

The Truth About Florida

The Bunnell Home Builder

Edited by S. HOWARD

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No. 3

Editor's Personal Page

Winter Snows vs Sunny Skies

This number of the HOME BUILDER will find many of its readers in the

North confined to their homes and unable to do but little out of doors. Many of them are spending a good share of their time shoveling coal into stoves and furnaces, while others are passing through their annual siege of colds, la grippe, etc.

It will do you good to read the splendid letters from Bunnell colonists found in this issue of our paper. They bring a real warmth and inspiration to the heart. As I write this the ground is covered with snow and ice; the sky is grey, and a storm seems brewing, and when one walks out of doors he is in constant danger of falling upon the sleet covered pavements.

But think of this in comparison—A friend writes us this morning from Florida, "We are eating ripe tomatoes from our garden now, and we have such a fine garden this year."

Which do you prefer, "Winter Snows," or "Sunny Skies"?

Opportunities In Florida

I was seated one day in the observation car of the Dixie Flyer, whiling

away the time with a late magazine. I happened to catch a few words of a conversation between two men near me and learned that they were discussing FLORIDA.

One gentleman stated that he had traveled everywhere, but that Florida possessed greater opportunities than any other state he knew of. His companion disagreed. He stated that real estate men had over-estimated Florida, and that it possessed for the most part poor, worthless land.

The man who was defending Florida thought a little bit before replying, and then said, "Well, all I have got to say is that 40 acres of this so-called 'worthless' land netted me last year a little over \$5,000, and this was not an unusual year, either. I have averaged this amount for the past eight years. Three years ago I had an unusually good season, and netted \$6,000 from my 40 acres, and I can introduce you to hundreds of men in the state who have done just as well as I, if not a little better.

"Fifteen years ago I was sick and discouraged. My doctor told me that the only chance I had to live was to seek a milder climate. I came to Florida with less than a thousand dollars in my pocket, and I have made good. I have gained my health and have accomplished more than any of my relatives and friends I left in the North.

Both of these men impressed me as being intelligent and sincere. Then why this difference of opinion? Simply because one man had *lived* in Florida and had gained his knowledge first hand, while the other man had only seen the state from car windows. He had spent a few weeks at the winter resorts and had read in the newspapers, stories of Florida land frauds and failures.

Each of these gentlemen might be said to represent 50% of the population of this country. One had practical experience; the other had not.

The Editor wishes to say that he has lived in the West, the Middle West, and in Florida for two years. He admits that there is worthless land in Florida, as there has been worthless land in all the other states in which he has lived.

But Florida possesses thousands of acres of fertile soil that awaits the men who are able and willing to bring splendid results therefrom. Florida possesses both attributes to success, Soil and Climate, and with these combined the Florida farmers are obtaining three and four crops every year.

The Florida farmer today makes more money from his land, he makes it easier and enjoys life better, than the farmer in any other part of the United States or Canada.

Save Your Pennies

A little story has been going the rounds of the daily papers which sug-

gests the secret of John D. Rockefeller's great financial success, and this is told in three words—"Save your pennies."

It appears that a party of school teachers were being given a sleigh ride over Mr. Rockefeller's grounds at Pocantico Hills, New York. One teacher, more bold than the rest, spoke to Mr. Rockefeller of his vast fortune and large estates, and compared them to her six-by-ten room in a village flat. "Why should you have so much, and I so little?" Back came the reply from the owner of all this wealth, "Save your pennies."

We cannot blame the teacher for her question. Some of us have asked the same thing many times, but those three words are fraught with a much deeper meaning than appears at first thought.

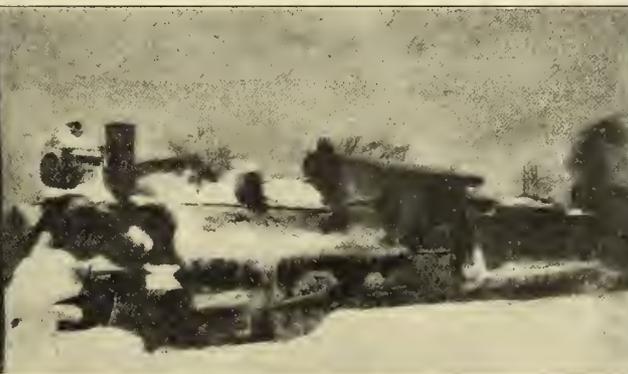
"Save your pennies." What a lot can be accomplished by saving the pennies which would otherwise be spent uselessly. A saving of 17 cents a day seems a small sum, and yet this little 17 cents a day amounts to \$5.00 every month, and will pay for a beautiful 10-acre farm in the Bunnell-DuPont Colony.

A penny is very small piece of money, but the years go by, and the pennies saved each day accumulate in a surprising manner. No right thinking man or woman will allow 17 cents a day to stand between him and independence.

A Saving of 17 Cents A Day Pays for A Beautiful Farm at Bunnell



Picture of Orange Grove near Bunnell, taken December 8, 1912



A Winter Scene in Michigan.—WHICH DO YOU PREFER, "WINTER SNOWS" OR "SUNNY SKIES"?



Mrs. Wadsworth and Sister, Mrs. Sherwood, Picking Oranges near Bunnell in Jan., 1913

A BUNNELL BUNGALOW

By GEO. R. TOLMAN, Architect, Washington, D. C.

