BARRINGTON REVIEW

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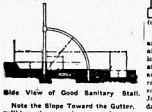
THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 9, 1911.

FOR COMFORT OF THE COWS

In No Division of Farm Work Are Direct Effects of Good or Bad Treatment Seen Quicker.

(By J. H. FRANDSON.)

Only a few years ago the average dairyman gave the sanitary stall little consideration and used any method of housing his cows which best suited his individual ideas. He troubled little about the condition of the cow at



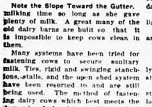
Side View of Good Sanitary Stall.

Note the Slope Toward the Gutter.

milking time so long as she gave plenty of milk. A great many of the old dairy barns are built so that it is impossible to keep cows clean in them.

Many systems have been tried for fastening cows to secure sanitary milk. Ties, tilted and swinging stanchions, stalls, and the open-shed system have been resorted to and are still being used. The method of fastening dairy cows which best meets the demands of the cow and pure food laws is the stall. But this must be sanitary to be successful.

There are many and varied styles of stalls, several of which are good. It is best to secure a stall as will give comfort to both the cow and milker. The construction should be



Front View of a Modern Sanitary and Comfortable Swinging Stanchion.

such as to permit good light in the stall. It should be built of such material and in such a way as will leave only a minimum space on which dust can collect. Solid wooden stall partitions are very objectionable because they obstruct light and collect a large amount of dust. There are many different kinds of stanchions and various other ways of tying cows now in use. Many of these are comparatively free from objections. The new builder, however, should carefully investigate some of the best types of swinging stanchions now on the market. These are being installed with much satisfaction in many of the most modern barns. In behalf of the swinging stanchions it can be said that they give the cow considerable freedom, and yet are sufficiently rigid so that practically all the manure is dropped into the gutter, thus keeping the cows clean and reducing the labor of barn cleaning to the minimum.

Dealers in manufactured stalls and stanchions report that, judging from the vast number of inquiries regarding them, there has been a great awakening among dairymen all over the country. These inquiries relate to the best swing stanchion stall, and which is better, a stall or a stanchion.

Before purchasing any of the patented animal fasteners on the market, the farmer should consider the sanitary and humanitarian principles involved in the construction of these ties. Study them for principle, not alone for novelty. Of course, economy should be considered, but it should not be placed above the consideration of the welfare of the cow; she should always receive due consideration and in turn she will reward her owner.

A high priced patented stall is not a necessity, and if the farmer will carefully study the principles involved in the construction of stalls, he may make a stall at home that is the equal of many of the patented stalls, and in many ways more satisfactory. Some of our most prominent dairymen are using stalls which were made from instructions in stall construction sent out by various state experiment stations, in preference to many of the patented stalls.

Bring the children to a refined entertainment at Stoll's hall February 11 and 12—adv.

"HONEST OLD ABE"

WOULD HE REALLY BE CELEBRATE NEXT SUNDAY

BY A HAIR'S BREADTH

By MABEL CHASE ENGLAND

(Copyright, 1910, by Associated Literary Press.)

It was one o'clock in the morning and the first dance of the season was almost over. Kitty Payne sat in a low chair on the veranda gazing out at the big yellow half moon just rising among the trees. Leaning against the railing, looking down at her with a some-what whimsical expression, was Jack Neville, her partner of the last dance.

Dreaming, Kitty?" he asked lightly.

She lifted her dark eyes to his for an instant.

"Dreaming—yes," she admitted. "Not by any chance of me."

She smiled enigmatically. Suddenly she gave her shoulders a little shake and said:

"Do you remember the stuff that dad used to spout? We laughed, with a swift return to her usual lieutenant lightness.

Jack Neville straightened up and stood clear of the railing. A look of desperate determination came into his eyes.

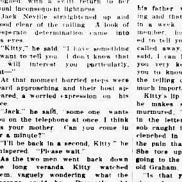
"Kitty," he said. "I have something I want to tell you. I don't know that it will interest you, or particularly but—"

At that moment hurried steps were heard approaching and their host appeared, a worried expression on his face.

"Jack," he said, "some one wants you on the telephone at once. I think it's your mother. Can you come in for a minute?"

"I'll be back in a second, Kitty," he whispered. "Please wait."

As the two moved back down the long veranda Kitty watched them, vaguely wondering what the message could be. Presently she heard footsteps again, and a tall form



A Three-Mile Walk That Led Through the Woods.

came swinging toward her. It was not until the approaching figure had almost reached her that she saw it was not Jack, but Harold Graham, a man who was always among the foremost in her train. An unreasonable irritation surged up within her.

"You here, Kitty?" he called, cheerfully as he came up. "Jack Neville sent back to give you his apologies and say good-by. Poor chap! His father has had an accident, train wrecked or something, coming up from the south. He's going to take his mother down to him, and they've just time to catch the express.

Kitty listened silently, incapable, just then, of making any comment. She hadn't known that trouble coming to Jack would make her feel like this. And what was it he had wanted to tell her? Her cheeks flushed in the darkness. Only one thing, surely. And her answer might have been different, perhaps; but now, in the face of this sorrow that had come to him, she knew, suddenly, she could not hurt him.

"It will be hard on him, coming home to him for the first flush of his engagement." Harold's cheerful voice went on.

"Engagement! Jack" Kitty's throat went suddenly dry.

"Yes, didn't you know? A Boston girl, I believe. Peggy Desmond told me. She met them lunching in New York, and Jack whispered it to her as they were coming out."

A flush had risen to Kitty's cheeks. She abandoned the subject with a shrug and entered into a merry war of words with young Graham, laughing and talking with almost fever-ish animation, crowding back the thoughts that were clamoring insistently at her brain. So that was what he had wanted to tell her? And she had imagined he was going to offer her the adoration and worship that he had already laid at the feet of another.

In the days that followed she imagined herself a hero of romance, or even more, making engagements with a smiling moment, keeping engaging books on hand for the hours of distress when sheep would not come. Nothing of realization could Lovelli in upon her.

Come from Neville, apologizing for his abrupt departure long by that his father had met with a serious