

\$1.50 PER YEAR IN ADVANCE

\$150 PER YEAR IN ADVANCE

HANDSOME NEW OTIS RESIDENCE
New Otis Dwelling Near Here in About

The Spencer Otis family moved into their elegant new home two and one-half miles southwest of this village on December 21. Workmen have been constantly employed on the building for over a year and it is now practically finished.

finished. The work was done entirely by Barrington mechanics under the supervision of Fred Meister with the exception of the floors which were put in by outside workmen. It is built in the colonial style with dado mosaic floors throughout the entire ground floor and bath rooms. Standing on a large bill it is an imposing structure.

commanding a beautiful view on all sides, and is beautifully finished in the interior with white enamel and mahogany wood-work. The painting and decorating was done by Messrs. Kirmse and Lerch and their helpers. It contains five fire-places, two of which are

fac'd with tiles which came from Holland and are over 200 years old. The basement contains a laundry equipped with electric washing machines.

quines, a drying room and stationary tubs, and the main basement contains a large swimming pool and billiard room where tables and a bowling alley will be installed. The cost of the building, which is the handsomest and most modern home in the city, is

Schauble Wins in Damage Suit.
The case of Krunfuss vs. Schauble, wherein William Krunfuss of Barrington township was suing Arnold Schauble of this village, manufacturer of the "Barrington" gasoline engine, for damages caused when his team became frightened at Schauble's automobile

about two years ago, was decided at Waukegan Thursday, December 19, in favor of the defendant. Mr. Krumm alleged that the accident resulted from Schauble's careless driving and that his team of valuable colts was ruined for road work. The case was opened December 16 and the first three days were spent in securing a jury, the

fr. Schauble presented expert testimony to prove that at the particular spot where the accident occurred it could have been impossible to travel at an unreasonable speed or with careless driving. He also put on the witness stand a wire trainer from Libertyville who testified that such a spot

Mr. Krunfuss' wagon and harness mounted to only a few dollars. The result was that it did not take the jury long to bring in a verdict absolving Mr. Schauble from all blame.

The Leonard family were residents of this vicinity many years ago and this was the first time that the seven sons and daughters have all been together for a day, and to them it was a very enjoyable occasion. Those present besides William Leonard and Mrs. Leides, who was Miss Martha Leonard, were Mr. and Mrs. Walter Leonard of Bartlett, Iowa; Mrs. Amelia Leonard Brand of Waukegan; Mr. and Mrs. A. J. Leonard of Elgin, Mr. and Mrs. A. G. Leonard of Chicago, and J. Leonard and wife, Eliza Leonard Jones, of Libertyville, together with some of the children, making a company of 23. A Christmas dinner and

Memorials of childhood days were
roughly enjoyed.

Descon Leonard and wife, the father
mother of the family, settled at
Harrisonburg in 1854 and lived
here until 1872 when they moved to
Rock county to the farm now owned
by William Leonard. The family now
contains nineteen living grandchildren
several great grandchildren.

Real Estate Transfers.

The following transfers of real
estate in this vicinity have been
recorded recently:

D. Kimball and wife to John
Kimball, lot in village of Wacoona,
S. 22.0.

There is a plan on foot to extend the road from Carpentersville to Wendell, and possibly Harwood, via Abbeville and Crystal Lake.

BARRINGTON REVIEW
JOB PRINTING DEPARTMENT
BARRINGTON, ILLINOIS

BARRINGTON REVIEW

ESTABLISHED 1892

M. T. LAMERT, Editor and Publisher

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TELEPHONE 91-R BARRINGTON, ILL.

THURSDAY, JANUARY 2, 1913

THE AUTOMOBILE'S RIGHTS.

The damage verdict of the jury in the case at Waukegan recently in which one local man was sued by another because his team became frightened at the former's automobile and ran away, is evidence that the time is here when the rights of automobiles on country highways are being recognized. A few years ago it is not unlikely that the plaintiff would have been awarded damages, but at the present day no jury of fair minded men will decide against an automobile owner or driver in a case like this unless it can be shown that he was driving at an unreasonable speed or was wilfully negligent in giving warning of his approach and careless in passing the team. Automobiles are now almost as numerous on the highways as are horse drawn vehicles and surely have an equal right of way, consequently the person venturing on the roads with a young or high-lived horse, or one that is known to be frightened at automobiles, should be very sure that he is capable of handling the animal. He cannot expect to hold the automobilist responsible if the latter is observing all proper precautions. An unruly horse is just as great a menace to pedestrians and other vehicles as is the automobile. This is not a plea for those reckless automobile drivers of which every community has a certain number and who are responsible often for the "black eye" given other more conservative and careful drivers. The laws in regard to speed and caution are stringent and are an ample protection against this class of automobilist if they are properly enforced. And they should be enforced to the letter every where for the benefit of other automobile owners, as well as pedestrians and drivers of horses.

