

The Truth About Florida

The Bunnell Home Builder

S. HOWARD, Editor

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No. 4

THE EDITOR'S PERSONAL PAGE

WHY WAIT FOR "BETTER TIMES?" Day after day we receive letters that read about as follows: "I am very much interested in the Bunnell-Dupont colony; I believe it is a great country, and when times get better, I am going to buy a farm." Such letters are encouraging; they are always gladly received, but we keep wondering what is the use of waiting for better times?

You say you are dissatisfied with your present surroundings, that the climate is disagreeable, that business is uncertain, and that some day you are going to remedy these conditions; but, why do you put off for next week, next month or next year what you could and should do today?

I am reminded of the story of the Arkansas traveler—a familiar one to most of you. This traveler was caught in a heavy rainstorm and sought shelter in a nearby cabin. The owner of this abode was tilted back in a rickety chair, busily engaged in whittling a stick, while the rain came through the roof in a score of places. The traveler could scarcely find a spot in the room where the rain did not fall upon him, and finally he said to his contented host, "Why don't you mend your roof?" The astonishing reply was, "Well, when it's raining I can't patch it, and when it's not raining it don't need patching."

May it not be the case with some of you who have thus written us? When times are good, and you are making good wages, you are quite content, and do not think it necessary to provide for the "rainy day"? But occasional hard times are inevitable, and the man who is working for wages is the first one to feel their sting.

You may not have enough money to move to Florida tomorrow, and begin improvements on a little farm, but you can at least buy that farm today and begin making your small monthly payments thereon. Every payment you make you are that much nearer your goal.

A good many people admit that they are never able to save anything unless they go in debt, or assume some obligation, and know that they must meet it regularly. To such people the Bunnell Development Company offers great opportunities, and the sooner you are able to realize this, the better off you will be.

"It is never too late to begin saving money; nor too early. But there is no time like the present."

PRECEPT AND PRACTICE. *Economy is near to the keystone of character and success. A boy that is taught to save his money will rarely be a bad man or a failure; the man who saves will rise in his trade or profession steadily; this is inevitable.—Gladstone.*

It is remarkable with what unanimity men of prominence and success say that they got their start by saving money.

And every one of these men has advised young persons to go and do likewise. Some of the foremost men in every walk of life have gone on record as to the great benefits of systematic thrift—Washington, Lincoln, Gladstone, Bismarck, Roosevelt, Woodrow Wilson, Andrew Carnegie, John D. Rockefeller, James J. Hill, and scores of others of equal prominence and successful attainments have preached and practiced industry and thrift. The overwhelming nature of this testimony is shown by the many quotations from the sayings of prominent men printed at the head of each chapter and at the end of this book.

BUNNELL'S MOTTO: "WATCH US GROW"

Read the experience tested words of a great merchant who began life as a poor clerk:

"If you would succeed in business never spend a cent more than you earn. No matter how small your earnings, you should master this art. I use the word 'art' advisedly, as so many young men appear to fritter away, without so much as a thought, all their earnings."

John Wanamaker, the merchant prince, who started with a very small job in Philadelphia more than fifty years ago, and now owns mammoth stores in Philadelphia, New York and Paris, knows what it means to have to save money, and this is his testimony:

"The difference between the clerk who spends all his salary and the clerk who saves part of it is the difference—in ten years—between the owner of a business and the man out of a job."

The business career of John D. Rockefeller, generally believed to be the richest man in the world, had a very humble beginning in a rural section of New York state. This is what he says about saving:

"How can one be ready for the glorious opportunities ahead of him unless he has cultivated the habit of economy and prudence? He must save all he can in season and out of season."

"BE IT EVER SO HUMBLE, THERE'S NO PLACE LIKE HOME." It has been said that of all the words in the English language, the two most beautiful are "home" and "mother."

Opinions differ on this, but surely there is no dearer spot on earth than home—a haven of refuge and a place of freedom.

Though you may be men and women grown, can you not look back today upon the old "home" where you and your brothers and sisters were born and reared? It may have been a very simple, old-fashioned home, but it belonged to your parents and to you, and you loved it better than any place on earth.

Children reared in cities and moving from one apartment to the other will never know what it means to lovingly recall their childhood's home; even the boys and girls moving from one rented farm to the other will never have any tender memories of a permanent home.

These boys and girls have a right to a real home. It may not be possible to give them one with any luxuries, but there is a great degree of satisfaction in living under one's own roof-tree and being able to say, with the proud possession of youth, "This is our field, our fence, our horse or our cow."

I have always had a great pity for the little lad, the son of an itinerant minister, who confused the words "born" and "reared," and when asked where he was born, replied, "Why, I was born all over the state of Illinois."

As I make this plea for the boys and girls, I am thinking of you, fathers and mothers, who from month to month are paying out your money for the privilege of living in some one's else house, or on another's farm. It may mean a considerable amount of personal sacrifice now to become the owner of a little home of your own down at Bunnell, Florida, but your reward will pay you many fold for all present inconveniences. Your children will have the satisfaction of helping to build up their first real "home," and of growing to manhood and womanhood therein.

Not only from a matter of sentiment should these boys and girls be given a home, but it is your duty to them and to yourself from a financial standpoint. No investment is more safe and sure to bring large returns than good farm land, and nowhere can you find greater opportunities than in Bunnell-Dupont.