Don't fail to read the following article by Mr. George R. Tolman, who is the owner of a fine farm in the Bunnell-Dupont Colony. Mr. Tolman is an architect in the employ of the government at Washington, D. C. He has visited Florida a number of times, and has spent a considerable time at Bunnell. Mr. Tolman already has part of his farm cleared and will have a crop raised thereon this season.

This article and the accompanying drawing will be of much interest to all those who contemplate building homes at Bunnell in the near future. Mr. Tolman has studied this question very thoroughly, and from his long experience can write with authority.—Editor.

Facing east this bungalow's piazza will give ample shade during the hot hours of the day.

The principal room, the heart of the house, is the living room. This is to be used for all family purposes from dining to receiving guests. For warming up on a cool night there is the open, wood-burning fireplace, with broad brick hearth. No manner of fire so thoroughly warms one as an open fire, preferably of wood. The warmth seems to enter into us and make for our genial well being and comfort. At Bunnell wood is to be had for the cutting.

A door on each side of fireplace gives access, one to a store closet, fitted with shelves, the other to the back porch. This porch will be found very useful. Here can be kept the ice chest, the sawed wood for fireplace and the many household implements that when wanted are needed in a hurry, thence to pass into innocuous desuetude until the next time. The housekeeper can do light work here, under cover but yet in the open air.

The kitchen to have a 6-inch terra cotta pipe flue built outside and properly connected with range smoke pipe. The closet going from kitchen marked "C. C." is a cool closet with mesh wire windows on each side, always open, giving a cool draft of air through, and maintaining an even temperature the year around nearly. Probably this closet will be cool enough to keep butter and similar foods in good condition, not to forget milk.

Leading from the living room are two bedrooms with closets, the latter to have portieres in place of doors, being better for ventilation and taking up less space.

The house to have a light balloon frame, with siding cover on outside, with or without boarding under the same. The roofs and gable ends to be shingled, and may remain unpainted to take a fine weather stain of silver grey.

The small windows in gable ends are wire-covered only and are for ventilation, as the attic will be used only for storage, if at all. Access to it may be by a ceiling scuttle and step ladder. The story to finish about nine feet high in the clear. No advantage in having high stories—simply cost more and make rooms look smaller.

The windows, ordinary merelantable sash, will be set well up near the ceiling, thus giving more light into rooms and also ventilating better, while under can be used for furniture purposes, giving more working area to the rooms.

By all means have double floors—the upper of a good quality of rift long pine, tongue and grooved together and blind nailed. The lower can be rough boards or boards planed to an even thickness laid close.

The walls and ceiling to be covered with compo board one-half inch thick. "Utility" is the best all around brand and a size four feet wide by nine feet long is a handy size to use. There is little waste to it and it is far superior in all ways to plaster and lath,

The latter also requires skilled workmen to lay, while anyone who can drive nails can put on compo board. All the studs must be set 16 inches on centers for nailings to receive the board.

The fireplace and chimney throat want to be built properly to avoid a down draft or back-fire. Have all outside walls of chimney one full brick thick and not one-half brick thick as commonly built. The full brick method will require more bricks but it may save your house and family from burning up, caused by "defective flue," as the public press generally puts it, but with no further explanation, the heavier con-

struction will also build a better and dryer chimney, which is an important item. The porch and piazza floors to be tongue and grooved together, single thickness.

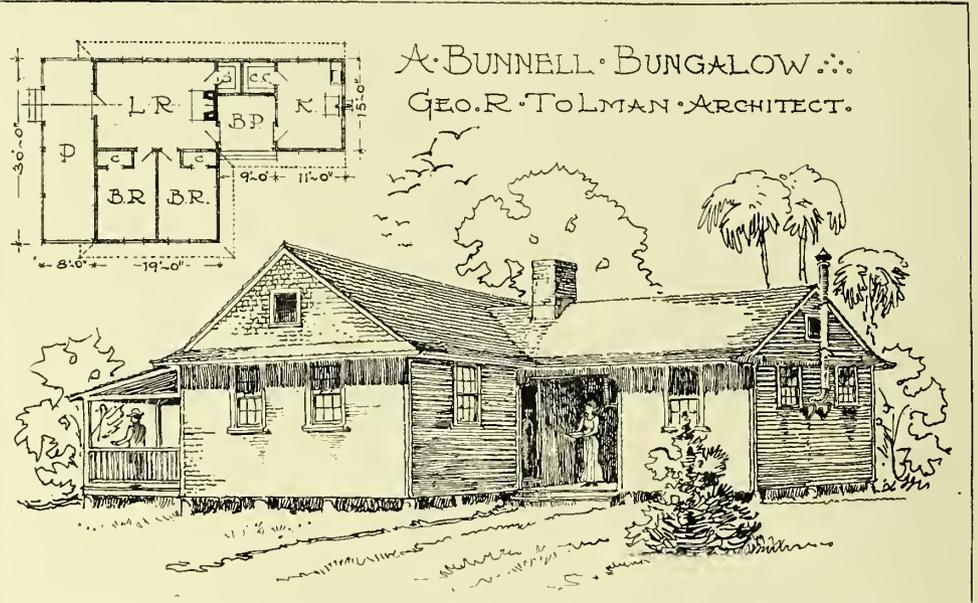
A good treatment for all hard pine floors, inside and out, is raw oil and turpentine used in the proportion of one turpentine to eight oil. Use at least two coats, more will be better, but no other paint will be needed. All outside work usually painted to have two good coats oil and color. Tints

to be light greys or greens, which will not dwarf the house as reds and yellows will do. If you prefer white, give it an old ivory tint, to take the glare off of it.

