

# THE BARRINGTON REVIEW.

VOL. 22. NO. 41.

BARRINGTON, ILLINOIS, FRIDAY, DEC. 14, 1906

\$1.50 A YEAR IN ADVANCE.

Wildest du immer weiter schweifen?  
Sieh das Gute liegt so nah,  
Lerne nur das Glück ergreifen,  
Denn das Glück ist immer da.

—Goethe.

## Vorstellung der Deutschen Abteilung der Hochschule

Zu Barrington, Illinois  
December 17, 1906

### Program

1. Trauemerei	Fraulein Louise Boehmer.	Schumann
2. Die Lorelei		Vierstimmig
3. Der Tauscher	Fraulein Emma Hager	Vortrag
4. An den Mond	Fraulein Elfink und Landwer	Gesang
5. Ein Knopf		Lustspiel
6. Treue Liebe		Vierstimmig
7. Der Erikoenig	Fraulein Annabel Welch	Vortrag
8. Die Wacht am Rhein		Quartett
9. Das Schloss am Meer	Fraulein Luella Landwer	Vortrag
10. Mein Rosenkranz	Fraulein Lydia Sodt.	Einstimmig
11. Tannenbaum		Chor

### Bemerkungen

3. "Der Tauscher" ist eine schöne Ballade, gedichtet von Friedrich Schiller dem Mann des Volkes,  
5. Ein Knopf ist ein Lustspiel in einem Aufzug.

### Personen

DR. RUDOLF BINGEN, Universitäts-Professor, HERR GEORG PROELICH GABRIELE, seine Frau, FRAULEIN LYDIA SODT DR. KARL BLATT, Universitäts-Professor, HERR WILHELM GOTTSCHALK BERTHA WALLER, Gabrieles Cousine, FRAULEIN NELLIE RILEY

### Ort der Handlung

EINE UNIVERSITÄTSSTADT

Herr Dr. Bingen, Professor an der Universität, hat vor acht Tagen ein reizendes Mädchen gehabt, namens Gabriele. Aber er erfuhrte dass er sie vergessen könnte, wenn er bei seinen Büchern wäre. Nun dachte er verhindern, dass sie in ein Haus gehen könnte, und so rief er sie an sein Frau zu hören sollte. Nun Dr. Karl Blatt, ein College an der Universität, mochte Gabrieles Cousine Bertha Waller herhechten, und Dr. Bingen sollte sein Brautwerber sein. Dieser aber vor seiner Hochzeit Bertha den Hof gemacht, und sie hat ihm abgewiesen. Gabriele hatte von seinem Vater gehört, dass sie ein schönes Kind war, und so war sie sehr traurig. Bertha hatte am Tag Gabrieles Hochzeit einen rothen Knopf von ihrem Kleid verloren, und dieser Knopf war es welcher Dr. Blatt an seinem Haarspangen achtete, aber er wusste es gar nicht. Dies kam Gabrieles sehr verdächtig vor, und sie war ganz sicher dass ihrmann sie betrügen hatte. Bertha auch war unvergesslich, dass sie einen Knopf verloren hatte. Dr. Blatt rief sie an, und sie war sehr erstaunt, als sie eine Erklärung seiner alten Liebe verstanden, und wurde dabei sehr belädfigt. Dr. Bingen konnte es gar nicht verstehen. Er glaubte dass vielleicht sein Freund ein Bossewicht im Schafspel sei. Bertha konnte es auch gar nicht verstehen, und sie erzählte dem Doktor Blatt dass Doktor Bingen eine alte Liebe gehabt habe. Das missverstande wurde, und der grosse blaue Knopf Doktor Bingen dass der rote Knopf der Freundschaft verloren und er schneidet ihn ab. Und so endete die Geschichte auf glückliche Weise.

7. Der Erikoenig ist vielleicht die populärste von allen Balladen. Es geht von einer alten dämonischen Ballade zurück. Wörting ein junger Ritter mit den Elfen zusammentreffen, und auf diese Weise seinen Tod gefunden. Er ist in die Lade eines von Wörting Goethe geschrieben. Goethe war ein Kind des Glücks. Schiller ein Kind des Armutts. Die Deutschen lieben Schiller. Sie bewundern Goethe.

### PALATINE LOCAL NEWS

Jas. Calahan has returned from his Western trip.

Born to Mr. and Mrs. Jake Sylvester of Chicago, Saturday, a son.

The Maennerchor gave their concert and drama at Long Grove last Saturday night.

Mr. and Mrs. Kirchoff are visiting at the home of their daughter, Mrs. R. Peck.

The L. Y. C. was entertained by Miss Pauline Clausius Friday night.

Frank Cooley and daughter returned home last Friday night.

W. L. Hicks and daughter Miss Mildred left for Melbourn Beach, Fla., where they will spend the winter.

Mrs. Julia Harford and Frank Geary of Lake Zurich spent Monday at the home of Geo. Griggs.

The many friends of Mrs. F. W. Thies are glad to know that she is on the gain after her operation.

The L. Y. C. will give a Holiday Party Dec. 29th at the Opera House. Good Chicago music has been secured.

(so that one can hear it all over the hall). Tickets 75¢ a couple. Don't forget the date.

Will Bennett of Chicago spent Sunday at home.

Miss Alta Bennett spent a few days with her friend Mrs. Clara Sylvester, in Chicago recently.

Mr. and Mrs. G. H. Arps and Miss Elvira, and F. R. Sullivan attended the Stock Show Friday night.

Mrs. Gibbs, who has been visiting her daughter Mrs. E. R. Converse, left for Florida Wednesday. She accompanied Mr. Hicks and family, as her husband went South three weeks ago.

Mr. Wiseman died at the home of his son Ernest Wiseman at Plum Grove Tuesday. Mr. Wiseman is well known around here. He was a soldier and always took great delight in any patriotic exercises. While in the army he was injured which finally caused his death. He is survived by two sons, Ernest and Herman, both of Palatine.

The M. W. A. entertained Messrs. J. W. Harris, the Supervising Deputy of Cook county, and J. McDonald, H. Dowd and J. Mahon, all of Chicago, at their regular meeting last Saturday night. The annual election of officers occurred at that meeting.

The many friends of Mrs. F. W. Thies are glad to know that she is on the gain after her operation.

The L. Y. C. will give a Holiday Party Dec. 29th at the Opera House. Good Chicago music has been secured.

We have made arrangements whereby you can buy your presents now, and we will keep them until the day before Christmas, and if you live within our delivery district we will deliver December 24th.

## CANDY! NUTS! CANDY! NUTS! 2,000 POUNDS OF IT

Just think of it! ONE WHOLE TON! Every kind and every price, 10 cents per pound and up.

## OUR BRANCH STORE AT LAKE ZURICH

Has the most complete line ever carried in that town. If they haven't what you want tell them what you want and you will get it the next day. Our prices are lower than the catalogue houses, goods better, and you don't have to wait a month for your goods.

## OUR GROCERY DEPARTMENT

has been replenished with a brand new stock for Christmas. Leave your order now.

Main Store:

Barrington, Ills.  
TELEPHONE 411



**W. MEYER**

Branch Store:  
Lake Zurich, Ills.  
TELEPHONE 18.



# Barrington Review.

M. T. LAMEY, ED. and Pub.  
BARRINGTON, ILLINOIS

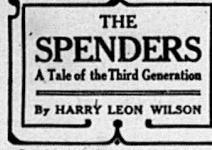
## THE SEA MADNESS.

I have come far from the sound of the thresh, the sight of the living sea, To a place of cribbed and narrow ways, Where only the wind free; But the taste of sea is in my blood, and always, night and day, I hear the lap and wash of the waves, the hiss of the dying spray.

When the loosened winds of the tempest wake far things on the deep I can hear the green music calling through the veil of sleep; Through the thronging city highways And the long, long ways And I sticken for the long green surge, the lonely foam-wet shore.

I know a storm-lashed headland, where the broken hillsides dip In a somber fitness of heather to the ocean's edge, high and low; I must go; the sea has called me, as a mistress to her swan; From the imminent tumult I shall drink of green waves.

F. O'Neil Gallagher, in London News.



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CHAPTER XXX.—CONTINUED.

Under her directions and with her help he took out the light summer things and replaced them with heavier gowns, stout shoes, golf capes and caps.

"We'll be up on the Bitter Root ranch this summer, and you'll need heavy things," he told her.

Sometimes he packed clumsy, and she was obliged to do his work over. In the evenings she studied in the interior the big old room, and her quiet old sampler worked in colored worsteds that had faded to grays and dull browns: "La Nuit Porte Conseil."

Grandma Loeckermann did it at the convent, ages ago," she told him.

"What a cautious young thing she must have been!"

She leaned against his shoulder.

"But she eloped with her true love, young Annette Van Schuyler, and ran off to the mountains, and never came back, and her quiet old sampler worked in colored worsteds that had faded to grays and dull browns: "La Nuit Porte Conseil."

"And left the sampler?"