CATTLE SUPPLIES AND MEAT PRICES

The annual report of the Chicago stock yards, the country's largest cat the market, throws much light on the problem of the "high cost of living," which is mainly a question of the cost of food.

During the year now ended only 2,500,533 beef cattle were marketed here, as against 2,931,831 in 1911. But 281,298 fewer cattle brought \$183,488,900 or \$3,222,735 more than was paid for the larger herd of 1911. For 503,075 calves \$1,244,865 more was paid than for 521,512 calves the year before.

Supplies of sheep and hogs increased to 6,000,342 and 7,155,125 as compared with 5,736,244 and 7,103,360 in 1911. But they did not make up for the shortage of beef. For hogs \$118,090,562 was paid, as against \$110,037,446 in 1911, and for sheep \$30,231,710 as against \$24,634,185.

Top prices on the beef broke all records save in the case of sheep. Probably sheep and hogs would have been a trifle higher and meat cattle a trifle lower were it not that some people do not eat pork and still more "don't like" mutton.

The plain truth is that the country has been growing faster in human than in food cattle population. Not long ago the Department of Agriculture gave out the statement that, excluding milk cows, there were actually fewer meat cattle than in 1907 by about 35,000,000 head.

The other truth is that the "free range" has all but disappeared and with it the free and easy days of the "range" and sheep beef. The cattle industry is undergoing a reorganizing revolution, and while some reduction of recent prices may probably be expected in time we are not likely ever to see again the cheap beef of fifteen and twenty years ago.

With sheep the case is different, for they can be reared in broken and hilly sections where hedges would start. These sheep are better adapted for use of meat than have been cattle in the past.

NEW YORKERS CREDULOUS

Show Amazing Ignorance of Country Outside of Tight Little Manhattan Isle.

This true story was told by a western merchant at one of the recent dinners given by a commercial organization here, says the New York Times Star. The merchant protested against the "puerile ignorance" of all the rest of the country which is displayed by the average New York man.

"I told the head of one of the big meat houses in town the old story," said he, "of the youngster who returned to New York after an absence. 'I've been away out west,' said he. 'And where were you?' asked his friend.

"In Syracuse," said he. And do you know, that merchant smiled a kind of doubtful, polite smile—the sort of a smile which is a tribute to one's business rating, and not to one's humor. He didn't see the point at all. But I thought that he was an exception until I walked down town with a friend of mine, who is at the head of a big commercial organization in the southwest. He specializes in Navajo blankets, and usually gets \$25 to \$50 for extra good ones from the jobbers here in the east. He took them to the jobbers, to look over their stock of blankets, and finding that the man in charge did not know him, he priced the stock.

"A good blanket," said the man in charge, "is worth from \$250 up."

"It surprised my friend," for he knew what he sold those same blankets to the same firm for. And he asked the reason. And that fog-brained, white-headed, white-eyed salesman told him this, in all seriousness, and believing every word he said.

"You see," said he, "collecting blankets is a very dangerous business. Three men out of every five we send to the wilds are killed by the savage Indians."

Effective Honor.

The honor that exists among thieves is of benefit only to the thieves.

ACCORDING TO MAXIM

He always looked before he leaped, because he feared to fall, the consequence of which was that he never leaped at all. He would not, ere the eggs were hatched, enumerate his chicks, and consequently all that came from those same eggs was six. He would not cross a bridge before he reached it, so it seems that oft he wasted precious time and efforts fording streams. He would not go ahead until he knew that he was right, therefore he seldom moved at all from early morning till night. He never dared to bite off more than he could chew, and all his days he growled because his bites were small and few.

THEY SAY THAT

Once a fisherman, not always a liar.

Opportunity knocks once at every door, but if you are knocking at the same time you're not likely to hear the lady.

Easy Street looks better in the prospect than it does after you have put up your hard-earned dough and recorded your deed.

The worst thing about being hung is the awful suspense.

One trouble with the young ladies is that so few of them have anything fit to wear in the kitchen.

The iglooing lies not in falling, but in quailing.

There is a long bridge between sentiment and sentimentality.

If you've a leaden ring in your ears you can't tinkle true to others.

AMBITION TALKS

BY HARLAN READ

A SUCCESSFUL MAN.

Thirty years ago a boy was born in one of the small towns of the West. His parents were unable to send him to school past the fifth grade, and were compelled to put him at work at the age of 11. He attended to his work faithfully by day. He studied by night. He earned more than his salary. He came to work five minutes early and left it half an hour late. He learned all the details of the business in which he was not working. He earned a little and spent less. He kept a cool head and a clean eye by eating and sleeping regularly. He knew every morning what he was going to do when evening came. When his salary was raised he lived on the same amount as before, and put the surplus in the bank. When he was promoted in position he asked his old friends, and made new ones by working harder than before. He never dodged a responsibility, but shouldered every burden in sight.

Today he is at the head of an immense establishment, with thousands of men under his charge. He is earning more money than the President of the United States, and he is still improving and educating himself.

