# The Rejuvenation of Chilton Forester

By Constance D'Arcy Mackay

Copyright, 1906, by M. C. Parcells

Olivia Forester descended from her auto and looked about her helplessly. As far as she could see the road stretched away dusty and desolate. It was the haying season. Farmers were busy with their crops and passersby were few. Olivia's car stood half in and half out of the wayside ditch, and it was beyond her power to move it. There was nothing to be done but wait. If deliverance in any guise approached she could readily signal it, for she stood on the crest of a hill.

Below her the countryside lay like a green map. The clear air mocked distance and brought things wonderfully near—the cluster of houses that formed Oakdale village beyond these the gray gables of her own home and still farther away the shining roof of Willoughby manor.

It was at the latter that she looked with the most interest, for the Forester-Willoughby feud, beginning about a land line, had continued for two generations. The elder Willoughby had died, but Broughton Willoughby had returned from college and the manor was reopened.

The villagers, who took a lively interest in the two families, declared him to be a fine, sensible young man, nor was Olivia a whit less popular. People liked to wait for her smile and nod as she galloped past. Recently her motor had taken the place of her horse, a course of which her father heartily disapproved, for he hated modern innovations.

His son of hostile neighbor was only one of many idiosyncrasies. Trains filled him with a horror unspeakable. It was his boast that he had never ridden in a sleeper. He loathed the bustle of a city life and clung tenaciously to his New England homestead, whose inaccessibility rendered it doubly dear to him. Olivia often teased him by saying she was sure he would like to keep her at home beside a spinning wheel.

"Anything," he cried, "would be better than what you have chosen! With such a hideous, snorting thing as that how can you expect to come to anything but grief? And, though Murray, the groom, is an excellent—what do you call it?—chauffeur, you insist in going about the country alone. You are a modern, Olivia, and I wash my hands of you!"

Yet now, as Olivia was experiencing her first breakdown, she recalled her father's words with a twinge of apprehension, and it was a relief to hear another machine approaching, a relief which turned to consternation when she saw its occupant. Young Willoughby coolly ignored the embarrassment of the situation.

"I hope your pardon," he said pleasantly, "but can I be of some assistance?"

"Thank you," answered Olivia confusedly. "It won't move either way, and I can't find out what's the matter with it." Nor could Willoughby when, after twenty minutes' work, he managed to get it from the ditch.

"There doesn't seem to be any help in sight," he observed cheerfully after looking up and down the road. "Will you let me take your motor in tow?"

Olivia hesitated. But what had a family feud to do with a breakdown? "If you will be so good," she murmured, and, gathering her dress about her, she stepped into her own car.

She leaned back with a sign of relief. At least she would not have to talk to him. Then the absurdity of the affair struck her. She realized how she would look, whirling through the village streets as it taken captive by Willoughby. Instantly her pride was up in arms. At the edge of the village she called to him, and he slowed down immediately.

"I think," said Olivia, "I would rather you left me here. I'm sure some farmer's team will be passing and take me the rest of the way, and I am most grateful to you for the assistance you have given me."

"It was the greatest pleasure," said Willoughby and, raising his cap, was gone.

But Olivia was sure that the farmer's team which came to her aid a few moments afterward was of his sending, and, though she told herself it was the unreentfulness of her life that made this afternoon's occurrence seem of so much importance, yet she took pleasure in mentally recalling each incident. Indeed, so much did Willoughby occupy her thoughts that she was scarcely surprised when a few days later, sending home against a wind that presaged a storm, a turn in the road brought Willoughby into view. He was on his knees in the middle of the road, apparently investigating his gasoline tank.

"The sparker doesn't connect," he said in answer to her question and quickly accepted her offer of assistance. They started homeward in complete reversal of the parts they had played before. Now it was Olivia's motor that went gallantly ahead, while Willoughby and his car trailed in the rear. They were still some twenty miles from Oakdale, the wind was steadily rising, and a few great drops of rain began to fall.

"Now, remember Olivia as they sped forward, "I have canceled the debt. We are square. There need be no further exchange of courtesies." Yet even as this crossed her mind her motor came to a sudden jarring stop. Both she and Willoughby alighted.

