



Farming The Wild Turkey

Novel Thanksgiving Idea Suggested By The Bird Experts

THE newest idea, appropriate to Thanksgiving, is that wild turkeys should be farmed—that is to say, bred regularly under conditions of semi-domestication. Ornithological experts say that it is entirely feasible, and in the adoption of such a plan lies the hope for the preservation of our greatest game bird from final extinction.

The wild turkey, of course, is a species entirely distinct from the tame bird with the white-breasted breast. One reason why its preservation is important is that it is needed to contribute from time to time its hardy blood and much-prized game flavor to the domesticated variety by interbreeding. The comparatively dark meat of the breast of many of the tame turkeys that come to market nowadays at the Thanksgiving season is attributable to such matings, which are eagerly sought by the knowing producer of feathered stock.

The wild turkey is so notoriously shy that most people would be inclined to suppose it incapable of domestication. Such an inference, however, according to the expert, is a mistaken one. As a matter of fact, the bird is not by nature much afraid of man, but rather tame and sociable, so far as human beings are concerned. In Massachusetts during early colonial days there were great numbers of wild turkeys, and frequently they made themselves at home in the close neighborhood of the dwellings of settlers.

To-day the species is entirely extinct in New England, and in other parts of the country the fowl is extremely wild and hard to shoot—not, however, because of a natural shyness of disposition, but simply for the reason that it has been hunted and trapped so persistently. If wild turkeys were bred and reared on farms—a matter of no great difficulty to accomplish, say the experts—they would be docile enough, and, with proper protection, would multiply rapidly.

The fact that wild turkeys have maintained their foothold to some extent in long-settled parts of their old territory—as, for example, in Virginia and Maryland—appears to indicate that it would be entirely practicable to restock portions of their former ranges. But, inasmuch as the country anciently occupied by them is now for the most part populated by human beings, it is necessary, in order to accomplish the object suggested, that their multiplication shall be encouraged under conditions of at least partial domestication—that is to say, by farming the birds for pleasure and profit.

It is believed that, if proper protection were given to such enterprises by the law, sporting club and wealthy individuals owning or leasing large tracts would gladly go into the business of breeding wild turkeys—not for market of course, but for the pleasure derivable from such an enterprise. At the present time not a few such organizations and proprietors of great private estates maintain similar preserves for the quail or "bobwhite," holding field trials in competition, to test the ability of dogs to find and point the birds. These field trials are in reality dog races, and no shooting of the quail is allowed.

Where wild turkeys are concerned, however, there is no reason why such extensive preserves, covering in some instances many thousands of acres, should not afford admirable sport under suitable restrictions. There is no form of outdoor amusement more delightful than turkey hunting. But, if farmers could be persuaded to take up the idea, and to breed the birds, they might sell shooting privileges to sportsmen at a rate which would put much more money into their pockets than they could gain by sending the fowls to market.

If the business were suitably managed farms of 500 to 1,000 acres would yield a larger revenue from wild turkeys than from poultry, sportsmen being usually willing to pay several times more for the fun of shooting birds than the latter would fetch as marketable game. For such purposes, of course, it would be neither necessary nor desirable that the fowls should be too tame. On the other hand, experience has shown that wild turkeys are not disposed to go far away from an accustomed source of food supply.

The wild turkey is prolific, and takes kindly to civilization. Like its tame congener, it is a great consumer of injurious insects, particularly grasshoppers, and as such would be useful to the farmer. The female lays from 15 to 20 eggs for a "clutch," but raises only one brood in a year. Foxes, hawks and owls are deadly enemies, but it would be the business of the farmer to protect the birds from these foes, as he does in the case of his farm-yard poultry. As for human poachers, adequate laws for protection against them would have to be passed; but the sportsmen, if once they became interested in the matter, could be relied upon to exert in this direction a powerful influence, which has never yet failed of success in affairs of the kind.

