

BARRINGTON NEWS

LOCAL HAPPENINGS OF THE WEEK IN THE VILLAGE AND VICINITY.

Miss Alice Horn of Harvard is visiting her aunt, Mrs. P. A. Hawley. Mrs. Morton, hair dresser, has an ad in this issue on page eight. Look it up.

The annual camp meeting begins at Desplaines camp grounds, Wednesday, July 15th.

Mr. and Mrs. S. J. Patton and family leave next Monday for their new home in La Grange.

Mr. and Mrs. William Kirby of Chicago are visiting Mrs. Elizabeth Kirby for two weeks.

A special meeting of the Lake County Board of Supervisors is called for Wednesday morning, July 15th.

H. W. Hahn and family were in Chicago assisting in the celebrating of his father's birthday Saturday, July 4th.

Miss Jane Farnsworth of Chicago visited her aunt and uncle, Mr. and Mrs. M. D. Regan, Saturday and Sunday.

Misses Anna Jahn and Katie Laffenberger left Thursday for a visit of a few weeks with relatives in Manila, Iowa.

Mrs. Edward Kirby went to Sheboygan and Fond du Lac, Wisconsin, Tuesday to visit relatives for two weeks.

The "lucky clock" at Meyer's store was opened Wednesday at three o'clock and Miss Mary Maynard received three dollars.

Mr. Miller of Waukegan, son-in-law of G. H. Comstock of this village, is a candidate for the office of Lake county surveyor.

Supervisor George Quenlin of Vernon township, Lake county, and Chairman of the Board, is a candidate for state senator.

"The Modern Dance and Theater" will come up for discussion in Rev. E. P. Fuesler's sermon at the Salem church Sunday night.

Mr. and Mrs. Corgins and Mrs. Ida Benetti and son, Robert, started Wednesday on an automobile trip through Iowa and Minnesota.

The date for the big Woodmen picnic at Lord's park, Elgin, is Saturday, July 18th. The head officers will be there from Rockford.

Mrs. Susan Lewis and Mrs. Charles Colten and son, Roland, of Valley, Nebraska, are visiting Mrs. John Page and relatives in Barrington.

Barrington people in large numbers passed the Fourth at Lake Zurich. Many of our young people enjoyed the dancing there in the evening.

By the annual re-adjustment of postmaster's salaries, in effect, July 1st, the salary of the Barrington postmaster was raised from \$1200 to \$1400 a year.

Mrs. John Moran of Spokane, Washington, and Mrs. James Keating of Chicago spent Saturday and Sunday with their families, Misses Margaret and Julia Lamm.

An impressive farewell service was held Tuesday evening in the Divinity Boulevard church, Chicago, for T. L. C. Sahr and wife who are about to leave for China as missionaries.

The post office department through the postmaster general has stated that rural free delivery will be discontinued on roads that are neglected. This is strong influence for good roads.

Rev. A. Lutz and family are visiting friends of Barrington this week. Mrs. Josephine Zarnow is Rev. Lutz's mother. Rev. Lutz has just accepted the pastorate of the German M. E. church in Aurora.

Rev. O. P. Mattison, pastor, will preach as usual both morning and evening at the Methodist church. At this is the last Sunday before the camp meeting at Desplaines every member should try to be present.

Mulvey's comic company closed its show here Saturday night with the usual attendance of the week. The voting contest was closed and the gold watch given to Miss Amanda Scholz, who won by overwhelming vote. Miss Constance Threlkoff spoke and danced Friday night of last week and was given a small gold clock.

There was a very large attendance at the patriotic service at the Methodist church on last Sunday evening. The presence of the Barrington Cornet Brass band added much to the interest of the occasion as their playing was greatly enjoyed. It would add much to the enjoyment of the people of Barrington if some arrangement could be made with the band to give a public performance some evening each week. The attendance at this church on Sunday night is proof that such has charms.

Florian Lively of Chicago is a new barber at the Thies shop.

Burkhardt sells reliable jewelry. Read his ad on page eight.

Elmer Gieske was home from Valparaiso, Indiana, for the fourth.

Charles Able departed for Des Moines, Iowa, last evening where he was called by the sudden death of his sister.