As the eaves of house overhang two feet or more, and also some windows come under the piazza, no outside blinds will be needed. Inside rolling shades will do for the sunny sides.

This bungalow should be built at a very low figure in Bunnell, as all the material can be purchased there or near-by.

As there is practically no real house carpenter framing about it, the settler can



do much of the work himself, as it will be saw and hammer work mostly.

The inside finish and trim which will be more or less as one's pocket-book will allow, will require a more practiced hand. It also could be built on the regular shack method, to-wit, boards set vertically covered by battens. This would do away with much wall studding, but if used it would be out of place to use compo board or similar inside wall cover.

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NOTICE

If you want to receive "The Home Builder" regularly and promptly, it is necessary that we have your correct address. If at any time you move, please notify the Editor at once.

Have you read our booklet on Bunnell—"A Little Farm, A Big Living!" If not, write for it to the General Sales Office, Room 1103, 108 So. La Salle Street, Chicago.

The Man Around the Corner

By S. HOWARD

Mr. Brown was a neighbor of mine, for he lived just around the corner, but such is the hurry and indifference of city life that I knew him only by name, and gave him no further thought.

The Browns had lived in the same little house for many years, and Brown had gone to work with unflinching regularity year in and year out. He never took a train later in the morning, nor did he ever come home a minute earlier in the evening. One could have guessed that he worked for a company where the "time clock" was ever in evidence, and where every minute had to be accounted for.

There came a time when I noticed that Brown's shoulders were growing a little bent, that his step was not so spry, and the strain of long hours had brought a tired look to his eyes. His invariable "good morning" was a little less cheery than of yore, but to that I gave little thought.

By and by I missed Brown from the train, just as one misses a landmark that has long been familiar. When a week or more had passed I asked an acquaintance if he knew what had become of Brown, and if he had a new position, since I never saw him on his usual train.

I then learned that my neighbor around the corner had worked for many years for one of the largest and richest corporations in the city. He had been faithful in his work, having the Company's interests ever at heart. Notwithstanding all this, one morning Brown was called into the private office, and told that his services were no longer required. It was the usual story, the Manager was sorry, would pay him a couple of months' salary, but he was too old and they had to make room for younger men.

No one stopped to consider whether Brown was performing his work as carefully and faithfully as in former years. No one cared whether he was provided for or not. He was let out merely because they considered him "too old." His past record counted as nothing for him, and he was set adrift and forgotten.

Some months later I learned that the man around the corner was ill, and I went around to see if I could be of any assistance. I found him really sick unto death, but glad to see a familiar face, and I felt conscience stricken that at such a late hour I was proffering my assistance as a neighbor.

We had a long talk, and Mr. Brown told me much of his life. "For thirty years," he said, "I worked for one corporation. I gave them the best there was in me, but that was forgotten when they told me that my services were no longer required. After that I went from office to office seeking employment. I advertised in the papers, and I answered advertisements, but the first question put to me was always 'Your age?' And when I told them they invariably answered that I was too old, without giving me an opportunity to show what I could do.

"I have not been an extravagant man. Wife and I have lived carefully and tried to lay aside as we could, but my employers paid me scarcely more than a living wage, and sickness depleted our little store. The few hundred dollars we had in the bank have gradually grown less. Oh, the awful thought with me day and night is that I must leave my wife and invalid daughter unprovided for—without a home.

"I can see it all now. The mistake of my life was that I stayed on here in the city working for some one else, when I should have bought a home years ago, and let it support me and my poor family now.

"I wish I could advise every one," said the old man, "to lay by a little money every week for a rainy day. If I had my life to live over I would buy good farm land. I know of farms right around here that could have been bought for a fifth of what they are worth today. I did plan to secure such a home once, but people told me I was foolish to sink my money in worthless land, and I THOUGHT they knew. I took their advice—and here I am today."

How I wanted to tell my neighbor of Florida and of the opportunities there for men and women, old or young, to obtain homes which will support them in their old age, but it was too late to talk about it to this man who had lived so long, just around the corner; and he passed away a few days later burdened with the thought of his homeless wife and child.

Oh, it is a dreadful thing, this growing old. It is hard to see the years slip from us, bearing on their wings our youth, our strength and our ambitions. But it is a great deal harder to reach old age without a shelter for one's head and without the means of supplying the food for one's body.

This story of my neighbor around the corner is a very common one in the cities, and similar cases are to be found throughout the country—everywhere, where men are working for wages and failing to provide against old age.

Make up your mind, all you who read, that this man around the corner is one of life's lessons sent to teach, and if you do not learn, you will indeed be lucky if you do not wind up your existence in the same manner as my neighbor's family.

EVERY DAY HAPPENINGS IN AND AROUND BUNNELL AND DUPONT

Mr. I. I. Moody, President of the Bunnell Development Company, was recently elected Chairman of the Board of County Road Commissioners at a meeting held in St. Augustine. Mr. Faver made the nomination, and the election was unanimous. No one could be more fit for this responsible position than Mr. Moody, and we know that as Chairman of this Board he will do great things for St. John's County. The retiring Chairman had served the Board in this capacity for thirty-three years, and was presented a beautiful gold watch as a token of the high esteem in which he is held by his associates.



A Pretty Farm Home Close to Dupont

Mr. Angel of Chicago paid a short visit to our colony and the Knox and Beach orange grove. Mr. Angel made quite a trip through the state of Florida. He stated that he had not seen any better land than ours in the entire state, and he likes Bunnell, too.

