The Water Bearer

By J. ALLAN DUNN

Author of "A MAN TO HIS MATE" "RIMROCK TRAIL"

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WNU Service

THE PICNIC

SYNOPSIS—Lily Schine, Hermanos creek, in California, Caleb Warner, civil engineer and a New Englander, is witness of the end of a coyotte pulled down by two wolfhounds. He is roped on by a girl rider. After introducing herself and introduces himself and learns her name is Clinton. With western hospitality she invites him to the ranch to meet her father. At the Clinton home Warner learns his new friend's name is Betty. He is welcomed by her father, Southern, all way, veteran and owner of Hermanos valley. He tells them something of his ambitions and his feeling that he is destined to be a "Water-Bearer." In the town of Golden, Warner shares an apartment with his old Columbia college chum, Ted Baxter, carefree and somewhat dissipated youth, only child of his widowed mother, who controls the family fortune. At a club luncheon Baxter introduces Caleb to Wilbur Cox, leading business man and president of the water company which supplies the needs of Golden. He gives Cox an inkling of his ambitions, and Cox, impressed, invites him to dinner that night. During dinner Cox asks Caleb to join in his office next day. He does so and Cox arranges a meeting between Caleb and Hinckley, the water company's chief engineer. Baxter tells Caleb he is in difficulties with a girl, Mary Morgan, Cox's stenographer, who insists he must marry her. With Hinckley, Caleb looks over the water company's source of supply, the Crystal springs, in Hermanos valley. Prospecting in Hermanos valley Caleb meets a man, Keane, who boasts of his ability through "dividing rods," to locate water without boring.

CHAPTER VI—Continued

"But it ain't no good," he said, sadly discomfited. "Cause, why? What's the good of water less you can use it? The stiff here ain't thick enough to put dirt in yore fingernails. It wouldn't grow a radish. An' the wells wouldn't be artesian. They'd have to have windmills to work 'em. And, as I said, they ain't no stiff. Seems like a plumb bit of foolishness to put water where it ain't no manner o' use, don't it?"

"Have another cigar," said Caleb. "Where do you suppose all the water comes from?"

The Welshman looked at him pityingly.

"You fish that stream an' you'll see. This is Caliente sink. The stream runs into it like dishwater goes down the drain. Wish you luck, mister. An' thanks for the smokes. Some day, if you come this way, an' I'm feelin' better, I'll give you a demonstration. I'll be glad to see you any time. Kinder lonesome here in this oven, but it's baking me back to health."

Caleb went on upstream in a maze. It seemed, though his Yankee mind affected to scoff at the suggestion while it considered it, as if he had come into close touch with mystery. He fingered the emblem on his seal and smiled. Had the sign of the zodiac, Aquarius, really charged him with destiny, leading him along the trail to be the Water-Bearer to the frontier city of the sands?

Half a mile up the canyon from where the gravel road branched off, an arroyo entered from the east through a bench that was thick furred with underbrush of desert species. Only a trickle of water was in the almost dry watercourse, barely lasting to mingle with Hermanos creek.

The place was wild enough, and silent. A grass-grown road chose either bank at random, fording the creek at frequent intervals. He found stones to keep his feet dry as he crossed.

Up the road he began to come across evidences of an abandoned rancheria. There was little left but the roots and a scattering of tentative tendrils, scantily leaved. He passed a corral, no longer tenable, a lean-to shed without a roof, a leaking flume, a tumbledown wall of stone, and then he became aware that he was walking through what had been once a garden, a stately garden, still with a certain dignity.

The garden had attracted him unconsciously and he had left the half-obliterated road. He did not go back to it but wandered on to the house that rose above the cypress guard. Caleb's footsteps rang hollowly as he passed over the flags and glanced in through where a door had failed as warder. He was beginning to people the place with such ghosts as he imagined should represent the former occupants when he heard the high, clear sound of laughter at the very instant that his nostrils conveyed to his nerves of smell, thence to palate and to stomach—so that his mouth watered and his appetite proclaimed itself with no uncertainty—the smell of broiling meat.