Mr. and Mrs. August Meyer of Cuba and Charlie Able and Mrs. C. A. Kendall passed Sunday at Riverside Park, Chicago.

Born, to Mr. and Mrs. Charles Peterson, residing on the Boward farm near Spring Lake, a daughter, Wednesday, July 8th.

Barrington has been billed this week for the third year of the Chautauque Assembly to be held here August 11 to 16. An interesting program has been arranged.

The ladies of the Dorcas society of the Baptist church will give a dinner from twelve to one o'clock in the Baptist church parlor on Tuesday, July 14th. A good dinner will be served for fifteen cents. Come and enjoy it.

John Balmes of the Kirmse farm near Cuba was charged by Jake —, a peddler, with assault on him on Tuesday. It seems that an argument arose over a trade in dry goods which resulted in the trouble. Mr. Balmes pleaded guilty before Justice of the Peace Alverson yesterday and was fined three dollars and costs.

Candidate For State's Attorney. Edward J. Heydecker, Republican, was born on a farm in the town of Newport in Lake county, Illinois, August 2, 1891. His education was obtained in the country schools and in the Waukegan high school.

When the civil engineer engaged in building the bridge over Centennial creek was called to be and Miss Edith Mehl, the Hon. John was in high feather that day. He had secured a mail contract over a rival line and had built for \$200 less than the estimated expense. He stretched his courtesy to invite the engineer to dinner and to take Miss Edith to play the piano afterward.

Then two or three things happened that he didn't take the acquaintance of, although he was rated a keen and observant man.

From that night Miss Edith began to take more interest in railroad matters, especially in the department of bridge building, and Mr. Haven, the engineer, sent in reports that seemed to reveal that his visiting Chicago much oftener than before.

As punctually as the clock the Hon. John Sharpe took a trip over his line in his own private car every three months. Miss Edith had accompanied him twice before her sudden great interest had come to the surface, and her enthusiasm over the third approaching trip so pleased him that he petted her golden hair and feelingly observed:

"You are your own father's daughter, after all. You will come back better posted on the railroad business than any other girl in America."

"It must take a very tiny man to construct such a bridge as I have heard you and Mr. Haven talking about," she demurely suggested.

"It does, my dear—a very brainy man."

"And one pretty certain to rise in the world?"

"Unquestionably."

The Hon. John had risen in the world, and he took care to let the world know it. But he was rather opposed to any one else rising, especially any body employed on the P. and G. road.

"Yes, Mr. Haven," he reluctantly admitted, "but you must remember the social gulf now existing between us. I or you and I are the owners of the P. and G. road. Mr. Haven is an employee."

Ten days previous to the start on the third trip the Hon. John discovered something that threw him into a feverish flutter. It was that his daughter, in her enthusiasm to learn more about railroad bridge building was writing to the engineer for further information about the construction principle or that he in reply was telling about the terrible strength of steel and the strain put upon it under certain conditions.

It was that a fever to his line was about to pass into other hands unless he could secure enough proxies to prevent this at the election to be held in Deaver. He took off his coat and started in, and he came home one night with leaning face to say to the daughter:

"My dear girl, always remember that the first principle of railroading is to get possession of the road."

"But if you can't get enough of the stock?" she asked.

"Then get the proxies. Buy, borrow or beg, but get them. It is with proxies that I shall get control of the P. and G. road. I need only a thousand more votes, and they are in Deaver waiting for me."

The Hon. John was rubbing his hands when his car left Chicago. He enjoyed costs, and he was on his way to make one. He felt just a little sympathy for the already routed engineer. The defeat would come with a dull thud, whereas he rather preferred something of a little fight.

"Prox, my dear," he said to his daughter as he took a bundle of them from his pocket and thumbed them over—"proxies are the powder and ball to desolate the ranks of the enemy. Blessed be proxies!"

At Sanke P. business detained him a day. He had scarcely left the car when Mr. Haven made his appearance and was received with a smile and a blush.

The talk between him and Miss Edith began about the bridge over the Centennial, but it gradually came down to less scientific and more interesting things.

He referred to a hint she had given him in her last letter and assured her that he had acted on it, and he solicited her permission to ask her father a certain momentous question before the day had expired. The afternoon when the train had pulled out Miss Edith fluttered around for a bit and then timidly asked:

"Father, what will happen if you fail to get that thousand proxies you are counting on?"