Mr. F. A. Rich, formerly of Missouri, has purchased a small farm near Bunnell, and is here to stay.



New Arrivals at Bunnell Find Great Delight
In Visiting the Ocean Beach



View of the East Coast Canal
Near Ocean City

Mr. W. S. Grant and Mr. Gromlich of Pennsylvania, were recent visitors to the colony. Mr. Grant had been here before at the time he bought his 30 acre farm. Both gentlemen are very enthusiastic over the colony's future.

Mr. Koch is getting in some full days of work on his farm. He has been in the colony but a few weeks, and is making a splendid showing.

Saturday's express carried 20 crates of beans from Bunnell, and beans are bringing \$4.00 a crate in the northern markets.

Tourists, land seekers and settlers are pouring into Bunnell these days. The Hotel Bunnell is crowded, and so are the private boarding houses.

Mr. E. S. Johnson of Tennessee is now in Bunnell, and contemplates the erection of a large building for a builders' hardware store. He will be in line for business before very long.

Bunnell's barrel and crate factory is now completed, and the manufacture of barrels will soon begin. It will be a great advantage this spring to be able to ship our potatoes and vegetables in barrels and crates manufactured right here in Bunnell.

Mr. Howard and Mr. Young of Maine, are recent settlers in the Bunnell-Dupont Colony. We extend to them a very hearty welcome.

Mr. O'Neal of Indiana is here to inspect the colony. He sees great possibilities in this community.

The Bunnell Potato & Supply Company alone has sold and delivered to colonists over 800 tons of fertilizer and more than seven cars of seed potatoes, and this is but one of the companies selling to our settlers. A line of teams may be seen every day hauling these things from the depot to the farms.

Mr. S. Beck of Iowa has purchased a farm in our colony, and is highly pleased with same. Florida for him.

Mr. W. Lee Bartlett and family from Indiana have arrived in the colony, and will erect a home on the Moody Road. Mr. Bartlett originally purchased 20 acres of land, but now has bought an additional 10 acre tract.

Mr. T. W. Dees of Charlotte, North Carolina has purchased a beautiful lot in Ocean City, and will very soon erect a hotel at that place. A large number of men will begin work at once in making extensive improvements at Ocean City. It will be a delightful place in which to spend a few weeks, and here one may have excellent hunting and fishing.

Mr. Eubanks of Oklahoma is here for the purpose of inspecting his land. He expects to spend the winter in the colony.

Mr. E. D. Burke, whose farm is located in Section 16, has accepted his allotment, and is here to stay.

Some people say that it is only northern folks who buy Florida land. That is a mistake when it comes to buying land in the Bunnell-Dupont colony. The Floridians are more and more realizing the opportunities here, and among the recent purchasers of land in our colony are the following:

- Mr. Brady of St. Augustine.
- Mr. Stone of Jacksonville.
- Mr. Beck of St. Augustine, and
- Mrs. Payne of Dupont.

Mr. G. W. Brown of St. Louis inspected his farm in this colony and was well pleased.

This is a busy community these days. It is potatoes, potatoes, from early morning until late at night. The season so far has been very much in favor of the farmers, and if everything comes out as we expect it to do, Bunnell will ship over \$150,000.00 of potatoes this season.

Mayor Heath, otherwise known as Judge Heath, wears a smiling face all day long. It keeps him busy shaking hands with the new colonists and extending them a welcome, as the Mayor of our city.

The following are some of the settlers who have purchased land in the colony, and have located here recently: Mr. Gaston of North Carolina, who is the owner of 60 acres of land; Mr. Card of Rochester, New York; Mr. and Mrs. Miller of Iowa; Mr. W. H. McInturff of Georgia; Mr. and Mrs. Laws of Canada; Mrs. Babcock and son of New York; Messrs. Morton and Sutdach of Michigan; Mr. A. Fredrick of Pennsylvania, and Mr. and Mrs. Crea of Maine.

Poultry Raising in Our Colony

BY THOS. A. VERDENIUS

There is no industry that offers greater remuneration on the money invested than a well regulated poultry farm. There is no portion of the country where there is a greater demand for the entire products of a poultry farm, than on the East Coast of Florida.

The entire coast is essentially a winter tourist country, with mammoth hotels which are filled to overflowing from early fall until spring. At present the hotel proprietors are obliged to depend on frozen

A matter of much interest to all Florida poultry raisers, and those contemplating this industry in our colony, is the fact that Mr. E. W. Philo, the great poultryman, of Elmira, New York, has come to Florida to engage in this business.

Mr. Philo is the originator of the Philo system of poultry raising. He has been in the chicken business for forty years, and his intensive system has now become world-famous. In Elmira, New York, where he has been able to raise 20,000 chickens on one acre of ground, and sell \$22,000 worth of chickens and eggs in one year, he was doing well, but not well enough.

After looking the country over he went to Florida some two years ago and began experimenting. He finally came to the conclusion that Florida was the best poultry section of the United States.

He is now at work building the largest chicken farm in the world, on the Florida East Coast, where he has purchased land.