His hope of something from a ranch larder, a glass of milk, a piece of cake or pie, if nothing more substantial, had died with sight of the deserted house. The tracks he had been trailing must lead too far for him to follow uncertainly. And now he had blundered on to a picnic—a California picnic—which means a barbecue.

Caleb's stomach yearned, rose in revolt against his manners and so far won that he ventured to the outer door of the arch and peered through.

The laughter had ended but he could hear the chatter of young voices, men and women, hidden somewhere down by the stream that had wheeled to flow in front of the old house and sparkled through the interstices of a tall, thick mantle of wild grape, flung over the arms of the trees.

In front, between house and stream, there was a smoking pit straddled by an iron grid on which two swarthy men were turning joints of meat from which rose the smell that had loosened all the spigots of Caleb's gastric economy. One of them looked up. Caleb had no time to disappear. No wish, once the mutual recognition had been made. The cook, el cocinero, was Luis Padilla.

The swinging screen of grapevine parted and two people came through. Betty Clinton in her riding togs and an outstanding young man in riding breeches, puttees and a shirt of silken tan with a tan-colored stock about his neck. A tall, good-looking chap with a clipped yellow mustache and brown eyes, good teeth displayed in a hearty laugh, generally genial and eminently well pleased with things in general.

The girl was laughing too, laughing so heartily in silvery carillons that she stopped from sheer lack of breath and then, regaining somewhat of gravity and lung power, called to Luis:

"What is it, Luis?"

Senorita, yet eez el Senor Warner."

"Discovered upstage center, peering through the postern," said Caleb as he came out in response to the girl's instant and cordial greeting.

"You are just in time. Did you come on foot? How did you know we were here? Mr. Warner, Mr. Thurston."

The two shook hands while Warner explained the accidental happening of his arrival. Betty Clinton was giving some directions to Padilla and his assistant.

"Come on," she said, "and meet the rest. Dad's here. This is my annual picnic and barbecue. Birthday festivity, you know."

She Took Possession of Him.

She took possession of him. The man named Thurston lagged behind as they broke through the vines and looked down upon a level bank of turf, fringed with ferns, just above the level of the creek. Two girls and an older woman were aiding and directing the laying of a table by two men. Clinton himself sat apart, back to the bole of a tree, smoking. He rose as Caleb came into view and the rest looked up.

"I'll make the introduction general," said Betty Clinton. "You can all make it personal later. This is Mr. Caleb Warner. I think I've mentioned him to all of you. And these are—Carmen Wilson"—she indicated a girl with black eyes, in a white dress, wearing a scarlet beret so vivid that its outline was fuzzy with radiance; "Mrs. Henry Vedder, Henry Vedder and George Brompton. The meat is barbecued. The enchiladas are at the height of their excellence. Be seated. Dad, you at the other end. Mr. Warner, next to me, at my right. All right, Padilla, bring on the carne. I hope you brought an appetite with you, Mr. Warner. Carmen, pass the enchiladas. Frijoles, if you like them better. They are our substitute for Boston beans, you know. And the salsa, Mr. Brompton."

The meal was all animation. Good viands, good nature and a general bubbling over of high spirits.

Bits of the talk, allusions, chaffing remarks, together with little summaries supplied him by Betty Clinton, soon put Caleb in possession of surface information concerning the members of the party.

Thurston had been a bank clerk, losing his position in the merger of banking interests. But he had possessed sound commercial faculties and, backed to some extent by his uncle, he had started raisin growing in the Fresno valley. Now he owned hundreds of acres and was rated almost a millionaire, soon to pass that mark.

Henry Vedder was editor of the Pioneer, a weekly published in Golden, of recognized literary merit. His wife had a leaning toward modern esthetics, extending to her gown and her mode of hairdressing. She apparently saw nothing except through the medium of her husband and she hung on his every word in the attitude of one who eagerly waits the opportunity to encore the performance of a favorite dramatist.

