

# Health Talks

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## The Flock at Lambing Time.

Plan farm work so the shepherd can keep a close watch over the flock day and night. Keep ewes about to lamb away from other stock, and in separate pens. Portable lambing pens 4 x 4 or 4 x 6 feet are good for the ewe until the lambs are three or four days old. Close openings through which lambs might creep and wander away.

After the lamb is born note whether the ewe casts the afterbirth. If she does not she should be washed out daily with liquid stock dip diluted one part to 100 parts of water. Milk the ewe if the lamb does not take all the milk. Give her all the water she wants, but not in too large quantities, and not ice cold water. Give grain sparingly for a few days after lambing. Let the ewe have clover or alfalfa hay and a little oats. When the lamb is a week old the ewe must have more feed, and must have plenty from that time until there is an abundance of grass.

When the ewe's udder swells, keep it milked out and paint it twice a day with tincture of iodine until the swelling begins to go down. Thereafter, paint it once a day. Lambs should not be allowed to have milk from a swollen udder, since the milk is poisonous. Use milk from another ewe or from a cow.

Sore teats should be washed with a solution of sheep dip, one part to twenty-five parts of water.

A lamb too weak to stand should get a fill of its mother's milk as soon as possible. If it refuses to nurse, feed it from a bottle.

One of the best ways to warm a chilled lamb is to put all but its head in as warm water as the elbow can bear. When the lamb becomes lively, rub it briskly with a coarse cloth until dry. Then feed it, wrap it all but its nose in a thick cloth or blanket and put it away in a warm place to sleep. Keep it away from its mother no longer than absolutely necessary.

When a ewe will not claim her lamb rub on her nose and on the rump of the discarded lamb some of the ewe's milk.

To avoid navel ill in lambs dip the navel cord in a cup of tincture of iodine as soon as the lamb is born. For sore eyes put a drop of a six-per-cent solution of argyrol in the eyes once a day. Do this with a medicine dropper.

Prothrusting at the mouth is a sign of acute indigestion in lambs. A tablespoonful of castor-oil is a good remedy.

White scours in lambs is caused by digestive disorders. Lambs with this trouble should be taken away from

their mothers and allowed only a little milk. A tablespoonful of milk of magnesia will help cure the trouble. Milk the udder out before letting a lamb nurse.

Orphan lambs can be raised on cow's milk. Until they are three weeks old give each lamb one-half pint at a feed, and feed four times a day.

From the time they are three weeks old until two months old, give one pint at each feed and feed three times a day. At six weeks old the lambs will begin to eat grain. After they are two months old feed a quart of milk night and morning and about a half pound of grain for each lamb at noon.

## How to Feed for Winter Eggs.

Too many poultry raisers are feeding too much grain and not enough green feed. In the first place, grain is too expensive and in the second place too much food element is burned up in reducing it to a state of digestibility.

I have obtained the best results so far by the following feeding system: The first feed in the morning consists of whole oats thrown in the litter. I use about one pound to every twenty-five hens. At nine o'clock I give the fowls plenty of sprouted oats, which I produce in one of these modern sprouting machines. It takes but three or four days to have sprouts about an inch long. The greatest food value in sprouted oats is when the sprouts are short. This supplies the absolutely necessary green element in the ration.

At noon I feed a wet mash, composed of equal parts of cornmeal, ground oats and wheat bran to which is added one teaspoonful of salt to every six hens. Then I pour boiling water over the mash, stirring it thoroughly, using about two pounds of water to one pound of mash. This mash is then left standing an hour before being fed. A good deal of the moisture has evaporated and the boiling water puts the mash in a fine digestible condition.

In the middle of the afternoon I again feed an ounce of sprouted oats to each fowl. For the last feed in the afternoon I provide for each twenty-five hens two pounds of equal parts cracked corn and buckwheat in the litter.

Charcoal, grit and oystershell are before the fowls at all times. Water of a drinkable temperature is provided at all times with the help of a fireless non-freezing drinking fountain. Plenty of water and plenty of green feed must be supplied to the hens if plenty of eggs are desired.

## Poultry

There is no room on their side of the earth for a poor hen. There is lots of room in the earth, but none on top of it.

