

Some Glances At the Sunny Side of Life

A Critique

COLONEL GEORGE HARVEY said at a banquet in his honor in New York: "We editors like criticism, especially when it is of the very favorable kind that I've received this evening."

"But not all criticism is favorable, even for the most successful editors. A good many editors, in fact, often find themselves in the position of the rich old broker whose little grandniece said:

"Uncle, how long do people live?"

"The natural span of man's life," the uncle answered, "is, as the Good Book tells us, three-score years and ten."

"Oh, then you'll live to be 140, won't you, uncle?"

"The old man looked around the room crowded with relatives and laughed heartily. "Why, no," he said. "Why, no. How do you make that out?"

"Isn't it true then," said the little girl— "Isn't it true what mamma says about your living a double life?"

Difference in Shooting

Henry Miller in the following story proves how wit can effectually save a man from humiliation.

"During the Civil war, at a camp in Ohio, a captain fresh from civil life and grand in a brand new uniform, happened to observe two men shooting at a target.

"Here, boys," said he, "let me show you how to shoot."

"Taking a gun in hand, he fired and missed."

"That," said he to one of the soldiers, "is the way you shoot."

"He fired a second time and hit the bullseye."

"And that," said he, "is the way I shoot."

Watchful Waiting.

"You know the fellow Jim McGrolarty, the lad that's always comin' up and thumpin' ye on the chest and yellin' 'How are ye!'"

"I know him."

"I'll bet he's smashed 20 cigars for me—some of them clear Havanny—but I'll get even with him now."

"How?"

"I'll tell ye. Jim always hits me over the vest pocket where I carry my cigars. He'll hit me just once more. There's no cigars in me vest pocket this mornin', instead of it there's a stick of dynamite, d'ye mind?"

Circumstantial Evidence

"Speaking of circumstantial evidence," said a lawyer at the University club, "George Frisbie Hoar used to tell this story:

"A young woman met her husband as he returned from the office, and showed unmistakable signs of recent weeping."

"What's the matter, Ellen?" asked the husband.

"Oh, John," she said, "I dropped my diamond ring off my finger, and I can't find it anywhere."

"Don't worry, Ellen; it's all safe. I found it this morning in my trousers' pocket."

Preserving the Proportion

"It will take \$3050 to finance our new drug store," said the pharmacist to the financier.

"That's a lot of money," grumbled the financier.

"I know," replied the pharmacist, "but a really good soda fountain costs \$3000, and I don't want to skimp too much on the drugs."

Habit

"Isn't it too bad?" asks the lady with the Russian boots. "Mrs. Gonso has sued her husband for divorce and is going to marry that musician as soon as it is granted. And she and Mr. Gonso were married last Christmas day."

"I expected it," says the lady with the new hair. "Lucy Gonso never got a present that she didn't try to exchange."

A Valuable Employee

"I never hear of Walker, the pedestrian, any more. What's become of him?"

"He's working for a real estate concern, establishing records between the houses they sell and the station. When they tell a man a house is 10 minutes' walk from the station, they are in a position to prove it."

Lucky Family

"What a splendid lot of silver and cut glass you have."

"Yes, it's a great thing to have a golf player and a bridge expert in the same family."

Growing Oregon's Thanksgiving Dinner Japanese Are Proficient In Pulling Teeth

Douglas County Turkeys Ready for Market

By Alfred Powers.