Theodore Roosevelt once said, "I should think ill of any man who did not leave his children a little better off materially than himself." It may be that you will never be able to leave them great wealth, but at least you can provide a home.



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WHAT Dr. Hoffman of Pennsylvania Thinks of Bunnell in Summer.



Dr. E. G. Hoffman

Editor of the Bunnell Home Builder:

For a long time I have been trying to find an opportunity to tell the readers of the Home Builder of my visit to Florida, and especially to the Bunnell colony. Like many others, I purchased a tract of land in the Bunnell-DuPont colony, trusting to the honesty of the gentlemen of the Company, and my later experience proved that my confidence was not misplaced.

Having selected Florida as my future home, after considering various Southern states, I resolved to visit it and learn of the actual conditions. It was my purpose to study the real possibilities

and opportunities, also to see if it were possible for a little farm to give enough income to support a family in comfort, and this I found to be true.

With these purposes in mind, I had timed my visit to reach Florida in the summer season, so I could see it at its most undesirable time. Jacksonville I found a busy, metropolitan city. As I traveled southward on every hand I saw a growing, thriving country; dotting the railroad were prosperous looking villages, with new homes in all directions. There were also large tracts of undeveloped lands that gave promise of a multitude of opportunities for energetic men. At Tampa I found another delightful and interesting city, whose progressiveness put to shame many larger Northern cities. Although I was sight-seeing, I was on the alert to learn of the local conditions and possibilities. I soon found that in the agricultural line Florida was especially prosperous. Having gleaned a general idea of Florida, my next most vital interest was Bunnell and its farm lands. Much as I had enjoyed my trip, my visit to Bunnell was the best of all, for here I found a neat, attractive, substantially built little town, with cement walks, electric lights and running water. But, although Bunnell was pleasing, my visit to the farm lands of the colony in the company of Mr. Turner, the Field Manager, created a most pleasing impression. The land lay ideally; the soil a rich loam, overlaid with a light clay subsoil left no doubt of its fertility, waiting only for man's hand to turn it into a bounteous garden. Had any doubt as to its fertility existed in my mind, the growing fields we visited would have completely dispelled this, for I saw fields with corn, tomatoes and other vegetables all giving the evidence of great fertility, although one crop (potatoes) had been harvested only a few weeks earlier. Again we saw sturdy young groves of orange trees, grapefruit, peaches, figs and grape vines, planted on new land, yet strong and thrifty. The spirit of contentment and the substantial improvements on the farms all told the story of success and prosperity. My later visits among these hospitable people gave me further evidence of the richness of this land.

I also learned that the best water could be easily obtained at a very nominal cost. The cultivation of this soil does not entail the hard labor of the North, as the soil is lighter and there are no stones to contend with, and with proper preparation and care it will produce bumper crops.

After much too short a visit, I left Bunnell for the North, firmly convinced that I had made the best investment of my life when I bought my little Bunnell farm, which I almost forgot to mention proved to far exceed my

expectations. I am satisfied that one of these little farms is the best life insurance policy a man can leave his family, for not only does it provide a home, but also a haven against adversity.

I had expected to find it rather hot, but on the contrary, enjoyed a cool breeze every day of my visit to Florida.

Yours very truly,

E. G. HOFFMAN,
Pennsylvania.

WHAT An Iowa Farmer Advises Renters to do.

Dear Sir:

I have just returned from a visit to the Bunnell-DuPont colony. As you know, I bought ten acres of land from you some time ago while I was living in Nebraska, and I wish to state that I am well pleased with the property you sold me. There is one thing I cannot understand, and that is why there are so many people who do not own, or do not try to own their own homes. In this community there are a great number of renters, many of them living from hand to mouth. With the rent they pay they could own their own homes in Bunnell, where they could live independently and take life easy, after they had brought their land under cultivation.

I like Bunnell very much and although it is in its infancy I predict a great future for the colony and for the town. The people in Bunnell are the right class of people and as soon as you get more families to clear their land and locate on their farms the price of land will advance rapidly.

I hope to go back and build me a nice little home and live there the rest of my life.

I can recommend the colony to every one.

Yours respectfully,

WM. PARKER,
Iowa.

WHAT A Washington man who has seen much of the World Thinks of Bunnell-DuPont.

Dear Mr. Verdenius:

I left Pullman, Washington, on December 16 and arrived at Bunnell December 22. I may tell you that to my surprise I found everything just as you had advertised it, and I give you great credit for this.

I am a man 65 years of age. I have traveled a great deal in my days. I have been through different parts of Europe and South Africa. I lived in California for 33 years, in Oregon 6 years, and I have been in Washington for 17 years, but I will say since I have been down to Florida and looked over your colony, that in all my travels I have never seen anything that looked better to me. I have been a farmer and have raised stock for many years, but I never saw any better opportunities for either than in Florida.

I want to say this to you people who read the Home Builder. Don't be afraid to go to the Bunnell colony. I read the pamphlets before I left and I have studied them since I came home, and I found everything to be true as advertised. If it was not, I should let you all know. If all companies had been as straightforward and honest as the Bunnell Company we never would have heard so many bad reports about Florida.

You can build up a home at Bunnell that in a few years you can be proud of. Practically anything will grow there. You have the land, the markets, and the finest of climates. There you can have everything you ask for. What more do you want?

Florida for me.

(Washington.)

E. B. LYBECKER.

WHAT An Iowa Poultryman says of his Success at Bunnell.