George Brompton was an artist who specialized in mural work. He was the most diffident of all the company, with an especial shyness toward Carmen Wilson, which that vivacious personage did not appear to regard as the kind of tribute to her charms that she preferred.

Thurston and Betty Clinton had ridden down Hermanos canyon to the picnic on horseback. The rest had come in a buckboard, by the longer road, a wagon preceding with the materials for the barbecue. Luis Padilla had come mounted. The vehicles and the horses were stowed in the old barns. The whole party was returning to El Nido in the early evening, where Maria was now preparing a fitting dinner for the fiesta of her young senorita's birthday.

"You are to come, too," she insisted to Caleb. "And stay over tomorrow. I am not to be denied anything today and I make that an order. You need not feel that you are crowding, or were not included in the original invitation. There is lots of room.

"You have made it an order," said Caleb. "That settles it."

Here again was a different side to the girl, he thought, as he listened to her lighthearted talk, admiring her quick wit. He caught himself watching her closely whenever she laughed. The inside of her mouth was as pink as a kitten's and she laughed without reserve, so that one caught a gleam of even rows of teeth that needed no dentist, backed by the rosy glow of health.

Caleb enjoyed himself thoroughly, the food, the company, the talk and the shady spot beside the stream.

After the meal, Betty Clinton proposed an excursion. Vedder claimed to have had an inspiration for a poem and said that he was going to try to put it on paper in the old garden. His wife was no more to be detached from him than a limpet from a rock. Clinton himself made the excuse that he was not feeling especially energetic.

"Then Mr. Brompton must stay to keep you company," announced Carmen. "You and Mr. Clinton can discuss that pioneer panel. Mr. Brompton," she went on to Caleb, while Brompton smilingly acquiesced in the arrangement, though the smile was as wan and lacking in warmth as a winter sun, "is working on a set of panels for Judge Henningway's new house. They are to represent California, past, present and future. And Mr. Clinton is brim full of pioneer lore, aren't you, Mr. Clinton?"

It was obvious that Carmen Wilson intended to make the trip to the look-out a foursome. Clinton smothered a smile. Brompton seemed to be used to this sort of thing and the four started.

They were less than half way when Betty Clinton suddenly missed her camera.

"I have been intending to take a photograph of that view for two years," she exclaimed. "The light is wonderful. Wendell, you'll get it for me, won't you? We'll wait here. It's in the buckboard under the seat."

Thurston went swinging off on his errand and the three sat down to be comfortable until his return. The change of scene seemed to have put Betty Clinton in more serious mood.

"Have you found your opening yet?" she asked Caleb.

> It looks as if Carmen Wilson intends to capture Caleb. Does Betty care?

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Decries All Fear of Athletic Heart

College students need no longer fear that four years of hard football or track work will leave them with a shaky "athletic heart" in middle age. Experiments by Dr. Burgess Gordon of the Boston Peter Bent Brigham hospital on men and animals revealed that the heart, instead of enlarging after strenuous exercise, actually shrinks. Furthermore, no enlargement of the heart resulted after prolonged athletic training.

Doctor Gordon made his observations on Boston marathon runners, and rabbits with normal and abnormal hearts. The rabbits were exercised to exhaustion, and X-ray pictures taken immediately afterward revealed a shrinkage which took time to disappear. The strained hearts of marathon runners also got smaller, Doctor Gordon said, and did not return to normal for several hours.

Athletes were studied to note any permanent enlargement of the heart which could be blamed on the exercise, but it was found that the most prolonged vigorous efforts did not produce the much dreaded hypertropny of the heart.

Once Pilgrims' Resort

Compostela in Spain was one of the principal pilgrim resorts of the world in the Middle ages. It has been noted from the Ninth century for its possession of the relics of St. James the Greater.