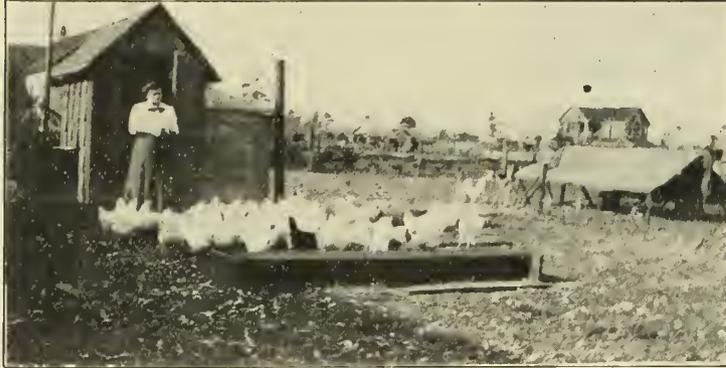
This little story is not told for the mere fact that it explains what Mr. Philo is doing, but for the fact that it shows what can be done in Florida and our own Bunnell-Dupont Colony, if one tries. People from other parts of the country are gradually becoming acquainted with the possibilities to be found in Florida. In fact, those who go to Florida from other states seem to see more in the soil than the native Floridian.



A fine flock of poultry recently brought to the Colony from Illinois by one of our new settlers

It was once said that America was another word for opportunity. Just at the present time FLORIDA is certainly another word for PROSPERITY. The man who goes to Florida with no capital may have a hard time, but that same man will be unable to do much anywhere. However, the farmer who goes to the Bunnell-Dupont Colony with a few hundred dollars and plenty of energy and intelligence will have no trouble in "making good."

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Mrs. G., of Bunnell, feeding her flock of poultry

poultry, purchased in Chicago or other Northern cities.

They are also obliged to depend upon the Northern markets for the eggs consumed in these great hostleries.

During the summer months the demand for poultry and eggs has never been met by local growers, the great bulk being shipped from Kentucky and Tennessee. The weather conditions here are ideal for growing poultry, and during the winter months, when eggs are the highest, hens lay more than in summer.

Quite a number of our colonists are making plans to raise chickens on a large scale, and before long I expect to see this one of the great industries of our colony.

The largest poultry farm in Florida at the present time is on the East Coast, and is owned by a Mr. Throop, who has on an average of about 5,000 fowls. He and one other man do all the work in connection with this business. He has about 2,100 laying hens, each one averaging about 130 eggs per annum, or 273,000 eggs. This is 22,750 dozen, and at an average of 35 cents per dozen, amounts to \$7,962.50.

Mr. Throop considers the White Leghorn the best fowl for eggs.

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A poultry yard of most attractive "Rhode Island Reds" located near DuPont

A Flock of Poultry Raised Near DuPont

This picture was taken on the farm of Mr. and Mrs. R. who are located west of Dupont, and shows Mrs. R. giving her chickens their evening meal. I wanted to get as many of them in the picture as possible, and so Mrs. R. consented to give them their supper a little earlier.

They responded readily to the familiar call, and came running from the barn, from the orange grove, from the fields near-by, and everywhere it was chickens, chickens, chickens—Rhode Island Reds, bright in the evening sunset.

Now remember these people do not have a regular poultry farm, run by the Philo system, with chickens raised on scientific plans, but it is just an ordinary farm, with chickens running everywhere.

I was anxious to know just what Mrs. R. fed her chickens, and she told me as follows: "We feed our chickens nothing but corn and green stuff, such as the rape you see there at the edge of the orange

grove. They go to it whenever they like, and aside from that we find it most satisfactory to feed them simply corn.

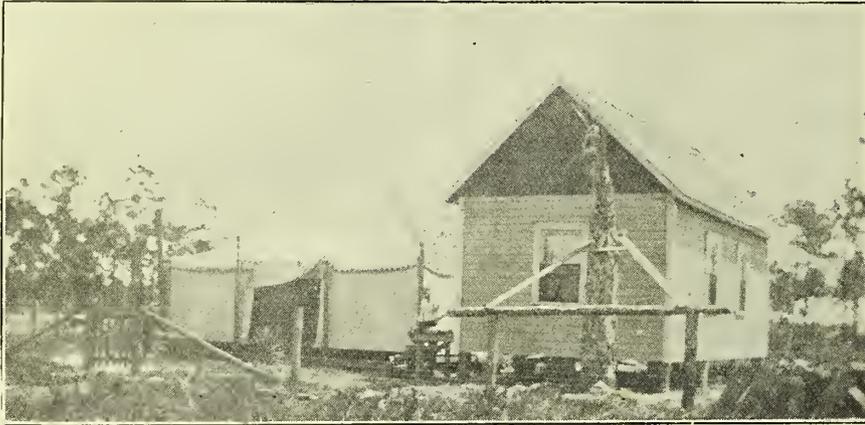
"I cannot give you a figure as to their profit this year, for I did not keep an account. I know they pay me handsomely. If necessary, I could live from my flock. Two years ago I had only 200 hens, and sometimes I got as high as fifteen dozen eggs a day. We ship all our eggs down the East Coast as far as Miami, and find a ready market for everything we raise—chickens, eggs, vegetables, etc. The large hotels there can use everything that is good. All our oranges and grapefruit we ship North.

"I reckon we have now about 400 hens. I should say our average price for eggs is 35 cents a dozen. I have never sold them for less than 28 cents. Around Christmas they are generally about 75 cents a dozen. There certainly is an opportunity to make money in poultry here."