Do you ask, "Who is he?" He is the future of what you can be. He is a very farmhouse and every city residence in this great country. He is on every playground and in every workshop from coast to coast. If he will it so. He is you, if you will be today what you may be to make the man you wish to be tomorrow. He is you, if the morning hour is bringing you the golden gift of self-improvement and industry. He is you, if you are willing to pay the price of success in humble, patient effort. And to the young man or woman who says he is impossible, he is but the story of another's life, the dream of what will never be.

Bell System

If the business is important—see the man! If that is impossible, talk to him through the telephone.

Don't risk winning on a letter, no matter how cleverly worded; nor on a telegram, which tells what you have to say in a brief and insufficient way.

Use your voice!

If it is one of those strong, cheerful voices, full of honest earnestness, it is your best advocate.

If it is just an ordinary voice—use it anyway!

It isn't altogether what you say, but the time and manner of saying it that counts.

Let the Long Distance Telephone do its part and you will find it will do it well.

Chicago Telephone Company

J. H. Conrath, Dist. Mgr.

Tel. No. 9903

If you wish to learn regarding installation of gas or of any gas appliance particularly the new Cottage Arc Light, or desire any information or require our services in connection with the use of gas, a postal or telephone message to

Northwestern Gas Light & Coke Co.

1611 B. son Ave., EVANSTON, Tel. 89

Ashland Avenue, DES PLAINES, Tel. 10

will receive prompt attention or bring our representative to your door.

How About that old gas stove

it repaired? We make a specialty of putting in new bottoms, linings, etc. Also any kind of sheet metal work.

American Metal Specialty Works, Otto Rieke Manager

Distinguishing Names.

"In a certain Swiss valley," writes a traveler, "family after family there bears the same name—Trench—call relationship before test in antiquity. Go to distinguish the guides, they must be known—you may see it in Banderker—as Joseph Trench the Red and Joseph Trench the Black.

Its Real Value.

"This poem was written by a prominent lawyer of this city. Has it any value?" "About as much value," said the editor, "as a legal opinion written by a poet."—Washington Herald.

Not too Soon

to think of a new stove. The old one has seen its best days and no longer does its work satisfactorily.

To see this display of

Stoves and Ranges

will give more pleasure to the good housekeeper than a store full of dress goods could.

There are many improvements in these stoves which increase their heating powers, reduce fuel consumption, and make them easier to manage.

Come in and let us explain the merits of these stoves to you.

H. D. A. GREBE

Limit of Quenching.

A story is told of a woman whose lover had an unconquerable antipathy to red hair, so she applied to a quack to have the color altered. He replied that this was his wife's department, and that she would furnish the lady with a ladder, comb and the cutlery—things upon which "after two or three applications will make you as fair or as dark as you please."

The Beef Tender.

Man do tender beef but by intention of nature.—Jean Jacques Rousseau.

Stickney Gasoline Engines

ARE THE BEST

Why?

Why do catalog house 3 horse-power engines weigh 425 pounds and the Stickney 3 horse-power weigh 1275 pounds without an ounce to spare—Stickney gives you three-thirds of an engine—This is how the catalog house divides.

Barrington Mercantile Co.

EXCLUSIVE AGENT

Barrington Mercantile Co. - Barrington, Ill.

HARTWOOD FARMS

BARRINGTON, ILLINOIS

PURE BRED HOLSTEIN BULL CALVES

from heavy milkers. The milk production of your herd can be increased by raising calves from a GOOD PURE BRED BULL.

Come and see what we have or telephone.

E. K. MAGEE, SUPERINTENDENT

PHONE BARRINGTON 128-M-2

Take Your Choice of Meats

at this market. You cannot go wrong whatever you select.

You'll know that when the meat you buy sends forth its appetizing odor.

Alverson & Groff

YOU SHOULD TAKE PURE AND PLEASANT DR. KING'S NEW DISCOVERY. YOU WILL GET QUICK AND PERMANENT RELIEF.

Stops Cough, Loosens Chest, Soothes Inflamed Throat, Nose, Bronchial Tubes and Lungs.

Start Taking It at Once.

Dr. King's New Discovery was originated 43 years ago. Its wonderful power to stop coughing, cure colds, relieve bronchial and lung affections, made it quickly popular. Its use steadily increased. Now it is undoubtedly the most used prescription for coughs and colds in the world. Millions of bottles are sold annually, and thousands testify to its merits by testimonials and continued use. Why experiment with unknown and untried remedies? Pleasant, tried and true, Dr. King's New Discovery is guaranteed by your druggist to help you or money refunded. Get a bottle to-day. Keep it for emergencies.

Typoid pneumonia had left me with a dreadful cough," writes Mrs. J. E. Cox of Joliet, Ill. "Sometimes I had such awful coughing spells I thought I would die. I could get no help from doctor's treatment or other medicines, till I used Dr. King's New Discovery. I owe my life to this wonderful remedy, for I scarcely cough at all now." Quick, safe, and reliable for all throat and lung troubles. Sold by

BARRINGTON PHARMACY

Review Ads Pay

Brief Personal Items

ABOUT THE VISITOR AND VISITED

James Neely of Cary was here on business Tuesday.