Mr. H. C. Fadness

Mr. Thos. A. Verdenius,
Chicago, Ill.

Dear Sir:
I am going to tell you some of my experiences in the poultry business, and what I think of the Bunnell colony as a poultry district.

I consider any of the Leghorn breeds well adapted to the state of Florida, but as I am a breeder of Single Comb White Leghorns I like them best. I started in the poultry business in 1907, with a few brown Leghorn hens and was well pleased with them, but later sold them to a neighbor and bought some Barred Plymouth Rocks and Buff Orpingtons. They, however, spelled failure for me on the dry arid land of western Dakota. In 1909 I started with fifty-four white Leg-

horns. They proved to be regular egg machines. When the Rocks and Orpingtons were hunting the shaded ground, Miss Leghorn was busy chasing bugs and laying eggs.

Mid-winter 1913 I shipped ten Leghorn pullets to my farm near Bunnell, Florida, and I never saw chickens do as well as these did at Bunnell. My coop was 8x12 and the yard was only 24x56 feet, but they never stopped laying while I was in Florida.

The Leghorns were imported from Italy to America, so Florida ought to be the ideal American home for them, as Florida is really the Italy of America. All we need in the line of shelter in Florida, for poultry, is three walls and a waterproof roof and a good large yard to keep the chickens out of the garden, and we have the egg machines in working order.

There was no time, during my stay in Florida, that eggs went below twenty-five cents a dozen and when I returned to my business in Iowa, July 30th, 1913, the price of eggs in Bunnell was thirty-five cents per dozen.

I am a Scandinavian, and wish to say a few words to those Scandinavians who would like to move to a milder climate. I don't think you could do better than to buy a farm in the Bunnell-DuPont colony. Ten acres will be all right for a small family, but twenty acres would do better. It will give more room for buildings and allow pasture for a cow.

The Bunnell Development Company is square in all its dealings. They have the right kind of soil and, as a rule, good water and an ideal climate. What more do we want?

Now you farmers who have good farms in the northern states when you want to retire from your farm work, don't sell your farm and move to town—only rent it and buy a small farm in our colony and make this your winter home. I don't think, Mr. Farmer, that you will ever be sorry for such a move and I believe that when once you come, you are here to stay. If we don't want to work our land in the Bunnell colony we can always rent it.

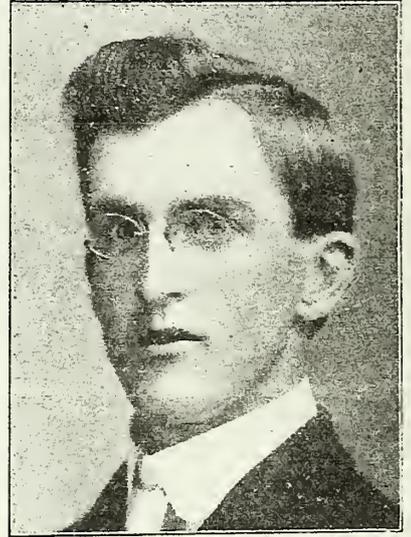
Yours truly,
HENDRICK C. FADNESS,
Iowa.

WHAT A Michigan Farmer who had "to beshown" found out in the colony.

Dear Mr. Verdenius:

After my return from Bunnell in December I planned to write you a letter for the Home Builder, but this seems the first opportunity I have had.

The morning I left here for Florida a man who saw me buying my ticket and learned where I was going, ejaculated, "Huh! Bunnell. Turpentine still. Rotten place. Watch out for it." So I received a chill at the very start, and different people with whom I became acquainted on the trip when they learned of my destination said in substance about the same thing. Many of these people were winter tourists, and their cry was, "Go farther south, to Tampa, Miami, or some such place." The first man I mentioned had been through Bunnell a number of years ago, before the land was ever developed, and I believe he spoke sincerely.



Mr. L. A. Rogers

So you can imagine my state of mind by the time I arrived at Bunnell. I certainly was happily surprised, after what I had been forced to swallow for several days. I expected to see a dreary, forsaken place, but the neat buildings, attractive streets and general prosperous conditions cheered me at once. Mr. Turner, who was at the train, gave me the glad hand of welcome, and in the few days that followed while riding by his side in the Company's auto, viewing the fine, level country, seeing the many improvements that have been made, I could not help but wonder at the progress that has been made in such a few short years.

I seized every opportunity to go over the colony with Mr. Turner, which gave me an opportunity to see it from all sides, and I'll bet he was glad to see me go, for if anyone is an expert at asking questions it is Yours Truly, but he seemed to take it all in good part. Still, I wasn't satisfied.

The fact that Bunnell is a beautiful and rapidly growing town, populated with as fine a people as could be found, does not prove a single point. It is all up to the land to make good. If that fails, all will fail. That is what I wanted to make sure of, so had as many talks with the farmers as my short stay would allow. I spent one night with Mr. Wehrman and had a very enjoyable and instructive time. We spent nearly a day looking over the land and got caught in quite a rain, which was rather wet, strange to say.

You have read many descriptions of the land in the Home Builder, and it has been told pretty straight, so I will not say anything about that. I wanted to know what the land would produce. I do know that sweet potatoes will grow some, for I swiped several and brought them to Michigan. They were fine and the yield is abundant.

And sugar cane! I didn't think it possible for anything to grow so thick and handsome. These were the only crops I found in the fields while there, but they were enough. If everything else grows in proportion, and the farmers say they do, that is enough for me. I am a farmer, and that feature of the place appealed to me, but I must say that the prospects for fruits are equally as good.