Control of Bee Disease Is Seen

American Foul-Brood Can Be Controlled by Water-Formalin Solution.

(Prepared by the United States Department of Agriculture.)

Widespread interest has been aroused throughout the beekeeping industry by the apparent success of some recently discovered disinfectant methods in the treatment and control of American foul-brood. Disinfectants such as an alcohol-formalin solution are being used with fair success, and eliminate to a great extent the large losses previously caused by the necessary destruction of all combs infected with this disease of the brood of bees.

The use of the alcohol-formalin solution as a disinfectant is a step in advance in the control of the disease, says the United States Department of Agriculture, but apparently there is still room for improvement which will eliminate the danger of occasional cases of failure. For that reason, and because of the great interest in the subject, the bee culture laboratory started preliminary work early in 1924 for the purpose of making an exhaustive study of the efficiency of various disinfectants, including the commercial alcohol-formalin solution as well as water-formalin solutions.

Results of Tests.

A discussion of the results of the tests completed to date has been published in Department Circular 284, which is now ready for distribution. It was hoped that the results of the investigation by laboratory methods would form a basis for practical work in the apiary. As the work has developed, numerous difficulties have been encountered which indicate that the problem of the perfect sterilization of American foul-brood combs is neither simple nor yet fully solved.

The results obtained with various dilutions of alcohol and of a alcohol-formalin solution as the carrier for 20 per cent of their volume of formalin are not sufficiently complete to warrant conclusions as to their relative efficiency. All of these solutions are unsatisfactory, in that they do not completely sterilize all sealed cells in 48 hours. A 20 per cent solution of formalin in water, without alcohol, is slightly less efficient than the alcoholic solutions in sterilizing in 48 hours the contents of sealed cells, because of its failure to penetrate many of the cappings; but it sterilizes all open cells in that period.

Satisfactory Results.

In view of the chemical results obtained, however, a 20 per cent solution of formalin in water was found the most satisfactory disinfectant for sterilizing infected combs, with regard both to germicidal action and low cost, provided the proper precautions are taken. All honey should be extracted, all brood cappings should be completely removed, and the combs should be treated at least twenty-four hours, or forty-eight hours if it is found desirable to wash them in water after treatment.

Care must be taken not only with the process of disinfecting combs infected with American foul-brood, no matter what solution or method is used, but equal or greater care must be exercised in the treatment of the diseased colonies themselves to eliminate the danger of recurrence of disease from that source. The successful sterilization of the combs will otherwise be of little avail.

A copy of the circular may be secured, as long as the supply lasts, by writing to the United States Department of Agriculture, Washington, D. C.

Poison Bait Effective in Control of Cutworm

An inexpensive poison bait is usually very effective in controlling the cutworms in a newly planted strawberry plantation. The following formula is enough for about five acres and you can make up smaller quantities according to the same proportion:

Bran, 25 pounds.
Paris green, 1 pound.
Cheap sirup, 2 quarts.
Three lemons.
Three and one-half gallons water.

The bran and paris green are mixed dry. The juice of the lemons is squeezed into the water, and the peel and pulp is chopped to fine bits and added to the water, then dissolve the sirup in the water and fruit mixture and stir the liquid into the bran thoroughly in order to dampen it evenly.

It is suggested that the poison bait be applied in the evening, since cutworms are night feeders, and the bait will thus be fresher than if it is applied earlier in the day.

Raising Orphan Lamb

If the orphan lamb cannot be given to another ewe, it can generally be raised satisfactorily on a bottle. Of course it is better to get another ewe to adopt the lamb if possible. When necessary to raise a lamb on a bottle it will need to be fed several times a day at first. The number of feedings can be reduced until, by the time the lamb is six weeks old, three or four times a day will be sufficient. A lamb creep should be provided where some ground grain can be kept for the lambs. They will soon learn to eat grain and this will help a great deal in getting faster growth.

