

THE BARRINGTON REVIEW.

VOL. 22. NO. 47.

BARRINGTON, ILLINOIS, FRIDAY, FEB. 1, 1907

\$1.50 A YEAR IN ADVANCE.

THEY ALL DINED TOGETHER

Three Couple Celebrate Thirty-

fifth Wedding Anni-

versary.

Last Friday was the thirty-fifth wed-
ding anniversary of Mr. and Mrs. C.
Hawley, Mr. and Mrs. Dolos Church
and Mr. and Mrs. F. Hawley who formed
a triple wedding party at that time
and were married on the old George
Waterman farm southwest of town.
The men were cousins and each year
the six have met to dine together on
their anniversary. This year the dinner
was given at the Church home and in the evening Mr.
C. Hawley gave a surprise party for
his wife at their home on Hough street
where 35 people mostly relatives met
and made the evening lively with
games, cards and supper.

P. O. Willmarth sang very beauti-
fully Sunday morning at St. Ann's, an
anthem "Thy Will Be Done" by the
composer, G. W. Marston.

HAD LARGE ATTENDANCE.

Barrington Hall Was Crowded
With Masqueraders Wednes-
day Evening.

A crowd large enough to overflow
Barrington hall responded to the
invitation of Autumn Leaf, Rebecca
Lodge, No. 926 to attend their dance
Wednesday evening. The majority
came costumed and masked, but all
spectators seemed to enjoy the fun,
too. All the familiar disguises were
there and several new make-ups,
namely two automobile girls in regular
costs, books and goggles, Miss E.
Wagner and Mr. Marchek, and the
"gold-dust twins" two young ladies
from Elgin, guests at the C. Naggar
home. Mr. and Mrs. James McKay
received prizes for the best waltzes,
according to the idea of the judges.
Miss M. Wagner for the "prettiest
gown, that of a Colonial lady and Otto
Zimmerman as a "pal-blue". Soldier
Hill's orchestra played and the ladies
of the lodge managed a lunch counter
in a side room. The lodge must have
an increased bank account.

Do Not Gossip.

The Waukegan papers of last Saturday
screamed a Barrington scandal which
went through the Lake county courts.
The facts are all true and the conditions
deplorable. And there are even
more gossipy remarks at present
than in a long time. Why don't people
try to head off these tales even if
true, instead of spreading them farther
into every home? The greater the
activity of a family in church work,
the greater the satisfaction apparent
when a member of that family falls
into sin, small or great. Then do
tongues wag with pleasure in the do-
grace. What has become of the
"golden rule"? Haven't the majority
of families their gossipy skeletons
without forever opening the Skeleton
Chest of some one else's family?
A multitude of prayers are offered in
this village every week "for grace"
and "lead us not into temptation."
The tongues repeating them seem to
forget that to gossip, to scatter scandal,
to be scouful of others' sins, is a
temptation and a dreadful one. Let
each housewife who runs with a shawl
over her head to the neighbors "to
bring a bone and take a bone" remember
that she is really a wicked woman
no matter how low or often she prays.
Let every man idling in the stores,
livery stables and saloons rise above
the troubles of his friends and find
larger subjects of interest on which to
think and talk.

Had a Good Time

Mrs. M. Jukes and Miss Jukes re-
ceived the Woman's club, gentlemen
and lady guests at Mrs. C. Kendall's
Thursday evening. The event was the
most amusing given by the club this
year and the contest games played
particularly laughable and varied. A
half dozen prizes in beautiful tissue
paper work forming useful articles
made by Miss Jukes herself were pre-
sented and a very fine and generous
luncheon served. There will be no
meeting on Feb. 8th but on the 14th.
Mrs. G. Arps will keep open house for
the club from 3 to 12, with a welcome
for all ladies of the club, and their
gentlemen. Come at any hour you
can.

The Coming Question.

The Anti-Saloon League Local
Option Bill was up for considera-
tion last Sunday in over 2,500 Protes-
tant churches in the state of Illinois.

All temperance people of all
churches and all parties are urged to
do what they can for the advancement
of public sentiment in favor of the
Anti-Saloon League Local Option
Bill which is now before the people of
Illinois.

This Bill does not close a single
saloon, but gives the people of the
different wards, precincts, townships
and counties the opportunity of saying
whether or not there shall be any
saloons licensed in their respective
wards, precincts, townships or coun-
ties.

The Bill is in perfect harmony with
two long established principles of the
American government, namely:

1. It places the decision in the hands
of the people themselves.

2. It provides for representation
where there is taxation.

The people of Barrington live in the
Seventh Congressional District and all
citizens who are interested in the
advancement of the temperance cause
are asked to write to those who repre-
sent us at Springfield, urging them to
vote for the Anti-Saloon League Local
Option Bill. Those who represent us
at Springfield are Senator John R.
Humphrey, and representatives Louis
J. Pierson, Fred'k. B. Ross and Wal-
ter A. Lanz.

Now is the time to write, let your
representatives know that you desire
the right of voting on this the greatest
question before the people of Illinois.