Fred Baker spent Christmas with his parents at Cary.

Otto Riecke spent Christmas with relatives in Evanston.

Dorothy Amherst of Crystal Lake visited here Saturday.

Miss Martha Naeher spent the holidays with her parents here.

E. F. Schaefer was in Milwaukee Friday of last week on business.

Mr. and Mrs. Morris Cohn spent Sunday with relatives in this village.

J. T. Munn of Crystal Lake transacted business here Friday and Saturday.

Miss Eva Castle is visiting at the homes of relatives in Austin for a few days.

Mr. and Mrs. Carl Volker of Chicago spent Sunday with Mr. Volker's parents here.

Rev. Father Joseph Loneragan is in the Mercy hospital, Chicago, for treatment.

Mrs. M. Welsch and Mrs. Frank Welsch of Chicago visited friends here Sunday.

William Schwartz of Cary is looking for a location for a barber shop in this village.

Floyd Carr visited friends here Christmas day. He is now employed at LaPorte, Indiana.

Walter Sears left Monday, December 23, for Sioux Falls, South Dakota, where he will spend two weeks.

John Riecke and wife of Chester, Nebraska, are spending a few days at the Henry Riecke home north of town.

Mrs. Arletta Sizer went to Chicago just before Christmas to remain for several weeks with her daughters and son.

Howard Castle and daughter, Grace, attended the Castle reunion on Christmas day at the Percy Castle home in Austin.

Mrs. R. P. Williams of Edison Park was a week end visitor at the home of her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Carl Naeher.

Mr. and Mrs. Chas. Dill left New Year's day for a visit with friends and relatives in Indianapolis and Columbus, Indiana.

George Froelich, Jr., who is teaching school in North Dakota, spent the holidays with friends in Plabach, Montana.

Mr. and Mrs. George Froelich on Christmas day attended the funeral at Palestine of Mrs. Froelich's aunt, Mrs. Harmsen.

Addie Kampert is spending a few days at the home of Mrs. A. Sullivan in Chicago. The latter formerly was Vera Church of this place.

Mr. and Mrs. John Kevin and son of Rockford arrived here Sunday to remain for a week with Mrs. Kevin's parents, Mr. and Mrs. E. F. Schaefer.

Mrs. George Shafer of Gordon, Wisconsin, came on December 27, to visit at the home of her brother, William Hunter of Franklin street who is very ill.

Cards of Thanks.

We wish to thank those who so kindly related us during the illness of our beloved mother, also the many friends who attended the funeral.

HERMAN KURHL.

I desire to express my sincere thanks to friends and neighbors for their kindly assistance and sympathy during the illness of my beloved wife.

FRANK BETHE.

We wish to extend our sincere thanks to the many friends and neighbors for the kindness shown us during our late bereavement. The illness and death of our daughter and to those who contributed the flowers.

MR. AND MRS. AUGUST MEYER.

Dr. Barber, optician, will be in Barrington at Dr. Shafer's office Tuesday, January 1.—Adv.

Misses Catherine and Alice Wardrup spent New Year's with Mr. and Mrs. W. J. Cameron.

Mr. and Mrs. W. J. Cameron and Miss Viola Linn saw "The Masah" at the Auditorium theatre, Chicago, last Friday evening.

Economic Suggestion. "The man that Edith married is a reformer." Julia—"How did he know his money?"—Judge.

The New Man. "I am afraid that girl has corrupted me," said the neighborhood woman. "No, she hasn't," answered his wife. "She is only trying to tell me that such a way to live her life as she is at present the proper angle."

HIS FAVORITE PAPER THAT ZERO LUNCHEON

BY JOHN KANE.

By CORNELIUS VOIGHT.

Young Whitman, who lives in a suburb, was standing with his back to the approaching train one morning pleasantly gazing upon the suburban landscape, with a bundle of newspapers under his arm—it was young Whitman's habit to buy all the morning papers in order to get what he called a broad point of view—when he felt a slight tug at the topmost paper. He quickly lifted his grip.

There was another tug, this time a more decided one. It was also slightly impatient, and it was successful. As the newspaper slipped from under his arm young Whitman was aware that a coin was being pressed into his hand. He turned just in time to catch a glimpse of a pink, softly, hurriedly the young woman dully whip her spoils into a shape convenient for carrying as she ran.

Before he could recover his breath sufficiently to call to her his assailant had become lost in the crowd that was boarding the train. All he could be sure of was the pink check, a hat that looked to his bewildered masculine eye like all the other hats that were looking about the station and a blue serge suit.

Young Whitman looked at the coin in his hand; then he looked at the newspapers that remained under his arm. He had a faint recollection of the one that he really depended upon for his literary meal. Then he looked up into the grinning countenance of a neighbor.