Success with poultry is not so much in getting a great quantity of eggs as it is in selling those eggs profitably. Seek the best market possible; having found that market, stick to it.

Hens enjoy pumpkins. Cut the pumpkins in halves or quarters. Give to the flock and see how much is left by night. Pumpkins are an excellent food for hens. It is said that the seeds have a particularly good effect upon laying hens.

To keep off "cooties," I used to paint my chicken roosts and egg boxes with kerosene, but this year I wrapped paper around the roosts, tied it fast with string, and cut a piece of the paper to fit the bottom of the nests. I was not troubled with lice the entire summer.

Tightly-built houses are too warm, and are likely to become damp. If moisture collects on the walls, or if the house smells damp, there is not enough ventilation. In that case a window or a door should be left open. There is little danger of freezing the hens by giving them a little air; if the air is dry and their blood is in good condition, they are able to keep warm.

After harvesting our grain we rake together that which has dropped and would otherwise be wasted, and place it on a platform that we built in the barn. The bottom of the platform is not tight. Hens that scratch on the platform work a lot of the grain down underneath. Other hens pick it up. I prefer this plan to dumping this grain on a pile for the hens to work on; this plan helps to make eggs.

The egg crop fell off just about one-third when we began to shut out our hens in September to keep them out of the growing crops. Being new at the business, we wondered what had happened. Now we know it was the lack of green feed, bugs and exercise which came with the confinement. When we keep our hens in off the free range now, we give more green stuff, more meat feed and a larger yard in which to exercise. It makes a great difference in egg production.

In running my incubator, when the heat gets too high just at the last, I dip a cloth in cold water, wring it dry and wrap it around the pipe at the front, tucking it up well so that it does not touch the eggs. This cools

the egg chamber, and as the water evaporates it puts moisture into the machine, softening the shells and bringing off a better hatch. If the heat is not sufficiently reduced repeat the process as the cloth dries. This has helped me to make a number of good hatches when the heat seemed about to get beyond control, and the eggs were too near hatching to bear cooling outside the machine.

## Were the Schools to Blame?

Many theories have been advanced concerning the cause of the numerous physical defects discovered during the examination of recruits for the army and navy and it is quite possible that our modern school system may be at fault.

As most of the handicaps have been present since childhood I firmly believe that a system which forces the attendance of children at an early age, and also the conditions under which the children are placed while attending school, has much to do with physical deficiencies in later life.

It has been proved that the average, normal gain in weight of children is less during school months than during vacation. Too many hours of close application are required for the different ages, especially the younger children, and there is too little pure air for those who are not robust, and for those who are indoors much of the time between school hours. Too much fatigue, mental especially, means "poison," and poison hinders the mental and physical development.

I can do no better than to quote from Oscar W. Hallin, a teacher of ripe experience: "Poets used to delight in extolling the care-free happiness of childhood. But times are changing. The prosaic business age in which we live has as little respect for the joys of childhood as it has for the beauty and sublimity of the forests. Before children have fairly ventured beyond the nursery threshold they are ushered into the mad rush and worry of a 'strenuous life.' As a result we find them facing the responsibilities of adults before they can share the privileges of grown-up people. They are stunted and overworked physically and mentally, and thereby hastened to a premature old age and death."—Dr. L. W. St. John.

There are over 400,000 hymns extant, covering more than two hundred languages and dialects.

## Efficiency on the Farm.

Efficiency on the farm saves: 1. Human labor. 2. Time. 3. Money—by having:

Gas-engine for pumping water for the housewife, and for stock; for grinding feed; for milking; for separating the cream.  
Houses for all farm machinery and wagons.  
Sanitary hog pens, houses and cow barns.

All buildings painted when in need. A silo.  
Improved implements.

A balanced ration for the animal. A place to save all manure.

A system of rotation and stock farming, to preserve the fertility of the soil.

Alfalfa and sweet clover on the farm.

A definite plan to work by.

After heavy snow-storms it is a good plan to shake the snow from evergreen branches. Too much snow is likely to cause them to break down.

Well-rotted manure scattered over the lawn will hold the snow and give better grass.

