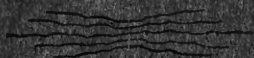
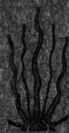


Schemes In Dirt



A Sequel to "Back Lot Schemes"



A COMPENDIUM OF
Unique, Unusual and Novel "Stunts" in Getting
Easy Profits From a Back Yard, a City Lot or a
Little Bit of Ground. It's Something Different.



By BENJAMIN BURDICK

Author of

*Back Lot Schemes; Mail Order Kinks;
Twentieth Century Wrinkles; Boosters;
Selected Opportunities; Etc., Etc.*

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INTRODUCTION BY BURDICK

“Back Lot Schemes” was written and placed on the market nearly two years ago. Perhaps no work of a similar nature was ever distributed that created the furore that this one has. From practically all over the world has come to me praise and testimonials for “Back Lot Schemes.” Hundreds of people have sent me their unsolicited endorsements. Hundreds have told me of the help that the book has been to them. Many hundreds have written me, asking, “When will you have another one?”

It is partly to meet this demand that I have written “Schemes in Dirt” as a companion to “Back Lot Schemes.” It seems to be wanted. My friends are waiting for it.

Since writing “Back Lot Schemes” I have been in receipt of letters from all over the country containing hints, tips and plans. I find that I have hardly, as yet, tapped this wonderful field.

I have discovered some wonderful things—unusual, extraordinary ways of making all the way from a good living to a bank account, out of doors, in the back yard, city lot, or home acre. One cannot imagine the multiple of novel schemes there are until one investigates and gets deeply into it. I have investigated, and gotten into it clear up to my chin.

Always the author of a work of this kind is liable to mistakes—liable to become, perhaps, the victim of misplaced confidence. In “Back Lot Schemes” two such errors crept in. No man is perfect.

My newest work, “Schemes in Dirt,” is the fruit of ripened experience and investigation. It is the net result of later years of observation and study. I consider this new book to be miles ahead of “Back Lot Schemes.” This is “going some,” but I believe you will bear me out in this assertion after you have read it.

There is room for every man and every woman here. Somewhere you will find herein—within the pages of this book—**something** that will make you a living. This is positive—absolute! Be guided by the instructions of the author. He has been studying for you—scheming for you these many years.

The author has no dearer hope in life than the hope that his books may help thousands out into the sunshine and that they may find there a living and a bank account.

BENJAMIN BURDICK.

\$20,000 Yearly With Dux

If that Pekin Duck had succeeded in hopping or flopping over that two-foot fence this story would never have been written; because the aforesaid P. D. failed, ignominiously and absurdly, in negotiating that two-foot fence Billy Jones is today in the enjoyment of approximately twenty thousand dollars per year. Such is life! Upon such foolish and apparently inconsequential incidents hinge human destinies.

Billy Jones, fat, squalid, freckled-faced and squint-eyed, ambling aimlessly down the road, came to a mechanical pause at the sound of a disconsolate "quack." A large Pekin Duck, with silly combination of hop and flop, was trying to get over a board fence and go elsewhere.

Idly Billy watched him make a dozen futile attempts, then give it up and waddle disgruntledly away. Then, with a waddle very nearly the counterpart of the duck's, Billy ambled down the road.

Had the duck succeeded in the efforts he was making Billy would have forgotten the incident in twenty seconds. The contrary being the case, Billy is today drawing down the income of a bank president who enjoys the confidence of his depositors previous to the deluge.

Perhaps a clue to Billy's thoughts as he shuffled down the pike may serve to clear up the above paradoxical statements. "Don't take much of a fence to hold a duck," he meditated. "Put a bunch of them in a pasture, build a two-foot fence around it and there you are."

Ten minutes more of this idle thinking and then a positive idea soaked through to Billy's heavy brain.

"Thunder! Here I am sweating away in a hot factory for \$9 per—ducks worth almost a dollar apiece in the market and thousands of them can be raised on a five-acre lot with a two-foot fence around it!" And Billy al-

most wept as he meditated upon his wasted life.

They called him "pie face" and "dough nose" at the factory. About one fight per week had previously been the result. The balance of this summer, however, Billy didn't even hear these pet names, much less resent them. He didn't have the time; he was too busy raising ducks on paper and spending his imaginary fortune. He was obsessed with an idea and trod mostly on air. And it came to pass that fall that Billy acquired his "foundation stock," ten ducks and a couple of gentlemen ducks to bear them company. He put up a little lean-to, secured the use of five acres of land and put a two-foot fence around it. Fine! Everything was working out just according to program.

The following spring—I almost hate to go on with this story—things didn't seem to go right. It's the story of a balky incubator and a greenhorn. You know what I mean? First hatch; forgot to turn the eggs for four days according to instructions. Result, one lone duckling with ringbones on both legs. It's a wonder he got that many.

Second hatch; Billy turned those eggs like they were his own brothers. He never forgot them once. But one chilly night the lamp went nearly out, the eggs became chilled and, result, seven ducklings. Those seven, however, looked dreadfully good to Billy. That is, the first day they did. The family cat got the bunch that night.

Third and last hatch; Billy faithfully turned his eggs; he watched his thermometer; result, 71 ducklings! Billy once more became an optimist. He buildd him a cat-proof coop on a nice plat of grass with approved outdoor brooder attachment and once more began estimating his profits for three years of successful duck incubation. Poor William! He did not know how fond Br'er Rat is of tender ducklings for breakfast. They disappeared—one by one—two by two—and Billy tore his hair and raged and fumed. They simply faded away and at the end of a week but eleven remained. These eleven Billy took into the house and raised all but ten of

them. They died. End of the first year—slow curtain.

You would probably have quit here, wouldn't you? That illustrates the difference. Billy didn't! He simply practiced deep breathing all winter—and read up! Studied up! Gingered up!

Second year: Bully! Four hatches, 212 healthy ducklings! Billy had it all figured out what this flock would evolve into the third year and again the fourth year; then the world shuddered on its axis and once more came to an end. They began to die. They died in bunches in spite of Billy's frantic efforts. In two weeks his flock was reduced to 31 and they were coughing badly.

For the first time Billy became a pessimist. "Luck!" he grunted. "What's the use." Later on, when he knew more, he found it was corn meal, not luck.

Right here is where you would have got "cold feet" and hunted for a job under the "white lights"—you know

it! Billy was different. He recovered his wind, studied some more, took a trip to Long Island and asked questions. Result: Third year, 500 ducklings, and he raised most of them. That was seven years ago. Last year 28,500 ducks marketed at an average net profit of 82 cents each. Billy didn't quit like you did!

Once in a while Billy's automobile stops at his old workshop and he goes in. The same old "push" is there—all but one fellow who got married to a woman who washes and he doesn't have to work any more. They don't call him "pie face" and "dough nose" and more. "Good morning, Mr. Jones." That's the way it sounds now.

Moral:

Billy Jones was a slow thinker. He was what the world called "dull" and "stupid." Probably your brains are of better quality than his. If he could do things, can't you? Let it soak in a little.

Selling Geese At \$9 Each

Some time ago I spoke of "stuffing" geese and cited some farmers over in Watertown, Wis., who were acquiring wealth via stuffed geese. Their method creates a goose weighing 30 pounds and worth 30 cents the pound.

I called upon our constituents for their experience and a kind friend in Brooklyn has sent us the exact formula used. He will herewith accept my thanks for his courtesy. I give the process in his own words:

"Stuffing" geese is only done from the first of October until February. If it is done on a small scale, make stalls for every one so they just have room enough to stand, or at least so arranged that they cannot run around much; get the cheapest flour, say 20 pounds; boil 4 pounds potatoes and mash them; soak three loaves stale bread and 1-2 pound salt; add a teaspoonful ground pepper; of these in-

redients make a dough stiff enough to form noodles about 2 1-2 inches long and as thick as the little finger; put them in a pan and bake them; make enough of them so they may always be one day old when fed.

These noodles are forced down with the left hand.

The Method.

Take the goose by the head and open the mouth and with your hand force the noodles in. The first 3 days give two every two hours, from 4 in the morning till 12 at night; the 4th day give them three every two hours; the 5th day 4 and keep on increasing until you are giving them 20 every 2 hours. This seems a lot, but they take it. For the next six days give them 18, 16, 14, 12, 10, 10, 8. Give them plenty of fresh water with sand in. The day they get the last 8 is the last day; they are then to be killed. Stuffing them in this way makes them weigh up to 28 pounds; the liver alone weighs two or three pounds.

A City Man's Scheme

I am telling you this man's story in my words instead of his, because I can get to the point much quicker than he.

* * *

It is the same old story of which we have heard so much; hopeless, heart-breaking toil in the sweatshops of a great city; a miserable income that only half reached in the present era of high prices; helpless beating of frenzied wings against the iron meshes of the cage; wild repining and blind-groping forth for a means of relief—finally the breaking of health and loss of position—you've heard the story—you know the threadbare and worn details—and God help these thousands upon thousands of entrapped and harried souls whose stories all read the same!

* * *

There came a time when the limit was reached; no work, no money, and a body wasted from disease and worry. What was he to do? What would YOU do? This is what he did: Way out in the distant suburb he found a little house—no, "shack" is the proper term. All around it a bleak prairie—a "sub-division" which failed to make good. The rent was almost nothing.

The expressman happened to be a friend; the moving expenses were satisfactorily arranged. Sympathetic neighbors, seeing how the matter stood, "chipped in." At the sweatshop where the best years of his life were spent, his fellow employees lent a hand—AND—let the recording angels here make note—the wealthy employer who fed upon this worker's strength, sucked it dry—then kicked him out—chipped in for 50 cents!

That first year in the "shack" was a never-to-be-forgotten one. A neighboring teamster ploughed one acre of "sub-division" land for him; the whole family dug and toiled and scraped; that summer and fall, in spite of all handicaps, they had loads and loads and loads of "green stuff" to sell.

The edge of the city proper was only two miles away; he managed to make

the raise of an old horse and wagon—and he peddled all day long.

That fall he made a discovery—worth more to him than all the gold and diamond mines in far-away Golconda! He discovered that his health had all returned! And right here he once more began to live! * * *

It was poultry which at last brought him real prosperity, and it's his "scheme" I started to narrate when I digressed to the recital of his early struggles.