It seems difficult to realize that less than 100 years ago wild turkeys were so abundant that they often sold for six cents apiece, a very large one, weighing 25 or 30 pounds, occasionally fetching as much as 25 cents. To-day a large specimen, gobbler preferred, is worth \$5. The species has been wiped out, not by sportsmen, but by poachers, who kill the birds on the roosts, trap them in pens, or lie in ambush for them, attracting them within easy shooting distance by imitating the call of the hen or the young "poult."

On Fisher's island, in Long Island Sound, a most interesting experiment has already been made in



BACK FROM THE HUNT

the rearing of turkeys under semi-domestication—though in this case the species dealt with is the tame one. On this island, which is the most successful turkey farm in the world, the birds are permitted to run wild, and are not even furnished with any shelter, other than they can find among the trees and scrub. But plenty of corn is thrown about where they can get it.

In this artificial wilderness, as it might be called, which covers an area of about 4,000 acres, the turkeys get as close to nature as possible. Indeed, the whole idea of their management is to let them alone, interfering with them as little as possible. In the winter time their heads often freeze under their wings when they are at roost. But the exposure does them no harm; on the contrary, it renders them exceedingly vigorous, and they attain huge size, the gobblers sometimes weighing as much as 50 pounds when sent to market.

Every spring a few wild gobblers, trapped for the purpose in Virginia or the Carolinas, are introduced into the flocks on Fisher's island, to contribute fresh blood. This is esteemed a matter of the utmost importance. Our tame turkeys are notoriously difficult birds to rear, under ordinary circumstances, being delicate and liable to epidemics—on which account many farmers have given up trying to raise them. The reason why is simply that there has been too much in-breeding, and the stock has lost its hardiness.

A number of varieties of the tame turkey have been developed by breeding, the principal ones being the Bronze, the Buff, the Slate, and the White, the Black and the Narragansett. The White was originally an albino. But all of these are derived from a single species, which is of Mexican origin. There is only one other known species, which is native to Yucatan and Guatemala. It is called the "ocellated turkey," owing to the fact that its tail is ornamented with eyes like that of the peacock. It is one of the most beautiful of birds, its feathers blazing with metallic reflections of gold, green, blue and bronze.

The Thankful Heart

Giving thanks always for all things unto God and the Father in the name of our Lord Jesus Christ.—Ephesians v:20.

The thankful spirit is the true and sure source of a happy life. There are plenty of things to be thankful for, and it is wise to make an effort to find them. They are never far away. They are under our control. We are their masters. God made us that way. We may be in touch with very disagreeable people, but if we do not like disagreeable feelings we need not have them. There are many good things to think of with reference to such people. Be a missionary to them. Think how nice it would be if such a person had a sweet disposition and let your own radiate its virtues.

We can rejoice and be glad no matter where we are. Paul and Silas sang hymns while in jail. Why not? It was bad enough to be in jail. God was good to them. He revealed to them facts of eternal life. These were good things to think about, and why should they not enjoy them? To sing was a reasonable thing to do. God had given them something against the day of trouble and they used it. Why should not we? What is the use of being miserable when we can just as well be happy? God is near us in the joys and comforts of life as well as in our trials and temptations. We have good reasons to be thankful under all conditions of life. The sun always shines no matter about the clouds. Daylight is a good thing, but the best thing is, God created us in his

image and after his likeness. There is a divine element in our nature that enables us to think God's thoughts in the facts of nature as well as in the words of Scriptures.

The natural world is a product of thought developed and governed by a system of divine laws that are always in force. God has planned and made laws by which we live, breathe, walk, see, hear, think, talk and learn the meaning of things. How our Heavenly Father has planned the universe for man's comfort and how thankful and happy man should be!