Have an extra alarm clock to take with you when you go out to the workshop to do any job. Shape your plans by that clock.

Are rabbits or mice enjoying the tender wood of your apple trees? Better examine the trees and take steps to destroy the rodents.

No more profitable work for a stormy day than to go over the farm accounts thoroughly and see how you stand with the world. It will help you to shape your plans for the new season.

This is the time to study spraying. Spraying is serious business and the spraying campaign should be well worked out in advance. Know what insects or diseases you are going to combat, get the best materials to meet them and learn when and how best to apply the materials.

More farmers than a few are going back to the woods for their fuel these days. They are setting out the coal-woods and putting in wood-burners. By doing that they save some money and get more comfort out of the wood; for there is no warmth like that which comes from good body wood.

## Boys and Girls Come First.

All over the land small feet are trudging daily to their tasks at school. In the country the distance is often long, and the prospect at the end of the journey not always inviting.

It is a peculiar thing that we build fine houses for our cows, pigs and poultry, and yet are often content with miserable shacks in which our youngsters are to get the rudiments of learning. Time will come when this will all be changed. We will recognize that the boys and girls are the most important product of the country. The country not only furnishes its own future population, but the major portion of our city population as well.

We are beginning to recognize the fact that an uneducated country population can not compete on equal terms with an educated city population. Consolidated rural schools.

## The Profitable Tractor is the Busy One

A horse that does no work when horse labor is needed on the farm is far from profitable; the profitable horse is the one that works the greatest possible number of days in a year.

Likewise, the profitable tractor is the busy one. If a tractor can be used for only one job, and only during a short period, its value is less to the user than if it were used for various jobs throughout the year. Tractors, to be profitable, must be kept busy whenever possible.

Of the work which a tractor can do to good advantage perhaps plowing stands first. From a survey made on twenty-seven farms on which tractors were used, the following crops predominated: Oats, corn, wheat, clover, potatoes and hay.

Of the kind of work done by tractors on those farms the following operations were done on the greatest number of farms—plowing, disking, harrowing, hauling, rolling, sawing wood, filling silo and grinding feed. Besides these the tractor was recommended for baling hay, loading hay, spreading manure, harvesting grain, pulling stumps, threshing and hulling corn. Not all of these kinds of work could be found on one farm, of course, but a number of them might be included in the list.

Large Tractors for Large Farms. Where the size of farm will permit, the large tractor will use the operator's time to best advantage. On the other hand, the smaller tractor is less injurious to the soil and is adapted to more varied conditions. Where severe conditions are to be met in plowing, it is not safe to figure on less than ten-horse-power per plow. The belt horse-power of a three-plow tractor should be between twenty and thirty. A tractor of this size and weight can also be used to good advantage for other kinds of work, such as disking, harrowing and threshing.

Tractors Should Not Race. Select a tractor which will travel from two to three miles an hour. A road speed of four miles an hour might be selected, but the occasions on which that speed could be used would be rare; certainly never with heavy loads, for the racking strain would be too much on wagons,

## THE CHEERFUL CHERUB

The world may seem rather unfair and in vain But I feel it's more dignified not to complain.



carrying the pupils through the first two years of the high school, should take the place of the little one-room affair. This permits some division of the pupils into grades, and above all it makes possible the employment of well-trained teachers. The little, red schoolhouse will soon be a thing of the past in most localities; its place is being taken by modern structures, equipped for efficient work. (By the way, did any one ever see a schoolhouse painted red?) Competent teachers, well-arranged and properly equipped buildings, and attractive school grounds go a long way toward removing the irksomeness of the early years at school. They create a sense of community pride, and enable country boys and girls to hold up their heads and look city students squarely in the face, as they have a right to do.

## Farmer's Account Book.

Farming is a business. If it doesn't pay the farmer wants to know why it doesn't pay. Some record of receipts and expenses, together with an inventory taken at the beginning and the end of the farmer's year, must be kept if he is to find out why it doesn't pay. Keep a record of your farm business. Find out how much you are making and why you are not making more. The Commission of Conservation, Ottawa, will send you, free on request, a well-bound account book in which to keep your Farm Record. You will find it very simple, and a great aid to success in farming. Send for the Farmer's Account Book to-day.