The second year he progressed and saved a little money; "chickens" seemed the thing and he studied out a plan for a quick start. He made a brooder—homely but serviceable, and bought 100 "day-old chicks." They flourished about as chickens do; he made another brooder and bought 100 more. That fall he had on hand 70 pullets and 81 cockerels.

He grew apace. All this happened some years ago. Today he owns the land on which the "shack" stands—but the "shack" is now a hen house. He has built a nicer home and owns some acres of that "sub-division" land.

Perhaps YOU—with strugglings and trouble of your own—or YOU whom prosperity has always smiled upon—may not consider it worth the while to read all the above to reach at last the following extract which forms the key—the "scheme:"

"My whole scheme is 'Broilers' I have now brooder room for 3,000. In another three years I expect to have brooder room for 20,000. Instead of hatching them myself I buy them already hatched. They cost me around \$80.00 per 1,000 when one day old. I have the raising of them down to a science and average 90 per cent in raising. Thus from 3,000 chicks I average better than 2,500 to market at the broiler age. I buy only the larger breeds, mostly Plymouth Rocks. They bring me an average of one dollar each. Each 3,000 chicks cost me less than \$250 from the hatchery. I clear now, barring unusual back luck, about \$1,200.00 yearly from my 'Broiler Plant.' Later, say in three years, I expect to quadruple this."

And thus the merry world wags on!

More Of The "Broiler" Scheme

"Broilers" were touched upon in the last chapter but no particulars given. This is so attractive a feature of the poultry business that it is worthy of more extended notice. Perhaps the most alluring of all our schemes are those built around "chickens." There are many angles in this game.

Here and there, scattered all over this country, are men and women who are finding all the way from a good living to a small fortune in Broilers. It is a profitable field.

The raising and marketing of "Broilers" is one of the best avenues for quick profits to be found in the entire list of poultry endeavor.

A "Broiler" is a chicken just past the first blush of early youth; not old enough to be called a "hen" and too old to be listed as a "chick." At this stage they are esteemed one of the greatest and most expensive of high grade table luxuries. If you doubt this, dine some day at a restaurant of the better class, order a "broiler" and notice how your cheek reads!

The price of "Broilers" ranks with the prices paid for "Quail on Toast" and other expensive luxuries.

Take one of the larger breeds of fowls, such as the Plymouth Rock, etc., and the chicks at a few weeks old should weigh around one to two pounds; they are then "Broilers" and bring around 75 cents each from the high class trade. It may be stated, incidentally that the demand is greater than the supply, especially at some times during the year.

At a few weeks old the chick has not cost you much; at the price of 75 cents the margin of profit is very satisfactory. In fact, keep that same chicken until it is some months old and the price he will be sold at is not much more than he would bring at a few weeks old. The difference in the cost of feeding him makes the profit attractive.

How to Get Started.

The principal requisite is a satisfactory incubator, brooder and the necessary tact to successfully operate them. You must also bring your own judgment to bear in this, as well as all other lines of work; you must learn by practical experience much that can hardly be learned from printed instructions. The next requisite is the ability to successfully market your product to the best advantage.

The natural outlet for broilers is the high class restaurants, hotels and boarding houses. Get right out among this class of trade and work up regular, permanent customers.

The writer does not know of a more profitable thing than this "Broiler" industry if intelligently pushed—and persisted in until it has assumed the proportions of a substantial and permanent business.

Start Slow.

Do not try to "plunge" in this business at the beginning; go easy at first and get a full, complete understanding of the "game" by degrees. If you do this you will probably last longer. Get a small incubator—say 50 or 70 egg size; carefully study all instructions as to its operation; experiment with it the first year; raise just a few broilers that year; study the business; study your market—create customers. By the second year you will have the necessary confidence in your ability and the necessary knowledge to enable you to get down to business in earnest. There is a good deal to learn in any branch of the poultry business; there is "a good deal to a chicken." Hatching 'em out is the easiest end of the deal; raising them is the rub. This you must learn by degrees. Careful brooding, feeding and care is all that is required.

"What one man has done another man can do"—and the fact remains



that hundreds upon hundreds of men, women and even boys and girls have found the broiler industry the golden key with which they have unlocked the box of "Plenty!" Any reason why you cannot?

The enticing profits in this thing should form a sufficient incentive.

The Profits.

Limitless—unlimited! Limited only by the amount of energy and painstaking effort you put into it. Take an incubator, as an illustration, of 500 egg capacity; run it eight months, one hatch per month. This figures 4,000 eggs, of which, conservatively estimated, 3,000 should be hatched out and 2,500 of the chicks raised to broiler size. And the work can be attended to in spare time if you are otherwise employed! Carry it a little further and assume three incubators, each of 500 egg capacity; carry it further forward and assume a hot water mammoth incubator with a capacity of a

million eggs yearly! This is contingent, of course upon some years of study, growth and practical experience.

The business is most especially attractive to the salaried man who wishes to add to his income by some "side issue" snap; to the wife at home who wishes to "help out" or make some extra "pin money." My word for it—this business, pursued as a "side issue" will grow into a main issue if you nurse it along a bit.

By rights, in starting this business you should have a flock of hens to provide you with the eggs for hatching at a minimum of cost. However, the thing pays even if you buy all the eggs.

I will add, in closing, that the broiler business applies as well to ducks as to chickens, in fact, I may say that ducks are even more profitable.

On the succeeding pages we are giving you minute instructions as to the things you should know in order to successfully launch this enterprise.



“Pai Ts’Ai” “Brassica Pekinensis”

(How to Create the Market.)

This proposition is not half as mysterious as its name would indicate. It is the name given it by the U. S. Department of Agriculture. Being further explained it uncovers a new (to this country) type of cabbage; the department announces that it can be successfully grown in this country and that it gives promise of unusual merit for late planting because of its rapid growth.

This cabbage is a novelty; it came from China; it weighs, after trimming for the market, 6 to 8 pounds. It's one to two feet long, mostly crisp, white stem and but little leaf.

What I Propose to Do.

The information as to this novel product is sent out by the department. You do not need to buy this book in order to obtain these particulars. What I desire to do for you in the matter is to tell you about this new vegetable and suggest a way, original perhaps, with me, for creating a market for it and making money with it.

The raising and exploiting of a new and novel kind of food has in it the element of a monopoly; the creation of a business which can be carried on without the extreme of low prices due to the competition of thousands of others, all working the thing. The trucker, the fruit grower, the poultryman—all are subject to over-production and lowered prices. Raise and sell something that no one else has got or is likely to have, and you can maintain the price.

Most housewives are ready at any time to try out something that prom-

ises a novelty in the bill of fare.

Here is a novelty, and while I think a money-making market can be easily created for it—there is no market now. I am going to suggest the right way to create this market, but first wish to describe this novelty further as given in the Department Bulletin:

“This cabbage is said to be the main staple of the diet of the people in portions of the north of China during the winter. The people of that district are physically very strong and healthy.

“The people in China plant this cabbage thinly; it is planted in rows, then the weak plants are pulled up, or else it is scattered over a space, being transplanted when of sufficient size. This latter method is said to yield the best plants.

“* * * The plants must be manured heavily when 8 or 10 inches high—not sooner, or they will burn, and not later, or they will not mature before cold weather. The leaves should be tied up when they are pretty well grown so that the long, loose leaves will not fall away from the center and become frost bitten. The cabbage needs a good deal of room. The plants should be placed not less than 2 feet apart in rows at least 3 feet apart. Further information as to cultivation also seeds can be obtained from the office of foreign seed and plant introduction, U. S. Department of Agriculture, Washington, D. C.”

Adapting the Idea.

The above constitutes the information given in the Department Bulletin.

In taking hold of this novelty much still remains to be considered. Chief among these things is the question of a market, which still remains to be created.

Remember, that in this country this article is absolutely new. While it will probably be easy enough to get customers started for it, you will have to tell them about it in the beginning.

I would advise about as follows:

The first year I would try it out on a small scale; experiment with it; see how it takes to your particular soil; see how you like it yourself; let the neighbors sample it; see how they like it.

Evidence in the case goes to show that this cabbage is superior to our native cabbage; if you find this to be the case it is up to you to work on that basis; to create a local market that will be a monopoly and a good income.

To get the housewives of your nearby cities interested I would suggest, after you are well started and raising a lot of it, that you run an ad. now and then in a paper in these cities and get some people interested in giving it a trial. Something like this:

SOMETHING NEW TO EAT.

“*Erassica Pekinensis*”—the new Cabbage Slaw; a distinct, delicious and healthful eating novelty; absolutely new to this country. One trial will convince you.

One quart, 40 cents; pint, 25 cents, by parcels post.

The foreign name given won't hurt things any; it should excite curiosity and bring orders. And, if they like it, many should become regular customers and bring in their friends.

This plan involves the making of your cabbage into “slaw.” Any one

knows how to do this. A city lot of these cabbages will make a powerful lot of slaw; an acre of them—an unlimited amount.

I would go after the grocers personally in my nearest city. I would get them interested. I would deliver either slaw or cabbage to them in small quantities on consignment, furnishing each one of them an attractive card about 11x14 to hang in the window.

I would go further than this: I would put up very small samples of this “*Brassica Pekinensis*” slaw—some hundreds—later perhaps some thousands—and give them judiciously away where they would do the most good. I would even build up a route with it in this way—a “slaw route.” A thousand customers, either mail or local, means a good living.

To arrive at this maximum result means experiment and work at first; what business can you get into that does not require work and patience to acquire success?

It seems to me worthy the effort; here you have a positive monopoly; you will have no competition for years, perhaps never. This fact makes it a very promising business proposition.



A Gold Mine In Small Space

A LITTLE GROUND GOES A LONG WAY IN THIS INDUSTRY.

I wish, in this chapter, to reach the ear of the widowed, the helpless ones, the aged who are crowded out from the ranks of paid labor because of age or physical infirmities—all those who have not lost the right to live in losing the ability to do hard work—this is the class I most particularly desire to reach with this chapter. To all such I say: Here is something that will make you all the way from a good living to a bank account, if you are willing to do your part.

I have reference to keeping of Indian Runner Ducks for their eggs.

