

neers was now personal: What to do with the profits? His yearly income was in itself a princely fortune—and growing princelier. Outside investments must be sought. John D. Rockefeller became the richest man in the world. Flagler says: "If it wasn't for Florida, I'd be quite a rich man to-day."

It is characteristic of men who see clearly and think in straight lines that they have no illusions about their capabilities or those of others. Flagler says that at fifty-five he "had the sense to see that younger men in the company could run the business better, if they had the chance." And at about that same time he went to St. Augustine for a rest, accompanied by his daughter, who was not well. If it had not been for that visit at that time, he might perhaps to-day be the second richest man in the world.

FROM OHIO WHEAT TO FLORIDA PALMS

His personal habits had always been simple. They tell me he carried his lunch to his office daily for years, even after he was a millionaire; not from excessive frugality so much as from absorption in his work and from that curious half-shyness, half-modesty of his. The wife of his youth was an invalid. Every night, when his work was done, he went home. He would read to her; or, if she were too fatigued, he would sit in the adjoining room and read to himself. In seventeen years this man, who was well liked by his fellows, spent but two evenings away from his home. *Two nights in seventeen years!* Diversion, distraction from business cares, information he found in books read aloud to an invalid wife and silently to himself.

At first blush, it seems curious that this man, with his genius for detail, his broad grasp of essentials, his remarkable sense of fundamentals, his vivid imagination, and a very highly developed creative impulse, a man who never was really selfish nor self-centered, up to his sixtieth year found more pleasure in *things* than in *men*. But if you think about it, it is not strange at all. Essentials never entered into his scheme of things. He found men ready-made; and saw industrial processes in embryo. He said to me: "I never want to leave a thing unfinished"; and he was very busy with his Standard Oil Company. His life's philosophy he left unfinished until an age when the shadow of the cemetery gates falls athwart a man's consciousness.

What we call knowledge is not merely the collection, but the proper classification, of facts. This man's years, from the thirty-fifth to the fifty-fifth, were spent in business—on the defensive against certain men, in the offensive against other men. It was so strenuous, so remarkable a business experience, that he could not come into that intimate contact with his fellows necessary to acquire the essential facts about them; nor had he the leisure to classify such facts into real knowledge. The oil that the power of his mind transformed into wealth shaped itself into the one unscalable fence of all—a fence of solid gold, exactly man-high!

In all his life he has never been in Europe, nor even in California. He told me once: "If ever the Lord made a man who hated traveling, I am that man!" But he had read books, he was fond of history. His thirst for information made him interested in beautiful and strange places, even though he preferred to imagine what they were like rather than to visit them. He had grown up with his own country. And in Ohio, where he lived from boyhood till middle age, he had seen about him only the new, the raw, the man-made things of to-day. Yet antiquity and the works of antiquity had for him a peculiar fascination. You must bear in mind also that there is a well-developed vein of sentiment in him. He himself probably is not aware of it; but he has it. Nor does it show inconsistency.

And so this man of fifty-five, so rich that his most serious problem was how to invest his income, this man who had read a great deal and *had never traveled*, went to St. Augustine. It was the oldest city in the United States. He saw the old slave market, he saw the old *Spanish* fort; he saw the old city gates! He saw what you and I saw when we went to Pompeii or first gazed on the Pyramids! He saw palms—*palms!*—this man who had grown up in Ohio amid the wheat. St. Augustine was a magic pool; he steeped his soul in the glamour and romance of antiquity.

It was to him, logically enough, the most interesting place he had ever seen, the most unusual, the most un-American. Why didn't more people come to it? This *Spanish* city was three hundred years old; and the city of Cleveland, Ohio—why, he was as old as Cleveland, almost.

The reason why more people didn't come to St. Augustine was that the hotel accom-