

## CHAPTER I

The City of Youth and the Garden of Eden—Taking the Sun Cure—A New Kind of a Boom Town—The Cosmopolitan Ostend of the Western World—Paradise of Perpetual Summer—The Land that Lures.

Some few centuries ago Juan Ponce de Leon discovered the Fountain of Youth in Florida. Had that distinguished gentleman lived in this great day he might have discovered the City of Youth in the same State—a City of Youth in a vertiable Garden of Eden!

Down in Florida—down almost to the jumping off place—they have built a city where men grow young by the gentle art of playing in the sun. It

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is a Promised Land, to whose shrine pilgrims journey annually by the thousands to pay their meed of homage to the sun. Some say they go down to play golf, some say they go to fish, and some say they go to swim in the ocean, but the simple truth is, they all go down to play in the sun—and grow young!

America has witnessed the growth of many boom towns—towns that sprang up over night—built up by the hardy pioneers of the West. Miami is a new kind of a boom town—it is a town that climate built. It is being built up almost exclusively by the cultured and leisured classes of the world, whose modest aim is to make it the playground of the world's cultural life. Into its making are being fused the talent, the wealth, and most of all, the enthusiasm of many men, drawn from every state in the Union and from every quarter of the globe—drawn by the sun! Here, under the warm skies of Florida, they have built a city—a little wonder city—

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whose rapid growth and lavish development is perhaps without parallel in the history of American cities.

The first impression of Miami is one of youth. The spirit of youth seems to pervade everyone and everything. The town has the freshness and beauty of youth, and the inhabitants have the brisk movement and the enthusiasm of youth; they have also the daring of youth to do things without precedent. Here people seem quick to discard the old and take on the new. Habits of a life-time are lightly cast aside, and life takes on the newness of spring—and of youth!

In this cosmopolitan Ostend of the western world there is a strange blending of customs and of culture. Here aborigine Indian rubs shoulders with the Japanese of the Orient and the citizen of Continental Europe. Here the aristocrats of the Old World and the New meet on the common field of pleasure. Here may be found the out-of-the-way things that

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excite the imagination. One may see the Indians in their wigwams, cocoanuts growing on the trees, baby alligators fondled by little children, oranges and grapefruit growing by the roadside, and the myriad wonders of a tropical sea. "And this is America." Here, according to the book, are golf courses, yachting races, wonderful automobile roads, polo matches, deep sea fishing, movie studios, casinos, parties of the elite, moonlight dances, bands supreme, and surf bathing in waters of magic blue that truly rivals anything in Europe. And the book is right. They are all there.

Lying in a sub-tropical zone in a latitude corresponding to that of South Central Egypt and South Central India, the city has an annual mean temperature of 74.6 Fahrenheit. It is a land of perpetual summer, where bare-footed children play in the streets in mid-winter and where traffic officers must be protected from the January sun with giant umbrellas. Here, when humanity in general is