"She had her husband—she didn't need any old sampler after that—Le mariage porte conseil, aussi monsieur. And now, you've married your wife with her wedding ring, that came from Holland years and years ago."

It was after midnight when they began to pack. When they finished it was nearly four.

She had laid out a dark dress for the journey, but he insisted that she put it in a suit case, and wear the one she had on.

"I shouldn't know you in any other—and it's the color of your eyes. I want that color all over the place."

"But we shall be traveling."

"In our own car. That car has been described in the public prints as a 'suite of palatial compartments with all mod consolences.'"

"It forced."

"We shall go west like the old '49-ers, seeking adventure and gold."

"Did they go in their private cars?"

"Some of them went in rolling six-horse Concords, and some walked, and some of them pushed their baggage across in little hand carts, but they had fun at it—and we shall have to work as hard when we get there."

"Dear me! And I'm so tired already. I feel quite done up."

She threw herself on the wide divan, and he fixed pillows under her head.

"You won't be glad it's all over. Let's rest a moment."

He leaned back in her, and drew her head on to his arm.

"I'm glad, too. It's the hardest day's work I ever did. Are you comfortable? Rest?"

"It's so good," she murmured, nestling on his shoulder.

"Uncle Peter took his honeymoon in a big wagon drawn by mule team, 200 miles over the Placerville and Red Dog trail, across the mountains from California to Nevada. But he says he never had so happy a time."

"I adore them—aren't kittens the dearest?"

"Well, you're healthy—and your nose doesn't really fall below the specifications, though it doesn't measure up to the way I forgot to ask, and it's almost too late now, but do you like cats?"

"I adore them—aren't kittens the dearest?"

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"She was quite still, and he noted from the change in her soft breathing that she slept. With his free hand he carefully shook out a folded steamer rug and drew it over her.

For an hour he watched her, feeling the aromatic fragrance growing with the day, and the crowd of the evening, but he could do something after all. Among other things, now, he would drop a little note to Higbee and add the news of his marriage as a postscript. She was actually his bride. How quickly it had come. His bear

was full of a great love for her, but he could not quite repeat the pride in his achievement—and Sheep had not been sure until he was poor!

He lost consciousness himself for a little while.

When he awoke the cold light of the morning was stealing in. He was painfully cramped, and chilled from the open window. From outside came the loud chattering of sparrows, and far away he could hear wagons as Belgian blocks from small to asphalt. The light had been late in coming, and he could see aullen gray sky, full of dark clouds.

Above the chandelier he could see the ancient sampler.

"La Nuit Porte Conseil." It was true.

In the cold, pitiless light of the morning a sudden sickness of doubt seized him. She would awake and catch him bitterly for cooing her. She is here right, the night before it was madness. They had talked afterward so feverishly as if to forget their situation. Now she would face it coldly after the sleep.

"La Nuit Porte Conseil." Had he not been a fool? And he loved her so. He would have her anyway—no matter what she said, now.

She stirred, and her wide-open eyes were staring up at him—staring with hurt, troubled wonder. The amazement in them grew—she could not understand.

He stopped breathing. His embrace of her relaxed.

And then he saw remembrance—recognition—welcome—and there blazed into her eyes such a look of whole love as makes men thrill to all good; such a look as makes them know they are men, and dare all great deeds to show it. Like a sunrise, it flooded her face with dear, wondrous beauties—and still she looked, silent, motionless, with a look of infinite realization. Then her arms closed about his neck with a soft, little rushing, and he—still half drowsing, still curious—felt himself strained to her. Still more closely she clung, putting out with her intensity all his misgiving.

She sought his lips with her own—eager, pressing.

"Kiss me—kiss me—kiss me! Oh, it's all true—all true! My best-loved dream has come all true! I have rest in your arms—I never knew rest before. I can't remember when I haven't awaked to doubt, and worry,

"I have not changed because I do not love you, but because I love some one else with all my heart; so that I claim no credit except for an entirely consistent selflessness. But do try to believe, at the same time, that my own selflessness has been a kindness to you. I send you a package with this hasty letter, and beg you to believe that I shall be back to you now for the first time, sincerely yours."

"AVOCATE MILITARY BISCUITS."

"P. S.—I should have preferred to wait and acquaint you with my change of intention before marrying, but my husband's plans were made and he would not let me delay."

He sealed the envelope, placed it securely under the cord that bound the package, and their driver delivered it to the man who opened Shepler's door.

As their train emerged from the cut at Spuyten Duyvil and sped to the north along the Hudson, the sun blazed forth.

"There, boy—I knew the sun must shine to-day."

They had finished their breakfast. One-half of the pink roses were on the table, and one from the other half was in her hair.

"I ordered the sun turned on at just this point," replied her husband, with a large smile. "I wanted you to see the last of the town under a cloud, so you might not be homesick as soon."

"You don't know me. You don't know what a good wife I shall be!"

"It takes nerve to reach up for a strange support and then kick your environment out from under you—as Doctor von Hirschfeld would have said if he'd happened to think of it."

"But you shall see how I'll help you with your work; I was capable of it all the time."

"But I had to make you. I had to pick you up just as I did that first time, and again down in the mine—and you were frightened because you knew this time I wouldn't let you go."

"Only half-afraid you wouldn't—the other half I was afraid you would. They got all mixed up—I don't know which was worse."

"Well, I did it. I fooled my approach on that copper stock—but I was you—really a woman. I wanted you to see the prairie dazzaled all the time, for man who didn't know the ropes—that's a mirror directly back of you, Mrs. Bines, if you wish to look at them—with a pink rose over that kissy place just at their temple."

She turned and looked, pretending to be quite unimpressed.

"I always was capable of it, I tell you-boy!"

"What hurt my worst that night, it showed you could love some one—so I did have a heart—but you couldn't love me."

She did not seem to hear at first, not comprehend when she went back over his words. Then she stared at him in sudden amazement.

He saw his blunder and looked foolish.

"I see—thank you for saying what you did last night—ans you didn't mind—you came to me anyway, in spite of that."

She turned and would have ran across the table to him, but he met her with open arms.

"Oh, you boy! you do love me—you do!"

"I must buy you one of those nice, shiny black ear trumpets at the first stop. You can't have been hearing at all well. See, sweetheart—across the river. That's where our big west—over that way—isn't it fresh and green and beautiful?"—and her fast yours going to it—you and your husband. I believe it's going to be a good game . . . for us both . . . my love."

THE END.

She went into the library and, taking up the diary, tore out a sheet, marked heavily with a pencil and a few red ink marks, and read the evening before, and sealed it in an envelope. She addressed it to her father and laid it with a paper weight upon "The Delights of Delicate Eating." She was actually his bride. How quickly it had come. His bear

was back in the grate to light, touched a match to the crumpled paper undercoat, and put up the blower. She stood waiting to see that the fire would burn.

Over the mantel from its yellow canook above her head the humorously benign eyes of old Anna Kelsch, who had once removed from Massapek Hill on Long Island to New Haven on the Island of Manhattan, and carried there, against her father's will, the yellow-haired girl he had sent to her face, the rapturous, retelling unconsciousness of "the rapturous" scenes he had witnessed—lest, if he betrayed his consciousness, he should be forced, in spite of himself, to disclose his approval—a thing not fitting for an elderly, dignified Dutch burgher to do.

"Avise!"

"Coming!"

She took up a little package she had brought with her and went out to meet him.

"There's one errand to do," she said, as they entered the carriage, "but it's on our way. Have him go up Madison avenue and deliver this."

She showed him the package, addressed: "Mr. Rulon Shepler, Per-

"sonal."

"And this?" she said, giving him an unsealed note. "Read it, please!"

He read:

"Dear Rulon Shepler: I am sure you know women too well to have me believe you as a wife should love her husband. And I know you bigness too well to believe you will feel harshly toward me for deciding that I could not marry you. I could of course consistently attribute my change to consideration for you. I should have been very little comfort to you if I should tell you just the course I had mapped out for myself—just the latitude I proposed to claim—I am a woman."

"The explosion was as powerful as a considerable quantity of nitro-glycerin could make it. The door of the big government safe was thrown across the room and the entire front of the building was shattered. The force of the explosion was felt all over the village and several window panes were broken.

"The body of the man who had been buried in the earth amounted to only a few dollars in pennies and perhaps \$100 worth of stamps. The citizens were immediately aroused and several started in search. Several stamps were found, which lead the officers to believe that the robbers made their escape by means of an Illinois Central freight. A deputy postoffice inspector from Springfield immediately took charge of the case."

"I have not changed because I do not love you, but because I love some one else with all my heart; so that I claim no credit except for an entirely consistent selflessness. But do try to believe, at the same time, that my own selflessness has been a kindness to you. I send you a package with this hasty letter, and beg you to believe that I shall be back to you now for the first time, sincerely yours."

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"Avise!"

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# THE REVIEW

Entered as Second-Class Matter.

W. T. LAMEY, Editor and Publisher

FRIDAY, DEC. 14, 1906.