"Why—why, I'd be knocked into a cocked hat, daughter. But I can't fail. I know just where they are. I shall receive a wife at the next stop. I am glad to see you so interested in the matter. Proxies are the powder and ball, and I'm sure of the proxies."

Half an hour later the Hon. John was stamping up and down the car and roaring at the top of his voice. He had received the expected wire and had been informed that the party on whom he depended had sold the stock at a sharp advance. This was the biggest net that he had received in five years. It meant a staggering blow to the P. and G. While he stamped and roared his daughter kept very quiet.

When he had got through smothering the English language he sat down hard and wiped his forehead and looked at the young lady with despairing eyes.

"Father, I don't think we are beaten yet," she said in reply.

"But we are, daughter. Those proxies are certainly in the hands of that infernal M. and W. gang, and they have got me tight. To think that I left it in the hands of Chivers to betray me! Why, I deserve to be sent to an old asylum!"

"But the game may not be lost after all. You know you have been trying to make a railroad woman of me for a year past."

"But that miserable Chivers sold out his stock on me!" shouted the father as he brought his fist down with a great bang.

"Yes, dear, but that's a part of the railroad business. If Chivers sold his stock some one bought it, and some one has the right to vote it in the meeting tomorrow."

"But the M. and W. gang have got it, of course!"

"Perhaps. It's a part of the railroad business to find out. You didn't want me to stop at grades, sidetracks, switchbacks and bridge building, did you? My dear father, remember that the first principle of railroading is to get possession of the road, the next to keep track of stock and proxies, and the third to keep your eyes on the man after a long look into her face."

"Well, suppose the M. and W. gang didn't get that stock?"

A Proxy Father-in-law

By C. B. LEWIS.
Copyright, 1906, by Associated Literary Press.

It was reported of the Hon. John Sharpe that he had but two fads where other schemers and speculators and owners of railroad lines had a dozen. One of his fads was the P. and G. railroad, in which he owned a controlling interest. He knew every foot of its route and kept himself posted on all details.

His other fad was that his daughter Edith, having finished her school days, should interest herself in the P. and G. even as he had. If she had been cut out for an old maid or a business woman she might have obeyed orders literally, but as it was she had to assume an interest she did not feel.

The Hon. John lived in Chicago, and his pet line was farther west. When tired of making money and signing other lines on the Stock Exchange or by some spy coup, he would order the general superintendent or other official into Chicago to report details and plan improvements.

If it wasn't the general superintendent, then it was one of a division or a district engineer and bridge builder. He had them at his house that his daughter might hear and secure expense in other ways when they departed he would go over the matter again with her to make sure that she understood.

When the civil engineer engaged in building the bridge over Centennial creek was called to be and Miss Edith Mehl, the Hon. John was in high feather that day. He had secured a mail contract over a rival line and had built for \$200 less than the estimated expense. He stretched his courtesy to invite the engineer to dinner and to take Miss Edith to play the piano afterward.

Then two or three things happened that he didn't take the acquaintance of, although he was rated a keen and observant man.

From that night Miss Edith began to take more interest in railroad matters, especially in the department of bridge building, and Mr. Haven, the engineer, sent in reports that seemed to reveal that his visiting Chicago much oftener than before.

As punctually as the clock the Hon. John Sharpe took a trip over his line in his own private car every three months. Miss Edith had accompanied him twice before her sudden great interest had come to the surface, and her enthusiasm over the third approaching trip so pleased him that he petted her golden hair and feelingly observed:

"You are your own father's daughter, after all. You will come back better posted on the railroad business than any other girl in America."

"It must take a very tiny man to construct such a bridge as I have heard you and Mr. Haven talking about," she demurely suggested.

"It does, my dear—a very brainy man."

"And one pretty certain to rise in the world?"

"Unquestionably."

The Hon. John had risen in the world, and he took care to let the world know it. But he was rather opposed to any one else rising, especially any body employed on the P. and G. road.

"Yes, Mr. Haven," he reluctantly admitted, "but you must remember the social gulf now existing between us. I or you and I are the owners of the P. and G. road. Mr. Haven is an employee."