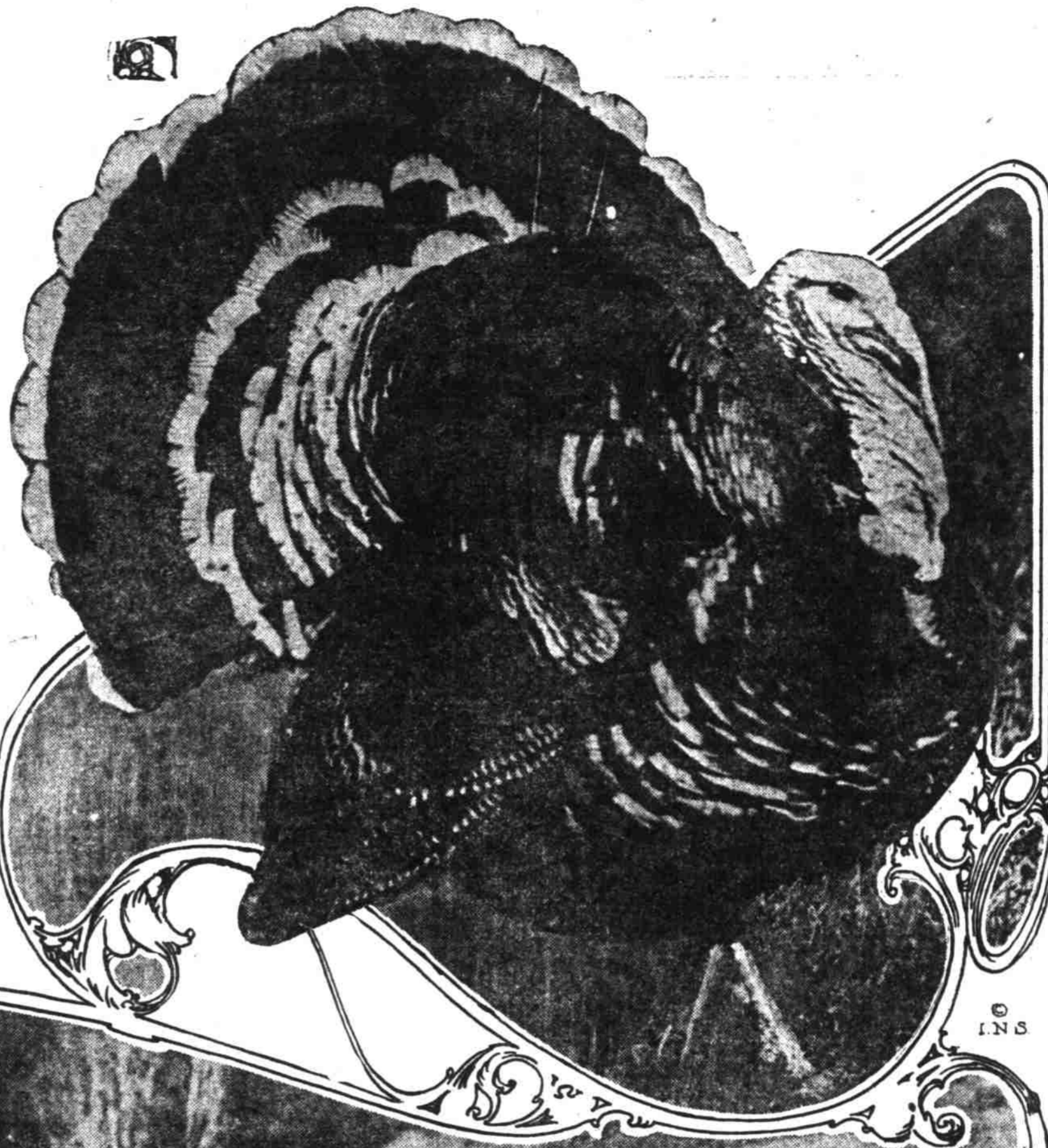
OAKLAND, Or.—Three hundred farmers of Oakland and environs, with turkey farms on 300 sunny hills overlooking the Umpqua and Calapooia rivers, began the preparations of Oregon's 1915 Thanksgiving dinner even before Oregon's 1914 Thanksgiving dinner was eaten. These 300 farmers anticipated Governor Withycombe's proclamation one whole year. From the universal slaughter of last "Turkey Day" they saved back the finest turkeys, as the Noahs, Shems, Hams and Japheths to repeople the grasshopper ranges. Several hundred of these great bronze birds were kept as the scions of the multitudinous race which, upon this Thanksgiving will lie supinely and all stuffing-filled in a myriad of platters.

