A PILGRIMAGE TO THE UNIVERSITY OF TURKEY

By O. C. LIGHTNER

FINEST COLLECTION OF FEMALES FROM BREEDING STOCK EVER SEEN

A young fellow came into my office some time ago looking for a position. He came from Madison, Wis. In the course of the conversation I asked him why he wanted to change his position. He said he did not like to live in Madison. I commented that Madison, being the seat of the state capitol and the university, was reputed to be an attractive city in which to live.

"That's just it," he replied. "It's a high-brow town and I hate intelligent people."

Well, in that case, Chicago was a suitable place to come. And so when I journeyed to Baker Acres, on the sunny shores of Maryland, I took occasion to brush up on rhetoric and elongate my vocabulary. I knew there would be need of words of immense magnitude.

There, a few miles out of Chestertown, is the University of Turkey, where one may hob-nob with the intelligentsia of Turkeydom. And the president, professor, dean and instrutor at the University of Turkey is a woman.

The longer I live, the more I become convinced of the rising tide of women in the commercial world. I believe they are in every respect the average equal of men in brain-power and intelligence. On many an occasion I have extolled the supremacy and leadership that women have achieved in the turkey industry. (Oh, won't the men mob me at the next International!)

I practice what I preach in this instance. We have three women editors in our different fields of the publishing business of which I am very proud. One in particular has become a national authority in the field her journal covers.

Resuming my story, here was Mrs. Helen Baker, a New York woman, born and reared in that great metropolis and living there all her life before deciding to take up turkey farming.

There was the urge to do, to accomplish, to create, on the part of that woman, and she sarted in raising turkeys. Now she is the author of as fine a book as has ever been written on turkeys and thousands of people visit her farm to see and learn how she does it.

Last year 5,000 people drove to her farm from scores of states and hundreds came on the railroad. She says in one way she likes to have them come because they can pick out their own turkey and take it with them, thus avoiding any possibility of dissatisfaction and resultant grief. The Sunday I arrived I was pleased to meet our subscribers, Mr. and Mrs. J. S. Jordan, of Pennsylvania, who had driven down that morning. As soon as they left more came and while we were eating dinner still others drove in. All day more pilgrims coming.

"What will I do?" said Mrs. Baker. "It's getting so I simply cannot see everybody."

I told her everybody who gets their business worked up to a certain point had to have a secretary or assistant. She needs one.

During the week there is the turkey work and then at night the correspondence till late hours, and some of the TURKEY WORLD readers know what splendid letters she writes. The surroundings are extremely pleasant. The house is 160 years old. The front yard slopes down to Chester River where the Bakers can rake up oysters for dinner. Mr. Baker said he has seen thousands of wild ducks on the water in front of his house. There is ten solid acres of pears, all in bloom when I was there, and the turkeys get the run of them for shade. There were half a dozen brooder houses scattered around. All were constructed on the most modern plan and built on skids for moving.

There was also roosts with good protection and runs full of grass, not almost bare as I see so many places.

I noticed the visitors asked Mrs. Baker a great many question and made particular study of her methods and equipment.

It is indeed the University of Turkey.

Each year she has aimed to improve her stock. Her toms are good but not unusual; but her hens, in my opinion, are unbeatable by anybody.

I know she does not fully realize what she has. She has been raising from 500 to 1000 birds, selling the culls on the market and each year mating the best pens for better breeding stock. She has never shown and therefore has no way of comparison, but she certainly has produced a wonderful quality of turkeys. Mr. Baker is urging her to make this her last year of big production and hereafter raise half as many from the best pens only. I feel reasonably certain that she will show at the next International and I don't think any of you have a chance against her hens. In the sun they look like they were actually gold plated. She has the hens that will get rid of the green sheen that has lately caused many an otherwise perfectly marked bird to lose out. I told her if she would come to the International and pick out a couple of the best toms to mate with her fine hens she would have he best breeders of the country badly worried to beat her. You turkey raisers can look forward to hearing a talk at the next International by the President of the University of Turkey, Mrs. Helen Baker.

THINNING IS ADVISED FOR HIGH GRADE FRUIT

With a peach crop estimated by the United States Department of Agriculture to be nineteen million bushels larger than last year and an apple crop expected to be fifteen per cent heavier than a year ago, thinning fruit to produce higher quality is recommended to Maryland orchardists.

In orchards where proper cultivation, fertilization and pruning have been practised, there is no better way to improve the quality of the fruit than by judicious thinning.

The benefits of proper thinning are usually to be found in fruit more nearly free from blemishes, more uniform in grade and of superior color. In some cases the removal of from twenty to fifty per cent of the fruit may reduce somewhat the total yield per tree, but the quantity of good marketable fruit will likely be as large and may be larger.

Thinning as a rule should be done immediately following the June drop but may be continued with good results to within a few weeks of picking, except in the case of early ripening varieties.

For apples, thinning should be directed particularly to the removal of all diseased and insect damaged fruit together with the small, green, knotty apples on the lower inside limbs which seldom develop into marketable fruit. Clusters should be reduced to a single apple and the remaining apples on the limb should be thinned as the age of the tree, the set of fruit and the vigor of the tree dictate. Ordinarily a distance of six or seven inches between apples has been found most satisfactory.

For early varieties of peaches, thinning to a distance of from four to six inches apart is recommended, except in the case of young Elbertas which may require little thinning if they are vigorous.

