

# Southward With the Coffee-Pot Tourist

It Is Not Only the Spendthrifts but the Thrifty Also Who Migrate to Florida for the Summer of Their Wintertime

(Text and Sketches by Norman Borhardt.)

WHATEVER in the Spring the young man's fancy lightly turns to, and just as surely as the sap in that season of ethereal madness rises in the tree trunks, there comes in the Fall to all Northern mankind and birdkind the urge of the migratory instinct southward. It isn't only the plutocrats and society lovers that go to have their pictures taken for the illustrated papers at Palm Beach in their Winter splendor of Summer raiment. It is likewise those who though neither one nor another are both. And even in this spendthrift season, when a world's ransom is being lavished on the pomp and circumstance of peace, there are still thrifty tourists, as well as the other sort.

They, too, go down in flocks, as do the other birds. Society lovers? Yes, yet the sort of society that goes with home, "and be it ever so humble." Plutocrats? Comparatively, yes. Plutocrats to their

either for quality and quantity, not to mention the absence of the bill.

Down the west coast of Florida, or into the interior, mainly go these "Coffee-Pot" tourists; these 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 boarding houses. They may do better—a family may even furnish a room

long siege against the voracious 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 home pleasures they have come so far to enjoy.

In one large town, on the frost line, in a beautiful town park, thoughtful official persons have arranged a place for their special amusement. In an open space among the palms are set



In an Open Space Among the Palms Are Croquet Sets.



Disclosing That Which Caused the Touring Lady to Wander Further.

themselves with crates and boxes gathered by a prudent and thrifty parent from behind the store of a complaisant grocer.

And here we introduce a pair, that you may recognize them unmistakably when next you visit this Land of Flowers: Husband and wife, for a long time married and having gone through the Winter of harsh life together, are now come to the Spring of peaceful old age again. He wears bushy sideburns and whiskers tinged with gray, and clothes new but not pretentious. She has grown stout and motherly, (for the children are sending them down,) and her hair is also feeling the twilight.

One day a nice "Coffee-Pot" lady—or so she seemed—came into a Florida house of "Furnished rooms to let," but with the qualification "No light house-keeping." She was followed by two husky, dusky draymen, carrying a trunk which even to their corded muscles "sholy wuz heavy." Half way up the stairs the trunk escaped and crashed to the landing. It burst open, disclosing that which caused the touring lady to wander further. For when the crash came, potatoes and onions rolled in all directions, and a small gas stove lay atop a side of bacon.

She, or they, had come prepared for a



A Pair of the Coffee-Pot Tourists.

up croquet stakes 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 jig-saw puzzles.

Not far away other men, in their shirt-

sleeves and comfortably collarless, are "pitching horseshoes," giving a most home village-like touch to the scene.

A few among them, having "been there before," are nothing loath to initiate their more verdant brothers and sisters who have newly and for the first time come down. Such a newcomer passing a tree on which was clinging, away up the trunk, a spiky airplant, was heard to ask such a guide what that plant might be. And, in answer, the old-timer replied, "A pineapple, o'course." And another arrival was heard to tell his wife that there were olives growing on certain palm trees. Yet another was sure that the ever-present "razor-back" hogs and pigs were some strange variety of sheep. And so on.

There is a story of an enterprising real estate man who had high hopes of an auction of lots on an outlying island, near a large and growing Florida city. He chartered a large steamer in which to carry those interested in the sale. It was a clear, beautiful day, and hundreds came. But he sold very few lots. In fact, not many of his guests troubled to listen to the auctioneer. He had drawn the "Coffee-Pot" tourists with their knit bags and pasteboard boxes of lunch, their children and wives, come to enjoy the ride and outing; two hours out and two back, with a band to add music to the lovely day and a fish-fry at the island. And they came, thinking at last they were reaping the harvest of this land of plenty.

For all that, these are the people to whom Florida holds out arms of welcome. For from these so-called "Coffee-Pot" tourists come those who later make the State their home, start farms, and settle in the smaller towns.



Standing in the Coffee Line at the Pullman Buffet.

village or farm neighbors, though not always to the undiscerning larger world. These cherish their home comforts, and with the simplicity of our fathers' fathers, before diners intruded or fastened themselves on the trains' tails, they travel with their own lunches of fried chicken and hard boiled eggs, put up conveniently in shoe boxes. They carry also a coffee pot from which their kind gains its name among those sophisticated travelers.

For with this receptacle, standing in line at the Pullman buffet, they get the steaming beverage with which to cap off their homely meal—not to be scorned



Six Veterans, Members of The Crusaders, the Oldest Woman's Temperance Organization in the United States, Which Recently Celebrated at Worcester, Mass. Its Forty-Fifth Anniversary and the Arrival of National Prohibition. Left to Right, Mrs. J. Victoria Simmons, Mrs. Velora Sibley, Mrs. L. S. Robbins, Mrs. Myra J. Churchill, Mrs. J. H. Martin, and Mrs. Mary Sheckelton. Their Ages Added Together Make 490 Years.