

SPEAKING of TURKEY



THE TURKEY HUNTER

The turkey is truly an American bird. It existed on this continent with the Indians before Columbus landed. Only a few years ago among the caves of Arizona the mummified remains of a turkey were found. Practically every cave once occupied by the cliff dwellers of that region contained the bones or feathers of the turkey, but this specimen is intact. Its age is a matter of speculation among the scientists of the National museum at Washington, where the specimen is on exhibition.

Another interesting fact resulted from a scientific expedition which Dr. C. Hart Merriam made among the mountains of Arizona; he came across a living species of bird identical with the one found mummified and which is now known to the scientific world by his name.

Another recent discovery in connection with the turkey was a Maya hieroglyphic which mentions along with other things ten turkey hens and five turkey cocks. This is thought to be the first record of the turkey in this country and antedates the expedition of Cortes to Mexico in 1519.

But the turkey goes back further among the Indians than even the probable date at which the specimen found in the cave existed. Among the Zunis, for instance, there exist many legends, handed down from time immemorial, which have for their subject the turkey.

Perhaps none is more interesting than the one which tells why his tail feathers are dark, showing, as it does, not only the place he held in the estimation of the Indians but also a noticeable similarity to the flood story of our Bible.

Once upon a time, so the legend runs, there was a flood and the face of the world was covered with water. And the turkey, weary of continually flying, decided to seek some spot on which he might light and rest. But the other birds and animals advised him not to; and the very gods themselves warned him.

He refused to heed either advice or warnings and set out in search of land. After much effort he discovered a single spot not covered by water and alighted. But he found it only deep mud. So he decided to hunt further for some dry place on which to rest. But, alas, when he came to fly, he found his tail feathers stuck fast in the mud.

He pulled and pulled, but could not get them loose. Finally, after a gigantic tug, he managed to free himself. But bits of mud stuck to the end of the tail feathers! And to this day turkeys have dark spots there—a sign of their disobedience to divine command!

The turkey plays a more important part in the life of the Indian than in his legends alone. Not only is it regarded as a choice article of food, but in many tribes it is held sacred. In the parts of the country where the turkey was worshipped it was never eaten except when other food was unobtainable. And even then separate portions were divided among various tribes, so that the religious custom would not be violated.

