

vinced it can be done, he goes ahead without regard to the time of the profit. Fifty months or fifty years are all the same to him, so far as *profits* are concerned. And he is never impatient and never discouraged. I remember, in the old days, when Seavey ran the Ponce de Leon on a magnificent scale but did not clear expenses, the hotel had a very expensive *chef* and a fine orchestra. Seavey wrote to Mr. Flagler in New York that under the circumstances he would discharge the *chef* and do away with the music. Mr. Flagler telegraphed back: '*Hire another cook and two more orchestras.*' That was his way of telling the manager not to worry about the deficit.

"I should say that he is the most modest man in the world. When the people wanted to call the new town of Miami 'Flagler,' he refused, and asked that it should keep its old name—and he had built the town. Why, this year—1909—when the committee wanted to give him a box at the Ponce de Leon celebration in St. Augustine, he wouldn't accept it, preferring to go on the grand stand with the crowd. They literally forced him to take the box—and you know what St. Augustine owes to him. The vestrymen of the Memorial Church had to wait until some meeting at which he was not present to vote a pew to him in perpetuity; he did not wish to accept it, preferring to be like any other pewholder—and he had built the church.

"He never swears. I think 'Thunder!' is his strongest expletive. And I have yet to hear him call any one a 'd— fool.' The nearest he comes to it is: 'Now, wouldn't you think a man would have more sense than that?'

#### \$84,000 FOR A \$4,000 SITE

"He has none of the steam-roller tendencies which I hear people accuse other big men of. For instance, when he was about to build the Alcazar, which, like the Ponce de Leon, is situated on marshy ground which he filled in, the Methodist Church stood near by. It was an old building that would have been dear at \$4,000, land and all. He told the congregation that if they would let him have the site, he would build them a nice church anywhere else they wished. They agreed, thinking he would deal fairly by them. They hoped that he might spend as much as \$5,000 on it. Well, he built the Methodist Church and parsonage at a cost of

\$84,000 and gave it to them, free and clear. And that is characteristic of him.

"One time, when in New York, he received a letter from a cripple here who was about to be foreclosed, a man too old and sickly to start life anew elsewhere with any likelihood of success. Mr. Flagler telegraphed me to go to the man's relief. The cripple lived in a settlement miles and miles from anywhere. To get to it, I had to go up the river a long distance in a launch, and the rest of the way over trails. There weren't even roads, and Mr. Flagler knew it. While on the way, a second telegram reached me saying that he had sent the money in gold certificates to Titusville. You see, he feared that the mortgagee might be some ignorant backwoodsman who would not want to take my check.

"In the towns he has built he has begun work on a church and a schoolhouse at the same time that he began his railroad station. He says he has done this for the sake of the women. This is a level country, and settlers can live where the women-folk can have neighbors and their children schooling, while the men can ride to their plantations on bicycles. The church is the social center of the place. In towns with the development of which he has nothing to do, he always responds to appeals for schools and for churches—without respect to denomination.

"His religion? He is a Presbyterian, but not narrow. Some of his best friends, I've heard him say, are in the Catholic hierarchy. I remember when the Memorial Church was building he ordered some palmettos from a distance, to plant about it. They did not reach St. Augustine until the very Sunday morning of the dedication. When I told him, early in the morning, that the palms had arrived, he said: 'What can be better than to plant them on the day of the dedication?' and so his laborers broke the Sabbath. Some of the congregation predicted a short life for the Sabbath-desecrating palmettos. Years afterward, one Sunday morning, Mr. Flagler and I came out of the church. He looked at the palms and said to me: 'Every one of the wicked things lived!'

"Over the entrance to the Palm Beach cemetery he has placed this inscription: '*Anything so universal as death must be a blessing.*' Also this, from the 121st Psalm: '*The Lord shall preserve thy going out and thy coming in from this time forth, and even for evermore.*'