WHEN WOMEN SAVED THE HERD

Common Sense and a Trocar in the Hands of an Experienced Woman Put Alfalfa Bloat to Rout.

By Alta Booth Dunn.

Mrs. Craig was planning meals for the thrashers and only subconsciously heard the telephone. "One—two—three—" she counted. The ring ended in a blurred jangling.

While she was putting the lid on the tea-kettle the bell rang a third time, an imperative summons.

"One—two—three—four longs and a short—" the S-O-S call on the Sage Creek rural line.

When she lifted the receiver from the hook she recognized the voice of Madge Wilder, the little bride living on the dairy farm a mile and a half away.

"—send men. Must—have help—right away—" Madge's voice trailed into a sob.

"What's the matter?"

"Oh—oh—!" she gasped. "Herm Katz—the new hired man—let the cattle into alfalfa—all bloated—!"

"Where's your husband?"

"In town delivering milk. 'Phone's out of order—can't reach him."

Over the wire came a babel of women's voices. Mrs. Craig gathered in a flash that the men from all the nearby ranches had gone to Gebhard's to help with the thrashing and though the women were eager to be of assistance, they were at a loss to know what to do. Mrs. Craig had learned through bitter experience how to handle an animal suffering from bloat but she had never heard of such wholesale calamity as this. Obviously some one had to take command of the situation at once for the lives of more than twenty registered dairy cows were at stake.

The hand that held the receiver trembled slightly but she betrayed no excitement when she spoke to her frenzied young neighbor:

"I'm alone, Madge, but Cyclone is saddled and I'll be with you in a jiffy. Send Peggy across the road for those two carpenters working on the Baines' place. You and Ned cut out the cows that show only slight signs of bloat. Turn these out where there is plenty of room and have Ned get on the horse and keep them at a dogtrot till the bloat commences to go down. Don't let any of them a drink. Turn the others into the barn, each in her own stall. Make gags out of gunny sacks, rope or a piece of broom handle. The carpenters can do this. Twist the sack into a thick rope and force into the mouth clear back to the hinge of the jaws. Fasten behind the horns. The gags must be thick enough to hold the mouth open. Got a trocar?"

"Yes, but I don't kno whow to use it."

"Mrs. Craig," interrupted Belle Prater, the young daughter of her nearest neighbor, "I've just come from town and have the car at the door with the engine running. Mother and I'll be right over with all the help we can get. Helen Carson has her machine out too, for she came home right behind me, so I'll tell her to fill her car and come."

"Good! Be as quick as you can, Belle." Hastening to the kitchen closet, Janet Craig opened the little cabinet hanging on the inside of the door and took from one of the drawers a trocar and extra cannula. The trocar, a sharp pointed instrument incased in a sheath or cannula, the sharp point protruding below the cannula, is used for sticking animals in extreme cases of bloat. She thrust these into a flour sack, knotted it and snatching a pair of spurs from a hook in the closet buckled them on.

Cyclone, the saddle horse, according to Western custom, was saddled. The bridle hung from the saddle horn. He was tied to a feed rack where he stood contentedly munching hay. Mrs. Craig tightened the cinch.

She led her horse out through the gateway and not delaying to put up the gate, swung into he saddle. The wind whistled in her ears when at a dig of her spurs, Cyclone leaped forward. Just before she reached her destination, Mrs. Craig saw the carload of women hastily disembarking from Belle Prater's car. Directly behind her came Helen Carson with her car crowded to the running boards.

Mrs. Craig pulled her horse up sharply at the gate, dismounted, knotted the tie rope about a convenient fence post and ran toward the little group of neighbor women moving swiftly to the dairy barn.

In a field of grain stubble which she passed on her way to the barn, Ned, Mrs. Wilder's twelve-year-old brother, was driving half a dozen cattle. His horse was hard at the heels of any showing an inclination to stop, and, he was lashing reluctant ones with his quirt and yelling lustily the while.

"That's right, Neddie." Mrs. Craig encouraged as the red-faced youngster paused for breath. "That treatment ought to bring them through. They're not bad."