"Took you for a newsboy, did she?" chorried the neighbor.

Once more young Whitman looked down at the money in his hand. He held it out to himself. "Can you beat that?" he said, dazedly.

In spite of his loss, the memory of that pink check remained pleasantly with young Whitman for some time. For its sake he took a decided interest in nondescript hats and blue serge suits for several weeks after that. Probably it was this newly developed interest that made him notice one evening in the street car which was bearing him and a number of others over to his station that directly in front of him sat a pink-checked wearer of a blue serge suit and a hat of the kind already inadequately described.

He was some little distance behind the young woman and when on getting out he passed the seat in which she had been sitting he saw that she had left a parcel lying there. He picked the parcel and made after the owner.

"I beg your pardon," he said, raising his hat, "but I think you left this in the car."

The girl looked down at the parcel. "It is mine," she said. "Thank you ever so much."

She moved to the sidewalk and a little way out of the crowd without taking the parcel. Then she opened and plunged her hand into the recesses of an enormous bag.

After a more or less prolonged "scrabble" among its contents she brought forth a small purse. She scanned its contents eagerly.

"Dear me," young Whitman heard her murmur. "I haven't a thing but a quarter. I suppose I'll have to give him that."

The parcel was taken from him with hasty courtesy. Once more he felt a coin pressed into his hand. A vaguely impersonal voice breathed, "Thank you ever so much," and the owner of the parcel had disappeared trainward.

Young Whitman stood still, pondering. "I bet you anything," he remarked, presently, to himself, "that that is the very same girl. It is fate!"

Nimble and shamelessly he rushed into the train, searched until he found the girl in the blue serge suit, and then seated himself directly behind her. He was determined that he would at least know her next time they met.

He was so confident that another meeting had been arranged by fate that he felt no surprise when upon going over to call some evenings later upon his friends at Parkside he found there the girl of the tips.

Mrs. Parkside presented him to her, informing him that the girl was Parkside's sister, and that she was going to pass the winter with them.

The rest followed naturally enough. They are married now.

"My dear," young Mrs. Whitman says whenever her husband starts to tell the story of their early encounters, "really, the only thing I noticed about him each time was his shoes—they were shockingly rusty and worn."

If you could have seen them! He insists that I said a quarter was too much for him, but, as a matter of fact, I would have gladly given him more for his shoes looked as if he must be hungry. I'm glad I married him anyway, for now I make him keep his shoes looking respectable."—Chicago Daily News.

FORESTRY PROBLEM IN JAPAN

Little Brown Brothers Have Safeguarded Themselves Against Destruction of Forests.

Just at the time when this country is beginning to struggle with the problem of husbanding its forest resources, of protecting its mountain slopes, and of improving the waterways, it is interesting to know that the Japanese have successfully attacked the same problem, before the land suffered severely from the evil effects of uncontrolled deforestation. The far-sighted people of Nippon have foreseen the results of the destruction of their extensive mountain forests, and have safeguarded themselves by placing all of these under government control.

The practice of forestry has been carried on in Japan for a longer time than in any other country. For 1,500 years the people of Japan have been planting and growing forests, with a success that has been a little short of marvelous. Under careful management, the Japanese forests yield very high financial returns. This high yield is only made possible by the close utilization of every bit of the tree so that scarcely a twig is wasted, and by the improvement of the growth of their forests by carefully conducted thinning and tending. The woods are first thinned at the age of thirteen years, and then every five years after that up to the time of the last harvest, at 150 years.

Subscribe for the Review.
Subscribe for the Review.

"Oh, mother! mother! Do stop your work! Something awful has happened!" This came from Ruth, as wistfully and her brown eyes as round as saucers, she bounded into the room.

"What, child! Where? When?" exclaimed her mother, while her little brother stood by, breathless.

"In school! Dorothy told me! And it's not true! I didn't do it!"

"Do what, dear? What did Dorothy tell?"

"She said I whispered. And I didn't! Honestly, truly, mother, I didn't!"

"No, she didn't," chimed in little brother, who knew nothing whatever about it.

"How did she happen to say you did?" asked her mother.

"I wouldn't let her play in the doll-house yesterday. She wanted to be the teacher and I did, too. And then I told her it was my yard and my doll-house and she'd better go home. She said she'd get even, and when Miss Marion came back into the room this morning and asked who whispered while she was out Dorothy said I did. And I didn't, either. I'll get a zero in deportment, and if you get three zeros you can't ever, ever go into another grade!" Here she broke down completely. Little brother began to cry with her.

"Come, come, children, let's have our lunch," urged the mother in soothing tones, putting her arms about Ruth and wiping away the tears.

"Maybe while we're eating we can think of something to do about it."

"I don't want any lunch," Ruth managed to say in a choking voice.

"Me neither," accompanied little brother, who then scampered to the luncheon table as fast as his legs would carry him, following reluctantly by Ruth.