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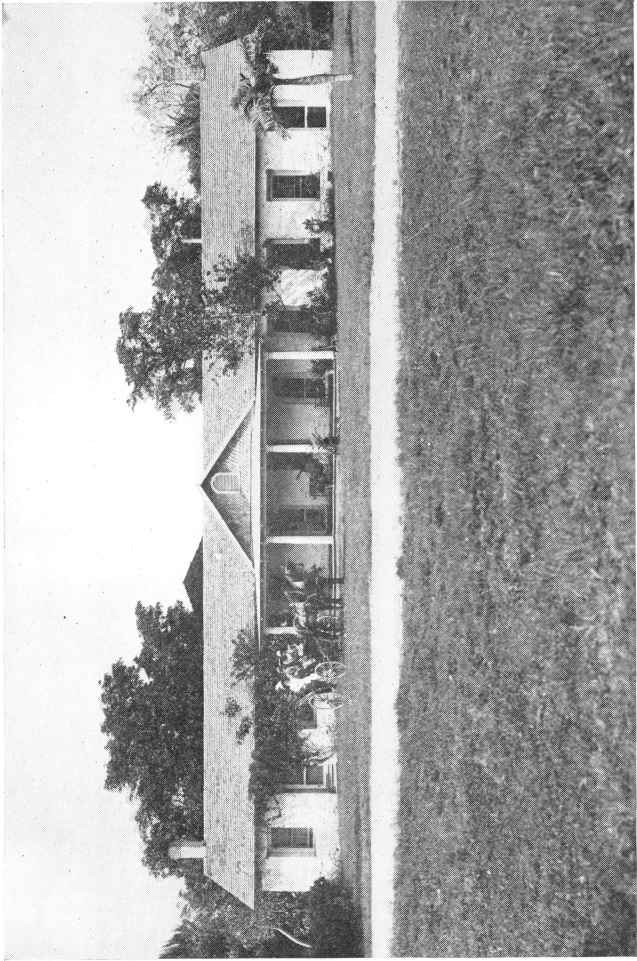
freezing, men promenade in sport clothes and the women in thin gauze dresses of brightly-colored hues. It is a town undisturbed by the coal problem, where the overcoat and the derby hat are taboo. It is the home town of the January strawberry, the Palm Beach suit, the straw hat and the beeveedee.

And this City of Youth, we are told, is surrounded by a vast and fertile empire—a potential Garden of Eden—as yet but lightly touched by the hand of the husbandman. The development of this new Eldorado has inaugurated a new age of romance—the romance of converting a tropic waste into a flourishing garden of perennial beauty and untold wealth.

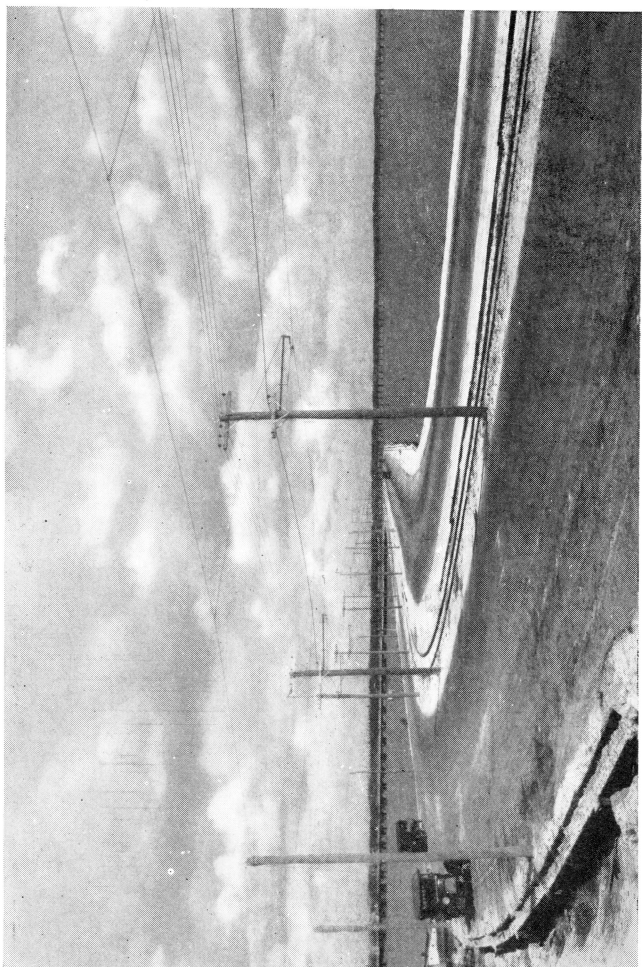
It is to this Land of the Sun—this Town That Climate Built—that men and women everywhere are lured by fair words and pretty pictures. Once there, they are apt to acknowledge the truthfulness of the words and open their eyes in childish wonder at the faithful portrayal of the picture. Then, if

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they are a true sun worshiper, they will catch its note of enthusiasm—its spirit of youth—and go buy a piece of real estate and settle down to a place in the sun—and grow young!



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