Mark the difference between the accomplished Christian gentleman and man in his uncivilized state and then be thankful for the Gospel and what the discovery of the laws of nature has done for you. Open your mind to see how God planned the laws of steam and electricity in keeping with man's capacity to utilize these forces and thus bring joy and comfort to human hearts. Go through your house, look and think as you go. You will see things of art and culture everywhere—books, magazines, newspapers, pictures, and conveniences, and works of art bearing the marks of the divine in man, which means you who look. When in the city you may look around and notice the buildings, and works of man, and remember that the people who have done all these wonderful things are members of your family. God is their father and he has given them a task you could not do. They are doing the work and you are getting the benefit of it.

God has given every person a religious nature. It is a source of great comfort and joy. Are you weary? "I will give you rest." "Let not your heart be troubled." "My peace I leave with you." These are God's promises. They should mean much to us. Are you poor and homeless? Turn your thoughts on the Saviour's promises and picture to yourself the golden city; locate your mansion, receive your old friends, tell them to come in. Thankful? How can one help but be thankful? The Christian's spirit is the thankful, happy spirit. Every person should have it. It is the conquering spirit. It never meets defeat. No matter where one is or how sad the conditions of life, the hopes of heaven are always bright. The Christian, happy spirit always has something worth while to do. The wickedness of the world is round us. Throw a dash of Gospel sunlight along the pathway of the sin-suffering friend. A light in the darkness is what he needs. Smile on him. Let him see your gladness when he would expect to see sorrow.

The thankful spirit brings gladness in all conditions of life. There are beautiful characters among the needy as well as in elegant homes on the boulevards. If the rich can afford to adorn their homes and beautify them and pay the price I will enjoy their beauty and render thanks. There is a difference in men's natural attainments. They are God-made and are needed for the improvement and comfort of mankind. Without them there could be no schools, no true progress, and what would we do without the conveniences made possible through the labor of others. They are necessary to the comforts of our homes and in every department of the work of life. God help you to look and see reasons to be thankful every day of your life.—Rev. J. B. MacGuffin.

For the Thanksgiving Dinner

The delicate flavor of the pumpkin is developed only by a long and gentle application of heat, so when preparing it for pies always stew it for three or four hours, then mix it with the other ingredients.

To each cupful of pulp add two well beaten eggs, half a cupful of sugar, a tablespoonful of cornstarch, dissolved in a cupful of cream, half a teaspoonful each of ginger and cinnamon and a teaspoonful of lemon extract; add a large tablespoonful of melted butter and fill the paste full with this mixture. Bake brown in a moderate oven.

Although the observance of Thanksgiving is particularly a northern custom, the following recipe for Virginia pudding is given in the Housekeeper as appropriate to the occasion.

Turn one pound of stoned raisins, one pound of dried currants, one-fourth of a pound of citron sliced thin into a large mixing bowl and dredge well with flour. Add half a pound of fresh sweet chopped small, then mix the whole thoroughly. In another bowl cream one-half pound of butter with an equal weight of sugar; add to this mixture the yolks of six eggs beaten smooth and one pint of rich, sweet milk.

Whip the whites of the eggs very stiff, then add them alternately with one and a quarter pounds of sifted flour to the mixture. Then stir into it the juice and grated rind of one lemon, one teaspoonful each of cinnamon and cloves, one-half teaspoonful of mace, one grated nutmeg and one-half teaspoonful of soda dissolved in a little cold water. Lastly, add the fruit, stirring and beating vigorously until the whole is thoroughly mixed.

Pour into a well floured pudding bag, allowing plenty of room for swelling, drop into a roiny pot of boiling water and boil continuously for five hours. Serve hot with a sauce made as follows: Cream together one cupful of white sugar and a lump of butter the size of an egg. When smooth and white, beat in the grated rind of a lemon and the whipped white of an egg.

