

EFFICIENT FARMING

HOW TO GIVE FIRST AID TO YOUR FARM ANIMALS.

You can't always get a veterinarian quickly when one of your farm animals is wounded, and as bleeding must always be stopped promptly, it is important for you stockmen to know how to give first-aid treatment.

The importance of this has often been brought home to me. Once I answered a "hurry-up" call from a truck farmer, and found the family gathered around an old blood-spattered white mare. The aged grandpa was sitting almost under the mare, holding his thumb firmly upon the large vein (*saphena major*) which runs on the inner surface of the hind leg and crosses it transversely at the hock joint. The vein had bled profusely until the old man got his thumb in place, where he held it until I arrived four hours later. He was a disgruntled old body when he saw me stop the bleeding by binding a padded cork tightly over the vein below the wound. It was then easy to apply a suitable dressing.

On another occasion I was called to treat a horse in a big transfer company's stable. There had been a runaway and a wagon pole had torn a great hole in the horse's breast, which had bled freely until the "barn boss" packed a half handful of cobwebs into the wound. This treatment quickly stopped the bleeding, but the filthy cobwebs had carried germs into the wound, and fatal blood poisoning resulted.

To stop bleeding it is essential to know the nature of the blood vessel which has been cut. From an artery, which carries blood from the heart to an extremity, the blood spurts in jets and is light red in color. To check an artery—and that must be accomplished quickly, else death will result—a rope, rubber tube, or bandage should at once be tightly tied around the leg above the wound. To increase pressure, a flat cork wrapped with cotton batting, or a piece of dry sponge or a mass of oakum, may be bound upon

the course of the artery. Then a stick should be run under the bandage and used to twist it until firm pressure is obtained. The stick and bandage used in this way are called a *tourniquet*.

When a veterinarian arrives, he will expose the wound, disinfect it thoroughly, removing all foreign bodies, catch the upper end of the severed artery with special forceps, tie it with a silken cord, and apply an antiseptic surgical dressing. If the wound is deep and bleeding profuse, he will also give an internal remedy, such as ergot, to lessen blood flow; and if bleeding has been extreme he may give the weakened animal a stimulant, or even a hypodermic injection, to revive heart action.

Veins carry impure blood from the extremities toward the heart. When cut, dark red-blue blood flows in a steady, rather sluggish stream, and danger of immediate death only results when the bleeding is long continued. To stop such bleeding a tourniquet should immediately be applied to the leg below the wound. With that exception, and the tying of the lower end of the severed vessel, the treatment is the same as for bleeding from an artery.

Tight bandages applied to stop bleeding should be removed as soon as possible, else they may induce gangrene or death of the part from which blood circulation has been cut off. Many a lamb has been killed by binding its tail tightly close to the body before docking, and forgetting to remove the ligature. In one instance, too, a lady put a strong rubber band around her dog's paw to keep a wound dressing in place, and forgot all about it after the dog had promptly chewed off the bandage and licked the insignificant wound to his satisfaction. But the rubber band remaining in place gradually ate its way through skin and flesh until it came in contact with the bone. The consequence was that the poor dog's paw had to be amputated, so hopelessly had it become infected.

DAIRY

An important matter to look out for in the raising of dairy calves is to feed them so that they will develop a capacity to handle a large quantity of roughage when they come to maturity, as roughage furnishes the most economic part of the ration in the production of milk.

My experience in raising dairy calves has been that it is not advisable at any time to feed more than 10 pounds of milk per day, and this should be divided in two feeds. Milk fed in too large a quantity to dairy calves cause puddy calves which do not develop into large animals of strong constitution. At weaning time the milk should be gradually reduced while the calves are encouraged to eat liberally of roughages such as clover hay, alfalfa and silage.

I do not believe in feeding dairy calves heavily on fat making grains. My object in growing calves to replenish my dairy herd, is to produce cows of large bone and muscular development coupled with the capacity to handle large quantity of nutritious roughage. While I continue feeding grain after weaning I do not make this the major part of the ration.

Growing calves on grass should be encouraged to eat what roughage they will clean up daily as it not only helps to balance up the succulent food, but also stimulates the habit of eating dry roughage. Calves that are fed roughage on pasture do not notice the change of feed when brought up in the fall.

Old Orchard Lands.