"It's the aspiration pipe," he said, trying to keep a note of mirth from his voice. "I'll have to have another try at my machine. Perhaps by this time it's changed its mind. There, you see!" and his car began pulling with an alacrity which might have awakened Olivia's suspicions, but she had no chance to analyze her emotions.

"It's a good thing my machine is covered," he went on, "for we are going to have a bit of a storm." He snatched up his dust colored coat and held it out for her. "I'm sorry it's so cumbersome," he said, smiling, "though at least it's a protection."

Olivia was lost in the folds of it, and the wind whipped her veil out bannerlike and she stepped into Willoughby's car. The storm had broken on them, and the rain drove blindingly in their faces. Trees, fields and road seemed blotted out. The rain was still coming down in torrents as the two machines sputted up the gravel driveway under the Foresters' porte cochere, and Willoughby opened the door for Olivia as if it was an everyday occurrence, though none of his family had set foot within the Forester grounds in a lifetime.

Olivia, dishevelled and breathless, stood dripping in the hall, while her father in a passion of resentment listened to the story of her afternoon's adventure. And in the house across the way young Willoughby mused with an unlighted pipe between his lips. "What would she have thought," he mused, "if she had known that the breakdown of my bully old motor was nothing but a ruse from start to finish? But all's fair in love and motoring."

But the barriers of the feud were down, and between Olivia and Willoughby acquaintance deepened into intimacy. They took long rides through the country, the two machines whirling along side by side. "I've never had a chauffeur," said Olivia on one of these occasions.

"But you should," Willoughby whimsically protested. "I know of some one who's longing for the place."

"Why, what"—began Olivia and then stopped. The look in Willoughby's eyes was not one of banter.

"I'm not worthy of it," he went on, "but still I dare to ask. And if you'll say 'yes' I'll do my best to steer straight and well and guard you to the end of the journey. Will you trust me, Olivia?"

"Always," she answered, and from the autumn slope of the hill down which they rode it seemed as if the whole world lay golden before them.

But their dream was destined to end with startling abruptness when Willoughby wrote to her father, for it gave the old gentleman a grim satisfaction to refuse all terms of conciliation. He cherished the feud because it belonged to the old order of things, and for him custom was not easily uprooted. To Olivia's many entreaties he made the same obdurate answers. But there was in her a spark of the same unquenchable fire that burned in him, and his determination fanned its embers to a blaze as she went quietly on with her preparations—preparations of which no one knew save Willoughby and Mr. MacWurter, the village justice, who had known Olivia since childhood.

"This is romantically old fashioned enough to suit even your father," declared Willoughby as they sped through the moonlit night on their way to the 8:15 train.

Olivia's answer was a clutch on his arm. "Listen!" she cried. "We're being followed! It's father—in my machine—with Murray, the groom."

Willoughby's chauffeur put on full speed, and the waiting MacWurter was caught up with cyclonic rapidity. The car was still plunging forward at a terrific rate as he jolted out the words of the hurried ceremony. It was a race for love, and the auto won—barely won; they had not reached the village station before the other machine came stupendous.

For the first time in many years old Chilton Forester had been completely taken out of himself. The long stretch of road, white in the moonlight, the crisp air of night rushing past him, had filled him with a tremendous exhilaration. He half forgot the lovers in the keenness of this new sensation. His blood felt like wine in his veins. The ivory tint of his face had taken on a pink. His eyes sparkled. To Olivia's startled gaze he looked strangely young. Of the torrent of denunciation that the runaway pair had expected there was none.

"You young fools," said Chilton Forester pleasantly, "you young fools!" And then, leaning toward his son-in-law, he inquired with passionate interest, "What is the make of your machine?"

Thus ended the Forester feud.

### Put as a Lion.

"No," said the lion tamer to Patsy Flannigan; "you can't have a job to look after the animals, but our pet lion died last week, and we've kept the skin, so I'll give you £2 a week to dress up as a lion," says London Tit-Bits.