A Task Ahead for Father.

Yes, on the 25th of this November, father in 12,000 homes will take a hitch at his sleeves and carve the savory piece de resistance that came from Douglas county. Johnny likes the dark meat and Mary the white, but dark or white, it is flavored with the sunshine that lingers like a benediction over the Oakland country, with big fat grasshoppers, with acorns from a million oaks, and finally with golden corn and wheat.

Such, in order, is the Oakland turkey's food, which is transformed by the last Thursday in November to the most delectable flesh to be found in this broad commonwealth, turkey meat composed of the right ingredients, raised to the "nth" power of sweetness, a joy to the palate, a comfort to the stomach and a pleasure to the memory.

For close to 30 years Oakland has been in the wholesale business of furnishing Thanksgiving dinners. Each Thanksgiving from 10,000 to 12,000 birds are shipped out and from 2,000 to 5,000 more each Christmas. In the aggregate almost half a million turkeys, for the purpose of holiday martyrdom, have ripened to luscious fulness in the Oakland country. These during the last three decades have brought in more



Here he is, friends, the gay Thanksgiving bird, and below is shown a group of his fellows fattening themselves for the feast, your feast perhaps.

than \$1,000,000 to the community, or about \$40,000 a year. No other place in the Pacific northwest holds such a record; it ships out more holiday meat than any other town west of the Rockies and north of California; it is the northwest habitat of the turkey.

An important feature of turkey raising in Douglas county is the fact that it is not limited to a few large growers. The large aggregate represents the combined product of hundreds of growers. It is a universal industry. It is almost impossible to find a farmer without at least a few turkeys. Maybe he has only a dozen, or 20, or 50, but he is sure to have a herd. Its general character is a big advantage to the industry. Its proceeds are scattered out over the

whole community. Everybody has money at turkey-selling time.

Oakland Turkey a By-Product.

Turkey raising is likewise an incidental industry. In every instance it is carried on in connection and simultaneously with some other line of farming. It is never carried on exclusively. The Oakland turkey is distinctly a by-product. This is one of the principal secrets of its success. The Oakland growers are pretty well acquainted with the turkey's consumption of food; they know that if he were fed from infancy to maturity he would eat them out of house and home. To be profitable the turkey must rustle most of its own food. The ranges are, therefore, not overstocked; he is not congested in such numbers as to ex-

haust the natural supply of food. Where the range is practically unlimited herds as large as 500 are found. This is the maximum size of herds around Oakland, and depending upon the restriction of range herds decrease in size to as low as a dozen.

Under the present plan, which considers the turkey a by-product, there is considerable profit in raising him. He is fed a little bit in his infancy and then turned out to hustle for himself. This self-supporting period lasts several months. In the fall he is rounded up and fed several weeks on corn or wheat. Corn is considered a superior food, as it produces a golden-colored flesh, while wheat produces more of a white color. During the fattening period each turkey eats about 50 cents worth of

food. Turkeys will average around 13 pounds apiece at about 22 cents a pound in local markets. The gross returns per turkey is therefore in the neighborhood of \$3, about five-sixths of which is seen to be net.

Birds Shift for Themselves

The Oakland raisers do not spend anything for "fancy fixin's," such as poultry houses and incubators. The turkeys mostly roost in trees or on the top boards of fences. Rough coups are scattered out over the pasture for housing little fellows. The eggs are hatched under a turkey hen or under a chicken hen, and later given to a turkey hen, as the latter makes a better mother. The poulters are too fast company for the chicken mother, who can't adjust

From the Los Angeles Times.

JAPANESE native dentistry, which is the science of extraction only, may not be inaptly termed a handicraft rather than a profession. In many parts of Japan the dental chair is unknown. The patient is seated on the ground, the dentist bends over him, and forces his left hand between the patient's jaws in such a way that the mouth cannot possibly be closed. Then he grasps the doomed tooth between the thumb and forefinger of the right hand and with one deft wrench removes it.