## DIRTY NEWSPAPER WORK

Justice Frye is Maligned by a Chicago Newspaper.

Of all the dirty newspaper slush ever written, the following from a Chicago leading (2) journal is probably the dirtiest. It was published some days ago, and it tries to besmirch the character of a Barrington man without the least foundation in it that could base its calumnies.

The facts in the case are that Justice Frye, the gentleman mentioned, never in all his honorable career as an official for the past twenty-six years, entered to cases alighted to, and on the day in question did not have a case on his court calendar, and for his adjourning court to a nearby saloon for refreshments, any reputable citizen of Barrington township can vouch that Justice Frye never enters a saloon.

All in all, in justice to the gentleman mentioned, the leading (?) Chicago paper should either retract the article, or Justice Frye in justice to his friends and neighbors, should use every legal and honorable means to COMPEL it to do so.

### The Chicago Papers' Write-Up

"Loan Sharks Lose Aid"—Noted outlying justice courts close with the advent of Municipal bench—last scenes memorable—Barrington shop filled at early hour with sleepless lawyers and debtors—Two score sleepless and red-eyed attorneys and debtors who traveled from the vicinity of the stock yards to appear before Justice Frye amid the rustic shades of Barrington at an early hour yesterday morning assisted in the last performance of the loan shark and strong-arm attorney in that memorable seat of "justice." With the advent of the municipal courts to-day, the justice shops of Barrington, Lyons, Harlem, River Forest, Logan Square, Hanover and other similarly inaccessible half-wicks in Cook county cease to be available for the persecution of unfortunate victims. Barrington was the worst of all and constables and loan sharks chorched with glee when a victim was summoned to that lonesome spot.

Chas. E. Gross, said to be well known as a loan agent to the sorrow of the employees of the packing-houses in the stock-yards, caused the issuance of the invitation to Barrington yesterday. There were sixty-three invited guests each one alleged to be a debtor for a trifling loan. Each case was set for 8 o'clock in the morning. The first train for Barrington after daylight leaves Chicago at 8 o'clock and arrives there at 9:35. In order to be on time for the opening of court, it was necessary for some of the "invited guests" to leave Chicago at 3 a.m.

### Allows "HOUR OF GRACE."

According to statute, Justice Frye allowed one hour of grace and started calling the cases and entering judgment at 9 o'clock. The appearance of his predecessor on the municipal bench as attorney for one of the defendants, who demanded a trial, halted the proceedings, and before they could be resumed the 9 o'clock train had arrived and the stockyards visitors burst into the court room.

"Judgment entered, with costs," Justice Frye was steadily intoning, rapidly shuffling the legal papers and making a notation on each one. Perspiration was standing on beads on his forehead from his efforts to meet our speedy decisions. In front of him his fellow townsmen was loudly declaiming that the proceedings were irregular.

"I want to argue my case," announced Attorney Geo. M. Stephen, who represented nearly half of the stockyards clerks. A chorus of approval seconded his demand and Justice Frye halted. Mr. Gross, for reasons of bodily comfort, was not present.

BORROW \$10; OWE \$200.

The first case called was that of Robert Bolling and Richard Newman, who were alleged to be indebted to Gross to the extent of \$200. The original loan was only \$10, according to Attorney Stephen. After three hours of argument these cases were dismissed. Justice Frye then dismissed all in which the defendants had appeared and adjourned to a neighboring saloon for refreshments.

"I got \$63 for the cases, and I guess I'll dismiss all of them, for it's my last day," he then vouchsafed as he returned to his court.

Judges Hurley, Bradwell and Caverly closed their courts yesterday and the other Clark street courts will close to-day.

For SALE—Cheap, Kimball organ in good condition. For further information inquire at this office.

Kalsomine is the cleanest and best finish for walls. Sold in 4 pound packages at Lamey & Co's.

**Science in the Nineteenth Century.**  
It seems too bad, when there is so much really good work being done in fiction, poetry, household decoration, dermatology, baby culture and elite directories, that the achievements of science in the nineteenth century should have been so lightly passed over. This slurring of scientific achievements is a pity. Only about 4,000 works on the subject have been published, and there are still one or two "eminent" scientists who are silent. They should be stirred up.

In the meantime, to supply this crying need, let us deal with the subject. We want to give science her due. We have been longing so long to throw bouquets at her that we cannot resist the temptation. Let us take hold of the last century, spread it out flat, letting the corners turn up, and at least indicate, if we may do no more, the vast obligations to science that lie at our doors.

To begin with, so filled are we with the conceit of automobiles and flying machines that we are apt to forget the locomotive. Just because it happens to run entirely by steam. Yet think of what the locomotive has done for us. It has increased our capacity to buy it thousandfold. And there is no single disease we know of that has by itself cut off more common people than the locomotive. A disease sometimes gets tired and lays off, but the locomotive is always doing business. The locomotive is not alone in this. But marriage has held its own because humankind must "hustle in couples," and society has laid down the rule that the tie shall be binding. And it is well for the individual that society is sternly exacting. If partners were to separate at the first tiff, social happiness would be almost unknown.

Hasty marriages are to be deplored, but once the resolution to marry and secure the prize takes possession of a man's heart there can be no room for doubt but the step must be for life. The suitor who doesn't nerve himself for that is the victim of his feelings. The true man welcomes the chance to show the object of his affection how earnestly he means it. Trial marriage among earnest people assumes that the couple don't know their own minds, the best of evidence that the whole thing is a mistake. The woman would better wait until a suitor of more positive nature appears. And the doubtful lover should serve a term in the army or ship before the mast until he is cured of his timidity in the face of this marvelously simple and yet intensely vital problem.

**Studying Farming.**  
The crowning achievements of logical ambition in the nineteenth century, while not yet completed, is only a question of time when the vibratory idea being perfected, our minds will be called up, and the dexter voice of "central" will echo through the halls of our psychic selves. This, of course, will add to the already teeming scientific joys of existence.

At present the automobile and the electric car—the latest achievement of science—are on top, and we take off our hats to them. They are doing good work and fully justifying the hopes of the inventors. It must not be forgotten also that the automobile is taking of a better class of citizens, including women and children, than ever before. It is higher up in the social scale.

The crowning achievements of logical ambition in the nineteenth century, however, are in the field of medical science. The number of new diseases discovered is alone a monument of invention. All the germs are not yet classified, but this necessarily takes time. Those who are too willing to derive wholesale operations should remember that it has been through these that many of the most able-bodied germs have been discovered. And what, pray, could we do without germs?

A careful study of Shakesperian reveals the fact that the poet was threatened with smallpox—if he didn't actually have it—and had all the symptoms of appendicitis. What a pity he couldn't have been vaccinated in time! He would probably have had the lockjaw, but lockjaw, at any rate, does not directly produce writers' cramp. And if he had had that appendicitis removed?

Bronson Howard lays the blame for an inferior stage upon the tired business man who has to be amused. He lately said: "I hate the tired business man. He is the cause of plays being produced that keep four other men at home. I wish he would go home and rest. The drama has no future in this country until we cease to cater to the tired business man."

Some of the newly elected congressmen, who will not take their seats until the Sixtieth congress opens, are already in Washington looking over the job and wondering how the country is going to get along without them until December, 1907.

That German cobbler who made Europe roar with laughter by looting a town's treasure while masquerading in "the king's coat" got four years in jail. It seems, after all, that the Imperial kaiser "can't take a joke."

Peary is quoted as saying that it is warmer at the north pole in winter than it is in New York. Somebody will go to boomer the north pole as a rival to Florida in the winter resort business.

Anyhow an eruption of statesmanship is not a thing unknown in a short session of congress.

**Doubt in Marriage.**  
It is unfortunate for the people of the state that their class furnished the first notable attempt to apply the doctrine of trial marriage, as recently expounded by a respectable author, to a real situation in life. An actor plead his belief in this doctrine as a reason for not marrying a young girl whom he had engrossed. He said he was not assured that the girl in the case was suited to him. There is little danger that trial marriage will appeal to the average young man who has made any sort of beginning toward union with the girl of his heart. The knot cannot be tied too quick or too fast is the opinion of most candidates for the title of Benedict. The spirit is the only one to make a true life union, and it stands back of nearly all successes in marriage.

Marriage is often lightly talked of from the stage, and slurs upon domestic constancy too often meet with encouragement from the audience. Yet think of what the locomotive has done for us. It has increased our capacity to buy it thousandfold. And there is no single disease we know of that has by itself cut off more common people than the locomotive. A disease sometimes gets tired and lays off, but the locomotive is always doing business. The locomotive is not alone in this. But marriage has held its own because humankind must "hustle in couples," and society has laid down the rule that the tie shall be binding. And it is well for the individual that society is sternly exacting. If partners were to separate at the first tiff, social happiness would be almost unknown.