Orchard lands that we used to know— Sing them sweetly and soft and low 'Til the soul of the song shall find Chords that chime with the summer wind—

Wind assailing the orchards brown, Pelting leaves and the apples down Into the grasses, tremulous, Hiding the ripened spoils from us, Creaking and groaning of the cider press—

Flash of gingham and linsey dress— Shouts of children and rushing feet— Laughter sweet as the song is sweet! Russet apples in golden piles, Stores of joy for the After-whiles— There's a theme that has ever been Far too sweet for the rhymester's pen! Apple dream of the long ago! "Pippins," "Spys" and the burnished "Snow"

Blushing red as a flawless gem, Like the lips that are touched to them! Glances shy and the clasp of hands Betray the trysts of the Orchard Lands;

Oh, the vag'ries of chance that bring Love of Youth in the harvesting, Orchard lands that we used to know— Sing them sweetly and soft and low— Echo-like—that the song may be Touched with a tender memory Of girls and boys of the other days— Youth's that passed in the harvest ways,

Laughing, happy and holding hands, And keeping trysts in the Orchard Lands!

For Home and Country

Is Your Neighborhood Doing It?—By Gibson Scott

"We believe in the Short Courses for home-makers in Nova Scotia. Some very gratifying results arise out of them. One was the case of a young girl who did not know what she was going to do as a career, and her people were at a loss how to advise her. She attended one of our Departmental courses in needlecraft and millinery and found herself and her gift for service. Now she is making a gratifying success of both."

It was the vigorous, whole-hearted Superintendent of the Nova Scotian Institutes Branch of the Department of Agriculture who was speaking, on a visit to the sister Province of Ontario.

"We like to hear what you are doing in Ontario. The Institutes are so many and so progressive, and you are so long going, we learn from you," she went on generously.

Ontario warmly reciprocates this friendly admiration and this summer is many Branches the "Home-makers' Creed" of the Nova Scotian Institutes is being quoted as embodying the ideals of the Institutes here. Thus in their turn the Eastern women carry inspiration to the central province.

THE HOME-MAKERS' CREED. To maintain the highest ideals of home life; to count children the most precious of possessions; to so mother them that their bodies may be sound,

their minds clear, their spirits generous; to place service above comfort; to let loyalty to high purposes silence discordant notes; to be discouraged never; to lose self in generous enthusiasm; to extend to the less fortunate a helping hand; to believe that one's own community may become the best of communities and to unite with others for the common ends of a more abundant home and community life."

They co-operate with the school board and the agricultural representative.

Westmeath, one of the most enthusiastic Branches, have a full report of good work at home and abroad. They contributed largely to the Pembroke Hospital, sent valuable bales to the victims of the Northern Ontario fires, and at home helped to finance and otherwise aid the school fair. The school was much benefited by their co-operation with the school board, and assistance in many ways. An Institute member was a member of the school board, and their helpful suggestions were much appreciated by the trustees. Plays, community singing and games and other undertakings were successfully carried out. This Branch is also helping substantially toward a new hall. During the winter a largely attended Domestic Science class was conducted in conjunction with a class in Agriculture.

Auto Campin'.

Honk yer horn an' giv yer gun. Everybody's ready. Bundles packed and family, too. Ma to little Eddies.

Yell good-bye and out we go through the gate a-screakin' Up the road, a-wavin' at Folks at windows peakin'.

Old October's just the month, With its air so bracing, For an auto campin' trip So we go a-racing.

Where the friendly road ahead, Lined with plumes so golden Lures us on adventuring Like in time o' olden.

Down the shaded river road, Crossing rattling bridges, Swoopin' up a gentle slope, Toppling over ridges.

Where we see ahead of us Views we'll long remember, World all decked out blue and gold Smilin' at October.

—L. W. Snell.

Hoops

As a hog trough in about the most used thing in a hog house, it ought to be made so that it can be filled easily.

Set 2x4 studding for your partition between the hog pen and the feeding alley, right in your hog trough, edge-ways close to the feeding alley side of the trough. Eight inches above the trough on the pen side of the 2x4's, commence nailing on the partition boards as high as desired, then on the alleyway side of the partition studding, nail a wedge-shaped two-inch piece, two or three inches thick at the uppermost end, running to a point at the lower end. Let the lower end of this wedge run to the upper edge of the trough. To these pieces nail one 12-inch board. This forms a continuous funnel the entire length of trough and the hogs cannot bother you while you are feeding them, or get in the trough.

Anybody can become wealthy on a farm who can master the simple problem of raising big crops in short-crop years.

A Little Child's "Lies"

They Are Too Often the Fault of the Grown-ups.

BY DELLA T. LUTES.

