

NO MORE COLD STORAGE TURKEYS

Thanksgiving "Specials" Now Carry Birds Fresh To Market.



BY RENE BACHE.
"A LL aboard for the turkey special!"

It is the Thanksgiving train—a fast freight "de luxe," carrying perhaps 100,000 turkeys. Most of the latter, fresh-killed, are packed in barrels, but some of the cars are loaded with live birds in crates.

There are many such "turkey specials." One of them, starting from Glasgow, Ky. (the center of a great turkey-growing district) goes north over the Southern Railroad. Several, by the New York Central, reach the metropolis from Chicago and other points in the Middle West. In every case the trains are timed to arrive in the big cities just before Thanksgiving, when turkeys are in greatest demand at highest prices.

Always at the Thanksgiving season there are plenty of cold-storage turkeys to be had. Some of them are a year or more old. But they command an inferior price. The "ultimate consumer" has come to know the difference; the housewife who wisely does her own marketing is able to recognize the cold-storage bird at a glance, and she passes on.

A fresh-killed turkey has the clean and fresh look of a well-groomed baby. It cannot be mistaken. If its aspect suggests the slightest doubt, it is surely a cold-storage bird—no matter what the dealer may say.

Growth of popular understanding on this subject, with a consequent willingness on the consumer's part to pay a much higher price for fresh-killed birds, has driven the dealers, wholesalers and retailers to furnish better turkeys for Thanksgiving. It has had much to do with the providing of a special train service to fetch the turkeys to market in prime condition.

Six million turkeys will be required to meet the Thanksgiving demand this year. Assuming that they fetch at retail an average price of \$1, this means a total expenditure of not less than \$12,000,000 for the piece de resistance of the holiday table. If the number of birds mentioned were to march in single file, the line of them would extend all the way from New York to San Francisco.

Turkeys have to do a lot of marching on their way to market. They are raised in small flocks, in widely scattered localities, and agents of the packers (having contracted for them in advance) buy them from the farmers, assembling them in armies that often number thousands, and driving them over the country roads, frequently for long distances, to the nearest convenient railroad station. They can easily travel 15 miles a day "on the hoof."

Sometimes they are driven aboard the trains alive, and thus transported. In other cases they are first delivered at a packer's "factory" in a town, where they are killed, scalded in tanks of hot water, plucked and packed with crockets in barrels—to be forwarded in this shape to the big city, where they are to find a market.

Again, in other cases, the farmers all over a large section drive their own turkeys to the town that is a turkey-buying center, and there the flocks are converted into the fresh-killed product, to be forwarded to market by rail. Within recent years Kentucky has come to be a great turkey-growing state, and the above-mentioned town of Glasgow is an important place of assemblage for the fowls just before Thanksgiving.

One hears a great deal about the turkeys of Rhode Island; and those of Connecticut are likewise celebrated. But all the six states of New England do not together produce half as many as does Pennsylvania.

It is to be understood, then, that Pennsylvania is the banner state of the Union for turkeys? By no means. Texas stands first with an output of three-quarters of a million birds per annum. Missouri comes next, with half a million. Then follow Illinois and Iowa, Pennsylvania being only sixth in rank as a turkey-producer.

In early days the Thanksgiving turkey was raised on the home farm. It was eaten within 24 hours after it was killed. But towns multiplied and grew into cities; farms departed further and further away from such centers of population, and turkeys for Thanksgiving had to be packed in barrels in order that they might reach the consumer in good condition perhaps a week after parting from life.

This was revolutionary, as a mode

of marketing the birds. But today a fortnight or even a month may elapse before the turkey raised in Texas or Oklahoma reaches its destined market on the Eastern seaboard. Even so, it is properly to be regarded as a fresh-killed fowl. It has never known cold storage. Chilling in advance of packing, with crushed ice to keep it in good condition en route, renders practicable its delivery to the customer in prime shape for the table.