Ten days previous to the start on the third trip the Hon. John discovered something that threw him into a feverish flutter. It was that his daughter, in her enthusiasm to learn more about railroad bridge building was writing to the engineer for further information about the construction principle or that he in reply was telling about the terrible strength of steel and the strain put upon it under certain conditions.

It was that a fever to his line was about to pass into other hands unless he could secure enough proxies to prevent this at the election to be held in Deaver. He took off his coat and started in, and he came home one night with leaning face to say to the daughter:

"My dear girl, always remember that the first principle of railroading is to get possession of the road."

"But if you can't get enough of the stock?" she asked.

"Then get the proxies. Buy, borrow or beg, but get them. It is with proxies that I shall get control of the P. and G. road. I need only a thousand more votes, and they are in Deaver waiting for me."

The Hon. John was rubbing his hands when his car left Chicago. He enjoyed costs, and he was on his way to make one. He felt just a little sympathy for the already routed engineer. The defeat would come with a dull thud, whereas he rather preferred something of a little fight.

"Prox, my dear," he said to his daughter as he took a bundle of them from his pocket and thumbed them over—"proxies are the powder and ball to desolate the ranks of the enemy. Blessed be proxies!"

At Sanke P. business detained him a day. He had scarcely left the car when Mr. Haven made his appearance and was received with a smile and a blush.

The talk between him and Miss Edith began about the bridge over the Centennial, but it gradually came down to less scientific and more interesting things.

He referred to a hint she had given him in her last letter and assured her that he had acted on it, and he solicited her permission to ask her father a certain momentous question before the day had expired. The afternoon when the train had pulled out Miss Edith fluttered around for a bit and then timidly asked:

"Father, what will happen if you fail to get that thousand proxies you are counting on?"

"Why—why, I'd be knocked into a cocked hat, daughter. But I can't fail. I know just where they are. I shall receive a wife at the next stop. I am glad to see you so interested in the matter. Proxies are the powder and ball, and I'm sure of the proxies."

Half an hour later the Hon. John was stamping up and down the car and roaring at the top of his voice. He had received the expected wire and had been informed that the party on whom he depended had sold the stock at a sharp advance. This was the biggest net that he had received in five years. It meant a staggering blow to the P. and G. While he stamped and roared his daughter kept very quiet.

When he had got through smothering the English language he sat down hard and wiped his forehead and looked at the young lady with despairing eyes.

"Father, I don't think we are beaten yet," she said in reply.

"But we are, daughter. Those proxies are certainly in the hands of that infernal M. and W. gang, and they have got me tight. To think that I left it in the hands of Chivers to betray me! Why, I deserve to be sent to an old asylum!"

"But the game may not be lost after all. You know you have been trying to make a railroad woman of me for a year past."

"But that miserable Chivers sold out his stock on me!" shouted the father as he brought his fist down with a great bang.

"Yes, dear, but that's a part of the railroad business. If Chivers sold his stock some one bought it, and some one has the right to vote it in the meeting tomorrow."

"But the M. and W. gang have got it, of course!"

"Perhaps. It's a part of the railroad business to find out. You didn't want me to stop at grades, sidetracks, switchbacks and bridge building, did you? My dear father, remember that the first principle of railroading is to get possession of the road, the next to keep track of stock and proxies, and the third to keep your eyes on the man after a long look into her face."

"Well, suppose the M. and W. gang didn't get that stock?"

"Unquestionably."

The Hon. John had risen in the world, and he took care to let the world know it. But he was rather opposed to any one else rising, especially any body employed on the P. and G. road.

"Yes, Mr. Haven," he reluctantly admitted, "but you must remember the social gulf now existing between us. I or you and I are the owners of the P. and G. road. Mr. Haven is an employee."

Ten days previous to the start on the third trip the Hon. John discovered something that threw him into a feverish flutter. It was that his daughter, in her enthusiasm to learn more about railroad bridge building was writing to the engineer for further information about the construction principle or that he in reply was telling about the terrible strength of steel and the strain put upon it under certain conditions.

It was that a fever to his line was about to pass into other hands unless he could secure enough proxies to prevent this at the election to be held in Deaver. He took off his coat and started in, and he came home one night with leaning face to say to the daughter:

"My dear girl, always remember that the first principle of railroading is to get possession of the road."