When my two boys were quite small and I had to face the problem of unruthless, I made for each of them a Shining Shield. This shield was cut from stiff cardboard and covered with silver paper. In the middle was pasted a good-sized calendar with blank squares for each day of the month. In a little box were tiny gold stars and small squares of gray and black paper. On days when their conduct record was good, we pasted a gold star; on a day when a lie had been told, a dreadful black square had to be pasted over the one of clean white. On days when minor troubles made the gold star impossible we pasted the square of gray.

This Shining Shield was a very practical and satisfactory method of training and discipline. A daily record kept before the eyes was something not to be evaded. Then, too, it was shown each evening to Father and the little boy who had an ugly black blotch on his calendar was not especially happy.

Of course I can see how a child might lie to escape registering a lie but children's lies are generally transparent and the chances are rather for two black days instead of one. I used the Shining Shield as a symbol and told them that even if we did not get the record exact here, it was indelibly recorded on the Shield of the heart where God and himself could see.

UNIVERSAL TRAIT.

Mothers and fathers are greatly distressed over what looks to them like a fundamental quality of character. As a matter of fact, they themselves probably lied when they were children, but they have mostly forgotten those days or, if they remember, they wish the matter of their own transgressions hushed up.

Lying in children is an almost universal trait. This does not mean that children's lies should be condoned or that, because all children lie, we should pass by the fault and wait for them to outgrow it, or handle it so it will be overlooked and accepted as many of the lies of grown people. It means we should try to understand why children lie and save them. Perhaps if children were saved from lying, there would be less liars amongst men.

There is no mystery about children's lying. They lie because they do not understand the standards of truth-telling as established amongst grown-ups. Things look entirely different to the small person just getting acquainted with the intricacies of a complex world from what they do to those who have lived in it long enough to know how to meet its problems. So, the child, confused in his outlook, tells things of which grown-ups do not approve, and then they say he "lies." But a little child's "lies," in origin and intent, cannot be held wholly comparable to the "lies" of the adult.

Children are truthful by nature. They do not know any other thing than to be truthful. They say what they think or tell what appears to them to be so and then because their statement does not conform with what people think or agree with the way the fact appears to them, the child is accused of telling the same kind of lies as an adult. This is manifestly unjust.

FORCE OF EXAMPLE.

Sometimes they lie to give pleasure. They learn that to tell the truth gives unhappiness. If Johnny tears his stocking and mother pulls a long face and tells him how her eyes hurt and her back aches, Johnny will tell her that the dog tore the stocking. He would much rather the dog gave his mother hurting eyes and an aching back than to bear the censure for having done it himself. Of course he will not explain why he laid the trouble to the dog! If he is asked whether he had his lessons, knowing that if he is truthful and says he did not, his parents will look grieved and tell him a pathetic tale of their disappointment and harrowed feelings, naturally he is going to try to cheer them up by telling them what a model pupil he is.

Children lie because they hear their parents lie. Parents do a great deal of lying and seem quite unconscious that the children are bound to imitate them. I knew a mother once who invariably lied to her child when she was going away. She would tell him she was just going upstairs or down cellar and then she would put on her hat and coat in another room and sneak away. When she came home, she would deliberately walk into the room where he was with her wraps on and the child would know she had lied.

EARNED CONFIDENCE. When my own children were small I pursued an entirely different method which worked out satisfactorily. I put on my wraps before them, allowed them to fetch things for me and encouraged them to make comments on my wearing apparel. Then I told them where I was going and how long I should be away. I allowed nothing short of accident to keep me longer than I had promised. They believed me, and watched for my homecoming. I always prepared some special treat for them while I was gone or gave them some plaything they had not seen for some time. I tried to make my absence a tolerable thing and the hour an enjoyable one. I had their confidence and faith and their joy in my homecoming was unalloyed.

Men prevaricate to their families. They say they have to go to town "to see a man" on business and will be back in half an hour. The small boy out cruising around on his own, an hour and a half later, sees Dad sitting in Bill Jones's store swapping yarns with half a dozen other men who also are "seeing a man," and he knows Dad has lied. The boy must admire Dad, however, because he is a Big Man and so if Dad lies and gets away with it, who is to blame if Johnny lies too? Dad has lied because he's afraid if he tells the truth about going out to swap yarns with Bill Jones there will be a fuss. Dad would rather take chances on getting found out after he has had the fun than to take chances of losing the fun altogether and what better can Johnny do than follow his example? And if Mother can tell the children that she is just going upstairs when she is going over to a neighbor's, who is to blame if Johnny says he is going to school when he intends to go fishing?

