

WINE-MADE PARADISE IN THE SOUTH

Palm Beach Made Out of a Tropical Jungle by a Busy Rich Man for Idle Rich Men and Women—The Royal Poinciana.

By FREDERIC J. HASKIN.
(Copyright, 1908, by Frederic J. Haskin.)
Palm Beach, Fla. Jan. 7.—An Eden created out of a wilderness by the magic of money that rich Americans may have a winter paradise—that is Palm Beach. At the easternmost point of the Florida peninsula, warmed by the sweep of the great Gulf stream, it is the northernmost point on the coast of Florida where one may find the genuine tropics. It is directly south of Pittsburg and is the nearest tropical resort for the millionaires of Chicago, Cleveland, Cincinnati and Pittsburg as well as for the very wealthy people of New York, Boston, Philadelphia and Washington.

Here Henry H. Flagler, the genius of the Florida east coast, has his magnificent winter palace. John D. Rockefeller no longer ago modestly avowed that Mr. Flagler was the brains of the creation of the Standard Oil company. However that may be, it is gospel truth that Flagler was the brains and the creator of the east coast of Florida peninsula from the primitive estate of the jungle king.

Flagler Owns Everything.
Palm Beach is located on the narrow strip of land which separates Lake Worth from the ocean. Lake Worth is really a salt water lagoon, a narrow strip 22 miles long and about a mile wide. The peninsula which divides it from the ocean is also about a mile wide. Year after year a few adventurous persons with some money and with a great desire to escape from cold winters, came here and established homes for themselves using swaths for ingress and egress. Flagler came with the railroad, which he owns, and built the great tourist hotel which he owns, and established a town, which he owns in essence if not in fee simple. The few people who were here when he came, the few who have since when he came, some of whom are men who have come since own their prosperity to him. Somewhere men may fall against the Standard Oil, but when men may say Flagler is a "malefactor of great wealth," somewhere men may look upon Flagler's millions as tainted money, but not on the Florida east coast. Here Henry H. Flagler is the fairy godmother, the perennial Santa Claus, the instigator of every man and every enterprise.

On the narrow strip of land between Lake Worth and the ocean and facing the lake, Flagler built the Royal Poinciana hotel. It has been enlarged more than once, until now it is the largest tourist hotel on the world's little more than half a mile to the east, facing the ocean, Flagler built the Breakers, another immense hotel on the lake, a little south of the Royal Poinciana he built his own palace, Whitehall. Up and down the beach for several miles are scattered the villas of other millionaires who come here to live in the winter and enjoy the gayety afforded by the society of the merely transient wealthy ones who stay at the Royal Poinciana and the Breakers.

The season begins about the time of the Christmas holidays, and continues through the month of March. For nine months of the year all this magnificent and splendid is deserted. But the three months shine with added glory because the reign is so brief. Hundreds of caretakers are present all the year round, of course. It requires an expenditure of \$250,000 each year to open the hotels of the Flagler Florida east coast hotel system. That includes the expense of cleaning up the grounds, rearranging the furniture and bringing the servants from the north. At the two Palm Beach hotels there is a servant on the payroll for every square foot of floor space. There are 1200 names at the Royal Poinciana and 800 at the Breakers, a total of 2000, the servants' roll will show 2200 names. This includes the outside servants as well as those who are employed in the hotels, the wheel chair men, the fishing boats, the golf caddies, and so on.

There are other hotels, several of them across the lake at West Palm Beach and some on the same sacred strip of land with all the millionaires. They are called cheaper, but they are not what one would call "dirt cheap." One of these, situated close to the Breakers, is called the "Royal Poinciana" itself as "next to the biggest tourist hotel in the world."

What the "idle rich do" find of things to do the "idle rich" find a great reason in fishing. There is fishing, not so good as at Tampa or Miami, perhaps, but also not so strenuous, which may be a good thing for the "idle rich." There are golfing and motor boating and sailing. There is a stretch of nearly 100 miles of unsurpassed automobile roads up toward the coast and new roads are being pushed into the interior, penetrating the Lake Okechobee and the Everglades.

There is the jungle trail, down which men and maids may stroll or be carried in wheel chairs. It is a trail of tropical jungle with all the tropical jungle ugliness carefully cut out and banished by that magic money. There are the golf grounds, well kept and not too "sporty." And not very far away may be found a palace for the "idle rich" goddess fortune holds court and permits those who have gold to woo and, sometimes, to win.

