

FLORIDA *the* FASCINATING

BY MRS. NEAL WYATT CHAPLINE

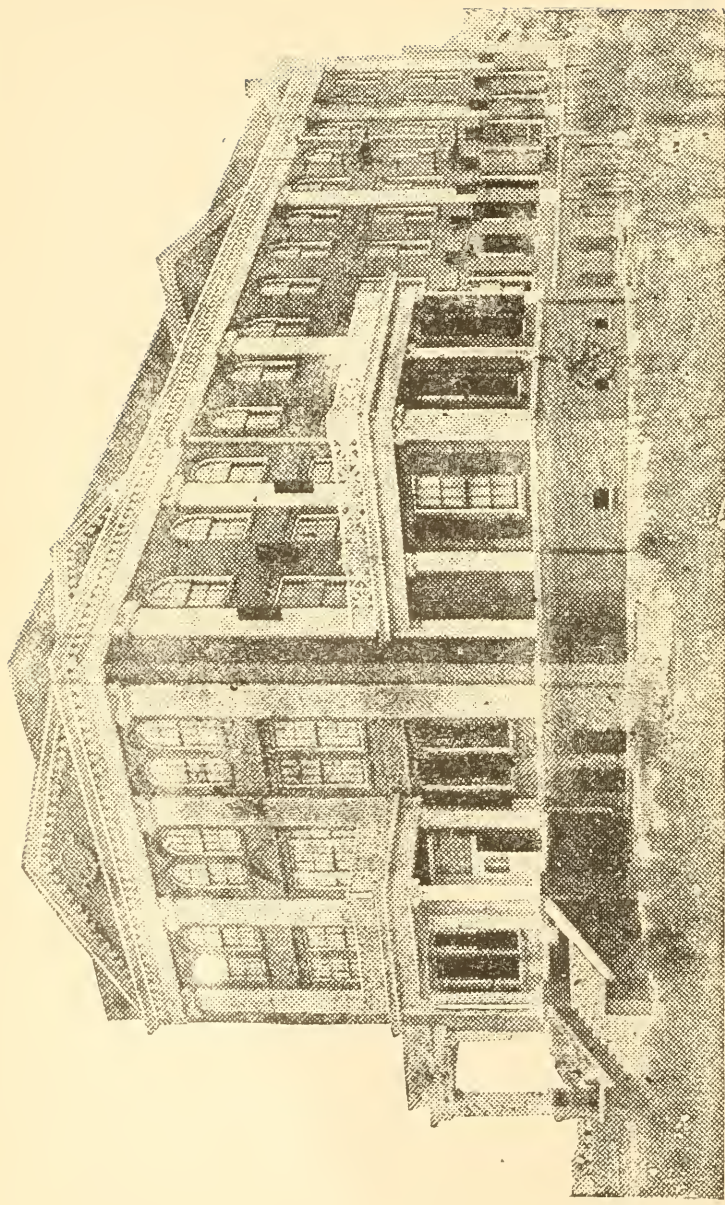


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A Tampa Cigar Factory
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FOREWORD.

OF two things I am extremely happy—one that I have been given the opportunity to learn so much about Florida; another, I am glad I am not a Floridian. Quite an ambiguous statement? Well, if I were a native born the beauties of the State would not appeal to me. You will find that, in most cases, the natives take the glorious weather, fine sports, golden fruits and perfect health, all for granted and nothing of the grandeur of it appeals to them.

In this land where palm trees grow and the day for strenuous labor is always to-morrow, the frequent visitor revels, finding new beauties and new interests on every return.

I cannot hope to make my readers see the precise things that go to make up the enchantment of Florida; I can only describe the different places, industries, people and general attractions. One must see and feel for himself the spell of enchantment to fully understand.

The spell of it has so filled my mind that the very sound of the word Florida brings a rhapsody of mingled music of pines, waves and breezes, a flood of flower perfume and an insistent call of peace, contentment and happiness that this beautiful land is the home of my adoption.

THE AUTHOR

Sarasota, Fla.
Sept. 1, 1913.

FACINATING FLORIDA

CHAPTER I.

MUSIC OF THE MANATEE.

“What is your song, mysterious river,
In whose depths the shadows quiver—
 Shadows of the long ago
That you dream of as you flow,
Grandly sweeping to the sea;
What do you sing, great Manatee?
 “The song of life,” it murmurs low,
 “I love the sea, to her I go.”

A NUMBER of pretty legends have been built around a most mysterious natural phenomenon that to this day is unexplained. Some of these are Indian and some Spanish stories. The phenomenon in question is known as the Mysterious Music of the Manatee. It is a musical humming that is heard in the neighborhood of Rock Bluff, five or six miles above Palmetto and Bradentown, a sound something like the music of an æolian harp. Some have said that the music can only be heard at exactly twelve o'clock at night if one will quietly drift over the enchanted spot in this wonderful Manatee river.

The County of Manatee is especially a favored spot. It contains all of the desirable features of Florida, and lacks entirely those objectionable ones that in some localities have proven fatal to the high hopes of the tourist and residents.

The Gulf of Mexico with the Gulf Stream and the winds that blow from it, have always prevented anything like a killing frost.

The atmosphere is never humid and oppressive, there is always a breeze not only refreshing, but tonic.

Morton M. Casseday in a series of booklets, has given exhaustive descriptions and bits of history of the Manatee section. He says, "It was only after the conclusion of the war of 1835 that the Indians retired and the white men were able to occupy the land. The first men who came into the county after the Indians were driven out were Josiah Gates and Miles Price, who in 1841 settled, Price on the north and Gates on the south side of the river. A son of Mr. Gates who accompanied his father, being then six years old, is the Rev. E. F. Gates, now a venerable minister living at Manatee. These pioneers came from Tallahassee, as did Messrs. Reed, Gillyard, Wyatt, the Braiden brothers, Pinckney Graig, Ledworth, Ware, McNeil, and Tresca, who all came during the early forties.

These men established the town of Manatee, the name of an amphibious animal weighing five or six hundred pounds, that then abounded in these waters, but is now nearly extinct.

About the same time Mr. Robert Gamble, also from Tallahassee, settled on the north side of the river and there established an enormous sugar cane plantation and sugar works.

It will not do to omit from the list of early settlers the name of Madame Julia Atzeroth, "Madame Joe," as she was universally called up to the time of her death, comparatively a few years ago. She and her husband were Bavarians, who came to America in 1841 and went South in the hope of restoring Madame Atzeroth's



Old Gamble Residence (Hiding Place of Judah P. Benjamin),
Manatee River, Fla.



health. They went to Florida in 1843, and "homesteaded" a place on Terra Ceia Island, which is on the north side of the Manatee River, separated from the mainland by a narrow inlet from the bay. Here the little family of three—they had a girl baby—lived at first in a tent and afterwards in a palmetto hut that they themselves built. This in time gave way to a log house, Madame Joe doing her share of the work of felling the trees and cutting the timber. They soon had a vegetable garden and sold their produce at Ft. Brooke, now Tampa. They had to endure many hardships and many difficulties, due to the primitive and unsettled conditions that prevailed.

Mr. Joe engaged in the Indian war of 1855 and was a confederate soldier in the Civil war. He died on Terra Ceia Island in the 70's and in 1876 Madame Joe moved to Fogartyville, just below Bradentown. Here, in 1876, she planted some grains of Mexican coffee, and in 1880 she sent to the Commissioner of Agriculture at Washington the first pound of coffee ever grown in the United States, for which she received \$10.00.

Mr. Robert Gamble, who was among the pioneers from Tallahassee, had the largest plantation. It was midway between what are now Palmetto and Ellentown, on the north side of the river. At one time he had 1,400 acres in cane and employed several hundred slaves. He built a large mill, bringing the brick and machinery from the north in ships. The sugar was taken to Tampa, then Ft. Brooke, and the principal communication with the outside world was by means of the boats that called for the sugar crop. The farmers produced everything they used except coffee and flour, though a few of the sugar raisers bought corn for their stock. Generally they raised their own supply. As for meat, the ranges were

filled with wild cattle and hogs, and all kinds of game were abundant. The rivers and other streams teemed with fish, as they still do, and shell fish could be picked up as they were wanted. Vegetables grew for the asking and it was a time of plenty. The Indians were generally peaceable, coming in to trade and being guilty of only an occasional outbreak, except in 1855, when the last war with the Seminoles was fought.

The charms of the County of Manatee have been known to a few for years, but not until recent years, since the transportation facilities have developed, were the real beauties and possibilities realized.

Bradentown, the county seat, is unique in one respect. "Bradentown is the middle one of three important towns that practically blend into each other, making, to all intents and purposes, one community. Scarcely a mile apart are the business centers of Bradentown and Manatee, and Bradentown and Palmetto. Manatee is south of Bradentown; Palmetto is just across the river, north of Bradentown. A wagon bridge connects Manatee with Palmetto, while passenger launches ply between Bradentown and Palmetto. It is not unusual for a business man to transact business in each of the three towns within the same hour.

"The location of the town with respect to water surroundings is especially advantageous, and is charming almost beyond description. Manatee River, navigable for twenty miles above Bradentown, is one of the world's most beautiful streams. Into it, just east of Bradentown, flows Braden river, itself a stream of no mean proportions and of exquisite beauty. Westward from Bradentown four or five miles, these united rivers flow into the great Gulf of Mexico. As though to add an extra touch of charm to the really superb location a

firm-banked bayou juts southward from the river and winds gracefully through the residential section. It is spanned here and there by substantial bridges."

Bradentown is the center of quite a number of points of interest which are attractive to visitors and homefolks alike. On the north side of the river is the famous Atwood Grape-fruit Grove, said to be the largest grape-fruit grove in the world.

Imagine, if you can, a grove of eighty rows of trees, each row a mile long.

Two miles south of Bradentown, at the junction of Braden and Manatee Rivers, is the picturesque ruins of Braden Castle, which figures in tragic history during a battle with Indians in 1855. Five miles distant is Ellentown where many groves and gardens are of interest. There is also the Fuller's earth industry; the ruins of the old Gamble mansion, and ruins of the sugar mill.

Nature seems to have joined hands with mankind in a "community of interest" to bestow upon Sarasota everything for which even the most exacting could wish.

In studying the early history of Sarasota one learns that "twenty years ago a Scotch company seeing the possibilities of that locality, purchased thousands of acres of land within the Sarasota territory, and laid great plans for development. The only means of access was through a small steamboat plying between the then village of Sarasota and Tampa, and under these conditions growth was almost impossible with the result that the first evidence of a necessity for a railroad in that part of the country was shown in the fact that the plans of the Scotch company were 'side-tracked.'

"Time passed on until 1903, when the Seaboard completed a railroad to Sarasota, and as a result the town has grown into a town of about 1,200 permanent resi-

dents, augmented during the winter season by many visitors, for Sarasota is one of Florida's most charming winter resorts for tourists from the north and west.

"Sarasota's location, its superb climate and the fertility of the surrounding country together with its great natural beauty, are agencies through which a city of importance is now being built. The influences which are now operating with this end in view will assuredly transform Sarasota in the very near future into a city of many thousand inhabitants.

"So happy a future for this charming town is in no wise the idle dream nor futile hope of the people of that section. The real start has been made, the active work has been begun, and the unlimited capital enlisted in the upbuilding of the town of Sarasota and the entire territory embraced in that section, assures the pushing of development as rapidly as possible.

"Mrs. Potter Palmer, with her distinguished father, Col. H. H. Honore, her sons, Honore Palmer and Potter Palmer, Jr., and her brother, Adrian C. Honore, visited Sarasota and was so charmed by the picturesque beauty delightful climate, fertility of soil and general ideal conditions as to cause her to make extensive purchases of city property in Sarasota, and to buy up pretty much all of the purchasable property in that section extending from the Manatee river southward to the Bay of Venice and even beyond. Her holding embraces practically the entire Sarasota bay district, and the work of development has begun.

"This act of Mrs. Palmer was a high encomium of the Sarasota section.

"As the wife of Chicago's great financier and developer, the late Potter Palmer, she was a social leader, and since his death has displayed such marked ability

Ruins of the Old Braden Castle, Manatee River, Fla.



in the conduct of the affairs of her vast estate as to evince her unusual talent as a business woman.

“As manager of the Woman’s Department of the World’s Fair at Chicago, Mrs. Palmer was so efficient as to challenge the admiration of both continents. She has traveled extensively, both in this country and in foreign lands, and in Manatee County found her ideal spot for her great development enterprise.

“Having excellent judgment and abundant means to perfect her plans, the success of her undertaking is assured.

“On the company’s farm there has been planted one of the largest, if not the largest, celery operations in the state. Fifty acres are given over to it, and sixty men are devoting most of their attention to a crop that looks as if it might be a record breaker. Three hundred thousand feet of lumber will be used in bleaching it, fifteen acres at a time.

“This is only one of the many activities of Mrs. Palmer in the development of the land she purchased which aggregates 100,000 acres. W. A. Sumner, the efficient director of operations on the ground, is fully occupied with the many perplexing problems which confront the pioneer in a work of such magnitude, but he has found time to give earnest attention to the progress of Sarasota, and occupies the position of president of the board of trade of that town. Mrs. Palmer, her father and her sons, with Mrs. Benjamin Honore, her aunt, and her sister, Mrs. Frederick Grant, widow of Gen. Frederick Grant, are all residents of the community and take an active interest in its affairs.

“Mrs. B. L. Honore, an aunt of Mrs. Potter Palmer’s, while visiting the old Whitaker estate last year, was attracted by the possibilities in the natural scenery, and

at once purchased seven acres, six hundred feet frontage on the bay, with a depth of four hundred or more, and built a house, modern in every respect, amid a setting of natural woodland growth, as beautiful as any historic English estate. Under Mrs. Honore's personal direction but little has been changed, nor is the place without a background of history and romance.

"The rock bluff speaks of old days in years long past, when pirates and smugglers found a safe harbor in Sarasota Bay, and treasures from ill-fated ships were buried along Florida's coast.

"In making excavations for the house the workmen came upon the foundation and chimney of an old house, which, sixty years ago, had been built by William Whitaker, when he brought his bride to the shores of the bay, and which later was burned by the Indians.

"The Acacia, the plant of Eastern poetry and romance, grows here in native profusion; many specimens reaching over ten feet in height, and from the beauty of its ferny leaves and sweet perfume of its yellow balls, Mrs. Honore has named her place 'The Acacias.'

"The heavy growth of hickory, oak and cabbage palms, has been left undisturbed; a hedge of mountain laurel, might have been planted years before. A shaded ravine will have enough of the foliage removed for the planting of ferns and flowers, that will thrive with only a glancing sunlight.

"An Indian mound has had the underbrush removed, and is heavily sodded with grass, while a playing fountain keeps it green. Winding walks and a beautiful lawn with flower beds and potted plants are in front of the house to the bay.

"Concrete steps have been built to the dock, and a



A beautiful Bay Walk in the Palmer Estate
Courtesy Mrs. Porter Palmer

sea wall along the lower part of the bluff to prevent the washing away of the rocks; and a curbing on the top holds the soil for the ornamental plants. The creeping vines falling over the bluff, could easily recall to one's fancy Scott's beautiful description of the scenery amid the mountain glens of his native country.

"In front, stretches the Bay; across, the Keys, the Pass and the Gulf provide a wealth of view, with ever varying changes in sea and sky, that one will not grow weary of just watching—the waves' wild play or gentle ripple, the storm's black clouds, the brilliancy of the rainbow's colors, the rosy gleam of the opening day or glints of gold in the western sky, the moonlight's silvery radiance and the white billowy clouds in a sky of blue."

"Upon a charming site overlooking beautiful Sarasota Bay, Mrs. Palmer has built an elegant winter residence and her sons have beautiful homes on either side of her place.

"Mrs. Palmer has had, among other notable guests, her sister, Mrs. Frederick Dent Grant, wife of the late General Grant, and her daughter, the Princess Cantacuzene of Russia.

"Osprey-on-the-Bay, the home of Mrs. Palmer, is an especially charming place. To one side the gentle lapping of the waters of the Bay against the rocky beach; to another, the magnificent roll of the Gulf waves over the glistening sand

"At the inlet bar where the yellow sands
Gleam bare when the tide is low,
And the crested line of the tumbling brine
Flings the froth like driven snow."

Mrs. Palmer's beauty-loving eyes can feast on many an exquisite picture as the sun, the golden orb of day, slowly sinks to rest in the ocean bed. Then "The zenith spreads its canopy of sapphire and the west has a magnificent array of clouds, and as the breeze plays on them they assume the forms of mountains, castled cliffs and hills and shadowy glens, and groves and beetling rocks, and some in golden masses float, and others have edges of burning crimson.

"There can surely be no more wonderful garden of tropical plants anywhere in the land. Everything has been planted and arranged under the personal direction of the owner. And her knowledge of botany and floriculture is as thorough as her knowledge of other subjects.

"Nature has been allowed to have her own way largely in this garden of bloom, but in the arrangement of the walks and drives, the planting of ravines and the opening of vistas at unexpected points such cunning art has been employed as to make a visit here a succession of delights."

Across a low, marshy morass, Mrs. Palmer has had built an artistic little foot bridge, not in the regulation "straight across" style, but in a winding losing direction. The setting of this bridge alone, of all her artistic touches, gives one an insight to the extreme love of Nature's beauties that exists in her soul.

Just a few branches of the trees have been removed as would make it possible for the workman to wield their tools, not a fern, bluet, daisy, golden rod, or any of the woody growths was disturbed; the wood's creatures after the first few days of hiding and fright at the unaccustomed noise of saw and hammer, soon saw there was nothing to fear from this winding walk; no doubt they feel confident that it was built for their special



A View of Mrs. Porter Palmer's Wonderful Gardens
Courtesy Mrs. Palmer



use when they go wing-to-wing in bird lover promenades or the squirrels feel the need of an extra run.

When walking through this part of the estate, where the cries of herons, loons and mud-hens are heard with strange distinctness, one feels as if she had invaded the inmost recesses of the Limberlost, so dear to the heart of Freckles.

Overhead, the limbs of trees and vines make a green canopy, with here and there a patch of sunlight glinting through. An all-pervading sweetness and cool seclusion takes the rushed tiredness out of the city-bred body and makes that one feel nearer to the Creator of all things beautiful.

The trend of the tourist is southward and this part of the southland must be desirable, when Mrs. Palmer, who is so well acquainted with the most acceptable places in the world, selects it as a place to make a home.

There is no more beautiful spot on the coast than Indian Beach, halfway between Sarasota and Bradentown, which doubtless takes its name from the numerous Indian mounds in the neighborhood. There is a long wide reach of white sand that extends far down the bay in a very gradual and graceful curve. Above the sand the land undulates in an unusual way for this country, and is covered by a good turf that extends to the beach. The shore is heavily wooded with cabbage palmetto, oaks, some date palms, hickory and pines. Patches of waving bananas and occasional clumps of scrub-palmetto give character to the scene. The water is of an exquisite blue and as quiet as the surface of a lake, being just gently rippled by the breeze that is blowing in from the Gulf through the pass and across the palmetto-bedecked Long Boat Key, just opposite.

Several notable people have homes at Indian Beach—

the Ringling Bros., owners of the world-famed circus, and their manager, C. N. Thompson, have magnificent homes there.

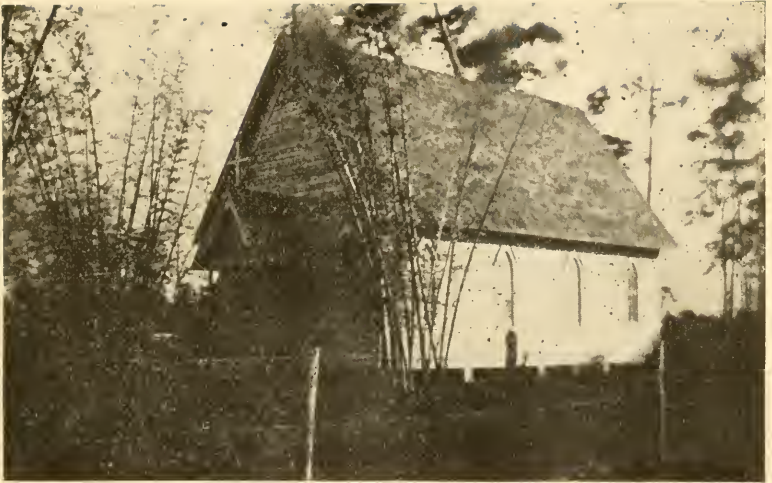
Another beautiful place is The Palms. The lawn is covered with beautiful turf on which great, majestic live-oaks grow. The palm grove is a curiosity, so great a variety of palms and palmetto trees does it contain, including the beautiful "sacred palm," the branches of which are used in the churches on Palm Sunday. Here, too, are many date palms, heavy with fruit. The roses bloom all the year around, but in greatest profusion during the winter months. A great Indian mound crowned with cedars, rises just at the edge of the beach, and is said to be the burial place not only of Indians, but of Spaniards as well.

Hundreds of birds flit about the cedars, and the oleander bushes, filling the air with the music of mocking-birds, wrens, doves, catbirds, robins, blackbirds, rice birds, blue jays and other kinds peculiar to the locality. The cabbage palmetto bears a berry that the birds feed on, and here at Indian Beach they find every condition a bird could ask for.

There is no more characteristic scenery in Florida than in and around Sarasota. Strangers are welcome and made to feel at home, by the hospitable people in the little city, the beauties and possibilities of the charming place are eagerly pointed out.

From my note book, in which I write numberless descriptions of little "at home" journeys my family and I take, I will copy a few descriptions.

This beautiful morning reminds me of an expression in the book I am reading "By Sunlit Waters" a story of Tampa, by Thomas Shackleford and William DeHart.



Episcopal Mission at Immokalee
Rev. W. J. Godden in charge

“Imagine, if you can, an almost perfect succession of June days, cloudless skies of deepest azure, orange trees in bloom, making the air redolent with the delicious odors; moonlit nights so beautiful as to make one loath to go to sleep, and filled with the trills and staccatos and cadenzas of the tireless mocking birds.”

As we took a delightful morning ride, we passed an orange grove not in delicious bloom, but filled with fruit of gold, hedged with whispering myrtle, yellow jasmine and cherokee roses. Where else can one find a more delightful combination? To one side a gourd was climbing in frenzied efforts to imitate the more loved vines. As I looked at the clear sky without a fleck of cloud, felt the almost too warm sunshine, drank in the balmy air and heard the carol of birds, it was hard to realize that it was winter time—that time of year in which the bleaker countries, heralds the big back log, closed houses and heavy wraps. It seems that more and more I am prompted by something within to write—write—write—and every thought seems weighted with the aroma of orange blossoms, wild violets, jasmine and cherokee roses, every sentence breathing the delicious balminess of the atmosphere.

Am indebted to “The Maid-At-Arms” for voicing my feeling so beautifully in the following: “The Maker of all things has set in me a love for whatsoever He has fashioned in His handiwork, whether it be furry beast or pretty bird, or a spray of April willow, or the tiny insect-creature that pursues its dumb blind way through this our common world. So come I by my love for the voices of the night and the eyes of the stars, and the whisper of growing things, and the spice in the air, where, unseen, a million tiny blossoms hold

up white cups for dew, or for the misty-winged things that woo them for their honey."

It seems as we pass this orange grove that I feel an almost irresistible desire to go in and pick up some of the golden fruit that the fitful winds had pulled and thrown away. Then I would like to throw myself down under the tree with a canopy of blue and white and green, couch myself deep in the velvety grass, pillow my head on the softness of Mother Earth freshly turned and be lulled to restfulness by the soft rustle in the trees while the gentle zephyrs waft from over the hedge of cherokee roses and jasmine a whisper of peace.

Coming in to-day from a walking trip which had carried us out to the old packing house at Fruitville, as we turned the corner to walk down main street it seemed as if indeed we were entering fairy land. On one hand was the hedge of cherokee roses and yellow jasmine, the old tumbled-down house, a house for bats, spiders and bugs, the grove of young pines and the orange grove in the distance. On the other hand the smooth golf course with its interesting and artistic clump of pines, the largest pine trees to be found in Sarasota.

Back of us everything seemed dark and gloomy, but down the street it seemed that we were indeed seeing through a glass darkly into the most glorious Beyond. For just before us the King of day in his resplendent robes, was holding high carnival with the denizens of the deep. Just on the edge of the skyline and seemingly into the water, until one could hardly distinguish the real beauty from the reflected beauty, and as we looked the exalted Ruler sank to sleep and the tiny stars crept out one by one as if afraid to disturb his slumbers.

The glamour of Florida sunshine, the perfume of



The Fisherman's Paradise
Shark 9 ft. caught by two of the gentlemen in picture;
the fish also from Sarasota Bay

flowers and all the spells that the magical climate weaves over one have had their influence over me and I love it.

Other distinctive and attractive features are the Keys, a line of which stretches for many miles, as though guarding the coast with frequent passes into the Gulf. In the passes and in Sarasota Bay itself, tarpon is more abundant than anywhere else on the coast.

The kingfish, too, which the sportsman regards next to the tarpon, abounds here. They weigh fifty pounds and over. The finest Spanish mackerel in the South, the finest pompano, mullet, sea trout, red snapper, redfish, jackfish, groupers, flounders and sheepshead are caught here. Some fifty men, employed by Tampa houses, are regularly engaged in the fishing industry in these waters. Fish are abundant all along the coast and in the Manatee River, but Sarasota Bay is the fisherman's paradise.

Not only is the fishing good in the salt water, but in the fresh water streams, where black bass, blue braem, perch and channel cat are caught in great numbers.

The shooting is as good as the fishing. Quail are very abundant, and so are doves, which are shot from October till January. In the season many varieties of ducks are found including teal, mallards and canvasbacks. The latter, which are found in great numbers, are as fine as those of Chesapeake and Delaware rivers. Snipe, plover and other shore birds are plentiful in the fall, winter and spring. Squirrel, rabbits and rice-birds always may be relied on to fill up a bag. Fifteen or twenty miles inland there are still turkeys and deer.

Winter sports amid more glorious surroundings it would be hard to find. Sarasota is at all times a "happy

haven" for the stranger and to those, who like myself, have adopted Sarasota as a home the fond attachment to the ideal place, will "maintain its hold with such unfailing sway," we will feel it e'en in age, and at our latest day.



“A Specimen of the old wild cattle of the Sea”—a Manatee

CHAPTER II.

THE GATEWAY TO PANAMA.

The proud title, "The Gateway to Panama" is given to Tampa, from the fact that Tampa is shorter by water and by rail than any other port between the seat of Government and the zone. It stands to reason that the Government will select Tampa as the connecting link between the two places.

Tampa is very old in history, yet very young in destiny. She looks back on a past that stretches nearly four hundred years into the now dim and misty pathways of civilization. Where once rocked the galleons of the intrepid Spanish explorers now anchor the mighty leviathan burden bearers of all the seas.

May 25th, 1539, Hernando De Soto, discovered this land of Tampa—a name given to it by the Indians, and is interpreted "Split Wood for Quick Fires." The explorers embarked at Green Springs, at the head of Old Tampa Bay. Up to the eighteenth century Tampa figures only in history. In 1825 the Government established Fort Brooke, a military reservation, at the head of what is now Franklin Street, and on which stands still the officers' quarters, known as the Carew home-stead, nestling amidst the great moss-hung live-oaks.

The fort was named after Gen. George Marshall Brooke, a Virginian by birth and a gallant soldier. The ceremony known as the "change of flags," in which the

Spanish Government turned over the territory of Florida to the United States, took place at St. Augustine on July 16th, 1821, and at Pensacola on July 21st, of the same year. Fort Brooke was established four years after this time as a protection against the ravages of Indians. For more than ten years, during the Indian wars, which extended over a period of time from 1835 to 1845, Fort Brooke was probably the most important Government reservation and mobilizing point in the State. It was from here that Major Dade's ill-fated expedition started to Fort King, near Ocala, as their objective point, only to be massacred almost to the man in the Wahoo swamp, near the Withlacoochee river, on December 28th, 1835, the only one whom it is known escaped being Rawson Clark, who concealed himself in the palmetto scrub and made his way to Tampa, and the news was given to the world. In the following year Gen. Winfield Scott, later hero of the Mexican War, took charge of the Indian wars in Florida.

The name of Fort Brooke and Tampa are associated with the names of King Philip and his cunning and warlike son, Coacoochee.

Gen. Zachary Taylor, who was afterwards President of the United States, was stationed at Tampa in December, 1837.

The Indians kept up their predatory warfare until finally General Worth was placed in command of 5,000 men with orders to carry on a campaign which would result either in the surrender or extermination of the enemy. In June, 1838, Coacoochee and many of his companions were captured and brought back to Tampa, and in a short time after this the Indian wars were ended, the Indians expressing their willingness to submit to the desires of the whites.

In 1847 the United States Government gave forty acres of land as a townsite to Hillsboro County and this marked the beginning of the city of Tampa. An old cannon set up in the ground at the southwest corner of Franklin and Whiting streets and which could be seen until within the last fifteen years, was set to mark the boundary between the Government reservation and the city.

During the Civil War the Confederate flag floated from the flagstaff of the Garrison, until it was again occupied by a Union force. Troops were stationed there as late as 1882, their numbers, however, being small, when in that year the two remaining companies were sent to Key West.

The veterans' camping ground took on a military aspect again in 1898 when a great many of the crack companies of the nation camped there on their way to Cuba, and the measured cadences of the reveille floated across the listening bay in silvery notes as in days gone by. After the Cuban war Tampa began to realize itself, and has grown rapidly ever since.

The Tampa spirit is a spirit marked by aggressiveness for the common good; by a sinking of personal consideration in promoting broader interest of the community; by an insistent and continuous demand for nothing short of the best intellectually and materially. Thanks to the Tampa spirit of the pioneers the city was founded upon ideals. It has never lost sight of them. They have always been the constant guide of civic progress. It is that spirit which welcomes every newcomer with true Southern hospitality; which tells him there is room for all in this city of accomplishments, and supplements the statement by acts of helpfulness and neighborliness; which continually places public good

above private gain and reckons the performance of the duties of citizenship the greatest privilege. This is what has made Tampa great; so great that no one can even imagine what the next 25 years will show.

One of the most interesting show places of Tampa is that magnificent hostelry owned by the city, known as the Tampa Bay Hotel, the Moorish Palace of the South.

One who has sojourned in this beautiful place carries away a mental picture of the natural setting of the Tampa Bay Hotel. The most beautiful of all orchards, where the tropic fruits are flowering and ripening in the sunlight, form but one of the walks. Turn aside and long vistas of palm-decked groves and graceful, rustling thickets of bamboo attract you to further exploration. The famous Palmetto walk, an exquisite shaded walk by a quiet river, has all the marvels of the tropic vegetation assembled to form its border, while grotesque shrubs and trees from Japan, and exotics from South America lend an added charm.

It was a daring conception which raised the stately facade of the Tampa Bay Hotel with its wealth of arch and pinnacle, but one which enlists increasing praise with each succeeding year. The architect has caught and realized the best spirit of the Moorish palaces. The grouping of scores of airy arches, the delicate tracery of carved wood, renders every detail of the great building a delight to the appreciative and sympathetic eye. Nowhere, it is safe to say, has the charm of Granada been reproduced on so lavish a scale, or with so complete a triumph. On one's first approach you feel that here the old problem of a suitable, harmonious architecture for a great modern hotel has been completely satisfied.

Tampa, "The Gateway to Panama," is a radiant

Wintering and Camping
in Florida.



jewel, ensconced in a setting of opaline waters, vibrant with a song of Destiny.