"Two pounds!" echoed Flannigan. "Good gracious, is there so much gold in the world? Right, sor—"

So Patsy dressed up as the lion and laid down in the cage. The menagerie doors were opened, and the performance commenced. "Ladies and gentlemen," said the keeper, "to show the wonderful docility of these animals, we will now place the lion in the cage with the tiger."

"Man, 'are 'e mad?" said Patsy. "Think of my wife and children!"

"Get in," said the keeper, "or I'll run this pitchfork through you."

Patsy thought he might as well die one way as another, so he crawled into the tiger's cage, and when he saw the animal's big, ferocious eyes fixed on him he uttered a doleful wail and commenced to pray in Irish. The tiger walked over to him. "What's the matter wid you?" said he. "Shure, man, ye needn't be afraid. Ofin Oirish meself!"

# HAVING A GOOD CRY

By DONALD ALLEN

Copyright, 1906, by Ruby Douglas

Pretty Viola Crayden had come down to visit her aunt in her country home, and for a week she had been supremely happy. There were chickens and ducks and geese; there were guinea-hens and doves and rabbits, there were innocent lambkins and frolicking calves, and she had tried to milk a cow, fallen off a fence and churned two pounds of butter. But for Arthur Tyson this dream of bliss might have continued another week, and pretty Viola might have climbed to the roof of the wagon shed, sold paper rags to a tin peddler and gone blackberrying down in the meadow as a continuance of her romantic adventures.

Arthur Tyson had not only fallen in love with her, but he was intending to ask for her hand. He hadn't published his intentions in any of the journals or told the country postmistress what was in his mind, but Miss Viola had a line on him. You can't fool a girl about such things. The man who is courting her may talk about the joys of bachelor life and pretend to be a cynic on affairs of sentiment, but she can read him like a book. When Arthur had said that he would arrive at Viola's aunt's on the 14th—running down in his auto in the forenoon and running back to the city again in the evening—there was a look in his eyes that said there would be something doing.

The 14th came, and then things began to happen. A letter arrived from Arthur to say that his grandmother wanted him to hurry to her dying bedside; a big bumblebee came droning along, even as Viola was reading the letter while seated on the veranda, and stung her on the bare arm; a windmill man called on business and tried to flirt with her; she was chased out of the barnyard by a calf and chased back again by a turkey gobbler; the dog got hold of her cute summer hat and chewed it up, and she fell down cellar while going after preserves and landed on top of the family cat.

Several other vexations things occurred between the morning of the 14th and noon of the next day, and an hour after dinner Miss Viola made up her mind to have a good cry. If she cried in the house her aunt, who was a sharp eyed old lady, would see her tears and ask questions; if she went to the barn to cry among the cooing hens and new mown hay, the hired man would come stumbling in; if she hid away behind the grape arbor or the currant bushes, there were bugs to crawl down her back as soon as she was off her guard.

Down across the meadow and half a mile from the house there was a small grove, and the disconsolate girl finally made up her mind that her tears of sympathy would be shed amid the rock of those trees. Her manner of dodging her aunt and getting out of the house and down to the grove would have been called "making a sneak" by some, but a pretty girl who is looking for a crying place should not be judged too harshly.

She found the grove a capital place for her business. There were shade and quietness and the whispering of the summer breeze through the leaves, and Miss Viola went at it and let the tears fall, her chin quiver and her sobs frighten away the blue chickadee that was taking a daytime nap on a branch above her head.

Mr. Tyson hastened to the bedside of his dying grandmother, thinking that it would be a whole week before she would die and be buried and the will mentioning him as sole heir read. Upon his arrival a glad surprise awaited him. It was a case of billous colic only, caused by eating too heartily of corned beef and cabbage at the advanced age of eighty-three.

He would have hastened away at once, but the grandmother objected. She had a story to tell—a story of how that colic grasped and gripped her and lasted her ten hours before the doctor could bring relief. It took her all day to finish the story, and then it took her nephew several hours in addition to convince her that if he did not hasten back to town the whole United States would turn turtle.