## An Easy Riddle.

Soft and fluffy, down they come, White and very feathersome. Bobby says they're butterflies Fluttering in companies. Edith says they're angels' birds. Harry says they're fairy bees. Walter thinks they're winter bees. Swarming over all the trees. Soft and silent, chilly, white—Have you guessed the answer right?

Exports must pay our war debt and so the encouragement of live-stock farming to add to our export trade is a national benefit.

## The Welfare of the Home

"Thirteen pounds and seven and three-quarter ounces. She's gained ten ounces and a half this week," the gray-haired nurse lifted the tiny baby from the scales and, with a look of satisfaction, handed it to its flushed and radiant mother. "Doesn't look much like the wraith you brought in here two months ago, does she?"

It was at a regular session of the baby clinic.

"It's just a miracle," the mother said gratefully, "I never can be glad enough I brought her to the clinic."

"Miracle, nothing," laughed the nurse, "it's just knowing how to feed her right and having the will to do it after you are told. Better take her over in that corner out of the draft to dress her."

Other mothers crowded around with babies of assorted sizes, undressed and wrapped in the little blankets provided by the clinic, awaiting their turn to have baby weighed before the doctor came in. There were all sorts of conditions represented. Babies in perfect health whose mothers believed in preventive measures and wanted to be sure they were feeding right as they went along. Babies like the first who had been under direction long enough to begin to pick up, but still show the effects of a wrong start. Babies just brought for the first time, whose pinched, weakened faces and plaintive little wails told all too plainly to the experienced eye the effect of wrong feeding. There must have been fifty mothers with infants in the room, and wandering through the crowd were two-year-old brothers and sisters who had to be brought along.

It was an interesting crowd viewed from any angle, full of pep and noise and human nature, from the two mothers who wiggled their disgust at the crowding and elbowing of a third, to the small son of the aggressive mother who showed his devotion to her side by pulling the curls of the other women's small daughters.

But the greatest interest lay in the purpose underlying the clinic—the attitude of the city in saying it is fully as important to give money to start children right as it is to keep up courts and jails to correct them after they go wrong. The baby clinic is maintained by the city, plus a few private contributions, and any mother of whatever station in life is privileged to go there to get advice on the care of her children under five. A staff of doctors donate their services and instruct in the proper method of feeding. If the baby needs further attention, operations or medical care, the mother is told so. If she can afford to pay for the care she is required to do it, if not, the city takes care of the case. Only instructions in dieting are given free to all who come.

Working with the clinic is a corps of nurses who go out to homes when it is impossible to bring the child to the doctor. One baby who was brought to the attention of the nurses too late to save its life had twenty-two calls from nurses in six weeks, and a part of the time two nurses were together working to save the little life. Not many cases are lost; however, unless there are other complications besides wrong feeding. Even the most hopeless looking tots are brought along if it is simply a question of what to feed. One thir-

teen-months-old baby was brought in who weighed only ten pounds and six ounces. She had never had a tooth, could not sit alone, and was altogether as helpless a bit of future womanhood as you could ever find. A diet of modified milk, thoroughly cooked cereals, and orange and prune juice was prescribed. In six weeks Miss Baby had perked up amazingly, had a suspicion of color in her cheeks, positively smiled when you looked at her, and even acted as though she might cut a tooth some day.

Then there was the five-months-old baby whose mother had to live with grandma. Grandma had strong notions on "giving them a taste of real food." "Real food," however, was not baby food for this young man, and he somehow didn't thrive on grandma's formula. Mother took him to the clinic and learned that milk is the only real baby food for a five-month-old boy. She took her lesson to heart and insisted on trying the doctor's way, so long as grandma's way hadn't proven altogether a success. Six weeks of clinic feeding converted even grandma, and now baby is as rosy and fat as the best.

Many pitiful cases among the older children are treated, and warped lives straightened. There was the four-year-old boy with club feet. His parents couldn't pay for an operation, but the attending physician told them the city could. The child was operated on, one leg is now perfectly straight, the other is still in a cast, but the child has no trouble in walking.

