Standing in the Coffee Line at the Pullman Buffet.

village or farm neighbors, though not always to the undersized larger world.

These cherish their home comforts, and with the simplicity of our fathers' fathers, before divers intruded or fashioned themselves on the trains' tails, they travel with their own lunches of big chicken and hard boiled eggs, put up conveniently in alabaster boxes. They carry also a coffee pot from which their kind gains its name among these sophisticated travelers.

For with this receptacle, standing in line at the Pullman buffet, they get the steaming beverage with which to sop off their homely maul—not to be scorned either for quality and quantity, not to mention the absence of the hill.

Down the west coast of Florida, or into the interior, mainly go those "Coffee-Pot" tourists; people from a home to a home. Their idea is to live, not in hotels of dances and orchestras, nor on beaches in bathing suits that tempt the camera, but in furnished rooms and boating houses. They may do better—a family may even furnish a room long siege against the various tourist wolves against which she had been warned. In spite of such mishaps they are the sort that find and make, among many of their kind, the house pleasures they have come so far to enjoy.

In one large town, by the frost line, in a beautiful tropical thought, thoughtful official persons have arranged a place for their special amusement.

In an Open Space Among the Palms Are Croquet Sets.

A Pair of the Coffee-Pot Tourists.

up croquet sticks and wickets, while about are tables under the shade of live-oak and palmetto, where the men all sit for hours absorbed over their checkers and jigsaw puzzles.

Not far away other men, in their shirt-sleeves and comfortably roll-turf, are "pitching horehorns," giving a most home village-like touch to the scene.