A QUESTION

The Story of a Winter Night's Ride

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"All that a skillful, intelligent physician could do for his patient you have done for me, Herr Professor, and yet after these many weeks my shattered nerves are no stronger, my physical condition no better. Therefore, although I touch upon the subject with extreme reluctance, I feel it my duty to make a confession which will help you better to understand my mysterious malady." With a quiet motion of the hand the doctor invited further confidence, and the pale, haggard, but still beautiful woman began:

"I am only 24 years old, but strangers would take me for almost twice that age. Not so very long ago I was a blooming, vigorous young creature in perfect health, unconscious of the meaning of nerves. About three years ago I married; my husband owns large estates, partly near Vienna, partly in Galicia on the Russian frontier, from which our ample income is derived. We lived for a time in Vienna with my husband's parents, and later at our country house in Lodnaja, where my little daughter was born—a frail, tiny creature whose hold on life seemed alarmingly slight."

Here the young woman paused for a moment, overcome by painful memories.

"You can well imagine how we adored this child; how its every breath, every motion, claimed our eager attention. We were as one in our love for our little baby, though it seemed as if my husband tried at times to outdo me in tenderness. He would even reproach me—though with the soul of gentleness in his tone—for loving the child less than he did. This was an injustice, of course—you well know, doctor, that no man could love a child as its mother loves it—but later this reproach assumed an ominous meaning. I should add that my husband loved me as truly and faithfully as I loved him; he was the soul of gentleness and goodness toward me, and was possessed of a tact and fineness of feeling rare among men.

"But to my story. It was winter, and we were staying at Lodnaja, near the boundary of Russia. One day a telegram came announcing the dangerous illness of my husband's mother, and begging that we, including the baby, start at once for Vienna. The probably dying woman yearned to see all her beloved ones once more before the end came. It was no trifling ordeal for me, with a delicate child not yet a year old, to make such a journey in the depth of winter, but who could refuse the last wish of a beloved mother on her death bed?

"We made the necessary preparations with all possible haste, and a few hours later were seated in the sleigh which was to take us the long, desolate stretch, three hours across country to the nearest railway station. My husband drove, seated alone on the front seat; I, behind him, held our child warmly wrapped in furs; we took no attendants.

"It grew dark very early; the immeasurable desert of snow lay before us in a deathlike sleep under the star-strewn heaven. The snow crackled, an icy frost caught our breath. Our horses were excellent; if they held their pace and no accident occurred, we might hope to reach the station by 11 o'clock that night.

"My baby slept calmly in my arms. "About ten o'clock the moon rose behind us—gigantic, red, wavering on the edge of the ocean of snow. I looked back, awed with the splendor of the scene—the widening circle of light which seemed to pour down upon us like a glistening icy stream. Suddenly, quite at the edge of the white world, far, far distant, as if evolved out of nothing, a small dark mass appeared, with changing outline which seemed to follow in our wake. For a few moments I felt no uneasiness, but as the dark blot drew nearer, O my God! I knew then the awful truth: It was the wolves—a great, furious, starving pack!

"Fleet, noiseless, ghostlike, they sped toward us, swifter and swifter than the others leading.

"I gripped my husband's shoulder; at the same instant a wolf howled a hoarse cry of menace which found echo in a score of eager, famished throats. My husband raised his whip and struck the horses with full force; like a boat on a high wave the sleigh lurched as the frightened beasts dashed forward. Behind us the howling ceased, but on the frozen snow we could plainly hear the pattering foot-beats of our pursuers.

"Dumb with intense fear, I heard, as if in a dream, the strained, unnatural voice of my husband, muttering: 'If the horses can hold out, if nothing breaks, we may pull through; we may be saved. God, we must arrive in time!'

"With never a glance behind, he eased forward and struck the horses slow after blow. Ten minutes crawled away—our pursuers seemed a trifle arther behind and a flutter of hope stirred my frozen soul. I held the sleeping child firmly in my arms and counted the seconds aloud, 60 by 60, before the end of the tenth minute I saw with horror that the pack was gaining upon us. Were the horses flag-

ging, or were the hideous creatures doubling their speed? Frequently now a prolonged howl broke the stillness, which, far more than the whip or the voice of the driver, urged the horses to supreme effort.