Much depends upon the manner in which the birds are handled. They are killed in a scientific way, and thoroughly drained of blood. Care is taken that the feathers (which have value for various commercial purposes) shall not be soiled. If the feet are dirty, they are scrubbed clean before transferring the turkeys to the chill-room. A few thus treated preserves its freshness much longer, and, when offered for sale on the retailer's stall, has an appetizing appearance.

Undoubtedly, the Rhode Island turkey is the best. It fetches the highest price, having the finest quality and flavor. But only very well-to-do folks can afford the luxury. For a Thanksgiving bird raised in that state must pay from \$1 to \$6, the ordinary cost per pound being 35 cents. And even at that price one cannot be sure of getting the real article; for most of the so-called Rhode Island turkeys come from Pennsylvania.

The best chicken in the world is the Pennsylvania chicken, which is raised usually in New Jersey or Delaware. Many of the finest Rhode Island turkeys are grown just across the state line in Connecticut. But no great number of these undeniably superior turkeys find their way out of New England, or are procurable elsewhere, though some of them are sold in New York City—indeed, quite a lot, if one can rely upon one's dealer. At least four-fifths of them are absorbed by the markets of Boston, Providence and other cities in that section.

The fact is that the Rhode Island turkey men have developed the turkey-raising business on scientific lines. It has been said that they feed their birds on a combination of superior kinds, including chestnuts, sweet apples, and even celery seed. But there is not a word of truth in such statements. The feed they use is corn—cornmeal for the "poult," cracked corn for the young turkeys, and whole corn for the turkeys in process of fattening for market.

This, however, is not the principal secret of their success. The latter lies in the systematic introduction of wild

turkey blood into their flocks. The furtive or even a month may elapse before the turkey raised in Texas or Oklahoma reaches its destined market on the Eastern seaboard. Even so, it is properly to be regarded as a fresh-killed fowl. It has never known cold storage. Chilling in advance of packing, with crushed ice to keep it in good condition en route, renders practicable its delivery to the customer in prime shape for the table.

This fact has been illustrated most strikingly by a large-scale experiment on an island of 4000 acres, called Fisher's Island, off the western tip of Rhode Island. There, a few years ago, a considerable flock of ordinary turkeys was established, with the expectation that most of them would perish—no provision whatever being made for protecting them against the rigors of the winter climate. They were relegated in effect to wild conditions, nothing being done for them except to furnish them with food.

A majority of them did succumb; and the same thing happened in the following year. But those that survived were the fittest, and these became the progenitors of a stock that defies killing, unless by a hatchet. There are now some thousands of turkeys on Fisher's Island, which roost out of doors in cold weather, as well as in summer. Sometimes their heads actually freeze under their wings; but they show no ill effects, and so sturdy are they that their nests are given to roaming, and "steal" their nests so often as to interfere seriously with profits. On the other hand, the runaway hen is likely to