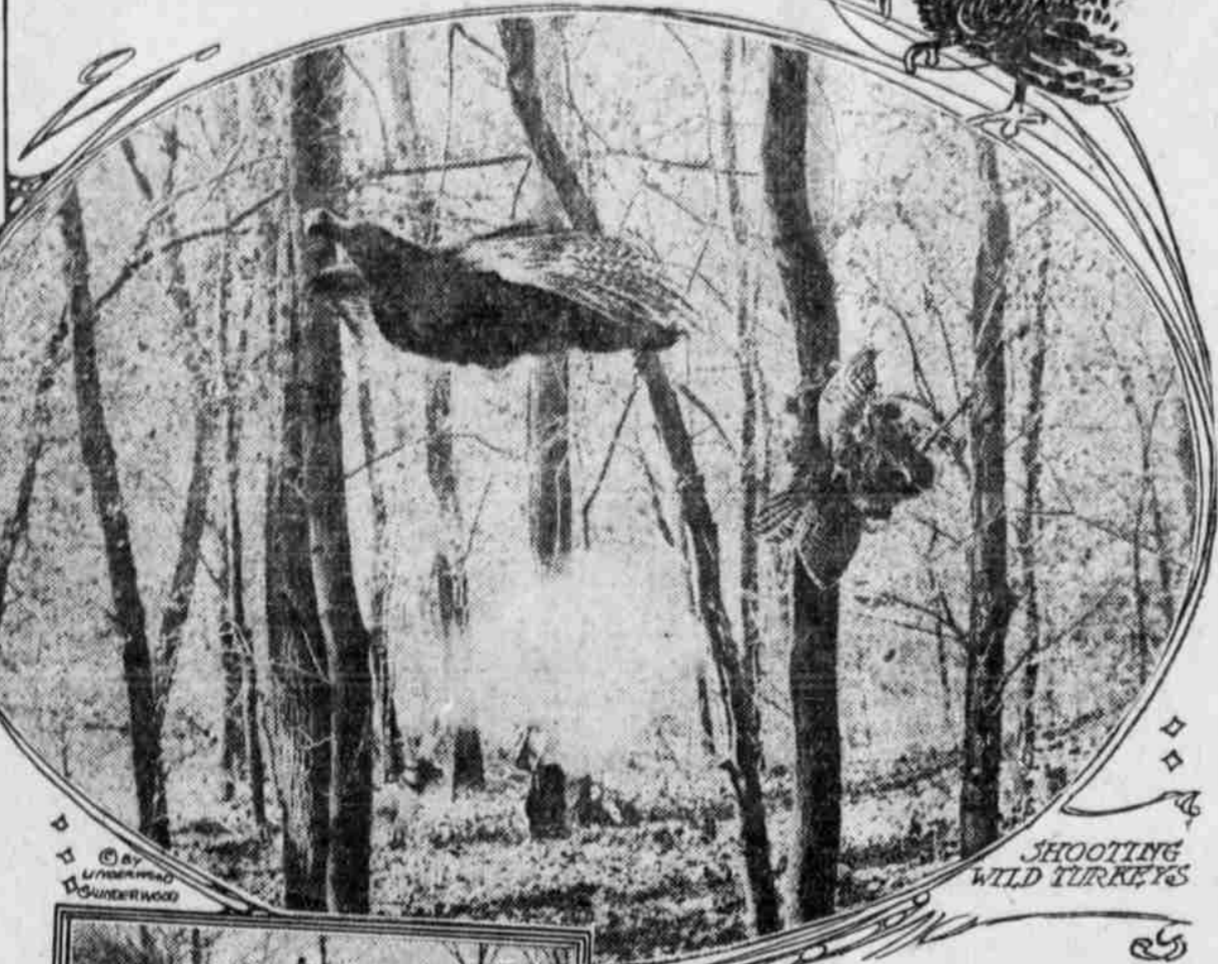
Turkey feathers rank next in importance to those of the eagle with all tribes, while the Apaches, the Pamunkeys and Cheyennes chose the turkey's feathers for all ceremonial head-dresses and ornaments. The Pamunkey tribe also used turkey feathers for ornamental purposes on their clothing, as well as for their headgear. To this day, when they don their native costumes, the turkey feather is preferred as ornament.

If Benjamin Franklin's words had been heeded the turkey would have been the national bird of the United States. The eagle is a first cousin to the species known of old in the eastern hemisphere. Furthermore, it has appeared upon the banners of many nations. It was a symbol of the Roman empire. It was known in China for ages, and today it appears upon the banners of Russia, Germany and several other nations.

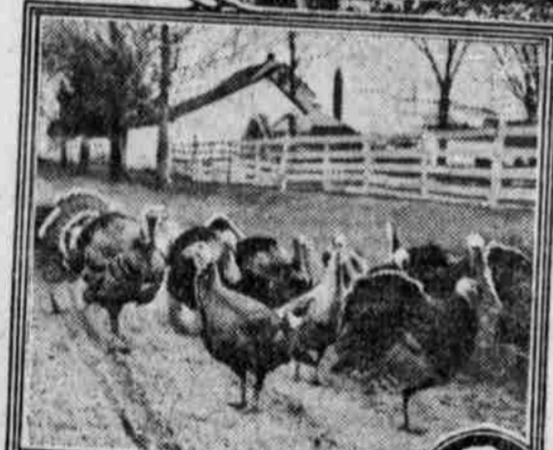
The turkey is indigenous to America. Wherever the early European adventurers and settlers arrived they beheld great flocks of turkeys, and it soon became known that they were a favorite food among the Indians. After a while turkeys were proudly sent home as trophies of the chase. In this way the turkey became practically a world-favorite as a food.