Tampa stands outdoors. Sunshine floods its streets; breezes bathe its homes, clean and sweet and invigorating, from a thousand miles of forest, from endless leagues of tossing water.

Approaching by land or sea, Tampa looks inviting, inspiring confidence of a welcome by her people. Here Nature seems to rest in raptured contemplation of her own rich and varied charms. Here, in kindest mood, reposeful in her fairest state, she meditates upon a scene.

“Where the tints of the earth and the hues of the sky
In color tho’ varied, in beauty may vie,
And the purple of ocean is deepest in dye.”

Within this hospital zone, that royal daughter of the Gulf, Tampa Bay, entwines in fond embrace her arms about the enamored land and from this happy union is born the multitudinous beauties of shore and sea. In endless panorama of delightful forms the shoreline stretches its enchanting prospect and upon this choicest spot of a most choice location the city of Tampa is rising—building efficiently, wisely.

Tampa beckons the world. Its unique charms bid the tourist stay; her commercialism enthralls the prospector; her spirit of doing things is an inspiration. Cooled by the Gulf breezes, Tampa laughs at the languor of the plains and pities the distress of cities gasping with heat. Warmed by the Gulf breezes, Tampa laughs at winter’s grasp and pities the shivering millions. Life in Tampa is an event; and adventure is happiness and health.

In no other city in America is the old Spanish atmosphere so much in evidence as in quaint Ybor City, and for the visitor this is not the least of the charms of Tampa. Ybor City is shown to the visitor as "Little Havana." Among the relics of the past is a magnificent old oak, beneath which, says tradition, De Soto camped on first landing on these shores. Relics of the ancient wall, which once served as a fortified shelter, may still be traced, now vine-clad and fast crumbling to decay.

However troublesome a part the Cheroot may have played in the love of Kipling's Bachelor, certain it is that the "great god Nicotine" has smiled upon the city of Tampa. In a comparatively few years the establishment and growth of the city industry of Tampa have transformed a stretch of sandy beach into a thriving city of 50,000 people, known as the leading clear Havana cigar manufacturing center of the world.

Tampa cigars are a strictly "hand made" product, no machines being employed either in cutting or rolling the weed. A visit to a large factory is always scheduled by tourists, and a hospitable reception is always assured. There are always many interesting points to be gathered from such a visit. Above the busy clatter of knives as the tabaqueros cut the leaf, rises the chatter of conversation, or it may be that a reader is holding forth from his platform, reading in a stentorian voice the news of the day or perhaps a popular novel in Spanish. In another room the pickers—highly trained men—may be seen at the apparently simple, but really very complex, task of assorting colors. Then there are the packers, passing on the cigars with critical eye before they are finally nailed up and sent to the stock room. Last, but not least, there are the "anilladores" or banders—



One of the Magnificent Views
of Mrs. Porter Palmer's Estate

Courtesy Mrs. Palmer



pretty Cuban girls with jet black eyes and an abundance of hair ribbon.

THE BLENDING OF TOBACCO.

The matter of blending the tobacco is perhaps that of greatest importance in the manufacture of cigars. Knowledge of blending may be said to be the epitome of the manufacturers' experience in the industry. On his particular "blend" he bases the reputation of his house; it may have been "hit upon" by himself or it may have been devolved upon him with the factory from his father. Certain it is that it is usually a jealously guarded trade secret and it also represents the personality of the house. Many a factory, after changing hands, has lost prestige with its brands because the subtle touch of the former manufacturer was lost in its "blend."

Some seven or eight years ago Tampa experienced a renaissance in the method of building cigar factories. Since that time the manufacturers have vied with each other in constructing handsome factories. There being no grimy machinery, no dump heaps, or other of the appurtenances that usually mark a manufacturing plant, and the industry lending itself well to neat surroundings, the buildings are surrounded in most cases, by well-kept grounds, with handsome lawns and beautiful foliage. Many of the buildings are architectural masterpieces, built with Grecian columns, or in a medieval style, according to the taste of the owner.

Tampa is easily reached by the people living in smaller towns, and often a real treat is offered in the way of musical entertainments of high excellence. The trip from Sarasota to Tampa is said to be tiresome;

well, it isn't as if one were traveling in a palace pullman as yet, but there are so many compensations,—as you will find from a trip I took last February, which I give from my notebook.

Imagine, you poor deluded people, who think of Florida as a deserted, wild uncared for country, while you sit huddled over your fires or wrapped in your furs, while you take your exercise—imagine, I say, a country of beautiful growing vegetables, flowers and fruits, sunshine and cool breezes, making summer time of winter. This is February. To-day I am going on a little trip from “Sarasota, the Beautiful” to “Tampa, the Busy” and am going to write of things I see just as they come to my eye.

Go into your hothouse and look at your most treasured palms and ferns; now imagine them in quadruple quantities growing in beautiful abundance everywhere, then you will see, in mind, the picture that greets my eye as I look from my car window. Except in my real picture, you can see also a sentinel pine with its bed of brown beneath and its crown of green above; as far as I can see, palmettoes holding aloft their pointed spears; here a yellow jasmine climbing in rich confusion over a fence; here a peach tree in full bloom. A little further on I see an orange grove, the trees a rich green and the golden fruit hanging on every limb.

Now, we are opposite a field of celery, some fresh young plants, and some in rows that are large enough for the bleaching process which is interesting. Did you ever see a field of celery undergoing the bleaching process? Well, after they have grown to a certain height the green stalks are closely boxed on each side until only the bushy tops can be seen, then the extreme heat and shutting out the sunlight and air causes the

stalks to turn that beautiful crisp white that every one enjoys so much.

Over in a corner of the fence I catch a glimpse of a wild blackberry vine in full bloom,—that passes, and I see a clump of bananas growing; they appeal to me especially with their long, waving graceful leaves, some have been split and torn by the wind whipping them about until they remind me of “worn and tattered war banners, waving alike over the conqueror and the conquered”—their bloom is a very unusual and peculiar one, a long, pointed one, and, as the bloom drops its petals the young bananas come. Sometimes there will be quite a bunch of green bananas up high and tapering down to a rich purple bloom tip.

Now, we come to that beautiful stream of water, Manatee River, on one edge I see a boat, anchored by an oyster bed, and a boat man diligently opening these delicious bivalves. On one side of this water there is the beautiful little city of Palmetto, and on the other, within sight, is the equally beautiful town of Manatee. They are connected by a long bridge.

Just over this river, now, and we stop for some cause, right by a field of lettuce, and those crisp, curly leaves, just seem inviting one to use them for garnishing a dish of salad.

Oh, this beautiful sight that I see now! A large, spreading water oak, Spanish moss hanging from each limb, and as the sun is slowly sinking, it casts shimmering shadows on the white sands below.

Here is a patch of that homely vegetable cabbage; this would be a fine location for that inimitable Mrs. Wiggs. Right by its side are acres and acres of lettuce and numberless negroes with crates, preparing this lettuce for the market.

It seems rather odd to jump from vegetables to flowers, but am faithfully writing, as I said, of things just as they come within sight, and it happens to be next, a hedge of cherokee roses. Although the car window is closed, I imagine I smell their sweet elusive, spicy odor.

We have stopped again and the only thing within sight is a bunch of long-horned cows quietly grazing, but wait—yes, as I lean closer and look, I see a small ditch one side of which is covered with blackberry vines in bloom, just below there are fronds of exquisite ferns and lower still, modestly hidden in the grass dainty little white and blue violets.

Now comes a pond from which the noise of the train frightens a number of kildees and perhaps snipe, as we passed too quickly for me to recognize my feathered friends.

Now we are opposite a turpentine grove. In each pine is cut a cup-shaped place into which the juices run and which in turn is carried into camp where by some process it is turned into turpentine.

Before my vision now passes a dead pine tree, a ghost unlike its former self in days of its green fullness and beauty.

So this ends my reverie with flitting nature scenes, for we are within sight of Tampa where there is bustle and hurry on every side; the lights glitter, the train creaks, stops, and the porters and cabmen call in their eagerness to get a passenger. My mind is filled with the thoughts of the play I am to see to-night, the supper afterwards, and all the interesting diversions Tampa offers, before I return with renewed energy to my home pleasures and duty in Sarasota.



Working and Learning - The Negro, American Industry

Last year at Tarpon Springs, twenty-five miles from Tampa, some wise men from the east, here on a prospecting tour, looked upon some sand that others had poked fun at. Instead of taking a pocketful of that sand home with them to show the fellows the kind of soil they had in Florida, they took a barrel of it to a chemist and when it was assayed at 99.34 per cent pure silica they came back and quietly bought up all of the land they could get—and they got it for a song. The company has some ten or a hundred million tons of this silica, and it is worth \$5 a ton. This sand is as valuable as phosphate, and we look for millions to be invested in this section in the manufacture of plate glass, lenses, etc., as well as pottery.

Florida is rich in its resources—new resources are being discovered each year, and those who pin their faith to this favored land are richly rewarded.

For a little city the size of Tarpon Springs to be the greatest producing and marketing center of the world for a commodity so universally used as sponges, is a distinction none can excel and few can equal. And this industry has made of Tarpon Springs a center of trade whose importance is as great in proportion to its size as London or New York.

Coupling this great commercial advantage with the natural beauty of the location and the medicinal properties of the springs which gives the place its name, the explanation of the wonderful health and wealth of Tarpon Springs is given. The springs and the delightful climate have drawn here for their winters some of the wealthiest people of the country, whose beautiful winter villas and estates give Tarpon Springs an air that can not be found duplicated anywhere in a town of its size.

Being a value creative industry, the sponge fishing places in Tarpon Springs the total cash value of the entire output of the fisheries, amounts to approximately a million dollars each year. There are twenty-five sponge packing houses employing two hundred or more men. The sponges are sold at auction on the Sponge Exchange, buyers being on hand at every sale to bid for the product as put up by the auctioneer. About 200 vessels are engaged in the sponge trade, three-fourths of them being power boats and the remainder sailing vessels. Nearly 2,000 men are employed in the various branches of the industry, most of these being Greeks. Their pay is large and they spend the greater portion of it in Tarpon Springs, causing the commercial life of the town to be practically independent of outside financial flurries of stringencies.

That this industry is destined to become even greater than at present is shown by experiments of the Federal Government in growing a greater supply, the adoption of laws providing heavy penalty for taking young or half-grown sponges, and limiting the season of sponge gathering, as well as experiments looking towards a more varied use of the product. These manufacturing experiments embrace the making of pillows and mattresses from the sponge, these being about one-third as heavy as feathers and decidedly more sanitary. Other articles are toy balls which are as light as a pneumatic ball, and sponge cushions.

The magnitude of this industry shows conclusively that Tarpon Springs cannot go backward in development or growth.

Thirty-four miles from Tampa, on the northern half of Anna Maria Key, is Anna Maria Beach, fast becoming known as a pleasure resort.



Firing 12 inch gun, Fort Pickens
Entrance Pensacola Harbor,
Courtesy Pensacola Commercial Ass'n.

Its natural beauty was so striking that Fernando De Soto, the famous Spanish discoverer, who discovered Tampa Bay, named it in honor of his beautiful sister, Donna Anna Maria.

Fort De Soto, one of the forts protecting the entrance to Tampa Bay, was named in honor of the famous discoverer.

The United States Government has reserved and erected forts on Mullet and Egmont Keys, it has also reserved Passage Key, a rookery on which myriads of sea birds rear their young.

It is certainly to the credit of Florida people that they have kept up the different historic spots of the State. Ft. Thompson Park, one of the grandest estates of the South is near the historic old Fort Thompson on the Caloosahatchee. With its fine drives through tropical hammocks; grand old oaks covered with Spanish moss; stately palm trees glistening in the sunlight; beautiful stretches of green meadows, soft southern breezes, and a quiet restfulness over all makes it a place eagerly sought by the travel-stained tourist and business man of the outside world.

The property around this spot lay idle and fallow for many years until E. E. Goodno came up the river and took it over because of its potentialities. Mr. Goodno is a man of great energy and although his coming to Florida was, in a manner, an accident, he has made good his plans, and Fort Thompson Park and surroundings are a testimony of his farsightedness.

Seventeen years ago Mrs. Goodno was driven to Florida by her northern physicians. They told her she had only a few weeks to live but that there would be less suffering for her if she came to Florida and selected some pleasant spot in the southern part of the State.

The seventeen years have passed pleasantly for the aged woman who is still hale and hearty at the age of eighty-eight. During that period she has had only four days of illness severe enough to keep her in bed, and she does much of her own housekeeping in the pleasant home her son has established for her in Fort Thompson Park.

To-day, while Mrs. Goodno is alive, well and taking the most active interest in the success of her son, she knows of the death of those who long ago told her she was ready for the end. Even some of the physicians who so wisely gave her up to return to the clay from which she came have passed to their final rest, but the one they thought would precede them still lives, and, moreover, she enjoys every day of it in this delightfully tempered clime.

From many standpoints this little sketch will be of interest. Not alone from the viewpoint of those who will rejoice with the aged mother, even though they do not know her, but from the viewpoint of those who have hesitated to come to Florida because someone has told them the State is low and cannot be a healthful place in which to live.

There are so many places throughout the State of especial interest to the traveler that I feel a desire to portray every one. In every place are found public-spirited citizens in many walks of life whose only interest is in the development of the community in which they live, and are eager to pass on their knowledge of the attractiveness of the State at large. The many beautiful booklets issued by the different Boards of Trade and Business Leagues, collected and treasured, would prove a valuable mine of information for the student of this fair State.

The Business League of Deland have issued a charm-

ing brochure in which some of the beautiful shaded streets and driveways are shown. Deland, the Athens of Florida, is a city of beautiful homes and shaded avenues.

One of the greatest things that can be said of Deland in connection with the activities of the world is the great educational institution as represented by the John B. Stetson University, founded about twenty years ago.

Seven miles from Deland is found DeLeon Springs, another picturesque spot, the many of the kind one finds in Florida.

The name Winter Park was given to a section of country in Orange County, by Oliver C. Chapman and Loring A. Chase, of Chicago. A history of this section for years previous to their coming would be of extreme interest, could it be written. It would tell of its occupation by the Seminole Indians, of Osceola their wonderful chief, and the choice of his camping-ground, with his own teepee on the bank of Lake Maitland, at a spot now occupied by "Alabama," Mr. W. C. Temple's beautiful residence. Their totems still remain on some of the trees in this vicinity, one especially on a cypress tree on the grounds of Mr. C. H. Morse, near Lake Osceola.

The town was laid out in 1881, so that its history and growth are all within the past twenty-eight years.

A point of interest there is the fine campus grounds surrounding Rollins College on Lake Virginia.

"Life is *Life* at Winter Park"

Balmy breezes, Sunshine Golden,
Leafy Shades, with Shadows Dark,
Stately Live Oaks, Mossy, Olden,
Whispering Pines of Winter Park.

Giant Cypress, Tall, Commanding
Indians' Hammocks bound'ry Mark,
Glist'ning Lakes, with Fish abounding,
Guard and Smile at Winter Park.

In this Land of Fruit and Flowers,
Everywhere the Song Bird, Hark.
Happy, Restful, Dreamy Hours
Swiftly Glide at Winter Park.

Come, then, you from Icy Northland,
Leave your Winter, Cold and Stark,
Bask in Rippling, Glowing Sunshine,
Life is *Life* at Winter Park.

Anon.



“Hundreds of Stalwart Pine Trunks”

CHAPTER III.

NATIVES AT WORK AND PLAY.

"I'LL come out, hitch my automobile on, and grind that cane for you in a little while."

"No sir, thank you, we would get through too quick," answered the Floridian.

That is one of the features of cane grinding. The natives make a picnic of it. The freshly ground juice, after it is strained, makes a delightful drink, and we pity the children whom we remember seeing working so hard to get the cane, bought from the store, cut and peeled ready for the few delicious "sucks" they can get.

The sugar cane is one of the oldest farm crops in this State of which we have any record. It dates from the earliest settlement of the country on the East coast. The Jesuit Fathers imported the seed cane from the West Indies, where it had been extensively grown as early as the year 1518. It was first brought over by Columbus on his second voyage in 1493, but the methods of growing the crops and the extraction of the juice for syrup making have not been much improved upon by the general farmer in all the years since. It is an interesting industry and no doubt an enjoyable one in all its phases of planting, stripping, cutting, grinding, straining, evaporating, sealing and selling, for Florida

syrup is one of the delights of the State and much in demand.

Someone asks what "stripping" means. About a month before the cane is to be ground all the leaves are removed so as to admit sunlight to the stalks which helps to sweeten the juice. The expression "topping" makes one consider in what connection such an operation could be used as regards sugar cane growing. Then one is told that in preparation for harvesting the first consideration is the "topping,"—i. e., cutting off the immature tops of cane as immature canes make inferior syrup. Remarkable to think how many important steps there are in making the syrup.

A great diversion of the natives inland is fishing in the many little creeks and streams which abound in fish. A drummer came into the office one day while I was in and said, "What do you think! To-day while driving from one little town to another I saw two cracker women, barefooted, sitting on the banks of a little stream, fishing. They had on big straw hats and were smoking cob pipes!" They take an old tomato can or bucket of some kind and catch the little frogs that hop in and out of the water, impale the soft, squirming things on their hooks, and smoking contentedly they fish and fish—and fish. Others, who live near the salt water, and oftentimes tourists, can be seen in crowds standing on the docks and fishing for salt water beauties. So on and on one could recount the pleasure and pastimes of the Florida people.

One especially interesting pleasure is an oyster roast. Mrs. Palmer has undoubtedly found it so for a few fortunate ones were invited to her home during the holidays for an "Oyster roast."

From my note-book I give herewith an account of an

outing which came near having a tragic ending—"The Enchanted Automobile"—

The neat trim little Ford standing so patiently by, while the picnic baskets were being packed inside, gave to the happy four, off for a day's recreation, no inkling of its latent magical powers.

All went well,—except the Speedwell, containing the other six, found some difficulty in dodging the trees and making the quick turns in the sandy snake-like roads and keeping in sight of the little Ford.

Within two hours' time they had covered the eighteen miles and while the men of the party with rods, reels and rifles went to try their skill for fish and squirrel, the girls soon had the coffee, ham, eggs and toast cooked and spread under the mist-wrapped trees. When the men returned all enjoyed the breakfast at the regulation time, but under decidedly different surroundings.

After washing the few dishes, all were off for the various sports. Some caught frogs for bait on the small hooks, two men stood ankle-deep and sent the shining silver spinning for the big bass and trout; rifle shots heard afar told that the other men were finding squirrel; the girls of the party strolled along the banks of the river, fishing here and there, or scurrying up the banks while one, braver than the others, killed the black snake. One venturesome girl with a rifle crept along among the trees, always keeping in sight however, and soon came in proudly bearing her game—a crow and a chicken hawk. And so the day passed, Nature getting in her healing and comforting rest in different ways, but each and every one reaping the full benefit of her inexhaustible wealth.

After dinner and a few more hours of the fishing and hunting the time came to return home. The four in

the little Ford decided to spend the night—the others returning. After this decision out came all the bread, bacon, butter and cakes from the other lunch basket to help out with supper and breakfast; The sofa pillows and lap robes to help make the beds for the night.

When the good-byes were said, the four took an exhilarating spin around on the flats close by the camping place, returning just as the moon rose a great globe of fire above. A fire was made to frighten away any prowlers of the wilds, and all sat around listening to the reminiscences of the two hunters in the crowd.

Soon came the fun of making up resting places of such things as they happened to have; the automobile cushions, curtains, robes, jackets and sofa pillows, one girl preferring the tonneau of the little Ford, all unconscious of its latent enchantment. Amid much merriment the couches of rest were selected, all the while sharp eyes of razor-backs peering through the underbrush at this intrusion into their home place.

The girl hunter, for it was she who preferred the safer place to sleep, had no more than sunk to sleep in the cushioned depths of the automobile, before the little Ford started on its trip. Across the flats it sped, taking palmetto roots, quick turns, gopher holes, and all in its path at full speed—making straight for the Deep Hole, from whose unfathomed depths the trout had been lured to their death by the poor little frogs, who, in their turn were at the mercy of this hunter girl. Imagine the agony in her mind when she saw what was to be her punishment—to go down forever down into the dark, cold waters, when—just on the edge, as she closed her eyes to the horror of the situation and was holding her breath for the fatal plunge, there was a swerve to the right and she breathed a gasp of relief that her in-



“The Enchanted Automobile”

(Husband of the author at the Wheel)

visible chauffeur had saved her from this awful end.

On she was carried, this time in a gently rocking manner that soothed her after that dreadful shock, when—horrors upon horrors, she saw that she was being carried straight to jungle lands hitherto unknown. In the distance she could see huge wild cats walking back and forth, impatiently awaiting her approach; monstrous wild boars with bared tusks were welcoming her swift oncoming with guttural “woof-woof;” from every limb hung immense snakes with their long tongues reaching out towards her; the very air was hideous with the cries of revenge of the crows, hawks, owls and frogs. “If I ever get home I’ll never hunt or fish again,” was in this hunter girl’s mind.

Just as the wild cats crouched to spring,—the fowls all flew down with beaks and talons ready to tear her in pieces,—the snakes hissed in her ear and the wild boars with snapping, frothy mouths rushed to the sides of the car,—by a superhuman effort this tortured girl raised up and threw her shoe at the foremost wild creature. It hit—a razor-back hog that was scratching his back on the front wheel of the car.

A great many who can not be classed as natives, yet who seem to “belong” in this land of enchantment find excellent diversion in the form of growing fruits and flowers, and great is their reward. It was once my pleasure to become acquainted with an elderly couple living near my home, who, for the very pleasure it gives them, keep up the most wonderful yard it has been my good fortune to see in Florida, aside from the nurseries. Again I supply my note-book for description.

It cannot be truthfully said of anyone that they have seen all the beauties of Florida, if they have not had the pleasure of being shown over the private grounds

surrounding the home of Mr. and Mrs. Mather in Bradentown. Here one finds the most luxuriant growth of nearly every known flower indigenous to Florida soil.

Among the most familiar flowers are the brilliant red poinsettias, and a rare treat to the visitor, a white poinsettia; the delicate peach-blow hibiscus, the double red ones and the pretty single red. Roses, deep-hued reds, pink, and the dreamy Mareshal Neils; ferns in wild abandon, making a really beautiful setting for the dear, old-fashioned phlox, sweet elysium and four o'clocks, which sod the grounds.

Here is found, to the visitor's intense wonder, a lemon tree in full bloom, while the lemons, which hang in great bunches, are the size of the largest grape-fruit. This statement, seemingly an improbability, can be vouched for only by those who have seen them.

Many beautiful vines are climbing everywhere, up to the second story window, on the porches, to the top of the wind-mill; on the garage a wonderful Dutchman's pipe; on another trellis a vine, the seed pods of which resemble, in the minutest detail, parachutes as let fall from balloons, a most amazing, unnatural formation. There are ever so many plants brought from California also, which seem very much at home in their Florida environment.

It would take too much space to enumerate the plants, and one would need be a botanist to remember the names, yet the visitor is indeed fortunate, who, together with the extreme pleasure of seeing this entrancing sight of flowers, ferns and fruit, growing in such profusion, feels the genuine welcome of the hospitable owners of this home.

A most profitable work for one so inclined is making



Portion of Grounds front of Mrs. Porter Palmer's home
Courtesy Mrs. Palmer

guava jelly. There is no fruit in the world that makes a more palatable jelly than the guava. It is a yellow fruit, about an inch to two inches in diameter, with a large number of hard, round seeds. For preserves and marmalades, when these seeds are removed, it is very popular, but its greatest hold is in the jelly glass and thousands of glasses are sent north annually. The guava bush is prolific in fruiting and gives forth a luxuriant growth.

Tourists are delighted with some of the queer looking and unusual fruits found in the State,—for instance there is found the Papaw or melon fruit, a delicious large fruit resembling a melon, with rich golden meat of fine texture. The tree grows up to about twenty feet in height and the fruit clusters about the stem at the base of the branches similar to the coconanut. The natives value the tree especially for the fruit and the unusual use of the leaves. The leaf, when used in cooking, renders the toughest meat tender and digestible.

Another queer fruit, but one which is rapidly coming into favor, is the Avacado (or alligator) pear, shaped like the northern pear but covered with a smooth, hard green or purplish rind and contains a large seed. Between the seed and the rind is the "meat" which is used for making the most delicious salads, or, with a salad dressing poured in, is eaten from the rind like the meat of a musk-melon. Grown on trees which grow twenty to sixty feet high.

Then there is the Mango,—in appearance somewhat similar to the Avocado, but of sweet, aromatic flavor. Grown on bushy trees, some covering a space sixty feet in diameter. Some of the finest specimens of the Mango tree are found in the grounds of Thomas A. Edison, Fort Myers. This fruit, like the Avacado and

other tropical fruits, is more delicious in flavor here than in the tropics.

The Mammee Sapota is a queer looking fruit, covered with a rough brown skin and containing a large black seed. The meat has a custard flavor and is very nutritious. The fruit attains a size of five to seven inches in length and two to three inches in diameter. It grows on a large, vigorous tree.

Sapodilla—belonging to the same family as the mammee sapota but much smaller and round in shape instead of elongated. The tree is practically the same as the mammee sapota. The fruit is a good shipper but so far is not raised in sufficient quantities to be a revenue producer, the most of the northern supply coming to this country from Cuba.

Cashew apple or cashew nut.—This strange apple is found in several varieties of different colors, but all bear seeds on the outside of the fruit. The seeds are roasted and make a delicious beverage, being used instead of chocolate or cocoa.

There are many tropical plants which bear fruit that so far has not been included in the list of edibles but probably will be when curious Americans taste it a few times.

It would no doubt prove a unique yet valuable addition to the aids of travellers should some enterprising person compile a dictionary of the different fruits of Florida. The suggestion was brought to my mind upon seeing in an issue of the Tampa Tribune a description of forty varieties of fruit grown in Lee County, from which some of the above and following descriptions are taken.

Sugar Apple or "Sweet Sop"—This is one of the unique fruits of Lee County, resembling a huge berry



Experiment Station, Gainesville
Courtesy of the Director.

built up of large kernels in each of which is a seed. In color the sugar apple is a dark green shading to rich orange and its flavor is that of delicately flavored sugar candy. It is grown on a bushy tree which does not attain great height.

CITRON—This fruit really belongs to the citrus family, and grows on a tree similar to the orange, but the fruit attains great size and has a very thick rind which is preserved and makes the citron of commerce.

BANANA—This fruit grows profusely, particularly on the islands along the coast.

COCOANUT—One of the most beautiful trees of this tropical country is the cocoanut palm. It is a prolific bearer, being accredited with "dropping a nut a day."

SURINAM CHERRY—A small bright red fruit resembling in appearance a small tomato but with a delicious fruit flavor. Fine for jellies. Grows on a shrub.

TAMARIND—Grows in pods like beans and used for brewing a fever medicine. Splendid flavor and healthful. The tree attains a luxuriant growth and is a splendid shade tree.

COCOA PLUM—A whitish yellow fruit with pink spots. Grows wild along the coast. Sweet in flavor and used for jams and marmalade.

SEA GRAPE,—Another wild fruit growing along the coast on the sandy beaches. The fruit grows in immense clusters and is splendid for jelly making. Birds and hogs relish the fruit, eating off the meat and leaving the seeds, later in the season returning and eating the seeds.

The **CITRUS** family is by far the greatest in quantity of all those raised in this State. This family is

perhaps familiar to all the readers of this table and enumeration is all that is necessary. There are the grapefruit or pomelo, orange in its great variety, shaddock which is a big stepbrother of the grapefruit, kumquat which is the midget of the citrus family, the lemon and the lime.

JAPANESE PERSIMMON—This fruit is the size of a small orange and has a delicious flavor and plenty of meat. It is best eaten right out of the grove, but will stand shipment for a considerable distance. The trees are sparse leaved but attain a good height and breadth.

The Fruits named so far are those with which the northern reader is presumed to be more or less unfamiliar. In addition, there are the following more common fruits that come to mind just at present: Strawberry, blackberry, mulberry, peach, date, pineapple, loquat, olive, plum, Japan oleaster, fig, pecan, pear, pomegranite, Himalaya berry, dewberry, Muscatine grape, and many varieties of fruit that are so closely akin to those named that it might confuse the reader if they are enumerated.

Truly the great State of Florida and its numbers of pleasures are just beginning to be known.—“There is not the least flower but seems to hold up its head, and to look pleasantly in the secret sense of the goodness of its heavenly Maker;” Every fruit repays its Maker for the balmy climate in deliciousness; Fish seem flaunting and luring the lines thrown to them; and it is a well known saying that “When one once gets the Florida sand in one’s shoes there can be no doubt of one’s return to Florida.”

Palms along the Shore, Florida



CHAPTER IV.

LAND OF PROFIT AND PLEASURE.

WHEN the Creator parceled out his gifts, to Florida fell a rich endowment. Among other gifts, there was given an equable climate, healthgiving water, fertile soil and golden fruits—a collection denied other states in its entirety.

One must certainly be very hard to please who is not enchanted with Florida in all its phases. This is the land of Opportunity and plenty.

The very knowledge that Florida was discovered on Easter Sunday (by Juan Ponce de Leon, 1513) imbues one with a feeling of reverence, and one is constrained to call it—"the sphere of harmony and peace. The spot where angels find a resting place, when bearing blessing, they descend to earth."

When Jean Ribaut, with a band of Huguenots, landed first near St. Augustine, he described the country as "the fairest, fruitfullest and pleasantest of all the world."

In 1845 Florida became a state of the American Union. On the 10th of January, 1861, an ordinance of secession, which declared Florida to be a "sovereign and independent nation," was adopted by a state convention, and Florida became one of the Confederate States of America.

The name Florida means "The land of flowers,"

this appellation deceives many unthinking ones and they are disappointed at not seeing hedges and fields and gardens filled to overflowing with flowers, fruits and vegetables. The literal meaning is that Florida is a land where any flowers, fruits or vegetables can be successfully grown by giving them the attention necessary in any other place.

Really Florida is just now, in a way, being discovered. The eyes of the world are turning southward and Florida is the mecca of all. It is a great garden in which men can sow and reap a golden harvest.

Verily there is change in everything. At one time the advice to the young man was "Young man go West," now that Florida has been "found" wise heads have changed the advice to "Young man hurry to Florida and get in on the ground floor."

It has been demonstrated time and again that men who have run their course in life and seem settled for the remaining days, on coming to Florida have made good in an incredibly short time. An instance verifying this statement was brought to my knowledge only a few days ago. An old couple 68 and 71 years of age, in moderate circumstances, came to Florida and within a year, had cleared their four acres of land they were able to buy, built a house and had a comfortable living from their garden. Surrounded by comforts in their old age and several years of living added to their credit.

As it was not our good fortune last summer to be able to "cross the waters" for a rest, or take a long trip to the mountains, lakes, or any of the far-famed health resorts for a change and recreation, we decided to take our vacation trip at closer range.

At last, we had finished all preparations and were on



The Whispering Palm
(St. John's River View)

Courtesy Florida Grower, Tampa.

board the big ice-boat, on which the Captain had kindly consented to take us down the Bay.

The Captain called in his lusty cheery voice to his assistant at the wheel, "Straight ahead," and straight ahead we went, over the crystal clear water, where, in the shallows, we could see the crabs ever with the burden of their homes on their backs; the schools of minnows darting here and there; the amazing sight of a beautiful shell seemingly rolling and tumbling of its own accord, but in reality propelled by a small creature, who is the owner of this pink-tinted pearl palace.