The landscape gardener has taken on the lawn, with a good band to furnish an accompaniment for the conversation so that drinking tea may not be a thing of the past. There are even the most fatigued of millionaires. If one doesn't care for tea—there are other things. If one has a woman and a home there can be no paradise without a shopping district, and Palm Beach is an up-to-date paradise. So there are shops, rich ones, and jewelers and milliners and modistes are ever ready, during the season, to cater to the whims of the woman who wishes to buy something new. There are rows of shops on either side of the main corridor in the Royal Poinciana, and there is a little storehouse of exactly the kind that are pushed into the background of the country for the rich. The first comes to town. But for all that they rent for \$2500 for the season of three months.

The landscape gardener has conspired with the southern sun and the warm gulf stream to make Palm Beach a thing of beauty and joy forever to the eye. A recent popular novel has thrown a glamor over the professional services of a landscape engineer at Palm Beach which has caused great interest among persons to whom Palm Beach is forever and ever a financial impossibility for more than a few days.

Palm Beach Avenue.
Across the little strip of land that is the theatre of this great scene-painting, stretch two avenues connecting Palm Beach with the city. One is for pedestrians, and lies between two rows of palm trees. The other is for wheel chairs and for the little motor tramway, and it is lined with rows of the beautiful, feathery, fairy-winged Australian pines.

By the side of the lake, running south from Whitehall, is a long curved walk, protected by a seawall of masonry and built by the Standard Oil. These trees came here as the result of an accident. Years and years ago the Spanish brigantine laden with nuts, coconuts, was lost off this coast. The nuts floated ashore and finding a congenial soil and climate settled themselves and grew. The landscape gardener has brought tropical trees and fruits and flowers from every part of the globe to enrich this money-making paradise. The traveler palm which is the sole hope and succor of the thirsty Arab in the deserts of the Orient, will yield glucose its fruit. There is the feathery pine of Australia and the gnarled and twisted pine of Japan, the cedar of Syria and the sapsilla tree from the West Indies. Flowers bloom in wild profusion and one asks the names only to be bewildered by the strange replies.

Royal Poinciana Is Chief.
But most beautiful of all, if one will stay until the early spring, is the royal poinciana, which gives its name to the great hotel which has made Palm Beach famous all over the world. For the most of the year its dark green leaves, which look like gigantic ferns, spread out in umbrella fashion to shade its bare branches, for the leaves grow only at the tips of the twigs. When the leaves are old they slowly drop away and leave an ugly, scraggy tree that is most unsightly in its surroundings of tropical green. But not long. The spring comes, and as the north it tempts forth the saucy crocus and the modest violet, here it quickens the sap in the poinciana tree and turns it to fire.

Yes, to fire. For the tree bursts into a very flame with its riot of red bloom. It is the red of the crest of the furnace, the red of the seasonal fire, the red of the pineknott ember. "Flame tree" is the name it is given. "Flame tree" says the educated, and no ordinary mortal knows what the botanists call it. But it is burning brightly and one may feast his eyes until he must turn away, turn to the cool spray from the white surf that creates the deep ultramarine of old ocean's breakers beating on Palm Beach.

JOINT BRIDGE IS OPPOSED

Three Prominent Business Men Denounce Proposal to Build Structure in Partnership With Railroad Company.

FEW TAKE SWIGERT PLAN SERIOUSLY

Partnership With Railroad Would Not Be Wise, Says H. Wittenberg.

"So far as the interests of the citizens of Portland are concerned, a bridge such as it is proposed to build at Broadway would be best," said H. Wittenberg of the Pacific Coast Biscuit company. Discussing F. C. Swigert's proposal to bridge the river at Gilman street with two structures side by side, and on the same pier, one for the O. R. & N. and one for the city, Mr. Wittenberg made this statement:

"No one takes seriously Mr. Swigert's proposal, insofar as the people of Portland are concerned, as it is a matter for the Harriman lines alone to care for. There is no reason for the city of Portland or the taxpayers of the county assisting in the building of the railroad company's proposed bridge at Gilman street. The railroad company will certainly need a new bridge soon, and in building that bridge it would be necessary, in my opinion, for them to furnish transportation facilities for the city—pedestrians, teams, automobiles and streetcars—as I believe that the city officials or city government would make it necessary for them to do so.