I have spoken of this matter before in books and in newspaper articles, but the subject is so important, so large, and I am constantly finding out so much that is new in connection that I wish you to listen to me once more. Consider this chapter a continuation of my article barely touching the subject in "Back Lot Schemes."

Not enough of my people took this scheme on page 28 of above mentioned book seriously. They did not seem to realize that "Indian Runner Ducks" were the connecting link between hard times and prosperity. That is, for the right man or woman.

"Indian Runner Ducks" are egg machines. They will lay more eggs in a given time than any other fowl in ex-

istence. They are subject to no diseases; they are easily cared for and great money makers.

For the man or woman with a few acres—5 or 10—there is no surer way to a good living and a bank account than with these ducks. "Runners," the real thing, are making wonderful records. Under favorable conditions they have a record for over 300 eggs per year. Out on the farms, with but indifferent care, they are laying an average of 225 eggs per year each. On five acres a flock of 500 can be kept. Selling these eggs at even market

prices this flock can easily produce an income, gross, of over \$2,000.00 per year. Keeping fancy stock and selling the eggs and stock as breeders, this income can be tripled. Pretty big figures for five acres of land, but any person who knows Indian Runner Ducks will substantiate what I am saying.

The eggs, as market stock, are worth from 4 to 8 cents per dozen over hens' eggs. A housewife, having once used them, will use them forever—if you can supply them.

Getting down to our "back yard" city lot idea again and adapting it to Runner Ducks—there is spare time money even here. The individual who will study methods can add a whole lot to his income with Runners—even on a spot of ground no larger than a city lot. If in doubt as to this, write for prices on pure blood stock and see what you will pay for a "trio" of them or a setting of eggs. Ten dollars for 2 ducks and a drake; five dollars for a setting of the eggs—that's

about the way it reads.

“The “back lotter” who wishes to keep Runners for profit should go in for pure bred stock; pay the price and get the very best.

At the present time the demand for pure bred white Runner eggs for incubating is greater than the supply. With Runner Ducks the incubating season can last for 6 months, as many breeders keep hatching them all summer. That is where they differ from hens again. For Indian Runners there is practically a year 'round demand for breeding stock and eggs.

Now let's see where the “back lotter” stands. Learning first the game so as to be able to make them thrive in a small space, at least 50 ducks can be kept on a city lot. I presume more than this could be kept.

Fifty Runner Ducks, kept right, will lay, in the six months, six or seven thousand eggs. This is very conservative and below their average when properly handled. This means 500 settings. If you have spared no expense in getting the purest and best stock, there is no necessity for selling these eggs for less than two dollars per setting. This indicates a good sized addition to the family income, after deducting the expenses for feed, advertising, etc. It figures out at least \$700 net. In addition there are 4 months more of service from them to be considered. During the “off” part of the season when eggs are not in demand for hatching the market will absorb them to your further profit.

Also, in addition, you will probably raise some young stock yourself and have a few “trios” to turn off in the fall and winter at the better price for pure bred stock. Am I over optimistic in saying that \$1,000 yearly, net, can be made on a city lot with Indian Runner Ducks?

Do not allow me to overenthuse you, either. You must start yourself and learn the best ways as you progress or you will fail. This rule applies to everything in life, so far as that is concerned.

The Way to Start.

Begin small. The first year be satisfied with a “trio” of the purest

bred stock (white egg strain) that money will buy. Get a small incubator. Study the incubator and be sure that you understand it, then start incubating your eggs. With this start you can, with reasonable care and luck, have a larger colony the second year. By the third year you will have the “know how,” the experience and the full sized flock.

They are not hard to raise, not hard to care for; they are much easier to raise than chickens, but there are many points to learn at that. Learn it all; get Indian Runner literature; read it—study it.

I will briefly give you a few pointers on the raising of the ducklings. Feed them nothing for the first 36 hours, then give them a drink of warm water; then feed them stale bread crumbs, moistened with sweet milk; sprinkle a little fine sand over the moistened bread crumbs. Feed them thus every two hours for the first three days. During the next three days feed every three hours. After one week feed them a dry mash, made up about as follows:

Wheat bran, 3 measures.

Corn meal, 1 measure.

Bone meal, 3 per cent.

Beef scrap, 3 per cent.

Sand, 3 per cent.

Increase the feed gradually. When the ducklings are a month old feed four times daily. Remove carefully at all times all uneaten food. After the age of a month feed three times daily.

At all times see that they are kept warm and dry.

There are good books on duck culture which it will pay you to study. If you do not know where to find them, I will send you the address upon receipt of a self-addressed, stamped envelope.

I will close this chapter as I began it: The widow, the helpless, those who are finding life's struggle under the “white lights” a hard one—get out into an open space, and keep Runner Ducks.

Selling Eggs at 25 Cents Each

It's based on eggs and a way to sell them at a price that makes every old hen earn her board—and yours, too.

The Parcel Post has made possible this way of doing business.

The whole principle is built around the following facts:

In every city there are well to do people who are willing to pay any sum required in order to get just what they want. There are times when the thing they desire most of all—and which they cannot get—is a few fresh eggs right from the nest. These cannot be secured in their city at any price. The eggs which are offered them by their dealers are all the way from two weeks to six months old. What are they going to do?

There comes a time in the history of every family when they **must** have genuinely fresh eggs because the doctor has ordered them as a diet for some invalid or convalescent member of the family.

“Give her a perfectly fresh egg boiled soft, twice daily; break a perfectly fresh egg in a glass of milk and let her drink it every day. This is what the head of every family is up against very frequently. Where is he going to get such eggs?

He has the price—regardless of what it is—but it does him no good; he simply cannot find that kind of eggs!

A bright young woman in Illinois sized this situation up recently, about as I have sized it up for you; she started something!

The first the general public knew of this enterprise was when an ad. something like this appeared in a Sunday paper in an adjacent city:

SPECIALTY EGGS FOR INVALIDS.

Absolutely fresh right from the nest. Eggs to you via parcel post tonight that were laid today! Our specialty is “Non-fertile” eggs delivered only a few hours from the time they were laid. We cater to those desiring such eggs for invalids and the sick. Write us for further details.

She sells her eggs to this select trade at 25 cents a piece, but not direct from the ad., because she cannot tell enough of the story therein to convince them that her eggs are worth that much.

The general public has been duped so many times in eggs that every one is “from Missouri” when it comes to “strictly fresh eggs”—so-called.

She solicits correspondence—and gets it. When she receives a letter in response to her advertisement, she sends out a personally written letter of which the following serves as a sample:

Dear Mrs. Jones:—

Your valued inquiry received. In reply thereto I will say that the eggs I furnish are furnished strictly on honor. Every time I send out an order of them I assume that they may be intended for an invalid—and it would be a mean person who would defraud a sick person.

I ship eggs by parcel post, and the eggs thus shipped are but just laid. For instance, if your order is received today it will be filled today—and the eggs will have been laid today. You will get them only a few hours from the nest.

My eggs are non-fertile and carefully selected. With every order I send out, I sign a sworn affidavit as to their age.

My price is twenty-five cents each or \$2.50 a dozen.

Thanking you for your inquiry and assuring you of "On honor" treatment, I remain,

Yours to command.

"Non-fertile" eggs you understand are eggs from hens with which no roosters have been kept.

The affidavit is secured by making out a blank form in which the following declaration is made:

"I hereby solemnly declare that the eggs in this shipment were laid the same day they were shipped." Any notary will help you out in this and you can have duplicates printed in any quantity desired.

It requires some hard "plugging" at the start to work up such a trade as this—but it will come if you persevere.

Once started it will grow rapidly because a few satisfied customers will tell all their friends—and thus it will keep going.

This plan can be worked by any one—even if they have nothing more than a back yard or a city lot, because, selling eggs at this price you can afford to buy every particle of food consumed by your fowls and still make enormous profit.

In a large sized back yard or a city lot, 200 laying hens can be kept; I would suggest White Leghorns as they lay a large white egg—and lots of them.

200 of them, fed for heavy egg production would make you a splendid living working the above idea.

The experience of professional poultrymen has proven that laying hens can be cared for on mighty small space; 200 of them can be kept in a back yard if done right.

HERE IS ANOTHER WAY.

If you live in the suburbs of a city or in the country and do not care to bother with the keeping of the hens yourself, let some one else do the work and you reap the benefit. In other words, look about you; find a poultry raiser or two who is selling eggs; offer him 15c advance per dozen over the market price for the eggs delivered to you the same day they were laid. He will grab your offer; simply stipulate that he signs the affidavit as to when they were laid and don't permit of any juggling.

Personally I wish to say to you that I consider this plan a sure winner; if necessary, you can make such variations as you think best. Work the idea over to suit yourself.

This item of a sworn affidavit with every dozen eggs delivered carries the day; get a reputation of being "Johnny on the spot" with the "goods" and the world is yours.

This plan is treated of from a different standpoint in my new book, which you may have a chance to get a little later. This Bulletin is an afterthought supplement.

How Mr. Blocky Found Success and a Bank Account in the Open

"Some men find success—and others have it thrust upon them," Mr. Blocky had his ultimate success forced upon him to some extent.

Up to 5 years ago Mr. Blocky did not know enough about poultry to distinguish between a White Leghorn cockerel and a Plymouth Rock mule! Today Mr. Blocky knows the difference all right—but it's geese that has brought him fame and fortune.

Mr. B. worked in the city as freight handler for the Northwestern until, one lucky (I say "lucky" advisedly) day he got in the way of a car being "shunted" to a side track and lost a leg. Most people would consider this a calamity—but right here was where his good luck started; he will tell you so himself. This is where he had his fortune thrust upon him! If he had not accidentally lost his limb he would still be rustling on the Northwestern at \$55 per month; as it is he has a cork leg almost as good as the original and an income of \$4,000 yearly.

It wasn't all done in a minute. When Mr. Blocky parted with that limb he thought he had reached the end of the road.

* * * It was his wife who finally taught him differently. The Lord's blessing on these faithful wives who jump into the breach when everything goes dead wrong!

* * * She got him into the country finally—on a little farm—a cheap little thing of only five acres. "Hens" was what occurred to her—but that was before she learned about geese.

Gradually health and courage returned to Blocky and once more he began to live.