To the right of us, a huge pelican swooped and rode the waves in a graceful manner, much belying his ungainly appearance; to the left, a beautiful glistening small fish, jumping high above the water in his impetuous haste to outswim some enemy of the deep; away in front, the porpoises rolled in their lazy way, as they went one by one, in their search for some unthinking creature to their taste.

When the first stop was made, and we were told that we could go ashore and "stretch ourselves," we gladly did so. "All aboard," broke into our rest and we made haste to continue our boat-ride, and eventually, after stopping several times to put off ice, we came to our final stop. Then, each one carrying a basket or box and filling a little express wagon borrowed from the boatman's boy, we went up to the house, which had been turned over to us, and soon were very much at home enjoying our lunch.

After supper the first night, the men said: "Let's put on our bathing-suits and walk the beach to see if we can find a turtle."

Few cared to go for such a long walk, as we were all tired, so the two men went out alone. In about five

minutes back they came, saying they had found a turtle as soon as they started, and for us to come and see him. I was anxious to go, but was preparing my baby for bed, so told the others to go without me; I would come later.

My tired baby was soon fast asleep, and I started out to the beach. Several people offered to go with me for the path wound between thick underbrush and vine-hung trees, past a tumbled down shop, where it seemed every minute something would jump at you, but I said,

“No; I know just where they are, and can hear them talking by the time I am half-way there. I won't be afraid.”

Away I went, so bravely, expecting, when the end of the path was reached, to see by the light of the moon the helpless, sprawling turtle, surrounded by the light-hearted tormentors. My bravery turned into frightened consternation when I found, where I expected a crowd of people, a wave-washed beach, unpeopled save by the inhabitants of the deep, rolling and tumbling in their mad haste to return to their water-homes. At the back of me, tall grasses and palms rustled and cast their weird shadows. Out in the Pass, I seemed to see the “spirits of Chici-Okobee and his warriors in eternal combat with the spirits of evil; and the children of the storm-god, protecting the resting-place of Sara De Soto.” I turned and ran down the beach to some dark objects I saw, thinking, surely I must be near them; but on nearing the place I found some cows quietly standing.

Nothing was left for me to do but retrace my tracks of fear; and with wildly beating heart, I ran back to the house to find that the crowd had taken a short cut



Caloosahatchie River

Courtesy Fla. Grower, Tampa

home. I did not return to see the turtle that night; but in the morning, when the sun had melted the mist-ghosts and dispersed the shadow-wraiths, I went down to the beach in time to see the boatmen butcher him. That was a sight to remember; such a big thing, on his back, perfectly at the mercy of man.

The next evening, all in good order, and accompanied, I walked the beach, and I do not believe I ever enjoyed anything more in my life. The water "like a mirror of steel reflected the doings of the stars," and the gentle lapping of the waves seemed ever telling the love-stories of the water-nymphs.

We talked in hushed voices, as the beauty of the night filled us with awe, and we thought of the all-powerful Creator who could plan such a wonderful scene. Not a turtle was found, but the memory of that walk and the beautiful impression it made on my mind fully compensated for the loss of the glory of turning a turtle.

The rest of our stay was one mixture of pleasures, picking up shells on the beautiful shining shores where

"The bridegroom Sea,
Is toying with his wedded bride,—the Shore.
He decorates her shining brow with shells,
And then retires to see how fine she looks,
Then, proud, runs up to kiss her."

Surf bathing, taking long rides behind the old family horse, eating plums, watermelons, and other fruits. Then, at night when all the little ones were in the "Land of Nod," we would sit on the porch, with the moonlight filtering through the leaves of the soothing camphor-tree, and listen to the plaintive call of the

whippoorwill, and to the distant roar of the gulf telling us that

“The voice of the great Creator
Dwells in that mighty tone.”

All good times come to an end, and, soon, we were returning to our routine duties with renewed energy, and resolving to go again.

A most comprehensive book on the allurements of cruising in the Florida waters is “Florida Enchantments” by A. W. and Julian A. Dimock. This book is available to everyone interested in the pleasures of Florida, but for the convenience of showing just what is to be found near the Ten Thousand Islands, on the Homossassa River and the Everglades, without taking those lengthy trips for first hand knowledge, I shall quote several passages. They say that “Cruising in the waters of Florida is the ne plus ultra of outdoor life,” also, “I can yet believe that Perpetual Youth of the spirit is one of the Florida Enchantments.” In their book they speak of the State of Florida as “Florida, the Fascinating,” and surely it must be to them or to any others whose hearts, eyes and ears are attuned to the peacefulness, beauties and calls of this Enchanted land.

In and out and around the Ten Thousand Islands, the labyrinthic rivers, and marshes of the Everglades, these men have found profit and pleasure. Many a specimen of their taking is valued in the treasure house of things nearly extinct. They write innately of things most people know by hearing. “Massive clouds wonderfully colored, which were duplicated in the mirror of the water until the illusion of a sky



Hedge of Oleanders
Courtesy J. B. Chaplin, Jr. Sarasota.

beneath us of infinite depth made me cling to the boat for dizziness," gives one an idea of the grandeur of the scenery. From their description one sees the "Great vines, twisted like cables," oysters hanging in great bunches from the mangroves, the coral reefs, turtles crawling the beaches, the rookery of pelicans, roseate spoon-bills, white ibis, egrets. One follows them in their hunt for the "tiger of the sea," and with bated breath watch their struggle when capturing a "specimen of the wild cattle of the sea"—a manatee. They harpooned a manatee and to quote them, "We were carried east, west, north and south, through lagoons, bays, creeks and rivers in darkness that could be felt, knowing nothing of where we were, steering always as the line to the manatee led."

One would think that no greater calamity could befall than to be lost in the Ten Thousand Islands but in "Florida Enchantments" the authors refute that idea by saying, "Being lost among the Ten Thousand Islands is one's normal condition and without significance."

A new-old industry, which no doubt will prove profitable, is the Sisal Hemp Industry. In an extremely comprehensive article on the subject, B. F. Borchardt says in part;

"In 1834 a certain Dr. Perrine introduced into Florida and planted near Tampa, a number of sisal hemp plants which he brought with him from France. From the port of Tampa the first shipments of these plants were made, and it is said on quite an extensive scale, to Yucatan, southern Mexico, now known as the center of sisal hemp industry. The growing of the plant there and the reduction of rope fiber have made wonderful strides and it to-day forms the backbone of

the prosperity of that part of Mexico. To-day the prodigal industry bids fair to return to Florida soil, and conditions in southern Florida make it not only possible and feasible, but are entirely favorable to its return.

“The revival of the industry occurred through an accident, as many other great discoveries are made. A. W. Knowles, a young, energetic and far-sighted Bahaman, chanced to pass by the Catholic cathedral in Tampa. Quite a number of the sisal plants have been set out in front of the building. Knowles had been raised in the sisal hemp industry in the Bahamas and had been for many years the buyer of a large New York house in this product. One look convinced him; he saw that it could be raised in Florida. Without further delay he began casting about for a suitable location for a large plantation, with a site for a reducing, or decorticating plant, and rope walks. This he found at St. James City, Fla., on Pine Island, twenty-seven miles west of Ft. Myers.

“Sisal hemp offers to you a profitable crop without other expense than that of the first clearing of the land and the purchasing of the plants, after which you have nothing more to do except to remove the young plants which spring from the mother-plant during its life time. You must, however, remember that one of these young plants must be left at a sufficient distance, say three feet, to take the place of the mother. We can call this for convenience, the “heir” plant. All sisal hemp are more or less air-plants, but this particular plant succeeds to the place of the mother and is the heir of it, when it has passed the stage of usefulness. The remains of the old tree plant are then removed

and you allow the young plant you have left to grow and propagate young ones and so ad infinitum.

“The life of the sisal plant is about seven years, but its death is postponed three years by cutting, making the life of the industrial plant about ten years. About 100 small plants are given off, from its roots, which are placed in nurseries from time to time, leaving one to take the place of the mother plant at its death. At that time this “heir” plant is about three years old. When the sisal plant reaches its maturity it throws a pole about thirty feet in height and from this drop from 1,500 to 2,000 small plants, which are also planted first in the nursery and after one year in the plantation.

“After planting, the tree requires no attention, no fertilizer, no irrigation, no plowing. It gathers its chief support from the atmosphere and will grow on any kind of land but not in water. Leaves can be cut from the tree when between two and three years of age.

“The factory which the company is now bringing to completion will be placed in the hands of William H. Couillard, who will be factory superintendent and who is also a director of the company. Mr. Couillard was formerly with the Bay State Cordage company in Newburyport, Mass. He has had forty years’ experience in the rope-making business, his father also having spent his business career in this work.”

Of course it is well known that the principal industry in Florida is the cultivation of citrus fruits for which the state is noted and when the work of reclaiming the Everglades is completed that is expected to be the greatest sugar-producing center of the world and Florida is to-day the center of the naval stores industry. On account of a larger seacoast than any other state, it

is safe to say that the fisheries industry is one of the most important, and no less in importance is the sponge fisheries in the Gulf.

A comparatively limited number of persons—except those directly connected with the mining of phosphate or manufacture of fertilizers—have any correct conception of the importance and magnitude of the phosphate mining industry and the manufacture of fertilizers. According to C. G. Menninger, Consulting Mining Engineer, in the Manufacturers' Record, Florida ranks first in importance as the source of phosphate in the United State. The deposits in Florida are found in two forms. First, hard rock; second, Florida land pebble.

Phosphate is used by all fertilizer manufacturers in every part of the world as the source of supply from which is derived their phosphoric acid, this being one of the three absolute essentials to plant life growth. The valuable ingredient in phosphate rock is phosphoric acid, which is combined in the form of lime, as tricalcium phosphate, and is commercially termed "bone phosphate of lime," being exactly the same chemical formula as animal bone.

Phosphoric acid in phosphate rock in its crude form as mined is not available as plant food. In the manufacture of fertilizer it is necessary to grind the crude material into a fine powder, then treat same with sulphuric acid; by this process the insoluble tricalcium phosphate is converted into what is termed available phosphoric acid. Available phosphoric acid consists of water soluble and citric soluble, and in this form is readily assimilated as a plant food when applied to the soil.

One who did not know would laugh to hear it said

Scene on The Suwannee River,
Florida.



that the orange blossom has any value aside from the adornment of brides and, of course, producing, if left on the trees, the golden fruit, but the New York American tells us that it has been discovered that their essence may be advantageously employed to lessen the dangers and discomfort of surgical operations.

Vaporized orange essence, whose odor is ten times as strong as that of ether, is now used to dull the sense of smell so that ether may be subsequently introduced without the patient being aware of it.

The patient "goes under" without a struggle, possibly imagining himself picking oranges in sunny Florida. More important still, however, is the fact that the patient comes out of his stupor without any of the pains or nausea usually experienced where ether is administered alone. In short, both the "before" and "after" effects of the deadening drug are entirely eliminatad.

Dr. James T. Gwathmey, anesthetists, of St. Bartholomew's and of the Skin and Cancer Hospitals, New York, and Dr. W. C. Woolsey, of Brooklvn, discovered the new method of administering ether. Dr. Gwathmey has been working with the orange essence for about four months, and has applied it to nearly 200 cases with great success. Ether itself cannot be done away with. It is one great basic anesthetic, and now that orange essence so readily dispels its objectionable features, little is left to be desired.

A friend of the Florida orange growers is W. C. Temple, who organized The Florida Citrus Exchange. He is a Floridian—his birthplace was Starke, Fla. He was a poor boy and by sheer ability fought his way to the highest pinnacle of financial fame and great has been his success. Great names are always the

subject of verse, and The Florida Grower contains a "scrap" dedicated to Mr. Temple, which shows in a very clear way his worth in the interest of the Citrus Exchange.

'ERE'S TO YOU, MR. TEMPLE.

'E's watched this bloomin' citrus game for years
 'As Mister Temple, 'an 'e knows "what's what," you
 bet.

'E's watched the grower through 'is joys an' fears,
 And when 'e knows a thing, 'is ways are set;
 'E's one as thinks the grower ought to know
 Who bought 'is fruit, how much, an' when an' where
 'E's put up an honest fight for what he knows is right;
 'E's one as thinks the grower ought to grow.

So 'ere's to you, Mr. Temple, at your 'ome on Tampa
 Bay,

You're a most infernal scrapper, so harken to our
 lay.

We always knew you'd do it, we've been your bestest
 rooter;

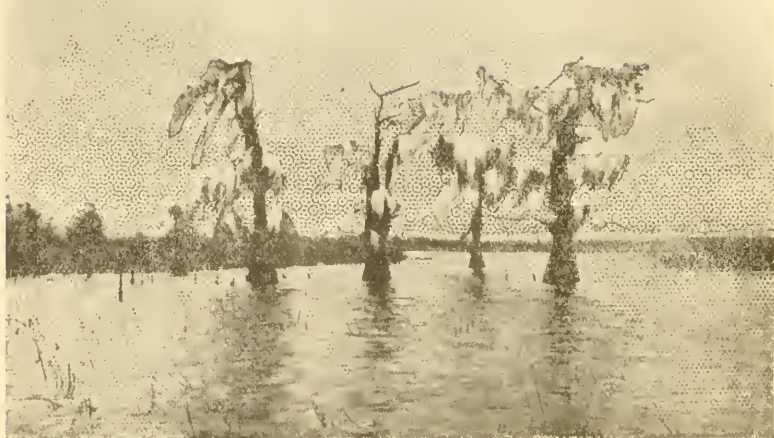
You put the IT in citrus, an' th' crimp in th' green
 fruiter.

Some say as Mr. Temple knows lots an' lots in steel,
 That's 'e's 'andled men an' millions in 'is day.
 But in oranges, 'e 'ardly knows th' inside from th' peel;
 That 'e'll ruin all if 'e keeps on 'is way;
 Let me tell you somethin', brother, just give th' man
 'is due——

Mr. Temple's makin' wrong things come around
 right;

'E sees the end 'e's after, an' it's always in 'is view,
 And if 'e can't get it peaceful there's a fight.

Cypress on St. Johns River, Florida.



So 'ere's to Mr. Temple, at 'is 'ome on Tampa Bay,
You're a most infernal scrapper, so 'earken to our
lay;
You've put the IT in citrus, an' th' crimp in th' green
fruiter.

G. Nilpik.

Florida has been called the fisherman's paradise, and surely the habitues of the fishing resorts think so. There can be no greater thrill than that felt when the tarpon, the "Silver King" leaps, and proud is the disciple of Isaac Walton when he has landed one, especially if he has followed the sportsman's rule of the game, which gives the royal gamester a fighting chance against the skill of his adversary.

The variety of edible fish is large, and they are considered by many superior to those found in northern waters, and it is not so much the fish as just catching the fish, that appeals largely to the traveler. At any of the hotels one may be stopping, sea food of all kinds may be ordered. It is indeed interesting to catch the tarpon, the pompano, King fish, blue fish, red fish, mackerel and mullet.

Florida offers the best of opportunities for the fellow with some backbone, and it has a reward for the one with merely wishbone. The one without money must be filled with patience for it takes time and work and the close touch of human occupancy to subdue a wilderness, whether it be a valley or a plain or a forest or a section of fertile muck of Florida. Those who come to Florida and work willingly, intelligently and perseveringly will find the probationary period of pioneering very short and the reward rich.

For the poor Florida is no fairyland over which runs a royal road through idleness to luxury.

To those possessing riches Florida is decidedly a playground for they can command the greatest luxuries of the world and enjoy them under the most auspicious conditions, of healthfulness, peacefulness and comfort.



ROAD THROUGH FOREST OF PALMS, FLORIDA



CHAPTER V.

THE SUNSHINE CITY AND OTHERS.

NEWSPAPER editors, are, as a rule, considered rather close and cautious in business deals. An editor in St. Petersburg makes the unusual offer to give away every edition of his paper on every day the sun does not shine. From Oct. 1st, 1910, to Jan. 1st, 1912, the paper was given away but six times under those terms.

The Sunshine City is a haven for the invalid and a place of delight for all visitors. It occupies a protected position at the southernmost point of the Pinellas Peninsula, which extends out from the West Coast of Florida about forty miles between the Gulf of Mexico and Tampa Bay. No cold or warm winds reach this peninsula until they have been tempered and ozone-laden in their passage over miles of salt water.

Visitors are charmed with the richness and beauty of the flowers they find blooming in dead of winter, magnificent in their regal colorings. Then they see the vivid red of the poinsettia, the pale yellow of the allamander, the royal purple of the bougainvillea, the brilliant orange and red of the begonia, the yellow of the jasmine, the flaming masses of hibiscus and ponciana, the vari-colored blooms of the oleander—but the catalogue grows too long. These bright blos-

soms, perfect else, lack perfume. But there are roses, roses, roses, and many of the old familiar flowers; there is the magnolia and that hauntingly sweet southern beauty, the cape jessamine; and, loveliest, most fragrant of all, the bridal blossoms awakened to beauty and sunlight by the song of the roguish mocking-bird as he shares the green shelter of the orange bough.

There are many interesting side trips by trolley, rail, and water. It is a convenient place from which to leave.

On a night when the air is heavy with the fragrance of orange blossoms, and the mocking birds, cheated by the soft shine of moon and stars into a belief of daytime, are singing in the trees, when the Bay, a sheet of placid silver, lies sleeping in the moonlight, then the traveler, remembering the land of cold and storm but lately left behind, can well imagine himself in a land of enchantment.

St. Petersburg the Beautiful——

Thou queen of joy and health!

What are life's vain ambitions,

What all the lure of wealth,

Beside the thrill of living

Beneath thy gentle sky——

Where all the time is Summer

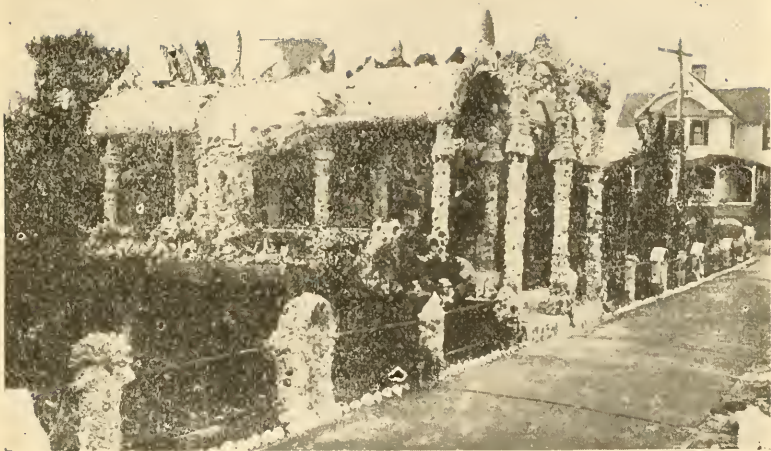
And to breathe is ecstasy.

Thy rare poinsettia's crimson flame,

Thy bogun's purple pile,

Thy grand bignonia's golden mass,

Which charm, enchant, beguile,



Shell House and Fence
built of sea-shells by Owen Albright
(He can be seen sitting in doorway)

Courtesy St. Petersburg Board of Trade

And roses rare and verdure rich
The thought of cold defy——
Where all the time is Summer
And the flowers never die.

Lew. B. Brown.

Some years ago the American Medicinal Society conceived the idea of establishing in the United States a place known as Health City, where an immense sanitarium would be erected and all the members of the Association would send patients in their charge to recuperate their health. Accordingly this Society sent out representatives to different parts of Florida and California, even the southern end of Florida's mainland, and Key West, Cuba, and Isle of Pines.

For three years these distinguished scientists made all manner of observations, and it was decided, when their reports were sent in, to locate Health City on the Pinellas Peninsula, a few miles south of St. Petersburg, on what is known as Point Pinellas. For financial reasons the plan fell through. The report was read before the American Medical Association's 36th annual meeting at Baltimore, Md., April, 1885.

That it was considered a choice and favored spot by the Indians there is no doubt. The archeology of the United States shows that, as a rule, the best food-producing and healthiest situations contain abundant evidences of the long residence of the early inhabitants. The Indian mounds on Point Pinellas are by far the largest in the state, and the other evidences of an ancient populous settlement are equally plain.

Mr. William C. Chase, who has traveled extensively over the State, with a view to studying its climatology, says: "Were I sent abroad to hunt for a haven of

rest for tired man, where new life would come with every sun, and slumber full of sleep with every moon, I would select Point Pinellas, Florida. It is the kindest spot, the most perfect paradise: more beautiful it could not be made. Still, calm, and eloquent in every feature, it must be intended for some wise purpose in the economy of man's life. Its Indian mounds show that it was selected by the original inhabitants for a populous settlement. These mounds are not very common in Florida; and where found there are always excellent attractions. Some of the mounds of Point Pinellas will measure from one hundred to three hundred feet in circumference and thirty to ninety feet high—quite a hill some of them. A skeleton dug from one of them had a thigh bone five inches longer than that on a man living on the Point who was six feet tall.

“At its southern extremity the land is shaped like a pyramid, and at its apex now stands a high palmetto tree which, viewed from a distance in any direction, as it rises out of the sand, presents a singular spectacle. Poetry might suggest that it was a beacon to this genial climate, but actually around its roots on the point the sea sweeps over a broad and graceful beach trending in beauty for miles on either side. From here, extending far up into the land toward the base of the pyramid, Health City should be erected.”

Miami, springing up as if by magic, and appropriately called from the beginning, the “Magic City,” furnishes, perhaps, the only instance on record in which a full-fledged city came into existence at one bound without first having been a town. A city that was never a town is a unique product of American hustle. On July 28, 1896, or three months and thirteen days after the first train reached the site of Miami, the almost impenetrable



Indian Shell Mound
Courtesy St. Petersburg Board of Trade.

tropical jungle melted away before the weapons of civilization wielded by an army of men, and the place was incorporated as a city under the laws of Florida, which required that there be 300 registered voters in a community to entitle it to incorporation as a city—less than that number constitutes a town. Way down the shimmering, dreamy East Coast, on the southeast corner of Florida, the “index finger” of the world, 366 miles south of Jacksonville is found the “Magic City.”

Sight-seeing cars make two trips daily during the tourist season. These trips cover the surrounding country for a distance of 25 miles, and embrace many points of interest. These trips through the grapefruit groves, and the winter gardens of the United States, where one may see hundreds of acres of vegetables growing and being prepared in the packing-houses for shipment north, are very interesting.

Delightful sight-seeing water trips can be made by the boats of the Biscayne Navigation Company on beautiful Biscayne Bay, tropical Miami River, and the State Drainage Canal, the gateway into that wonderful land of mystery, the Florida Everglades. The Royal Palm Hotel is one of the show places of the Magic City and a never ending delight and comfort to the guest within its walls.

Lon. A. Warner of Miami, describes That Wonderful Florida Moon in a most realistic manner as follows:

“Last night I gazed beyond fishing-boats nestling near the shore of Biscayne Bay, and selfishly, greedily drank in the beauty of a transformation in Nature’s realm which beggars description. To the eastward the signal was given by multitudinous rays of vari-colored lights seeming to shoot into the blue sky from the ocean depths beyond. The moon peeped over the island as

though making sure that the coast was clear, and gave out a blush of modesty which radiated in every direction. As the magnificent orb slowly climbed from the horizon it seemed to race with a fleecy cloud, whose raiment was bordered in a peculiar black, forming a contrast in colors of crimson, black and white. The great red light reflected with a wondrous power as it lifted itself just above the bay and, though quite distant, I discerned on the island each individual tree skirting the shores, the effect being that of a far-away forest-fire with tongues of flame leaping into the heavens. Across the bay crept a line of light in all the colors a rainbow might wear, pointing the path from the ocean to the pretty city nestling at the bay; and through it all, silence reigned supreme. Without friction this mighty transformation proceeded until the moon, well up into the ethereal blue, gradually threw off its colors of red, and moved along as a majestic sentinel of the night. An owl hooted from a tree near the shore, and the merry laugh of a child sounded from a vine-covered cottage, as zephyrs from the sea played with its curly locks. And that was all."

Another interesting place to visit is Ocala. The residents say: "To know our section is to love it. It is the golden mean of the universe, where sunshine meets the frost line and turns it into diamond dew; where the Gulf wind greets the ocean breeze and tempers it to a velvet kiss; where the tropic buds woo the temperate flowers and the palm tree courts the yew; where the ardor of spring is ever anon, and winter has ceased to be."

Province of Ocala was discovered by De Soto in 1539. De Soto found, where is now Marion County, a remarkable native province called the "Province of



Lighthouse Pensacola
Courtesy Pensacola Commercial Ass'n.

Ocaly." The inhabitants were sun-worshippers, and in a general way resembled the Aztecs of Mexico. The capital of this province, "Ocaly," has been located in the Big Hammock, south of Ocala, where are traces of an Indian mound, and flotsam and jetsam of the long extinct race are occasionally found.

Every section of Florida has something distinctive in attractiveness and offers opportunities for the spending of an ideal winter far from the discomforts of disagreeable northern weather, but it seems that Fort Myers gives one an unusually delightful feeling of interest and pleasure while within its bounds.

"Truly Fort Myers is in that strip of country where the tropics and the semi-tropics merge in their irregular caprices, where the royal palm towers beside the palmetto and the royal poinciana rears its massive trunk beside the scrub oak and pine. No matter how sordid his errand, the visitor cannot approach this portion of Florida—the paradoxical, beauteous sentinel between civilization and the fastnesses of the Everglades, where only the remnants of the proud Seminoles make their homes as primitively as they did a century ago—without feeling elation at the new and interesting scenes which unfold before him.

Fort Myers is unquestionably a frontier city, yet nowhere else in America is there such another. There is no evidence of the pioneer about the appearance of this sentinel. On the other hand, natural beauty has been enhanced and made to bend itself to the machinations of the landscape artist until more than half the city of Fort Myers seems to have been builded with an eye single to beauty and elegance. Broad cement sidewalks; shell roads and streets which stretch away in every direction as level and well kept as any boulevard;

both walks and drives shaded by some of the rarest palms and trees, both beautiful and serviceable; the elegant winter homes of the wealthy northern people who have found this delightful retreat while in their own clime the snow flies and the hoar frost gathers; the broad Caloosahatchie with its dock and verdure lined shores—all of these combine to make of Fort Myers a city sufficient unto itself and unique on the continent of America.

The first historical account of Fort Myers is when it was occupied by the United States military on November 4, 1841. It was abandoned March 12, 1842. From 1842 to 1850 there is nothing known of the place and it appears that it was almost forgotten. It was February 14th when Major Ridgely was ordered to proceed to the mouth of the Caloosahatchie, ascend the river and select the most eligible point on its southern bank, establish a military post and name the place Fort Myers in honor of Col. A. C. Myers, a distinguished veteran of the Mexican War, and at that time the Chief quartermaster of the War Department of Florida. Fort Myers for eight eventful years was occupied by the military of the United States and was the scene of much activity on lines of Indian warfare and Indian migration to the far West. It was at Fort Myers Col. Rector, United States Indian Agent, with his delegation of friendly Indians from Arkansas, induced the fearless Billy Bowlegs to yield to the scepter of Uncle Sam. The days of his glory had departed and he gracefully accepted the inevitable and with most of his tribe migrated to the Indian Territory, never to return.

Here during the Seminole war, was one of the principal garrisons of the United States troops and among the soldiers who afterward gained distinction in



The Hancock Palm
Courtesy Ft. Myers Bd. of Trade

the war of the States, was General Winfield Scott Hancock, later candidate for President of the United States. The house in which he lived is now the beautiful home of Mr. H. E. Heitman, and the stately date palm perhaps the largest in the United States, and other trees growing on the place, were planted by the then Quartermaster Hancock.

America has no duplicate of the Fort Myers section. Here the winter tourist finds himself on the borderland of the tropics, enjoying all that the tropics can offer for his pleasure, yet with the noticeable absence of that enervating influence which the zone of the equator exerts, sapping out life and ambition and leaving only the dreamy laziness which has capacity only for enjoyment of continuous rest.

Here in Fort Myers a man is alive every moment of his time and he plans for enjoyment with a zest equal to that he feels in his winter sports in the North. His hunting trips and his fishing excursions have the added inducement of success assured, for the wilds abound in big game, and the waters teem with the choicest of fish.

One of the most notable figures in the present day history of the world is a living proof of the truth of the assertion just made. Thomas A. Edison, the "Electrical Wizard," came to Fort Myers to work. It was in Fort Myers that the phonograph, that wonderful instrument which has bridged time as the telegraph and telephone bridged space, was studied out and brought to successful working shape. The original model of this wonderful piece of mechanism is still in the workshop in Fort Myers, where it was built, and it is one of the great inventor's pleasures after a hard day's work, to treat some of his friends to a few selections on this pioneer of sound reproducers.

Every winter Mr. Edison hies himself to Fort Myers, when the first snowflakes fall. He declares that his best work and the work he has most enjoyed has been done in this workshop in far southern portion of the country, and he has surrounded this workshop with a beautiful park in which he often walks as he studies out details of some new feature of his electrical devices. His home and its surrounding park of semi-tropical splendor are among the first features of Fort Myers when the native shows his visitors about this pretty little city.

Florida people are indeed proud to own that Thomas A. Edison chose Florida for, one would say, his retreat. In that interesting book by Frank Lewis Dyer and Thomas C. Martin, "Edison: His Life and Inventions," we are told that Edison began experimenting when he was about ten or eleven years of age. The account of his first invention is an amusing one. "It was at Stratford, in Canada, where he went as a railway telegrapher, that Edison's inventiveness was first displayed. The hours of work of a night operator were from 7 P. M., to 7 A. M., and it was provided that the operator every hour, from 9 P. M. until relieved by the day operator, should send in the signal "6" to the train despatcher's office. Edison reveled in the opportunity for study and experiment given him by his long hours of freedom in the daytime, but needed sleep, just as any healthy youth does. Confronted by the necessity of sending in this watchman's signal as evidence that he was awake and on duty, he constructed a small wheel with the notches on the rim, and attached it to the clock in such a manner that the night watchman could start it when the line was quiet, and at each hour the



Choicest of Fish Caught in the Caloosahatchee River
and presented by Ike Shaw, Taxidermist
Courtesy Ft. Myers Bd. of Trade

wheel revolved and sent in accurately the dots required for "sixing."

"The invention was a success, the device being, indeed, similar to that of the modern direct messenger box; but it was soon noticed that, in spite of the regularity of the report, "Sf" could not be raised even if a train message were sent immediately after." Detection and a reprimand came in due time.

It sounds like heresy to say that Edison became an electrician by mere chance, but it is the sober fact that to this brilliant leader in electrical achievement escape into the chemical domain still has the aspect of a delightful truant holiday.

It is interesting to know that Counsellor Louis Barth formerly of Budapest but now of Vienna, Paris, the most noted collector of autographs in the world, when asked "the one you want most now?" replied "Edison; America has only one Edison. I shall strive to get his name"—Collector Barth has autographs of 989 noted people,—nearly every ruling sovereign of Europe and some sultans of Africa and Asia, every dominant statesman of all the countries, every leading writer and artist; scientists, actors, publicists and some distinguished nobles and now he wants the autograph of Thomas A. Edison, our Edison of Fort Myers, Fla.

Another beautiful winter home in the Fort Myers section, is Poinsetta Place, belonging to Dr. Franklin Miles, of Elkhart, Ind., a noted figure in the medical world, and one of the most noted practitioners in the country.