Another Bunnell poultry raiser, Mrs. B., visiting her duck yard

Letters of Interest from Bunnell-Dupont Colony Land Owners



THE HOME OF MR. H. KRUGER

Who came to Bunnell with his family December, 1911, from Alberta, Canada. While his friends in Canada spent their money for coal during the long winter, this family lived comfortably in their tent, until he could complete their little home

Canada No Longer Possesses Any Attraction

Mr. Kruger, the writer of the following article, and who originally came from Canada, is one of our satisfied land owners at Bunnell. He possesses a ready supply of wit, and has written his letter in a humorous manner which will be appreciated.—Editor.

Bunnell, Florida.

To the Editor of the Home Builder:

A friend of mine took a trip to one of the orange groves near Bunnell a short time ago. I asked him for a ride, but he wouldn't permit it; said his horse was stone blind, and I think he said he was lazy also. Well, I wanted to go, and so I worked the "stowaway" on him. When we were a few miles out of town I said "booh"; so just for punishment, I had to work my passage. Just as well, for it took two, one to work the steering gear and the other to handle the fuel (they use wood for fuel in this country, and it is good for lazy horses, too).

I want to tell you something about this trip. It was the middle of December. The frogs croaked lazily; the buzzard sailed slowly across a deep blue sky, flecked here and there with a roll of pure cotton. The tropical palmettoes lent dignity to the scene, while the soft warm breezes fanned our cheeks. What a lovely country! We talk a good deal about the Florida breezes. Back North they used to say, "you can't live on air." They could nearly do it here.

This country is very busy just now. New settlers are arriving and clearing up land. You hear on all sides, "Hah Pete." The mules are all named Pete. My friend thinks they were named after St. Paul, but I think they were named after Peter the Great. The crows can all say "hah," but they can't say "Pete."

Horse power is rather scarce here, as so many new settlers have to hire. There is a great chance to sell a few carloads of good mules.

But why has not this beautiful land been cultivated years ago? The answer is easy—the wrong class of people. Last spring, when hundreds of loads of Irish potatoes

were shipped from Bunnell, there was a great palpitation and a rush for land. One man cleared nearly an acre, and plowed it, but there it lies today. We want men who can work and are willing to do so.

There are the exceptions of course. I know one man who made a walk over from a commissary to farming, and raised 55 barrels of Irish potatoes, and, as a second crop, 250 bushels of sweet potatoes.

Well, to go back to our trip to the orange grove. By this time we had arrived at the grove. What a place! How would one of those tangerine trees full of fruit look for a Christmas tree in Canada? This grove is 27 years old. The man who owns it told me he has ten acres in trees, and he is well fixed. He also has a flowing well of sulphur water. He said the water was good. I took a drink, and—well, I thought if Ponce de Leon had found this well, he'd have had no need to go to Arkansas to die.

I remember at one of the sulphur springs seeing a visitor take a drink. He said he liked his eggs fresh. I looked where he did, but I could see no eggs, either fresh or pickled. If you wish to drink sulphur water, you will have to get used to it. A great number of people tell me that they like to drink it, even doctors recommend it—but we can get all kinds of water in Bunnell anyway—sulphur, soft or hard.

We got a good load of fine oranges, and the horse had a hard pull of it. We thought we would have to walk home, so we ate a great many of the oranges to lighten the load. To my mind the Florida orange has 50% more sweet juice in it than the California orange. A Florida Navel orange, I think, reaches the climax of orange perfection.

Let me predict here, that some day there will be a thousand groves along Haw Creek and other stretches of high hummock near Bunnell. Of course there is a lot of work to be done, roads and bridges to be built.

Ah, what a future there will be to this colony and to this state. We will lower the price of foodstuff, and our land will be worth \$500 per acre.

H. KRUGER.

Bunnell, Fla., Dec. 27, 1912.
S. Howard, Editor Bunnell Home Builder,
Chicago, Ill.

Dear Sir:

I sent for my family and they arrived Tuesday, the 24th, just the day before Christmas. We spent our first Christmas in Florida, the land of sunshine and flowers. Christmas was one of those fine sunshiny June days of old Indiana. I am past 52 years old but never before in all my life had I seen such a fine, warm Christmas. Was in my shirt sleeves almost all day. My family like it here. We sat out on our front veranda at nine o'clock at night, saw the lightning bugs and heard one frog holler, which put me in mind of the first of June in Indiana. My children gathered wild flowers to send back home. I tell you half has never yet been told of Florida—the rich man's playground and the poor man's paradise, the winter garden of America.

We are having new sweet and Irish potatoes, the finest I ever ate. They are now busy planting their second winter crop of Irish potatoes on the same land. I tell you, a man is a fool to stay up in the snow-clad hills of the frozen North if he can possibly get away. I got away and thanks be to God, I am here today. Three cheers for Florida, the Land of Promise.

I have only been here four weeks and my catarrh has left me. I am like President Roosevelt—I feel bully. This fine air goes clear to your toes. You feel good all over.

Up at Princeton, Indiana, my friends gave me from three to six weeks to stay in Florida. Will say I am here to stay.

To succeed, like all new countries, you must have some money to get your first crop on the market. No place for a lazy man. There is work here to be done, and a home with an independent living for the man who is willing to work.

Yours truly,
H. E. BROWN.

Dupont, Florida, Jan. 6, 1913.

Mr. Verdenius,
Chicago, Ill.

Everything is looking fine down here. I am very busy getting my land ready to plant my potatoes. I surely feel sorry for you up there in the cold, while we are enjoying the loveliest of spring weather. We are having string beans, peas, cucumbers and lettuce out of our garden every day.

We are so well pleased ourselves that we are anxious to have others share our good fortune in securing some of this land.

