

BARRINGTON REVIEW ADVENTURES OF A HAT

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THURSDAY, APRIL 3, 1913

THE NEW BANK.

The news that the Barrington Bank of Robertson, Piage & Company and the newly organized First State Bank of Barrington will consolidate will be a source of much gratification to many people. The need of a state bank here is admitted in fact the organization by Chicago parties of a state bank to be located in this village was responsible for the present movement, made to head off the outsiders, in which it has been successful. The excellent standard of the present private bank, and the fact that the men at its head are so favorably known and well liked made many reluctant to see a change made which would be apt to injure its business to some extent and divide the banking accommodations of the town. The organization of a state bank is not a new idea; on the contrary it has been talked of for the last ten or fifteen years, but for these same reasons it did not go further than the talking point until the outsiders signified their intention of coming in here, but now that the step has been taken and arrangements have been made so satisfactorily everyone should be well pleased.

By the present plan Barrington will have one of the strongest banks between Chicago and Woodstock. The Barrington bank has, through its twenty years of business, made for itself a reputation for conservative, careful management second to that of any other private bank in the state, and has built up a fine business. This reputation and this business will make the First State Bank of Barrington, from the day it commences business, capable of earning good profits for its stockholders. The Review congratulates all of the parties to the proposed consolidation upon this fortunate outcome, and predicts prosperity for the new bank and satisfaction to its stockholders.

A REAL NEED.

The thing that Barrington most needs at the present time is a commercial club or business men's association—something to awaken interest and enthusiasm and create a feeling of pride in the village has the advantages of excellent shipping facilities and a rich farming and dairying territory surrounding, and is located just far enough away from one of the world's greatest market centers to be within convenient reach and still maintain its spirit of independence, and there are many things that an up-to-date organization of the business men could do for the town, to their mutual advantage and for the betterment of all of the residents.

Cities do not grow, they must be built, and their builders, usually reap material rewards. Barrington has been building for many years, slowly and naturally, but it has not received the assistance from its citizens that is needed to remove it from the country town class.

The time to boast is now.

In the Same Boat.
Belle and Dan had just announced their engagement. "When we are married," said Belle, "I shall expect you to share every morning" replied Dan, "but what about the mornings I don't get home in time? I belong to a club, too."—Lippincott's Magazine.

Preferred the Longer Name.
Little Runney named the doll that was given him "Jim." But he said to his mother, "I am going to call it Jimmie, because it seems like when I say Jim I have to stop so soon."

Man's Power as Dynamo.
In the best and most useful effort expended by man so far, it is a device that can be converted into electrical energy it would be sufficient to run a sewing machine under the 140 watts.

When Andrews announced early in June that he was going to buy a straw hat, his family knew that summer was on its way, in spite of the black winds and cold rains that made them all shiver. Andrews laughed aloud over the foolishness shown by women in being slaves to fashion, but he would never venture out with a straw hat before the proper moment, even though he sweated for weeks.

"Well," his wife sighed, "I'm glad of it, for that old hat looks too shabby to wear any more. All I ask is that you don't get the latest fad in straw because the latest is never becoming to you."

"Oh, I'll get a good one, all right," he assured her cheerfully. "A conservative model, but one with some dash just the same."

So he did. He was leaving for a business trip and bought the new hat of his way to the train, so as to have an up-to-date look when he met the man with whom he was to transact business. In the early afternoon a young boy delivered a large round box at the Andrews home.

"Maybe somebody's sent us a present," Lucy Andrews cried in pleasant anticipation. "It couldn't be flowers, could it?"

Her mother broke the cord and opened the box, and so displayed to view Andrews' new hat.

"Isn't that just like a man?" exclaimed Mrs. Andrews. "The idea of sending home that old hat! It comes in handy for me, though, because I wanted to have Dan carry out some boxes from the cellar and I'll give this hat as a reward."

Then was the surprise. He was pleased with what he termed a "well-kept" hat, and was profuse in his thanks. "I'll wear it to a christening Thursday week," he said. "An' won't be the swell guy, though?"