He made things hum when he got started, but it was midafternoon of the 15th when his auto arrived within cannon shot of the farmhouse which sheltered the girl he meant to make his wife and of the grove wherein a sad eyed maiden sat and wept—that is, she wasn't sitting there just then. She had other business on hand.

At 1 o'clock that afternoon at the railroad station, two miles away, a train bearing 100 lunatics on their way to a newly completed asylum had been shunted on to the side track to let the express pass. They were given refreshments, and all of a sudden, while the guards were about their hospitable work, and their vigilance relaxed, a dozen of the unfortunate people, men and women, escaped from the cars and scattered over the country.

Of course they were instantly pursued, but three or four of them got a long start. Guards and farmers and farmers' boys and farmers' dogs took up the pursuit with avidity.

As Miss Viola sat in her grove and sobbed and wept and threw sticks at the bugs crawling about she was startled by whoops and yells and shouts. She brushed away her tears and repressed her sobs and stepped out of the shelter of the grove to see what was up.

She had heard of a rabbit being routed out of a wood pile and a whole county joining in the chase, and it flashed across her mind that this was an occurrence of the sort. She was soon undeceived. Three men, four boys and two dogs came running toward her, and as she was seen there were cries of:

"There is one of them! Come on, boys! Head her off and don't let her get away!"

Men and boys and dogs bore down on the helpless maiden, and almost before she could scream she found herself grasped by both arms and being hurried along. She had been boosted over a fence and hustled through a thistle patch before she could gather her wits. Then she began to struggle and protest. It was useless to struggle, and the men and boys laughed at her protestations. When fright made her weak and she sank down one of the men took her on and kept business moving. Before reaching the station and the train they were met by one of the guards. The girl revived sufficiently to protest anew, but he answered her:

"Of course she's one of 'em, and a cute wench she is! This is the third time in two years she has escaped us. Bring her along."

Miss Viola was in a distressful condition when the station was at length reached. Her captors were met by shouting men and barking dogs and wails and screams from the two carloads of lunatics, and just then an auto came whooping up and had to pause for the crowd to clear the street. It is useless to conceal the fact that it was driven by Arthur Tyson.

"What's the matter?" he asked of an excited farmer as the machine came to a halt.

"More fun than I've seen in twenty years," was the answer. "Those two cars are full of crazy folks. About a dozen got away, and we've been chasing 'em down. They've just got the last one."

Arthur stood up to look over the crowd. A woman had apparently fainted away, and two or three men were about to pick her up and carry her across to the train. As her shoulders were lifted up he caught sight of her face, and next instant things were happening again.

He sprang down into the crowd, elbowed men and kicked dogs right and left, and in a moment was beside the woman. The woman's hair was down and her face covered with dust and grime and her dress torn from neck to shoulder, but love makes no mistakes in such matters.

The young man had knocked down two men and had the girl on his arm before he asked for explanations. Before they were tendered he had to lay his burden down and perform further gentlemanly feats, but in due time the guards, the farmers, the farmers' boys and the farmers' dogs admitted that a mistake had been made.

When the auto resumed its journey the girl was a passenger. She had come to and realized that she was not being taken off to an insane asylum.

It was some hours later, when the harvest moon was shining and the whippoorwills were singing, that she told her story, and, though her aunt was sitting right beside her and holding her hand and calling her "poor dear," the story had only been finished when Arthur Tyson leaned forward and kissed her and said that he proposed to see from that time on that she had the legal and moral right to weep in any grove she wanted to without being hustled around the country as an escaped lunatic. The proposal hadn't come in just the romantic form expected, but Miss Viola was a girl of sense and realized that when exigencies arise the machinery of romance may be thrown out of gear.

### A Long Time.

In the service of a certain committee of the senate, the chairman of which is a southern senator, is a certain capable young stenographer and typewriter, in addition to the clerk of the committee. One day the chairman, missing the very capable stenographer, inquired of the clerk where he was.

"He is not here today, sir," responded the clerk. "His father is dead."

Some days later the chairman again asked for the missing employee, only to receive the same reply from the clerk:

"He is not here today, sir. His father is dead."