It was with regret that I left Bunnell, and I, for one, predict a great future for our colony.

Yours very truly,
L. A. ROGERS.
Michigan.

Letters from Men who live in the Colony

Mr. W. A. Mack, formerly of California, Tells the Story of Bunnell-Dupont's Steady Growth.

(When Mr. Verdenius became connected with the Bunnell Development Company, the first man he located on a farm was Mr. W. A. Mack of California, and this was in the latter part of October, 1911. In April, 1912, Mr. Mack wrote a letter telling just what he had accomplished in five months, and this letter was a great inspiration to many who have since bought farms. To all these, as well as every other reader of the Home Builder, the following letter from Mr. Mack will be most interesting. These are the sincere words of a sincere man, and they briefly tell the story of our colony's growth.—Editor.)

Dear Mr. Verdenius:

I have been sitting back and watching results, and watching our colony settle up, really beyond my expectations; and to tell you the truth, I feel a little ashamed of myself that I have not contributed at least a few words to the Home Builder, which we are always glad to read.

In the first place, I want to say a few words about the letter I wrote you in 1912. I am still getting letters every few days from people who read that letter, and wonder if I really wrote it, or if the Company made it up. I wish to say to such people that we are here on the same 40 acres that we were on when I wrote to you, and we are glad we are here, and I think if the people who have written me would only visit our place, I could soon convince them that every word in the 1912 letter was the truth. I know that I was very sincere in writing what I did. I was anxious to have people come into the colony, for we were very much alone when we first came here.

You remember, Mr. Verdenius, where you took us, clear out to the extreme end of the Moody Road at that time, three miles south of Bunnell. We had only one neighbor then, and that was Mr. Lambert, who lives one mile nearer Bunnell. But it is different now. We have neighbors on every side of us, and close up, too, and the Moody Road has been extended on into Volusia County to accommodate the new settlers that are going in south of me.

It is true that we have met with some reverses since we have been here, but they were very small compared to what they might have been in other countries. It is true we have some heavy rains in Florida, but they do not destroy men's lives, nor do they destroy railroads and wagon bridges, or float away houses and cattle as they do in other states. I have just received a letter from my daughter today telling of the terrible floods in California. The Salinas valley is almost completely submerged and millions of dollars of damage has been done. We do not have such floods as these in Florida. The rainstorms may drown out a few crops that are not properly looked after, but that is about all the damage they do.

I have been here now over two years and I believe I have learned enough about Florida to know what I am writing about, and I will say I prefer Florida to any country I ever lived in. Our daughter started today from Salinas, California, for Bunnell, and you can imagine about how anxious we are for the train to pull into Bunnell that will bring her to us.

Well, Mr. Verdenius, I must say a few words about Bunnell and then I will close. Bunnell is making the finest kind of advancement. She is not booming like some western towns I have seen, that grew at a tremendous rate for a few months and then died out, but Bunnell is growing permanently. Her business men are here to stay, and among the new enterprises is the Johnson Hardware & Supply Company. Mr. Johnson's store is up to date and he is certainly laying a foundation for a permanent and profitable business. We wish him the success that his efforts and courteous treatment deserves.

The McArn Grocery Company is another most worthy establishment, as is also the Bunnell Cold Storage & Meat Market. Bunnell's greatest-felt need has been met by Mr. Bacher, recently from Waverly, Iowa, in the way of a wagon and blacksmith shop. Mr. Bacher has put up a shop that is not only a great credit to Bunnell, but would be a credit to any city. It is neat enough to be right up on Main street, and the beauty of it is we have the mechanic inside.

And Mr. Szabelski has established an automobile garage and machine shop, so you see we have everything now right to our hand here in Bunnell, and the future for this colony looks very bright to me.

The prospects for this time of the year for a big spring crop never looked so good to me since we have been in Florida as they do now, and the light of the comfortable home we had pictured out before we came here begins to shine upon us.

Wishing all the settlers of the Bunnell colony a most successful year, and with kind regards to yourself and family.

I am,

Florida.

Respectfully yours,

W. A. MACK.



Picture of a portion of Mr. Mack's farm taken a short time after he had purchased it.

Is it any wonder that Florida is progressing at a rate which arouses the astonishment of all who come from far away sections?

As week by week goes by, winter or summer, more proof comes to the surface of the development that is bringing the best State in the Union into her own. Here a county votes for good roads, there a railroad is pushing a new artery of trade down into fertile but undeveloped territory, another place a city votes for schools, still another for bonds, great tracts of lands are being developed, big manufacturing plants, immense hotels, new homes by the thousand dotted over the fair State.

A Former Canadian says: "It's great to gather green peas and celery from one's own garden" in Winter.

I have just selected a 10-acre farm for my friend, Mr. James Duncan of British Columbia, Canada.

Everybody in the colony is busy with their potato crop. Strawberries are growing fine and the peach trees are in full bloom. I want to tell you that it is great to gather green peas and celery from one's own garden at this time of the year and to enjoy this lovely sunshine. The thermometer registered today noon 70 degrees. What about Chicago.

Florida.

S. J. HARRISON.

and who know what they are talking about.

Mr. Garnier, of Canada, wishes he had come to the Colony three years instead of three months ago.