* * * They secured their start in poultry the first summer; accidentally they got hold of 6 goose eggs that first summer and set them under a hen; 4 goslings raised to maturity the first year and sold for over \$7 got them all worked up! They went into geese.

They set 200 geese eggs the second summer; result—98 geese for market at

Thanksgiving at nearly two dollars each! They did not spend much money for equipment; not much is needed for plebeian geese. They took big dry goods boxes, piano boxes, barrels and what not to furnish the little shelter they demanded. They fenced off 4 acres of the five for a goose pasture and the geese "were happy all the day."

This was three years ago; today Mr. Blocky wouldn't trade his little "stunt" in the country and his cork leg for his original limb back in place and 100 shares of Northwestern stock thrown in for good measure.

This sketch is no "castle in the air." Any man—any woman can do as well—if they but think they can. A few acres of ground; a little experiment—a little study; a little patience—a little nerve and hustle, and—presto—there you are.

I believe that geese can be raised and brought into condition for the market cheaper than any other feathered money-maker extant—with the exception perhaps of ducks.

Pasture for theirs all summer and not much else required; three or four weeks of heavy feeding just before marketing and the trick is turned! Try this on your piano!

Properly speaking geese is not a "back lot" idea. They need a range—a pasture. Here, however, is the right place to give you a tip: Geese will thrive on a range good for not much of anything else. If you live out in the open, on the edge of the country, even though you own no land, you can usually, by looking about you, find a few acres of ground good for nothing else, perhaps than for a goose pasture. Swampy, weed-covered ground which can be rented for a song. A few acres of such ground for a pasture, improved a bit now and then, would furnish plenty of geese facilities. Grow into it gradually; little by little acquire the start. When your flock reaches good proportions employ the "stuffing" method and wax prosperous.

On another page I have told you how to operate the "stuffing" plan.

Five Acres; It's Wonderful Money Coining and Novel Side Issues

Five acres is quite a lot of land—looking at it one way. Big dairy and general farmers wouldn't call it even a garden patch, but let me tell you that the right kind of a schemer and hustler will come close, sometimes, to the clearing annually of as much clear profit on five acres of ground as many a big farmer does on 160 acres. It's all in the way you go at it.

One illustration comes to my mind here: A retired minister in an eastern state is farming on a large scale in small compass; his farm consists of 15 acres; on that 15 acres he is keeping 15 cows—and raising everything they eat! The average farmer thinks he must have at least 80 acres to keep that number of cows and many a dairy farm of 160 acres cannot support that many.

What is the secret? "Intensive" methods—that's it! Silo, alfalfa, land brought to the highest degree of production and every inch utilized—this is the explanation.

Five acres—that's still less—but permit me to say that the right man on FIVE ACRES will find there a living, a bank account, freedom from worry—and last, but not least—robust health. He will find on that five acres a pleasure in life which he never knew before; he will live twenty years longer than he could hope to in the city and every year will add new blessings to his existence! I am talking now of the RIGHT man you know. And I will say in passing that this applies to the right WOMAN as well.

What One Man Did.

Five acres did not seem much to this man when he took it in trade, because

he was then a prosperous business man; reverses came—and THEN that five acres looked worth while because it was all his creditors left him. He moved to it and started, for the first time, to live as the Lord intended HIM—and YOU and I to live—close to nature's heart. He was inexperienced—and "soft" from half a lifetime spent in his hot house of an office in the great city.

* * * We won't go too closely into particulars concerning the first two years, "least said soonest mended."

Experience came; experiment and study brought results. Today he is clearing as good a living from that five acres of land as many a business man in the city is clearing from his investment of fifty thousand dollars.

HOW?

A good many things—a good many ways; his "side issues" are amazing.

Poultry first. He does not go in for fine feathers; a hen who wishes to board with HIM has got to lay eggs!

On that five acres he keeps 500 laying hens; he raises most of the food to support them. He has found out the proper way to treat them and make them pay. He will not keep a hen on the place which lays less than 140 eggs per season. His annual crop of eggs averages around 65,000. He has a select city trade and sells every egg at a good price.

Very rarely does he keep a hen more than one year. Every fall a new generation of pullets replaces the old hens which go to the markets. He keeps his stock moving—new blood replacing the old; he works the "age limit" just as faithfully with his hens as he did with his employees when he was an employer in the city. And it doesn't hurt the hens as it did his city workers whom he placed on the shelf to dry when they reached the age of 45!

So much for the poultry end of it.

His Side Issues.

BEEES! It don't draw very hard on the farm to keep 50 swarms of bees. For the most part they board with the neighbors—and bring home the profits to their owner they have innocently stolen from Mr. Smith and Mr. Jones. And 50 swarms of bees ad many dollars to his profits.

SQUABS! He is a squab fancier; he turns into the market every year a lot of fat ones worth almost as much as quail on toast. This adds many dollars to his bank account.

HARES! Contrary to the belief in some quarters, there is money in them. He raises a lot of them—the Belgian variety—and they help a lot.

DUCKS! He is not in the duck game heavily but it is his most profitable side issue. He keeps the "Indian Runner" variety, the pure bred stock. Every egg he has to spare in season is contracted for in advance at \$1.50 per setting. He has about 50 working for him and they add dollars and dollars to his income.

GEESE! He is not a "plunger" in geese, but manages to turn off 30 or 40 around Thanksgiving when they are worth nearly two dollars a piece. "Every little bit added to what he already has, makes just a little bit more."

PIGS! He keeps just one brood sow; she usually presents him with about 8 or 10 in April. A couple of them go into the family pork barrel in December; the remainder are sold when 6 weeks old. They are pure bloods and he gets a price.

WHITE RATS AND GUINEA PIGS! This issue belongs to the good wife and she gets a lot of "pin money" from it. It helps and does not draw much from the little farm. These little bipeds are very interesting and always in demand for pets. They multiply like red ants. One pair of white rats, bred today will sit down to breakfast with their great-grandchildren 8 months later!

FRUIT! Cherries, pears, strawberries, raspberries and blackberries. Tucked in here and there, where they take the least room—and they do THEIR share.

MUSHROOMS! He isn't satisfied yet; he feels there are many things

more he can add to his zoological collection of income makers and he is now engaged in odd moments in building a big mushroom cellar.

HIS SECRET SYSTEM. His system for "making good" with all his various kinds of market produce is very simple. He has worked into the possession of an automobile and delivers his stuff from house to house all over his neighboring city.

His first venture was eggs—fresh eggs right from the nest. He worked up a big line of customers who bought his strictly fresh kind at better prices. They liked his eggs and they began to ask him: "What else have you got?" This first set him to thinking. Today he sell salmost everything he can raise to his regular egg customers—even to a few quarts daily of rich milk from his pure bred Jersey cow—and his surplus garden vegetables—which latter two items form two assets not previously mentioned.

Do you think this man is making a living? Do you see a lesson here for YOU, Mr. city bound, dissatisfied man?

Last month I mentioned receiving a letter from a man—an old man, asking: "Can I make a living on 7 acres of ground—and how?" I'm going to mail him a copy of this book, personally, myself—and it will be my answer.

* * * You cannot do it all in a minute, nor the first year. You must grow into it by degrees; inch by inch you must feel your way; you must creep before you can walk; you must fight the battle; you must study and experiment; patience and work must be your lot at the first. If you are satisfied to do this—just so surely as water runs down hill you will eventually break the shackles that now bind you to drudgery and hard times and get out into the sunshine of prosperity and right living.

Before closing this five-acre farm story I wish to say one thing more: There is one side issue, the greatest and biggest of all, which this man seems to have overlooked, and I am going to tell you of it in the next chapter.

It is worthy of one page by itself, because it is as sure and certain an income bringer as there is on this earth—for the man or the woman who means business.

A Spare Time Back Lot Bonanza

I touched lightly on this plan in "Back Lot Schemes," but I am loaded to the upper deck with new facts concerning it and must tell you more about it.

I have reference to the home canning industry.

Be not misled; don't let any one sidetrack you. Herein lies as sure a living as there is on this green earth, and the plan is very simple, very easy.

It offers a haven of safety for any woman who is thrown upon her own resources. Any man who has passed the age limit and finds existence a problem in the city, or any man and wife who wish to get out among the birds and flowers and make a living in the sunshine.

This industry is good for all the way from a living to much more, according to your own energy and the amount of land you have.

On a piece of ground the size of a city lot—spare time cash; on five or ten acres—much more than a good living.

I would not lie to her. My own wife I would not lie to her. My own wife may be a widow some time, for all I know; therefore, in reply to a woman left alone, with a family of children to support, who wrote me saying, "What can a woman do thus left alone," I made the following answer: "Get out into the open. Buy or rent 5 acres of land; 200 Indian Runner ducks and a home canning outfit will make you prosperous."

Technically, in speaking of this matter, I am telling you nothing new. "Home canners" are not my invention. You have probably heard of them before. BUT—if, in writing thus

I am getting you to actually think this over and investigate it, then this one page of this book is worth to you one hundred dollars! It is worth more than that simply to file it away and keep the idea as a refuge for your old age, or, against the time when other things go wrong.

My main idea in again calling your attention to this plan is to tell you this: I am not selling you home canning outfits. I am not "plugging" for any one who has them for sale. I simply wish to give my people all the help I can, and therefore say: If this interests you, write me, enclosing a self-addressed, stamped envelope, and I will tell you where to get the proper outfit.

For \$20 you can get an outfit with which you can put up 1,000 cans per day. Half that capacity for much less money. Full instructions and secret processes come with every outfit.

The whole thing is so simple that even the boys and girls can do the work.

Don't let "old fogies" mislead you; do not let any one influence you by saying, "You can't compete with those mammoth canneries." Piffle! LISTEN—Go out and buy a can of "store" tomatoes, corn, peas, beans, et al., what will you pay? 15 to 25 cents for the better grade. Once in a while at a "fire sale" you can get the poorest grade for 10 cents. Now listen again! With your home canner you can put up vegetables, fruit, what not, for 4 cents per can! This includes can, label and all.

And this home-made stuff is good to sell at 25 cents when the factory stuff is selling at 10 cents!

Put this in your pipe and smoke it!

