

Let Us Go On

By James Milton Carson

In Evergreen Cemetery, at Jacksonville, Napoleon Broward sleeps. He was Florida's greatest son; his life is now her tenderest memory.

I am writing now by an open window on a a hammock island in the Everglades, the empire which he added to his native state. I am in the county which bears his name.

Once in a generation, or a century, one truly great rises above the crowd, does his work and passes on to his reward. Such a one was Napoleon Broward.

It seems that he left us at the very beginning of his broader usefulness; but in the years which are before us, it may be that his beloved Everglades will proclaim that, before his passing, he did for Florida the most that man could do.

His was the larger vision that saw the possibilities of this great body of fertile land; his the brain that planned its reclamation; his the genius and the courage that put the plan into action.

And now, when there is faltering, it may be abandonment of some of the details of his great plan perhaps, lack of effective action apparently, let "the sound of a voice that is stilled" give us renewed courage and eagerness to go on.

Let us complete, at the earliest possible time, the reclamation of the Everglades; let us see them settled with earnest pioneers who will make the fields to blossom where once was trackless marsh; and let us develop into achievement the sensitized film of his larger vision-

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