Dear Mr. Verdenius:

Well, dear sir, you are the cause of my coming to Florida, and I thank you very much for it, for if I had remained in Canada (that frozen country in winter, and roaster in summer) I believe I would be in my grave now; but instead of that, I feel ten years younger, am healthy and strong and digging away and planting things on my beautiful farm. I enjoy it very much; so does my son who is with me. I wish we had come here three years ago instead of three months ago.

We have planted and sowed a good many things since our arrival here and I am going to put some sticks to my peas today. Talk about Florida land—it is great! Whatever we have sown and planted so far, has grown wonderfully. I sowed some parsley seed, which generally takes from fifteen to twenty days to come up, but mine was up in five days and is way above the ground now.

I also planted a bed of three hundred strawberry plants. Most of them are in bloom now and they were planted about three weeks ago. I have carrots, turnips parsnips, cabbage, cauliflower, radishes, onions, celery, thyme, summer savory, in my garden and many other things, all of which are growing nicely. It seems you can almost see them grow. Of course, one has to work and have a system to go by.

I am satisfied with Florida land, especially Bunnell land. I do not want any better. We have cleared a large patch of land where we are going to plant Irish potatoes. I am pleased with my land and with the climate, which is grand. It is wonderful to be working outside every day in one's shirt-sleeves. When I compare this to frozen Canada it almost makes me shiver. Canada will never see me again. I intend to live as long as I can in this beautiful country and when my life is ended I shall be buried here, for it is even too cold to be buried in Canada—so you can see I love this country, I love the climate, I love my farm and I love the people here. I hope I shall succeed in my undertakings, and I have been successful so far. I am building a fine cottage on my farm—forty feet by twenty-two. I am building it good and substantial; I am building it very tasty, for, as I have told you before, I can say without boasting, that I am a good carpenter, also a good painter and house decorator.

I expect later on, to raise some pigs and chickens, and hope to set out fruit trees as soon as I have time. You see we have to work very hard at present, my faithful boy and myself, clearing, sowing, planting and building. We have our work laid out, but in time we shall get through it. With patience and perseverance one can do many things. Bunnell for me forever!

Yours respectfully,

JOSHUA GARNIER,
Florida.

ATTENTION PLEASE!

We want to remind the readers of the Home Builder that the residents of Bunnell-DuPont who write letters for our paper each month, are very busy men and women, and they do not have time to write personal letters to you. Some of our farmers have received as many as ten letters a day, after having written a letter to the Home Builder. You can understand that these people cannot take time to answer your questions, and we would suggest that if you insist on hearing from any of them, that you enclose \$1.00 in your letter to pay them for their time and trouble.

EDITOR.

Mr. Brock, formerly of Arkansas, tells of the possibilities of our soil.

Mr. Thomas A. Verdenius,
Chicago, Ill.

Dear Sir and Friend:

As I have been a resident of Bunnell for two years, and receive the Bunnell Home Builder free of charge, which I appreciate very much, I thought I would write you of my impressions of Bunnell and its possibilities, as I see them.

This is a busy place now. There are two fine buildings south of the depot on Moody Boulevard in course of erection, which makes five besides the brick buildings that have been built lately. Mr. Bachus' shop is completed and it is an ornament to the town, and is a busy place, for Mr. Bachus has plenty of work on hand, which he knows how to take care of.

I was talking to a stranger recently, and I shall repeat our conversation for the benefit of the readers of the Home Builder. The newcomer said to me, "Does anything else grow here besides Irish potatoes? For everyone I see around here is hauling away Irish potatoes for seed, and all they talk about is Irish potatoes." I replied, "Yes, at this time of the year many are interested in planting Irish potatoes, but I do not consider potatoes the main crop by any means. We can grow all kinds of citrus fruits here to perfection; we can raise sugar cane and make \$150.00 per acre, and seldom have a failure, and only replant it every three years; and we can also raise mighty fine sweet potatoes. I saw land this past summer after a crop of Irish potatoes was taken off produce 300 bushels of sweet potatoes without any more fertilizer than was in the ground after the Irish potatoes were harvested. Yes, sir, and we can grow plenty of forage for stock—cowpea hay, oats, German millet, Kaffir corn, field corn, clover and Spanish peanuts, the last named good for man and beast. We grow all kinds of vegetables, and ship what we do not need for home use."

In our talk about oranges, I remarked that at presidential election we can plant an orange grove, and at the next election we can make a present of a box of oranges to the new President. I know a man a few miles from here who has a small grove of two or three acres and he told a friend of mine that he was all fixed now, and that his living was secured. Can a wheat grower or a cotton grower in any state say the same with two or three acres of land, that he is provided for in his old age?

I am preparing myself to plant a few acres to oranges and grapefruit, to take care of me in my old age. If we prepare the land here thoroughly, and ditch it when necessary, it will grow anything I have mentioned, and many others that I have not mentioned.

Some people think that all they have to do is to plow up the land, put in Irish potatoes, and make a lot of money in a few months. This is a great mistake. The land needs a thorough course of preparation. It should have a crop of cowpeas planted and plowed under the first season, and at least 1,000 pounds of acid phosphate to the acre, also plowed or disked in. Then if the other necessary things are done, such as rotting the sod and picking roots, one may reasonably expect a good crop of Irish potatoes. So I advise all newcomers to have all the money they can gather up to start with, for it takes money here as it does anywhere, to build up a new home and succeed.

I showed my new acquaintance a three-year-old orange tree in Mr. Hardesty's garden with 28 large oranges on it now.