Mrs. Mickie McFadden and Her Utility "Hins"

I am not saying a word against fine feathers. Nearly all the big, spectacular success with poultry in the past have been made that way. And, nearly all the REAL big, spectacular FAILURES have also been made via that route.

When a poultry fancier who is breeding fancy stock for the poultry shows makes a big killing, the general public hears of it sooner or later. When a man of poultry science breeds and nurtures a hen that lays 305 eggs in one year, the news is flashed from Maine to Bersheba. When we read of a man who netted "\$3,000.00 in one year from 30 hens" it must have been fine feathers that did it—if it was ever done at all.

But we seldom hear of the minor successes of the rank and file of those who are making all the way from a good living to something better with "just hens"—in other words "Utility" stock. They have gone quietly out into the open—clerks, old men past the age limit, widows, semi-invalids, superannuated humans, derelicts, driftwood—and found there peace, health, content and a comfortable living via "Utility" stock, known to them simply as "hens." This class knows nothing of show birds and "points" of a "show pullet;" all they know is that their "hens" are making them a living.

* * * There was Mickey McFadden. Now Mickey was a fine lad; he only had one fault. From 8 o'clock Monday morning until 11 o'clock Saturday night Mickey refused to draw a sober breath. The saloons all closed at 11 p. m. on Saturday, and from then until Monday morning Mickey was a model citizen and a credit to his town.

Sunday being the one day of the week on which Mrs. Mickey McFadden didn't wash, she had time on that day to round Mickey up, manicate him a bit and trot him off to church. And, on that one day of the week Mickey was a fine lad.

* * * On a Wednesday morning, Mrs. McFadden was hanging out her daily wash. "Faith," quoth her neighbor, Mrs. Mulcahy, as they gossiped over the fence, "an' have yez

heard the latest news?" "No, an' what is it?" queried Mrs. McFadden.

"Yez wud better ask. Mrs. Flynn writ her ould mother fr'm her little farrum in loway that she is afther gettin' r-rich with hins. It's 'Ro Dilan Rids,' or some sich thing, an' she's on 'asy street, so she ses."

This was all, but the iron sank deep into Mrs. Mickey McFadden's soul. That night a vision came to her. A vision of green fields, of fruit, flowers and the songs of the birds. A vision of a big flock of red hens at the back door and a fat pig in its sty; of Mickey sober, industrious, far removed from the corner groggery. A vision of peace and content.

* * * Mickey demurred. It seemed too far from the base of supplies; too distantly removed from the life saving station; but Mrs. Mickey carried the day. She usually did.

With the savings of half a lifetime of wash days Mrs. McFadden bought a few acres of ground with a cottage and hen coop on it. She removed her humble belongings, including Mickey, to the distant home. With the balance of her money she purchased a flock of "hins."

The first year they all but starved. Mickey would not have minded had it not been for the beerless drouth.

* * * Gradually Mrs. McFadden learned the way of hens; gradually Mickey got used again to the taste of water—and then he helped.

These people never had much in life. They never expected much. In the city they had known nothing more than deprivation. A little bad always seemed a lot with them. Thus, when the time came that the renovated Mickey and his good wife arrived at the dignity of owning 200 laying hens, with prospects unlimited for the future, they felt that they were reveling in fabulous wealth. Today they are prosperous and happy. Utility "hins"—that's all.

We seldom see in print the record of little BIG successes like this. There are thousands and thousands of them all over this land. Plenty of failures also, to be sure. The man or the



woman, with a purpose deeply implanted in their soul, seldom fail of eventual victory when they adopt the Utility hen as a helpmeet.

It's a business man's game, too. While thousands upon thousands of those like Mrs. Mickey McFadden have found in the Utility hen a life saver, it has remained for the business man, the student, the thinker, to get the most out of it.

There was the Rev. James Barstow, as a contrast to our estimable and in every way worthy friend, Mrs. McFadden. He was a superannuated minister. He reached the age limit. His sermons no longer had the ginger in them. He was getting too old-fashioned and he was "kicked out" in that kind, loving way so peculiar to some religious organizations. It looked like starvation for his, but he fooled 'em.

The fact that he had been a parson all his life didn't seem to militate against the fact that he had in him the instincts of a business man. Today, from an humble start, he is putting money in the bank. Utility hens again. Brains and business instincts have not hurt his business any, either.

Speaking of Utility hens reminds me of onions. Plant onions between the rows of hens. I would not have mentioned this had it not been for the experience of the minister above spoken of. He made a notable success of Utility poultry, and then reached out for more worlds to conquer. He

selected onions. His brains again saw him through. Noted men of letters always have traced a connection between brains and onions.

Mr. Barstow's experience with onions is worth relating because it presents an alluring possibility as a side issue for a poultryman, especially the beginner.

His first venture in onions was on a little plot of ground hardly 40 feet square. This plot he richly manured and carefully prepared. He started the seed in a hot bed, transferring the plants later to the outside field. His net profits on that little bit of ground were nearly \$100.00. In this same ratio one acre of onions would net over \$2,500.00. And it can be done.

"Fine feathers," i. e., birds for the poultry shows and the fancier rather than eggs and meat for the market, is all very well for he who has the time and capital for experimenting until he learns the game, but the beginner, the novice, usually needs to make some real money right at the beginning. He would best cling to the shore. "Utility" profits are good to have, and good enough for him.

The man or woman who goes after eggs when the egg market demands them at fancy prices as now, will seldom fail of a living if he, or she, has a little bit of iron in their blood. The hens are waiting, the market is hungry for poultry products—and, "what one man has done another man can do!"

A Scheme in "Pullets" Worth Looking Into

I also touched on this idea in "Back Lot Schemes." "Schemes in Dirt" is intended as a sequel to my former book. In it I am narrating later developments and further proof.

Since writing "Back Lot Schemes" the following letter has reached me. It is self-explanatory and requires no comment:

Benjamin Burdick.

Dear Sir:—Perhaps a litt'le scheme I worked in poultry last year may be of interest to your readers—or at least to any portion of them situated as I am.

I am a farm hand and a hard worker. Last March, just as the spring work was about to start, I met with

an accident, breaking one of my arms. This laid me out from hard work all last spring and summer. I did not know how my family and myself were going to live. I had about one hundred dollars saved and after mature deliberation my wife and myself rented a small farm containing five acres of ground, with a small house and a large hen coop on it. We paid cash rental for it.

We took my savings of a hundred dollars and spent every cent of it in HENS. I was able to get for this amount 140 hens and pullets.

I started feeding them for eggs and by the tenth of April we were getting 5 to 10 dozen eggs per day. I was fortunate enough to contract our eggs

with a large hotel or two at thirty cents per dozen for six months, on condition that I furnish them eggs not over 48 hours from the nest.

I cleared that summer, from that flock of hens enough of profit, over the cost of feed, to support us nicely. In the fall, as soon as they were through moulting I fattened them a bit and turned them into the market. The 132 (reduced from 140) hens brought me in \$96.00—almost as much as I paid for them. Had I taken more care to get more pullets and less old hens when buying them, and also

bought only the larger breeds, those 132 hens would have brought me much more than they cost me. I was able to go back to work by the month that fall—but those “borrowed” hens were certainly a life saver to us in our emergency.

* * *

Our friend was on the right track. He just missed an important discovery. Too bad he went back to work. Had he bought in the fall instead of spring and followed up his advantage, learning the game as he progressed, he would never have returned to work.

An Unique Goose Idea

Speaking of selling geese at nine dollars each by “stuffing” them, and of renting a tract of so-called worthless land for a song, brings another scheme to my mind in connection, and I am going to make mention of it. A few years ago a smart hustler conceived the idea that there was money in geese. He saw some of his neighbors hauling geese into the city and raking in the best part of two dollars for each one delivered. It set him to thinking; he thought he saw something! Today that man is clearing \$10,000 yearly in geese! He conceived a successful scheme and struck to it.

Hatching goslings from the eggs and raising them is profitable but slow; this schemer invented something swifter.

He found that in some parts of the Southern states geese, lean geese, fat geese in embryo, could be purchased for about 70 cents each. He discovered that he could take a lean goose, feed it heavily for three weeks and sell it as a fat goose for a good price. He went into the business of feeding geese. Today he turns into the market over ten thousand geese annually! They cost him about 70 cents each; shipping expenses and three weeks of stuffing them adds a little more; he gets for them, in the open market, an average of \$1.70 each.

This idea is not practical on a large scale for the average man with a small capital; it requires too much money, but it can be operated on a small scale and allowed to expand.

In almost any locality a smart man with an old “plug” and a “Demo-

crat” buggy can, by driving around the country and interviewing the farmers, pick up lean geese at a less price—say one dollar or less. These geese, fed for three weeks and sold during the holidays, will bring at least twice this sum, thus leaving a large margin of profit.

This scheme applies equally as well, so far as that is concerned, to any and all kinds of poultry. Start small and let the thing grow.

I will carry this thing further and describe to you a scheme that has in it the elements of unlimited possibilities.

Learn that “stuffing” method fully; practice it until you can do it successfully. Others can do it—others ARE doing it; so can you.

When you have the art down fine your opportunity has come!

Don't bother to go south to buy geese cheaper; don't bother to spend a whole year in raising goslings and maturing them into geese. Simply acquire a horse and “Democrat” buggy and go after geese in your own locality.

Do not worry about the price you pay, either. You can buy all the surplus geese in your county, unfattened, at \$1.50 each. Take them in; carry them home; stuff them as per my rule, and figure the profits.

A few months hard work in the fall and early winter will make you a year's income.

A lot of plain farmers over here in Watertown, Wis., have mastered this science and are selling their geese for nine dollars a piece. You can learn to do things—and DO them—can't you? Figure this out.

Half An Acre And A Living

Half an acre of ground, planted to corn or wheat, would not make much of a showing in the way of supporting a large family or securing a bank account. Half an acre of ground, however, manipulated as an old gentleman in Wisconsin is manipulating it, is good for a good living and three to carry.

Operating on a big scale with 20 acres, his plan could well be classified, indexed and filed in the "Department of Amazing Opportunities."

Receiving a letter from this man the other day, he told me he was doing well and making a good living, with no worriment in his heart concerning his future. Three or four years ago he was, to my knowledge, facing the world at 65 years of age, with a heart filled with bitter uncertainty; the "county farm" seemed his only refuge. Today he is comfortably situated with an income for life!