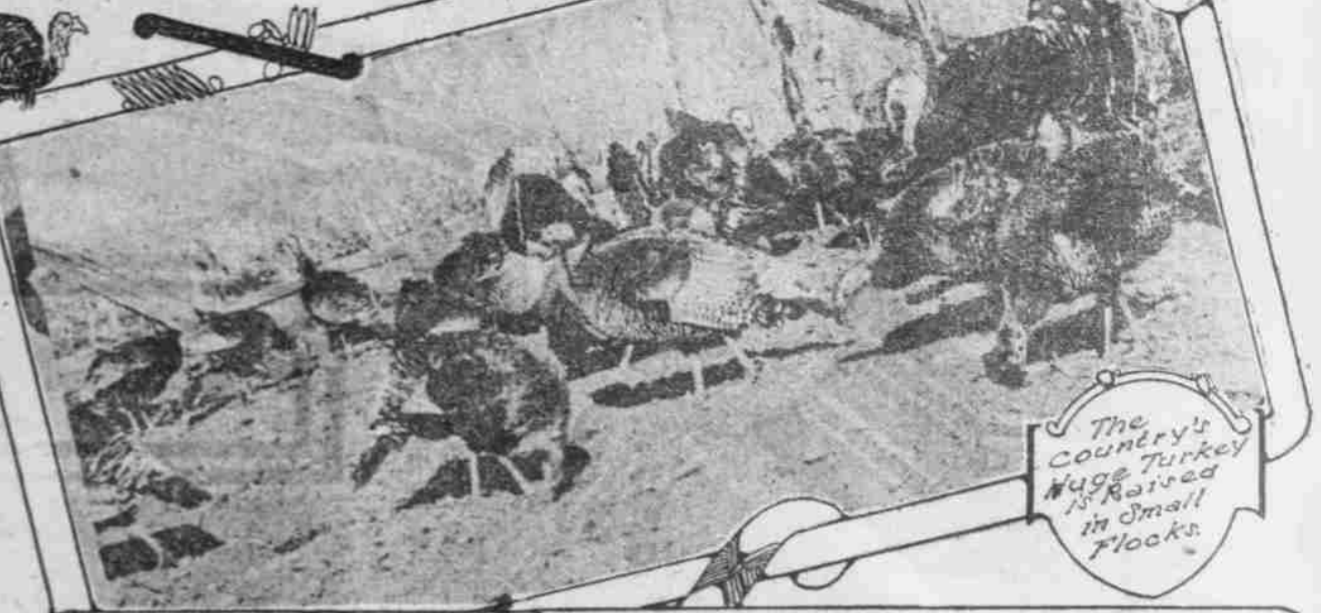
come back to the farm in the fall, bringing with her a flock of fine, nearly-grown young turkeys.

The ideal way to cook a turkey is before a big wood fire. This was the method adopted in the old Colonial days, the fireplace being eight feet wide and four feet deep. An oak log six feet long was placed at the back and another log not much smaller was laid across the iron "dors." The fireplace was then filled with smaller wood. When the wood was about one-third burned, the turkey was spitted and hung before the fire. Beneath it was put a dripping-pan, and a boy turned the spit, while the cook at every other revolution basted the bird with the drippings from the pan.

Our Thanksgivings nowadays know no such turkeys. Nor, alas! in the absence of such fireplaces, are we ever likely to know how a Thanksgiving bird, properly prepared, should taste.



The Country's Best Turkey Was Raised in Small Flocks.



Driving Turkeys into Town for the Thanksgiving Market.



A Promise of Thanksgiving Dinner.



Some of the Farmyard's Best.



By the Light of the Thanksgiving Moon.

found in nests in the woods. But experience has shown that 25 per cent of wild blood is better than more. Half-wild turkeys are very hardy, but the hens are given to roaming, and "steal" their nests so often as to interfere seriously with profits. On the other hand, the runaway hen is likely to

KEEP LIGHT BURNING AND SCARE THIEVES

WHEN you leave your apartment or house unoccupied at night always keep the electric lights burning, because the hardened criminal becomes a biggering, crawling coward when caught under the electric light.

This is the message Inspector Joseph A. Faurot, chief of detectives of New York's police department, sends to the women of the country.

Continuing, the inspector said: "A flat-walker seldom if ever enters an apartment in which he sees an electric light burning, so it will prove a profitable investment for the housewife to follow this suggestion."

"The rapid development of electricity has proved to be the burglar's Nemesis. It holds more terrors for him than the householder's gun. He will take a chance for his liberty by engaging in a struggle in the dark, but he will resort to all the ingenuity of his fertile brain to avoid being discovered in a light-flooded room where his features are exposed to view. Through the aid of our identification bureau here at headquarters, being seen means almost certain conviction."

In discussing darkness and crime and the value of light as a protection in New York against the midnight marauder the noted detective had some interesting things to say.

"The fact that night holdups have decreased in a remarkable degree is due in great part to the city government in installing modern electric lights to illuminate our streets. The vicious holdup man who made travel at night an actual peril for the citizen who happened in unfrequented avenues has been eliminated. We see-

dom have cases of that kind now. "For instance, a few years ago the streets along the waterfronts were dangerous thoroughfares for any one. It's very different now. Two years ago modern electric lights were placed along these avenues. A reduction of crimes in those sections resulted. At present a man is just as safe along the waterfronts of New York as he is on Broadway."