"Again, it is not wise for the city to go into partnership with the railroad company, and for this reason alone few take Mr. Swigert's proposal seriously. I am strongly in favor of a bridge built somewhere near Broadway, or Hancock street, and made high enough to permit the passage of river steamers without the necessity of any special structures being constructed for navigation. I think that the time is not far distant when all the shipping will be handled north of the mouth of the Willamette river, on the Columbia and Columbia rivers, below the bridges, and all freight for the Willamette valley can be taken from that point to be loaded.

"For the convenience of the citizens of the city of Portland, bridges should be placed at convenient points, and I consider Broadway as one of these."

WOULD LET O. R. & N. BUILD OWN BRIDGE

M. H. Carter Says Broadway Site Only Is Worthy of Consideration.

M. H. Carter, an attorney and real estate agent, residing at 1580 Peninsular avenue, favors Broadway as being the best site for the proposed bridge. "I was quite favorably impressed at first with the Gilman street site," said Mr. Carter, "but I have since come to the conclusion that the O. R. & N. must build another bridge under any circumstances, and as its charter requires that it provide an upper deck for public accommodation, I see no reason why the city should bear part of the expense. To my mind Broadway is the best site for a bridge as far as the people are concerned. It would tap a larger and more thickly settled area than any other structure and would be an especial boon to residents of Upper or Lower Albina, Irvington and the Holladay district. It is an undeniable fact that the population is growing much more rapidly than any other part of the city and some provision must be made for transportation to and from the west side and that district.

"I favor the Broadway location much more than the Gilman street site, for the reason that the latter would be of only particular benefit to residents and a few business men of Lower Albina. Such a bridge would make it necessary for people living in other parts of the east side to ascend and descend a steep grade when coming or going. I am strongly antagonistic toward building any bridge too far either south or north of Broadway. One would surely find that it was the smallest owner and at the greatest expense.

"Ninety per cent of the residents of the east side would vote for a bridge at Broadway, knowing that it would be most satisfactory to them. I am satisfied that only a few would support the Gilman street project. The steep approaches would make it of use only for streetcars, and out of the question for teams and railway trains. To make an easy grade it would be necessary to go underground as far west as Ninth or Tenth street, and put an upper deck on it, as is required by the city when it enters into partnership with the railroad company. It would soon find that it was the smallest owner and at the greatest expense.

"The subway I do not consider as feasible. There are too many objections in the way of its construction and operation, prominent among which is the enormous first cost. Then there are physical and administrative difficulties to stand in its way."

PARTNERSHIP WITH RAILROAD SHUNNED

C. L. Daggett, Superintendent Garbage Crematory, Favors Modjeski Plan.

C. L. Daggett, superintendent of the garbage crematory, places great faith in Ralph Modjeski, the bridge expert employed by the city, who reported in favor of the Broadway site for a bridge. "When Mr. Modjeski selected the Broadway site he evidently knew what was best," Mr. Daggett said, in an interview given to the Journal. "His was employed by the city to report on the best site for a bridge across the river. Probably one of the best bridge engineers in the country, he looked over the harbor question, considered it carefully, investigated the transportation of the bridge travel and many other points, and finally reported on Broadway. Mr. Modjeski has built enough bridges to know a great deal more about their location than most of us."

"A bridge built on the site he proposed would not be permitted by the government engineers as being a menace to the harbor. But the problem and the distribution of the cost would be just as good for all and better for many and would only cost about one half as much as the Albina structure. The double bascule structure at Gilman street does not appeal to me in the least. For the people of the peninsula and northward it would be more inconvenient than the present steel bridge. And, too, we have no desire to enter into any partnership with the railroad company. Let the O. R. & N. build its own bridge at Gilman street, or wherever it can, and put an upper deck on it, as is required by the city when it enters into partnership with the railroad company. It would soon find that it was the smallest owner and at the greatest expense.

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SEVEN HOURS ON MOUNTAIN LEDGE

Miss Gladys Boneacre, Daring Climber, Rescued by Desperate Means.

(United Press Landed Wire.)
San Bernardino, Cal., Jan. 7.—After remaining for seven hours on a narrow ledge above Bonita falls, and as she was about to fall from exhaustion, Miss Gladys Boneacre was rescued by Douglas Champlin after he and the young woman narrowly escaped being crushed to death by a great boulder which had been dislodged by the rescuers working above them.