Yours truly,
W. H. GRAY.

Huntington Station, L. I., N. Y.,
Dec. 25, 1912.

Mr. Verdenius:

I have read several letters in the Bunnell Home Builder and am glad to say that I have been in Florida, at Bunnell. I have looked all over your land and I know that your colony has some of the finest land I ever saw. Anybody who is willing to do his share, can do well in Bunnell-Dupont. You can raise all kinds of fruits and garden truck. I am more than pleased with my little farm, and can recommend your land.

Yours truly,
W. H. BROWN.

Fernbank, Athemia, N. J.,
The Day Before Christmas.

My Dear Sir:

I want to thank you for the two copies of the Bunnell Home Builder received.

I have found both numbers of the paper VERY interesting.

Today a blizzard is raging. When one has shoveled through 5 feet of snow to get to his poultry, his mind is apt to turn to milder climes. I visited Florida last August and wish with all my heart I was there now. Bunnell is IDEAL.

Thank you for the paper.

Sincerely,

G. MORSE.

Bunnell, Fla., Dec. 29, 1912.

Bunnell Development Co.,

Chicago, Ill.

Gentlemen:

After arriving in your colony at Bunnell, Florida, and after an inspection of your lands, I can say that I am very much pleased and am agreeably surprised.

I wish to say that I came here with the intention to investigate statements made in your literature and that I cannot find any exaggerations or misstatements. Your proposition is first-class and one that I can recommend to my friends as a safe one. I was shown not only my allotment but the homes of others who had arrived before me and know, from what I saw in their gardens, that success is assured to any one who is willing to work.

I can cheerfully recommend, not only the land and climate, but also the Bunnell Development Company. They are willing to do everything to assist their customers, at any time, and give them a square deal at all times.

I will be in Bunnell for several days. I wish I could stay here permanently, but will have to go North again about the middle of January, but you may rest assured I shall get back as soon as possible.

Yours truly,

CON. KELLEHER.

Kokomo, Indiana, Jan. 4, 1913.

Dear Sir:

I received your paper, the Home Builder, and was well pleased with it. It will be a very interesting paper for me to read, for I love to hear from Bunnell. I was down there last May and found it a good place in which to live, so I bought ten acres and intend to make a home out of it. I did want to go down there this winter and clear and fence my land, but I will have to postpone my trip until next fall.

Florida for me.

Yours very truly,

T. H. GUDGEL.

Bunnell-Dupont Potato Crop

Mr. I. I. Moody Estimates that Our Settlers Will Have Over A
Thousand Acres Planted to Potatoes this Season

St. Johns County, Florida, is the great Southern potato section, where thousands of acres are planted in January and harvested in May.

The potato industry has gone forward in St. Johns County steadily, and each year finds new settlers clearing land, planting fields of potatoes, building handsome homes and outbuildings, and indications are that these conditions will continue until the last acre of tillable soil is put under cultivation.

When this number of the Home Builder reaches its Northern readers, it will find them seated around a blazing stove or in steam-heated apartments, while outside the wintry winds are piling the snow into great drifts. Down here the Bunnell farmers will be in the fields planting hundreds of acres to potatoes. While the Northern reader glances out of the window at the falling snow and hears the wind as it shrieks around the house corner, he mentally if not audibly says, "That must be a lie." But facts are not fancies, and the fact stands out that the St. Johns County farmer does plant his potatoes in January, and that he does harvest his crop in April and May.

This season there will be planted in St. Johns County about 9,000 acres to potatoes. This acreage will require about forty-five thousand sacks of seed potatoes, which are purchased in Maine, New York and other states. Generally speaking, the Maine seed is preferred.

Last spring one of our Bunnell settlers who had but 10 acres in potatoes, sold his crop for \$1,500. Another man who had a little less than 12 acres, sold his crop for \$1,800. I wonder which one of our settlers will receive the largest check for his crop next spring.

There is going to be planted about 1,100 acres to potatoes in the Bunnell-Dupont Colony this January, about three times the amount planted last year. If we have as good a year this as we had last, this crop should bring our colonists \$165,000 gross.

We now have several advantages over last year. Our experience will aid us, and this season we can ship the potatoes from the colony in barrels, manufactured in our barrel factory here in Bunnell, which will be about completed when this issue of the magazine reaches you.

Do not think that we have to depend entirely on potatoes for a money crop, for we grow other vegetables—corn, oats, sugar

cane and hay, all of which are a second crop after the potatoes have been harvested and sold. Sugar cane grows vigorously and in the late fall is transformed into delicious syrup, for which there is always a good market at profitable prices. There was one magnificent field of cane, 60 acres, last year near Dupont. The St. Johns County farmer is always on the alert "for other worlds to conquer." He is after the cash.

The farmers are growing more vegetables each year and find it a profitable industry. Just now, when in the North heavy frosts are falling, turning that which but a short time ago was green and beautiful to a dark brown, and the foliage of the trees is being blown in all directions, and the leafless branches proclaim that a long, cold winter is at hand, the farmers at Bunnell and other parts of St. Johns County are enjoying fresh, crisp vegetables from their own gardens. These consist of beans, lettuce, turnips, onions, cucumbers, etc. Besides supplying the family table the farmers are shipping these products to less favored parts. From Bunnell daily there are being shipped beans, cabbage and lettuce.

The farmers do not have to depend entirely on the crops above enumerated, for in this section there are fine orange groves loaded with bright golden balls.