Half an acre of ground did it—and I am going to explain his method.

* * * One day about four years ago, when life seemed drear and dark, with no particular hope to cheer him, this old gentleman chanced to recall a memory of his youthful days. He recalled working in a big office in a sky-scraper of a big city. He remembered how, one day, he received by mail, a little box which, on being opened, revealed four big, red apples! He recalled that he divided them up in halves among his fellow clerks; how good they tasted, rich, luscious, right from a friend in the fruit belt. They tasted different; they were not "city broke;" they didn't have the city flavor. He remembered that he and his fellow clerks made up a purse and sent it to his friend in the country, who responded by sending by express a whole bushel of the delicious fruit. And—as this old man mused in the gloaming on how he and his friends luxuriated for a week on ripe, juicy apples, an idea soaked through his poor old tired head and found a lodging place in his brain.

* * * For weeks he hunted; many weary miles he traveled in his search for the premer place. He found it at last—a half acre of ground with a house on it—not too far removed from the great city. He made his arrangements; he got everything in readiness,

planted a crop, then went to a man in the city who knew how to write a letter. The old man told him his plan; told him to write—and this is about what the scribe put down:

"Dear Mr. _____,

"I am sending you by mail, under another cover, a sample of my 'Early Epsom' white radishes. I want you to eat them; try them at my expense. If they taste different from those you buy in the city—if they have that crisp, rich flavor which shows that they are 'right from the garden to you,' order a box of them to take home once in a while. For 25 cents I will pull up a box of them for you tonight, mail them and they will get to you tomorrow. You will be able to have them at dinner tomorrow night. A much larger box for 50 cents. On honor—right from the garden to your table! Money back instantly if you are not delighted."

From a mailing agency he secured the names of 1,000 clerical men, employed in various offices about the large city. He only aimed to secure one from each office, though in the case of a few large corporation offices he secured several.

He sent the entire 1,000 letters to these 1,000 clerks and anxiously awaited developments.

Each office man who received this letter received also a tiny package. Unwrapped, this package revealed a neat little pasteboard box. Carefully packed therein he found three radishes—white, crisp—reposing in a tiny bed of lettuce leaves. The whole thing looked fresh, tempting, good enough to eat—and they met that fate.

Orders did not come in very rapidly at first. A few orders strayed in the first week; the second week quite a lot of them. Along about this time he was gratified beyond measure to get repeat orders from those who had sent in their first orders the week before. In some cases he received half a dozen orders from that number of clerks in the same office. Along about the fourth week he had a good line of patrons who were sending him orders quite regularly, and these customers were, most of them, telling their friends about it apparently. At any rate he kept getting new orders from new people.

His line of regular patrons was rapidly increasing, but his profits were as yet small, owing to expenses. Then, too, he realized that the appetite of his patrons for radishes would eventually be appeased—then what?

He answered the question the following season by planting a little of everything on that half acre. Starting in with radishes in the spring, he followed up, to his large and constantly growing list of regular customers, with a list of a dozen different things, fresh—“right from the garden to you.”

They liked his radishes. They tried him on something else and it was all good—“on honor”—with a garden flavor minus the cold storage accent. They spoke a good word for him to their friends; the friends invested and told someone else—and so it went.

Not all in a moment, however. It took time and patience. This old man's initial start covered a period of two or three years. He eked out his living while waiting for his mail trade to grow, by the sale of eggs and

surplus produce to local customers. It came finally—the established business—and today this old man can bid defiance to hard times and the “slings and the arrows of outrageous fortune.” He is “fixed” for the remainder of his life—what there is of life still remaining to him.

Of course his case is an exceptional one. Half an acre—with the help of the Parcel Post—has sufficed for him, because his requirements are small. In the case of an averaged sized family, more ground would be necessary; but the “scheme” is there; the Parcel Post is here—and, in another chapter I desire to give you something else built around this magnificent service.

No hard and fast plan can be given in the operation of such plans as the one I have described above. I am simply suggesting, simply describing an idea. “Two heads are better than one.” With what I have said to form a nucleus, I have no doubt but that variations and improvements will be worked out by others who will think of angles which have escaped me.





A City Man Who "Made Good" In The Open

The widespread unrest that prevails today among the toilers in the great cities has culminated in the slogan, "Back to the Soil." The city toiler is willing—but uncertain. The question he raises is: "Can a city man, without farming or poultry experience, 'make good' in the country?"

Since I have been in the "limelight" with my magazine articles and books this question has been fired at me 1,000 times.

And my answer is: **It depends on the man!** The right man with the right kind of nerve and a little gray matter in his top-piece is dead safe. He can succeed; in fact, he will refuse to accept failure or defeat. Right here not a half mile from my own home is an illustrious example of what a city man can do—if he really tries.

* * * Eight years ago Mr. J. S. Bartlett was one of the toilers of the great city of Chicago; presumably he was weary of the cold glare of the great arc lights; presumably he heard this slogan of "Forward to the Land!" Presumably he, himself, asked the question: "Can I, a city man, with no previous experience, succeed in the farming districts?"

* * * I do not know who answered this question for Mr. Bartlett. My knowledge of his affairs only takes in the fact that in eight years he has become one of the most scientific and successful "intensive" farmers in Southern Michigan.

Mr. Bartlett came here with only six months of previous farm experience to his credit. He bought forty acres of land that was none too good; it had been badly "run." He studied, he read, he experimented. He analyzed his soil; he found out what it required and supplied by the missing constituents. Little by little he laid the foundation for what is today one of the most successful small farms in this state.

* * * It was my privilege to go over this beautiful little farm with Mr. Bartlett not long ago and this is what I saw:

Green fields of alfalfa, waving fields

of corn—the most thrifty I have seen in Michigan; a herd of 15 pure-bred Jersey cows, quartered in sanitary barns; horses, hogs, a big flock of Leghorn hens, an up-to-date creamery in miniature with all machinery and appliances, a silo; in fact an up-to-the-minute farm, such as any man could well be proud of. And all of this accomplished in eight years by a city bred man! When Mr. Bartlett came to Michigan he brought along his nerve, his business training and a big trunk full of modern ideas.

* * * They do say that when Mr. Bartlett started to utilize these modern ideas some of his neighbors laughed! They waited, expectantly, for the "green city man" to go "bump" and move back to the city.

* * * Inasmuch as Mr. B. is now taking in several thousand dollars yearly in net results from his farm he is in no particular hurry.

* * * This is what ONE city man has done! If there were one million more like this particular one, the wealth of this nation would be doubled in fifteen years!

* * * Not every city man can accomplish such results as has Mr. Bartlett, EUT any city man or woman who is possessed of a normal amount of brains, nerve and patience can do things out in the open—believe me!

This man's farm is not over one mile from my home. What I am narrating here is only solemn truth.

Lest, however, this may be a too optimistic presentation of facts and mislead an "unfit" city man, I will add a few more words: Not every city man can do this well. Where one succeeds, ten will fail, so far as a BIG success is concerned.

Unless the city man who goes to the country goes there with his jaw set and the determination to outlive and outgrow all obstacles—to serve some years if necessary in doing it—he would better keep his city job. The right city man, or even woman can "make good" in the country, and they are doing it, but it's no snap.

This applies to large farming on a "real farm" more particularly.

A City Man's "Easy Money" Hen Scheme

The following letter illustrates the idea, perhaps new, perhaps not; but in any event I never heard of it in just this way before. Listen to his experience:

Dear Mr. Burdick:—The poultry business was about the last thing I ever expected to take up as a means of livelihood. Up to three or four years ago I knew about as much about poultry as I knew of raising sheep for their fur!

I was at that time living in the suburbs of Chicago on the west side. I had a good-sized lot with a roomy back yard and one day I fell heir to an old hen. I don't know where she came from or what prompted her to adopt us; I only know that one morning when I went out for kindling wood she was roosting on a barrel in the woodshed. I allowed her to remain—not knowing what else to do. The family fed her on scraps and one day she laid an egg. A little later she laid another and it soon became a regular performance. Those fresh eggs tasted mighty good to us; they didn't seem to have the cold-storage flavor.

A little later my wife remarked one day: "If one hen is a good thing why wouldn't six hens be still better? Our table scraps would keep that many." No sooner said than done. I skirmished around, bought five more hens and a rooster. All that spring we luxuriated on strictly fresh eggs—and even sold an occasional dozen at a fancy price to our less fortunate neighbors who hadn't fallen heir to any hens like we had.

"Jimmy," said my wife one day, "lots of people around here have table scraps, etc., but no hens; why couldn't we keep a big flock of hens by simply arranging with neighbors to let us have all their table scraps, etc.?"

This was the crude idea as it first came to us. It was the beginning of what afterward proved to be a good living and a bank account.

As a starter I rented two vacant lots next to our humble home, fenced them, erected a poultry house, bought another bunch of hens with roosters to match, and we made the start. I circulated around among the neighbors and they cheerfully agreed to throw all table scraps into a pail for me to remove each morning. These scraps filled the bill apparently, for all my hens required, even to green food, as the scraps were always more or less mixed with remnants of cabbage and what not.

Our chickens thrived wonderfully on this diet and we sold so many eggs that season that we became flushed with success and determined to go into the business on a larger and more systematic scale.

We removed the following year to a five-acre farm just outside the limits of a thriving little city in Indiana, and I proceeded to get in right. I secured a horse and "Democrat" buggy; arranged with a few restaurants to call for their "scraps" every morning; paid them a trifle for them just to keep them interested—and then I made another discovery! I found a large bakery that would sell me old, stale bread which they had left over, for a song—two loaves for a cent! I speedily made arrangements with most of the bakeries in town on the same basis. I discovered on test, that our laying hens did wonderfully well on this diet. From time to time I was compelled to supplement this "scrap" diet with little purchases of "store feed," but I think on the whole that the 700 laying hens of which my flock now consists show as big a margin of profit as any similar flock of "utility" hens in the country. As near as I have been able to figure it, it does not cost me over 45 cents per year to keep a hen, and I won't keep a hen on the place that does not give me 10 dozen eggs per year. I get the top prices for my eggs by selling them to a select line of customers. We are making a good living and fast paying for our farm.