IMAGINATION OF CHILDHOOD. Children often lie through fear. They do something which—apparently—they ought not to do and then get punished for it. They hate being punished or scolded, so next time they lie about it. Punishment delivered unjustly or in an exaggerated form is almost certain to bring lying in its train. Self-protection is an inherent trait. If one has to protect oneself, naturally one is going to do it.

Children apparently lie when they are not lying at all. The child's world is peopled with strange fancies. His imagination is vivid and he tells "bear stories," for the love of giving voice to his queer thoughts. The imagination should be trained, for it is a valuable and beautiful gift. It should not be dulled.

Parents are to blame if their children lie through confusion of mind, which is a very frequent reason for lying. If directions and commands are given clearly and simply, and if patience is shown in helping them to understand the commands, the child will make every effort to comply. Children are either vicious or unwilling to do what is required of them. On the contrary they are pathetically eager to obey and to escape censure.

Have patience! The child's young brain is slow of understanding. His faculties are not trained to work quickly. Give him time to make himself understood. He has been in the world such a little while! Do not ridicule, mock or make too much of his faults and misdemeanors. Do not take him too seriously. If you do, he will think his transgressions are worth cultivating. Do not let him get an exaggerated opinion of his own failures. Win his trust and confidence. Make him feel that he can safely tell the truth and he will.

The Farm Memory Book

BY MARGARET CONN RHOADS.

At a farm home which I visited recently, I was looking through some "memory" books that had been made by the family. We are all familiar with the high school and college memory books, but the farm memory book was entirely new to me.

"We have kept these books for a number of years," my host told me, "and we shall continue to do so, for they are such good record keepers and are the source of much pleasure to us and our friends."

The books were just like the college books, containing sheets for photographs and loose leaf pages for the record of any events worthy of recording. The first book I was shown contained the pictures of the small house that had been on the farm when these people took possession. Other pictures showed the improvements of that year, together with family groups and with farm animal groups. Each succeeding book told the story of the family's growth, the increase in stock on the farm, the increase in stock or the addition of new acres.

"Nearly every family includes one member who has a taste for photography," my host said, "and we encouraged our member to go ahead and use her talent. People have asked us if these books were not expensive. The books cost several dollars apiece, and every one who has operated a camera knows that this work takes time and money, but we have managed so nicely that we have prepared a complete history of our farm at almost no expense."

"As you know, farm pictures sell, and many of the better pictures in our books have appeared in magazines. In fact, our first expense was covered by a prize received for a picture of cattle grazing near our creek. Now we make farm pictures a study and our books go on at no cost to us, because a picture that is good enough to record our farm history is nearly always a fit-in in some magazine or newspaper."

"Some farmers take great pride in beautifying a farm; you can see what we have done along this line. The tiny vines and shrubs that appear in some of the former pictures are scarcely

recognized as the same vines a few years later; the trees that were planted and the orchards that were set out show what a few years' growth can do for the good of the owner.

"It is an interesting thing to look back over the pictures of stock. One can note from the pictures of our farm animals the year I was converted to a different breed of hogs and the result of the change. One can see by the recorded pictures what the woodlot has meant to the farm. Apparently there are to-day as many trees as there were when we took over the farm, but when you consider that each year a huge wood-pile has been cut from this same lot, you are convinced that you can burn wood and still have some. The picture of our first farm machinery is an interesting one when you turn the pages of the last book and see the equipment we now use."

"Of course, the growth of the family will stand out first in everybody's mind. Families often have such a record, but records of farm scenes are rarer."

"On the record pages we keep an interesting account of farm happenings. We can, by going back over the pages of the books, find out the price of cattle in such a month and in such a year; we can tell the years oats did well and when corn went big; we are reminded by the recorded statements of the changes in the pastorate of our country church; of the change in the teaching force of our school; of the time when we paid the last of the mortgage and the date when we bought our first 'flivver.' It all makes interesting history and the children will cherish the records when some of us are gone. To-day, absent members of the family are sent duplicate pictures and when they come home the farm memory books receive much extra handling."

"Advise your farm friends to start memory books; let them learn to take worthwhile pictures; pictures that can be sold to offset the expense of their books and that will tell to future generations the aims and ambitions and the accomplishments of their forefathers."



Queer Hide and Seek.

"I don't want to play with Elizabeth even if she is my cousin," said Tommy Weber with a frown.