That night cold rain came down in torrents, and Mrs. Andrews did not sleep well, because of a new worry that troubled her. Getting up to look after the windows, she roused Lucy to whom she expressed her worry.

"Your father'll be home tomorrow morning," she said, "and I'm perfectly sure the first thing he'll ask for is that derby hat. If it's raining like this he just can't wear his new straw hat to the office. It would look absurd."

"Oh, never mind," Lucy said consolingly. "You can't tell what the weather's going to be. Maybe it'll be hotter anything tomorrow morning."

But it wasn't. Further, Andrews had barely kissed his wife and daughter before he asked for his old hat. "Hat?" his wife said vaguely. "What hat? I thought you wore your hat out of the store when you bought it."

"I did wear my straw hat, I mean the derby. It beats all how uncomfortable some stores are. The man promised faithfully to have that derby up here yesterday afternoon, yet he doesn't seem to have meant a word he said. Lucy if you don't eat so rapidly, you won't choke."

Lucy sat on the window seat in the dining room for two hours that morning watching for Dan, supported by the excitement of it and by the joy of staying at home from school. When Dan finally arrived she summoned her mother with a joyous shout.

"I'm sorry, Dan," Mrs. Andrews said awestruck. "I didn't understand that Mr. Andrews wanted that hat. If you don't mind, I'll be very glad if you will bring it back today."

"I'll bring it if I can, ma'am," he said, grumpily. "But I loaned it to a friend of mine to wear to a dance to-night and I've got to bust him up."

Mrs. Andrews gave him a silver dollar, which he ran on the step before he condescended to accept it. Then there was nothing to do but wait. The day seemed as long as it would never end, dragging its weary hours along until nearly five o'clock, and perfunctory near the home-coming hour.

"Dan's been here to take out the sales," Lucy said cheerfully. "I guess he didn't find the hat after all."

Mrs. Andrews went out in the rain to the next door neighbor's, where she saw Dan.

"Oh, I got it," he said sourly. "But I had to give the feller 50 cents for it."

Mrs. Andrews refunded the 50 cents and Dan appeared at once at the door bearing the hat in its box, for all the world as though it were a wedding cake or a basket of eggs. Mrs. Andrews was so glad to get it that she almost wept, and stood off to admire it after she had hung it on the rack in the hall.

"There's no use saying anything to papa about it," she told Lucy. "I would just worry him to think I had no much trouble. He just comes now."

The door swung open to admit the man of the house and a gleam of late sunlight.

"Hello!" Andrews cried broadly. "My, but I'm glad to get home! Well, there's my hat at last! Looks sort of funny, doesn't it? Probably because I've been wearing my new one. I think, after all, I won't bother with that derby. I didn't realize that it was so shabby. You'd better give it to Dan."

His Kind.
"Did you see where manufacturers in Massachusetts are accused of planting dynamite?"

"I should think they could easily prove that to be an exploded charge."

Keep Children From Straying.
In the estimated and there have been some million planted in the state this year—all of which served a purpose, if you know what it was.—Jules (N.Y.) Herald.

WORDS OF TRUTH

FROM

WASHINGTON TEMPLE

THE WORD OF GOD must stand, whether it be the word promising Eternal Life or the sentence of Death. There is no variegation with Him, neither shadow of turning. The curse, the Death Sentence, foretold by the Lord, was executed, but not instantly. Adam was not stricken lifeless with a thunderbolt. From the very beginning God foreknew all, and had planned the redemption of Adam and Eve and all their children. As a result Jesus came, "died the Just for the unjust," and promises as a result that ultimately the "curse" will be removed. "There shall be no more curse"—Revelation 22:3, 21:4, 5.

All of us were told, and many of us believe fully that the penalty of Father Adam's disobedience was eternal torture, in which all of his posterity must share, except a few—the saints, the Elect. We were told that this was the teaching of the Bible. We accepted it without looking for the proof.