Yes, Bunnell is good enough for me. If I don't make good I am the one who is deficient.

Please excuse this long letter. I had not expected to write so much.

Bunnell, Florida.

Yours truly,

W. A. BROCK.

Every Day Happenings In and Around Bunnell and Dupont

As Contributed by Bunnell Correspondent During the Month

CITY DIRECTORY.

Church Services:

METHODIST CHURCH.

Preaching—Sunday, 11 a. m.
Preaching—Sunday, 7 p. m.
Sunday School—10 a. m.

Secret Orders:

A. F. & A. M., NO. 200.

Meets every second and fourth Tuesday at 7 o'clock p. m. in Masonic Hall, second floor Bank Building.

KNIGHTS OF PYTHIAS.

Mohawk Lodge, No. 128, meets every first and third Monday at 7:30 p. m. at Castle Hall, in Bank Building.

The next regular meeting of the Woman's Christian Temperance Union will be held at the Methodist Church at 2 o'clock on the afternoon of next Tuesday, February 10th. A special program will be rendered and not only the members, but the Christians and all interested in the cause of temperance are most cordially invited to be present.—Cora Miles, Press Superintendent.

A Catholic priest of Minnesota has spent the past week in the colony making plans for the establishment of a Catholic Church here. He has received authority from the Bishop of St. Augustine to establish a church in our colony.

Bunnell can now boast of an up-to-date blacksmith and repair shop, Mr. Bacher having completed his shop on Moody boulevard, which is up-to-date in every way. He is also erecting a cottage on the lot adjoining the shop.

Every farmer in the colony is enjoying outdoor life, for he is busy in his field from morning to night engaged in planting Irish potatoes. Many have their potatoes all planted and some of them have beautiful green fields already.

Mr. C. W. Worthington, of Brooksville, Ky., is having his land on the Espanola road just north of Bunnell cleared and will plant it to oranges and grapefruit this year.

Mr. J. Bauman made a fine shipment of lettuce and cabbage today (February 2d). The first of his crop will be shipped every week. The lettuce went to Ohio, the cabbage to Palm Beach.

February 4th. Mr. Jepson has a fine field of potatoes (sixteen acres) just breaking through the ground.

The following are among those who are erecting new buildings: Mr. Bacher, double tenement; Mr. Williams, bungalow; Mr. Chapman, fine residence; Mr. Foster, another cottage. George Moody's house is nearing completion and a tenant is waiting for same.

Mr. Hardesty is building an addition to his house, to accommodate the overflow of people who cannot be taken care of at the hotel.

"Mellow Hill," the beautiful farm of Mr. W. H. Cochran, is being planted to potatoes by the Independent Potato Company, Robert Moody, President.

Mr. Mosby reports a good stand of potatoes.

February 11th. Mr. Jepson's field of spuds are certainly fine and growing rapidly. Mr. Mack's eighteen acres of potatoes are also showing up fine.

Mr. J. O'Keefe, a prominent contractor of New Jersey, returned here after a trip farther South, and purchased a fine farm.

Another shipment of cabbage went out from the Bauman farm today.



Field of Cabbage, about two miles south of Bunnell, belonging to Mr. Lambert, formerly of Oklahoma.

It is reported that 100 carloads of cabbage are ready for shipment from DuPont, and are already sold at \$1.75 per hamper. These will probably net \$10,000.00 to the owners.

Mr. I. I. Moody has offered to buy all the potatoes he can get, f. o. b. Bunnell, but few wish to sell, preferring to wait and take their chances on getting higher prices. The outlook for high prices is very good.

Mr. E. D. Burke, of Vermont, has arrived in Bunnell, where he will make his future home. Mr. Burke will erect a dwelling on his property on Moody boulevard. Since arriving here he has bought several pieces of property. He says Florida for the balance of his days.

District Deputy R. E. Neck, of Palatka, attended the meeting of Mohawk Lodge No. 128, Knights of Pythias, Monday night, and installed the officers for the ensuing term.

Mr. T. J. Rose, of Toledo, Ohio, has built a nice little cottage on his tract of land some distance south of Bunnell. He and his wife moved into their new home several days ago.

Miss Lucia Hudson, supervisor of Girls' Canning Clubs in St. Johns County, spent yesterday in Bunnell, where she aroused intense interest in canning club plans. She was cordially received by the citizens and the public school and had the pleasure of addressing a mass meeting hastily assembled at her hotel. All eligible girls in Bunnell were enrolled as members, with the hearty approval of their parents. Seed planting was demonstrated and the initial work of the Bunnell Division of the club was well begun.

Among the prominent citizens of Bunnell who gave encouragement to Miss Hudson was Mr. I. I. Moody, president of the Bunnell State Bank, who pledged a canning outfit for the Bunnell Club. Several boys who are not eligible for membership in the Canning Club gave in their names for the Boys' Corn Club, which is to be organized later.

Several of the Bunnell people went over to the beach near Ocean City Sunday, there being three cars that made the trip.

An oyster supper was given in Bunnell on Friday evening, February 6th, by the Earnest Workers, the proceeds going to help pay for the church piano.

The Ocoala farm on the Deen road near town, which is owned by Mr. Tolman, of Washington, is beginning to have the appearance of an up-to-date farm under the management of Messrs. Brock and Jenkins.