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**"That Confounded Cucumber."**  
Indigence breeds crime. At least that is what some out and out scientific sociologists believe. That dyspepsia creates upon the human mind thoughts bordering upon criminality most men and women who have met the beast face to face will testify. If everybody knew just what actual indigence is, perhaps there would be no need of science to expound its capacity for breeding mischief. "That confounded cucumber I've eaten and can't digest" of the school recitation is often recalled in the hour of acute distress, but the moment the inner man gets to work smugly enough the lesson is forgotten.

One trouble about avoiding indigence—and no one really intends to be criminal or even harbor criminal thoughts—is that it is so difficult to diagnose and still more difficult to trace to the original cause, for, after all, the cucumber was made the real criminal in the recitation drama. School children and workers in the backwoods sometimes find it next to impossible to be bright or amiable after lunching freely on hard boiled eggs, for instance. But it will require something more reverent than science to indict and afterward convict hard boiled eggs in a criminal court. And so with numerous stomachs people eat because they stay by the stomach. Perhaps after all the cucumber and the hard boiled eggs only find weak and imperfect stomachs to work mischief upon. In that case the people to reform is farther back. We should cultivate stomachs that refused to be criminalized by anything which sensible folks would think of swallowing.

Hungary is making a row over the unadvised efforts of the big steamship lines to tempt her people to emigrate to other lands.

Anna Gould might spend the balance of her life very profitably in trying to keep her two boys from growing up like their father.

What San Francisco appears to need now is a political earthquake, one of large energy and robust size.

**Cuba.**

Miss Grace Hall spent Saturday with her cousins at Glimer.

Miss Edna Goss spent a few days last week visiting friends at Lakes Corners.

A very young man came to stay in the home of Henry Pepper, Jr., formerly of this city, now of Nunda.

Mr. Wm. Hall and daughter Mabel spent Sunday afternoon in Barrington to hear Alonso E. Wilson's speech.

Wm. Bueching of Lakes Corners has a new arrival in his home Sunday afternoon. It is a fine baby boy.

Friday afternoon, Dec. 21st, the Bennett school will give a Christmas entertainment. Friends are cordially invited to be present.

About 24 young people spent a very pleasant evening Thursday evening at the home of Wm. Blue. The evening was spent playing games, and after partaking of refreshments they returned to their respective homes about midnight.

Charles Rowson, who formerly lived in this vicinity and who now lives near Wauconda, had a sale and will soon move to Kansas on account of his health.

Miss Bertha Wiese spent several days last week with her aunt, Mrs. Hanks, at Honey Lake.

Mr. Maynard & Son's are doing a job of chopping on the Sam Clark place.

Mr. Frank Haines made a business trip to Chicago Saturday.

Mr. and Mrs. Hayes entertained relatives from the city Thanksgiving week.

Mr. Toynton and family spent Thanksgiving at the Courtney farm on the banks of Fox River.

Mrs. Newkirk & daughter Jessie expect soon to make an extended visit to Danville, Illinois.

Mr. Blue's family spent the holidays in Chicago, and arrived home Sunday.

The improvements on the Grace farm are still going on.

Miss Etta Jacobson is home this week assisting her mother.

Mrs. M. M. Donelly went to Boston in September to visit her niece. She returned last Sunday to her home in Chicago.

Turkey dinner was the order of the day, Thanksgiving, in Cuba.

School closed Wednesday at the Bennett School house with an entertainment, consisting of speaking and singing by the pupils, which was listened to by some of the patrons of the school. Our school is under the management of Miss Daisy Grosvenor who taught here last year and is well liked. There are thirty seven pupils enrolled, which we think, is pretty good for a district school.

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Make an excellent and substantial foundation for buildings, and if used throughout the whole building makes an artistic appearance. I make the celebrated

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### J. D. Ferry, Proprietor

First-Class Work Only.

Agt. Barrington Steam Laundry

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## Burden's Failure

By CLAY MARSDEN

Copyright, 1904, by Ruby Douglas

"Come right in," said the girl at the head of the stairs. "I have been expecting you for an hour."

"It is pleasant to be expected," laughed Burden.

"That will do," said the girl sharply.

"No impertinence or I shall report you to the janitors."

Burden could not quite see what the janitress had to do with the matter, but he lifted the soft slouch hat that was a part of his fishing topper and started to pass on up the stairs to his apartment.

"I am here," called the girl impishly. "You don't suppose that I came downstairs to meet you, do you?"

She led the way through an open door, affording a vista of chaos, to the parlor of the apartment. "Those pictures had better be hung first," she commanded. "I will tell you where."

Burden gasped. For the first time he realized what was expected of him. She had mistaken him for a day worker for whom she had probably sent to bid her in straightforwardly, and she had been so far from that he was in an old suit and had rung the nearest bell in the lobby because he had forgotten his keys accounted for the error. It had been her bell he had rung. She was expecting a man to help, and she had supposed that he was the one. She had not been flirting after all. Somehow Burden was rather glad of it.

There would not be very much doing in the parlor at the moment, so he slipped off his coat and went to work.

It was evident that the little woman intended to get the full worth of her money out of him, for she kept him busy, and under her skillful direction the dog soon assumed an appearance of orderliness he had not supposed possible in so short a time.

She explained that her mother would arrive the next morning and that she



THAT WILL DO, SAID THE GIRL IMPERTINENTLY.

was anxious to have things all in readiness for her. On that plea she kept him working until 9 o'clock, but she was generous when she paid him off.

Burden waited on the landing until she closed the door; then he ran up, took off his coat and hat, and slipped into the tub. It had been hard work and hot, and he was glad of the chance to clean up. He had risen at 4 for a fishing trip and had made a long day, but he thought he would dress again and slip over to the club for a chat and a bite.

At the foot of the first flight he came face to face with the girl. She recognized him in spite of the change that evening clothes made and gave a little cry.

"Then you were not the man the janitress promised to send up?" she said.

Burden lifted his hat.

"I admit it," he began. "When I saw the mistake you had made I resolved to make it up with you. I saw Phil, the clever man, disgustingly intoxicated on my way in. I let you persist in your mistake that I might be of assistance."

"And you let me pay you money," she reproached.

"If you think I didn't earn it," he smiled, "I'll give it back."

"But I made you earn it!" She should have known better, but she had driven him off. "And I gave you 10 cents for a glass of beer."

"Beer is only five," he explained. "Won't you be the other one? I guess that you must be as tired and as hungry as I am. You did your full share of the work, so won't you come and share the reward? I know that it's unconscionable, but it will be such fun for you."

The girl looked into his eyes. What she saw there must have satisfied her, for she turned to descend the stairs with him.

"My name is Burden," he announced when they reached the street. "Name that Burden, commonly known as Nat."

"I am Lot's Trevor," she retorted. "I am glad to meet Mr. Burden."

Burden tucked her arm through his and led the way to the street car. It was only a short ride, and Lot gave a little gasp when she saw the restaurant.

"I did not realize how hungry I was

until I began to wonder if they would serve an unescorted woman at this time of night."

Burden glanced at the clock in the window. It was only half past 10, but it seemed later to him.

"We won't worry about such things," he suggested. "Just think about what is important."

Over the tasteful meal he had ordered she grew more communicative. He had come to the city to study music, he learned. There were only her mother and herself left of a large family, and they wanted to be together. There was something in Burden's manner that inspired confidence, and, after a few minutes, it was the chattering as with an old friend.

The next afternoon he entreated to pay his respects to Mrs. Trevor, and before long the two women had come to regard Burden almost as one of the family. He took them to concerts and the theater and formed the habit of dropping in for a chat in the evenings when he was free.

"I am here," called the girl impishly. "You don't suppose that I came downstairs to meet you, do you?"

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## Caused by A Kiss

By MARY BRAY

Copyright, 1904, by May McLean

Billy kissed her. It had not been entirely unexpected. He had threatened, and she had laughed and teased him. Then it happened, and she had struck him a stinging blow in the face and ran, plunging through tangled vines and bushes, tearing her light dress and scratching her arms on the blackberry thorns, until she broke into an open space where one might stop to breathe. She paused, then flung herself upon the ground, pressing hot hands to warm flushed cheeks.

Why had Martha run away? Because she hated Billy? Oh, no, or she would not have gone, blackberrying with him. Because she loved to scamper and run? No, she had not run away. Why, then? Because her thoughts ran confusedly—just because he kissed her. Perhaps Billy would come and



BRADY SHE TRIED TO FIND A MENTAL FIELD OF ACTION.

find her. She waited a little time, for he did not come, and at last, with a sigh, she remembered the blackberry patch and rose to her feet.

It was a large patch, holding five gallons, and was much less than half filled. Not caring to retrace her steps, she crossed the open and pressed on to a blackberry patch farther away, one to which they seldom came. The day was blistering hot, and when the last glistening berry had been plucked, she glistened it with her purple fingers and then, with a sigh, she left the patch, the soft felt hat and an aged cloak of the sort known as a capelaire, a huge cap of black cloth, and then combined with his goggles, made him a figure of a very noticeable and eccentric kind.

It was quite a distance to the farmhouse, and the girl hesitated, considering which would be the shortest route, finally deciding upon a path not much used at that point, but soon commencing with the country road.

