

If you would know more about this remarkable railroad, read Mr. Paine's article in *EVERYBODY'S* for February, 1908. When I was down there, the late J. C. Meredith, construction engineer, had his headquarters at Knight's Key. In and out of the construction camps he flitted in his launch, his binoculars to his eyes, like a general observing the movements of his troops on the battle-field. You could see telephone poles sticking out of the water in the shallow places, for all the world like lines of skirmishers and scouts. On the deck of his launch, inspecting the work, he explained remarkable achievements in a remarkably matter-of-fact way. Then he spoke about himself:

"It was very strange, at first, for me to work for Mr. Flagler, on account of his point of view. With him it is never a case of *How much will it cost?* nor of *Will it pay?*—which are the inevitable and perfectly proper questions for corporations to ask of their engineers. I had done some work in Tampico Harbor, Mexico, and they sent for me to come to Florida. They told me about the Key West extension. Not a word about cost or possible profits; merely the matter of engineering feasibility. Mr. Flagler wanted either to fill in or to build a viaduct, for he hates makeshifts. Permanence appeals



Photograph by Florida & Nassau News Bureau, Jacksonville, Fla.

PUTTING-GREEN AT NASSAU, BAHAMA ISLANDS—NEAR ONE OF THE FLAGLER HOTELS.

to him more strongly than to any other man I ever met. He has often told me that he does not wish to keep on spending money for maintenance of way, but to build for all time; while a corporation, especially where the country has to grow up and the paying traffic is all in the future, will do barely enough to supply the pressing needs, and make improvements gradually, as the profit comes in. But that is not Mr. Flagler's way.

"I was told to make my studies and my estimates. We had lots of problems to solve, and I was quite a long

time at it, and I knew how much he desired to see the work rushed, but I never heard a word from him; not one request for haste. When the report was ready, Mr. Parrott and I took it to Mr. Flagler. He heard how we proposed to do it. We stopped before we came to the estimates of cost. And Mr. Flagler stood up and looked at us and said: '*Well, let's get to work!*' It was the most serious work he had planned to do in Florida. Perhaps he felt the occasion called for some comment, for he looked at me and said very quietly: '*I want to see it done before I die.*' That is all he said."

The engineer was an unemotional, deliberate man of the von Moltke type. He paused and looked at me. Then he said, very earnestly: "Mr. Lefèvre, there isn't