The cost of thinning is largely or entirely offset by the reduced costs of picking and grading properly thinned fruit. Eight to ten year old apple trees producing a barrel of apples per tree can be thinned by one man in about twenty minutes. Low-headed, middle aged trees bearing about five barrels per tree can ordinarily be thinned in about an hour and a half. Four and five year old peach trees, yielding about three bushels to the tree, will require about thirty minutes for thinning.

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Crimson Rambler's Great Love

By DOROTHY DOUGLAS

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BATTERED didn't begin to express the havoc wrought in Barber's big frame, when they carried him off the football field and swiftly to the nearest hospital.

After they had finished with him—the nurses and surgeons—Barber looked out from his multitudinous bandages with mournful eyes and sensed the truth.

"No more football—for me?" he essayed to smile. "You've been overgenerous with your bandages, haven't you?" he queried.

"Not more than you needed, my lad," said one kindly surgeon. "Aside from a seriously smashed knee, you have a twisted wrist, a dislocated collar bone and a slightly cracked nose bridge."

"But apart from that I'm quite all right." Barber's twisted smile hurt the tender hearts of those nurses who had helped the surgeons patch up the battered player. "Suppose I'll have to take to addressing envelopes for a career."

"Or writing poetry," suggested the surgeon. "It's certain you'll never play football again and—the country's going to miss you, my boy."

The nurses turned away. Barber's fine mouth, despite the effort he made, was quivering. A beloved idol he was and now he lay physically shattered and rudely sundered from all that made life interesting.

There was one, however, who looked upon Barber's plight with eyes that had a glint of triumph in them. She, the girl whom Barber wanted to marry, had persistently refused to marry a professional football player. Perhaps, now that football as a profession had been snatched from him he would listen to reason and take up some business which would mean a regular salary and some kind of definite future assured.

Marcella never quite knew whether it was a touch of snobbishness on her part or whether she dreaded being merely the wife of the famous Barber.

"At any rate," she had often said to Barber, "I would much prefer to love a man who made his living by means of his brain power instead of his bodily accomplishments."

"You don't love me, Marcella, or you wouldn't mind my profession being what it is—it is perfectly honorable."

So in the hospital Barber lay there thinking over all that Marcella had said and realized that she certainly had a right to her views. Certainly athletes could not be called interesting as a whole.

And as week upon week went by and Barber still lay in the hospital the time began to hang heavily upon him. Tired of reading, bored with cross-word puzzles, quite fed up with his own inner resources, Barber fell a prey to depression.

It was his little red-haired nurse whom he nicknamed Crimson Rambler because of her hair and her natural tendency to ramble happily all over the place in search of amusement for her patients, who brought him some modeling wax.

"It's what children love to play with on a rainy day. Now you just start right in and try to model me or that bed post—whichever interests you most."

Barber laughed and pressed the soft clay with fingers now sensitive to suffering and strangely unlike his own strong hands. As a matter of fact, Barber had always had a secret longing to model things but had crushed down the feeling lest he be considered a first-class nut.

And so, in another week's time, there was a most amusing array of tiny figures standing upright on his bedside stand. Nurses short and nurses tall—nurses smiling and nurses glum—and a generous sprinkling of white-robed surgeons and a kiddie or two all joined in that curious group of small images.

But above all Barber's eyes had taken on a new interest in things about him. The depression was gradually giving way to something akin to hidden fires bursting outwardly into flame.

And that career of art, started in so curious a way, was to carry Barber to the very heights, for the little figures standing so bravely there in the hospital, held that in their workmanship which only the master hand can give.

Marcella felt her heart beat triumphantly, for surely now she would say yes to the question which Barber had so many times asked.

It was through Crimson Rambler that the dragging forth of a sculptor-to-be took place, for in her ramblings about she came across one who was well in a position to express a verdict on those little nurses, surgeons and children.

And when they were carried carefully away to the great one's studio for inspection, a tear squeezed through the dark-brown lashes of Crimson Rambler.

Barber saw it and his heart gave a great bound.

"Darling!" he cried swiftly and seized the white hand hanging limply beside his bed. "Would you have loved me if I had still been a football player?"

"I would love you if you were the ash man," Crimson Rambler admitted.

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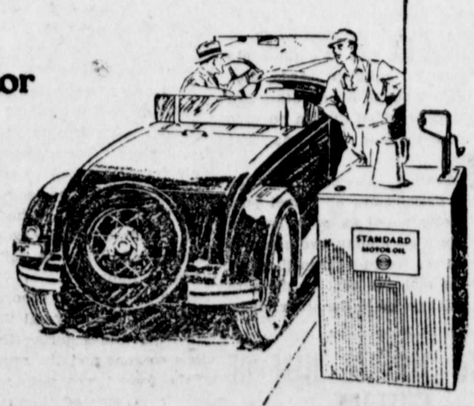

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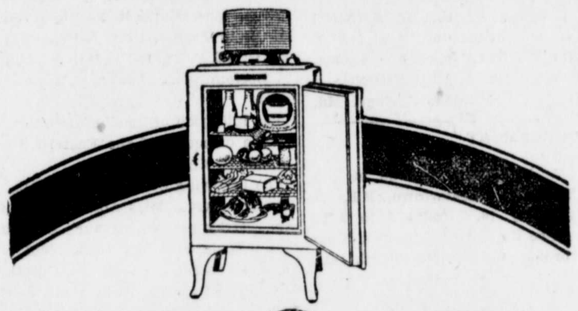

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