She had gone but a short distance on the path when a crunching step in the bushes behind her made her turn. A man stood out from the trees, started at seeing her, grinned amably and walked to her side. She stiffed the first impulse to scream. There was one near to her, and it might be dangerous to show fight. So plucky Martha concealed her alarm and walked quietly on her way.

"It's too heavy for you," he said. "I can carry it," said Martha.

"Maybe you can, but I will," he responded and took it from her.

Rapidly she tried to form a mental plan of action. She could not shake off the instinctive feeling that the man meant harm, yet she knew the abiding fate of many of her kind, or even her own, if she could keep him from molesting her further until the path joined the country road she would be reasonably safe, as wagons and buggies passed there quite continually.

He began to talk, inquiring about the people of much less intelligence today, and it gives to conversation a rough, acerbic, destructive alike of pleasure and persuasiveness. It is supposed to be a masculine prerogative, but like other masculine prerogatives, has been usurped by an advance guard of women—Delineator.

**Are We a Courteous People?**

Are we as Americans as courteous as our old relatives? Do we not, in our pride, occasionally think us?

Are we as courteous as mixed blood, equitable laws and a prevailing sentiment of self respect might be reasonably expected to make us? Do we not sometimes confound issues, confuse disinterestedness with politeness, and believe that because good breeding comes from the hand of good breeding, one is necessarily well bred?

Yet there are men and women who stand ready to help their fellow creatures and who are seldom or ever polite to them. Dr. Johnson was one of the kindest of men, but of that courtesy which respects the feelings as well as the rights of others, he had never the faintest perception. "Now, what man does not like to be told that he is good?" he asked. "A certain man, I think, used to say, and contradiction was the guiding principle of his talk. It is a guiding principle with people of much less intelligence today, and it gives to conversation a rough, acerbic, destructive alike of pleasure and persuasiveness. It is supposed to be a masculine prerogative, but like other masculine prerogatives, has been usurped by an advance guard of women—Delineator.

**Lincoln and Mrs. Pickett.**

In her book "Dixie After the War" Mrs. Myrtie Lockett Avey tells the following Lincoln story in connection with General Pickett, who led the charge at Gettysburg. Mrs. Lincoln had taken warm interest in young George Pickett as a cadet at West Point. During his hurried sojourn in Richmond Lincoln's carriage and armed retinue drew up in front of the old Pickett mansion. The general's young wife came out, with her baby in her arms, and said, "I am General Pickett's wife."

"Madam," Lincoln answered, "I am George's old friend, Abraham Lincoln."

"The president of the United States?" she asked.

"No," with a smile, "only Abraham Lincoln, George's old friend."

The child reached out his hands, and when Lincoln took him in his arms he kissed the child.

"Tell me, father," said Lincoln.

"I will grant him a special amnesty—if he wants it—for the sake of your mother's bright eyes and your good manners."

**Preliminary Practice.**

"Your friend Popley hasn't had his auto very long, but he seems to manage it well. He seems particularly clever at steering through a crowded street."

She had a start of several yards before he regained his footing and madly rushed after her. She ran till a pain throbbed in her side and her eyes swam, never faltering. Then it seemed to her that she was lifted to insensibility and sped on without volition, con-

scious only of speed. The cabin door was tearing, it burst through the woods, open. It seemed to her that a monster was coming fast behind and that she covered the ground by leaps, like a strange animal. Suddenly she left the path and made a short cut through the trees, so that for the instant he did not see her swift change of direction, and to this she probably owed her life. She tore into the cabin, almost fell upon a man within as he jumped from his chair and gasped, "He'll kill us! Lock the door!"

As she fell exhausted to the floor she dimly sensed a man rushing out of the cabin in the direction from which she had come. Her breath came thick and painfully. She tried to think, and suddenly, like a lightning flash, came the query, "Who was the man in the cabin?" and a new terror seized her.

Then her flesh quivered at the sound of a horn, a long, mournful horn, followed by a shot.

How long she lay where she had fallen she did not know, for now fright and exhaustion seemed to have numbed her utterly, but when she was able to struggle to her feet she crept through the woods toward the old path leading to the country road, avoiding with a shudder the crooked path which led from the cabin. Finally she sat down by the wayside to wait for any passing vehicle which would carry her farther. And this time Billy also had been unable to stanch his load of berries, death had come, not five yards from each other, though separated by shrubbery and trees.

It transpired that the men were notorious criminals in hiding. When Martha had staggered in with her cry of "He'll kill us! Run!" the startled man in the cabin acted spontaneously that he must be captured or he would be shot and warned him. He had rushed out, fired at the figure approaching through the woods, and his shot was almost instantly returned. Both men shot to kill him.

As a curious beneficence from so horrowing an experience, the prize money paid for the delivery of the two criminals was not claimed by the men.

"You didn't suppose I was going to shoot myself in the true melodramatic fashion, did you?" he laughed. Lois shook her head.

"It wasn't exactly that," she explained, "but we thought it might not seem so hard if you had a chance to rest up a little before you went to your room."

She followed her into the tiny sitting room, where a dainty cold lunch was spread.

"Cast your restaurant meals on the water and they will come back in the shape of real home stuff," he laughed.

"I hope this lunch will do you as much good as that other supper did," she said, "but I expect you'll be all right."

"I'm not so good," he responded, "while you were in trouble. We wanted to know that all was well with you if we were the bane of your existence."

"You didn't suppose I was going to shoot myself in the true melodramatic fashion, did you?" he laughed.

"It wasn't exactly that," she explained, "but we thought it might not seem so hard if you had a chance to rest up a little before you went to your room."

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## Barrington Locals

### Notice.

Following our usual custom of giving our force a week's vacation between Christmas and New Years, there will be no paper on December 28th. It will also give the office a chance to catch up with a lot of accumulated job printing, so that we can start the year with a clean slate.

MILES T. LAMEY,  
Publisher.

P. A. Hawley held a very successful auction Tuesday night.

Floyd Hawley bought over 100 Rose Comb brown Leghorn chickens from Iowa farms.

Miss Pauline Clausius of Palatine visited with friends here this week.

Mrs. Helen Sullivan and daughter and son visited in Chicago this week.

Henry Meyer of Port Washington Wis., spent Sunday at the home of his brother, A. W. Meyer.

Found—a sum of money. If owner will identify amount and pay for this advertisement, can have same published by calling on These Schutt, Barrington.

John Homuth and Miss Anna Menching spent Sunday at Milwaukee.

Mrs. D. F. Lampe spent Wednesday at the home of her sister, Mrs. Clara Crouse in Chicago.

Misses Alma and Mabel Steffenhofer spent Monday in Chicago.

Mrs. Margaret Andrews is visiting her sister-in-law, Mrs. J. J. Reno, at home.

Mr. and Mrs. John Stemple of Arlington Heights were guests at the home of G. H. Launder Sunday.

Leroy McSweeney of Larchwood, Iowa, is a 10-year-old boy who has been to Barrington to visit his father, George. He is a boy of 10 who is a good boy and has a good home. He is a good boy and has a good home.

The Thursday club met with Mrs. Alvernon this week. Study: "First Newspapers in America," was in charge of Mrs. Dolan. They will meet with Emily Hawley next Thursday.

Mr. and Mrs. Bicknell attended the show at Long Grove Saturday evening.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank visited relatives at Jefferson Park Saturday and Sunday.

Roland Beutler spent Sunday at the home of his wife.

Tuesday evening, Noland Ladd visited friends here.

George Prusia, Jr., and Wm. Bicknell were Chicago visitors Wednesday.

Miss Lizzie Kiser spent Sunday in Highland Grove.

Mr. E. A. Ficke is serving on the jury at Waukegan.

Go to A. W. Meyer for Christmas presents.

Mrs. J. N. Smith returned to her home at Joliet, having spent a week with her folks, Mr. and Mrs. Schaefer. Miss Anna Schaefer returned with her.

George and Emil Frank attended the funeral of their sister, Mrs. Kasberg, in Chicago Sunday. While at the funeral they received word of the death of her 6 year old son, who also died of typhoid fever. Otto Frank attended the funeral of the boy Wednesday.

**Excursion Rates for Holidays.**

Via the North-Western Line. Excursion tickets will be sold at reduced rates on nine dates: December 20, 21, 22, 23, 24, 25, 30, 31, 1906, and January 1, 1907, good returning until and including Jan 7, 1907, to stations on the North-Western Line, (including C. St. P. M. & O. Ry.), and to points on certain other lines, for full details of which apply to agents Chicago & North-Western Ry.

**ADJUDICATION.**

**NOTICE.**

Public Notice is hereby given that the Subscriber, Administrator of the Estate of Antone Promutes deceased will attend the County Court of Lake County, at a term thereof to be held 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 F. HARNEDEN,  
Administrator.

Waukegan, Ill., Oct. 27, 1906.

**Famous Strike Breakers.**

The most famous strike breakers in the land are Dr. King's "Navy Pills." When liver and bowels go on strike, they quickly settle the trouble, and the purifying work goes right on.