"Hope left me. My mind was a confused blur as one wolf after another bounded forward to within a few yards of us. Pictures of such scenes with their horrible ending, of which I had heard and read, crowded upon my memory. Should we cut one of the horses loose to delay the catastrophe? But before this could be done, we would all be lost. If only Barry, our faithful dog, were with us in the sleigh!

"I remembered hearing in my childhood of one of our peasants saving his life by throwing to the wolves a young calf he had bought at market that morning.

"If I myself were to spring out? "Then—oh, the horror of it all! Doctor, you perhaps, as a physician, can understand the monstrous inhuman thoughts that take shape in a fevered, distracted brain. There was the child—should I—? At the hideous fancy I burst into loud hysterical weeping, my lips bled with the print of my teeth, I struggled with myself as if with a devilish foe. But, ah, he!—the suffering creature here broke down in a flood of hysterical tears—"the hateful thought came again and again; whirled wildly in my poor, distracted brain; possessed me, tortured me, maddened me with fierce persistence.

"I screamed aloud to rid myself of the thought—screamed till the horses took new fright and sprang even faster—but the black thought held grim hold. The wolves were almost upon the sleigh—close, close behind me. The compulsion to commit the awful deed gripped and mastered me with unspokeable misery.

"The road led into a wood. My husband gave never a glance behind—he only grimly held himself together and lashed, lashed, lashed at the straining horses. It was densely dark in the woods; the wolves howled incessantly now. One, breathless and panting, vaulted in long, agile bounds close beside us.

"Then with trembling hands I drew my child, my sleeping baby, closer, pressing her to my breast till she awoke and began to cry. I stifled her wailing, which pierced me to the heart, with a torrent of kisses and wild, foolish baby chatter. I shuddered in every limb; a torturing unrest overwhelmed me; a longing to strike myself—anything to end this terrible, unendurable tension of mind. A strange electric fluid seemed to surge through my arm. Then—I shall never know the truth—did my grasp suddenly weaken? God is my witness, I am innocent. I have no more recollection of myself or my action. Then suddenly the howling of the wolves drowned all else—the child lay on the snow behind the sleigh." The young woman covered her face with her hands, her frail body shaken with the violence of her sobs.

After a short pause she continued in a changed, dry, expressionless voice, speaking in sharp detached sentences:

"As we emerged from the wood I regained consciousness; the wolves were out of sight and hearing; red lights gleamed forth; a bell sounded. We had reached the station. My husband lifted me gently from the sleigh and laid me on a bench. People busied themselves over me with restoratives and much kindly commiseration. My husband's eyes were brimming with tears, but he uttered not one word, except sometimes to murmur my name. They lifted me into the train. For many weeks in Vienna I hovered between life and death. My husband never left my bedside. Very slowly I wore on to a partial recovery.

"We traveled over sea and land, searching for the spot that would benefit me, but it has all been in vain—nothing helps me.

"Of that horrible night we have never spoken one word. My husband is unspokeably good to me, more tenderly solicitous than ever before, but this awful specter is always between us. I can never look in my dear one's eyes. I dread always the question lurking in them—the unbearable, searching, haunting question: 'Did you with intention do that awful deed?'

Alive to Opportunity.

Ice cream parlors in the "lobster belt" have not been slow to take advantage of the commercial possibilities—for them—in the reported discoveries of the north pole. The day after Dr. Cook announced that he had reached the top of the earth an ice cream emporium near Forty-second street added to its bill a "Dr. Cook freeze." What the ingredients were was not divulged. When Commander Peary informed the world that the pole was his, another concoction was added to the list. It was called a "Peary pole." The composition of this is also in doubt, but there is ice, to represent icebergs, and a straw in the middle, which is supposed to be the pole. These are the most popular items on the bill now.—New York Tribune.