"But if you can't get enough of the stock?" she asked.

him in her last letter and assured her that he had acted on it, and he solicited her permission to ask her father a certain momentous question before the day had expired. The afternoon when the train had pulled out Miss Edith fluttered around for a bit and then timidly asked:

"Father, what will happen if you fail to get that thousand proxies you are counting on?"

"Why—why, I'd be knocked into a cocked hat, daughter. But I can't fail. I know just where they are. I shall receive a wife at the next stop. I am glad to see you so interested in the matter. Proxies are the powder and ball, and I'm sure of the proxies."

Half an hour later the Hon. John was stamping up and down the car and roaring at the top of his voice. He had received the expected wire and had been informed that the party on whom he depended had sold the stock at a sharp advance. This was the biggest net that he had received in five years. It meant a staggering blow to the P. and G. While he stamped and roared his daughter kept very quiet.

When he had got through smothering the English language he sat down hard and wiped his forehead and looked at the young lady with despairing eyes.

"Father, I don't think we are beaten yet," she said in reply.

"But we are, daughter. Those proxies are certainly in the hands of that infernal M. and W. gang, and they have got me tight. To think that I left it in the hands of Chivers to betray me! Why, I deserve to be sent to an old asylum!"

"But the game may not be lost after all. You know you have been trying to make a railroad woman of me for a year past."

"But that miserable Chivers sold out his stock on me!" shouted the father as he brought his fist down with a great bang.

"Yes, dear, but that's a part of the railroad business. If Chivers sold his stock some one bought it, and some one has the right to vote it in the meeting tomorrow."

"But the M. and W. gang have got it, of course!"

"Perhaps. It's a part of the railroad business to find out. You didn't want me to stop at grades, sidetracks, switchbacks and bridge building, did you? My dear father, remember that the first principle of railroading is to get possession of the road, the next to keep track of stock and proxies, and the third to keep your eyes on the man after a long look into her face."

"Well, suppose the M. and W. gang didn't get that stock?"

"Unquestionably."

The Hon. John had risen in the world, and he took care to let the world know it. But he was rather opposed to any one else rising, especially any body employed on the P. and G. road.

"Yes, Mr. Haven," he reluctantly admitted, "but you must remember the social gulf now existing between us. I or you and I are the owners of the P. and G. road. Mr. Haven is an employee."

Ten days previous to the start on the third trip the Hon. John discovered something that threw him into a feverish flutter. It was that his daughter, in her enthusiasm to learn more about railroad bridge building was writing to the engineer for further information about the construction principle or that he in reply was telling about the terrible strength of steel and the strain put upon it under certain conditions.

It was that a fever to his line was about to pass into other hands unless he could secure enough proxies to prevent this at the election to be held in Deaver. He took off his coat and started in, and he came home one night with leaning face to say to the daughter:

"My dear girl, always remember that the first principle of railroading is to get possession of the road."

"But if you can't get enough of the stock?" she asked.

"Then get the proxies. Buy, borrow or beg, but get them. It is with proxies that I shall get control of the P. and G. road. I need only a thousand more votes, and they are in Deaver waiting for me."

The Hon. John was rubbing his hands when his car left Chicago. He enjoyed costs, and he was on his way to make one. He felt just a little sympathy for the already routed engineer. The defeat would come with a dull thud, whereas he rather preferred something of a little fight.

"Prox, my dear," he said to his daughter as he took a bundle of them from his pocket and thumbed them over—"proxies are the powder and ball to desolate the ranks of the enemy. Blessed be proxies!"

At Sanke P. business detained him a day. He had scarcely left the car when Mr. Haven made his appearance and was received with a smile and a blush.

The talk between him and Miss Edith began about the bridge over the Centennial, but it gradually came down to less scientific and more interesting things.

He referred to a hint she had given him in her last letter and assured her that he had acted on it, and he solicited her permission to ask her father a certain momentous question before the day had expired. The afternoon when the train had pulled out Miss Edith fluttered around for a bit and then timidly asked:

"Father, what will happen if you fail to get that thousand proxies you are counting on?"

"Why—why, I'd be knocked into a cocked hat, daughter. But I can't fail. I know just where they are. I shall receive a wife at the next stop. I am glad to see you so interested in the matter. Proxies are the powder and ball, and I'm sure of the proxies."