For details call at Barrington Pharmacy.

## The Los Angeles Limited.

Electric lighted train, Chicago to Los Angeles every day in the year, less than three days en route, via Chicago & North Western, Union Pacific and Salt Lake Route. Splendid equipment of the most modern and complete character, accommodating all classes of travel.

Pullman drawing room and private compartment sleeping cars, Pullman tourist sleeping cars and composite observation cars. Double berth in tourist cars only \$7.00 from Chicago.

For full information apply to C. & N. W. Ticket Agents, W. B. Kishorn, Passenger Traffic Manager, Chicago.

## 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.

## Parliamentary Law as a Cure for Woman's Bad Temper

By MRS. CORA WELLES TROW,  
President Post Parliament Club, New York.

PARLIAMENTARY law is the logical antidote for bad temper. Angry passions, however vivid, once subjected to the discipline entailed by its use in argument, are calmed. Its first requirement is the proper ordering of thought. Old-fashioned people, who counted 100 before they spoke, in moments of stress, were not far wrong. In this latter day no one can possibly consider the parliamentary points at issue and at the same time give rein to wrath. The two are absolutely incompatible.

The misconception that exists in the mind of the average clubwoman in regard to the use of parliamentary law would be amusing were it not pathetic. "We are a club of ladies," said one club president. "We create an atmosphere of courtesy, and parliamentary law would be a discordant note." Yet the pity of it is that this same club has provided countless stories for the papers on account of its unseemly wranglings.

When parliamentary law reigns discord is unknown. Every club reflects the spirit of its presiding officer. When she is weak and incapable, the club becomes lawless and the members self-assertive. If the president be a strong character, the club becomes a tool for the carrying out of her individual will and loses all standing as a self-governing organization. "I want such a matter passed," said a president recently, "passed without discussion," and it was.

In clubs, and in clubs alone, woman has the best opportunity our age presents for developing her individuality. In many instances we see her following the example of the other sex and cheerfully submitting to a boss rule, under which she becomes a machine for the carrying out of a will not her own.

Parliamentary law teaches us, first, to discuss no question until it is logically stated; second, that only one person can speak at one time; that both sides must be heard before any conclusion can be reached. And this conclusion is the demonstration of the principle upon which our government is founded—the carrying into execution of the will of the majority.

Where procedure is enforced no one member is able to take up the time of the club by stating her views on a question not under consideration. And by thus sifting out extraneous matter and keeping to the subject in hand many pitfalls are avoided and emotions left unsounded.

## Secret of Success in Playwriting

By CHARLES KLEIN.

The most original writer is a pioneer only in the matter of expression. He simply voices what is in the world about him.

The secret of the success of "The Lion and the Mouse" lies in the fact that it presents a con-

dition of the times—the commercial instinct fighting the spiritual nature. In his elemental state man is always fighting himself, his lower side in revolt, his higher in continual warfare. It is simply the underlying truth of humanity brought up to date.

All drama is conflict. People love that more than anything else. A prize-fight will draw when a play will not. Just now it is especially interesting to watch man adjust himself to quickly changing conditions; in them is material for many dramas.

There is no one who applauds the hero on the stage so much as the coward in the audience. In proportion as you lack a quality do you admire its representation in another.

In my opinion the great plays and the great books will be written when the leisure class is a certain unit. When our plutocracy forms an aristocracy, as it surely will, there will always be a submergent tenth, there will always be the laboring masses. The man who is representative of our commercial classes is neither a thinking nor an unthinking man. He is essentially the man of action, and acts from impulse. He obeys an intuitive power; he doesn't stop to reason and come to logical deductions; he has no time. Socialism means to him anarchy, which it is not, and he does not want it.

There are two classes who do want socialism—the thinkers, students, writers, and the unthinking masses who want anything that will change their lot; but these two classes have nothing to say about it. It is the commercial man who decides, and he it is in time will form the leisure class.



## American Girl in Grand Opera

By MARIE LUKSCH.  
of Vienna Conservatory of Music.

In the American girl students at the Vienna Conservatory I have always found reason to take particular delight. I find a tendency in New York to deprecate the achievements of your women in music, but we have no such feeling

abroad. The American girl is different from her sisters of any other land and the difference is greatly in her favor. We have young women pupils from Bohemia, Hungary, Croatia, Italy, and, of course, from all over my own Germany.

Many of the girls of European countries have exquisite natural voices and most graceful carriage, but none of them is as quick in catching a thought or as ready to take hold of a suggestion as the American girl. She seldom has to be told twice, her mind is wonderfully alert, and she is always seeking and finding the short way. And withal she has the temperament, the soul.

I am firm in the belief that the American girl will some day lead the world in opera if—and there is an important if—she will but cultivate the patience to delve deeply, and the immortal dissatisfaction with everything but the best. For that is the one fault of the average American student. She reaches results with great rapidity, and thus is too soon satisfied with them, while her more plodding sisters of the old world go on in travail to finer heights of feeling and beauty.

As your American skyscrapers must have large and solid foundations, so must the musician build with care and infinite pains a foundation of profound understanding.

## REPLIES TO STORER

### PRESIDENT GIVES THE CABINET "SUPPRESSED FACTS."

### RAP FOR EX-AMBASSADOR

His Conduct Called Peculiarly Ungentlemanly, and Statement About Message to Pope Branded as Untrue.

Washington.—Bellamy Storer, former ambassador to Austria, has stirred up a mess in the capital by the publication of his correspondence with President Roosevelt over the alleged intrigue of the ambassador and his wife with the Vatican authorities with the purpose of making Archbishop Ireland a cardinal. Mr. Storer severely scores the president for dismissing him from his diplomatic service. Copies of Mr. Storer's letter and the correspondence are sent to the president, members of the cabinet and the foreign affairs committee of the Senate.

More Letters Made Public.

Washington.—President Roosevelt Sunday night made public a long letter addressed to Secretary Root giving correspondence between the president and former Ambassador Bellamy Storer, at Vienna, and Mrs. Storer, in which he says that Mr. Storer's refusal to answer his letters and the publication of various private letters justified the ambassador's removal; that Mr. Storer's claim of private correspondence was peculiarly ungentlemanly and that he (the president) had stated with absolute clearness his position the reason why it was out of the question for him as president to try to get any archbishop made cardinal, though expressing his admiration for Archbishop Ireland as well as leaders of other denominations.

He says he thinks it well that the members of the cabinet should know certain facts, "which he (Storer) either suppressed or misstated." He says he did not present the position of the Storers "until it became evident they were likely to damage American interests." He says Mrs. Storer urged him to give her husband a cabinet place and that she stated Mr. Choate at London and General Porter at Paris were no proper persons to be ambassadors, suggesting her husband in that connection.

Story of Message Untrue.

The president incorporates a letter from Postmaster General Cortelyou contradicting the statement that President McKinley had commissioned a gentleman to ask the pope "as a personal favor to him," and as "an honor to the country" to appoint Archbishop Ireland a cardinal. Mr. Cortelyou says the president never made any such request. The president deems that Mr. Storer's statement that he authorized any such message to be delivered to Pope Pius is untrue.

Pamphlet Well Circulated.

President Roosevelt, Sunday night requested the press to say that no hint or intimation of the Bellamy Storer pamphlet was given out at the White House. The former ambassador, the president stated, not only sent his "open letter" to members of the cabinet, but to at least a dozen members of the senate and house. He added that Mr. Storer had no desire to keep the contents of his pamphlet secret and the undeniably it was his desire that the letter find its way into print.

Storer Makes Reply.

Cincinnati, Ohio.—Bellamy Storer, former ambassador from the United States to Austria-Hungary Monday replied briefly to the statements contained in President Roosevelt's letter to Secretary of State Root, which was given to the press last night, insisting on the position he had heretofore taken and reiterating the statements made by him in the statement to the members of the foreign relations committee of congress made public last week. Mr. Storer said:

Tried to Defend Wife.

"I seem to have been elected a member of the 'Ananias Club,' but all others who have come into dispute with President Roosevelt, I am now to be classed with Senators Chandler, Tillman, Ballew and with others who have questioned some act or word of the president's. Like every other American gentleman who has a wife to protect, I undertook to defend her from insinuations and charges of falsehood."

Mr. Storer then reiterated much that appeared in his first statement intended to give a full account of his claims, and added that he has four letters bearing on the controversy to the promotion of Archbishop Ireland, all of which he claims tend to bear out his contentions that "I obeyed explicit instructions of Mr. Roosevelt in acting as I did with regard to the promotion."

D. F. Raum Confesses to Forgery.

Pocatello, Idaho.—Daniel F. Raum, prominent lawyer and son of Green B. Raum, is under arrest for committing forgery in the sum of \$10,000 and has confessed. He executed false mortgages on Knox county land.

Raised to Massacre Christians.

Tangier, Morocco.—Raissel has informed the Moorish officials that he is prepared to march upon Tangier the head of 15,000 Moors and drive into the sea and massacre every Christian in that place.

