

might have taken with it the Prest-O-Lite millions.

But if he avoided the limelight for himself, no words were too extravagant to serve his beloved city. He particularly liked the material written by John Oliver LaGorce, which was afterwards incorporated in a booklet, "A Little Journey to Altonia," as Miami Beach was called then. Carl flooded the mails with this.

Dr. LaGorce wrote:

"THE SPELL OF A CLOCKLESS LAND"

The hours pass so quickly that one can scarcely realize that the day has been spent in the interim between the dawn and the brilliant sunset when all the wonderful clouds in the heavens seem to come and hold caucus — and, as for the star-studded evening, the glory of the moonlight — well, words fail me!

Today more than 200 homes, ranging in cost from four thousand to a quarter of a million dollars, adorn this land of outdoor happiness.

So rapid and substantial has been the development of Altonia since wealthy visitors from the North and West began to winter hereabouts that Miami has realized the advisability of offering every encouragement to winter residents who would build their own homes; therefore, in cooperation with the county, it has just completed a magnificent causeway of concrete crossing Biscayne Bay, the construction of which cost more than \$600,000. This structure is equipped with boulevards on both sides of a central roadway, forming a permanent and artistic link connecting between Altonia and the mainland.

In my eagerness to tell something of the sheer joys of Altonia, I have forgotten all about my family, but I know that the youngsters are disporting themselves in the Roman pools, under the careful eye of the competent swimming instructor, while the older ones are sunning themselves on the beach with their friends or listening to the music of the waves from points of vantage at the Casino, so everybody is happy — and say, I might as well confess, I'm going to be a winter resident of Alton Beach from now on, because the household burdens are lightened by the splendid stores of every kind in nearby Miami, and because Altonia has every convenience, such as splendid water supply, electric lights, auto-bus line to town, to say nothing of an electric car line now being constructed, telephone system — indeed, all one has to do is reach out and touch the button to make the welkin ring!

Last, but most important, the folks one meets here are charming, for only those of discerning taste and sound resources are encouraged to build their winter homes on Alton Beach, and somebody gifted with a sixth sense seems to have carefully selected them — if one can judge by the scores of delightful people one meets.

L'ENVOI

Although my quill were dipped in liquid rhetoric, I could not do justice to this wonder-spot; so come and see for yourself; and having seen it, there is no doubt in my mind as to your captivation — that is, if you are a regular American of the approved type, who loves out-of-door sports in a land of blue sky and golden sunset, overrunning with all the creature comforts to fall back on when hospitality is to be offered and accepted.

Yes, in truth, "It lives up to its brag."

In his effort to bring great names to Miami Beach, Carl's salesmen checked the registers each morning of the new hotels. Any name that smacked of finance or fame was immediately contacted. Usually the hotel guest wound up as a visitor at The Shadows or on the yacht. Carl made many of his best sales aboard his boats. On the deck of the *Shadow K* he sold Albert Champion half a million dollars' worth of property at the flip of a cigar. Men who bought from Carl now, bought without even seeing the land they were buying.

The organization was mustered in full force one day when what was thought to be the name of a billionaire copper king was found in a hotel register. Carl drove the "tycoon" around his tropical paradise and took him aboard the *Shadow J* for a day-long cruise. All day Carl sang in his most persuasive tones the beauties of Miami Beach and the wisdom of buying early.

The man was brought to The Shadows, feasted and winced, and later, on the veranda facing the ocean, Carl got down to brass tacks.

"Well, sir"—his best approach was always on the personal side—"how are things in your business?"

The honored guest puffed on his dollar cigar. "Tell you the truth, Mr. Fisher, the haberdashery business isn't what it was. You've been mighty nice, and I'm going to send you a couple of neckties from my shelves."