Half an hour later the Hon. John was stamping up and down the car and roaring at the top of his voice. He had received the expected wire and had been informed that the party on whom he depended had sold the stock at a sharp advance. This was the biggest net that he had received in five years. It meant a staggering blow to the P. and G. While he stamped and roared his daughter kept very quiet.

When he had got through smothering the English language he sat down hard and wiped his forehead and looked at the young lady with despairing eyes.

"Father, I don't think we are beaten yet," she said in reply.

"But we are, daughter. Those proxies are certainly in the hands of that infernal M. and W. gang, and they have got me tight. To think that I left it in the hands of Chivers to betray me! Why, I deserve to be sent to an old asylum!"

"But the game may not be lost after all. You know you have been trying to make a railroad woman of me for a year past."

"But that miserable Chivers sold out his stock on me!" shouted the father as he brought his fist down with a great bang.

"Yes, dear, but that's a part of the railroad business. If Chivers sold his stock some one bought it, and some one has the right to vote it in the meeting tomorrow."

"But the M. and W. gang have got it, of course!"

"Perhaps. It's a part of the railroad business to find out. You didn't want me to stop at grades, sidetracks, switchbacks and bridge building, did you? My dear father, remember that the first principle of railroading is to get possession of the road, the next to keep track of stock and proxies, and the third to keep your eyes on the man after a long look into her face."

"Well, suppose the M. and W. gang didn't get that stock?"

"Unquestionably."

The Hon. John had risen in the world, and he took care to let the world know it. But he was rather opposed to any one else rising, especially any body employed on the P. and G. road.

"Yes, Mr. Haven," he reluctantly admitted, "but you must remember the social gulf now existing between us. I or you and I are the owners of the P. and G. road. Mr. Haven is an employee."

Ten days previous to the start on the third trip the Hon. John discovered something that threw him into a feverish flutter. It was that his daughter, in her enthusiasm to learn more about railroad bridge building was writing to the engineer for further information about the construction principle or that he in reply was telling about the terrible strength of steel and the strain put upon it under certain conditions.

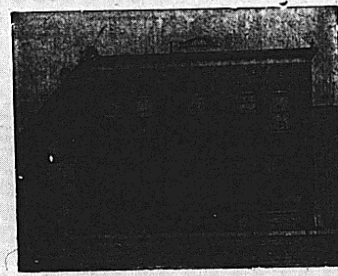
It was that a fever to his line was about to pass into other hands unless he could secure enough proxies to prevent this at the election to be held in Deaver. He took off his coat and started in, and he came home one night with leaning face to say to the daughter:

"My dear girl, always remember that the first principle of railroading is to get possession of the road."

"But if you can't get enough of the stock?" she asked.

Headquarters for

Meats, Vegetables, Fruits



Fresh arrival of Berries, Pineapples, String Beans—Beets, Carrots, Rhubarb, Lettuce, Home, grown Asparagus, New Potatoes, Cabbage and Celery. We keep our vegetables and berries inside away from the dogs. Call in and examine.

Biff Bang! Down goes the price of Sniders Baked Beans—20c can for 15c; 15c can for 10c; 10c can for 8c. Let us Supply You

Alverson & Groff BARRINGTON, ILL. PHONE 483

"The Barrington" GAS AND GASOLINE ENGINE

The Latest Improved and Best Gas or Gasoline Engines on the market. Simple Construction. Guaranteed. Lowest Prices. Made in all sizes from 1 to 10 Horse Power, by A. SCHAUABLE & CO. Barrington, Ill. Manufacturers of Shafing, Pulleys and Belting, Cisterns and Tanks. Repairing of All Kinds of Machinery a Specialty.

The New Market

Meats, Vegetable and Canned Goods

Highest Prices Paid for Cattle

JACOB GERSTER PROPRIETOR BARRINGTON, ILLINOIS

Millinery

A Full and Complete Line of all the Leading Styles and Shapes in Hats, Bridal Wreaths and Veils. Crape and Mourning Goods.

UP-TO-DATE MILLINERY STORE

Miss H. R. Jukes Williams Street Barrington, Ill. Phone 672 One door north of the Review office.