The plight of Miss Boneacre was not discovered until she had been for four hours on the narrow ledge, which she had reached in the course of her mountain climbing. She was seen by Champlin, who immediately aided at the hotel and a rescue party armed with ropes began the task of liberating the girl. Champlin was lowered to the ledge. He tied a rope about Miss Boneacre's waist and she was drawn up to safety. Champlin himself was then hauled up by the other rescuers.

Russell Back to Venezuela.
(United Press Landed Wire.)
Washington, Jan. 7.—W. W. Russell, American minister to Venezuela at the time friendly relations were broken between this country and the South American republic, will return to Curacao upon the departure from Venezuela of special Commissioner Buchanan, according to an announcement made by the state department.

Medicine and Methods

The Observation of An Old Druggist

There is a custom among many retail druggists, which has been in existence for years, of furnishing prescription blanks to physicians bearing the name of some particular druggist and his address, with the object and hope that when the prescription is written the patient or party to whom it is handed will be by reason of the printed card of the druggist, seek out that particular store and have it filled, all of which sounds like a bit of cheap and desirable advertising to which the physician furnishes his name and the druggist the trivial amount required for the prescription blank. All of this, however, takes no note of the disposition on the part of most people to buy their drugs and have their prescriptions filled where they please, and many more who resent any implied attempt on the part of their physician or anyone else to direct them to any one store.

They have a well-grounded dislike for any coercion, open or implied, and perhaps back of it there is a little fear that the druggist who is advertised by the legend which says, "Take this to John Smith, Druggist," or whoever he may be, is committed to some little concession or consideration, and so the patient straightway goes to some other store of his own liking.

We have always regarded this form of advertising or business-getting as not only questionable, but really undesirable in every way. It injures the physician with the patient and it injures the druggist with the public. We furnish many thousand prescription blanks to physicians, and are glad to do so. It is a courtesy which costs but little, but without our card. It has always seemed to us that there were other and better ways to secure the patronage of that great host of people who are seeking relief for their bodily ills.

Our store, the character of its service, the quality of its drugs, the reasonableness of its prices; these, and a thousand other good reasons, coupled with consistent, liberal, enterprising newspaper advertising, has accomplished more by far than the indirect and uncertain method outlined above. That our view is a correct one we believe is evidenced by the fact that we fill more prescriptions than any retail drug store on the Pacific coast, and as many as the largest drug stores in Chicago, Boston or New York.

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You'll make money if you read them every day.

GOODRICH AT RETIRING AGE

But Has a Heavy Piece of Work Yet to Do—Incidents in Career.

(Special Dispatch to The Journal.)
Washington, Jan. 7.—Though Rear Admiral Caspar F. Goodrich reached the age limit for active service today he will probably continue for some time as commander of the New York navy yard, where he succeeded the late Rear Admiral Coghlan a year ago. Secretary of the Navy Newberry has requested Rear Admiral Goodrich to remain at the navy yard long enough to complete the scheme of consolidation of the departments at the yard which is being worked out according to the admiral's own plans.

Rear Admiral Goodrich is one of the best known officers in the navy. He has the distinction of being the officer who directed the last naval engagement in the war with Spain, the fight at Manzanillo, Cuba. He also commanded the expedition which first drew the fire of the batteries at Santiago. On that occasion he was in charge of the work of cutting the cable connections with the besieged city.

Rear Admiral Goodrich was appointed to the naval academy from Connecticut and was graduated as the first honor man of the class of '84. From 1885 to 1887 he was attached to the steam frigate Colorado, at that time the flagship of the European squadron. During the Tel-el-Kebir expedition in 1882 the American naval attaché on the staff of Viscount Walsley.

THE HUMAN FAMILY

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ANGELL EIGHTY YEARS OLD TODAY

"Grand Old Man of Education" in University Life for About 42 Years.

(Special Dispatch to The Journal.)
Ann Arbor, Mich., Jan. 7.—President James B. Angell of the University of Michigan, the oldest university president in America in point of service, was 80 years old today. It was the desire of the alumni and students of the university that a public celebration of the anniversary be held, but the plans to this end were abandoned in deference to the expressed wish of President Angell. There was, however, a flood of congratulatory messages, however, which were sent to the venerable educator by friends and admirers in every section of the country.

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