When Cortes, in 1519, ascended to the plateau of Mexico, he found a social life developed to a high degree of refinement. He was entertained with oriental magnificence. All the delicacies to be found within the empire were set before him; and though game was abundant, the turkey held the place of honor among the fowl. This was the first time that the Spaniards had eaten turkey.

They also saw great tame flocks of the birds. In fact, since prehistoric times, the turkey has been domesticated and raised for market. Today in Mexico many of the quaint customs then in vogue are still kept alive. And so it is that the purchaser of today may select his choice of a fowl in the village street. Or if he prefers the



SHOOTING WILD TURKEYS



FINE FLOCK OF TURKEYS



TURKEY PICKING IN OLD KENTUCKY

But a short distance from Richmond is a small island inhabited by a tribe of Indians, the Pamunkeys. They are part of the Powhatans, and under an old colonial treaty they pay no taxes and have their own government. They must, however, send to the governor of Virginia each year a gift of game or fowl; and very often this gift takes the form of several large, plump turkeys.

Many have been the explanations made as to how the bird now so popular at Thanksgiving came to be called the turkey, most of which, to the scientist, are nothing but fanciful. One such is the explanation that it comes from the East Indian word "toka," which, in Hebrew, takes the form "tukki," the peacock. As the Jews in South Europe were acquainted with this fowl, it is assumed that they naturally applied the word turkey wherever it was introduced in Spain.

Such a roundabout explanation, say those who know, is entirely unnecessary. The bird was called turkey because it was supposed to come from Turkey, where it was known as an Egyptian hen.

In France the bird was called "dindon," or in the feminine "dinde," as though it were the fowl of d'Inde—from India. The Mexican name for the bird is "huajolote," which, scientists say, indicates the old Aztec knowl-

edge of the turkey. vender will bring it alive to his door for inspection, fresh from the farm.

But whatever dispute has arisen as to the name of the turkey, the fact yet remains that the turkey is indigenous to America. Although scientists believe it is possible that there was a species the original of the present turkey, indigenous to the West India islands, it is generally conceded that all turkeys have descended in some way or other from the three forms known today as the North American, the Mexican and the Honduras ocellated varieties.

The Mexican turkey is found wild throughout the republic. It is short in shank, with feathers on its body of a metallic black shaded only slightly with bronze, while all its feathers are tipped with white.

The Honduras turkey today is scattered all over most of Central America and is extremely wild. The bronze turkey, that variety which today holds the place of honor in the North American group of turkeys, is outdone by none when it comes to beauty or size. Black, beautifully shaded with a rich bronze, the breast plumage being dark bronze illuminated with a lustrous finish of coppery gold, its plumage gives full warrant for the name by which this bird is known.

The full-grown, healthy bird is a beautiful picture of bronze, black, copper and gold, and some times weighs 40 or more pounds. Other varieties known in the barnyard, and even recognized among dealers as having distinctive markings, are in reality only highly developed fowls with preserved peculiarities.

In the United States there are six standard varieties recognized and grown. These are the bronze, Narragansett, buff, slate, white and black. The chief differences are in size and color of plumage.

The bronze and Narragansett are the largest and the buff and slate medium, while the white and black are the smallest. Within late years, however, the white variety has reached such a point of popularity that it has increased in size until with some dealers it occupies third place.

Whatever the turkey may have missed through failing to secure that place of honor suggested for it by Benjamin Franklin—as the national bird—it has nevertheless found a place in the regard of the American people which is held by no other fowl.

Time was when a turkey, or as many as could be carried, might be had for the asking. Then came the period when 50 cents would buy a plump young fowl. Even so short a time as ten years ago turkeys could be purchased for from 8 to 25 cents a pound, dressed.

IN THE PUBLIC EYE

NEW YORK'S NEW BISHOP



Mgr. Patrick J. Hayes, the new bishop of the Roman Catholic archdiocese of New York, has the distinction of being one of the last two bishops appointed by Pope Pius X, the other being Mgr. Thomas J. Shahan, rector of the Catholic university at Washington. Bishop Hayes, who is forty-seven years old, is one of the youngest of the American hierarchy. Furthermore, he has never been a pastor, having been busy in official positions during his 22 years of service as a priest. He was consecrated, with imposing ceremonial, as titular bishop of Tagaste, a diocese in Africa, where St. Augustine was born.