Dr. Miles has furnished one of the most convincing proofs of the manner in which a man of large affairs regards the possibilities of the Fort Myers section. He has invested heavily in land, buying a tract here and a

tract there and afterwards quietly securing all that lay between, until now he has thousands of acres of wonderfully fertile land down the river from Fort Myers. And not an acre is for sale. Dr. Miles is still buying land, all that is offered in the section in which he has already invested heavily, being taken without question if the price is such that he can see profit ahead. It is the tribute of an acute business mind to a section whose potentialities are only beginning to be realized and whose development can hardly be said to have begun.

These are only two of the many noted people who have "found" Fort Myers. During the winter season the harbor is dotted with splendid yachts belonging to people whose names head the social news of the great newspapers of two continents. There has been seen for three seasons the sailing yacht Valhalla, the largest of its kind afloat, formerly the property of Miss Anna Gould, afterwards changing hands twice but returning to Fort Myers with every owner. Other yachts of note sail or steam in and out through the winter season.

Palm Beach one of the greatest resorts of the world is well known to have exerted a charm and enchantment over all who have visited the place, but it is not so widely known that West Palm Beach is growing in the reflected glory of this famous place and bids fair one day to excel its pattern in attractiveness.

The founding of this most charming city dates from the arrival of Mr. Henry M. Flagler who laid out the city as an entrance for his East Coast railroad and it is probably true that even this far-sighted genius never really realized what it would amount to as a wonderful little city although he probably believed it would share in the reflected glory of the world's great resort, Palm Beach, directly opposite across Lake Worth. A title,



Rubber Tree, Grounds of
Royal Palm Hotel, Ft. Myers
Courtesy Fort Myers Board of Trade

The Key to the Everglades, has been very appropriately given to West Palm Beach, as the canal connecting this city by water with Lake Okeechobee, will be the shortest route of any yet contemplated.

One of the most unique towns to visit while in Florida is Ruskin. The great broad plan of Ruskin lies in the co-operative idea, and in this day in time when women are forging ahead in all lines, Ruskin, Fla., is a place that will be watched with interest. A resident writing of it says: "There is a new kind of town sprung up, a town of progressive women, of women of the new time, enlightened, awake, alert. Women who recognize and accept the fraternity of the sexes, the brotherhood of men and women in its largest, finest sense.

"Our 'woman's town' is not a town of women alone. It is a town in which men and women share alike the burdens and responsibilities, the pleasures and benefits, of the city government. We offer it as a 'woman's town' because it offers exceptional opportunities for women who feel they have reached that state of intelligence and maturity which calls for the broadest possible exercise of the social faculties.

"Ruskin, Florida, is the one town that we know of, organized and conducted on this line.

"Now as to the actual part the women play in the affairs of Ruskin: The postmaster is a woman; the physician and surgeon is a woman; the superintendent of the Sunday-school is a woman, as are the majority of the teachers. The associate president of the college and five of the teachers are women. In order to protect the morals of the youth of Ruskin, and to thus aid in the physical and mental development, woman's guiding hand is seen in the provisions which every deed contains, that no intoxicating liquors or cigarettes shall ever be sold, manufactured or given away on any of the

Ruskin lands. Florida soil, once it is cleared and plowed, is easily worked, and the women of Ruskin are taking up farming enthusiastically, as was evidenced by the Farmers' Institute held recently at Assembly Hall, under the auspices of the State Agricultural College, and this year as much of the work on the college farm has been done by the girls as by the boys, and here and there over the tract we may see the women at work, several of the farm tracts being under their entire control.

"To secure freedom and comfort while at work, the student girls adopt the bloomer and middy blouse costume. The advantages of this apparel being self-evident, it is not long before many of the women of Ruskin were wearing the costume. These suits are bound to win approval when the immense advantage they have over trailing skirts, for practical purposes, is recognized. And the women of Ruskin are practical, if they are anything.

"Woman, at Ruskin, has surely approached nearer to the full exercise of her rights as a citizen as the center of the home, than in any community we know of. In home, in school, in public duty, in comradeship, she takes her rightful and desired place. It is no longer an experiment."

The educational feature of Ruskin is interesting also. Ruskin College is located there. Ruskin College was named for John Ruskin, the great English advocate of Industrial Education, and the wedding of Art to Industry.

It began its work at Trenton, Mo., in 1900—the year in which John Ruskin, as to this life, ended his.

It was moved to Glen Ellyn, Ill., a suburb of Chicago, in 1903, and in order to have larger accommodations.

In 1906 the \$100,000.00 building which it has



Specimen Orange Tree

Courtesy J. B. Chapline, Jr.,
Sarasota

occupied was struck by lightning and destroyed with all the college library, furniture and equipment.

In 1907 its founders acquired a 12,000-acre tract of land at what is now Ruskin, Florida, about twenty miles south of Tampa, and began to provide for its rebuilding.

In 1909 it was made the Educational Center of Ruskin Colony.

Green Cove Springs, the home of the Florida Military Academy, is most beautifully situated on the St. Johns River, 30 miles south of Jacksonville. It is visited by hundreds of tourists each year. A great interest centers around the Military Academy. Their motto is "Fellowship," as expressed by James Whitcomb Riley:

"When a man ain't got a cent, an' he's feeling kind of
blue,
An' the clouds hang dark and heavy, an' won't let the
sunshine through,
It's a great thing, O my brethren, for a feller just to
lay
His hand upon your shoulder in a friendly sort of way!
It makes a man feel queerish; it makes the tear-drops
start,
An' you sort o' feel a flutter in the region of the heart;
You can't look up and meet his eyes; you don't know
what to say
When his hand is on your shoulder in a friendly sort of
way.
O the world's a curious compound, with its honey and
its gall,
With its care and bitter crosses, but a good world after
all,
An' a good God must have made it—leastwise, that is
what I say,
When a hand is on your shoulder in a friendly sort of
way."

CHAPTER VI.

HISTORICAL FLORIDA.

PIONEERING is past but the stories of the pioneer days are always of interest to the traveler or resident who grows to love Florida.

The past of Florida but lives in printed words,—it is sad to relate not many of those—and yet it would seem that of this romantic land there would be volumes written and preserved. Strange to say there is, as yet, no place in Florida where documentary and other material bearing upon the history of the state can be obtained for reference or study. In northern libraries are collections of documents and letters concerning McGillvray, that Grand Chief, statesman, diplomat, and other important personages. McGillvray's history is touched upon most interestingly by Richard L. Campbell in his *Historical Sketches of Colonial Florida*. He tells us that McGillvray was educated at Charleston and in the year 1776, at the age of 30, when he had been away from his people for sixteen years, he returned to them, an educated man.

He is hardly well within the nation before a grand council is called at Coweta, on the Chattahoochee, over which he was to preside and formally assume the hegemony of the Ho-Tal-gee.

One of the most striking powers which McGillvray



Ft. Marion
Courtesy St. Augustine Board of Trade.

possessed, was his ability to win and retain the child-like confidence of his people and thereby exercise boundless control over them. His ambition was to save and civilize his people. Much more of intense interest is given about this grand chieftain. That such a man should bend to his will in the paths of peace a numerous population of warlike savages, to whom the war-whoop was music, and scalping the most inviting pastime, is a domination over brute instincts of which history contains very few examples.

General Washington became President of the United States in 1789, just at the time troubles were existing between the Georgians and the Creeks. He sent an agent to the Creek Nation, in the person of Colonel Marius Willet, to induce McGillvray to visit him and perhaps in the personal interview some plan of conciliation could be formed and avert the impending war. McGillvray in June, 1790, at the head of 30 of the principal chiefs, set out on their long journey mounted on horses.

He was received with distinguished consideration at Richmond and Fredericksburg. Philadelphia honored him and his company with a three days' entertainment. Colonel Willet, who accompanied them, tells us that upon their landing in New York, the Tammany Society, in full regalia, received them, attended them to Congress Hall, and thence to the residence of General Washington. And then and there, were brought face to face the most remarkable white man and the most remarkable red man the western hemisphere had then produced. A treaty was speedily negotiated and executed. McGillvray died on Feb. 17, 1793, at Pensacola while on a visit to William Patton. He was buried with Masonic honors, and it is said, in Patton's garden.

However, the body of this man rests, as his Creek brethren lamented, "in the sands of the Seminoles." at Pensacola in a grave that cannot be identified.

After the capture of Detroit, in August, 1812, the British formed the scheme of confining the Indians on the western frontier of the United States in a line of warfare extending from the Lakes to the Gulf of Mexico. As their chief emissary to accomplish that end, they employed Tecumseh, the great Shawnee Chief, who in the fall of that year made his appearance amongst the Seminoles and Creeks. He at once began the work of exciting their hostility against the Americans, by every argument, art and device which his own savage shrewdness could suggest or the deliberate calculations of his British allies prompt. He addressed the Creek assemblies with the burning words of an impassioned oratory, to which his stately form and commanding presence gave additional force. He upbraided their disposition to adopt the speech, the dress, and habits of the white man, instead of cleaving to those of their forefathers. He persuaded them that it was degrading to an Indian warrior to follow the plow or to rely upon cattle and the fruits of the field for sustenance; that it was decreed by the Great Spirit that the country should go back to the forest and that the Indian should depend upon the chase for his food, as his forefathers had done.

Superstition and necromancy, too, were successfully employed to enforce his teachings. A comet which appeared in the last days of September of that year, was pointed to as a sign placed in the heavens by the Great Spirit as a presage of wrath and destruction to the white man, and a promise of redemption to the Indian. He had the temerity, even, to foretell a great



On the Caloosahatchie near Fort Demand
Courtesy Florida Grower, Tampa.

natural phenomenon of which he was to be the proximate cause, as an evidence his mission was inspired. "When I reach Detroit I shall stamp my foot and the earth will tremble and rock," and strange to relate, at about the lapse of time the journey would consume, an earthquake was felt throughout the Creek country, when from all sides came the cry of the awe-stricken Indians: "Tecumseh has reached Detroit and stamped his foot."¹

His mission divided the Creeks into two parties, of which by far the most numerous and warlike, was that which yielded to his seductions. To each of his converts he gave a red stick, as an emblem of war, and hence the hostile Creeks became known as "Red Sticks."

The first startling result of the alliance between the British and Indians, was the massacre of Fort Mims, which occurred in August, 1813, an event that sent a thrill of horror through every American heart.

In the fall of 1817, a feeling of unrest and suspicion again seized upon the Indians, also the white settlers, induced by causes for which both parties were responsible.

The first act of war, however, was the capture on Nov. 21st, of Towlton, a Seminole village above the Georgia line by an American force, under Colonel Twiggs. This proved the signal for Indian massacres. In March, 1818, General Jackson was ordered to the seat of war. He invaded East Florida, and in a campaign of six weeks crushed the Indians.

Jackson having early in May closed his campaign against the East Florida Seminoles, and obtained evidence satisfactory to himself, that the Spanish officers at Pensacola were in sympathy with them, resolved to

¹Pickett's History of Alabama: Vol. II, p. 246. Recopied from Campbell's Historical Sketches of Colonial Fla.

march upon that town, and repeat the lesson which he had taught it in 1814.

Hitherto Jackson's operations had been confined to the province of East Florida. On the 10th of May, 1818, he began his invasion of West Florida by crossing the Appalachicola river at the Indian village of Ochesee. Thence he followed a trail which lead him over the natural bridge of the Chipola river—a bridge which it would be difficult for the wayfarer to observe, as it is formed by the streams quietly sinking into a lime-stone cavern, through which it again emerges within a distance of half a mile.

Within a few hundred yards of the trail, and near the north side of the bridge, there is a cave one-fourth of a mile in length with many lateral grottoes, its roof pendant with glittering stalactites and its floor covered with lime-stones moulded in varied and eccentric forms. Panic-stricken with Jackson's campaign in East Florida, the Indians on the west of the Appalachicola river, when he began his westward march; made this cave a place of refuge, and were there quietly concealed when his troops unconsciously marched over their subterranean retreat.

His march westward, and south of the northern boundary of the province of West Florida, brought him to the Escambia River, which having crossed, he reached the road that he had opened over the old trail in 1814, when he marched to Pensacola on a similar mission to that in which he was now engaged.

Don José Masot, who was governor of West Florida, having received intelligence of Jackson's westward march and his design on Pensacola, sent him a written protest against his invasion, as an offence against the Spanish King, "exhorting and requiring him to retire



Old Ft. San Carlos

Courtesy Pensacola Commercial Assn.

from the Province," threatening if he did not, to use force for his expulsion. This protest was delivered by a Spanish officer, on May 23rd, after Jackson had crossed the Escambia river and was within a few hours march of Pensacola. Notwithstanding Masot's threat, instead of advancing to meet the invader, he hastily retired with most of his troops to Fort San Carlos, leaving a few only at Pensacola under the command of Lieutenant-Colonel Don Lui Piemas, for the purpose of making a show of resistance.

Masot's protest, instead of retarding, seems to have accelerated Jackson's advance. In the afternoon of the same day on which it was received, the American army was in possession of Fort St. Michael and encampel around it.

Jackson and his army also took Fort San Carlos.

Mrs. Jackson was a domestic woman, and better satisfied to have her husband at home, than to see him in exalted stations requiring his absence from the Hermitage. In October they returned to Tennessee.

On the third of March, 1822, congress established a territorial government for both the Floridas as one territory. The first governor under the territorial organization was W. P. Duval of Kentucky, who had represented a district of that state in congress, and who was the original of Washington Irving's Ralph Ringwood.

He resided, temporarily, in Pensacola, where the legislative council of thirteen appointed by the President, held its first session.

It had hardly begun its work, however, when the yellow fever breaking out compelled an adjournment to the Fifteen-mile house, where the Florida statutes of 1822, were enacted. (All of the above information was

taken at random from the pages of Historical Sketches of Colonial Florida by Richard L. Campbell, the book kindly sent me by Pensacola Commercial Association—Author.)

In the beginning of the book is given an interesting account of the discovery of Pensacola Bay by Panfilo de Narvaez, the visits of Maldonado, Capture of the Fleet of Hernando De Soto; a history of the first town of Pensacola, origin of name and many more prints of historical interest.

¹ One feels the charm of the graphic tales of Cabeza de Vaca narrating hair-breadth escapes, accounts of strange tribes and descriptions of animals and plants unheard of before, even while criticising the lack of clearness and evident exaggeration in some places.

De Soto's expedition is very clearly and carefully given by his secretary, Roderigo Rangel, also by three others; one being the official report of Biedma, one by a Portugese "The Gentleman of Elvas," also one by Garcilaso de la Vega.

Theodore Irving in his Conquest of Florida, Grace King in De Soto and His Men in the Land of Florida, and Cunningham Graham in his Hernando De Soto have followed the romantic, picturesque narrative style of Garcilaso de la Vega, a descendant of the Incas of Peru, reproducing in delightful manner "anecdotes not the less credible because they were striking and extraordinary."

Barnard Shipp finds the motive of his work in the march of De Soto and such historians as Grayacre, Pickett and Fairbanks have treated the theme. Fair-

¹ The information as to books of Historic Interest is taken from a paper entitled "Florida as a Basis of Historic Literature" prepared and read before the teachers training school at Tallahassee by Miss Carrie Brevard.



The Anastasia Light House
Courtesy St. Augustine Bd. of Trade

banks tells the story mainly from Spanish authorities in his history of St. Augustine, while in his History of Florida he treats with fullness the entire colonial period.

On the French side we have Ribants, True and Whole Discoverie of Terra Florida, the letters of Landonniere, the simple and effecting narrative of Challenx the Carpenter and two narratives of De Gourge's expedition of revenge.

On the Spanish side we count the annals of Barcia of Mendoza the chaplain of the expedition with the letter of Menendez himself.

In the patient exhaustive study of these and many other sources, Francis Parkman made ready for writing his history of the Pioneer of France In the New World.

For graphic literary treatment of the contest at Pensacola between Spaniards and French we value indeed the works of historians of Louisiana. Grayacre, in "Thrilling Events of the War of Pensacola," finds a theme well suited to his picturesque style; while Martin more soberly presents the facts as he found them. Here, too, we prize the work of one of Florida's own writers Judge Richard Campbell; of Pensacola whose Historical Sketches cover the period of colonial days in West Florida.

"During twenty years of English occupation, a number of works on Florida were published, most of them seemingly written to encourage immigration. The authors, Forbes, Romans, Roberts and Stork, lay greater stress on the geography and natural history, which they touch lightly. Bertram came later, nor was he an historian; but in his travels we have most valuable information of the Florida of his time, of the people, and of their customs at a time that has passed into history.

"From the time that Florida became a territory of

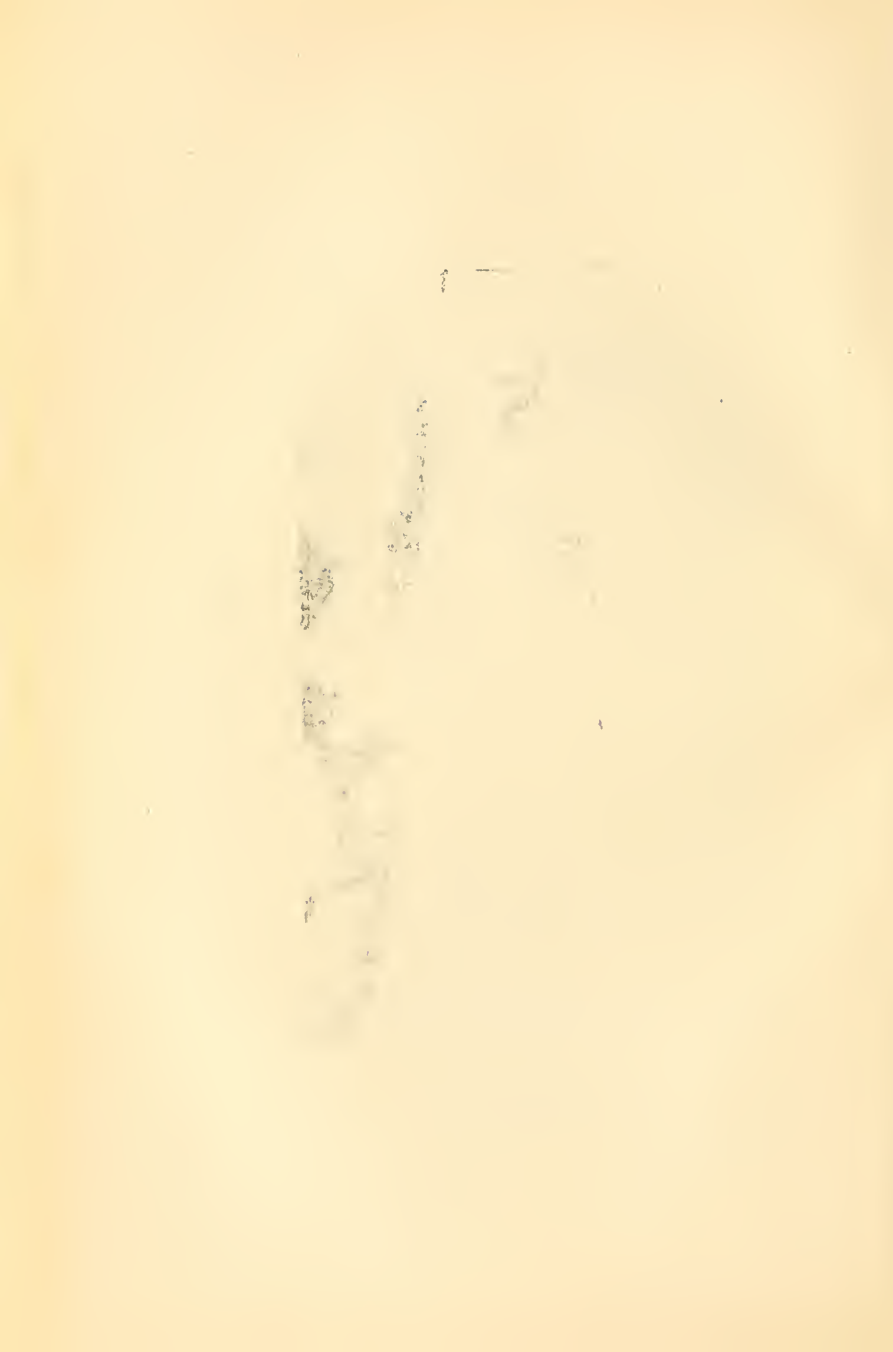
the United States, the historian can find abundant material; yet few writers have felt impelled to the production of historic literature. A few books, of which Danby's Florida and Sewell's St. Augustine, are fair types, belong to this period. John Lee Williams, of interesting personality and varied talents, wrote his view of East Florida, and a History of the Territory. Yet the natural, rather than political history appeals to him. We would not be without his quaint, unconventional comments on historical events and conditions of his time; but we find him most interesting in the journal recording his observations while seeking a suitable site for the capital of the territory. For here we see the close observation, the familiarity with nature's moods and expressions, the love of the outdoor life; that places this official report in a class of its own. For Williams was mentally akin to Audubon whose friend he was.

The war with the Indians has produced literature of such varying character as Sprague's work, which is mainly a compilation of army reports and Indian "talks," to the passionate plea for the red man of Coe's Red Patriots, and Gidding's Exiles.

Murat, the exiled prince who lived in Florida during almost the entire territorial period, in his book, America and Americans, describes the organization of a territory as he had observed it, writes of the Indians as he had seen them, and of the other people of the territory also as he knew them. Would you know how this nephew of Napoleon wrote of the militia of the territory? "These hardy horsemen think nothing of fatigue, in fact, laugh at it, while to them a campaign seems an agreeable party of pleasure. They have a thorough knowledge of the intricacies of the woods, can find their ways by means of the sun, and observing the barks of the trees; following



Tamarund Tree
Courtesy Mrs. Porter Palmer



the tract of an enemy or of a stag with incredible sagacity, assisted by his dogs—for each man has his favorite. They have no regular uniform; each man arrives at his post just as he happens to be dressed (his clothes), made up entirely by his wife from the cotton which he himself has planted. A hat made of plaited palm leaves, shades his face bronzed by the sun, or maybe by the fumes of his pipe. An otter skin, artistically folded and sewed, contains his ammunition, his necessaries for kindling a fire, together with his little stock of tobacco. A wallet attached to his saddle bow contained the provisions both for himself and horse. The animal is not less hardy than his master. I have myself made such a campaign with such a troop amounting to 300 men. They were commanded by a general of brigade. I set out as his aide-de-camp, myself forming his whole staff. I returned Colonel of a regiment, and few periods of my life have afforded me such agreeable reminiscences.”

For a picture of the social life of the territory and of the state in its earlier days, we must thank Mrs. Long, who wrote with graphic pen of a past that she had known and loved so well, and of those old gatherings of noted men and women. She introduces us to the builders of the commonwealth, promoters of industry, makers of laws, Indian fighters, to Indians themselves, the old-time servants, to the pioneers. How real the days are filled with the races, the tournaments, the balls, political meetings, country visits, barbecues, dinners, hunts, Indian campaigns. Duels are fought; there are Indian massacres—so the picture has its shadows. We gather around the old stage coach that has brought the mail, and we are present at the council in the little log house that served at first for a capitol. Besides this

book, *Florida Breezes*, Mrs. Long has written and published a number of historical articles that are well known. She has also written a history of Florida, which remains unpublished. It is the result of years of thought and work and is her last loving labor in this field.

Material is abundant for treatment of Florida's history since her admission to statehood; yet few have been interested in its importance. Among those few we think of Gov. Fleming, whose *Memoirs of Florida* is his contribution to our library of history, and who was so deeply interested in the work of the Florida Historical Society, of which he was president.

Our Indian mounds have been so thoroughly explored by scientific investigators and unscientific hunters, that comparatively few remain untouched. In consequence we have the valuable reports and interpretation of Brinton, of Douglas, of Cushing and of Moore. Large and interesting collections of relics taken from our mounds, illustrating the methods of making war, of hunting, of fishing, illustrating decorative art and religious symbolism, are to be seen and studied in measure at Washington, Philadelphia, New York and other cities—even in a city of Norway. But here in Florida we have no museum where a large and representative collection of these relics may be studied.

“Has any state a history better worth the study than our own? Where may we find more fascinating romance, more thrilling adventure than in the annals of our long colonial period? Where may we find more resolute spirit, more hardy manhood than in the pioneer life of our territory? Where may we find greater valor, where nobler civic service than in the lives of those who built our commonwealth, who fought and died, or fought and lived, for principle and duty?”



Gum Arabic Tree
Courtesy Mrs. Porter Palmer

I wish it were possible to have Miss Brevard's interesting paper printed in pamphlet form and scattered broadcast over the State, for I assure my readers that a collection of historical works such as she has painstakingly described together with Mrs. Minnie Moore-Wilson's book on the Seminoles of Florida, Senator Fletcher's valuable Senate Report No. 89, the Dimock's "Florida Enchantment," volumes added as they come out, and Indian relics from mounds, etc., preserved it would be of world interest.

In 1847 Buckingham Smith, an eminent engineer, was appointed by Congress to procure authentic information regarding the practicability of draining the Everglades. His reports are interesting reading.

Osceola was one of the greatest heroes in the Indian wars, and would be called great in any nation or time. He was a very active youth excelling in all athletic exercises and in the chase; of medium height and very handsome, 'his wonderful eyes, stern and flashing in excitement, yet had a smile that would become the face of the most refined female!' He loved dress, and his crowning ornament was a plume of three ostrich feathers. During this half century of war, the only alternative given the Seminole, was banishment or extermination, and at 'a talk at Ft. King' upon Osceola's refusal to be sent to Indian Territory, he was arrested and put in irons, a deadly insult to the eagle spirit, and from that time he lost hope of the white man's friendship and became a patriot leader. But he sought to fight honorably, discouraging border depredations and hurt to women and children. He said: 'It is not upon them we make war and draw the scalping knife; it is upon men; let us act like men.'

"Our knowledge of Osceola's chivalrous nature,

leaves little room for doubt that so long as he remained head war chief his powerful influence would have been exerted, had the policy of our Government been different, to promote peace and amity between the race—but the white man would not have it so.' The story of his capture by treachery when trusting to the flag of truce, his imprisonment in Ft. Marion, St. Augustine; later in Ft. Moultrie, Charleston, and his death in the latter, is a story to touch the coldest heart. The legend on a marble slab over his grave proclaims him 'Patriot and Warrior.' His fame is well-earned; not for that inhuman cruelty such as characterized most of our Western tribes, but for true patriotism and determined effort, against the combined armies of a great and powerful nation, in one of the most remarkable struggles known to history."

Florida's development during the last few years and the years to come, will go down in history as a phenomenal occurrence. That great reclamation project can never be duplicated for where is there such another proposition as The Everglades?

The Panama Canal with its undeniable benefit to the State of Florida is, and always will be, an item of intense interest to thoughtful minds. Col. Brown of Tampa in speaking of his trip mentions the construction of the Panama Canal and the completion of the Over Sea extension of the Florida East Coast Railroad as the two greatest engineering feats of the twentieth century. Speaking of his trip Col. Brown said: "Personally, I appreciate the trip for its having served to make me better acquainted with that wonderful engineer, Colonel Goethals, a prince of good fellows, considerate of his fellowman, thorough in his work and at all times a humanitarian. He has a

bright future and this country owes him a debt of gratitude that it will pay, if in no other way, than as going down in history recognized as one of the greatest constructive geniuses of all time."

Col. Brown also said: "Particularly would I enjoin Floridians, in search of a profitable trip from home, to go to this government-controlled strip, ten miles wide, extending the forty-nine miles of the entire isthmus width; for it is going to mean much to the whole world, but more to Florida than to any other one state or section."

The other stupendous engineering feat that will go down in history is the railroad built from the mainland to Key West a distance of 130 miles, bridging long stretches of open sea, with an equal distance built upon submerged swamps and shallows. This undertaking is a monument to the enterprise of Henry M. Flagler.

He who has not stood at one end of Knight's Key viaduct and tried in vain to see the other end lost in the horizon miles away, cannot comprehend fully what has been achieved.

No one knows the extent of sufferings and privations encountered by the engineers and workmen who were chosen to put this great venture through. The words of the first appointed engineer, Mr. J. C. Meredith, are a revelation to some who did not realize the hazardous work involved. He said: "No man has any business being connected with this work who can't stand grief."

Even the elements seemed to conspire against them for several times tropical storms destroyed the work they had laboriously done, but fearlessly these brave, dauntless engineers and workmen attacked the huge

proposition again. W. J. Krome, who succeeded Mr. Meredith as constructing engineer said: "We have put things through because we had to."

In a time of great distress over delays caused by storms Mr. Flagler's order "Go ahead" was obeyed and the engineers went ahead, leading and directing four thousand men to the accomplishment of the work. The completion of the work came as a birthday present to Mr. Flagler, Jan. 22, 1912.

In an article in the New York Sun the subject of which is "Henry M. Flagler's dream has been realized," the writer says: "The completion of the Key West extension this year and month has been the goal and ambition of every man on the line. The animating spirit and impulse which pushed every man to the limit of his strength and ability has been that it was 'for Mr. Flagler' that he might not be disappointed. It has been an inspiration to all from water boy to engineer that has kept them rushing day and night for all these months, with a loyalty like that of sons for their father."

Not only is Mr. Flagler noted for the line of over-sea railways but for many magnificent hotels he owns. The Royal Poinciana at West Palm Beach contains 1,262 rooms and can accommodate 2,000 guests—, while the Breakers contains 500 rooms and can accommodate 1,000 guests.

People from all parts of the world know of and have visited these magnificent hotels. Both are in full view of the Atlantic. There is also the Royal Palms Hotel at Miami.

In the years to come, as now, such men as Hon. Duncan U. Fletcher, senior United States Senator from Florida, and Hon. Stephen M. Sparkman, chairman of



A Natural Florida Haw Road
Courtesy Florida Grower Tampa.

the famous Rivers and Harbors Committee will be remembered for the good they have done for their State.

Florida's Governors have been instrumental in bringing forward and advancing the advantages of the State to a great degree.

Governor Broward's great scheme of reclaiming for agricultural uses the fertile muck lands which have for ages laid under water, first attracted world-wide attention by the very magnitude of the proposition.

Governor Gilerist was known far and wide for his ready command of information on any subject pertaining to the welfare of his State. It is said that Governor Gilchrist's best claim to fame is that his name will be inseparably connected with the inauguration of a movement to give Florida courts a simpler and less expensive method of legal procedure. This movement was not brought to completion under his administration but will no doubt be handled to a satisfactory fruition by Governor Park M. Trammell, who is no less interested in this great state than his notable predecessor.

Hon. William J. Bryan, that Peerless Leader, with his estimable wife, has a winter home in Miami, and although the spell of Florida has but touched him as yet, we are glad that he has decided to give up the cold of Nebraska and abide in this land of mild climate, flowers, and fruits.

In the words of a loyal Jacksonville supporter "Welcome to Florida, Mr. Bryan! Thrice welcome to the Land of Flowers! May you find what Ponce de Leon sought in vain; and may you become so enamored of this goodly land that you will altogether eschew the aforesaid joys of Nebraska and find abundant happiness and contentment among the other exotic things with which our soil and climate deal so kindly!

“Just why Charles Willis Ward has decided to come to Florida is interesting—not only to the people of the Gulf Coast, but to the people of an entire continent. Having made millions of dollars, he is through with the active life of a successful business man and has taken up the equally arduous task of thoroughly enjoying himself. He couldn't do it by idling. His entire life's training precludes it. But he can enjoy himself by working out his hobby which is the preservation or the conservation of the game bird supply of America so that generations to come will not suffer because of denuded forest and stream.