When you hear all the things accomplished by the clinic you wonder just why they call it the "Baby Clinic." For while it is primarily intended as a place where mothers can get advice on the care of babies, it seems as though the nurses thought they had to take the whole family under their wings. There was the mother who brought her eighteen-months-old boy down. The nurse took one short look at the child and two long ones at the mother. Then she asked a few kindly questions. She found out that the mother was again in a delicate condition, that she was tired all the time, could not do even the lightest housework, and lived in conditions not of the best. She advised the mother to go to the anti-tuberculosis society for an examination. The attendants found that the woman was developing tuberculosis. They prescribed a rest period morning and afternoon, some time daily in the open air, got her to sleep alone in a large room with three windows open, and prescribed a diet. The mother made her visit to the clinic in August. In October she was in good condition and able to do her own housework.

Every week, in fact, every day brings to light even as important cases of human beings helped to health and enjoyment of life by instruction in right living. Can there be any better way to spend a part of the tax money? It doesn't cost nearly as much to maintain clinics to keep people in health as it does to keep up hospitals and homes, with their staff of nurses and help, to take care of the invalided. The new way, prevention rather than cure, is surely the best.

Why should not clinics such as this be established in every rural district through Canada?

## HOW BOSS GOT HOME

Tom never knew how he became separated from Boss at the corn roast but when the time came to start home the little dog had disappeared. The wagon waited while Tom called and whistled. But he could hear no answering bark, though he called a long time and listened with all his might.

"We shall have to go without him," said one of the older boys.

Boss was a young dog, not much accustomed to find his way by using his nose, and Tom felt very much worried. All the way home the boy kept wondering what the little dog would do when he came back from his run in the woods and found every one gone. He doubted whether he should ever see Boss again.

"If I only hadn't let him come!" he thought.

The other boys laughed at Tom's anxious face. "Ten to one Boss will be home when you get there," they said.

But there was no sign of Boss at home. That night heavy clouds gathered and the wind howled dimly. Tom stood for a long time with his face pressed against the window. "Boss will miss his comfortable kennel," he said.

Just then the telephone rang. "Come here, Tom!" his father called when he had answered it. "Here's news of Boss, I think."

Tom rushed into the hall and grasped the receiver. A man was speaking. "I've been calling up first one person in your village and then another to find out who owns a little brown beagle dog with a white face."

"I do!" cried Tom. "Yes, sir, I do!" "Well," the man went on, "he strayed into my place a little while ago, and he looks pretty homesick. I'm leaving this cottage early to-mor-

row morning; what shall I do with him?"

Here was a puzzle. Tom and his father talked the matter over hurriedly. They had no way of going for the dog themselves, and so what were they to do? At length Tom had an idea. He whistled back to the telephone. "Is your cottage near Picnic Point?" he asked.

"Right on the Point," was the answer.

"It's that cottage that we passed just before the wagon stopped," Tom said to his father. Then he said to the man, "After I speak to my dog, will you take him straight to the picnic ground at the end of the Point?"

Maybe he can trace us from there," the man agreed. Presently he said, "You can talk now. I'm holding him up to the telephone."

"Hey, Boss!" Tom cried.

There was a little squeal of delight at the other end of the line, and then a loud, "Bow-wow!"

"Come home, sir!" said Tom. "Here, Boss, here!"

"He's wild with joy," said the man. "I'll take him down to the picnic place now and see if he can't pick up the trail."

Later on in the evening, Tom heard a sharp scuffling sound on the porch. It was followed by quick scratches at the door.

He flung the door open, and Boss dashed into the room, leaping, wagging, joyful brown ball. He was so happy that he could hardly keep still long enough to eat.

Tom could not stop laughing at his antics. "But be careful how you run away again," he warned him. "Another time you might not be in a place where I could telephone to you."

It is better to live on Johnny-cake in peace, than on mince pie in a broil.