As the women who had come in Helen Carson's car approached, Mrs. Craig asked, "Can you go to town for Mr. Wilder, Helen? He ought to be here and you can be of most service by fetching him. If you can find a veterinarian bring him too or the county agent."

"Of course!" returned Helen as she ran back to her car.

When Mrs. Craig rounded the corner of the big barn, pandemonium confronted her. The beasts lowed and moaned in agony. Shrill voices called incoherent directions to which on one gave heed. Madge, tear-stained and dishevelled, ran from stall to stall in the futile endeavor to respond to all the calls upon her. The two carpenters worked clumsily but resolutely, wedging gags of gunny sacks into the mouths of struggling cattle.

Madge, catching sight of her neighbor, ran forward. "Thank goodness, you've come!" she exclaimed. Belle went right to work on those that seemed the worst."

"Good!" said Mrs. Craig tersely. She handed the trocar to Madge and stepped briskly to a stall marked Cumberland Duchess. The splendid animal was in a pitiable condition, moaning and gasping for breath.

"Quick Madge, the trocar!" Mrs. Craig's voice still held calm and strong.

Placing her left thumb on the cow's left hip bone, she spanned obliquely downward. David Craig and experience had taught her that this was the quickest way to locate the spot to stick; a point midway between the hip bone, the last rib and the backbone. Selecting a spot a trifle below the end of her little finger, to allow for the shorter span of a woman's hand, she thrust the point of the trocar forward and downward into the paunch. Immediately she withdrew the trocar, leaving the cannula in the opening.

"Hit it just right," she announced with relief, as a faint sis-s-s-s indicated the escape of gas. This was followed by a little of the fermented alfalfa bubbling up through the cannula.

The beast steadied and stepped forward a pace though it appeared no less distressed.

"Some one must keep the cannula open," explained Mrs. Craig, wiping the perspiration from her face. "It's likely to become clogged as long as gas continues to form. That'll be your job, Mrs. Carson," she directed, turning to Helen's mother who stood waiting to do whatever she could. "Take a piece of baling wire, a pocket-knife, a coarse alfalfa stem or the first thing you find that will answer."

"But how do you know when to stick?" questioned Madge as the amateur veterinarian hastily wiped the trocar and slipped another cannula into place.

"Experience mostly," curtly responded Mrs. Craig, hurrying to the next stall. "You are getting yours now, my dear. Observe the paunch, distended above the level of the backbone and tight as a drum, the wide-spread legs, gasping breath, rolling eyes and general appearance of distress. When you find an animal in such a condition, don't waste any time but—stick!" she said suiting the action to the word. Again she was successful.

A third time the plucky woman performed the operation which appeared simple to one watching her skillful fingers yet which frequently is bungled.

The storm of excitement which had been raging when she arrived was quelled. Each person had found something to do and had settled down to that task. The carpenters, less awkward now, worked rapidly, making and adjusting gags while the women took turns in kneading vigorously the distended paunches of the distressed cattle.

Swiftly and adeptly Janet Craig used the trocar on four other fine animals. Mrs. Carson, with the aid of a recruit or two kept the cannulas open. Fortunately most of the women ,albeit unable to use them, had brought trocars, which provided cannulas for each cow that was stuck.

"I'm going to stick the next one," said Madge, setting her lips firmly.

It was evident that Madge had been watching to some purpose, for Mrs. Craig moved the point of the trocar only a trifle as she said, "There!"

The little bride turned a shade whiter when she heard the instrument puncture the skin and saw the blood spurt.

"Neat job for the first time," encouraged the older woman.

"Guess we're through with this business," said Belle emerging from the next stall. "I had to stick five but think they'll all pull through. I've just made the rounds and the rest seem to be better.

"You didn't take any of the gags out?"

"No, Dad always believes in playing safe so we leave 'em in as long as gas continues to form."

"How do the gags help to reduce the bloat?" queried Madge.

"The gag is disagreeable and in trying to get rid of it the animal works the jaws and throat, opening the esophagus. This permits the escape of gas and fermented food which cause distention of the stomach. The kneading breaks up the mass of food and helps work out both gas and food."

The honk of Helen's horn announced her return. Morton Wilder, followed by the county venterinary, rushed into the barn.