“There is no maudlin sentiment about this hobby of Mr. Ward's. He has outlined a business proposition. He figures that a few million birds breeding on the reserves in Canada and far northern waters through the short summer, wending their way by easy stages from refuge to refuge along the two great lines of flight along the Mississippi and the Atlantic Coast, with a few reserves along the smaller line of flight along the Pacific, and watering grounds on the Gulf where the birds will be protected in their homes during their stay in the South, will insure forever a great wild meat supply for the hunters throughout the western hemisphere.

“He started by assisting E. A. McIlhenny, of Louisiana, to establish the Ward McIlhenny refuge which was dedicated to the State. That cost a great pile of money but Ward never flinched. Then the two established alongside a big refuge which they maintained. Later Marsh Island, a nearby rookery, was purchased by Mrs. Russell Sage, after the movement started by Ward and McIlhenny had been forcefully brought to her attention, and this has made a great refuge at the



The Palms
Emperor Bamboo on Right
Courtesy J. B. Chapline, Jr. Sarasota.

mouth of the Mississippi, one of the termini of the great flight which sweep down through the middle of the continent.

“To-day’s aim of Mr. Ward is to arouse public sentiment to such a pitch that his hobby will become one of the great movements of conservation of the western hemisphere. To further the movement he has built up a magazine, *The Illustrated Outdoor World*, and purchased *Recreation*, which he has merged with the *Outdoor World*. The entire purpose of this great magazine, one of the most beautifully designed published in America, is to further the game bird refuge movement.”

“Picturesque Florida proved the lodestone which drew another noted man to make his winter home here. This is Col. Henry Watterson, the veteran editor of the *Louisville Courier-Journal*, and known throughout the world, wherever newspapers are read, by reputation at least. In his own inimitable way, Col. Watterson has described the section of Florida where he lives. He says:

“My old friend and business associate, Walter N. Haldeman, was a great hunter and fisherman. First and last he spent \$500,000 upon a playground which he called Naples. This is on the West Coast of Florida, about eighty miles north of Key West, and, therefore, nearly 200 miles south of Tampa. In getting there we used to go by rail to Punta Gorda at the head of Charlotte Harbor, where we took a boat; but the Atlantic Coast Line was extended five or six years ago to Fort Myers, which is now our land terminus. At Fort Myers we took a boat down the Caloosahatchie River, via Punta Rassa to Naples, thirty miles below. The Haldeman estate, which still owns the property, has among other possessions a very handsome hunting

lodge and several comfortable cottages, capable of entertaining, perhaps, 100 people. Since Mr. Haldeman's death that lodge and its appendages have been opened to the public. The clientele, however, has been mainly Kentucky people with a few easterners who have found the place attractive. The hunting and fishing are virgin. We kill deer, turkey and quail in great abundance within one mile of the settlement. The oyster beds are inexhaustible and the oysters equal the best Bayou Cook or Lynn Haven product. This last winter I have lived upon pompano, Spanish mackerel and mangrove snapper, transferred immediately from the Gulf to the gridiron. The pompano feed on sand fleas, and I had only to throw out a hand seine to haul in a two-pound broiler, wrap him in a towel to keep him from kicking the stuffing out of me and carry him back to the cook. Indeed the whole region from Punta Gorda Rassa, and from Punta Rassa to Naples and Marco, and from Ft. Myers up and down the Caloosahatchie River, from Lake Okeechobee to Sanibel Island, is yet the greatest hunting region in the world.'"

A place in the Hall of Fame between the statues of John Hanson of Maryland and Francis Willard of Illinois, has been assigned to a statue of a noted Floridian, Dr. Gorrie of Apalachicola, who was the inventor of that boon to humanity, artificial ice.

Sculptor Charles Adrian Pillars of Jacksonville is doing this important work.

When the tired brain and body of writers seek seclusion and rest they turn to Florida as their haven. Mrs. Myrtle Reed McCullough found rest, repose and artistic pleasure in Sarasota; Sewell Ford, author of the famous "Shorty McCabe" stories often seeks refuge on the West Coast where he can "work away undisturbed by

frivolous affairs;" Eleanor Hope often finds Tampa restful; and others of far fame have no doubt been lured to Florida by the climate and other attractions.

Florida has, as yet, produced very few literary geniuses, native or otherwise—although there are a few wielders of that mighty weapon whose names will go down in the history of literature.

Mrs. Luella Knott, wife of Hon. W. V. Knott, State Treasurer of Florida, writes delightful poetry.

"The Passing of Melinda" by Birde Herndon Hansbrough is a sympathetically written story of a Florida cracker, having many touches of pretty descriptive matter.

"By Sunlit Waters" is a story of Tampa by Thomas Shackelford and William De Hart.

"The Quest of Sleep" and other poems have been written by a foremost Sarasota lawyer, G. F. Chapline, who, it is understood has a novel soon to be brought before the public.

Richard Harding Davis had a story in Scribner's entitled "Blood Will Tell," in which an incident of filibustering is told and in which the "Three Friends," the Tampa Bay, the Port Tampa docks, the Olivette, the Tampa cigar factories and other familiar "local color" items figure. Mr. Davis spent some time in Tampa during the mobilization of the Shafter army there and is familiar with the situation as it existed then. One of the illustrations shows the steamer "Olivette" landing at the Port Tampa dock.

The well-known Rex Beach was once a resident of Tampa. He was educated at Rollins College, Winter Park, Fla. One wishes sometimes, even while enjoying enormously his stories of the colder climate, that he

would occasionally turn retrospective pages and with his virile pen give us stories of his own fair land.

Miss Fell, who with her family formerly lived near Kissimmee, has made the first attempt and successfully, to translate Russian plays. The plays are by Anton Tchazoff and are "Uncle Vauya," "Icanoff," "The Swan Song" and "The Sea Gull."

Madame Nordica, Sembrich, Sarah Bernhardt and many other celebrities have visited Florida and found it delightful.

Florida!

"To those who know thee not, no words can paint!
And those who know thee, know all words are faint."



The City Gates
Courtesy St. Augustine Board of Trade.

CHAPTER VII.

THE ANCIENT CITY.

ST. AUGUSTINE has the distinction of being the first city in America settled by Europeans.

"Seloee," an Indian village, stood on the site of the present city, and when Pedro Menendez de Aviles, who founded the city of St. Augustine (Ciudad de San Augustin), saw the admirable situation he took possession of the place in the name of Philip II., King of Spain, on the 8th day of September, 1565. Arriving on the coast the 28th day of August, the day dedicated to St. Augustine, he was minded to name the city in honor of that Latin father.

The Spaniards named the river in front of the city the River of Dolphins, afterward called the Matanzas river.

The city is laid out in the form of a parallelogram, the streets intersecting each other at right angles. They were built narrow to afford shade, varying from seven to twenty feet, reminding one of streets in many of the Mediterranean towns. These narrow little streets, with their foreign names and foreign faces, their overhanging balconies, and high garden walls, through whose open doors you catch a glimpse of tropical flowered gardens, lend a quaint characteristic to this old Florida town.

Sir Francis Drake assaulted the town in 1586 and

reduced half of it to ashes in reprisal for the killing of one of his men by the Spaniards. He found the fort, then a wooden structure, deserted. He found twelve brass cannon, and a treasure chest containing 2,000 pounds sterling.

General James Edward Oglethorpe, Governor of Georgia, besieged the city with a large force of soldiers and a great many pieces of artillery. The fort was in good condition and garrisoned with more than 700 men and 50 pieces of artillery. The besiegers erected one battery on Anastasia Island, called Poza, the remains of which can be seen to-day, and others not far distant, from which he fired upon the town and fort, the siege continued thirty-eight days; but while the artillery drove the people from their dwellings into the fort, it made but little impression on that solid rampart. The marks of the shells can still be seen. On the 25th of June, a sortie was made from the castle against Fort Moosa, two miles north of the city, where a company of Highlanders, under Capt. John McIntosh displayed great gallantry, but were taken prisoners. Finding his guns unequal to the reduction of San Marco, then commanded by Governor Manuel Monteano, General Oglethorpe withdrew his forces.

The English rule of about twenty years was a period of many improvements to the city. In 1763 Florida was ceded to England in exchange for Havana, when many of the Spanish residents left the city. The English built what were called the King's Roads, one leading to New Smyrna, and the other the Jacksonville and bridged the San Sebastian river.

In 1769 Dr. Turnbull, an Englishman, brought to New Smyrna a mixed colony of Minorcans, Italians, Greeks and natives of other Southern Europe countries



Treasury Street—7 feet wide
Courtesy St. Aug. Bd. of Trade.

to work on his indigo plantation, holding out deceptive allurements to them. They were treated with gross injustice and appealed to the government at St. Augustine. They deserted New Smyrna and came to St. Augustine, where they were given protection and allotments of land, on which they settled. They intermarried with the Spanish and English occupants and their descendants form a large proportion of the population of St. Augustine to-day.

In 1821, by payment of five million dollars to Spain, Florida became a territory of the United States, and Gen. Andrew Jackson was its first governor.

Indian, sea king, Spaniard, buccaneer, British invader, each in turn has scourged the town; but after the passing of each it has risen again better than before, so that in various ways the town has changed and improved its character. From the Indian village of "Seloee," through three centuries of battle and change to the quaint old town with its foreign airs, St. Augustine has become a fashionable winter resort whose great hotels, splendid in their architecture, surroundings and magnificent furnishings, have no equal in the world.

In various ways the old town has improved and taken on a new appearance and character, both pleasing and captivating, still retaining its foreign air and indefinable charm which is sure to turn one's thoughts back to the "Ancient City."

Near the present Fort Marion, at the northern extremity of the old town, Menendez in 1565 built a fort of wood, octagon in shape, having the walls filled with earth, faced with logs of wood. This fort he is supposed to have named "San Juan de Pinos." It was garrisoned with 200 men and mounted fourteen brass cannon.

Fort Marion was probably begun in 1690. It is the

only example of medieval fortification on this continent, and was built from plans of Marechal de Vauban, the famous French engineer, and is a superb example illustrating the art of military engineering as developed at that time. This massive structure of coquina rock, with its curtains, bastions, moat, barbican and glacis, covers, with its surrounding reservation, more than twenty-two acres.

Surrounding the fort on its three land sides is an extensive mound or hill called the glacis. On the south-east side a bridge (formerly a drawbridge) leads across a part of the moat to the barbican, which is a fortification, surrounded by the moat, directly in front of the sally-port, the entrance to the fort proper, which it is intended to protect. In the wall of the stairway of the barbican are carved the Arms of Spain. A second bridge (part of which was originally a draw-bridge) leads from the barbican across the moat to the sally-port. This was protected by a heavy barred door called the portcullis.

Considered for years the strongest fortification in America, it glories in the military record of having never been captured.

The coquina, of which the fort is constructed, is a superior stone for fortifications, as it receives and imbeds the shot and does not splinter.

The moat, 40 feet wide, surrounding the fort was originally much deeper than now and had a cement floor and automatic tide gates that kept it full of water.

From room No. 4 Coacoochee and Talmus Hadjo, two Seminole Indians, escaped by starving themselves so their emaciated bodies would go between the bars of the outer aperture of their prison.



Sisal Hemp Industry
By courtesy of
Sisal Hemp & Development Co.
St. James City

The chapel is in the middle casement on the north side.

Casement No. 15, at the northeast corner, was the treasury, and in all probability the banking institution, if such it could be called, of the colony.

The outer dungeon is thirty feet long on the west side, sixteen on the east, seventeen on the south, and twenty on the north. Nothing but a bare-walled, dark, dismal room. Opening into room No. 17 is a door six feet high and two feet, four inches wide, the ceiling of the room caved in by the weight of a gun carriage on the terreplein above, in the year 1839, and led to the discovery of these dungeons. This room is five feet wide at the east end, seven feet at the west end, and is twenty-eight feet long and fifteen feet high. It had at one time a second story, as remains of beams in the walls now indicate.

The entrance to the inner dungeon (No. 18) leads through an aperture but thirty inches high and three feet wide. This room has an arched ceiling and is twenty feet long, thirteen feet wide and seven feet high. It was in this room that the iron cages and human bones are said to have been found from which legends and tales of cruelty have been evolved, but which are unsupported by any reliable data.

The terreplein commands an excellent view of the harbor and town. At the corner of the northeast bastion is the watch tower, from which the view is very fine. At the corners of the other three bastions are sentry boxes overhanging the wall.

In the moat on the east side is the hot-shot furnace built in 1844, and in the walls of the north and south bastions, flanking the east curtain, are marks of bullets made in executing prisoners condemned to be shot.

The City Gates are the only conspicuous relic of the

elaborate system of fortifications once surrounding and defending St. Augustine. The present city gates were built about 1804. They consist of two square pillars of coquina rock, 20 feet in height, and ten feet thick, surrounded with Moorish capitals, on the inner or town side of which are built sentry boxes of the same material and constructed with dome-like roofs. Port-holes extend from within to the outer wall.

Flanking the pillars to the east and west are walls 30 feet in length and 10 feet thick. They originally had banquettes, or raised platforms, on the inner side for use of soldiers with small arms.

The space between the pillars is 12 feet and was originally protected with heavy, iron-bound wooden doors or gates, and the approach was by way of a draw-bridge over the moat or ditch. The present stone approach is modern.

Extending from this now ancient gateway, both to the east, and connecting with the moat of Fort San Marco, and to the west to San Sebastian river, were lines of fortifications protected at intervals by redoubts and batteries and a ditch which could be flooded at high tide.

More than five years were spent in building the famous Cathedral. It is a massive building of the Spanish type and was completed in August, 1797.

The grand old monument stood for nearly a century, and was partially burned in the conflagration of 1887.

The great fire of 1887 destroyed everything but the walls of the old Cathedral, and in rebuilding these were strengthened and utilized.

The old Cathedral was built at a cost of \$16,650. Its windows are high and narrow. The belfry was of Moorish type and contained a chime of four bells,

placed in separate niches, one above and three in a horizontal line. Below these was the clock, the scheme being the form of a cross. One of the bells, the oldest in the country, bears the following inscription: "Sancte Joseph, Ora pro Nobis, D. 1689." The smallest bell was placed in the upper niche. It was the gift of Don Geronimo Alvarez, an alcalde, to the church. All of these bells were rehung when the front wall of the Cathedral was strengthened after the fire, but they are never rung now.

A painting, representing the first mass in St. Augustine, was destroyed in the fire. It was highly prized and desperate efforts were made to save it.

The front wall was but little changed in rebuilding the Cathedral.

The lofty tower, which lends such an imposing appearance to the church, is original. The plan of the old Cathedral is followed only in the church proper. The building cost about \$80,000 of which Mr. H. M. Flagler donated a large portion. The late Bishop Moore raised large sums for the rebuilding of the church.

Two fine side altars, one dedicated to the Blessed Virgin and one to St. Joseph, were purchased prior to the main altar. Both are of fine Carrara marble, and each cost \$2,800. They were designed by Mr. Renwick, of New York, and built by Drady Brothers, of the same city.

The stations of the cross in the new Cathedral are copies of the famous Diaz Overbeck paintings in the Pauling chapel of the Vatican at Rome.

The organ is a magnificent instrument. It was built by Pincher Brothers, of New Orleans, and cost \$5,000,

The Cathedral interior is spacious and lofty, the

floor is tiled and the ceiling hard finished pine. Its capacity is probably about 2,000.

The church is in the form of a cross, the two wings having a seating capacity of about 400.

The Memorial Presbyterian Church is considered the finest church edifice in Florida. It was completed March 16, 1890, and dedicated in memory of Mr. Flagler's daughter, Mrs. Louise Flagler Benedict, who died while on her way South.

The first sea-wall was begun in 1690 by Governor Diego de Quiorza y Dosada, and extended from the fort to a point opposite the plaza.

The present sea-wall was built by the United States government in 1835-1842 at an expense of \$100,000. It is three-quarters of a mile in length, extending from the fort to the barracks.

The outer face is ten feet high and the granite coping is three feet wide. At intervals there are granite steps descending to boat landings.

The Plaza, or more properly Plaza de la Constitucion, so called from the monument standing in the center of the west end, erected by the Spaniards in 1813—a white stuccoed coquina pyramid, twenty feet in height, surmounted by a cannon ball, and resting on a stone pedestal. It was erected under orders of Don Geronimo Alvarez, Alcalde, to commemorate the Spanish constitution.

The Confederate monument, erected by the Ladies' Memorial Society in 1880, in memory of the St. Augustine soldiers lost in the late war, has, in addition to the names of the soldiers, the following inscription: "Our dead. Erected by the Ladies' Memorial Association, of St. Augustine, Florida, A. D. 1872." In memoriam. Our loved ones who gave their lives in

the service of the Confederate States." These inscriptions are on the east and west sides of the monument. On the south side are the lines: "They died far from the home that gave them birth;" and on the side facing the north: "They have crossed the river and rest under the shade of the trees."

The old market at the east end of the Plaza was built in 1840, and after being destroyed by fire in 1887, was rebuilt on its original plan. It is a curious bit of architecture, and was intended as a general market for the townspeople. Whether or not any slaves were ever sold here is a question, and the name "Old Slave Market" is an unwarranted title.

State Arsenal, formerly United States Barracks, and originally a Franciscan Monastery, is located in the southern part of the city, on Marine street.

The walls of this famous building are probably the most ancient of any in the city, as some time prior to 1586 the Franciscans established a convent on this site, and later, in 1763, when the place was ceded to Great Britain, it was turned into a barrack. Under the Government of the United States the buildings have been greatly improved and changed in appearance.

The Military Cemetery is just south of the Barracks. It contains three coquina pyramids, covered with stucco, set up in memory of Major Francis L. Dade and his 107 soldiers, who were massacred December 28, 1835, while on their way from Fort Brooke, at Tampa, to join General Duncan L. Clinch, on the Withlacoochee river.

The inscriptions read: "Sacred to the memory of the officers and soldiers killed in battle and died in service during the Florida war." "This monument has been erected in token of respectful and affectionate

remembrance by their comrades of all grades, and is committed to the care and preservation of the garrison of St. Augustine."

The Spanish Administration Building is now the general post-office, on St. George Street, opposite the west end of the Plaza, and was at one time called "The Palace."

The Public Library is at the corner of Hospital street and Artillery Lane; it is an ancient coquina building of Spanish architecture. At the rear is a quaint corridor. This building has been extensively repaired, but not changed in any way from its original arrangement. This building was formerly known as the Governor's palace or residence the government house facing the Plaza being the place of administration.

The building was presented to the free public library by John L. Wilson and his wife, Frances L. Wilson.

Spanish Cemetery, on south side of Ocean street, some distance from the City Gates, contains old tombs and ruins of the first chapel built in St. Augustine. It was in this chapel that Father Corpa, a Franciscan, was murdered while at prayer, by one of his Indian converts, whom he had publicly rebuked.

Extending from the inlet in front of the city to Matanzas inlet, eighteen miles to the south, is the island of St. Anastasia.

It is here the light-house is situated, a round tower 165 feet in height that cost the United States \$100,000. The lantern which flashes the light at intervals of three minutes, throws its rays 19 miles out to sea. It is technically classed as a first order light and is a splendid lamp, and cost \$16,000.



A Happy Deer Hunter

This light-house was built in 1872-3, and takes the place of the old Spanish light-house, the coquina ruins of which are to be seen on the shore a short distance to the northeast.

The old light-house was built as a watch tower, and replaced a wooden scaffolding raised by the first settlers to watch for friend and foe, approaching the town. It was the scaffolding that attracted Drake to the inlet and the city in 1586.

When Oglethorpe attacked the town in 1742 he landed his forces at this point, where there was a watch tower constructed of coquina. Shortly after Florida became the property of the United States this old coquina tower was repaired and rebuilt into a light-house.

On this island are the coquina quarries, a stone formed of a soft collection of shells, sand, and shell fragments of variegated colors, firmly cemented together by action of rain water percolating the mass and partly dissolving the lime substance of the shell.

This stone is easily quarried and hardens on exposure to the sun and air. It is of this stone that Fort Marion, the City Gates, the Seawall and the old houses of the town are constructed.

On every hand the visitor finds some relic of a bygone age to rivet his attention. The history of the St. Augustine, cradled in romance, has a fascination that never tires. Poets sing and artists portray the charms of old St. Augustine.

“Slumbering through the centuries amid its orange groves and flowering gardens, St. Augustine was awakened a quarter of a century ago to new life. Direct railroad connection with Jacksonville supplanted the picturesque, if somewhat tedious trip via Tocol and

the St. Johns river. The life-giving climate, and natural beauty of the place came into prominence immediately after the old town was rendered accessible to the outside world and the few hundred pioneer winter visitors were followed by thousands. Mr. Henry M. Flagler came on the scene shortly after the completion of the railroad to Jacksonville and invested millions in beautifying the city and building his magnificent hotels, which have become world renowned."

One is bewildered with the mixture of old and modern magnificence. On a block of old Charlotte Street is found buildings that were crumbling with age when New York City was in its infancy. On St. George Street is found Dodge's Old House, claimed to be the oldest in the United States. Treasury Street is the narrowest in the city, being only seven feet wide. Dr. Vedder's old Museum is on the corner of Treasury & Bay Streets. From the pleasing sight of these old landmarks one turns in fascination to the grandest hotel in the South, Ponce De Leon—then back again to compare it in fancy with the Old Fatio Hotel on Hospital Street which was the leading hotel of St. Augustine a century ago.

"Fronting the beautiful Matanzas bay, with the San Sebastian River bounding the City on the west and the tumbling billows of the broad Atlantic chasing each other to the beach a mile distant to the east, St. Augustine is rich indeed in sunlit waters, but nature has been improved upon and another waterway has been added by man. The Florida Coast Line Canal, an inland waterway, paralleling the ocean coast, now stretches from the St. Johns River to Biscayne Bay, a distance of 400 miles. This water course opens a safe

route for the frailest craft almost the entire length of the East Coast of Florida, and at present St. Augustine is the northern terminus. Work on the final cut, which will bring Jacksonville in communication with the lower East Coast, is now almost completed and at high water, vessels of three and a half feet draught can reach the St. Johns through the canal.

“The cut below St. Augustine, connecting Matanzas bay with the Halifax river and opening a continuous waterway from St. Augustine to Key West is also being completed, three dredges being at work on that division. While the canal has not yet been opened to traffic, scores of small pleasure yachts from Northern ports were attracted by the knowledge that the trip was feasible, and this winter a continual procession of craft of this character has been noted on the canal, starting from St. Augustine. It is not surprising that this trip has become so popular, even before the canal has been formally opened, for the scenery along the route is of surpassing loveliness. Wonderful palm groves dot the banks and merge into forests of gigantic oaks and towering magnolias. Tropical vegetation stretches along the banks on either side and the scene is rendered more effective by the great flocks of tropical birds which haunt the vicinity. Alligators are encountered all along the route and add to the tropical effect.

“Before the formal opening of the canal dredges will deepen the shoals and cut away all projecting points, perfecting this beautiful waterway.

“Not only farms, but homes and winter villas will stretch all along the shores of this scenic canal in the course of a year or two, as the beauty and other advantages render it ideal for permanent or season homes. The ocean is but a few hundred feet distant at

many points, and a commanding view may be obtained of the beach and the waves beyond. Again, any point on the canal is within easy reach of some town or city. Boating, fishing and hunting are healthful recreations which the canal and connecting streams afford. Wild duck, turkey, snipe and a variety of water fowl are abundant, while birds of rare plumage delight the eye. This is a tide water canal, and its waters fairly teem with fish. The tide flowing and ebbing twice daily removes all danger of sickness, which is another great advantage. Only those who have experienced the delights of a home on a salt water stream can fully appreciate what the canal offers. In this land of sunny skies and blue waters, embellished by luxuriant tropical and semi-tropical forests, life is a summer dream. Amid such environments outdoor life is enjoyed with a keen zest and work becomes pleasure. This canal is one of the great engineering feats of the age. It is land-locked its entire distance and is tide-level from end to end. It means the development of a vast territory."

Elaborate plans are being made for a Ponce De Leon celebration for April 1, 2, and 3rd, 1913, to commemorate the 400th anniversary of the discovery of Florida.

William Henry Beers, editor and publisher of the *Automobile and Good Roads Advocate* stated that "an occasion of this character takes place but once in a century and the landing of Ponce De Leon seems to me to be a matter that the whole state should take an interest in; in fact it is an affair of national importance."

The largest alligator farm in the world is located at South Beach and is still worthy of a visit—reached by trolley-car from St. Augustine.



View of Royal Palm Hotel
Courtesy Fort Myers Board of Trade



About fifty miles from St. Augustine, about midway from end to end of the picturesque Lake Crescent on the western side is Crescent City. For Florida, it is a city set on a hill. For two miles or more north and south through the city runs a ridge of pines and oaks the crest of which is more than fifty feet above the level of Lake Crescent. Gently sloping to the west are the banks of Lake Stella, deeper than Lake Crescent, but not so large. Between these two noble lakes lies the city with its streets and avenues of oaks; its hard roads; its comfortable homes and places of business. There is no more unique location in Florida.

Crescent City is ten miles distant from the St. Johns Park Colony, which gives the startling exhibition of the success of the national advertising campaign by the Development Company. The entire tract was sold to over two thousand buyers in the almost incredibly short time of thirty-one days.

A magazine called "The New South" and edited by Dr. Claude A. Wright, is published at St. Johns Park, and is a paper full of live Florida topics.

It is a long jump from St. Johns Park to Jacksonville, but my readers are touring the State of Florida with me on the magic carpet, as it were, and flit from place to place as our fancy dictates. Many will agree with me that one of the most unusually interesting things to be seen in Jacksonville is the Florida Ostrich Farm. That is one of the Florida treats, one that the tourist really misses.

The people of Jacksonville say of their city that it is "The most beautiful, the most progressive, the best governed city in the South."

The Jacksonville Public Library reports—"At the present time there is a wide and healthy interest in

matters of public welfare—good government, a city beautiful, the best schools, conditions of the workers, charities—everything that means a better city. The Public Library receives almost hourly calls for literature on these subjects. People are reading and studying into these things. Good citizenship does not leave its affairs to a few officials, but co-operates by giving its time and thought to these matters.” Under those conditions Jacksonville with its natural attractiveness, will grow to be the most renowned city in the State, “Jacksonville is now known far and wide. Its hospitality is typical of the State. It is a matter of note that a visit to this city is more than likely to be stretched far beyond its intended limits, and scores of its useful citizens came first as casual tourists and with no plan to make it their permanent abiding place. But even the most transient visitor to Jacksonville cannot remain a stranger, for there is a sort of magnetism in the handshake that welcomes his first arrival which bids him prolong his stay, whether it be for a day or for the rest of his natural life.”

Jacksonville has the honor of being the home of C. Adrian Pillars, Sculptor, who was chosen to mold the Statue of a Florida genius, soon to represent Florida in the Hall of Fame. A full size wax model of Dr. John Gorrie, as accepted by the Gorrie Statue Commission is declared by connoisseurs to be a work of exceptional merit.

John Gorrie, M. D. of Apalachicola, Florida, inventor of the machine for making artificial ice and the modern system of refrigeration was born in Charleston, S. C., in 1803. He was educated in the schools of Charleston and later graduated from a medical school of New York.

Dr. Gorrie was a classmate of Dr. Asa Gray of Har-

vard. In 1833 Dr. Gorrie removed to Apalachicola, Florida, where he took a prominent and active part in the public affairs of that city. His scientific articles published in the Medical Journals of the day brand him a genius. As early as 1847 he made ice with his machine. A patent was issued to him in 1851. Death claimed this great benefactor of mankind in 1855.

Owing to the efforts of Capt. George H. Whiteside of Apalachicola a local monument was erected to his memory in 1900 and in 1912 a bill was pushed through the Florida legislature by Senator Geo. W. Dayton and Hon. Thos. West, carrying an appropriation of \$10,000 for the execution of a statue of Dr. Gorrie to be placed in Florida's niche of honor in Statuary Hall in Washington, D. C. A commission was formed consisting of Capt. Geo. Whiteside, Senator Dayton and Hon. Thos. West to carry out the provisions of the act. A public competition was held in Tallahassee and the contract awarded to the Jacksonville sculptor.

Again we are privileged to be transported to another world-wide known place and that is the Ormond-Daytona beach, the most famous automobile race course in the world. It is the tract over which human intelligence and daring have recorded their swiftest bursts of speed. The fastest mile ever recorded was covered by Bob Burman in 25:40 seconds in April, 1911.

Key West enjoys the distinction of being the farthest south in the jurisdiction of federal government. The century-long isolation of Key West has been broken by the entering of the railroad. At last, brought into close and quick touch with the big, bustling world, her loneliness is ended and she takes her place among the more important cities on the map of the United States.

Key West disputes with Tampa the honor of being the greatest cigar producer in the world.

“When the battleship Maine was blown up in Havana harbor in 1898, Key West was aroused to great excitement, in common with the rest of this country. It was foreseen everywhere that war was inevitable, and Key West, from its nearness to the center of trouble, had special cause for anxiety. Yet, with all its anticipation of a dark future, this city was the first to offer asylum for the survivors of that disaster and burial for the dead. And it is in the cemetery here that many heroes of the Maine found their last resting place.

“When peace had been restored the citizens of Key West raised a monument to the memory of these sailors; an impressive figure in bronze stands upon a pedestal of granite with one hand grasping an oar, the other shading his eyes; the sailor seems to be looking far away as if to discern and to overcome some danger threatening his beloved country. The cost of this tribute, more than six thousand dollars, was raised by the contributions of the school children of Key West, supplemented by those of a few older citizens.

“The first government wireless station to be opened for the regular receipt of commercial messages is that at Key West, Fla. This is in accord with the recent act of congress which provided commercial business should be handled at naval and army wireless stations when there was no commercial station within one hundred miles. The Key West station has a powerful reach practically covering the gulf, Caribbean sea and many islands of the West Indies. It also will be the main point of wireless communication with steamships bound to and from Cuba, Panama and Central and South America.”



Marshes of the Everglades

The opening of the Florida East Coast Railway means a great deal to Key West, and in welcoming the arrival of the first train bearing Mr. Flagler, on Jan. 22nd, an elaborate program of festivities was prepared. This great builder will be praised for generations to come for the good he has done for the State of Florida and one and all adopt the wish for him as expressed by J. B. Killgrew in an acrostic dedicated to the Builder of the Florida East Coast Railway,—and written for the beautiful official souvenir of the Key West Extension compiled by George M. Chapin.

“ CONSUMMATUM EST.”

Far down the sunlit golden sands
Lie gleaming rails—the twin steel bands
Of commerce—spanning verdant isles,
Running o'er the sea miles on miles;
In old Key West their mission ends.
Dreadnoughts to he each nation sends——
And wealth and fame all this portends.

Each year was wrought through storm and strife
Another link in the railway's life;
Safe and strong was each great arch made
That bore the rails from grade to grade.

Cities, hamlets like magic grew
Out of jungles the road went through,
And fertile farms now meet the eye,
Seen as the tran goes roaring by
To old Key West, 'neath tropic sky.

Rearing an empire—man of might,
A toast I give. You've won the fight
In spite of odds—and they were great:
 “Long may you live, high be your state;
 Wealth, health, honor may you enjoy
 All your life through, without alloy.
 Yours to the end may God defend!”



Picking Oranges
Courtesy Florida Grower Tampa.

CHAPTER VIII.

PINES AND PALMS.

ONE'S first impression, when coming into the State of Florida, is that the only trees to be found, other than orange trees, are Pines and Palms, with an occasional water oak, so great is their predominance. And one is told that "the forests of Florida are composed largely of pitch pines and different species of evergreen oaks and are estimated to cover 25,000,000 acres," but in the travel over the State one finds other interesting and sometimes picturesque trees.