A Most Extraordinary Outdoor Industry

This "farm" is conducted in small space! Not 160 acres—not even 60 acres—not even five acres! One acre even is unnecessary. The right kind of a back yard will do—and if you haven't even that, do this kind of farming on some one else's property; utilize the sunny side of Mr. Jones' 40 acre farm—he won't care—so long as you do not step on his corn and sweet potatoes!

If you can obtain Mr. Jones' permission to utilize his farm for this industry you can make from one hundred dollars per week and not interfere with him in the least! That's what a young girl in Southern California is doing and the manner in which she does it reads like a tale from the Arabian Nights.

What she is doing YOU can do— if you have the same quality of patience possessed by this estimable young miss.

She, herself, says you can do the same thing she is doing—and she ought to know.

What She Does.

She raises flies for the market!

While you are busily engaged in "swatting" flies, she is busily engaged in propagating them. And she is getting a fat bank account!

The flies which she raises, however, are not the same kind you "swat;" not the kind that awaken you at 4 o'clock in the morning by their persistent determination to walk over the bald spot on top of your head to your profane discomfort. The flies which she raises and which are making her

prosperous are Butterflies!

I have treated on this subject before—in my New Bulletin, which you may have had, but since issuing that Bulletin I have learned a lot of new things. I have obtained further facts, figures and plans which supplement the Bulletin that I wish to tell you of.

This California girl has made a most phenomenal success of her venture, from her very first beginning. She first conceived of the plan in June. In three weeks she shipped 1,500 butterflies and moths for which she received \$75. This is five cents a piece. In less than three months more she had shipped over ten thousand additional, netting her over \$500. She then awakened to the possibilities in the matter and took hold of the thing in a more systematic manner, and today she is clearing, according to report, around one hundred dollars per week. I suppose she will soon spoil the whole thing by marrying a nine-dollar-per-week man, but up to now the facts are as I am relating them.

I presume the question right now which you are waiting to ask is, "Where does she find the market? To whom does she sell them?"

She says this is the easiest part of it. She says she could sell ten times her present output; that she is now booked up a year ahead of her production. She finds all kinds of unique and unexpected openings for her "flies." Just recently she sold 500 to a department store. They wanted them to liberate in their window for a window display. The store paid her 50 cents each for them. Society people buy them to use as special decorations on fete occasions; jewelers buy

them; colleges and schools buy them for laboratory work, etc., etc.

A few hundred "flies" to begin with will soon propagate one hundred thousand; the average female will lay around 250 eggs in a season.

The initial breeding stock may be captured by what is known as the "sugaring process," i. e., diluting brown sugar with water and Jamaica rum, making a paste of it. Smear this substance on trees, stumps, etc. The capture is made at dusk of both butterflies and moths. A miner's lamp is used (carbide) also a pair of forceps for handling the "flies" and paper bags in which to place them when captured.

This young lady proceeds as follows in making her capture: She takes a bull's eye lantern and approaches her sugared trees after dark. The lantern blinds the "flies;" she holds a cyanide bottle under them, taps them on the head and they fall into her paper sack, unconscious from this anaesthetic. Any druggist can furnish a cyanide bottle.

After she has captured a lot of them, she lays them on a paper and sorts them. The females she puts into paper bags for breeding purposes. Any of the specimens which die from the cyanide are placed in another bag and sold at once.

All butterflies should be handled with the forceps and never by hand.

To Mount Them.

Glue sheet cork into cigar boxes and pin the "flies" to it. Pack the cigar boxes so they will carry safely by mail—and there you are!

To care for captive butterflies and induce them to breed, place them in paper bags with the proper food. They will do the rest. You can feed them on dried apples, soaked in sugar.

My advice is to secure a book on insects, which contains also instructions as to butterflies, and study it. Everything connected with this industry is so very simple that even a child could soon learn it, but at the same time there are many little kinks and

angles which you will learn as you go along.

This style of "intensive farming" on some other man's farm is possible in almost any section of the country. The summer and the fall are the times to do the "sugaring" and capture them in their native wilds. In the winter time they live dormant. I am speaking now of the larvae or eggs. They will lie dormant in the cellar all winter and hatch in the spring.

This California girl carried 20,000 eggs through last winter, which hatched this last spring.

No particular scientific knowledge is needed for this industry; you can find all the information required in almost any book devoted to insect life. Read up—study up and "get busy."

This business is so unusual, so unique and has such possibilities behind it that I am willing to label it "the most amazing out-of-door business in the world." It is especially a good thing for women, for men who need to get out of doors into the fresh air and for those barred by various reasons from more strenuous methods of obtaining a living.

As one progresses in this industry, he will learn much to his advantage; he will learn to distinguish the different varieties; he will learn of certain varieties that are worth at least \$5 each—and once in a while he will get hold of this kind—to his great financial advantage. Now listen to me a bit further; originally it was my intention to put this into this book only those things that I, personally, had seen done—or at least those things that bear the stamp of "practical" right on the face of them. But, here is something so novel and so fascinating that I am giving the idea room even though it comes from afar and I am compelled to take some one's else's word for it.

The young lady lives in San Jose, Calif., and there is no doubt as to what she has done; the evidence comes from several sources. And only recently comes confirmation again as to this business from still more reliable sources.

I am giving you the idea anyhow.



A Waiting Opportunity In A Neglected Field

Here is a real opportunity that has been passed over, noticed by the great majority. A little capital would not be at all objectionable here, but the man with only the nominal one—or even a small one can from a modest beginning, work up to something worth while.

GOATS—THAT'S IT!

This is a peculiar proposition; it is an amazing proposition in a neglected field. It is chiefly valuable to the farmer small or otherwise, who has a lot of waste land and who does not know what it is good for. Goats will thrive where cows—or other varieties of domestic animals would starve.

The United States Bureau of Animal Industry has taken official notice of this industry and issued a bulletin bearing upon the subject.

There are many readers of this book who are possessors of farms, the major part of which are perhaps but barren wastes; this waste land could be utilized to support a flock of goats—which are worth money.

Carrying the idea still further, the man of considerable capital could, for a trifle, obtain possession, in almost any section of the country, of a thousand acres of land considered almost valueless; on this land he could raise a vast herd of goats. Goats propagate rapidly; the female will start

bearing young at the age of 6 or 7 months, not infrequently giving birth to three "kids" at a time.

The man with \$1,000 of capital would do well to look into this neglected field. The "little fellow" with small capital can start small and work up. "Worn out" farms are everywhere; farms too hilly and broken to be rated as farming land are on every hand. Such farms can be secured very cheaply and on almost any terms. Goats will thrive there.

Another angle suggests itself in connection with goats. Those who know best know that the most healthful and most nourishing milk in the world is goats milk. For invalids, for babies, it is more than a food—it is a medicine.

In many localities right now are "goat dairies" supplying milk at good prices to a select trade.

It is not hard to establish such a market in any locality. The demand today is a million times greater than the supply.

I would classify a goat dairy as a poor man's opportunity to get into a rich man's field, i. e., dairying.

The more you think this over the better it will look to you.

I will state, in closing, that 5 cents a day will keep a goat; that she gives 2 or 3 quarts of milk daily and that it can be sold at 25 cents per quart.

Three "Spare Time" City Lot Money makers

During the last year I presume 100 people, in all walks of life, have told me that they had access to as much land as would perhaps equal a city lot, and have asked me what they could do with it to make it produce something for spare time effort.

There are many pages in this book that answer this question; some of them are unique, unusual and novel.

"Among the "old line" things that are grown in field or garden, there are three articles that stand out in a class by themselves as big money-makers in small space.

The First is Tomatoes.

One quarter acre in tomatoes is a lot; strictly speaking it is nearer two lots of the subdivision kind. It will raise enough of tomatoes, if it's good soil, to bring in a lot of spare time money. Green tomatoes for pickling, ripe tomatoes for eating; it will keep you busy picking and selling tomatoes for many weeks. I mention this article because a little land goes a long way with it.

Asparagus.

Another big money-maker in small space.

Properly cared for 1-8 or 1-4 acre of asparagus will make a lot of money. It is of perennial variety; that is, once started it comes up of its own volition, year after year.

One acre of asparagus will come mighty close to making any family a living.

The market is greedy for it; in most cities the demand is greater than the supply.

I am suggesting this article as a

good one with which to build up a "direct to the consumer" parcel post line of customers. Asparagus is peculiarly a good thing for this as it would be convenient to mail. Also because the people in the cities cannot easily get real good asparagus. They can go out to the corner market and buy asparagus—yes; but it has been gathered too long; it has not been picked at just the right time; it tastes "woody." The people would welcome asparagus, right from the garden—crisp, tender—the different kind at double the price.

Horse Radish.

The *multum en parvo* perennial! A city lot in horse radish would yield a lot of money when it was grated and put up in small bottles. Always a sale for it, too.

Horse radish comes up of its own accord every year after it once gets the start.

I received a letter just recently from a friend who says that horse radish is good for a profit of from \$1,500 to \$2,000 per acre. And I happen to know that this is true.

And

Over and above all these things towers one alluring idea—the home canning business! It's the one best bet! Can the tomatoes; can everything you can get your hands on!

Considering these things from the standpoint of "city lot farming" only, it still means a substantial reduction in the high cost of living. You will, many of you, consider it on a larger scale after graduating from the kindergarten class.



Making Money With Pheasants

This fowl is not generally known, in so far as raising it for commercial purposes is concerned. A few people are in the business and the reports sound good.

For the most part the supply of pheasants for the market has been imported. High class hotels and restaurants pay high prices for this delicacy and charge proportionately on the bill of fare.

Pheasants come under the head of "Game." The demand would be good if there was any visible supply.

The attention of the people of this country has been called a little more to this beautiful bird during the past few years; quite a lot of people are starting to raise them. You will hear more of this industry in the years to come. Now, while the "ground floor" opportunity is open, is a good time to start. They are not especially hard to raise—not more so, probably, than chickens. The "English" is the most popular breed.

In starting with pheasants which have been brought to a new home, considerable care is at first necessary, both in feeding and in protecting them from their natural enemies. A small grove containing underbrush and high grass is the best "run" for them.

Their food is about the same as that of hens.

They do not mind severe cold, but should be protected from rain and dampness.

