augustine you go south to Ormond. On this trip you first begin to hear the natives' remarks about the wonderful way the trains have of being on time, and the great number of cars, passenger and freight, they are running. You feel almost as if you were on the first train that ever ran to the latest mining town. The Florida of yesterday you thus visualize so clearly that your respect for Flagler grows, long before you have come to his crowning triumphs.

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