The big sister and the father came in and took their places at the table. Between sobs Ruth again related her troubles.

"I'll go and see Miss Marion," announced the big sister.

"Or I'll write her a note," added the mother.

"Well, let's eat," suggested the father.

"Well, let's eat," echoed the little brother.

For a few moments the mother was kept busy serving. Ruth was beginning to forget her troubles in the solace of introducing steak and potatoes into her hungry, growling little body when the brother, with his mouth stuffed full, innocently remarked: "Daddy, don't you think these round potatoes that Eva makes look like sermons?"

Instantly Ruth stopped eating. Tears began coursing down her cheeks. The little brother continued: "Tears look like sermons, too."

"We can't talk about sermons," commanded the mother. "Come, Ruth, dear, finish your lunch."

With the tears on her bib, Ruth began again to eat. As she was about to put some of her favorite vegetable into her mouth she wailed: "Mother, dear, don't you think peas look like sermons and spoons do a little bit, too? Oh, everything's just full of sermons!"

The father burst out laughing. "Well, Ruth," he said, "if we could have 'em all in a row with ones in front of them and dollar signs wouldn't we have lots of fun? Come on, now, let's forget all disagreeable things, because they're bad for our digestion. Mother, let's go to help you."

"Say, dad," exclaimed the little brother, "do you see those round things on the tablecloth?"

"Hush, brother," commanded his mother.

But he wouldn't be hushed. "These round things on the tablecloth—" Ruth's eyes began to fill.

"That—they look just like little pumpkins!"

By the time the meal was over the mother had decided what to do. She would go to the school and give that teacher a piece of her mind for exciting a little child over such a trifle. If necessary, she would go to see the school principal also. The father, however, suggested that she might call in the police force or take the case to the supreme court.

She found the teacher a pleasant, bright-looking young woman, who was much surprised to hear her.

"You came about Ruth?" she asked. "I'm glad to see you. She's the best behaved child I have in the room."

"That's going to help you."

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I wish to thank those who have been my patrons during the year 1912 for their liberal support, a continuance of which I solicit, and it is my desire that all may enjoy a happy and prosperous 1913

F. O. STONE

I CATER TO PARTICULAR PEOPLE

WAUKEGAN POULTRY SHOW

JANUARY 6, 7, 8, 9, 10 AND 11, 1913

A Big Show—Don't Fail to Enter Your Fowls.

The show room has been cooped with new Empire cooping.

Awards made by Judge McLane

Write to L. A. Doolittle, Waukegan, for premium list and entry blank.

MAY the New Year bring you that happiness which comes from opportunities made the most of.

Cleaning, Pressing and Repairing for Ladies and Gentlemen.
All work called for and delivered. Phone 100-R

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Merchant Tailoring

Free Free

The Barrington Mercantile Co. has three Registered Holstein-Friesian Bull Calves to give away to farmers in this locality. It will require no money to obtain these calves. We are enabled to do this through the liberality of Spencer Otis who is deeply interested in the betterment of the grade Holsteins. Call or write for particulars.

Barrington Mercantile Company

SERIAL STORY

EXCUSE ME!

By Report Hughes

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And now there was a small commotion in the smoking room. Through the glass along the corridor the men caught sight of the girl who had got on at Green River. Ashton saw her first and she saw him.

"There she goes," Ashton blurted to the others, "look quick! There's the netarine."

"Word! She's a little bit of all right, isn't she?"

Even Dr. Temple stared at her with approval. "Dear little thing, isn't she?"

The girl, very consciously unconscious of the admiration, moved demurely along, with eyes downcast, but at such an angle that she could take in the sensation she was creating; she went along picking up stares as if they were bouquets.

Her demeanor was a remarkable compromise between outrageous flirtation and perfect respectability. But she was looking back so intently that when she moved into the observation room she walked right into the new paper. Mallory was holding out before him.

Both said: "I beg your pardon."

When Mallory lowered the paper, both started. His eyes almost popped. Her amazement was one of immediate rapture. He looked as if he would have been much obliged for the girl's water to sink into his shoes.

"Harry!" she gasped, and let fall her handbag.

"Kitty!" he gasped, and let fall his hat.

Both the bent, he handed her the newspaper and tossed the handbag into a chair; saw his mistake, withdrew the newspaper and handed her the hat. She stopped, staring at him, as if she had suddenly been petrified.

The newcomer was the first to speak. She fairly gushed: "Harry Mallory! Of all people, you!"

"Kitty! Kathleen! Miss Lewellyn!"

"Just to think of meeting you again!"

"Just to think of it!"

"And on this train of all places!"

"On this train of all places!"

"Oh, Harry, Harry!"

"Oh, Harry, Harry!"

"Your dear fellow, it is so long since I saw you last!"

"So long!"

"Just to think of that last hop at West Point, remember?—why, it seems only yesterday, and how well you are looking. You are well, aren't you?"