Alfalfa Weevil in a New Picture Film

General Idea of How to Combat the Insect.

(Prepared by the United States Department of Agriculture.)

"Alfalfa Weevil Control," a new motion picture of the United States Department of Agriculture, gives a general idea of how to combat the insect and is of particular interest in the western states. Alfalfa is described as the foundation of agriculture in the West—"a hog's dream of heaven"—and as one of the world's most valuable forages. About 1904 or 1905 the alfalfa weevil, which belongs to the same family as the cotton boll weevil, was discovered in Utah. Since that time it has spread slowly but steadily until now it is found in seven states. Because of the importance of the alfalfa crop the alfalfa weevil constitutes a serious menace. Several states enforce quarantine restrictions to prevent further spread of the insect, and the luggage of automobile travelers is often examined.

Two measures of control are shown in the picture. Dusting with powdered arsenates is still in an experimental stage, but appears to have promise of proving effective. The use of poisonous sprays has proved its worth and is particularly recommended. Several types of sprayers are shown, including one with a very wide boom. Several scenes showing sprayed and unsprayed fields, side by side, are particularly interesting in depicting the benefits of this method of control. One spraying is usually considered sufficient to permit plants to make new growth, and protects the second crop as well as the first.

The film is one reel long and is a contribution from the bureau of entomology. It will be circulated through the film distribution system of the Department of Agriculture and the cooperating state institutions. Copies may be borrowed for short periods, or may be bought by authorized purchasers, at the laboratory charge.

Free Scouring Tests of Wool Samples Are Made

Wool growers may have samples of their wools graded and scoured, free of charge, by filing an application with the bureau of agricultural economics, United States Department of Agriculture, Washington, D. C., where a wool-scouring laboratory is now available for conducting such tests as facilities will permit. Applications should be mailed to G. T. Willingmyre, in charge of wool standardization. The applicant will be sent a parcel post mailing sack and instructions as to the proper method of drawing a sample so that it will be representative of any large lot of raw wool in the grease.

Experiments conducted in the laboratory during the past year have yielded valuable information on scourloss or "shrinkage" of a large variety of domestic raw wools. The results have proved of great interest to many wool growers and their practical application will enable any producer to obtain a reasonably accurate estimate of shrinkage of his wool.

Wool samples submitted to the department will be returned scoured, together with a report of the shrinkage and the grade in which the wool has been classified according to the official wool grades of the United States.

Grass and Grasshoppers Good for Young Poults

The Rhode Island experiment station demonstrated pretty completely that turkeys could stand all the green food and milk they would eat, but should be fed pretty sparingly on grain, given perhaps half or so of what one would naturally think they needed.

Turkeys should be kept in in wet weather, at least should not be allowed to get wet, but allowed as great range as possible as soon as they are old enough to take it safely. It is best to feed them around home so as to have them back every night, but the greater range they can have the more natural the food becomes, as in that case they eat greens and insects. Where grasshoppers abound, turkeys usually do well.

It is important to select healthy stock.

Farm Hints

The best grapes grow from pruned vines.

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Lubricating oil is cheaper than machinery. Drain the crank case of your tractor often.

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Potatoes may be kept in good condition for late planting by greening or sun-sprouting.

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Sweet clover that was seeded this spring should not be pastured until the plants have made a growth of at least a foot.

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Sweet clover requires as much lime as alfalfa on soils tested and found sour. It may be seeded in wheat like common clover or with oats in the spring.

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The care of trees is quite similar to the care of domestic animals. As a cow must be fed, housed, and doctored, a tree must be planted in a well managed soil, pruned and sprayed.

POULTRY

COCCIDIOSIS IS FATAL AILMENT

One of the most serious maladies which poultry-farm owners have to combat is coccidiosis, a destructive disease, especially prevalent on poultry farms where a large number of birds are raised on a limited area.