It does not cost much to feed them; they run very largely to profit. They will eat any kind of grain, meat food, scraps, etc., and require grit with it.

They require plenty of water and the same rules as to cleanliness of their quarters prevails as well for this fowl as for hens.

Most people prefer to set their pheasant eggs under a motherly old hen; they become better domesticated in this way. Pheasants, you understand, are naturally a little wild.

The care of the young is much the same as the care of baby chicks. Protecting them from weather extremes, clean quarters and careful feeding is all that is necessary. For the first few days a diet of a custard composed of 5 eggs to a pint of milk is the thing; when they are two weeks old they are past the danger point.

There is a positive demand for this industry; there is a positive price for its product and a surety of success for the man or woman willing to take enough of pains to learn the ins and outs.

In making the initial start I would go through the principal poultry papers looking for breeders who have stock for sale. You will usually find such advertisers in the classified department. The breeder from whom you obtain your initial stock will cheerfully supply all missing details as to their raising and care.

The demand for your product need not worry you; the high-class "eating joints" will take care of you.

I believe, however, that the selling of the stock for breeding purposes forms the most attractive side of the business; larger prices can be obtained—then, too, it obviates the necessity for the slaughter of these beautiful little creatures which would be a big item with myself.

"Take a chance" on anything that looks good, but don't "plunge" until you know what you are doing. This looks good.

Two Unique Back Yard Industries

The first plan in a nutshell is the raising of minks for their fur.

Those who claim to be in a position to know say that it is enormously profitable; that a mink skin is now worth \$8.00 and that the price is rapidly advancing; that a female gives from 3 to 9 young ones a year—i. e., produces an average of \$50 per year from her increase. In this ratio one or two hundred females would produce an enviable income.

It is claimed that they are as easy to care for and raise as cats and that 50 can be cared for in an ordinary back yard.

I have dug up the following information on their care:

Minks should be kept in the proportion of one male to five females.

Each breeding female should have a separate pen.

They are bred in February and the young are born in April; they are fit to turn off in December.

The males are kept to themselves except at mating time.

Bread and milk, corn mush and milk is their staple food. They should have meat or fish two times per week.

They are fed once daily, except females with young, which are fed twice.

Plenty of fresh water in clean pans; no salt in their food.

Pens should be about 7 feet square, the sides of smooth boards, four feet long and set up with the lower end resting on concrete 18 inches from the ground. Pens may be built in groups of four or more. The floor of the pen should be on the bare ground.

Boxes 2x1½x1½ feet should be provided for nests. These should have hinged lids to allow them to be opened.

Boxes may be bolted to the fence with a hole in them to admit the animals. These boxes should be several inches above the ground and should

be made perfectly dark. Fine straw should be provided.

A little personal experimenting in this industry will supply all the missing links.

There's money in this!

SKUNKS.

"Freak" farming is becoming more and more in vogue. The natural born "hustler" nowadays is looking for the unusual ways. Let me tell you right here that it sometimes happens that the "freak" farmer makes more real money from his unique acre or half acre than does the big dairy farmer with 300 acres of ground.

The "tip" here considered is skunks! Skunks for their fur.

Skunks are not so serious as a whole lot of people imagine. A trifling surgical operation when mere babies—and they become as harmless as kittens. Their fur is very valuable and a back yard will furnish enough room to turn off hundreds per year.

They are not much different to care for than cats. The principal requirement is to so construct their yarding that they can neither climb out nor burrow out.

The late Mark Twain once told of a man who was in the business of skunk farming. He observed that this man was getting rich, but "did not move much in the best society." Mark was evidently moved to this remark by his recollection of the skunk he bumped into one dark night when he was a boy. He probably thought, in the darkness, that it was a neighbor's pussy cat—and you know the rest!

As a matter of fact these little creatures, when surgically treated, soon after they are born, are perfectly harmless and even become affectionate pets. Look this over, but do not take my word for it, as I am not furnishing either of the plans in this chapter except as "tips" which you should investigate on your own responsibility.

An Astonishing Method of Preserving Eggs

I am simply going to tell you of this one, and I want you to try it out on a small scale for yourself before doing anything rash. This scheme comes to me well vouched for and it looks very plausible, but I have not tested it out.

The astounding angle in this thing is that it don't cost anything to preserve eggs in this way, except the initial cost of a few old barrels.

For about four months of the spring and summer eggs go away down in price. Wise ones take advantage of this fact to "pickle" 'em and unload in the winter when the price is soaring. Those people who haven't hens of their own, have found it very profitable to buy them, preserve them and await the fancy price—which always comes.

Now, here is a method that is all profit: Take a box or barrel; cover the bottom, to the depth of several inches, with common road dust; take your eggs, work them down, small end foremost, until they are completely covered, each egg by itself, with the dust; then a lot more of dust, then more eggs, progressing to the top of the receptacle, the top layer being deeply covered with the dust.

Eggs have been kept in this way, experimentally, and on using them, the following winter, found equal to new laid eggs. The dust should be sifted and all coarse substances eliminated.

This is worthy of a try-out; if it tests out, as I think it will, it opens

up a new era in money-making. You it myself this year.

can well afford to buy eggs to preserve if you are not raising them; it is a money-making proposition—but first test it out for yourself.

Speaking of egg preservatives, I will give you here my regular formula. This formula cost me a lot of money some years ago, though at the present time the method is in general use. Here is the formula:

Purchase from your druggist as much silicate of soda as you may wish. Mix it with cold water in the proportion of six parts of water to one of silicate of soda. Use newly-laid eggs, not more than one week old. Dip each egg separately in the solution, and place it in a vessel, large part down; then pour over the eggs enough of the solution to entirely immerse them. Do not fail to dip each egg separately before placing in the vessel, and hold the egg in your hand for two or three seconds after you have dipped it, that the coating may set, and place in the vessel as directed. Cover the vessel up and the next day, or the next week, as the case may be, when you wish to add more eggs, repeat the operation of dipping, set the eggs in on top of those already in the vessel, and cover again with the solution. You will find the air has been entirely excluded from the shell, and the egg has been hermetically sealed and will stay fresh indefinitely if you have properly handled them.

This will do the trick—but I like the "dusty roads" method best if it tests out properly. I'm going to try



Those Money-Making "Goobers"

The raising of peanuts is confined mostly to the South, but the fact is that they will grow almost anywhere where a well drained and fertile sandy soil can be furnished them. They need a long, warm summer, but that is the kind we usually get in the east and middle west.

One caution is due at the beginning: You can buy the seed of almost any peanut vender—but don't plant roasted peanuts! Plant them about the same time you would early potatoes and in just about the same way.

A scattering of wood ashes and well rotted compost will help much and should be thoroughly worked into the soil before the nuts are planted. Keep free from weeds and cultivate as for potatoes. It is well to slightly ridge up the soil about the plants when the small yellow blossoms appear. These show for a day or so and at the dropping or falling off of these, small root-like sprouts grow out from the blossom stems and penetrate downward into the soil. It is on the ends of these shoots that the peanuts are to form after they have gone down a sufficient depth, usually about two inches. There-

fore, it is important that we keep the soil loose and fine about the plants all through the blooming season. Be careful not to tear the vines loose from the tender rootlets that have started to grow down all along the stem for these are the nut bearing stems or rootlets from which we are to expect a crop later. It may be best to cease cultivation after the blooms have shown some three weeks and merely keep the patch free of weeds.

Peanuts require a long, hot season so they should be planted as early as possible and allowed to grow until killed by frosts so as to ripen all the nuts possible. The peanut begins to flower in the early summer and continues if not checked by some means till nipped down by frosts.

In digging loosen up under the vines with a fork, then take the vine in both hands and pull it up with the nuts attached. Turn the vines over and leave a few days to dry before picking off the peanuts to store. Be sure the kernels are well dried before storing and then place in some dry room away from the mice. A patch of peanuts, well cared for, will astonish you when you see the profit in them.



AFTERMATH

A noted lecturer, not so long ago, made the statement that this hue and cry of "Back to the Soil" was mostly a "fantasy."

Only recently an agricultural paper made the assertion that there was no such a thing as a "back yard bonanza."

Is this movement to get back to nature and make a living there a "fantasy?"

Let those thousands upon thousands who have done it reply. You will find them everywhere—in every community, in every section. People who found life in the great cities untenable; who found the obtaining of a living under the white lights a heart-breaking task; who found their health going, their spirits breaking—and who, finally, in desperation, sought in the country a refuge and a living. Thousands upon thousands and then more thousands have found there health, happiness and what seems to them, prosperity. Let these uncounted thousands answer—is it a "fantasy?"

There is another side, of course; those of weak wills who have not the stamina to "stick" until success comes; those who have made the effort and failed—there are plenty of this kind, too—more's the pity!

The answer is: Do nothing hasty or ill-advised; weigh all the chances; see that the coast is clear for the advance before you make it; discount failure and be prepared—if failure comes. Thousands are today reaping the re-

sults of victory—but they made the necessary sacrifices at the first.

You are no less a man than the other fellow, but you must creep before you can walk; govern yourself with discretion and "go to it!"

As to the assertion that there are no "back yard bonanzas," my reply is:

It has actually happened! It is happening right now! It has been done—it is being done—and done and done!

With silver gray foxes—the first start obtained—\$5,000 yearly can be done! My modest statement in my former book of \$3,000 yearly, can be thus increased.

I personally know of men in the suburbs of Chicago who are finding bonanzas in mushrooms, with no more space than a back yard. Ginseng the same; many things in this book ditto.

Here's another point: I am not claiming great fortunes, as a rule, in back lot "stunts." The greatest claim I make is that the right man, with the right scheme, can add vastly to his income by the proper use of a little bit of land.

And I am searching the universe to find the "schemes."

In all cases be conservative; do not spend much money on a scheme that looks good until you test it out for yourself and learn the ins and outs. Then plunge.

And thus may you prosper.

BURDICK.



STICK TO IT.

Many a good man has grown tired, laid down, granted a couple of times and given up because he thought the world was against him. It's simply liver! Give that same man a couple of doses of Epsom salts with a follow-up of ginger ale and the very next day he will go down town with inflated chest, confessing to his friends that he could have settled that Mexican matter in two shakes of a calf's tail—if they had listened to him!