It is said that the skill of these native dentists is such that many of them are able to remove six or seven teeth in a minute. However, their skill is hardly to be wondered at when the course of preparatory training that they are obliged to undergo is considered.

A number of holes are bored in a stout plank, which is firmly fitted to the ground, and in the holes are driven wooden pegs. These pegs the would-be dentist has to extract with his fingers without dislodging the board. This process is repeated with pegs in a pine board, and then with pegs in one of oak, and it is only when the candidate has succeeded in extracting the pegs from the oak plank that he may consider himself qualified to practice on his fellow-men.

Farm Mechanics Taught

A school for farm mechanics has recently been started in Argentina at Rafaela, Province of Santa Fe. The school has been recognized by the provincial government, and will issue diplomas. Entrance requirements are as follows: Students must be at least 16 years old, in good health, of good conduct, speak, write, and read Spanish, and understand arithmetic, mental computations, fractions, decimals, and elementary geometry. A two years' course is being offered.

herself to the peripatetic tendencies of her children. In one way a turkey hen is unsatisfactory. She is foolish enough to lead her infant family abroad in the wet grass, and when a little turkey gets his feet wet he's a goner. For this reason much attention must be paid to the poults and the indiscreet wanderings of the mother must be restricted. The mortality among Oakland birds is about 15 per cent.

The field where turkeys thrive is peculiarly local. Turkeys are raised more or less all over Douglas county, but more than half of the county's turkeys are grown in the region tributary to Oakland. Virginia or the Carolinas are not a more favorable home. Three things make Oakland a country of turkey thrift—range, mast, grasshoppers.

The Calapooia valley is a peneplain, and its thousand hills are more suitable for pasture than for agriculture. Thus is range provided. Turkeys are nomads, wanderers, gadabouts. They will chase a grasshopper till they catch him, shoo up another grasshopper and so on ad infinitum till they are a good long way from home, not unusually as far as five miles.

A Henriksen, large grower on the Pacific Highway, seven miles north of Oakland, had 150 that wandered away unfound among the hills back of his house.

These hills are covered with oaks. Hence, the name Oakland. This means acorns, mast, the second essential for turkey thrift.

These oaks are not so thick and shady, like firs, as to kill the growth of herbage underneath. Grass and weeds grow abundantly, furnishing a home for millions of grasshoppers and insects, the third essential for turkey thrift. It is thus inevitable that Oakland should be a great turkey country.

Now Comes Turkey Day.

The turkeys are killed and picked on the Friday before Thanksgiving. This is called "Turkey Day." It is a recurrent St. Bartholomew's day for turkeys. On the larger ranches many pickers are required. Five cents each is given for picking. Tom Gray, a local picker, once picked 120 in a single day. This is the record.

From 10,000 to 12,000 turkeys come into Oakland on turkey day. These fill two big warehouses, which are literally ceilinged with suspended birds, still regal in death, the occasional head of some big gobbler descending far below the rest. These are later packed into crates and the crates put into three big express cars and shipped away to fill 12,000 platters on 12,000 tables in 12,000 homes.

The largest growers of turkeys are Isadore Rice of Rice Hill, who has 350 head; A. Henriksen of Rice Hill, 400 head; J. A. Davidson of Green Valley, 400 head; J. L. Thornton of Green Valley, 200 head; Walter Fisher of Kellogg, 200 head; I. B. Guinn of English Settlement, 200 head; Jeff Medley of English Settlement, 150 head; Jack Chenoweth of Fair Oaks, 150 head; Oscar Gorrel of Lower Calapooia, 125 head. There are hundreds of other farmers with herds ranging in size from 20 to 100 head.

War and Politics—What Else Should Cartoonists Ask For By Way of Suggestions?

"THE MELANCHOLY DAYS ARE COME"



—Philadelphia Ledger.

"DARWIN WAS RIGHT"



—Philadelphia Ledger.

AMONG THOSE BADLY WOUNDED



—Montreal Star.

VINE AND OAK



—St. Louis Star.