## FRATERNITY HOUSE BURNS

### SEVEN PERISH IN FIRE AT CORNELL UNIVERSITY.

Great Heroism is Displayed by Boys and Volunteer Firemen in Work of Rescue.

Ithaca, N. Y.—The \$200,000 mansion of the Chi Psi fraternity at Cornell university—burned early Friday, and seven persons perished in the conflagration. Of these four were students, and the others prominent townsmen who had responded to the alarm in the capacity of volunteer firemen.

The herdsmen of the volunteer firemen who died in the fire, the names of which were not known, were members of the Chi Psi chapter, who reentered the burning building in a futile effort to save Nichols, his room-mate, and who died later from his injuries, and by the courage of McCutcheon, who remained in the flames until fatally burned, to assist his comrades to escape. Pope, the freshman, received his injuries while seeking to rescue other members of the fraternity.

Among those earliest on the scene, and who comported most of the work of rescue, for the damage which had already converted the first floor of the doomed dormitory into an inferno, were several Cornell football men. All did effective work. It has been declared that the work of Sam Halliday, the old fullback, and of Earle and Gibson, the halfbacks of the season ended, united with that of the Chi Psi men who risked their lives that their brothers might live, will be remembered long in the annals of Cornell.

The cause of the fire will probably never be discovered. The building is an unsightly wreck, with no particle of its inner furniture remaining. Cornell is deprived of one of its landmarks, for the lodge was built in 1881 by Jennifer McGrath Fliske, at a cost of \$130,000. The daughter of the lumber king, John McGrath, who was one of Cornell's early great benefactors, never enjoyed her palace, and entered it only after death.

A Cornell house has clustered in the memory of the great fair for the Fliske millions, shared with Prof. Willard Fliske, the husband, and Judge Boardman, as the representative of Cornell, to which Mrs. Fliske had left the bulk of her estate.

BISHOP SEYMOUR IS DEAD.

Episcopal Prelate Succumbs to Attack of Pneumonia.

Springfield, Ill.—Bishop George E. Seymour, of the Protestant Episcopal diocese of Springfield, died at seven o'clock Saturday morning. Death was due to the effect of an attack of pneumonia, from which he had been in a critical condition for more than a fortnight.

Mr. Rev. George Franklin Seymour was consecrated Bishop of Springfield on June 11, 1878. Isaac Newton and Elvira Seymour, his parents, lived in New York city, where he was born in 1829. He was graduated from Columbia University in 1850, and from the General Theological seminary in 1854. Before his ordination as a priest, September 23, 1855, he was pastor in charge of a mission at Annandale, on the Hudson, and founded there in 1855 St. Stephen's college, being its first warden, from 1855 until 1861. He was rector at St. Mary's, March 1861, at Chattanooga, Tenn., 1861-2, rector at Christ church, Hudson, N. Y., 1862-3, and at St. John's, Brooklyn, 1863-7. He was made professor of ecclesiastical history at the General Theological seminary in 1865, and retained the position until 1879. He was dean of this institution from 1875 to 1879.

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Indicted; Commits Suicide.

Rock Rapids, Ia.—Matt Priest, one of the county supervisors recently indicted by the grand jury for misappropriation of road funds, committed suicide Tuesday by cutting his throat with a jackknife.

Fatal Train Wreck at Lima, O.

Lima, O.—A passenger train crashed into an open switch here Tuesday night and Fireman Nichols, of Dayton, was killed, and Brakeman Thiemann and Engineer Charles Long were fatally injured.



## Dainty Dress Accessories.

### LITTLE TOUCHES MAKE THE COSTUME DISTINCTIVE.

Belts, Hats, Gloves and Other Small Matters Are Sometimes More Important than the Frock Itself.

Some of Fashion's Decrees.

The finishing touch is found in the accessories of dress and belts, hats, gloves, shoes, umbrellas, and more often than not.

can be worn down becomingly by women of brilliant complexion. In chiffon veils, browns, and certain vivid and yet not crude greens and light blues are the favorites. New white chiffon veils have borders of color. Sometimes the border is a deep band or several bands of varying height and border with a row of large dots above. In the same color is one of the effective fancies. There are also white veils with delicately pretty floral borders and others of shot chiffon.

Petticoats en suite with negligees are trimmed with net boudoirs to match the kimono, which are of all-over lace of inexpensive quality mounted over China silk foundations. Some of these are made of coarse net and others of thin Swiss, and they are formed in all varieties of the Mother Hubbard and kimono styles and made to slip on separately over the negligee. This is not an un-economical investment when good washing lace are chosen, as the silk is more or less protected. Materials for this class of kimono are best selected in the curtain departments, where there are both wide lace rem-

parts, and even fish nets which adapt prettily as curtains. Soft nainsook is equally pretty worn over color, and prettily empire night gowns, worn over silk slips, are converted by opening them up on the front and edging all around with a lingerie ruffle, and wearing over silk petticoat to match.

COVER FOR SHIRT WAIST.

WILL Protect the Dainty Garment From Dust and Light.

A shirt waist cover designed to slip over the regulation hanger is here pictured. To make it take a piece of silk or cotton material 44 inches long and 22 inches wide, fold in the middle and stitch up the sides, forming a bag. Turn and fold the top in three parts, slit the middle section, leaving one-third on each side. This slit is for the collar, which is made of a band five inches wide, and 10 inches wide. Attach with a wide binding and turn top and bottom with lace. Run in nice ribbon and make a generous bow in front. This slit is just wide

enough to allow the hanger to slip through, and the waist or coat is protected from the dust and light. The cover illustrated was made from ordinary barred muslin, with brier stitching around the bottom in blue wash silk, and with ribbon to match.

ARTIFICIAL FLOWERS AND FOLIAGE USED FOR THE EVENING GOWN.

Artificial Flowers and Foliage Used for Trimming.

The prettiest fashion for many a day is the trimming of evening gowns with artificial flowers and foliage. In this there is no combination quite so effective as that of black blossoms on white or pale tinted chiffons.

Chiffon roses and trailing buds and foliage is an art practiced in the exclusive dressmaking shops, but these are not a great deal prettier than the ribbon which often is fashioned in the department store and which may be given the airy chiffon look of having them made of the inexpensive gauze ribbons. Artificial roses bought in the millinery departments will apply beautifully to the edge of a decolletage, even when they do not come bunched or stemmed for the purpose.

Often a prettier trimming can be made by exactly matching the flower in chiffon and bunching it up into soft loops behind each blossom or bunch of blossoms. It can be trailed from one to another, thus seeming to connect the floral motifs. Another pretty way to do is to back the roses in the same way with ribbons that match, either gauze or the softer satin kinds.

Floral trimmings also can be bought at the things at the passe-miroir counters, and among the lovely things found here are spray applique trimmings of black velvet roses and also applications of chenille in floral designs. Nothing lovelier than a black net gown mounted over white taffeta and white trimmings of black velvet roses can be imagined.

Where one cannot afford these gorgeous jet and velvet trimmings a pretty substitute can be made with an ordinarily good piece of jet passe-miroir by intermixing and outlining it with narrow black ribbon.

For instance, a plain black chiffon gown can be finished with one of the ready made berthes of spangled or jetted net. The pattern on this may be outlined with the narrow black velvet, and the whole bertha may be edged with it. Add to this a couple of strands of narrow black velvet over each shoulder and a skeleton girdle made in the same way. Also if the bertha has deep indentations carry a double row of the velvet ribbon underneath from one point to another.



C. F. HALL CO.  
CASH DEPARTMENT STORE  
DUNDEE, ILLINOIS

## Where to Buy Xmas GOODS

We point out where you can save money in buying Xmas goods. We don't say: "Dolls for 25, 49 and 99c"; we give the size in inches. Read carefully and test our claims. It means money in your pocket. Why pay 25c when you can get what you want for 18c.

## Games, Dolls, Toys, Fancy Goods

16 in. Fancy Dressed Sleeping Dolls 29c  
19 in. Blouse Head Kid Dolls..... 49c  
19 in. Dressed Dolls, regular 56c  
values, ..... 39 and 35c  
14 in. Dolls, nicely dressed, for 22c  
Over 15 styles of Dressed and Undressed Dolls for..... 10 and 35c  
Finest German made Dolls, 24 in. long,  
elaborately dressed  
\$1.49, 98c \$2.69 \$1.98, 89c  
50c Motor Trains on a Track..... 39c  
Boys' Saw and Sawbuck..... 10 and 19c  
All 25c Mechanical Toys are..... 20c  
Magic Lanterns, square style and  
good..... 25c

## Our 5 and 10c Dept.

Do you know that our 5 and 10c department is as large as many of the stores in your town and contains not one article at over 10 cents.

## Candy for Xmas

Cocoanut Bonbons, Buttercups, Covered Dates, Boston Creams, Taffy Lumps, Cream Dates, and 20 other kinds of Candy for 10c a pound. Don't be satisfied with the ordinary Candy; a pound of our kind costs only 10 cents.

