

CHAPTER XIII

A City With a Personality—The Sum of Its Accomplishments—Prophecy and Propaganda—The Land of Advertisement—Destiny and Normalcy—Summer's Simile.

Miami is a city with a personality all its own. It is not a city without faults, but its charms are so numerous and so attractive that its faults may be kindly overlooked or charitably condoned. Miami is young, and its faults may be charged to the shortcomings of youth, due to its abnormal growth and to that spirit of high enthusiasm characteristic of youth. Anyway, Miami is no dud. The town is no longer a speculation. It has triumphantly passed beyond the realm of High Uncertainties and taken its place in the galaxy of famous cities.

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A city of over fifty thousand inhabitants that has risen from the tropic wastes of a neglected country in scarcely more than twenty-five years, whose real estate appraisals in that brief time has reached the enormous total of sixty-five million dollars, has a record of achievement to its credit of which any city might well feel proud. Add to this unique accomplishment the distinction of having the greatest gain in population, according to the last decennial census, of any city in the United States, and the further fact that its entire development has been made without the aid of important manufactures or great industrial enterprise of any kind, and we have a phenomena so striking that the processes of its stupendous growth awakens the interest of not only city builders everywhere but all students of municipal progress as well.

With such an enviable record of successful achievement to its credit, and whirled along by much adulation, it is but natural that young Miami should appear enthusiastic regarding its destiny. Prophecy

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and propaganda have been freely indulged in regarding the city's future. If the height of its aspirations is to be a popular resort center, Miami's future is secure. Its destiny is written in the skies. Until the Creator of the Universe changes the course of the elements Miami will continue to grow in popularity and continue to attract visitors from all less favored climes—if it but continues to advertise.

But if Miami aspires to be something more than a great resort center it should reach out for something more substantial than the transient visitor. The full development of the city and its back country wait only upon the coming of enterprising and industrious homeseekers. Thousands of acres of idle and neglected land stretch in every direction from Miami. An opportunity attractive enough to induce immigration on a larger scale should be made, and then—advertise some more. It would also seem the better part of wisdom for the city, through its civic organizations, to make a more determined effort to secure

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manufacturing and industrial plants that might provide employment to considerable numbers. Advertising might well be employed as an aid in this connection. An assurance of even a chance of employment would serve as an incentive to bring thousands of new visitors to the city, many of whom might reasonably be expected to become permanent citizens.

Miami might well be called the Land of Advertisement. Its phenomenal growth and present prominence is a concrete lesson in the value of municipal publicity—if a community has something unique or worth while to offer, as Miami unquestionably has. Climate as an asset for a country's development may be as tangible in its value as the products of mine or field—if properly exploited. The measure of the city's growth in the future may only depend upon the size of the advertising appropriation. Nature has indeed been lavish with Miami, and the handiwork of man has wrought its miracle in the improvement and adornment of nature's prodigious

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gality. Its rare and delightful climate, its almost ideal environment as a home city, and its close proximity to the great centers of population, are advantages of great potential value—if advertised.

The city may be said to have found itself during the years of the great World War. It registered its first notable success as a great resort center during the period of high-price inflation. While there has been throughout the country a general tendency, at least, to return to normalcy, Miami—some critics say—is still sailing under the red banner of war and still writing its price tags at pre-war figures. Investigation does not reveal this to be true except in rare instances. The ordinary commodities are sold on a par with Northern cities. Real estate and rentals are indeed high, whether too high or not is a matter for the experts—and Miami is full of experts, and they are not all local talent, either. In fact, not the least of Miami's virtues is her ability to accept advice good naturedly. Nearly every visitor to the city offers

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some special panacea for civic improvement. The city bears up bravely under this load of constructive criticism and goes serenely on, meeting its own problems in its own way—and making a pretty good job of it at that.

The familiar law of supply and demand would seem to have something to do with prices in Miami. There is no immunity from this old law—it effects all things, including ocean-front lots, with equal impunity. And Miami, favored of the gods and the elements in countless ways, is not favored in this respect, but must, in common with her sister cities, bow to its caprice.

Miami is like a summer day, and no matter what grievances we have against Summer, when it comes to bidding her good-bye all her faults are forgiven her. We remember only her sweetness, the outdoor joy she brought us, the crimson of her sunsets, the rose of her sunrises, the breath of her flowers, the

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song of her birds—the warmth of her sun! When the melancholy west wind presages the coming of Winter and the storm king spreads his mantle of white over the world, the call of Miami will doubtless again be heard in a million homes, and each recurring season there will be found at the outer gates of the city an eager throng of winter-weary pilgrims clamoring for admission to

The Town That Climate Built.