Wilder went at once to look at his cattle. After satisfying himself that all was going well, he turned to thank the women who had responded to his wife's call for help.

He cleared his throat.

"I don't know how to thank you ladies for—for what you've done for me—but for you my business would have been ruined." He passed his hand across his eyes as if to shut out the sight that mentally confronted him. To conceal his emotion, he stepped into a near by stall and began to work zealously about the cow which stood there chewing disgustedly on a gag.

"How is it that you and Belle know so much about bloat, Mrs. Craig?" asked Madge after her husband had left them.

The elder woman waited for the girl to reply.

"That's the penalty of having no brothers," said Belle. "I've followed Daddy around with the stock ever since I was three or four and as soon as I was big enough to help he gave me something to do—carrying branding irons to begin with. I never cared for housework so the other girls helped Mother while I was out with Dad and the stock. I suppose I'm sort of a born stock wrangler as they say some girls are born cooks."

"And you, Mrs. Craig?"

"I've lived on a ranch for fifteen years. I have had plenty of time to gain experience for we have raised both cattle and alfalfa during the entire time," replied Mrs. Craig. "In the summer the cows are turned out in the hills each morning to graze and as they tire of the dry feed on the range they wander back toward home. If there are weak places in the fences they make short work of going through them. It takes a very tight fence to keep a cow out of a field of tempting green alfalfa. Nearly every summer we have a case or two of bloat, sometimes a number of them.

"During the first year or so if the cattle bloated when I was at home alone, I couldn't do anything but get on the horse and run them. Then, because I couldn't bear to let the poor things suffer and because we could ill afford the loss, I began to help my husband take care of them. I reasoned that if a man could overcome his aversion to the many disagreeable jobs that abound on a ranch, I could do such work as this in spite of my distaste for it."

"H'm," said Madge. "A dead cow worth two hundred dollars and another equally valuable one as good as dead, in the opinion of those that know, is a pretty high price to pay for my limited store of said knowledge. But perhaps I've learned enough to-day to save a good many dollars in the future. I thank you for the example you have set me. I'm going to the house to make some coffee!"

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TRIFLES

For a moment Ada Lamberton's flying fingers paused ,and she turned a laughing face over her shoulder.

"Grim, how do you spell 'receipt,' ie or ei?" she asked.

There was no answering laughter in Hetty Grimshaw's eyes; instead there was an expression of worry and anxiety.

"Please look it up yourself, Ada, You'll never remember if I tell you. You've asked me half a dozen times already."

"But why look it up when you are here to ask? It would take me several minutes, and then I shouldn't remember any better than before. I'm afraid you don't know the very first principles of efficiency, Grim, dear."

"I know that one of them is thoroughness," Hetty replied quickly. "Suppose I weren't here some day?"

"Then I suppose I'd have to go to the dictionary," Ada laughed. "But I can't see what the difference is except time, and that's in favor of my method. Ie, did you say?"

"Ei," Hetty replied. "Oh, can't you remember, please?"

"Don't take it to heart so," said Ada lightly. "I don't see but what I get along as well as the average even if, I'm not a dictionary."

"But sometime something will happen," said Hetty.

"You watch me!" Ada returned, with gay confidence.

Two weeks later the "something" happened. Mr. Tomphins called Ada into the office and told her that the firm had decided to dispense with her service. Ada stared at him incredulously. Up to that time, as it happened, she had always been the one to make the change, not her employers. She did not say exactly that, but she implied it.

Mr. Tompkins eyed her keenly.

"I'm not surprised. You make a good appearance—bright and pleasant and businesslike. The trouble is, you don't measure up to your show window. For example, eleven times in the past week I've happened to hear you ask Miss Grimshaw something that you ought to have known yourself—how to spell some word, or what province some city was in, or the meaning of some term that you should have learned by your third day here. Each time that you did that you delayed Miss Grimshaw's work, and her work is valuable.