Mr. H. Culbreth, representing the H. G. Miles & Co., commission merchants, of New York, arrived at Bunnell last week to see what the prospects in his line of business would be this coming spring and when told of the large acreage of potatoes that had been planted and are being planted, his face brightened and he assured every one that we would see him in the colony when potatoes are ready to be dug.

Mr. Fred R. Allen, one of our largest farmers, was in the city Wednesday, en route to his famous Almero farm over on the canal.

Mr. C. F. Turner, field manager of the Development Company, is kept very busy since the first of the year showing the buyers their lands.

AGRICULTURE By G. M. Nuss Bunnell, Fla.

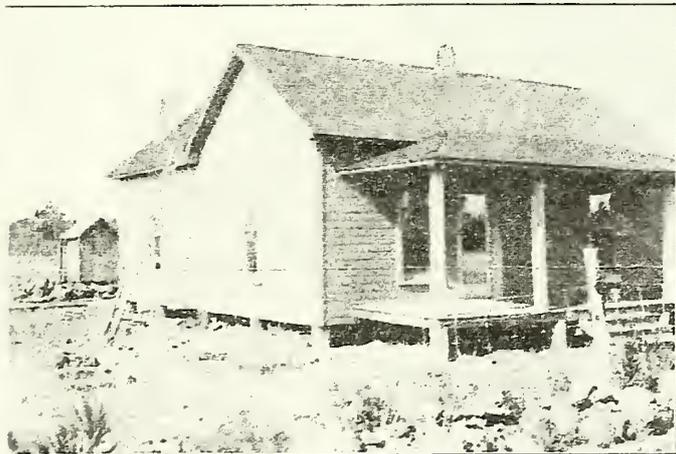


Mr. G. M. Nuss

Agriculture—can any word be spoken or written upon which more depends than that one word? We find other words in the English language much more musical in sound and more dignified, as it were—but, do we find words upon which any more actually depends than the word agriculture? Words which hold the whole world, so to speak, in the hollow of their hand; words which provide, in practical and actual performance of what they represent, the necessities of man, of the great human race? No, most assuredly not. Then, why is this little word “agriculture” so great, and why does so much de-

pend upon it? And what does depend upon it? Now do not say it is not true, for if you consider you will see that it is true—everything depends upon it.

In prehistoric times men lived upon roots, berries, etc., just those things, and those only, which they could find on the land over which they roamed. They clothed themselves with a few skins of animals and lived in caves. They did not live, in the sense we modern people do; they existed, merely existed, and were often at war among themselves. They used clubs as instruments of defense, and many stone implements, first of a rough nature, and later smooth and polished.



Home of Mr. G. M. Nuss

Ages passed, and at about the period of 6000 B. C. we find that the Egyptians were practicing agriculture and many of the fine arts. The valley of the Nile was a fairly good agricultural country, and they, desiring something better than prehistoric man, consequently began a great advancement in farming.

The Romans and Greeks also were interested in agriculture, as is shown by their having a goddess of agriculture, Ceres; and a goddess of vegetation, Proserpine. The mythological tale is that Proserpine was captured by Pluto, god of the Lower World, and lived with him six months, and with her mother, Ceres, on earth for six months. In her absence everything withered and died—winter; in her presence things became green—summer. So we see agriculture holds a place both in history and mythology.

It is the most prominent industry in the world today, because it is the means by which the greater part of the human race obtains its sustenance. What would the people in the great cities do if it were not for agriculture? Why, consider, there would be no cities if it were not for agriculture—no railroads, no stores, no mines, no schools, no hotels—nothing practically.

To have these things we must have thousands of men engaged in various industries and professions. Can these men perform their duties without some means of sustaining life? No. Then they must have something to live upon, and what is it? Wheat, rice, potatoes, beans, corn, meats, etc. All these are the products of agriculture. So, without any reason of doubt, everything depends upon agriculture.

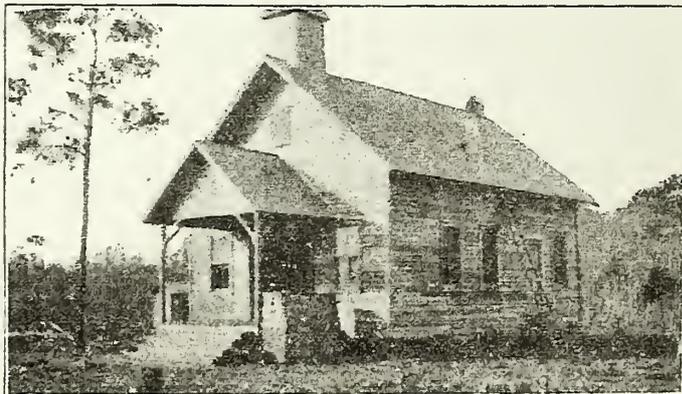
There must undoubtedly be someone to produce these products of the soil; every man cannot be a lawyer, doctor, merchant, mechanic or engineer. Some must be farmers—the most independent men on earth, and not only that, but he who by honest and conscientious effort provides for himself and family from the products of his land, and also sells for the benefit of the public and his bank account, has, in my estimation, more true nobility, nobility of heart and purpose, than the kings and emperors of all Europe. Tennyson said:

“Howe’er it be, it seems to me
Tis only noble to be good,
Kind hearts are more than coronets,
And simple faith than Norman blood.”