The inspector called attention to the Cherry Hill section of the city. The neighborhood, he said, was notorious all over the country a few years ago for its brutal murders, vicious holdups and hand fights common in such dark recesses and passageways as it possessed. Light, he said, succeeded in driving out the vicious elements. Today Cherry Hill is as safe a residential section as there is in the city.

"Women are more safe today on the streets of New York than ever before," the inspector continued. "Years ago it was the custom of the street rowdy and the gangster to loiter under the corner gas lamp or in front of the corner saloon, with its dim window lights. Electricity has taken the place of obscure lights, and the patrolman's post today sparkles with light from one end to the other. He has a clear view of blocks of city streets. The gangster can hide in darkness, but not in light."

The inspector was asked if the average professional house thief made a study of modern lighting appliances, wiring of dwellings and new alarm devices. Before answering the man who has endeared himself to the New York public by his wonderful record in chief catching and who has made his name a terror to the evildoer came to a full pause. "A more serious look came into his eyes."

"Of course the midnight prowler in the outlying districts studies the object of his visit for days before he decides to call," he reflected. "Through various channels he learns if the house is wired, and of the placement of the

indoor lights and outdoor lamps. If the house is not extensively wired he selects the most inviting spot through which to force his entry. The professional burglar goes about his work as thoroughly as his lawyer goes about his defense. Here is an instance in which the burglars knew of a house not being properly wired throughout. Unfortunately, a double murder resulted:

"Thieves entered the home of a prominent resident of Flatbush, New York. The occupants were aroused by the noise and one member of the family started downstairs to investigate. The burglar, his plans unexpectedly upset, after attempting to hide in the darkness, finally resorted to murder in their efforts to escape. They sought a refuge under a lounge behind the circling staircase, but were later discovered. Before they could get away the householder awakened the family. When the man came down the burglars fired. Another started down and the burglars fired again, making a second victim. Then they fled. We traced and captured the men by finger prints we found on the jamb of the door. They were convicted and sentenced to death."

"After the trial one of the murderers said: "We had no intention of using our guns in that house, but we realized that if the 'guy' coming downstairs reached the push button on the wall and turned on the electric lights the game would be all up with us. We saw another long 'stretch' staring us in the face. We had no time to make our 'getaway,' and we let him have it in order not to be seen and later identified. Those electric lights got us once before and we were taking no more chances."

"If the man had had sawdust in his bedroom and turned on all the lights in the house at once he wouldn't be dead and we wouldn't be headed for that little chair."

"I could cite numerous instances in which electric burglar alarms prevented a big haul," said the chief. "One of the cleverest pickpockets in the business, finding himself without funds and unable to make a living in New York, turned second-story man. This man is now serving a long sentence at Sing Sing Prison."

Here last time he told one of my men he was almost frightened to death in a house in Philadelphia he had entered to loot. He said:

"I didn't know the house was sepiately wired with a system by which a person in the bedroom could tell at once whether you got in by the door or the window. I now believe he could almost 'get' y house. When you touched the side of the house while the lady was out to market, and I had just got ready to work when she returned. I jumped into a clothes closet. I didn't know I stepped on one of those wire detectors. When she got to her room she knew from a bell attachment that someone every two minutes that someone was making some awful yells, then suddenly a lamp flashed over my head. I was certainly scared. I got out somehow or other through a window just as a small army of 'harness bulls' came around the corner. You can lay a bet I tipped off 'the mob' to pass up that house. It was enough to make a fellow sore, because I have never touched a place since where there was more good stuff to get."

"The very young thief now holds the center of the stage in crookdom," continued Inspector Faurot.

"It is perfectly marvelous how these hardened boy criminals—for they are nothing more than boys—devote weeks of intelligent effort in perfecting some new device. There are many who appear in our morning lineup who if they applied as much intelligence and effort to some honest line of endeavor would soon become successful and influential citizens. But of course it's the lure of easy money, and—well, that is another story."