Tommy had never seen Elizabeth, who had come to visit at his uncle's house, but he had seen other little girls from the city. They wore white ruffled dresses that tore easily, and they were afraid to climb trees or to ride bareback on old Jerry. Elizabeth would be like them.

"I know!" Tommy said to himself. "When it's time for her to come I'll hide. Then she'll get lonesome and leave."

Without stopping to think how rude that would be, he began to look for a hiding place. At last he found one. Then he watched the road anxiously. When eleven o'clock came and still no Elizabeth, he decided that he would not wait any longer to hide; it would be just like a girl to pop up suddenly when no one knew she was near.

In a corner of the barnyard stood a wheelbarrow covered with a piece of burlap. Under the burlap were two bags of oats. Tommy crawled under the cover and settled down in a comfortable ball. The oats were not hard to lie on, and the burlap blew up and down in the strong breeze and let in the fresh air.

He lay there a long while. The barnyard noises grew faint after a while. "That old rooster's tired hearing—himself—crow," Tommy said drowsily. How comfortable it was under the burlap, to be sure.

Then Tommy fell asleep and dreamed that his mother had made him go to meet Elizabeth and bring her to the house on his back. Elizabeth seemed very heavy. Tommy was just saying in the dream, "I'm going to dump you, miss," when all at once he waked up. The wheelbarrow was now moving; bumpety-bump it went. Tommy tried to rise, but he could not move; something was holding him down. He tried to call out, but his voice seemed to be smothered.

"I can't stand this," he said to himself. And just then something happened. There was a funny squeak, and all at once the wheelbarrow seemed to lose its balance; it tilted first to right and then to the left. After that it stood up on its nose, if a wheelbarrow can be said to have a nose; then it turned to the right again, and out upon the ground went Tommy and the bags, all in a heap. He struggled out from under the burlap and sat up blinking. Some one was laughing. Rubbing his eyes, Tommy turned and saw beside him a little girl who was blinking as hard as he. She had short dark hair, and she wore a brown bloomer suit and shoes like a boy's. "Hello," she said. "I'm Elizabeth. Who are you?"

"Tommy," was the answer. "I guess I've been asleep."

"I rather guess you have," said another voice, and there stood Uncle James, laughing.

"I wondered why that wheelbarrow was so heavy," Uncle James said.

"What do you mean?" Tommy asked.

"When we found you gone," Elizabeth said, "Uncle James gave me a ride on the wheelbarrow; then something squirmed under me, and I—"

"Was that you squeaking?" asked Tommy.

"Who wouldn't have squeaked? It made Uncle James upset the wheelbarrow. What were you doing under that burlap, Tommy?"

"I was hiding," Tommy told her, "because I didn't want to play with you, but—I do. You can climb trees and all that, can't you?"

"Try me and see," said Elizabeth. —Irene S. Woodcock, in Youth's Companion.

Compulsory Grading.

The new federal Seed Act which takes the place of the Seed Control Act, 1911, administered by the Department of Agriculture at Ottawa, came into force on October 1. The original act provided for the compulsory grading for only timothy, red clover, alsike, and alfalfa seeds. The recognized grades of these seeds are Extra No. 1, No. 1, No. 2, No. 3, and Rejected. The new act extends compulsory grading to all kinds of grass and clover seed, flax, sorghum, millet, wheat, oats, barley, rye, corn, buckwheat, sunflower, field peas, field beans, and vetches. Farmers, however, are exempt from grading cereal grains, buckwheat, field peas, beans, and corn when sold on their own premises for seeding by the purchaser himself. Grass seed and clover seed, however, when sold from the farm, must have been officially tested and graded on the basis of a control sample.

The official testing and grading is done by the Department of Agriculture through the Seed Branch, which has laboratories at Calgary, Winnipeg, Ottawa, Quebec and Toronto. At these points a seed grower or seedsmen may have ten samples tested free of charge if received during January and after the first of May. During the intervening months of February, March and April the laboratory staff are fully occupied with testing for the control of the seed trade. The Publications Branch of the Department of Agriculture, Ottawa, can supply copies of the Seeds Act, 1923.

The Breaking Dawn.

Lives there a man with soul so dead That never to himself hath said, When late at night he goes to bed, "Out early in the morning!" But when the morrow's dawn doth break,

He growls and mutters, half awake, "Aw-w-w-w! Ow-w-w-w! For gracious goodness' sake Let's put it off this morning!"

Some men get to work so early and remain at work so late that they never have much bad luck.

It is a mistake to think that all men are alike. Some of them are worse than that.

Nothing else aces a woman so fast as a husband whose mother milked ten cows.