In this case it is noble to be a tiller of the soil, to be one who produces something intended for man’s upbuilding and comfort. A simple, yet noble occupation is more than Norman knighthood of old. He who sets himself to become a tiller of the soil is devoting himself to the most noble and independent occupation today. He has a position of which to be proud, and above all, he is his own “boss,” and that means much to anyone.

What could be more delightful than a beautiful home on a farm with an abundance of vegetables, fruits, flowers and pure air? A million dollar mansion on Fifth avenue, New York, could not compare with it in comfort, beauty and healthfulness. If one should say to me, “What can I do to be independent and have a pleasant and profitable occupation?” I would without any hesitation give this reply, “Pursue the most noble course, and become a tiller of the soil—an agriculturist.”

Fifty thousand dollars will be paid Miami fishermen for this week’s catch of Spanish mackerel, from present indications, the heaviest catches of the season being reported by nearly all the companies. It is learned that 250,000 pounds of mackerel have been shipped this week, while 100,000 pounds are on the way in now and will reach the houses before noon today. All crews report excellent catches.—Miami Herald.



Newly Erected School Building in Dupont

Important Announcement

PRICE OF LAND IN THE ORIGINAL BUNNELL-DUPONT COLONY AGAIN TO BE ADVANCED.

THE greater portion of land in the original Bunnell-Dupont Colony has been sold. There are just a few choice farms still available, and some of these are very well located. The reason that these farms are still on the market is owing to the fact that some of our original purchasers lapsed their accounts.

¶ When one considers the immense amount of development work that has already taken place in this original tract, and the fact that the Bunnell-Dupont Colony is known all over the State as the most successful and attractive colonization proposition to be found anywhere, he will begin to understand that every acre of this land is worth more today than the price we ask for it.

¶ When this tract of land was first opened up, we sold some of our farms for \$20.00 an acre; later the price was advanced to \$25.00; then to \$30.00, and last summer to \$35.00 and \$40.00 an acre.

¶ We now wish to announce that on May 1, 1914, the price of all the unsold land in the original colony will be advanced to \$50.00 an acre. I have just received a letter from President I. I. Moody, requesting us to make this announcement in the March issue of the Home Builder.

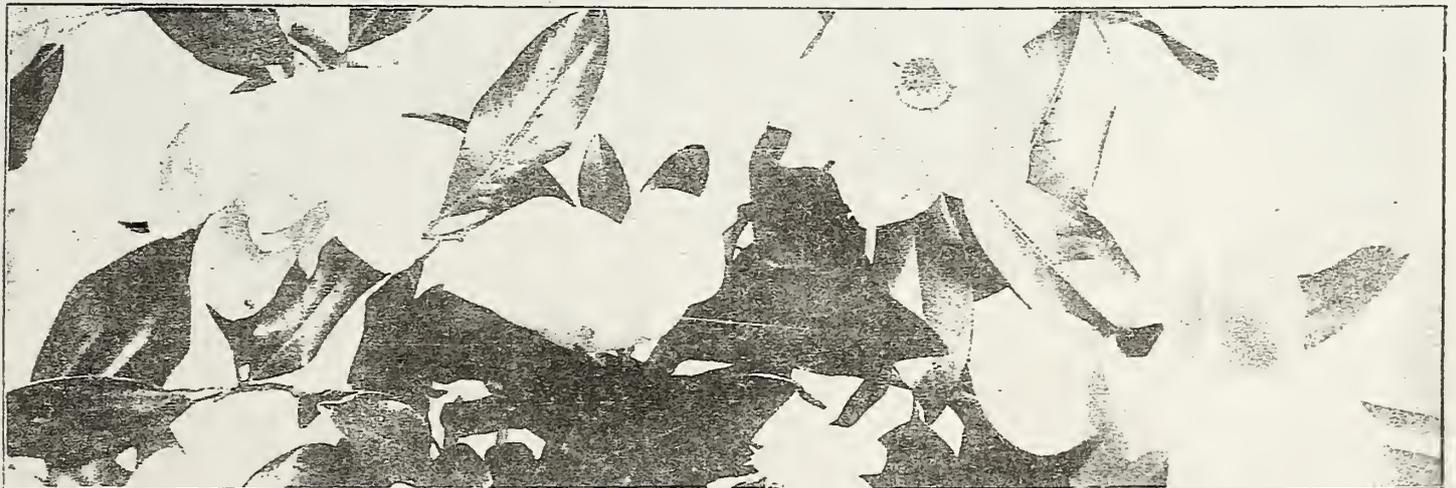
¶ If you desire a farm in this original tract, or if you wish to have a friend located near you there, we advise you to send in your order before May 1st. We give two months' notice of this advance in price, so that our present customers and all others with whom we have been corresponding will have an opportunity to secure land at the present price.

¶ Please keep this announcement in mind, and make up your mind at once if you desire one of these farms.

GENERAL SALES OFFICE:

BUNNELL DEVELOPMENT COMPANY

108 SOUTH LA SALLE STREET, CHICAGO, ILL.



Florida's most beautiful March flower is the magnolia, and the photograph above shows a cluster of these blossoms.

The magnolia tree, devoid of its blossoms, is a thing of great beauty, as it lifts its waxen green leaves towards the clear blue of the Southern skies.

If you are a stranger in Florida, and should chance upon a magnolia tree at this season of the year, you would behold a most beautiful sight. Far above your head, nestling among the green leaves, you will see great clusters of white blossoms. It is indeed a sight worth seeing—another of Nature's rare gifts to Florida.