"Not very. He was mopping his brow in anguish, and yet the room seemed strangely cold."

"Of course you look much better in your uniform. You aren't wearing your old uniform, are you?"

"No, this is not my uniform."

"You haven't left the army, have you?"

"I don't know yet."

"Don't ever do that. You are just beautiful in brass buttons."

"Thanks."

"What's the matter now?"

"This tie, this green tie, isn't this the one I knitted you?"

"I am sure I don't know. I borrowed it from the corner. I don't know."

"Don't you remember? I did knit you one."

"Did you? I believe you did! I think I wore it once."

"Oh, you fickle boy! But see what I have. What's this?"

He started through the glass eyes of complete bewilderment. "It looks like a bracelet."

"Don't tell me you don't remember this!—the little bangle bracelet you gave me."

"Did I give you a bangle bracelet?"

"Of course you did. And the inscription. Don't you remember it?"

She held her hand in front of his aching eyes and he perceived as it read was his own aptitude, what she read was his own aptitude, what she read was his own aptitude.

"Good night!" he signed to himself, and began to mop his brow with his handkerchief.

"You put it on my arm," said Kathleen, with a moonlight sigh, "and I've always worn it."

"Always?"

"No matter whom I was engaged to."

The desperate wretch, who had not dared even to glance in Mallory's direction, somehow thought he saw a ray of self-deception. You were engaged to three or four others when I was at West Point."

"I may have been engaged to the others," said Kathleen, moon-eying him, "but I always liked you best. Clifford—or, Tommy—I mean Harry."

"You got me at last!"

Kathleen looked back at this: "Well, I do doubt you have had a dozen affairs since."

"Oh, no! My heart has only known one real love."

He threw his head at Kathleen, but Kathleen seized it to his greater confusion: "Oh, Harry, how sweet of you to say that! It makes me feel positively faint."

And she swooned, and he showed a chair forward and let her collapse into that. Thinking and hoping he was unconscious, he made ready to escape, but the captain him by the coat, and moaned: "Where am I?" and he groined back:

"In the observation car!"

Kathleen's life and animation returned without delay. "Fancy meeting you again! I could just scream."

"So could I!"

"You must come up in our car and see mamma."

"Is mamma with you?" Mallory gasped, on the verge of impossibility.

"Oh, yes, indeed, we're going around the world."

"Don't let me detain you."

"I shall be with you."

"Is papa on this train, too?"

At last something seemed to connect the two.

barren her a title: "No, papa went on ahead. Mamma hopes to overtake him. But papa is a very good traveler."

Then she changed the subject. "Do come and meet mamma. It would cheer her up so. She is so fond of you. Only this morning she was saying, 'Of all the boys you ever engaged to, Kathleen, the one I like most of all was Edgar—I mean Clarence—Harry Mallory.'"

"Awfully kind of her."

"You must come and see her—she's some stouter now!"

"Oh, is she? Well, that's good."

Mallory was too angry to take, and too helpless to take advantage of his anger. He wondered how he could ever have cared for this molluscous and mud-colored girl. He remembered now that she had always had these same cloying ways. She had always loved him and, like everybody but the pawns, he hated loving.

It would have been enough at any time to have Kathleen hanging on his coat, straightening his tie, leaning close to him in his eyes, losing him his balance, recapturing him every time he edged away. But with Mallory as the grim witness it was maddening.

He loathed and abominated Kathleen Lewellyn, and if she had only been a man, he could cheerfully have let her go. But she was a girl, and he had to care for her as he could while she was a girl. He had to care for her as he could while she was a girl. He had to care for her as he could while she was a girl.

SOMETHING for the LITTLE ONES

WARM MUFF FOR YOUNG GIRL

Might Be Taken Up by Older Girls to Attract Attention and Keeping Hands Comfortable.

A doll that is also a muff, or a muff that is a doll, whichever way you like, has been designed by a New York woman. The doll has the outward semblance of others of its kind, but inside the skirt is a soft body with hand-openings on each side. This hand-openings is a winter child and wears a long coat like her owner, the coat having wide side pockets, so that the little girl carrying it can slip her hands through into the soft muff inside. To enhance the effect, the doll also carries a muff. But it is not only children who may be looked for to carry this doll. In these frigid days when young women carry teddy bears, stuffed dogs and even



Sensitive is Eloise. It's trying. I must say. I scolded her last night and she's all broken up today.

INTERESTING TRICK TO PLAY

Board Projecting Over Table and Covered With Newspaper Cannot Be Knocked to Floor.

Take an ordinary board, two or three feet long such as a bread-board, and place it on the table so that about one-third of its length will project over the edge. Under the board, lay it on the table over the board, says the Populizer Mechanics. Any one familiar with the expert class of the air above which is about fifteen pounds to the square inch, prevents the board from coming up. This is an entertaining trick to play at an evening party and also makes a simple and interesting experiment.