Chickens between the ages of four and fourteen weeks are the most likely to contract the infection, and suffer the greatest mortality, according to R. A. Beach of the veterinary science department at the Wisconsin College of Agriculture, in a recent circular published by the college. He says that although adult birds often contract the disease, they seldom die directly from it.

The disease is the result of infection by a small parasite, known as the coccidium, which is spread in the droppings of infected birds. Beach, in outlining the symptoms of the trouble, says that the first to be noticed is the appearance of blood in the droppings; following this, the chick usually becomes listless; its feathers become ruffled, and its wings droop. Contaminated soil and water are the chief carriers of infection, as are certain adult birds, which are infected, though showing no outward signs of the disease. Such hens are a continuous source of infection and a menace to all chicks that are permitted to run with them.

"No medicinal treatment has yet been found of sufficient value to warrant its use," Beach declares. "Sanitation is both the preventive and the cure," he says.

As soon as coccidiosis is diagnosed, Beach says the steps to be taken are to "remove all of the apparently healthy chicks to clean quarters—feed the chicks inside brooder houses—remove all litter from the brooder house twice weekly—withhold all mash, and feed light on scratch feed, and keep sour milk before the chicks at all times.

Farmer Who Balances His Poultry Ration Gets Most

Laying hens need a balanced ration. This fact is demonstrated by an experiment completed recently by the South Dakota State college poultry department, in which two pens of 25 hens each were fed under the same conditions but with different rations. In one case the hens were given all the corn, oats, wheat and barley they would eat. The hens in the other pen received these same grains but in addition were given a 20 per cent meat mash in order to make the ration balanced.

A summary of the results of this experiment indicates that the hens on corn, oats, wheat and barley averaged 27.84 eggs per bird for the two-months period. The hens that received the meat mash in their ration averaged 36.56 eggs per hen. The cost of the feed was practically the same in both cases because the first pen ate enough more grain to balance the cost of the meat mash, thus proving that the farmer who will balance his poultry ration will receive a greater profit.

Mortality Loss in Baby Chicks May Be Prevented

According to a report from the extension division, Ohio State university, a record from 300 farmers shows that the mortality loss in baby chicks up to the age of ten weeks was 20.3 per cent. This probably is a conservative estimate as no doubt a farmer who is progressive enough to keep records is most apt to give his chicks better care than will the average farmer. The chief causes of these losses may be summarized as follows: Weak chicks, diarrhea, crowding, leg weakness, cannibalism, coccidiosis and intestinal worms.

A great deal may be done in preventing these losses by adhering closely to the five essentials of chick raising advocated by the University of Missouri. These are:

1. Hatch early.
2. Brood each hatch separately for four weeks.
3. Range on fresh ground.
4. Feed a balanced ration constantly.
5. Separate pullets and cockerels.

To Regulate Incubator

If it seems impossible to regulate the incubator, examine the wafer and see whether or not it still has the ether which causes expansion and consequent regulation of the thermostat. The wafers are filled with ether which will evaporate through a very small leak. Detach the suspected wafer, and shake close to the ear. If the liquid is in it, you will hear it shake, and the trouble is not there. If there is no sound of liquid, buy a new wafer and save time, money and worry.

Best Feed for Beginner

Chick rations are numerous, and one of the best feeds for the beginner with a small flock is the commercial dried buttermilk starting mash. This can be fed in hoppers and placed before the chicks at all times. These commercial mashes are used by many commercial poultrymen with good results. A large number of egg producers who mix their own laying mash, depend on the commercial starters for bringing the chicks through the critical period.

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Social Distinction

Social distinction is, after all, a matter of opinion. Two colored women in a neighboring town were overheard discussing their family connections. One was from this city. "I have a cousin in Indianapolis, I'd like you to meet," said the other. "So," was the response. "Where does she live?" "Why she resides at the Woman's Prison," said the first, with all the air of one reading a name from the Blue book.—Indianapolis News.

Majorities have their way, but minorities can make it mighty uncomfortable for them.—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

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