There can be nothing more beautiful, and especially upon one's seeing it for the first time, than an orange and grapefruit grove. The tourist is indeed fortunate who plans to come to Florida before the groves are picked and the fruit shipped. Then he can see the glossy green foliage as a background for the golden fruit, which hangs so abundantly that sometimes the limbs have to be propped up to keep them from breaking with the weight.

Later on in the season another rare treat is given the traveler if he remains during what all term the "tourist season," and that is the still beautiful green trees with their fragrant, bridal flowers, and sometimes an orange or two still clinging among this fragrance. The largest single grapefruit tree in Florida is seen in Winter Haven.

Probably the only Traveler's Tree, which is a native tree of Madagascar, to bloom in the United States is the one found on the Cragin Place, Lake Worth, Fla. It has the appearance of a palm,—the leaves being the largest individual leaves known. The Traveler's Tree derives its name from the wholesome sap found at the base of the leaves, which furnishes a refreshing drink to travelers, and the seeds which yield a flour used by the natives for food.

One of the strangest and most interesting trees it has ever been my fortune to study in the State of Florida is the Mangrove. Generally a shrub but after attaining the height of a tree, it grows along the beaches or muddy, marshy places. It throws out long roots from the lower part of the stem, but also sends down long slender roots from the branches which grow and in turn throw out roots, thus forming an impenetrable hedge or barrier for long distances.

Oysters cling to the roots of the mangrove along deep water beaches in great bunches, and at low tide they hang above the water and are as described by A. W. Dimock, "The strangest fruit ever borne by trees."

The fruit of some species of mangrove is said to be sweet and edible, and the fermented juice is made into a kind of light wine.

The Red Mangrove is rich in tannin; salt crystals can be obtained from the leaves of the Black Mangrove; while the White Mangrove, under the name of button-wood, is good for fuel.

The reader must be beginning to think that every tree in Florida has some food or medicinal value, and it is amazingly true.

The Mango a genus of evergreen tree, although a native of India and the Malay Peninsula, has been intro-



Cocoanut Palm
and Fruit, Fla.



duced in Florida a great many years ago, however, so that it is thought of as a Florida production. The ripe kidney shaped fruit is highly prized for eating while the unripe fruit is used for sauces and pickles and other preparations.

The Eucalyptus trees, remarkable for their gigantic size, are occasionally found in Florida. They, too, contribute their quota to food and medicine. The oil is used medicinally, and a pleasing wine or beer is made from the sap of one species.

“The Estero colonists deserve especial mention as being the first to introduce eucalyptus timber trees into south Florida, and have done more to demonstrate the adaptability of the different varieties of this wonderful hardwood timber to Florida soil and climate than have any other people in the State. The first planting of eucalyptus at Estero was made in the spring of 1894. The following winter witnessed the big freeze, in which all the tender young trees of this species were killed to the ground. A few sprouted again from the root, and several of these may still be seen in the park grounds of Unity at Estero. One of the largest specimens at the age of sixteen years, was uprooted in the storm of 1910, and when measured was found to be three feet in diameter and eighty-three feet in height. A sprout has since grown from one of the remaining lateral roots, and is now, after two years, over twenty-five feet high.

“That the growth of merchantable eucalyptus timber is one of the great future propositions for South Florida, there can be no question, growing as it does with tremendous rapidity, and far outstripping the softer woods, while its own wood is heavy, tough, with interlocked fiber, resisting great strain when placed upon it, and is almost proof against decay. The trees when once

established thrive even in poor soil, and resist the greatest extremes of drouth, moisture and heat, and will endure some degrees of freezing temperature."

In Maimi there is a cocoanut palm which stands 100 feet high, and is as many years old. The cocoanut palms cannot endure the slightest freeze and they stand a positive proof of Florida's unequaled winter climate.

Miami also has more Royal Poincianas than any place I know of in the United States.

Mrs. Marion C. McAdow in her department of Ornaments for Florida in the Florida Grower says of the Royal Poinciana:—

"Three inquiries have come in the past week regarding the character and habit of the Royal Poinciana tree, and I will give a little time to these inquiries, as there are no doubt more strangers in our State who have yet to see this gorgeous tree.

"One inquirer wishes to know how tall it grows? We have one on the water front in our town that must be nearly 20 years old, which has never grown more than 15 feet high, with a broad, flat, spreading head. Then I know of other trees that have grown 50 or 60 feet high. As a rule it does not branch close to the ground.

"Most of the trees in our neighborhood send up a trunk that branches eight or ten feet from the ground and then spread out their flat growing foliage most unlike any tree I am acquainted with in the North. The elm has a similar way of spreading out its branches, but the trees do not resemble each other in any way. The tree loses its leaves for three, four or five months in the winter time. That is really the only fault one can find with this superb specimen of the plant kingdom. It comes into bloom in May as a rule, and I have seen it blossoming here the latter part of April. It holds its



The Palms
Northward-up-the-Bay: From the Lawn
Courtesy J. B. Chapline, Jr. Sarasota,

flowers for about a month. They are individually as large as the top of a drinking glass and grow in masses.

“The whole top of the tree will be covered with a blanket of brilliant vermilion and yellow or orange. The sight they presented last May when “The Horticultural Society” met is something that will leave an impression of delight on those who saw it, so long as they live.

“They do not seem to grow at all in California, so we may have that advantage that California can’t beg or buy from us.”

The natives cut out the heart of the cabbage palm and after trimming considerably, the inside, a beautiful creamy crisp food, is cooked in the same way as cabbage and is delicious. In describing their beauty a resident says of it:

“The native cabbage palm, whose name is much too plebian to indicate its royal beauty, is always a beautiful picture for me to observe. The onward march of progress and the ruthless advancement of agricultural development have compelled me and many of my neighbors to apply the ax and torch to these beautiful specimens of the palm family but I have never yet seen one fall to the ground with its dull, echoless thud without feeling that I had almost committed a crime against the landscape!”

“God made the country and man made the town,
What wonder then that health and virtue, gifts
That can alone make sweet the bitter draught
That life holds out to all, should most abound
And least be threatened in the fields and groves?”

Cowper.

CHAPTER IX.

BIRD MELODIES.

“BIRDS with music-trembling bosoms” hold service from matins to vespers in the green cathedrals nature so lavishly builds for them in Florida. In and out of the intricate aisles and choirs and chapels of the water oaks, pines and palms the mocking birds and orioles come and go.

The coarse strident note of the busy jay commands one to throw aside any idle dream and get to thoughts of business. One is compelled to notice the glories of the new day when on the top-most bough of a pine tree a lark with upraised head bursts forth in exultant tones in praise of the Creator of all things beautiful. When the stillness of a moonlight night is broken only by the gentle call of the whippoorwill and an answering echo in the distance, one can sit and think tender thoughts; all the cares, joys, troubles and pleasures seem blended into a sad contentment and at last under the calm influence of this night bird's call a feeling akin to heavenly peace comes and one dreamily prepares for rest and deep sleep. While, if the disturbance is caused by the “who! who!” of an old owl or the shivery, trembly call of a “screech owl,” one is inclined to get inside and close the doors or drive away this bird, which the superstitious believe, presages death or sickness



A Palmetto Shack
Scene on the way to Myakka

with his weird cry; "Bob White" is equivalent to a call to arms for the hunter.

There is something fascinating about the song of the Florida mocking bird. One is inclined to separate the tones and decide to which bird they belong. Just as the tones are about identified the songster changes to another and one is at a loss to decide anything but that all the other birds must be resting and the mocking bird has taken up the burden of the whole orchestra.

A familiar bird, one that could very appropriately be called one of the "water marks" of Florida, is the Pelican. As one's boat goes down the channel of the Bay, each guide-post on the way is topped by a Pelican, and the beaches are dotted with them. They are ungainly looking creatures and are especially interesting to watch, as they fill their great pouch with fish to be eaten at leisure or carried home to their young. They nest in large colonies, a notable colony possessing Pelican Island in Indian River, Florida. Hornaday in his *American Natural History* describes their fishing in the ocean breakers:—"They sail so near the water it seems a wonder it does not strike them; but they raise over the incoming waves and lower again into the trough with the utmost precision, always keenly alert. All of a sudden the wings are thrown out of gear, and a fountain of flying spray tells the story of the plunge with open pouch for the luckless fish."

A very amusing sight and a rare one, is to see a gull perch upon the head of a pelican and take away such fish as protrude from the big bills.

William Bartram, botanist, according to Benjamin Harrison, told of a most wonderful bird, in Florida.

"There are two species of vulture in these regions, I think not mentioned in history. The first we shall

describe is a beautiful bird near the size of a turkey buzzard, but his wings are much shorter and consequently he falls greatly below that admirable bird in sail. I shall call this bird the painted vulture. The bill is long and straight almost to the point where it is hooked and sharp; the head and neck bare of feathers nearly down to the stomach, where the feathers begin to cover the skin and soon become long and of a soft texture, forming a ruff or tippet in which the bird, by contracting his neck, can hide that as well as his head; the bare skin on the neck appears loose and wrinkled and is of a deep, bright, yellow color, intermixed with coral red; the hinder part of the neck is nearly covered with short, stiff hair and the skin of this part of the neck is of a dun, purple color, gradually becoming red as it approaches the yellow of the sides and forepart. The crown of the head is red; there are lobed lappets of a reddish orange color which he has on the base of the upper mandible. But, what is singular, a large portion of the stomach hangs down on the breast of the bird in the likeness of a sack or half wallet and seems a duplicate of the craw, which is naked and of a reddish color; this is partly concealed by the feathers of the breast unless when it is loaded with food (which is commonly, I believe, roasted reptiles), and then it appears prominent. The plumage of the bird is white or cream color except the quill feathers of the wings and two or three rows of the coverts which are of a beautiful dark brown; the tail, which is large and white, is tipped with this dark brown or black; the legs and feet of a clear white; the eye is encircled with a cold colored iris; the pupil is black.

“These birds seldom appear, but when the deserts are set afire (which happens almost every day throughout the year in some parts or other, by the Indians for the purpose of rousing the game, as also by the lightning), when they are seen at a distance, soaring on the wing, gathering from every quarter, and gradually approaching the burnt plains, where they alight upon the ground yet smoking with hot embers. They gather up the roasted serpents, frogs and lizards, filling their sacks with them; at this time a person may shoot them at pleasure, they not being willing to quit the feast, and indeed, seem to brave all danger.

“The Creeks or Muscogulges construct their royal standard of the tail feathers of this bird, which is called by a name signifying the eagle’s tail; this they carry with them when they go to battle, but when it is painted with a zone of red within the brown tips; and in peaceful negotiations it is displayed new, clean and white. This standard is held most sacred by them on all occasions and is constructed and ornamented with great ingenuity.”

Now it seems fair to conclude from the language here used and the precise account:

1. That Bertram saw the bird and personally observed its habits. His description of other birds with which we are familiar are true to the name and character so that he could not have been grossly mistaken nor could have called some other bird a vulture. Some items of the description apply to the wood ibis, but this Bertram also describes, giving the proper name and a good account of its characteristics as of many other birds. But why is there no other account of this painted vulture from previous or subsequent observers?

2. It is evident that the bird existed in numbers and

was often in evidence. Its habits brought it frequently in view and its size and coloring made it noticeable.

3. It would be unnatural that such a bird should suddenly disappear from the face of the earth within a time so brief without a great change in climate or other condition essential to its life. Evidently its existence would never be endangered by the Indians. It is equally plain that, being a vulture and so unfit for food, the coming of the white man could not cause its extinction.

But if we must accept the account of Bertram, why was the bird unnoticed by others? Even when the standard of the Muscogees is described we find no reference to the bird as would be natural if it were so remarkable. Pickett, whose father spent years among these Indians and from whose papers so much that is interesting has been preserved, gives no sign that he knew of such a bird except through this description of Bertram, and Bernard Shipp almost confesses ignorance when he says: "In the center of the principal village (of the Muscogees) in the highest place, is a public square surrounded by four long galleries. One of these galleries is the council hall where councils are held every day to expedite business. This hall is divided into two chambers by a longitudinal partition; the rear apartment is thus deprived of light; they can enter only through a very low opening formed in the base of the partition. In this sanctuary are deposited the treasures of religion and policy—the crown of stag's horns, the medicine cup, the Chickicones, the calumet of peace and the national standard made of an eagle's tail. None but the Micco, the Chief Warrior and the High Priest can enter this wonderful place."

Now if this strange bird existed in Florida or else-



Many Varieties of Duck

where in the territories of the Muscogeas as the Americans knew them, it is inconceivable that only Bertram could know of its presence. Others speak of the standard but they describe its feathers as those of an eagle. Not even Milfort and Gillivray speak of the Painted Vulture although they were chiefs and gave many particulars as to the institutions and traditions of their people. Gen. Andrew Pickett lived long among the Muscogeas and from his diary and papers a most interesting description of the people and many details of their customs were incorporated in a history of Alabama by his son, but these knew of the Painted Vulture only from Bertram. Colonel Hawkins lived for years among the Muscogeas and was admitted to their councils and enjoyed their full confidence but he never heard of the Vulture so far as his papers and journal testify.

Now the most sacred treasure in that national secret room of which Shipp speaks was the Tookabatcha plates given from Heaven to avert ruin in a great crisis. Next was the written record of the migrations on which all the traditions and many of the cherished customs were based. In this Migration Legend we surely might expect to hear of the national bird if such a creature existed. If that legend were known to us by oral evidence delivered in late years it might be said that its keeper carefully hid such knowledge from enemies or had forgotten much. Here, however, even fancy that loves the wonderful must give way to facts of record.

But the first official conference between the white men and the chiefs of the Muscogeas occurred in 1735 at the infant settlement of Savannah where the chief Tomochichi had prevailed on his people to conclude a treaty with General Oglethorpe in behalf of the King of England and the colony of Georgia. At this treaty,

where the two parties were almost painfully friendly and confiding, the Head Chief Tchikilli showed the picture record of the legend and translated it into current speech which was, in turn translated into English and carefully preserved: "This speech was curiously written in red and black characters, on the skin of a young buffalo and translated into English as soon as delivered in the Indian language. The said skin was set in a frame and hung up in the Georgia office in Westminster." Copies of this Indian rendition of the Migration Legend in Muscogee and English as originally written are before the writer of this in Gatschet's careful account, but the Vulture fails of mention in either. On the supposition that Bertram was right such omission would be sufficient to impeach the record itself.

If the flamingo, the egret or the roseate spoonbill suddenly disappeared we would condemn those whose crime of neglect had made such a loss possible, but posterity would be assured they had lived and flourished while science could command all need knowledge of their structure, habits and colors. But in the case of the Painted Vulture the mystery must deepen with age and the puzzle become more hopeless. In all else Bertram is trustworthy whether he deal with the settlers, the Indians, beast, birds, plants or soil; why should he fail us on exactly this point so widely and so deeply? If it be true that we cannot believe a story so hopelessly discredited, it is also true that we cannot understand the possibility of wilful deception or failure to learn the facts on the part of such an observer. If a mere fragment of bone from any animal still unknown were offered to the Smithsonian institution money would immediately be offered in abundance to follow the evidence till knowledge had been acquired or pursuit become



Horticultural Grounds
(This was a hammock four years ago)
Courtesy of Director

hopeless; why should science neglect this fragment from some unknown body of fact? The Creeks of the west are still proud of their history and their traditions—might not some of them be expected to take up the story where Bertram left it and give us a confirmation that would be satisfactory?

The egret is hunted for its beautiful white plumes which women prize for a moment and also the flamingo. The male flamingo has a light red plumage, whose large feathers have black quills; the females are pale pink and the young nearly white.

As is the case with other beautiful birds, their handsome plumes are causing many of the birds to be killed by hunters that before long only a few will remain.

It is decidedly an uncanny feeling to hear the cry of a Whooping Crane coming, apparently, from under one's feet and to realize that same crane may be perhaps a mile away. The deep resonant sound made by the whooping crane, my reference work tells, is produced by a coil of the windpipe in the breast bone. The windpipe of this species is four or five feet long, and 28 inches of it are coiled in the front part of the breast bone.

The whooping cranes and sand hill cranes are large long-legged birds and they "step along" in such an amusing way. From my note-book of "side trips" I am going to copy An Eighteen Mile Trip, in which you will notice an unusual incident in connection with whooping cranes,—as they are very wary and are seldom seen.

Think of a small soft-shelled turtle stopping a forty-horse power Rambler Automobile. Can you conceive how that was accomplished? It was only the tender heart of the man at the wheel which prompted him to

throw on the brakes and allow the ambling old mover to get out of the ruts, with the load on his back, until we passed.

On across country we rocked, literally, for the softest cushions and springiest springs can but lessen, to a small degree, the roughness of travel over the serpentine roads and palmetto roots of Florida. The driver decided to try another road which he thought would lead more directly to the fishing hole he sought. So, straight across the Florida prairie bumped the Rambler, while Granny pushed the pillows more comfortably to her back; the children gave screams of sheer delight and the Thermos bottles of ice water rolled a clicking accompaniment to the musical throb of the motor.

A glance down from the side of the car and it seemed that we surely were gliding over a velvety green carpet, all stamped with flowers of every hue, a pattern laid out in Mother Nature's own carelessly perfect way.

Would that I could have painted the beautiful scene with my eye, for in the distance from the eye, through the arm, to the pencil, where I will try to paint the word picture, so much of the beauty is lost. Imagine the flowery-stamped carpet of grass over which we passed and think of the gentle patter of rain drops on the roof, which in reality was the little hard seed pods of the high grass hitting against the bottom of the car. In the distance one's eye took in the beautiful subdued blue-grayness produced by the light through hundreds of stalwart pine trunks, the grayness melting into a line of fringed green and that in turn dissolving into such delicate blue and white cloud that look as though some angel baby on the entrance to Heaven had left its fluffy blankets in mid-air and across this entrancing



Plots on Horticultural Grounds—Fla. Exp. Station

Courtesy of the Director.

scene, in gleaming, gliding gracefulness, flew a flock of snow white curlew.

An unusual thing happened. We got within shooting distance of some whooping cranes, with their long-legged baby stalking behind. The men ran the baby down. I cuddled the gawky treasure all the way home and now the children have lots of fun catching minnows and frogs for his delectation.

From the depths of the deep water holes some fine trout were caught. We lingered there in that delightful spot, eighteen miles from home, until the blue and white baby blankets were changed to the glorious and gorgeous array of some departed potentate and until these, in turn, were hidden in the gray shroud of night. The stern old pines stood like sentinels with their drapery of gray moss floating in the breeze; tall ferns quivered in the damp dark moss; the myriad stars were tapers to light our way.

We were attended on our return trip by the dancing fireflies; the lonely call of the whippoorwill; the monotonous croak of the frogs in the tall saw-grass, the droning and chirping of the insects around, while above all arose the hospitable and thrilling invitation of the mocking-bird to us to visit this enchanted land again.

CHAPTER X.

HOLY GROUND.

“TAKE thy shoes from off thy feet, for the ground whereon thou standest is holy ground.”

Hon. Duncan U. Fletcher, Florida Senator, delivered an oration on the battlefield of Olustee, after which the monument to the Confederate Veterans who died at that, the greatest of all Civil War battles in this State, was unveiled. All who heard Senator Fletcher handle the glorious subject in his masterly way were proud of the senior United States Senator from Florida, and gloried in being identified with the people of Florida who have so nobly responded to the remembering, in erecting so beautiful a monument to the brave men of war days.

Extracts from the speech of Hon. Duncan U. Fletcher, at the dedication of the Olustee Battlefield Monument,—

“The air is full of shot and shell. The roar of cannon and musketry is deafening. We hear the click of the minnie ball on this side, and the crash of the round bullet on that, as they pierce the trees above our head. It would seem as if no man could escape this deadly fire. Mingling with the din and the roar you hear the commands of officers and the shouting of the men as the lines approach nearer and nearer each other. There, the Federals fall back and the Confederates have captured five pieces of artillery. The horses run wild and

fall here and there, the smoke and flame, shot and shell vie with each other in this test of human prowess.

Now a pause. What has happened? We hear only occasional shots from the Confederates, although they have pressed close to the enemy and actually routed a portion of their army and captured some of their men and arms, and scattered their dead over a wide area.

The ammunition of the Confederate forces is exhausted! They have no cartridges to fire. Will they run? No. Will they retire as orderly and quietly as possible? No. Will they surrender? No—No! They will stand their ground and receive the enemy's fire until their cartridge boxes are filled again. Ammunition is on the way. You can hear Colquitt say: 'Steady men—we will soon be supplied and we will win.' After what seemed a century of time, the ammunition arrives. 'Here, brave lads, fill your cartridge boxes, give volley after volley and push forward a third time!' A regiment of the New Hampshire troops is breaking in confusion. Yonder on the right the Federals start a flank movement. Harrison turns it! The Colonel and Major of the colored regiment are killed and they retreat. Colquit, the Blucher at this Federal Waterloo who knows no word but "Forward" charges in front, and all along the line the troops in gray make an irresistible attack before which we see the Federal lines melting away! It is growing dark, we see the saber flash in the red light of battle. Hear the shouts amidst desperate deeds and death. Seymour's lines are broken—his men are hurrying toward Sanderson. The Confederates pursue as best they can after four hours of such work. The cavalry commanded by Col. Smith soon discontinues the pursuit. The first halt of the Federals was made seven miles away, at Sanderson and during the night they

hastened to the St. Mary's River. Here, all around where we stand, 'the wounded are filling the night air with lamentations, the crippled horses are neighing in pain, and a full moon is kissing the cold, clammy lips of the dying.' Such is dreadful war! Such the victory in this contest! The losses reported on the Federal side, were, 1861 killed, wounded and missing and on the Confederate, 941 killed and wounded.

Is it worth while, think you, to commemorate that victory, that devotion to a cause, that genius in war, those virtues which enter into true manhood, exhibited here on that fateful day? Is it worth while to perpetuate in memory the qualities displayed here and transmit to future generations the record of that history-making achievement? There can be but one answer and this monument makes it. Glorious spirit in a people it is that will respond to the suggestion that a monument of the most durable material shall forever mark this battle-field.

"It is fitting that in Florida and on the grounds where was fought one of the most furious and sanguinary battles of that war, a monument should be reared, built of granite, to proclaim and perpetuate the fact that here on this field was illustrated true and rare heroism, extraordinary endurance and valor, by men whose conduct, deeds and daring covered them with glory eternal. Whether that be made to appear on the written page and be embalmed in permanent covers or not, we want it to be constantly told for all time, to all people by this Sentinel, on duty night and day, in fair weather and in storm, never sleeping, never shirking.

"Florida furnished more troops to the Confederacy in proportion to population than any other State. Twelve regiments of infantry, two regiments and one



St. John's River View
Courtesy Florida Grower Tampa

battalion of cavalry and four light batteries were organized in the State.

“In the higher ranks of the Confederate Army, Florida was represented by Kirby E. Smith, a full General; J. Patton Anderson, Wm. W. Loring and M. L. Smith, Major Generals; Theodore W. Brevard, Robert Bullock, W. G. M. Davis, Joseph Finegan, J. J. Finley, James McIntosh, William Miller, E. A. Perry, Francis A. Shoup, William S. Walker, and J. J. Dickison, Brigadier Generals.

“New birth in human efficiency is a new birth in national strength. An increase of two million dollars a day in the value of its property is an increase in national resources and power. Fifty years after rupture and blood witnesses the South’s greatest awakening.

“While appreciating this, the young men and women of this generation and its successors must hold fast to the memories of that past wherein their fathers and mothers played so important and noble a part on a stage on which all the world gazed, and in a tragedy where human hearts and human lives and human hopes were at stake.

“‘We did amiss when we did wish it gone
And over. Sorrows humanize our race;
Tears are showers that fertilize the world;
And memory of things precious keepeth warm
The heart that once did hold them;
They are poor
That have lost nothing; they are poorer far
Who, losing have forgotten; they most poor of all
Who lose, and wish they might forget.’

“We may trust to one repository for treasuring the best and holiest memories of life—the heart of woman.

“The women of the Southland displayed in the darkest days of its history, sublime loyalty and fidelity. They never lost courage and faith in all the years of privation and sacrifice and suffering. Their fortitudes nerved the men of their country during the awful times that followed defeat, and in their busy tasks of labor, repression and public duty. Continuously since then, they have ministered to the afflicted heroes, have brought consolation and happiness to their declining years, have built monuments to the memory of the dead, have gathered and preserved the history of their exploits, and stood steadfastly for the highest ideals of life and nobilities of character.

“You, United Daughters of the Confederacy, at the suggestion of Mrs. J. N. Whitner, originated the idea and initiated the movement which culminated in the erection of this monument. In the face of discouragement and indifference you have held to the accomplishment of your patriotic purpose.

“I esteem it an honor of the choicest to have been permitted to second your efforts by serving as Secretary and Treasurer of the Commission entrusted with the work, and to have part in these exercises.

“In this granite tower which proclaims the honor of the Confederate Soldiers is likewise the evidence of your self sacrifice and your holy zeal. As it stands sentinel over the field where the Confederate Soldier won admission to the Temple of fame, it will tell of the great love which made it possible, and it will recall to coming generations the heroism of that noble band of saintly women who witnessed the great war, and suffered its horrors, and who have passed or are rapidly passing to

endless joy and peace. Heroism and the light eternal have been in their lives as they move toward the reward vouchsafed to 'the pure in heart.' Nothing can ever diminish, thank Heaven, the love and reverence of these women in the hearts of our men.

“ ‘Ye daughters of this Southern land,
A noble deed you've nobly done
In rearing with a loving hand
This shaft unto each martyred son.
Yes, this to those who bled and died,
But what to those who stood beside,
Who bore the burden of the strife,
The sorrows of the private life,
Who stood before starvations' mouth——
The noble Women of the South?

Ye sons, ye men, ye soldiers all,
Who owe to Womanhood your birth,
Now rally to the sacred call
And rear some emblem, true of worth,
Unto the Southern Womanhood,
Who saved our homes, and ever stood
Beside the War-men of our land,

And gave their strength, their heart, their hand,
To save the South where honor stood——
Our brave Confederate Womanhood!’

“ We dedicate this monument and deliver it to the State of Florida, reminding those who will care for it and those whose eyes will fall upon it, that it stands on consecrated ground; that it guards a sacred cause, that graven into it are the dearest, holiest sentiments of the

human heart; that honor and valor, self-reliance and patriotism, it symbolizes and perpetuates; that into its granite form are wrought the hopes and tears and the love of Women's hearts!

"May all nature's elements be gentle and kind to it; may reverent hands faithfully attend its surroundings, that it may be long in its place, serving its mighty and glorious purpose.

"The law directed the Commission to 'erect on the field of the battle of Olustee a monument to the Confederate Officers and soldiers who participated in said battle.' The resources were inadequate to enable the Commission to do all it desired but the members brought their best efforts to the task and the result is before you.

"Here valor did its imperishable work, here history made entries in the book of fame, here posterity builds and will guard this monument!"

* * * * *

Another consecrated spot is near Fernandina where reposes the body of Light Horse Harry Lee.¹ "Henry Lee, a Revolutionary soldier, was born in Virginia, Jan. 29th, 1756. He graduated at Princeton College, and in 1776 was appointed a captain of cavalry, and in the following year joined the main army. His vigor and ability attracted the attention of Washington, and his command was soon distinguished for the rapidity of movement and soldierly daring which afterward made Lee's legion so famous and gave him the name of Light-horse Harry.

"In 1786 Lee was sent to Congress by the Virginia Assembly, and in 1792 he was elected Governor of Virginia. As a member of Congress, at the death of Washington in 1799, was appointed to prepare the

¹ Vol. . . The New Students Reference Work.



Magnificent Palm
Courtesy Florida Grower Tampa

eulogy upon the life and character of his dead chieftain. His resolutions contained the often quoted words: 'first in war, first in peace and first in the hearts of his countrymen.'

"Lee was in Baltimore in 1814, when the office of the Federal Republican was sacked by a mob. He took an active part against them, and with his friends was placed in jail for safe-keeping, but the mob broke into the building and killed or seriously injured all its inmates. Lee never recovered from his injuries, and soon made a voyage to the West Indies on a vain search of health. He died on March 25th, 1818," and Florida claims the honor of being the abiding place of the honorable dead. Light-horse Harry Lee, as everyone knows, was the father of the famous Southern General, Robt. E. Lee.

Visitors to Fernandina become imbued with the spell of its buccaneer days. There one is told the legend of the Iron Chain, seen once, but never again by one individual; one feels that surely one is invading the former home of that redoubtable Capt. Kydd; Indian mounds have been exhumed and valuable relics are shown. One feels anew the charm of R. L. Stevenson's "Treasure Island" when visiting in and near Fernandina; for Amelia Island so closely fits the description of the treasure island Stevenson so graphically describes. Buried treasures were unearthed about ten years ago and authenticated.

Points of interest are, Dungeness,—the winter home of the Carnegie family, their palatial residences set in formal gardens of rare and luxuriant flora; Jekyl Island, a favorite haunt of New York millionaires; Old Fort Clinch, which was bombarded during the Civil War, in picturesque ruins.

Fernandina was the home of Maj. G. R. Fairbanks, historian of Florida.

There is a social atmosphere of ease, refinement and seclusion. Visitors by train and automobile have been without the comforts of a modern hotel since the Strathmore Hotel on the beach was swept away by the ocean, and since the large tourist hotel Egmont was demolished. For more than twelve years the residents, living in ease and comfort, have neglected and repelled tourist and commercial invasion; but now they have come to realize that the financial stability of merchants and the price of real estate depend upon a closer relation with the outside world.

This sentiment was recently crystallized in the formation of the Hotel Company of Fernandina for the purpose of erecting a high class, modern hostelry with every modern convenience. The most attractive site in the city was given by Ex-Mayor McGiffin on the condition that such a building, costing not less than \$25,000 should be built thereon within one year. In a short time the necessary amount was subscribed by more than a hundred citizens; the company incorporated, and building operations begun. Thus the attractive and interesting city of Fernandina is now opened in an elaborate way to the eager traveler, intent on seeing the most important places of Florida.

CYPRESS TREES IN FLORIDA RIVER.



CHAPTER XI.

“HESPA’S RED HAND OF DESTINY—” A FLORIDA ROMANCE.

A FLORIDA ROMANCE.

FOR the hundredth time that morning, Hespera took from her waist an envelope on which was stamped a red hand with the index finger pointing to her name on the left hand corner.

Although the surrounding scenery was of the most beautiful, she was curiously oblivious to it this morning. Usually she looked forward to her early morning trip, in the light row boat, to the nearby village post-office, with a great deal of pleasure; especially so each morning the last week for she had been expecting a book and a book catalogue. A curious thing, you say, for one to obtain a week’s pleasant anticipation just in looking forward to a book and a catalogue, but Hespera, hampered by living in the Florida Back-woods and by the lack of money, sometimes even for the necessities of her plain life, found a most unusual gladness in this very thing.

With an inborn love for reading and acquiring knowledge, Hespera read word for word each copy of the one magazine which the post-mistress passed on to her each month. In one copy she had read a synopsis of that beautiful nature-novel, “Freckles,” and for days had been saving dimes from the sale of a few fish to buy

this coveted book. The love of Nature had been her one ruling passion and now she felt not any the less love for her beautiful Florida, and certainly not any wish to leave it and go out into the unknown world, but just an irresistible desire to know about other places and people.