The chairman said nothing, but looked very interested. A full week thereafter the head of the committee for the third time inquired as to the whereabouts of the stenographer. In reply the clerk began the usual announcement:

"He is not here today, sir. His—

"Will you kindly advise me," interrupted the chairman, with alarming suavity, "whether that young man intends to stay away from his duties all the time his father is dead?"—Harper's Weekly.

### Pet Dog Customers.

"Among my steadiest customers are the pet animals of the street and block," remarked the delicatessen man as he sliced down 10 cents' worth of rare roast beef ordered by the woman with a dog in her arms. "They include both dogs and cats belonging to the furnished roomers of the neighborhood. The master and mistress take their meals at neighboring boarding houses, so that there are no table scraps and the piece de resistance for Fido or Tommy is sought at the delicatessen."

"Roast beef is a favorite viand. The canned fish in ten cent tins lasts pussy several days, and I have many calls for condensed cream for the same purpose. One patron always stops in passing to buy a pound of a certain kind of crackers to which, she says, her French poodle is specially devoted. Ox tail and other thick soups are used to pour over bread in lieu of gravy. The owners seem to develop decided ingenuity in varying the pet's diet and altering its menu."—New York Press.

### Political Activity.

At this time of the year much is said about political activity. It is set off now with one adjective and again with another, according to the point of view of the speaker. Some folks are altogether too active, even "perniciously active," and others not half active enough. Often when the manifestation at its liveliest is traced to its sources it proves to be personal rather than political activity. The very busy man around primary and election time may have an ax to grind for himself or for a "friend" and the public woe or weal not more him a particle.

Taking the country through, the right kind of activity is not conspicuous. Within the past few years various changes have been made in ballot and election laws of nearly all the states to insure the expression of the real will of the people at the polls, and these laws were made necessary, in most cases because of the general apathy of good citizens as to whether the will of the people was fully expressed or not. The briber, the ballot box stuffer, the illegal voter, the perpetrator of a false count, got in his crooked work because the honest citizen was lax at the polls and at the count.

Seldom does a candidate complain that his sworn friends are not active enough. They work with a will for a personal reason. But the cause of the public weal is not always so well served. The average man stops with registering and depositing his ballot and may not even take that trouble if it happens to interfere with his personal interest. After all that has been done to improve our election laws it is declared that they are still far from perfect and the will of the people not registered accurately. But the man who fails to vote, to see that his own and every honest vote is counted and that illegal votes are not counted, is really expressing his will as much as the active man who goes through all this tedious labor in the interest of some friend. Technically the will of the people is what the ballots express. Really the will is what would be recorded if every voter did his whole duty on election day as zealously as his personally interested neighbor.

### A Spanish View of Cuba's Plight.

"With every right and provocation to make free use of the phrase 'I told you so!' the Spaniards seem to be in a dignified and serious frame of mind over the new development in Cuba. The leading organ of Spanish official opinion in Madrid, the Heraldo, says that the crisis brought on by the uprising of the Liberals is a most dangerous one for the welfare of the young republic and that the United States not only has the technical right of intervention, but such an action on the part of this government is justifiable, as the Cuban constitution is imperfect and the people unfitted for self rule. To quote:

"The defective character of the Cuban constitution renders political unity almost impossible. For instance, the provincial governors are elected by the people and not nominated by the central or supreme authorities. To this opposition said central government a provincial governor may show himself in direct opposition without violating any of his obligations. Moreover, a representative government such as they now enjoy the Cubans were completely audited and unprepared for. The extremists of the Moderate party abused their high degree of office, like all parties who remain for a considerable time in power, and this aroused the heedless impatience and exasperation of the more radical elements in the Liberal party. When once these causes of disturbance are reconciled and confronted, it should not be difficult to put an end to the critical condition of affairs.

"The paper adds that the uprising of 1868 is a political repetition of that of 1868 against Spain, which led to the Ten Years' war, and intimates that now as then the party in power tried to crush by arbitrary means the aspirations and activities of the party of progress. Desire for permanent peace and welfare on the island is expressed in the article as an index of national Spanish sentiment.