Our Engineer, Mr. Johnaton, in a Field of Sugar Cane Over 12 Feet High, Raised Near Bunnell. Sugar Cane Brings from \$250 to \$300 an acre annually.

FREE

The BUNNELL HOME BUILDER is sent free each month to all Bunnell-Dupont Colony land owners. If you do not own a farm at Bunnell, but are interested in this colony and would like to receive a copy of this magazine each month, kindly fill out the following blank and return to the Editor, and you will be placed on our complimentary mailing list.

S. Howard, Editor BUNNELL HOME BUILDER
1103 Woman's Temple, Chicago, Ill.

I am interested in the Bunnell-Dupont Colony, and would like to be placed on your free mailing list for six months.

Name _____

Street and Number _____

City _____

State _____

COMMON SENSE AND NOTHING MORE

This Article Is Written for Those Who Ought
to Buy a Farm in Florida this Winter



I have sent you from time to time literature on the Bunnell-Dupont Colony. You have undoubtedly received and read my booklet, "A LITTLE FARM—A BIG LIVING." If it did not reach you, write me for another copy. I have told you that I will give you a reasonable time in which to inspect your allotment, and that if you do not find it as represented, the Company will return to you every cent you have paid on your land, plus 6% interest.

I have tried to make it clear to you that you have nothing to lose by sending in your order for one of our farms, but **EVERYTHING TO GAIN**. Yet so far, the order has not been received. What is the reason? Either I have failed to rightly appeal to your **COMMON SENSE**, or you failed to use your good **COMMON SENSE** when you read my literature.

Every statement I have made to you has been the truth. I have tried in every conceivable manner and by every possible means known to men of **COMMON SENSE** to show you **WHY** you should buy a farm-home at Bunnell, at the present low price of \$30.00 an acre, and on our very reasonable terms of 50 cents an acre a month. Just stop and think about this—**THE SAVING OF BUT 17 CENTS A DAY WILL PAY FOR A FARM-HOME IN OUR COLONY**.

Let me enumerate a few of the many advantages I have to offer you:

1. A farm-home in a state possessing an ideal climate.
2. You can purchase this farm at practically your own terms.
3. There is not a cent of indebtedness against the land in this colony.
4. Its titles are clear.
5. Soil the very best—none better in the state of Florida.

The same kind of land but 12 miles away, selling for as high as \$100.00 to \$300.00 per acre.

6. The Atlantic ocean just to the east of our colony, with its ever cooling breezes.
7. First-class transportation—the Florida East Coast R. R. cuts our land in two.
8. Florida East Coast Canal also supplies shipping facilities, thus furnishing the needed competition.
9. Good roads.
10. Our colony is located in the artesian belt.
11. A modern town in the heart of the colony, having electric light plant, water works, cement sidewalks, state bank, school, church, hotel, doctor, druggist, general stores, etc., etc.

You must agree that every item I have mentioned is a strong proof of the worth of our colony. But what would perhaps carry more weight with you are the strong recommendations of our colony, coming, not from dozens or even scores of people, but from hundreds of men and women who already own farms in this colony, and who are beginning to realize the real worth of our lands.

Those who already are located at Bunnell are satisfied, and are obtaining independent livings from the soil. Our people are building their homes in beautiful spots, surrounded by flowers and ferns, where their children may go out of doors in bare feet any day of the year, and ramble in absolute safety and health. **WHAT ABOUT YOUR CHILDREN?"**

Won't you use **COMMON SENSE** in this matter? Buy a farm **NOW**. **SEVENTEEN CENTS A DAY** is all that it will cost you. Surely you waste that much every month in the year. Save it, instead of wasting it, and let it make money for you. Even if you cannot go at once and work your farm as a means of livelihood, you owe it to yourself to secure one of these farms, and with it a free town lot in Dupont.

Send us your order now, and we will give you 90 days in which to inspect your allotment. If this time is too short, write me, and we will extend the time of your inspection to six months. We are not afraid of any man's investigation. We have satisfied hundreds, and we can satisfy you.

What is it that has kept you silent and made you disregard the literature I have sent you? Is there anything you do not understand? Are there any questions you wish answered? You owe it to yourself and to me to tell me these things. This may be the last appeal I shall make to you.

This is **COMMON SENSE, AND NOTHING MORE**. Deep down in your heart you know it. Don't procrastinate, and lose the greatest opportunity of your life. Ten acres of land in this colony, properly cared for, will put you beyond any occasion for worry or fear of poverty in old age.

You will find an order blank enclosed in this copy of the **HOME BUILDER**. Read on the back of same the terms of our very liberal contract with you. Then fill out this order blank and send it to me at once, with your first monthly payment. If you wish 10 acres, send me \$5.00; if you wish to purchase 20 acres, send me \$10.00; if 40 acres, \$20.00, and so on. With each ten acres you buy we will give you a free lot in Dupont, as long as these lots last.

During all the period of your payments the Bunnell Development Company will pay all taxes, both on your farm and your town lot or lots. But you may go to Bunnell and take possession of your farm at once, even though you may have only made one payment on your land. You will find the finest and most cordial neighbors anxious to welcome you there.

I am ready to answer any and all questions regarding our colony, and I ask you to follow my advice **NOW**. Sit down and fill out your order blank without further delay.

Your good **COMMON SENSE** will tell you that you ought to secure one of these farms. Let me hear from you at once.

Thos. A. Verdenius.

1103-108 South La Salle Street
Chicago, Ill.