Now at the age of seventeen, she felt that she must break the bonds of "crackerdom" and learn something of people and the wonderful things that were being accomplished out in the world, and this long-looked for catalogue would tell her just how to spend the small sums to the best advantage.

"Oh, fer jist a few books—why was ma letter sent back ter me—what do this red han' mean a pinting to ma name?" such distressing thoughts were, for the moment only, shutting out the light of the rosy dawn from her heart. In reality the address of the Publisher was wrong and of course her letter was returned.

With her oars resting lightly and the fresh morning breeze causing the water to lap gently against the sides of the boat, her gaze turned first toward the East, against whose crimson splendor the feathery crests of the palmetto were silhouetted, and again to the West where the Gulf's "surfy, slow, deep mellow voice" was full of mystery, trying to find some explanation for this mysterious sign that had come to her—a red hand that seemed to point her way to undreamed joys or sorrows.

Hespa had lived long enough and dwelt upon the mysterious working of nature in so many changes and conditions, that she had learned how unwise it is to wish everything explained immediately, so with the golden glory of the early morning pouring around her, only the most rosy-hued dreams came, and

with these dreams came the desire to know about the poor ignorant rich people of the cities about whom, she had read from a copy of the magazine, Daniel Webster said, "The morning itself, few inhabitants of cities know anything about. Among all our good people, not one in a thousand sees the sun rise once in a year. Their idea of it is that part of the day which comes along after a cup of coffee and a piece of toast. With them, morning is not a new issuing of light, a new bursting forth of the sun, a new waking up of all that has life from a sort of temporary death to behold again the works of God, the heavens and the earth; it is only a part of the domestic day, belonging to reading newspapers, answering notes, sending the children to school and giving orders for dinner.

"The first streak of light, the earliest purpling of the east, which the lark springs up to greet, and the deeper and deeper coloring into orange and red, till at length the 'glorious sun is seen, regent of the day'—this they never enjoy, for they never see it.

"I never thought that Adam had much the advantage of us from having seen the world while it was new. The manifestations of the power of God, like his mercies, are new every morning and fresh every moment. We see as fine risings of the sun as ever Adam saw; and its risings are as much a miracle now as they were in his day—and I think, a good deal more, because it is now a part of the miracle, that for thousands and thousands of years, he has come to his appointed time without the variation of a millionth part of a second. I know the morning—I am acquainted with it and I love it. I love it fresh and sweet as it is—a daily new creation, breaking forth and calling all that have life and breath and

being to a new adoration, new enjoyments and new gratitude."

Her reverie was broken by the leap of a mullet near by, and in lifting her eye in appreciation of his glistening body, she saw in the distance, a row boat beached and half turned over. Knowing every inch of this landing place near her home, she realized that this was an unusual sight, one that in her hurry of starting for the post-office, she had passed unnoticed.

Swiftly rowing around the bar, where the sea gulls stood in rigid rows as for the military inspection of their captain, the Pelican, she threw her anchor out and went to investigate. On coming nearer, she found a well-dressed man, face downward, in the boat, who had evidently been unconscious for several hours. Turning him over quickly she found a faint spark of life. "Whut ef I had ben er hour longer!" Her one thought now was to get him to their shack and with her mother's aid, help him to consciousness. She knew just what it was, an attack of heart trouble, for had she and her mother not spent hours over her own father who was afflicted the same way? The red hand of destiny was pointing her way, and she through her forgetfulness of self in a desire to be of help to the unconscious man, was paving the way to pleasures unknown and even unthought of now.

"Ma, Ma! come hyer quick and gimmie er lift with this pore man," she excitedly cried.

"Lan' sakes, Hespny, whar'd you fin' 'im?"

"Down on the beach, Ma, en it looks like he's been thar all night; les' hurry and do somethin' fer 'im, he's jist like Pa."

With rough, yet tender kindness they carried him in the shack and laid him on their best moss mattress.

Simple restoratives were used and in a few hours their patience and valiant fight against great odds for the man's life, were rewarded by seeing his eyes open and with a deep sigh, he whispered, "where am I?" In a simple, direct way Hespia told how she had found him and in the telling she remembered the red hand.

It is to his credit that he encouraged the belief in this untutored mind and as she told him of her dreams and aspirations, he promised her in return for the great good she had done for him in saving his life, her much desired books.

"You shall have 'Freckles' also 'The Girl of the Limberlost,' and I will send you a set of nature studies just as soon as I am able to return to New York."

Through the day, while he was resting, he had arranged with Hespia's mother and father to send her away to study, feeling that he would do a great many things for this girl who had helped him back to life.

In the late afternoon, Hespia rowed him back to the village, where his parting words to her were "Thank you my good girl for the great service you have done me—you shall some day find all your dreams come true.

"Ma, I am the happiest gal in the worl', I tol' you this red han' ment somethin'."

So the red hand of Destiny had played its part well, in saving a worthy life and creating a well-deserved happiness.

CHAPTER XII.

LAKES, RIVERS AND SPRINGS.

THE State of Florida contains over 1200 lakes, the largest of which is Okeechobee. According to Mrs. Minnie Wilson in "The Seminoles of Florida," all through Florida the musical softness, peculiar to the Seminole dialect, is sustained in the names of the lakes and rivers. Each having a history descriptive of its character, or some incident connected therewith. Okeechobee, with her vast expanse of water and overhanging mists, in Seminole significance means "the place of big water."

Tohope-Ke-liga is the name of one of the most beautiful lakes in Florida, its Indian significance meaning "Fort site." All around the lake are the old hunting grounds of the Indians and memorable points in Seminole war fame.

Kissimmee river is said to have taken its name from a romantic episode. A young Spanish grandee in a moment of impulse snatched a kiss from a Seminole girl, and the frightened maiden's childlike plaint to her mother established the name of the river on whose banks the kiss was stolen—Kiss-him-mee.

We-la-ka is the Indian name for the St. Johns river and describes it so graphically that the old Spaniards retrograded when they named the "river of lakes" for



Lake Okuchabu

their patron saint. 'Ock-la-wa-ha, "crooked water," appropriately describes the most crooked stream in America. With-la-coo-chee, so memorable in Seminole war days as the place of Osceola's strategic movements, is a long but very narrow stream, meaning in the Seminole tongue, "Little Bay river." Alachua, "the jug without a bottom," We-Kiva, "mystery," and so on all over the peninsula do we find names preserved which mark the wanderings of the picturesque aborigines. "We-wa" means water. It is said that the beautiful Manatee river is named for the "sea cow" inhabiting Florida waters. The Manatee river gives character as well as its name to an interesting section of country through which it flows. It is one of the most beautiful streams in the world. Towards its mouth, where it empties into Tampa Bay, it more properly may be called a bay than a river; for here it is a broad sheet of water from one and a half to two miles wide, flowing with the tides. Its banks are lined with tall cabbage palmetto trees, under which grows a wild grass that runs down to the white sand of its gracefully curving beach. As one comes up the river, for a mile or two, the only house seen is a low structure, almost hidden by palms, that was built of shell and sand by the Spaniards long before America had an existence. Under its palm-thatched roof Gen. Harney had his headquarters in one of the Seminole wars. Just back of that and in plain sight, is the fortress of Egmont Key, which, with its companion, Mullett Key, guards the pass from the Gulf into Tampa Bay. Here the Government keeps 300 soldiers, as well as modern coast-defense guns that are among the most important safeguards of its shores. The lighthouse on Egmont Key is a prominent object in the landscape.

From a broad, majestic stream, on whose astonished bosom De Soto sailed his ships, the river gradually narrows until, miles up, the branches of the trees on either bank meet and form an arch of dark, waxen green over the dusky, lazily flowing water. At its mouth in Tampa Bay one can imagine himself looking at a scene the ideal creation of a poet—some dream of the tropics, where the glad gods live and golden loves sport with long-limbed woodland nymphs, and mermaids sing on yonder dream island, and the tall palms lean murmuring to the blue, painted sea that laps the low, green shore; and the soft, sweet air kisses the warm and languorous earth—and presently you will rub your eyes and be awake. But it is a real scene, and its seductive beauty is a picture that you will always recall.

The editor of the Bay of Sarasota gives the following description of one of Florida's favorite rivers:

“It was the pleasure of the editor to spend a few days on the Suwannee River, at White Springs, this State, recently, and it being the first glimpse the writer ever had of this wondrous stream, famed in song, a life-long ambition was realized.

“Nor were we disappointed, as is often the case when sentiments, awakened in childhood, by song or story, bring the wanderer in maturer years to view the scenes conjured in imagination and peopled with romantic characters.

“The Suwannee River is a beautiful stream, sweeping in graceful curves through woodland borders, its waters tinted in nature's laboratory the color of the shall of the ripened corn. The banks of the stream at this point are steep, rounded in graceful curves and depressions, overhung with great oak trees, trellised with ropes of moss, all combining to permit a realization



On the Anctote River near Tarpon Springs
Courtesy Florida Grower

of the heart-longing of the old darkey, who in those dreary days of long ago wandered away to the far north, but whose heart was longing ever to be back with the old folks at home.

“The magic spring at this place, with its great flow of medicinal waters, is living up to its reputation for its health-giving qualities, as annually a great many chronic sufferers from rheumatism and allied complaints gather to bathe and drink from this fountain of the gods.

“The town itself is a thrifty community of homey folks whose hospitality and content are as natural as the waters of the dream river on whose favored banks they dwell.”

Lakes and rivers are indissolubly linked in one's mind when studying about Florida. Several lakes are sources of large rivers. Lake George is the principal source of the St. Johns river, and Lake Kissimmee of the Kissimmee, while a number of smaller lakes are the source of the Oklawaha.

There are numberless springs in Florida, many of them having curative powers. Green Cove Spring in Clay County discharges about 3,000 gallons of sulphuretted water per minute.

Not far from St. Augustine a spring bursts through the sea itself with such force that the ocean breakers roll back from it as from a sunken reef.

Lying at the head of Old Tampa Bay, an hour's ride or less by auto from Tampa, and little more than an hour's launch ride across the bay from Port Tampa, is the famous Espiritu Santo Springs, one of the most noted springs in the United States among scientists and those who have tested its waters.

Espiritu Santo Springs consists of a group of five

springs within an area of less than a quarter of an acre. The natural flow is about 100,000 gallons per day, but the power pump for the town tower, upon which is mounted a tank of 6,000 gallons capacity, after hours of pumping has never lowered the Bath House spring more than one foot. The volume of the flow is never diminished by the most protracted droughts, nor increased one iota by the torrential water fall from our Florida rainy season. This proves conclusively that the spring water comes from a great distance and great depth, insuring it against contamination.

The bathing establishment consists of a large swimming pool, through which constantly flows this incomparable mineral water, perpetually renewing itself and a long line of individual porcelain bath-tubs of the largest size. These tubs are supplied by gravity with water from the tower. The tub baths are administered hot or cold. The five springs, which resemble each other in many of their constituent elements, all differ, as may be discerned from the taste. No. 1, or the Bath House Spring, was made famous by the curing of Mr. Jesse D. Green of total paralysis of the lower extremities more than forty years ago. Mr. Green had been prostrated and almost helpless for four years. Some of the best physicians in Georgia had pronounced his case incurable. After coming to the Springs he bathed in and drank this water. Within ten months he was so far recovered that he was able to plow and hoe in his orange grove near by. He was entirely restored and lived many years afterwards. No. 2, known as the Drinking Spring, because it is the one most generally and largest used, has cured hundreds of cases of all manner of diseases enumerated, and is the one represented in the analysis. No. 3 is known as the Old Bath



“The broad Caloosahatchie with its verdure-lined shores”

Courtesy Ft. Myers Board of Trade

House Spring, and was found especially efficacious in all cutaneous diseases, No. 4 is the Beauty Spring, because of the marked effect upon the skin in softening, cleansing and beautifying. An abrasion of the skin, by simply bathing in this water, is healed as if by first intention. This Spring has cured refractory cases of eczema of long standing, and also Bright's disease of a pronounced type. No. 5, on account of the abundant supply has been allowed to run to waste, untested; it may be the best of all. All have the same delightful effect in the bath. This group of mineral springs, with the most efficacious healing properties, can hardly be equaled for quantity and quality by any other mineral waters in the United States. Most healing springs are usually very scant in their flow; in many they have to use the night flow for bottling. Here we have an inexhaustible supply.

In one of the battles fought by Col. Bailey and his command in middle Florida, among the prisoners taken was an Indian warrior suffering from an acute attack of rheumatism, who told Col. Bailey of the marvelous cures and healing virtues of Espiritu Santo Springs, or Springs of the Great Spirit, on Old Tampa Bay; how the waters made the sick well and cured rheumatism and other aches and pains and how the Indians would go there in quest of health, and implored Colonel Bailey to parole him and allow him to go to the springs, and stay until his rheumatism was cured, when he would give him the word of an Indian warrior that he would return to him and again give himself up to him. This was probably at the battle of San Pedro, in Madison county, where Colonel Bailey's command killed a number of Indians and captured a number of prisoners. This was in 1842, and the scene of the battle 250 miles west and

north of the springs, showing how the fame and wonderful reputation of the springs had spread among them, and that they were in the habit of seeking the springs with their sick and afflicted, just as we do to-day. There, while passing through the stages of cure and convalescence, they not only had a most delightful place of abode, but game was abundant, fish in myriads filled the waters, and oysters as fine as any in the world were strung out in long bars in the bay near at hand. It was indeed a paradise to both sick and well Indians. Colonel Bailey told this story of the afflicted Indian to his son, William J. Bailey, Jr., when a boy, now verging on old age, living upon his fine orange grove near Wauchula, in De Soto county, Florida. Some years afterwards in 1855, Colonel Bailey made a tour of southern Florida, visited the springs, located the land, and bought it from the United States Government, and the ownership of the Espiritu Santo Springs property has remained in his family for more than half a century.

Wall Springs, originally Ponce De Leon Springs located to the south of Tarpon Springs, contains healing waters. Mr. Charles F. Wall, from whom the spring takes its name, acquired possession of it after having been cured of a long standing liver and kidney complaint. He does not sell its waters, however, having arranged a large basin and swimming pool which are free to everyone who appears.

THE SPELL OF THE MYAKKA.

There are fish and they are jumping and flaunting
And luring me on as they wish;
But it isn't the fish that I'm wanting
So much as just catching the fish.



Scene on Myakka River

It's the great, broad Myakka out yonder
With its palms where silence has lease;
It's the beauty that thrills me with wonder
It's the stillness that fills me with peace.

(With all apologies to Robert Service for the use of the rhythmic swing and idea of his verses, "The Spell of the Yukon.")

This Myakka is a capricious stream—sometimes wide and resembling the more noted rivers, again broadening out into flats and sloughs, again narrowing into little trickling runs between high banks and once in a while one comes across what the native terms a "water hole" of its forming. Going to the Myakka is a pleasant and profitable habit that grows on one. There are ideal camping places at different points on this river, cleared places with here a gnarled water oak festooned with moss and there tall palmettoes, standing like sentinels, with a fringe of smaller palms all around—and the fishing is ideal,—fresh water fish in abundance, in fact I have seen two fish caught on one hook. Quite unbelievable to one who has not seen it.

Hunters returning from the Myakka bring in deer, wild turkey, ducks, quail and doves.

Among her other valuable Florida acquisitions, Mrs. Potter Palmer owns a large pasture on the Myakka flats. Droves of cattle are seen grazing in the pastures, while ever and anon a bunch of razor-back hogs scamper away at one's approach.

The way to Myakka leads in a winding in and out direction just as one would follow the elusive trail of a deer.

On one occasion when we went to the Myakka (we go

often for it is only a few miles from Sarasota), we came within shooting distance of a wild-cat, but alas! in the excitement of the moment the shot went wild and we lost him. We sent the big Rambler plunging through marshy places and around ponds, sometimes a rabbit would scurry away and birds fluttered from tree to tree in alarm; a black snake claimed my attention once; and against the dark green water-oaks were silhouetted the beautiful white curlew.

Many a haggard face has grown calm and less wretched from a soothing sojourn on the Myakka; and many frivolous, unthinking souls have grown more noble from gazing upon the handiwork of God.



Three Indians at Glade Cross Mission
From left to right: Little Doctor, Frank Willie
and Billy Fewel
Courtesy W. Stanley Hanson



CHAPTER XIII.

HOME OF THE SEMINOLES.

THE song of doom is resounding down the sequestered corridors of the great sylvan home of the Seminoles.

Once the Everglades bore'an unmistakable welcome to any and all who were weary and heavy laden, a refuge for tracked slaves; those to whom life had grown insufferable, found in the Everglades a retreat and the Seminoles a protection. Now the ownership of this great Cathedral, and abiding place of nature, has been changed from Freedom to Government and the white man, that invincible driver of his kind, says, "Keep off my land there's no protection or room here for you unless you have the money or the energy to work." The Seminoles, who have been used to their own peaceful, unhampered way of living, feel this iron hand of the law an intrusion instead of the blessing intended and are backing, forever backing away from the encroachment of the white man upon their loved domain.

A spark of the former bitterness, as expressed in the Seminoles Reply of ye olden days, still exists in their hearts, and in only a few instances have they trusted the white man, in whom they have never before been able to place confidence and trust.

The Seminoles to-day are alike to Hale's curious creation "The Man Without a Country." Seventy years ago the United States Government recognized

the Seminoles in a treaty granting all the vast domain of the Okeechobee County to them. Then, one would say, "why all this fuss about them." Because, according to Mrs. Minnie Moore-Wilson, an authority on the Seminole question as told in an address read before the annual convention of the Federation of Women's Clubs at West Palm Beach, "The Seminole is too proud to beg and too honorable to steal and rather than defend his rights, he will move on and on, and like the white plumed egret of the vast boundaries of the Everglades, he will pass like the mist. The Seminoles are being driven before the mighty power of an encircling civilization to the hidden recesses of the Everglades.

They are happy in their secluded homes and only ask to be let alone. A peaceful scene, again quoting Mrs. Wilson, is this—"One may see the wigwam homes, as they gleam in the red flames of the camp fire; and hear the soft lullabies of the crooning mothers; happy turban-crowned braves move amid the shadows of the live-oaks; dusky squaws with careful eyes catch the toddling papooses as they play over the grassy sward. These brown skinned people see God in the cloud and hear Him in the winds; the laughter of the hunter is heard and the love songs of the Seminole Minnehaha make the night beautiful."

It is to be fervently hoped that the Government will set aside the reservation in the Everglades for the Seminoles and assiduously protect them from the "land grabbers." It would be criminal to send them away from the land of their fathers, the land they love, to a cold unknown western land.

"The Seminoles of Florida" is a work that has brought Mrs. Minnie Moore-Wilson great fame. A Jacksonville paper said of her: "Her work which deals



A Hammock in the Everglades of Florida

with the famous Florida tribe of Indians, is considered a standard on the fast disappearing Seminoles, and never has a writer shown a more intimate knowledge of these dwellers of the Everglades. Mr. Wilson understands thoroughly the dialect of the Seminoles and has prepared a vocabulary for the revised edition of Mrs. Wilson's book. Mr. and Mrs. Wilson have found their way to the hearts of the Seminoles. They have been in touch with the down-trodden race for years and are very familiar with their language, customs and history."

Mr. Wilson in speaking of the tribe says: "That there is yet a tribe or tribes of Indians in Fla. is a fact unknown to a large part of the people of this country. There are even students in history who have scarcely known it. Seventy years or more ago these Seminoles were driven into the dreary Everglades of the Southern peninsular. They have kept themselves secluded from the ever encroaching whites. Only occasionally do small parties enter a town to engage in traffic. They have no faith in the white man or his government."

Not often are white people permitted to join them in their play or rather observations of their ancient customs. Mrs. Wilson describes the hunting dance in an interesting way. She also tells us—"The various dances of these people show how close they live to nature. As they move to the rythmical cadence of the owl song, we hear 'Waugh-ho-ooo-who-who' of the great horned owl; then the penewa, or wild turkey dance, with its notes of the gobbling bird; and so on with many others."

Tourists are always anxious to obtain Sofka spoons as souvenirs. Sofka is a stew, the tribal dish of the Seminoles. The Sofka spoon is often carved, the different households having differently shaped spoons.

One writer happily describes each band's style of Sofka spoon as the Seminole "Coat-of-arms."

The Seminole woman values her beads highly,—they mean everything to her—"good character, usefulness and social position. When the little papoose is a year old she is given her first string, with its 'first year bead.' This bead is always larger than the rest and of different color. A string of beads is allowed for each year until she marries. At her marriage her mother gives her many new strands, and, if she is a Chief's daughter, she receives many gifts of beads at her wedding.

"The beads play an important part all through the life of a Seminole woman. A string of beads is always a reward for any prowess, and a mother is allowed two strings for each child born. In fine dress many of the squaws wear from twenty to thirty pounds of glass beads, varying in size and color, the colors blending in perfect harmony.

"When the squaw reaches middle life she begins taking off her beads, one string at a time, as so many moons go by, until but one string is left. She is now an old squaw, too old to work, and the single strand she wears is made of the life beads and is buried with her."

When Billy Bowlegs and his sister, Stem-o-la-kee, visited Kissinmee, an admiring tourist gave to Stem-o-la-kee the title "A Princess of the Everglades" and called Billy "The Red Knight of Okeechobee."

The Seminoles' great feast day, "all same white man's Kismas," occurs each year about the first of July. It is then the young Indians of a certain age are initiated into the rights of warriors.

"The Feast of the Shot-cay-taw (Green Corn Dance) has many similarities to the historical records



Left to right; Stranahan Osceola, Jimmie Osceola, Mr. Stanly Hanson, Billy Osceola, and Willie Willie. The Indians with the exception of the last named are grandsons of the great chief Osceola.

Courtesy of W. Stanley Hanson

of the National Festival of the Aztecs. The feast is for sorrowing, rejoicing and purifying. This is the beginning of the New Year when, following the traditions of ancient people, old fires are allowed to go out, not a spark is allowed to remain. New fire is produced artificially. This is the Sacred Fire and must be made with the flint rock of their ancestors. The new fire is presented from one tribe to another and is received as a token of friendship. Then they assemble around the fire singing and dancing."

Law breakers are tried and condemned or reinstated, old friendships are revived and it is a happy time for all the tribes.

The Woman's National Indian Association some years ago began a mission for the Seminole Indians at "The Allen Place" some forty miles to the southeast of Ft. Myers and this, after a short time was transferred to the Church, this included about 320 acres of land and a small dwelling for the missionaries to which Bishop Gray gave the name of Immokalee, which means in the Indian tongue "Home." Here he built Christ's Church, nearly forty miles beyond any other place of worship. Forty miles further into the interior another mission was started which the Bishop called "Everglade Cross" and of which he gives the following account:

"Using a fine palmetto tree, prominently located, for the standard, I had placed across it, for the arms of the cross a large cypress beam. Our little company gathered around this 'Everglade Cross' and sang 'Rock of Ages,' then, we all said the Apostles Creed, after which kneeling down upon the ground, I offered up fervent prayers for the work, for the Indians, for the Missionaries, for all the scattered inhabitants of

the region, and for the work of Christ's Church throughout the world—and so set apart and consecrated the spot, whose name recognizes the locality, the Everglades,' and the center, ground, and hope of the effort, the Cross."

When the Bishop of Southern Florida goes to visit the Seminole Indians, he travels the seventy miles across the prairie and cypress swamps by a road that is deep sand in dry weather and one or two feet under water in wet weather. He rolls up in a blanket and sleeps on the ground before a camp fire, sometimes having to pile up palmetto leaves to keep him out of the water.

The Seminoles are not without religion. It is a queer fanciful idea to us but real to them. They know God, but do not pray aloud as we do. "Indian think much"—(but no speak), he will tell you, and the poet Montgomery has beautifully put this;

Prayer is the soul's sincere desire,
Uttered or unexpressed,
The motion of a hidden fire,
That gleams within the breast.

They have many traditions which correspond exactly with the old Testament narratives that must command our attention. One is, the Indian account of the feeding with manna. They say: Long time ago much people whom He-sa-ket-u-me-se had chosen were called out of slavery. They wander long time in desert. All sand. Nothing grow. People are much hungry, then He-sa-ket-u-me-se rain down plenty manna, (mark the word) like white man's little biscuits, good, but no keep, Indian eat plenty, every day it comes ojus



Thomas Edison Winter home
West Nyack, N.Y.

(plenty). How perfectly this corresponds with our Bible history of the feeding of the Children of Israel in the desert with manna, the very same word. Then in the Corn Dance in the twelfth moon (July), they cry "Jah-Vah," pure Hebrew for Jehovah. Strange, isn't it?

Their tradition of Jesus in this: Long time E-shock-e-tom-e-see-e-po-chee came. He landed at Cape Sable, three Indians met him and carried him over Florida. He sowed the bread of life, Compte-Koonti. The Indian make to-day bread of this root which they call palestayokee, live bread, or the bread of life.

PRAYER FOR SEMINOLE MISSION.

Bishop Gray requests that the following prayer be frequently used by the clergy in the churches, and at all meetings of the Woman's Auxiliary throughout the Jurisdiction:

Almighty and Most Merciful God, the Father of the friendless and the helper of the helpless, have pity we beseech Thee, upon the Indian tribes who dwell in this our land, especially the Seminoles in Southern Florida. Send to them the light and comfort of Thy Holy Gospel. Bless all the means used to bring them to the knowledge of Thy dear Son, who died for the salvation of all men. Guide with Thy Spirit, guard with Thy power, sustain with Thy love, all those who minister to them in spiritual things, and bear to them the tidings of Redemption. Stir up the hearts of all who profess and call themselves Christians to prayer and deeds of mercy in behalf of this perishing race. Give to our rulers a sense of honor, truth and justice in all their dealings with them, and fill this whole

nation with compassion for this poor and scattered people; and so fetch them home Blessed Lord, to Thy flock, that they might be saved among the remnant of true Israelites, and be made one fold under one Shepherd. All which we ask through Jesus Christ our Lord. Amen.

What has been so well said of a vastly more extensive mission field may be adopted to this one:

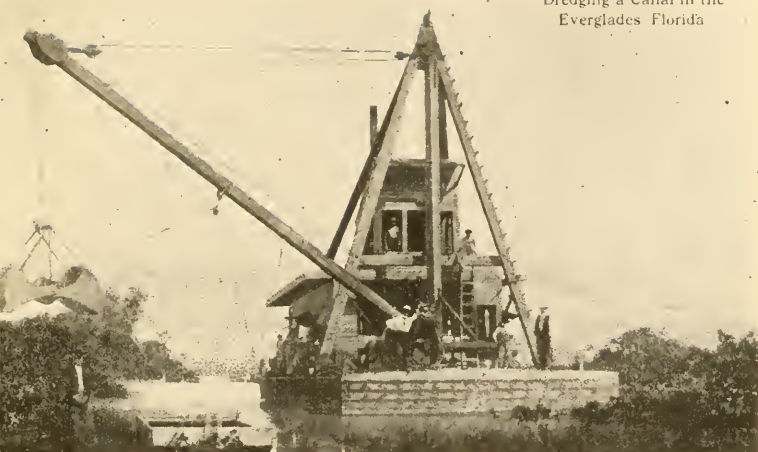
“There is to-day a tide in the affairs of the Seminole Indian nation which if taken at the flood, should lead on to everlasting blessing to that nation as well as to the whole State of Florida. If neglected, who can tell the immeasurable loss to the Indians and to all our people?”

A great question among Florida people and one in which the country at large is interested—is the drainage of the Everglades. It is a great undertaking and the opinion of investigating committees is that there is absolutely no occasion to doubt the practicability of the drainage operations.

The intention of the drainage operation is to lower the level of Lake Okeechobee about six feet and by means of locks and dams control its flood waters and afford an outlet for draining the lands through which the canals pass, and also for means of transportation and irrigation.

With transportation facilities, irrigation and climate the Everglades will rank among the garden spots of the world. It is impossible for one not having seen the vast stretch of country to have a proper conception of its immensity,—and one can be on Lake Okeechobee and travel for hours out of sight of land, so vast is the surface of the lake. Lake Okeechobee lies immediately north of the Everglades and is the largest fresh-water

Dredging a Canal in the
Everglades Florida



lake wholly within the United States except Lake Michigan. The Indian name for Everglade is Pah-hay-okee meaning "Grassy water." The Everglades of Florida cover an area of about 4,000 square miles.

In 1847 Buckingham Smith, of St. Augustine, Fla., was appointed to make an examination and report on the Everglades. His letters and descriptions are interesting reading.

The theory of the formation of the Everglades, as all my information in regard to the "Grassy water," is copied from Senate Document No. 89.

"At one time it was taught by geologists that the southern part of Florida was of coral origin, but recent examinations lead them to believe that its formation is similar to that of the coast of Georgia and South Carolina, and belongs to the 'post-Pliocene age.' The present surface rests on a bed of coolitic limestone, embedded with sand and shells. The underlying rock is nearly horizontal, dipping slightly toward the south, but does not denote any sudden upheaval. Its surface is irregular, being full of potholes, deep fissures, varied by irregular and jagged ridges and seams. It is not stratific, but is homogeneous in character, and is rotten or porous and susceptible of being easily excavated. In places it is quite retentive of moisture, but hardens when exposed to the air and makes a good surface for roads. This rock formation underlying the entire southern part of the peninsula was at one time the bed of an island sea. Along the eastern edge, parallel with the Atlantic coast, is a rock rim, or barrier, from three to five miles wide, that rises at the north end, opposite Lake Okeechobee, 10 or 12 feet higher than the bedrock in the center of the Glades, opposite this point. As this ridge extends south its elevation

gradually approaches the level of the bedrock, and at the mouth of the Miami River it has but a slight elevation above the level of the interior basin. South of Miami the ridge disappears, and the entire peninsula from the Atlantic to the Gulf coast is a rocky surface, dipping slightly toward the south and west. On the west coast there is a rock rim wider than on the east coast, but not so high. The backbone of the ridge is found at Fort Thompson, about 20 miles west of Lake Okeechobee, and extends in a southerly direction, almost parallel with the rim on the east coast; it gradually decreases in elevation until it is finally lost by merging into the bedrock at a point about west from Miami. The area inclosed by these rock rims, lying south of Lake Okeechobee, is about 90 miles long and 40 miles wide, and constitutes what is, strictly speaking, the Everglades. People who live in that locality, however, are accustomed to speak of any large marshy territory covered with grass as a part of the Everglades, whether it is within the inclosure formed by these rock rims or not.

“There is no doubt that at one time this basin was an open sea, but by the action of the wind and waves, sand and particles of stone were carried in and deposited, until the water was sufficiently shallow for plant life to exist. Aquatic plants then sprang up, and by constant accretions through a succession of years the entire basin has been filled to the level of the marginal rims with a deposit of sand and muck, so that the Everglades is now a plane with a gentle slope from the north to the south.”

This proposition is the greatest Reclamation project of the age, and each one identified with it feels, as Buckingham Smith said:—“I feel that to be connected



Grape Fruit breaking down tree
Courtesy J. B. Chapline, Jr., Sarasota

with the inception of a measure which, if carried out properly, will probably produce such results; to be identified, even in a secondary position with the commencement of an undertaking that must be so eminently beneficial to my country, is a privilege of no mean consideration."

CHAPTER XIV.

LEGENDARY LORE.

SARASOTA, THE BEAUTIFUL.

The Legend of Sara De Soto, the lovely Daughter of Hernando.