## Concerning Apologies

"And it wasn't Lou Enderby who was responsible, after all! Here I've been sputtering and seething, and vowing I'd resign if she stayed on the committee—it happened while I was away, and I'm sure it's not my fault if I'm not kept properly informed. Lucy White wrote me about it—nobody else even mentioned the matter, though you'd think they might have known I'd be interested—and you know what Lucy's handwriting is! I never dreamed it could be anything but 'Lou Enderby,' and now she insists she look extra pains to write clearly, and that if I'd really read her letter instead of just skimming it I couldn't possibly have been mistaken. Mean thing—trying to shed her responsibility!"

"Oh, well now, Nina," said Frances, "I wouldn't be too sure about that. It's six of one and half a dozen of the other, probably. Most likely you did it; and it's easy to see that 'Lou Enderby' and 'Lois Eversley' might look pretty much alike, even in Lucy's best-go-to-meetin' handwriting."

"O dear me, Frances!" cried Nina whimsically. "Please don't prove I've been maligning Lucy! That would mean two apologies! I have to apologize to Lou, as it is; it seems something I said has got back to her. Thank goodness, it will be easily set right! I don't like apologies, but I never shirk them. If I'm wrong, I own up and apologize just as soon as I find it out. That's one thing I pride myself on."

"Yes," Frances assented dryly, "I rather thought you did."

Nina's eyes opened wide. "Well, why shouldn't I? It's the thing to do, isn't it? And, really, I always do it. I haven't so many virtues that I'm ashamed of taking a little harmless pride in my pet and particularly and most reliable one!"

"It's all right if you don't rely on it to achieve too much. It can't actually undo what's done, you know; it may haul a derailed train back on the track, as it were, and start it running; but there's apt to be a patch of damaged roadbed left behind."

Nina puckered her brows and then lifted them. "Meaning?"

Frances laughed. "Never run by the danger signals because you can apologize after things have gone wrong. Of course, you wouldn't deliberately—but there's a certain subconscious willingness to take chances—"

"Maybe. Discretion is a virtue I do not pride myself upon, and my apologies are really extra nice ones."

Frances shook her head. "You're incorrigible; but I know I'm right. Do you remember how, when Macaulay was a young man, he was caught in a mob during a political campaign, and somebody threw a dead cat that hit him full in the face? The man who threw it instantly apologized; he said he was extremely sorry; the cat had been meant for Mr. Adeone. But Macaulay wouldn't accept the apology. He responded stiffly. 'Then I wish, sir, you had meant it for me, and hit Mr. Adeone.' You see, he wouldn't have forgiven the intention, easily enough, but there was the cat! Mr. Gladstone had a word to say about the limitations of apologies once, too. He put it concisely in six words: 'You can't unpull a man's nose.'"

"At least," said Nina, with exaggerated meekness, "Lou Enderby's nose is unpulled and I never pelted her with cats. I will now go to her and apologize in a properly chastened spirit—and I'll try not to say, 'I told you so,' if she cheerfully forgives and forgets. I'm perfectly sure she will!"

## Live Stock Notes.

A county veterinarian for every county would be a boon.

The pen is mightier than the sword—especially if there is a pig in it.

A cow needs rest before calving, else she will begin production at a low level. She should be dry six weeks; if thin, two months.

Thirty pounds of corn silage, eight pounds of clover hay, two pounds of wheat bran, one pound of cornmeal, two pounds of cottonseed-meal is a good, economical ration for a 1,000-pound cow giving twenty pounds of four per cent milk a day.

The temperature of milk when being separated will affect the test of the cream. Lowering the temperature will cause a thinner cream than would be skimmed if the milk were warmer. Never attempt to skim milk that is below 75 degrees; better have it 85 or 90 degrees.

To hold a sheep, stand at the left of the animal and place the left hand under its jaw. If the animal goes forward, the left hand will check it. If it backs up, place the right arm around behind it, just below the rump. After a few minutes the sheep will stand quietly.

## History of Mirrors.

In the early part of the sixteenth century mirrors first became articles of household furniture and decoration. Previous to that time—from the twelfth to the end of the fifteenth century—pocket mirrors or small hand mirrors, carried at the side, were adjuncts to ladies' toilettes. The pocket mirror consisted of small circular plaques of polished metal fixed in a shallow circular box covered with a lid.