"Then you don't take care of your typewriter. We had to call a man up for your machine in ten days, although it was in perfect order when you came. He said that the trouble was carelessness. More expense for us. Three times you've blundered in filing, and once it took Mr. Case an hour to hunt up the contract you had misplaced. Mr. Case's time is valuable. Those things probably seem trifles to you, but it is ust such trifles that count for profit or loss in the end. That is all, Miss Lamberton—except that I wish you better success because of better work in your next place."

And the interview was over.

Corncob Ashes.

Wherever corncobs are used for fuel, the ashes should be carefully preserved and used as fertilizer as they contain about thirty per cent. potash, or about five times as much as wood ashes. It would pay large feeders to gather up the cobs and burn them for this purpose. Many times millers are glad to get rid of cobs and they may be had for the asking. Farmers should never let a chance like this pass by.

When School Begins Again.

My father says that school was fun
When he was young as I;
I think he squeezed the fun all out,
For now 'tis very dr

HOW TO KEEP WELL

Matters That Are Health Insurance for the Family.

By Alice Preston Mills

The health of the family is endangered if the sewage, the garbage, and the rubbish of the farm are allowed to accumulate. Such waste products endanger health because they become the breeding grounds of disease germs of many kinds.

The excrement of the human body, which composes the greater part of the sewage of the farm home, is the most dangerous of the waste products. This danger will be lessened if a chamber of brick or concrete is built beneath the seat of the outdoor closet instead of the usual pit, and if pails of galvanized iron are placed under the openings in the seat. Access to the rear of the chamber from the outside may be made by means of a close-fitting door.

If the seats in the closet are kept covered the flies will be kept away. The contents of the pails in the closet should be buried far enough away from the house and the family water supply to prevent contamination by drainage. Burying the excrement under a foot of earth is sufficient.

The slop jars used in the home should be washed with hot water and soap every day. The water pitcher should be scalded once a week with a solution of common soda.

Disposing of the garbage of the farm is not as much of a task as the removing of the farm-home sewage. All bits of raw or cooked food can be fed to the hogs and the chickens. Bones and gristle can be ground and fed to the chickens. Melon rinds will be relished by the chickens or the pigs. Corncobs and fruit seeds can be buried or burned.

Many farm homes are provided with a covered galvanized iron pail or other receptacle into which garbage is placed. If the garbage pails are not covered, large numbers of flies will be attracted by the refuse food.

Garbage that is not fed to live stock or burned should not be buried more than a foot deep, because the germs that reduce it live near the surface of the soil. A shallow trench will therefore serve the purpose.

If the garbage pail is washed often with a strong solution of soda and hot water it will not become sour. The flies will be discouraged further if the porch or shed floor where the pail stands is scrubbed with a preparation of chloride of lime water.

The rubbish, which usually consists of broken bottles, tin cans, and old clothing and rubbers, is not dangerous in itself, but it collects dust and disease germs. Cans and bottles fill with stagnant water which becomes the breeding place of myriads of mosquitoes. Tin cans and bottles should be placed in a pit. A covering of soil prevents the accumulation of water and scum.

Old Clothing and rubbers should be sorted carefully. All garments or articles which are not fit for sale to the traveling junkman should be burned. If a wire container is used for holding rubbish while it burns, danger of fire will be lessened.

A canvas bag supported from a wire hanger near the kitchen door makes a good place to store papers until enough have accumulated to justify a bonfire.

Houseflies are dangerous because they carry millions of germs on their feet. Flies should be kept out of the home. A few are apt to get past the doors, especially if there are several children in the family. The children will be more interested in seeing that the doors are closed if the reasons for keeping the flies out of the house are explained.

Pursue the flies which have entered the home. Use swatters, sticky paper, and fluids. The fluids are somewhat dangerous, as children may drink them, or the flies in their struggles may fall into food, water, or milk; but the fly poisons are effectual and, if used carefully, may be recommended. Screen fly traps are successful for catching flies.

Mosquitoes may be kept under control by covering all stagnant water with a thin film of kerosene, thus destroying their chances to emerge from the water for air If this rule were observed generally, the danger from malarial fevers and other diseases which are spread by mosquitoes would be lessened greatly.

Whether or not there is a bath, there should be a sink in every farm kitchen, and it should be preferably of enameled iron. A plain iron sink will rust if free from grease. A sink requires careful attention.