By permission of the author,

G. F. CHAPLINE.

Chichi-Okobee, the fleet and strong, heir by blood and physical prowess to the thousand tepees and stalwart warriors of Black Heron's Seminoles stood motionless in the morning sun, before the camp of the great white chief, De Soto. Two guardsmen with burnished helmets and shields, and with naked blades, drew nigh this prince of the Seminoles. A harsh word of command broke the stillness of the sun-bathed morning. With broad, brown palm uplifted—the sign of peace—and with steadfast gaze, Chichi-Okobee bade the guardsmen of De Soto draw nigh. "Peace: I surrender to the warriors of the great white chief." These were the words of Okobee. Bound, he was taken to De Soto "Hold him hostage for our passage safe," said Hernando.

Deep into the Everglades, skirting lakes and lagoons, parching upon glistening beaches, Chichi-Okobee was borne by the Spaniard. No murmur, no word of complaint escaped the captive's stoical yet princely lips. He had beheld Sara, the lovely daughter of the white chieftain; Sara, lovelier than all the princess maidens.

of the Seminole camp. He had surrendered himself a willing captive that he might suffer the thongs of captivity, the humiliation of bonds that he might occasionally feast his own lustrous eyes upon the orbs of this princess of the house of De Soto.

Chichi fell ill. The confinement, the lack of food of his fathers, the want of his body for the long stride of the chase, the absence of the medicine man, and most of all the unsatisfied heart-yearning, had done their work, and Chichi lay helpless, wasting, parching, dying of the fever of the Everglades. Their efforts vain, the physicians of the Spanish camp gave up. The Seminole prince must die. Sara De Soto begged permission to minister in the dying hour of Chichi-Okobee. Her ministrations wrought a marvel. Chichi amended. Love's potion, more powerful than the medicaments of medicine men, brought back the steady gaze to the eye, brought back health and strength to Chichi.

Now was the daughter of De Soto taken ill. The physicians of the camp hung over her tapestried couch with the tender solicitude of fathers, yet all in vain; the malady that had stricken her seemed all the stronger for their care. Chichi begged De Soto that he might go to his father's camp and fetch the great medicine man, Ahti—the medicine man who knew the secrets of the bad spirits of the Everglades. Though a man might be dead, yet it had been known that Ahti's skill had brought back the throb to the heart.

Chichi-Okobee had tried the small deer of the forest, and his long, lithe limbs had won him many a trophy in the sports of his tribe, yet never sped he so fast, never had the tropic trees beheld such speed as this bronze young prince plunged by them. One moon and yet another and Chichi-Okibee, with Ahti, the medi-

One man stood before the tent of Sara De Soto. Strange incantations were uttered, mysterious herbs were offered in more mysterious smoke, that the spirit of the swamp might be appeased. Long vigils did Ahti keep by the side of the dying girl. Chichi stood mute without the camp, with his eyes fixed upon the idly flapping doorway of the sick girl's tent. A black heron screamed and plunged over Chichi's head into the gloom of the forest. The great medicine man came forth from the tent, rending his deerskin cape. Chichi read the message—Sara was dead. The Great Spirit had called her. Ahti's powers had been matched with a greater than his.

Chichi sought the presence of De Soto and there poured forth to the Spaniard the love he bore the dead girl. He begged that he might select the place of her burial and take part in the ceremony. De Soto, struck with the earnestness of the young Seminole, and melting under the caressing melody of his rich voice and savage eloquence, gave consent. Okobee told of a landlocked, peaceful bay, the loveliest spot along the Gulf-kissed shores of Florida, as the spot where he wished to bury the matchless Sara. He begged for, and received, permission to go to his camp and secure a body of his fellow warriors to make up a guard of honor to attend upon the last rites of his dead sweetheart.

On the morning following his departure there appeared, drawing nigh De Soto's camp, winding in silent, single file, a body of one hundred Seminole braves at whose head came Chichi-Okobee. All were bedecked in full war paint, all bore the solemn mein of their chieftain; every quiver bristled with its complement of stone-tipped arrows, every bow was strung. Chichi-Okobee's war bonnet swept the earth as he strode, his



Crystal Spring
Pascolo, Fla.
Courtesy Florida Grower, Tampa

jasper-tipped spear flashed in the sunbeams, and, like his followers, his quiver was filled with the arrows of warfare.

Three large canoes, bedecked with dark mosses of the forest swept up the beach, propelled by the swift, strong strokes of six solemn Indians. In the first and largest of these the body of Sara De Soto was tenderly laid. De Soto and one guardeman were the sole passengers aboard this death craft save and except Chichi-Okobee and six stalwart Seminoles who propelled the canoe. Silently the hundred braves took their places in the two remaining canoes. Silently the leading canoe swept out and up the bay, followed by the other two. At midday Chichi-Okobee bade the funeral fleet come to a stand. In the middle ground of the most peaceful, the most beautiful body of water that the Spaniard had ever beheld: Okobee would bury his love. With the white bay flowers in her blue-black hair, and the feather from the wing of the black heron in her hand, the remains of Sara De Soto were lowered into the deep. Chichi-Okobee was rowed to the leading canoe of his followers, where he mounted the prow, leaving Hernando, his guardsman and oarsman in the funeral barque. Behold! a wonderful thing transpired. At a signal from the young chief every warrior sprang to his feet, tomahawk in hand. In strange, weird unison the war chant of these hundred bronze warriors lifted itself and swelled across the bosom of the bay. As its mystery-laden echo died away in the deep of the forest along the shore line, the blades of one hundred tomahawks crashed into the frail bodies of the two war canoes. A moment of ripples, a moment of bubbles and all was still. De Soto and his companions, in silent astonishment, gazed upon the grave of Chichi-Okobee and his

hundred companions-at-arms—they had gone to guard the resting place of their young chieftain's love.

The bay—"Sarasota Bay," as it has since been known—like a mirror of steel reflects the doings of the stars, and whispers to the caressing winds the story of the love of Chichi-Okobee and the beautiful Spaniard. The elders of the Seminoles repeat the legend to the children, and say that the spirits of Chichi-Okobee and his warriors are in eternal combat with the spirits of evil and the children of the storm god, holding the pass to the Gulf and protecting the resting place of Sara De Soto.

It is said that the sullen roar of the Gulf, as it breaks upon the outer beaches, is but the noise of conflict, and that the great whitecaps which chase each other and break and tumble across the pass are but the wraiths of the warriors of Okobee and the children of the sea, tossing their spirit arms, and meeting in never-ending contest for the possession of the bay. This is the legend of the lovely Sara and Chichi, the fleet and strong—the legend of Sarasota Bay. It is peaceful, it is beautiful.

* * * * *

Legend has it that the Cherokee rose was brought to the land of the Seminoles by an Indian bride who, on leaving her home land, plucked a rose and hid it in her bosom. She planted it by the wigwam of her Seminole warrior and from that it has grown and spread until it can be found all over the State.

* * * * *

The Seminoles believe that when they die they come to a big river with a pole to cross it. The pole is slick and hard to cross. The bad Indian falls off and alli-



Crystal Spring
Courtesy Florida Grower, Tampa.

gators catch him and the good Indian gets across the pole to Happy Hunting Ground.

* * * * *

A very happy solution of punishment to debtors was given by Johnny Osceola. "No pay one year, all right; no pay two year, get other Injuns with big sticks in line, make him run between, hit him one time for every dollar."

* * * * *

Mysterious adventure of an Everglade Trip by Mrs. J. P. Martin is one of the most fascinating descriptions it has ever been my pleasure to read. It is a story of a trip taken by three boys. Leaving from Tampa, the article describes how they captured the turtle in Caseys Pass, below Sarasota, by jumping astride the monster in the water, maneuvering him as though he were a submarine boat, and guiding him docilely ashore; they caught tarpon and saw-fish in the Ten Thousand Isles.

The article describes the gorgeously plumed sea birds; the fine specimens of shells highly polished and delicately tinted found at Sanibel and Cape Romano.

"At Marceo, Caxambas and Chokoloskee we found fruit in abundance. Tall Cocoanut trees waving their long graceful palms in the glorious Southern breeze, laden with huge clusters of nuts in all stages of maturity. Then there was the russet and crimson and golden mangoes upon the glossy green foliaged trees, the great polished-looking avocados, the sugar apples, whose scent rivals the frankincense and myrrah of the Orient. Huge papayas hanging like great pumpkins upon the tropical trees, bananas, in golden thongs, guavas upon every turn, and acres of delicious pineapples.

"The Royal Ponciannas as large as monster oak trees were in bloom, one solid mass of crimson, that could be

discerned among the green foliage of surrounding trees, for a distance of several miles upon the water, reminding one of an immense blaze of fire. At Chokolochee the yellow alder grows in perfect hedges or swamps, their masses of golden blossoms looking a good deal like the so much admired Southern yellow jessamine."

After being out three weeks and nothing had happened in all that time to mar the perfect felicity of the trip, one day in trying to capture a manatee, the boat was overturned. Nearly all the provisions and ammunition, the compass and batteries from the boat were lost. A storm came up and one of the party grew alarmingly ill. The two boys, burdened with their now raving companion, wet food and almost useless boat, and without a compass tried to find their way to the store they passed two days previous.

For two days they worked laboriously through the marshy interior of the Everglades. The moaning of their companion, the melancholy din of the owls, the blood-curdling wails of the panthers and the sound of bear pulling the buds out of the cabbage palmetto trees, had well-nigh unnerved them and they were about to give up in despair when they heard the familiar bark of a dog. This gave them new hope and they set out for the direction of the bark. The rest of the adventure is better told in Mrs. Martin's words:

"Ernest and I each dropped our oars in stupefied amusement, for even as we looked the scene before us was transformed into a veritable garden of paradise. As we glanced in wonder and amazement hundreds of electric lights burst forth in all colors of the rainbow, blazing upon myriads of gorgeous colored plants and flowers and numerous fountains spouting from marble statues of various designs, played and gleamed in the

colored lights. The residence setting well back among the foliage and flowers was not the palace one might expect to accompany the fairy-like garden, and though small, it seemed to be substantially constructed of the beautiful mahogany logs. It would have been too dark to discern anything now, for it was still cloudy, but the artificial light made the scene more brilliant than the noon-day sun.

“We reached the landing and the dog rushed down to the river bank, barking furiously now, whereupon the form of a man appeared in the doorway, and blinded by the light, peered curiously in our direction. For a few seconds he seemed confused and irresolute as to what course to pursue, but finally he came rapidly down to the landing.

“‘We happened to find you here very unexpectedly, I assure you,’ began Ernest, fluently, ‘but we are lost, and in dire distress; one of our party is very ill and we have no succor for him.’

“‘Ah! he does seem quite ill, poor lad,’ said the gentleman, kindly, a little brokenly. Evidently he was a Spaniard, and bore the marks of a gentleman—a cavalier.

“‘Bring him into the house at once, and we will see what can be done to resuscitate him.’

“We lost no time in following directions, and our cavalier, whose age we could not determine whether it was thirty or sixty, with remarkably light and agile steps led the way through the vine-clad veranda into the entrance hall and then opened a door leading into a sleeping apartment as luxurious as those of the Orientals in its rich portiers and tapestry, rugs, cushions and divans. The interior of the house was also brilliantly lighted with electricity.

“‘Now first thing, he must be gotten dry and comfortable. I know with the rains we’ve had your outfit is wet,’ and he got a suit of warm pajamas for us to put on Frank. ‘While you change his clothing I will prepare him a concoction,’ and he tripped lightly out, returning almost immediately with a small cut-glass goblet containing a fluid as clear and sparkling as champagne, which he presented to Frank’s parched and fevered lips. The poor boy grasped it ravenously, and quaffed it to the last drop, then he opened his eyes and looked about with the light of reason for the first time in days, but expressed bewilderment at the unexpected surroundings.

“‘Where am I?’ he asked, springing up. He had been too weak to raise his head, and Ernest and myself exchanged glances of astonishment to see him arise as though nothing had been the matter. ‘Do you feel better, Frank?’ I asked.

“‘Better? I never felt better in my life. Why I’m not sick, am I? But what has happened? I feel good, good. I never did feel so good. I feel as light as air, and my blood fairly tingles with the pleasure of health, and joy and strength. What was that I drank? That’s the cause of it. What was it?’ and he turned to senior for explanation.

“‘Ernest and I were too amazed to comment, for as we watched, as if by magic the glow of health crept into his pallid cheeks and his sunken eyes sparkled with more than their usual luster.

“‘You would think I prevaricated, young man, if I should tell you that what you drank was the Elixir of Life from the fabled fountain of Immortal Youth.’ replied Senior, smiling.

“‘No, no, I would not doubt you, really I do not. Not



SCENE ALONG THE ST. JOHN'S

when it makes a fellow feel like that—nothing is too good to believe of it.’ Frank grasped him by the hand and looked curiously into his eyes. ‘So you found it, and how long has it preserved you? Oh, my, my! I’ve always known it really did exist; the very one for which Ponce de Leon searched,’ cried Frank excitedly.

“Senor smiled at his enthusiasm, but vouchsafed no further information.

“‘Well, I believe a draught would help each of us. You don’t object to being livened up a bit yourself, eh, boys? Then after that refreshes you we will try to get some of the substantials for the inner man,’ He poured from a cut-glass pitcher the sparkling beverage and we all drank with the same effect Frank had experienced. Never had we felt so thrilled, so exhilarated, so intensely delicious in our whole existence. The sensation imminently defies description.

“‘Will just a drink of it prolong life?’ queried Ernest, the thoughtful.

“‘It is hard to say as to that, but I am convinced that where one continues to drink it life will go on indefinitely,’ he replied, leading the way to the kitchen. ‘My servant, my man Friday, is away,’ he explained. ‘I am momentarily expecting him. When your boat came I thought it was he. Do you know you are the first human being that have ever found my hermitage? And it puzzled me immensely at first how you did so, but I have deducted that it was only because of the unprecedented amount of rain. You would never in the world have found my entrance, the only one, except in the extreme high water as now.

“‘However, boys, though it has been so many years since I’ve seen or spoken to a human soul except Pedro. (I never leave here) I trust I have not forgotten how

to be hospitable. Pray feel and act just as though you were at home.'

"Frank now completely restored to his usual health proceeded to assist in the preparation of supper, and a veritable banquet it was. His pantry was abundantly supplied. His garden contained every known vegetable, his orchard every variety of fruit that would grow in this soil, and the flower garden every shrub and plant indigenous to this climate. Discussing them, Senor said, 'That's my life, my recreation. First my books,' indicating an entire wall of shelves filled with volumes, mechanical, historical, fiction, 'then my stock and poultry, my flowers, fruits and vegetables. I'll show you my Jersey cows, my hogs and chickens in the morning.'

"When the bountiful table was set, with its snow-white napery, its ample supply of china, cut-glass and silverware, we were as astonished as if we had suddenly been transported to some unknown region and ushered into elysium. Pedro must have excelled in the culinary department for the store of home-canned goods, fruits, preserves, jellies was superb, but the greatest surprise was when the tea and milk were served they were iced!

"'Now, I'm non-plussed,' exclaimed Ernest. 'I've been suprised the entire evening and continually expecting to find myself awakening from a dream, but pray explain, Senior, how is it you have ice here.'

"'Well,' explained the Senor quietly. 'It is just a hobby for me to want all the luxuries and pleasures I can afford. I love to tinker with machinery, as does Pedro, and by keeping abreast of the times by studying my magazines, I ordered a small ice plant as well as electric plant of the most modern design, and erected them just to humor a whim.'



ON THE TONKA RIVER, FLORIDA

“‘And, knowing too, that you will live on and on, it’s not like we poor mortals who know that we’ve got to die just as we get ready to live,’ observed Ernest.

“‘And I suppose, too, you’ve had several centuries to do all this fixing up in,’ put in Frank.

“‘I’ve been walking in your orchard and vineyard, and I’ll be dogged if those trees and grapevines don’t look like they are at least two hundred years old.’ Señor only smiled, and helped Frank’s plate to a liberal supply of fried chicken. After an excellent night’s rest, we arose to find a continual round of surprises and new beauties and wonderful things.

“About noon a large closed cabin motor boat steamed up to the dock, manned by a real Indian, as we thought, in full Indian array.

“We were apprehensive for a moment until we saw that Señor maintained a placid exterior.

“‘Ah, there is Pedro returned from Miami,’ and we sauntered down to the boat.

“He is Indian, then,” I asserted, exhibiting my surprise. Señor laughed. “‘It is a pretty good disguise he gets up, is it not? You see he is compelled to go to Miami twice each year for our supplies, and it creates less suspicion to go as an Indian than a Spaniard. He gets the supplies as though representing a whole tribe of Indians. Then a great deal of freight I get from New York is in boxes and nobody knows the contents, consequently there is no sensation about it.’

“Pedro did not seem to relish our intrusion, and was stolid and sulky until Señor had a whispered consultation with him and I suppose relieved his mind as to our aggressiveness in ferreting out the secret entrance after which he became friendly and hospitable, seeming to enjoy our companionship. The boat seemed to contain

everything imaginable, and magazines, political, scientific, mechanical, enough to last a year.

“In the evening as Ernest and I walked in the garden, he burst forth, ‘Harold, I have never in my life had my curiosity so thoroughly pricked as now. There is something remarkably strange connected with Senor. He must be vastly rich in the first place to live like the king he does and make absolutely nothing. But the most singular part is, how long has he been here, and what of his life? Even Frank’s quizzing cannot pry into his life. He talks enough but not of the main point I want to know. Do you think it would be wrong for me to wrench the secret from him? Don’t you believe we are due that much to our fellow man? I mean so as to make the revelation to the world when we get back to it?’

“Of course, I’d find out if I could, but I can’t see how you will wrench any secret from him. He’s too cautious. He tells nothing.”

“All right, watch my strategy.”

“That was all that Ernest said, but after tea I observed him in earnest conversation with Pedro, who by the way after having exchanged his Indian garb for that of a well regulated Spanish esquire, he did not in any wise resemble a warrior.

“‘I wonder if he’s several centuries old too,’ queried Frank. ‘He does not look more than thirty, I’d sure like to know how old they are.’

“Presently Ernest joined us in the dining-room, leaving Pedro out on the veranda and glancing out the window I perceived that he was in a profound slumber, occupying a reclining posture in a huge arm chair.

“‘Pedro seems to be fatigued from his journey, and no doubt he has lost rest too,’ observed Ernest, carelessly. ‘No doubt, no doubt,’ reiterated Senor, puffing

away at his excellent meerschaum pipe. Ernest seated himself directly in front of Senor and proceeded to engage him in conversation. I was occupied with a new magazine and did not observe how the colloquy was progressing until Frank, to direct my attention, pulled at my sleeve.

“Ernest was bending over Senor making very singular motions and passes over him with his hands. Senor was actually asleep, audibly snoring, and Frank sat perfectly spell-bound, speechless with emotion.

“Presently Ernest began in a soft crooning voice, ‘You are unconscious of all surroundings, you hear nothing but my voice, you will now proceed to tell me the history of your life down to the minutest detail. After you have finished you will retire and sleep soundly until morning not recalling anything that has occurred.’

“I had never witnessed any such proceeding, but it flashed into my memory that I had heard that Ernest was an hypnotist of rare ability, a veritable prodigy in the phenomenal. I was then conscious of the fact that Pedro was in an hypnotic trance also. As Ernest’s voice ceased Senor began, and for two solid hours talked volubly. I regret that I cannot repeat verbatim what he said, but space forbids, even were I endowed with the power; the substance was this. He was first cousin of Ponce de Leon, his name being Sebastian de Leon. He was with de Leon in all of his daring exploits, was as enthused over the Fountain of Immortal Youth as Ponce de Leon himself, heard wonderful tales of it from the natives and resolved even after de Leon’s death to find it.

“Upon one occasion the ship upon which he sailed carried a vast treasure plundered from the seacoast towns of South America. It was really a pirate’s ship, but with Sebastian de Leon as the leader, a bang of

sailors, eight or ten in number, mutinied, took the ship with the treasure, after making way with the captain and crew, and made for the coast of Florida. They had just succeeded in secreting the treasure on shore, and were having a hilarious time aboard the ship, dancing, drinking and carousing when they were surprised by a band of Indian savages and everyone murdered except Senor and Pedro, who by some miracle made their escape with one of the ship's yawls, the night being very dark.

"After pilfering the ship the savages set fire to it and left it. The next day when peace and quiet reigned he and Pedro guardedly slipped back and unearthed the treasure which consisted largely of jewels besides much gold, and made their way to the interior, happening by chance to find a secret cave or passage that led to the river surrounding this high beautiful island.

"There they found quantities of wild fruit and game abounded, and best of all the clear, limpid, placid waters of the long sought fountain.

"That was more than three hundred years ago, but here they had remained, and with his unbounded wealth and active brain Senor had kept up with the flight of time.

"It seems wonderful but he had studied and read and was right up to date upon every known subject, every current event, though living so remote from the busy world. 'Would you mind showing us your treasure?' interrupted Ernest, at length. 'Not in the least. It would give me pleasure,' asserted Senor de Leon, rising gallantly and alighting a candle that happened to be at hand. 'Follow me,' he commanded, and we were by no means reluctant. In his bed room he removed a rug, and then merely touched a tiny spring and a door rolled noiselessly back revealing a staircase that led downward.



On the Harney River

Courtesy Florida Grower Tampa

“ We followed Senor and were ushered into an underground chamber about twelve feet square. It contained nothing save an ingeniously contrived iron safe. After manipulating the combination the door opened and there was displayed a brilliant array of jewels, jewels! Diamonds, rubies, amethysts, emeralds, sapphires; oh, so many beautiful dazzling gems—and gold! Tier after tier of old gold coins piled and heaped one upon the other.

“ If we had indulged the idea of Senor presenting us each a gem as a memento of the occasion, the apprehension was soon dissipated, for after allowing us to feast our eyes upon the display for a few brief moments he carefully re-adjusted the combination, and preceded us up the stairs.

“ ‘ Now you will retire to your bed and never remember what has occurred,’ said Ernest. He then proceeded to the veranda where Pedro still snored. ‘ You will now go to your bed and sleep until morning,’ he suggested to Pedro, who arose and went immediately to his bed in a dazed sort of way.

“ ‘ We were to leave on our homeward journey the following morning, Senor having proposed to equip us for the trip, so after an early breakfast it was our intention to start. Accordingly we arose early and after partaking of a bountiful repast, Pedro handed to each a cup of most delicious coffee which was the last thing we remembered. I felt a drowsy, numbed feeling overcome me, and when I regained consciousness the sun was sinking in the west. We were away out in the glades, we three boys!

“ ‘ I soon got the boys aroused and we found that our boat contained an abundant supply of everything necessary to make the trip—new batteries, ample supply of

gasoline, a compass with minutely written instructions as to what direction to steer.

““ We were evidently many miles from Senor’s, as no high timber was anywhere in view.

““ Pedro had no doubt towed us for a great distance, after seeing us out of the secret passage.

““ I believe it’s all a dream anyway,’ said Frank. ‘ But the supply of food and gasoline that’s most too realistic for a dream,’ replied Ernest, the logic of which we were compelled to acknowledge.”

* * * * *

A part of *The Maid of Gasparilla Isle*, by H. C. Goldstein is herewith given. Treasure hunters have been busily engaged, lately, in digging for the buried treasures.

In this story two men are out on a camping expedition, one taking his violin along.

“Possibly nowhere in Florida will one find the tropical growth that spreads its beauty as it does along the Peace river, and for genuine romance the stately palm, the most covered cypress, lend enchantment. Among its many treasure islands deep in the quicksand there is one that holds the treasures of the pirate Gasparilla.

“The Seminole Indians know the legend, for the story never grows old; and had Ponce de Leon seen the maid of Gasparilla no doubt she could have lead him to the fountain of eternal youth. Her chiffon-like appearance has been seen, and the early settlers’ description is identical with the picture I have in mind.

“The wealth of hair that seemed to float on the summer night’s breeze, a healthful delicacy that might have given tone to a Rembrandt, though the tender appeal from the dreamy eyes seemed to conflict with the warning gesture, and it was not surprise, but rather a feeling

of admiration that Melville experienced at this their first meeting, for from the waving trees to the wee small foot there was quality, tone and color.

“The Everglades at a distance, the coral reef in the background, covered with pelicans, the lanky crane in the shallows, gave east to the somber settings. The relief is the isle itself, for its foliage drops to the water’s edge, where trout and tarpon lure the sportsman’s line.”

Melville one evening played in a weird minor strain, pouring his very soul into the melody. “From the river bank a haze as delicate as the phosphorescent water in the background came forward, and gradually took the form of a human being. Then the minor changed and Melville was playing ‘Angel’s Serenade,’ while the scene of the evening before was being re-enacted, though never to be finished, she now stood with outstretched hands and the voice that had been hushed for a century broke silence:

“‘It is my turn, and now Melville listen to me.’ So softly he continued to play that clearly every word she spoke, though barely above a whisper, sounded, and the gentle breeze took up the melody and left an echo in the hollow cypress. There was nothing dramatic to this simple narrative, but painted in true colors as follows:

“‘A few years after the war of 1812, on a clear summer morn, the schooner Q—— sailed through the pass at Boca Grande and drifted lazily to the south. In an hour the wind had died to a calm and the men left the deck only to swelter in close bunks. That there was dissatisfaction was evident. Some cursed in Spanish; others talked mutiny, and the final verdict was the ‘She’ could not remain. But all knew the strength of their leader, his lust for human blood and they did not dare make any demonstration.

“Gasparilla stood in the low-ceiled cabin leaning against the butt of the mainmast. His black mustache drooping at the corners of his mouth, a red bandana handkerchief tied loosely around his neck, were features of his appearance that were in keeping with his six feet of bone and muscle. In the far corner of the cabin stood ‘She;’ my head slightly thrown back, my lips curled in defiance, and though the contrast was as great as the gulf that separated our two souls, he ventured:

“Will you not reconcile yourself, or do you force me to take advantage of my position? The vessel we took you from has been scuttled, and the low water mark will uncover the topmast. Rather a fitting tombstone.’ This bit of eloquence surprised me, for when I raised my eyes to meet his snake-like gaze the horror I experienced was even greater than that of the day before, when my hands had been tied and I saw those before me walk the plank. As great as this horror had been I now envied those. I even wondered why, when my turn came this monster that towered before we had ordered the plank down. I had been dragged, half-carried to the dungeon-like cabin I now faced him in.

“I will marry you and take you to Spanish shores,’ he finally said, ‘where the wealth I now offer you affords the enviable station that my pretty *Senorita* deserves.’ The cold silence that followed seemed to encourage him, for he depicted in glowing terms the chatau, the drives among the olive and orange groves, the golden sunsets among the hills and Monte Carlo. With this his voice fell to a whisper and with outstretched hands he started in my direction, but quickly I evaded him, and a few seconds later I was standing on the stairway that led to the upper deck, though I



Lake Thonotosassa

Courtesy Florida Grower

well knew that escape was impossible. Another thought filled my brain: Would such a sacrifice mean that a score of innocent people that each day fell into this man's path might be saved? On the other hand I well realized that no alternative presented itself. Gasparilla did not follow me. But from his hip pocket produced a bunch of keys. On the port side of the cabin, undecided, he stood in front of three chests. Unconsciously I watched him and backed up another step until the top of my head touched the ceiling.

"Gasparilla was on his knees in front of the smallest chest. As he raised the lid, a haze, the colors of the rainbow, seemed to play above this horde of stolen treasures. From the depths of the chest he drew forth a chamois, and proceeded to unfold the corners, then with his left hand he raised a diamond necklace. The full afternoon light that poured its rays through the open portholes paled a ghastly gray as it fell, on this mass of sparkling jewels.

"The solemn proceedings which had been taking place for the past half hour were being focused to a climax. On the upper deck men were hurrying forward, then aft. For the third time three bells had sounded and every man was at his post, but their leader had not answered the summons. Gasparilla started to place the jewels about my neck, but again I cleverly evaded him, only to slip and fall to my knees a moment later. Like a snarling wolf he stood over me. And then for the first time he heard the voice of 'She.' Maybe they were silvery tones that held him spellbound as they echoed in every corner of the cabin. For now my hands were clasped over my head and as my stricken features met his gaze, I simply whispered

'Don't, don't touch me!' and Gasparilla's heart had been touched.

"By this time Melville had stopped playing. Leaning forward aghast, as though he knew the story was his death knell, he pressed the 'Strad.' close to his heart as 'She' continued:

"The little schooner that played the part of a shipwrecked smack was a decoy, and instead of surprising the defenseless as had been his custom, Gasparilla found a formidable foe. In fact, the general belief to this day is that the hand of the law was the instrument of this pirate's downfall. Though there is no historical reference to the fact, there is little doubt but that this theory is correct.

"Both ships were now lashed close together and in whirlwind style the crew of the decoy came scrambling over the gunwale of the pirate. From every door, window and hatch men came running and the decoy that had been planned for months was now a success. After the first volley Gasparilla staggered to the upper deck. For an instant all was quiet, even as the calm proceeds the storm. In the western sky a blood red sun was sinking 'neath the waters of the Gulf of Mexico. Close to the water's surface came flying a flock of pelicans then to the south, lost in darkness, and last to find in the mangrove their sheltered roost.

"Whether or not his own fate was the last to be considered, nothing but the cynical smile seemed to acknowledge defeat at this Waterloo, that without a moment's notice had been hurled into the midst of his career of crime and piracy. In an instant he drew a dagger from his belt. Then a shot fired and close to his side came reeling the form of 'She.' And now, Melville, I tell you this story a hundred years later,



The author getting "local color"
in Lee County

not as one that acted the part, and now looks back as at a vision that applauds, but as facts that should go to make history of a tragedy that had a parallel when 'Bill Sykes washed his hands in the blood of Nancy.' Both hands clasped tightly to my side I lurched forward, staggered, and as the bullet pierced my heart I fell backwards across the boom. As you see me now I watched my own form, my head dangling down and my fallen hair barely touching the deck. Gasparilla sprang to my side, but again his own barely touching the deck. Gasparilla sank to the deck, reaching out his long sunburnt arms until his finger tips touched the drooping tresses. He struggled to crawl to 'She,' but over him leaned the coward. Then pressing the dagger to his left side he leaned forward and fell face down.

"As she finished she started forward, screamed, another scream, 'Melville!' But 'twas too late, there was a crash. Then in all her beauty 'She' smiled through bitter tears. Close to her side stood another form, and with lips pressed together slowly in the moonlight turned their back to the lonely tent, and on the summer night's breeze were lost among the palm and cypress.

"At the tent all was quiet. Melville was lying on the ground, face down. Under his body, crushed into a thousand pieces, was the broken 'Strad.' A rattler hissed and again all was quiet."

CONCLUSION.

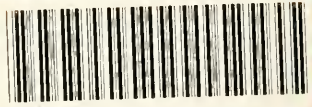
“FLORIDA, the Fascinating” is finished and I feel as if a dearly loved guest, whom I have enjoyed for months, is going away. I have thoroughly enjoyed my reading and searching for material to use in this book. I do not claim any honor but for the part of working in the valuable facts which have been sent me by interested people throughout the State in response to my circular letters, asking for authentic information.

Some important places, no doubt, have not been described. It has been quite difficult to choose the places to describe, for each place in Florida is a choice spot and almost every one is entitled to first mention.

I feel that I have toured the State of Florida the guest of the Department of Agriculture the Boards of Trade, Commercial Associations and persons privately interested in the wonderful State. To one and all, each person who has so generously assisted me in collecting material and illustrations,—I thank you for your kindness, and send Florida the Fascinating out as a tribute to interested people and an appreciation of the State of my Adoption.

Neal Wyatt Chapline.

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