Doll Muff.

dolls on the street, there is no reason why they should not carry one of these little dolls as a hand-warmer and achieve the double success of attracting attention at the same time.

WHAT MAKES A GOOD TALKER

Doctor Johnson Says, Among Other Things, There Must Be Presence of Mind and Resolution.

A man may have the gift of gab without being a good talker, the London Chronicle remarks. Of this order was Macaulay, who had no restful spaces of silence.

"I wish," said Sydney Smith, who could listen as well as talk, "I wish that Macaulay would see the difference between colloquy and soliloquy."

And on another occasion. Oh, yes, we both talk a good deal; but I don't believe Macaulay ever did hear my voice. Sometimes when I have told a good story I have thought to myself: "Poor Macaulay! He will be very sorry some day to have missed listening to that." The difference between the two men was that while the clever talker and the brilliant bore.

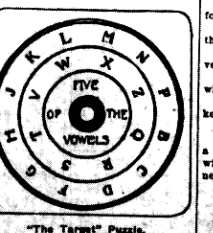
But the elements of success in conversation will be variously defined. Doctor Johnson, who must take rank with the foremost of the world's great talkers, had his own theories on the subject.

"There must in the first place be knowledge," he said: "there must be materials; in the second place there must be command of words; in the third place, there must be imagination, to place things as they are not commonly seen; and in the fourth place there must be presence of mind, and a resolution that it is not to be overcome by failure; this last is essential, for want of it many people do not excel in conversation."

PUZZLE WITH LITTLE CATCH

Which Vowels Should Be in Middle of "The Target" Is Not Difficult of Solution.

When the artist was completing this design for the Printer's Archery association he asked the members at their annual dinner which of the



"The Target" Puzzle.

vowels should have its place in the middle of the target.

What was the solution?

All this arrangement merely cloaks a catch. The answer to the question "which vowels should be in the middle of the target" must be A, the central letter of those two words.

Retrieved.

"This is an excellent entertainment," we were told.

"All right," I was afraid I was one of those blunderers."

PREPARING FOR NEW SETTLERS

EXTENDING THE AGRICULTURAL AREA IN WESTERN CANADA

For sometime past the Canadian government has had surveys of arable lands in new areas for the accommodation of the largely increasing number of settlers coming in to occupy the agricultural districts of the three prairie provinces. There were those connected with the work of securing settlers for western Canada who last spring prophesied that there would be more than 175,000 new settlers from the United States and Canada during the present year. There were those who doubted that the number of new settlers would be so large. Figures of 125,000 could be increased. Recent competition made by the officials of the immigration branch at Ottawa show that the number of new settlers will be beaten and that the 175,000 mark from the United States will be reached. As great an increase in the number of new settlers will reach Canada this year. The results of the year's work in Canadian immigration will give upward of a total of 400,000 souls.

But this is not to be wondered at when it is realized what is offering in the three prairie provinces and also in the coast provinces of British Columbia, which is also bidding strongly and successfully, for a certain class of settlers, the settler who wishes to go into mixed farming or fruit raising. When the central portion of this province is opened up by the railway now being constructed there will be large areas of splendid land available for the settler.

Reference has frequently been made of late by those interested in developing the American west to the large numbers who are going to Canada high officials in some of the railways being amongst the number to give voice to the fact. The more these facts become known the more will people seek the reasons and these are best given when one reads what prominent people say of it. What the farmer thinks of it and what his friends say of it. James A. Flaherty, supreme knight of the Knights of Columbus was in Ottawa, Canada a short time ago. He says:

"If I were a young man I would sell out my interests in less than two months and move right to the Canadian Northwest where so many opportunities abound."—Advertisement.

SKATEMOBILE FOR THE BOYS

Youths of Eastern City Becoming Expert in Inventing Means of Easy and Fast Locomotion.

Philadelphia boys are getting to be expert in the invention of vehicles for their play. First it was the push mobile, then the coasting skid and now it is the skatemobile, which any boy can make for himself in a little while. Take an old roller skate and

Personal.

"No corn today!" growled the star boarder.

"Out of season," said the landlady. "Everything is out of season at some time."

"Except the prune."

Mr. Windsor's Shooting Symp for Children

Health's best way—Eat Apples every day.—Corna.

ALPAPA M. Timothy and Clover mixed.

Turn about is fair play—except when applied to a hand organ.

TIED BLOOD

TORTURES THE SKIN

(Copyright 1913 by the Tontive Co.)

Tied Blood often manifests itself by Dry Skin, Itching Parts, Skin Eruptions, Eczema, Pimples, Rash, Boils, Ulcers, Carbuncles, Scrofula, etc., causing intense suffering and annoyance.

We all recognise the evidence of this trouble as the evidence of "tied blood" or tied blood. "Our view of the matter is that the very case where the blood is sufficiently strong it destroys the germs and makes skin diseases impossible, and a treatment of Tontives will put the blood in that condition. The Tontive Co., Buffalo, N. Y.

TONITIVES

TIED BLOOD

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