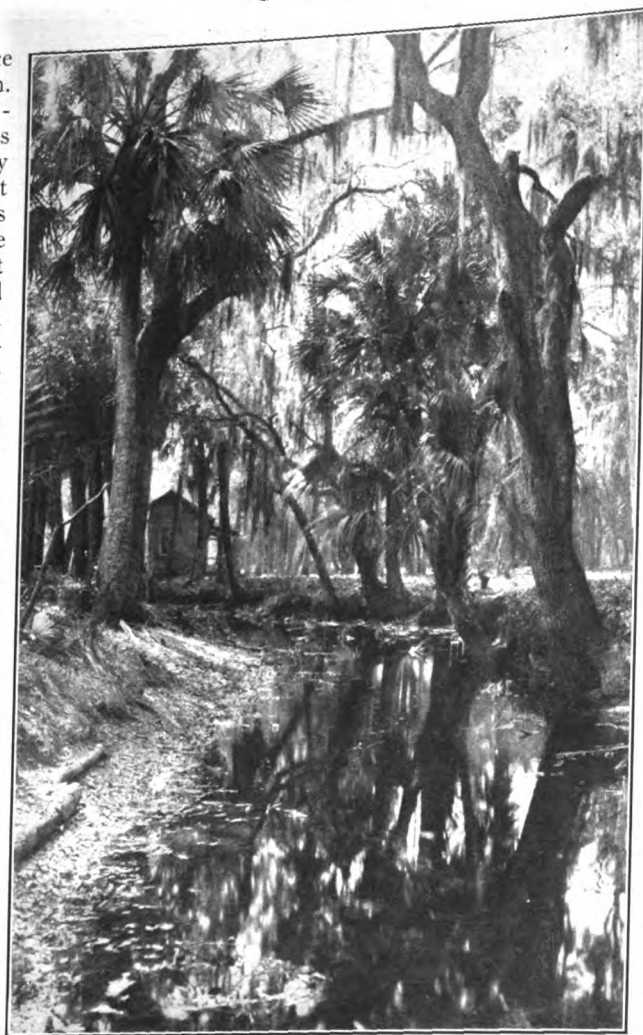


esque a place as Palm Beach. But it impresses you as being infinitely more useful. It is a business town, but the business is fruit growing, and therefore you see no smoke-belching factory chimneys. The roads are absolutely white—literal streaks of blinding glare in the sunlight. You are no longer warm; you are hot. Where nothing was, a few years ago, you see streets, brick buildings, hotels, banks, churches, schools, cottages not of "resorters" but of residents. It is no longer an experiment; it is a fact—proved less by the money spent by Flagler than by the

money earned by the farmers and fruit growers. The Royal Palm—the local Flagler hotel—strikes you as the only "resort" feature here.

You push southward. Seen from the car windows, the Keys are shoreless islands of verdure, for all the world suggesting a flooded meadow with clumps of trees rising above the flood. The water itself is the greatest charm, with its varying shades of blue and green, according to the depth. In many places it shows chalky white, especially after a storm, which stirs up the marl in the bottom. You see no habitations; no sign of human life until you stop at Long Key, from which the famous viaduct starts.



AN OLD CANAL—ONE OF THE SPANISH SURVIVALS THAT
LEND GLAMOUR TO FLORIDA.

Long Key is now the most popular fishing camp in Florida, with its comfortable, homelike hotel. The white coral beach and the cocoanut palms recall to your mind South Sea atolls. And you sit on the porch of your cottage, and look across the waters that shade from light green to blue; and you see the Gulf Stream like a clearly defined sapphire streak (the *Gulf blue*!), and you are confronted by the might of the invincible ocean—until, happening to turn, you see the concrete viaduct built into that same invincible ocean.

There is a suggestion of soldiers in that series of arches;

the piers are as a regiment marching across the land and across the water, southward, at the command of a man who had a vision that could see gardens and palaces and fruit groves in this wilderness, and who, when the sea bade him halt, did not order it lashed with whips but put his hand in his pocket and said to the Atlantic: "Stay where you are. You're not disturbing me, worth talking about." And when your train goes over it, and you look out of the car windows and see the ocean to your right and to your left and beneath you, you marvel at the power of one man's money a little, and at the spirit of that same man a great deal.