Mgr. Hayes holds the joint positions of chancellor of the diocese and president of Cathedral college, his office being in the basement of the college, Madison avenue and Fifty-first street. He resides with Cardinal Farley in the archiepiscopal residence 452 Madison avenue. He is ever ready to assist the cardinal with all his duties and is never too busy to help a brother priest.

When Mgr. Hayes sleeps is not known. If one of the clergy has to go to the hospital suddenly, before he is settled in his room there is a soft rap at the door, and in walks "the little chancellor." When death takes away a mother, an only sister or a favorite niece or nephew of a fellow priest a gentle hand grasps his and a voice as tender as a woman's whispers in the ear, "Blessed are the dead who die in the Lord," and "He giveth his beloved sleep." This is Mgr. Hayes.

CINCINNATUS OF GERMANY

In the German army is one general who enjoys popularity throughout the empire. He enjoys also the confidence and the best good will of men of his own class. He is Paul von Benckendorff and von Hindenburg, general-oberst, commander in chief of all the German forces in East Prussia.



Hindenburg is the German Cincinnatus. He was at the plow when the war trumpet sounded on August 1; not literally, perhaps, but figuratively. In 1911 he was retired at the age of sixty-four, and for three years after had lived without military responsibility on his estate in Posen, near where he was born. Then, when the principal German armies were rushing into Belgium toward the plains of France, there came a call to the obscure little village where General Hindenburg lived. He was ordered to take command of the kaiser's armies appointed to meet the czar's forces.

Born in 1847, Hindenburg entered the Third regiment of Foot Guards as a subaltern in 1866. In the war against Austria he commanded a company after the death of the captain, who was his immediate superior. At the battle of Koniggratz, with about forty men, he took an Austrian battery. A few days later the emperor conferred on him the Order of the Red Eagle.

UNFORTUNATE MARIE ADELAIDE



Poor little Marie Adelaide, grand duchess of Luxembourg, is in distress and deserves the sympathy of mankind. Her tiny principality, a buffer state between Germany and France, has been absolutely overrun by the kaiser's armies, and if Wilhelm should come out of the war victorious it is almost certain the grand duchy of Luxembourg, only 1,000 square miles in extent, would be wiped out as a sovereign state.

When little Marie heard that the kaiser's soldiers were on the way she jumped into her automobile and headed for the bridge that crossed the river between her and Prussia. She swung her car across the bridge and when the kaiser's officers came along she stamped her little foot at them and said: "Don't you dare set foot in my kingdom."

The kaiser's big, fine looking officers were fiercely polite.

"We are sorry, your highness,"

said they, "but we have been ordered to proceed through your kingdom. You need have nothing to fear from us or our soldiers and we will pay you every cent for any damage that may be done."

Poor little Marie stamped her feet and shook her finger at the upturned mustaches of the officers and told them just exactly what mean sort of villains she thought they were. The officers were still polite and very, very firm, and in the end Marie sat down in her automobile weeping in vexation and drove away. And the kaiser's soldiers poured into her lands.

SEES A NEW EUROPE

No man in the United States is better entitled to estimate the probable social and economic outcome of the present European debacle than Prof. Franklin H. Giddings of Columbia, one of the most distinguished sociologists and political economists in the United States.

"Today all Europe fights," he says, "but, also, today all Europe thinks."

He believes that this thinking of the men who crouch low in the drenched trenches and of the women who tragically wait for news of them will fashion a new Europe. He sees the probability of broadened individual opportunity in it, accompanied by the breaking down of international suspicions; and he thinks that all these processes, which surely make for peace, will surely bring a lasting peace.

"This war may be the greatest good the world has ever known," says Professor Giddings, "if it leaves Europe in a mental state disposed to broaden opportunity, to break down suspicions, to eliminate barriers, and make commerce much freer than it has been."