A lye solution should not be poured in the drain pipe. Lye will harden the grease deposit into a soap-like substance on the sides of the pipe. There is no better disinfectant than common soda, and a hot solution makes the best wash.

A closed cupboard beneath the sink is certain to be damp and evil-smelling. It makes a good place for cockroaches. If annoyed with cockroaches, mice, and other house pests, do not accept them as necessities. Their mere presence betrays insanitary conditions. First discover and rectify these, then fight the vermin, to extermintation.

Of course, doors, windows, and porches used for sleeping purposes should be well screened. See that your screens fit tightly, and carefully, mend all breaks in them before they are put up in the spring. Not only teach the children not to hold doors open, but put a spring on the screens so that they will close of themselves. If you cannot afford wire screens for all of the windows, cotton mosquito neeting will be better than no protection at all. Enough for all the windows in the average house may be bought for a dollar.

The mother in the farm family should be the health officer for the farm, because on her falls most of the burden of nursing and caring for the sick members. Then, too, she spends more time in the house and around the yard than any other member of the family, and it is her duty to see that personal hygiene is observed in her home, and that the sanitary conditions of the house, yard, and outbuildings are all they should be.

Pretty shrubs, vines on the porch and around the windows, a border of bright flowers, or a well-kept lawn will often stimulate interest in orderliness. Grounds cannot be beautiful without being sanitary.

The Government has done a great deal toward helping farmers to improve the appearance and healthfulness of the farms, and bulletins on healthful water and sewage systems and on fighting the mosquito and the fly are supplied by the Department of Agriculture to those who ask for them.

The country must keep up with the city in the battle against harmful germs, and this can only be done by constant vigilance and systematic planning.

With careful regard for the sanitary conditions of the home, with proper food, and with attention to personal cleanliness, much of the fear of disease vanishes.

Hints on Electric Wiring.

When wiring your home for electric lights, whether new house or one not so new, bear the following points in mind; they are offered as a result of a good many years' experience around a variety of real homes:

Have the lights of your main rooms controlled by switches placed conveniently at the doorways. Take the dining-room, for instance. If it is usually approached from the kitchen, put the switch at the door to the kitchen. The library lights should be controlled by a switch from the hall door.

A very ingenious arrangement of switches is possible for hall-lighting. Just inside the front door is placed a double switch. Pressing one button will light the first-floor hall light. Pressing the button beside it will light the second-floor hall light. You can go up-stairs leaving the light below burning and turn it off from a switch on second floor, while the second-floor hall light can be turned off from either first or second floor switch as well. Reversing the operation, it is possible to turn on both second and first floor lights from upstairs and turn off both from the switch at the front door.

This arrangement costs a little more than plain one-switch wiring, but it is surely worth the difference in the added convencience.

If your home was not originally wired for lights, do not think it an impossible job to get a decent-looking installation. The day of the exposed wiring run in molding on the walls and ceiling is past. Practically as good a job of concealed wiring can now be done in an old house as if the wiring were run when the house was constructed, and without cutting the plaster too. It means to take up and replace a strip of flooring here and there, and a little trouble fishing the wires through, but it can be done, and done reasonably. Any good electric contractor can take your old house, put the fixtures exactly where you wish them, conceal the wiring, and when he is through you will hardly know he has been in the house.

And don't forget the closets! Every closet of any size—and the small ones too, if they are situated in dark corners—should have a light. How many fires have been started by lighting matches in dark closets! While almost invariably overlooked, the problem of closet lighting is one of the most important points to consider in wiring.

The Debt.

Here are my lands!
They are my country's, too.
For her fields were won by valiant men,
And all they yield is hers to take again.

Here are my hands!
They are my country'r too.
Ungrudged, unweighed, their works and gains belong
To her who lent them skill, who made them strong.

Here is my life!
It is my country's, too—
A life to live for her who made me free,
A life to give for her, if need shall be.

Planting Large Trees.

Careful consideration should be given to the planting of large trees and shrubs as planting of this kind should be permanent. Flower beds may be changed more or less every year, but large shrubs and trees require years to develop fine specimens.