Reports from Washington state that the government will conduct a series of experiments to learn how to feed the hen. Meanwhile the American Biddy may be depended upon to keep the egg crop to the scratch by scratching out her living in the old fashioned way.

## LAKE ZURICH.

On Wednesday, Nov. 21, Miss Rose Buesching and George Bergborn were united in marriage at the home of the bride. The bride was attired in white peau de soie and carried bridal roses. Miss Rose Landwer and Fred Buesching served as brides-maid and groomsman. About 75 guests attended, and the gifts were many and beautiful. The bride and groom were both popular young people of this place. They will reside on the Bergborn farm one mile east of here.

Emil Frank and Fred Hoeft made a business trip to Waukegan Saturday.

Smith Bros. visited at Carpentersville Sunday.

Mrs. W. Eichman and daughter Alma transacted business in Chicago last week.

Till and Lydia Hokeyer attended the Buesching-Bergborn wedding.

Mrs. Wm. Tonne and daughter Alice, and Carrie Holle spent Thursday in Barrington.

H. Seip and Frank Geary drove to Wauconda Monday.

L. Dixon is working on the Grace farm.

H. L. Prehn transacted business in Chicago Friday.

The special meeting of the Board of Supervisors of Lake county held Saturday, in Waukegan, fixed the bonds of the county officers. They are as follows: County clerk, $15,000; county treasurer, $200,000 with an additional $150,000 to $200,000 to the state, also $2,000 as supervisor of assessments; county superintendent of schools, $12,000. Supervisors Edwards, Miller, Raymond and Miles T. Ramey constitute the committee to pass on the bonds when filed.

"Teacher Wright of, Chicago, who rules the destinies of the school located near the north church in Barrington township, was unable to teach on Monday, as a result of the severe beating he received at the hands of a Mr. Schoonhover and his wife last Saturday morning. Wright formerly boarded at the Schoonhover farm, but recently removed to more convenient quarters at another farm, where he was eating his breakfast on Saturday morning when the Schoonhovers arrived and demanded an audience with their late boarder, who it is said, then paid them what he owed for board and lodging. The farmer and his wife then proceeded to drag the young man out in the back yard, where they both pitched into him, with disastrous results. Rags and bone were all that was left of the unfortunate young man, who has involved the full of the law to redress his alleged wrongs. Schoonhover was put under $500 bonds.—ELGIN COURIER." The case was up before Justice Fox Saturday, but was amicably settled out of court.

## ADJUDICATION NOTICE.

Public Notice is hereby given that the, Subscriber, Administrator of the Estate of Antone Prometuss deceased will attend the County Court of Lake County, at a term thereof to be holden at the Court House in Waukegan, in said County, on the first Monday of January next, 1907 when and where all persons having claims against said Estate are notified and requested to present the same to said Court for adjudication. EDSON R. HARNDEN, Administrator.

Waukegan, Ill., Oct 27, 1906.


Arista B. Williams, Howard P. Castle
Percy V. Castle Jesse R. Long

CASTLE, WILLIAMS, LONG & CASTLE

ATTORNEYS AT LAW

1020-22 Chamber of Commerce Bldg., Chicago.

Telephone, Main 2637

Howard B. Castle at Barrington Monday Evenings.

M. C. McINTOSH,

LAWYER.

Suite 420 Ashland Blk., Chicago

Residence Barrington.

PHONES: CENTRAL 656, CENTRAL 266, BARRINGTON 211.

Henry Baumgarten

has opened up a Restaurant in the Lamey Building, opposite the Depot,

OCTOBER 1st, 1906

To be known as the

COLUMBIA RESTAURANT

Home cooking. Reasonable charges. Meals or Lunch at all hours.

Try Our

25 CENT DINNER.

Served from 11 A. M. to 2 P. M.

If you try it once, you'll take another.

It is the best meal to be had anywhere for the money. Prompt service and cleanliness is our motto.

Meals at all Hours.

If you are hungry just step in, and we'll satisfy the inner man in a jiffy.

Barrington Cafe.

ED RHODES, Prop.

Cook St., near Depot, Barrington, Ill.

All old school books exchanged at A. W. Meyer's.