Christian people are examining their Bibles more carefully. They find that the curse, or penalty for sin, was and is a totally different one. "The wages of sin is death." (Romans 6:23). "The soul that sinneth it shall die." This penalty of death has rested against Adam and his family for six thousand years. It has brought sorrow and sighing, pain and trouble.—Romans 5:12.

It is this curse of death that was pronounced against Father Adam, according to the Genesis account, and also according to the New Testament account. "Accursed is the Earth for thy sake," thorns and thistles shall it bring forth unto thee in the sweat of thy face shalt thou eat bread until thou return unto the ground from whence thou wast taken, for dust thou art and unto dust shalt thou return." It is from this curse that Jesus redeemed us by dying for us, the Just for the unjust. It is from this death-curse that Messiah rescues all by a resurrection from the dead.—1 Corinthians 15:21.

PASTOR RUSSELL.

WASHINGTON TEMPLE

Expensive Taste.
A woman who tastes in France is said to earn nearly \$25,000 a year, as her services are in good demand. Not many women have adopted this profession, but a half dozen or so who have been famed for their powers. It takes a rare sense of taste to be able to tell as soon as a drop of wine touches the tongue in just what part of the world the grapes are grown.

Mental Satisfaction.
And new the scientists tell us that when we think we have a cold we are just recovering from one. In other words, we don't know we have it until we begin to get well. While this isn't perfectly clear there is some little comfort in the idea.—Toledo Blade.

World Looks for the Best.
There are two sides to every story. The victory you win means defeat to the other fellow. But that should not deter us from doing our best. It's the best that the world needs, but if you can do better than the other fellow, it is your work that the world wants.

Regulations.
On remarking some time ago that students cannot be driven anywhere by regulations, I was contradicted by the dean of another institution who stated that by regulations they can be driven to the devil. I accepted the amendment.—President Lowell, in Harvard Graduate Magazine.

Have No Country.
While at supper one evening a member of the family asked: "Say, what are the Blanks?" The discussion on nationality and religion following, was round up by the youngest son inquiring earnestly: "Papa, what country do the bachelors come from?"

English Difficult Enough.
"Dear Sir," wrote a Cardiff father to a school teacher, "Please do not let my son John learn Welsh, for his throat is so bad he can hardly speak English."—Tit-Bits.

Farmer's Worry.
If you have a few lazy, good-for-nothing hens in your back yard eating high-priced food, you might have more sympathy for the farmer.—Harrisburg Telegraph.

Perhaps.
Ballroom dancing must have been invented by some ingenious person, who wanted to take some one else in the arms and hadn't the right to.—The Teller.

Plant That Resembles Stones.
In South Africa there is found a plant of the genus Mesemryanthemum, growing on stony ground, which closely resembles a pebble, that it is invariably taken by the strange for a stone.

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Platte, S. Dakota, Nov. 11, 1911.
My neighbor's fields were planted at the same time, and prepared with the same care, except that they were plowed the old way, five or six inches, while mine were plowed the Spalding way, twelve to sixteen inches. My neighbor's yield is just exactly one-half of mine, with a yield of twenty bushels per acre, where mine was forty.

(Signed) FRED BOSSEN.

Sold by
The Barrington Mercantile Company

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Many Have Filled Consumptive Graves Because They Neglected a Cough or Cold.

You never know how soon a cold will become a serious malady. It may be in the head to-day; in the lungs to-morrow and the next day you may be fighting deadly pneumonia for your life. It's much the same with a cough. Inflamed and cough-worn throat and lungs offer the best chance to consumption germs to begin their murderous work. There's only one way to prevent these deadly diseases getting a hold on you. As soon as a cough or cold attacks you, take Dr. King's New Discovery until you are entirely cured. Sometimes a dose or two will do the business, saving you suffering and a doctor's bill. Thousands of cures like these below prove its wonderful power to cure coughs and colds.

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"Yours respectfully,"
"Wm. Ogger."

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