## Suggestions for Useful Gifts

Slippers, Gloves, Silk for a Waist, Rugs, Cloaks, Neck Ties, Suspenders, Mufflers, Table Cloths, Napkins, Material for Dress, fine Lap robes, Set of Dishes, fancy Water Set, Petticoat, Men's Fancy Vest, Mittens, Child's Dress, Writing Paper, etc, etc.

## Cloaks and Over- coats

If we didn't believe these prices to be less than you would find in your home town, we wouldn't waste money in paying your newspaper. Perhaps you don't believe all our ads, say but you do believe your friends and you'll believe us after you've come to know us.

People tell their troubles, and a disappointed Coat or Cloak buyer is the worst thing we could have in your community.

### READ THESE PRICES.

Ladies' Broadcloth, full satin lined Cloaks..... \$9.87  
Heavy, fine Black Kersey Cloaks, \$10 makes, our prices..... \$6.87, \$7.87  
Plaid Cloaks, pobly and very stylish, \$5.00 \$6.69 \$8.98  
About 35 sample Cloaks, just received. A month ago we would not have bought, but now, when we can give these elegant Broadcloth Cloaks, \$15, \$20 and \$22 makes, at \$11.98, \$13.29, \$14.87 it is different.

Girls' Cloak values, sizes 14 to 20, \$2.95 \$3.98 \$4.49 \$7.87

## Men's Overcoats

Heavy, dark grey, full length, finely made, sateen lined Coats, on which we claim to save you from \$2.00 to \$3.50 per Coat. Prices \$7.95, \$9.65 Specials. Not so many Coats but more styles and better, being samples and odd coats, worth up to \$18. Fine materials, serge lined, satin lining in the sleeves, etc. These Coats for..... \$11.98 and \$12.65

Remember Dinner Ticket, Horse Ticket, Introduction Ticket and Refunded Car Fare Offer.

(Show round trip R. R. tickets if you come by train.

Window glass in all sizes sold at Lamey & Co's.

## Barrington Local Happenings Told in Short Paragraphs

Let us figure on your job-printing. Lost—A shawl. Finder please return to this office.

P. A. Hawley's telephone number has been changed from No. 2023 to 422. Baumgarten's restaurant has a 'phone now—No. 373.

Encourage the students of the High School by your presence at their entertainment Monday evening.

"Ein Knopf" is the funniest farce in the German Language. At the school Monday evening; worth a dollar, costs you only ten cents.

Only 10c will be charged for the school entertainment, and this is to pay expense incident to the preparation of the program. Monday evening 7:30.

Girls or women wanted at Ayers' Hotel, Harvard, Ill. Wages, fifteen dollars to twenty a month.

Mrs. Geo. Knaggs left for Evanston this week, where she will spend the Holidays with her parents. She will be gone until Jan. 1st.

Miss Ellis the high school German teacher has prepared a pleasing program for the friends of the school Monday evening.

Three beautiful Angora kittens have been shipped to the New York market by Worth Lawrence from his Cattery. They went by way of American Express and the price brought was \$100.00 for the three.

German family want good strong girl for general housework. North-west side, Chicago. Address, F. Boltzman, 470 Franklin Boulevard, Chicago.

A Deaconess by the name of Miss Martin will speak in the Methodist church on next Sunday evening. Miss Martin represents the Agard Deaconess Rest Home, of Lake Bluff. Everybody is most cordially invited to come and hear this Deaconess speak.

Miss Emmert the optician, will make her regular monthly visit to Barrington, Thursday, Dec. 20th. She will be at home at the office of Dr. Richardson, giving free examinations of eyes. No one urged to buy.

Stay home Monday evening until 7:30 then go to the school auditorium and hear in the original songs and poems dear to the heart of every true lover of the German language. Single and double quartettes, duets, instrumental music and the humorous drama, "Ein Knopf," all for 10c.

Do you enjoy good music? Do you know Schumann's beautiful "Trau-

CHINAWARE

Come early and have first pick.

## The Big Store

A. W. MEYER  
BARRINGTON LAKE ZURICH

## MATH. PECAK

Successor to Matt Hurter

## MERCHANT TAILOR

BARRINGTON, ILL.

Special attention given to REPAIRING and CLEANING Ladies' and Gents' Garments

Our Motto: Reasonable Prices and Prompt Service

## "The Barrington" GAS AND GASOLINE ENGINE

The Latest Improved and  
Best Gas or Gasoline Engine  
on the market.

Simple Construction.

Guaranteed.

Lowest Prices.

Made in all sizes from 2 to  
Horse Power by

A. SCHABELE & CO.

Barrington, Illinois.

Manufacturers of

Shafting, Pulleys and Belting, Ladders and Tanks.

Repairing of All Kinds of Machinery by a Specialty.

Dealers in

Shaving, Pulleys and Belting, Ladders and Tanks.

Repairing of All Kinds of Machinery by a Specialty.

UP-TO-DATE MILLINERY

All the Leading Styles and Shirts  
in Silks, Velvets, Felt, Etc.

Fine line of Braids, Chiffon and Ribbons, Ostrich Feathers, Tips, Breast and Wings. My Hats are all hand made, and I will trim to order ladies' own material, made up to suit. Compare my prices with those charged elsewhere and see if I am not as reasonable as any place.

HETTIE R. JUKES

PROPRIETRESS

Phone 272

Main Street, Opposite Depot

## THIS IS YOUR PARTY

District No. 10 School is Going to  
Give Novel Entertainment.

The following communication explains itself:

Barrington, Ill., Dec. 9, 1906.

Ed. Review:

Will you please put this notice in the "Review?"

I wish that you would also add that cards and sacks will be furnished at the door to those who have not received any.

Yours truly,

Caroline Weber.

## CHRISTMAS PARTY

THIS CHRISTMAS party is given for you:

"Ein nothing novel, nothing new."

We send you a little silken sack:

Please either send or bring it back,

With as many pennies as years you

are old.

We promise the number shall never

be told.

Should you feel inclined to make it

more,

And pay in advance the full four score

Of the years allotted to mortal man—

Even more—why, of course, you

can.

Kind friends will furnish you some-

thing to eat.

And others will furnish a musical

treat.

District School No. 10 with greetings

most hearty,

Feels sure you will come to your own

Christmas Party.

Dec. 19, 1906.

Caroline Weber.

## WILL BE GOOD

## A Full Program Rendered in German

Will Be Given in the School  
Auditorium Monday Evening

A full program rendered in German

is unusual in a village the size of Bar-

rington, yet the German Department

of the high school have prepared to

entertain in this way the friends and

patrons of the school.

This entertainment will be a delight to every true

lover of the German language.

It will be a great encouragement to the Ger-

man students if the school auditorium is

filled to its utmost capacity when this

program is given. The best seat

in the house may be had for 10c.

## A Miraculous Cure.

The following statement by H. M.

Adams and wife, Henrietta, Pa., will

interest parents and others.

"A miracu-

lous cure has taken place in our home.

Our child had epilepsy 5 years

when we were about electing Bismarck,

and concluded to try it. Before the

second bottle was all taken we noticed

a change for the better, and after tak-

ing 2 bottles he was completely cured."

In the second bottle was a medicine and

body building tonic. Guaranteed 50c

and \$1.00 at the Barrington Pharmacy.

## Is Doing Well

The many friends of Charles A.

Mansfield, who a few years ago was in

the employ of H. A. Harmsen, in the

Granite and Marble Works will doubt-

less be glad to hear of his prosperity.

After spending some time with the

soldiers in the Philippine Islands,

helping to keep peace, he returned to

California and settled in South Barba-

ra where he married a wife and built a

home and now has two children, the

oldest, Charles A. Mansfield, Jr., about

two years old, the younger, Helen

Elizabeth, born to them Thanksgiving

day.

He seems to be very happy in the

land of fruit and flowers.

## New Cure for Epilepsy.

J. B. Waterman, of Watertown, O.,

rural free delivery, writes: "My daughter

afflicted for years with epilep-

sy, was treated by Dr. Kline's

Life Pills. She has not had an attack

for over two years." Best blood clean-

ers and life giving tonic pills on earth.

25c at Barrington Pharmacy.

## A Real Bargain.

I desire to interest a party of investors

in a choice tract of land in the

celebrated Gulf Coast Country of

Texas, 26,119 acres near Corpus

Christi at \$6.00 per acre. Highly im-

proved, rich, all cultivable.

A rare investment for future sub-division. Val-

ues rapidly advancing.

Get further particulars and arrange

to go with us to see this land Decem-

ber 18th. FIELDING H. WILHELM,

153 LaSalle St., Chicago.

Via the North-Western Line. Ex-

curse tickets will be sold January 14,

15 and 16, with favorable return

limits. Apply to agents Chicago &

North-Western Ry.

Very Low Rates to National Wool

Growers' Association, Salt Lake

City, Utah.

Via the North-Western Line. Ex-

curse tickets will be sold January 14,

15 and 16, with favorable return

limits. Apply to agents Chicago &

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