Signed,
REV. F. N. LAPRAN

PALATINE LOCAL NEWS

George A. Tucker was born at
North Hampton, Mass., Oct. 22, 1836.
He came to Chicago Nov. 1842 and has
made his home here ever since. He
sailed on the lake for five years and
worked for the C. B. & Q. for thirteen
years as fireman and engineer. He
served in the Civil War three years in
Co. B. 10th Ill. Vol. under the
famous Gen. Hooker. He marched
through Georgia and went to Richmond
and was mustered out of service
and returned to Chicago. He worked
as watchman at the Stock Yards for
thirty-three years. He leaves a wife
and three children to survive him.
He made his home with O. H. Devos
and wife since last year. He died
Sunday evening the funeral was held
at the Devos home Wednesday afternoon.
George Young officiated and Miss Elvira
Arps sang. The remains were laid to rest in Hillside
cemetery.

The W. R. C. installed their officers
last Friday afternoon. A light lun-
cheon was served at the conclusion.

J. Coleman is on the sick list.

The remains of Mrs. Meyer a sister
of Geo. Baecher were brought here
and Monday taken to Long Grove for
burial.

Mrs. J. Williams of Chicago spent a
few days with relatives.

Miss S. Torgler and Alva Perry at-
tended a concert in Chicago Wednesday.

Mrs. G. H. Arps spent Sunday with
Elgin relatives.

Mrs. Swick of Dundee is a guest of
Mrs. H. Matthel.

C. H. Selp and family spent last
week at the home of Jim Williams and
wife at Racine, Wis.

Honey Lake

Grandpa Gossel and little Alma
have been quite ill.

Thursday evening there was a
party at Mr. Kalman's in honor of his
birthday.

Leon Maynard is ill again.

Misses Hayes, L. and K. Jacobson
visited the Misses Hall Sunday.

Mrs. Reno has gone to Chicago for
two weeks treatment.

Dr. Jordan expects to build a cot-
tage this spring on Hybla hill.

Notice to Farmers.

The West McHenry Flour and Feed
mill has been refitted with up-to-date
machinery and will be ready for busi-
ness on Monday, Feb. 4. Mr. John
Spencer will be pleased to see his old
customers and many new ones.

Let us figure on your job printing.

LAKE COUNTY HISTORICAL SOCIETY

To Gather and Preserve All Relics and Records of Historical

Value. Organized June 20, 1906. The Society

Already Has Many Articles of Historic Worth.

Add Yours to its Collection.

Barrington and vicinity are so re-
plete with interesting landmarks of
early days and early residents who
were well known that the following
articles will interest people about
here and no doubt many will be
anxious to join the collection.

There are many families who have
articles preserved that they would
like to have honored with a place in
the records of the society. People are
urged to glean all the information
possible on local history of those older
residents who are fast passing away,
that points of interest may not be lost.

On June 29 a meeting was held in
the public library at which Hon. Chas.
A. Partridge acted as chairman. The
society was organized at this time.

The officers elected who are now at
the head of the society were William
Hallowell, president; Chas. A. Par-
tridge, vice president; Ed. P. DeWolf,

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EXTREME SIMPLICITY IN SMALL MAIDS' ATTIRE.

Fineny in Dress Now Frowned On by the Best People—Some Combinations That Produce the Best Effects.

It is no longer the thing to make of children idols for the display of a mother's taste in dress. No child should ever be made an unnatural or conventional by her clothes. This is detrimental to the bodily development, as well as that tranquillity which comes from forgetfulness of self, which is so necessary for the child's happy growth of mind. To make a child conspicuous pander to her vanity and spoil her manners, and manners are so important a part of a girl's equipment in future years.

Simple, practical materials are procurable at so little cost, and well fashioned, ready-to-wear things now

make. Fortunately well to do people of intelligence go in for simple things.

Plaids in endless variety are among the better materials, and have great advantage for the home dressmaker since they almost "trim themselves." A touch of velvet ribbon or braid in the most decided of the dark colors that form the plaid, a few buttons to emphasize the design of the frock, and it has the exact air most desired.

The simpler combinations are most practical. The green and blue, with lines of white, yellow or red that is an old and tried favorite. Gay Stuart tartans that seem just right for bright, dark-eyed little maids, and are almost as pretty on flaxen-haired Gretchen as are used by the best houses. Then there are newer and rather more varied combinations of dark and brown, and white grounds barred with other colors. Judiciously selected to brighten or subdue the effect as the materials demand.

Blue serge is the material chosen for some of the neatest, gowns and suits, both for the school girl and for the mother. This never goes out of style, but is this season reckoned particularly smart.

It demands the neatest cut and finish, and needs to be given an air by the use of a color contrast of some sort. Almost any tint may be selected that is likely to harmonize with the material. A soft bright green all the fashion-reds, as well as scarlet, light grayish blue, and the various deeper hyacinth shades. Tawny browns and yellows are all excellent for this purpose.

Nearly all the schoolgirl frocks have washable cuffs. Many of them also have finger cuff that are pretty, but soil very quickly. In most cases it will be most practical and altogether satisfactory to use regular garters that can be changed as frequently as necessary and that stay in place and look trim, however much the active little wearers may romp about.



Costumes for School Girls.

solve the problem of attire for every buyer. The schoolgirl, as well as the mother and other mothers who have the joy of decking out their offspring, cannot go wrong, for there is now so little unsuitable finery offered for

HOW TO LIGHTEN A ROOM.

Little Touches That Will Do Much In Relieving Gloom.

No one wants a gloomy room, but what to do with such a room is a problem that has bothered more than one.

Many a woman has foregone inside curtains and even sash curtains to allow all the light possible to come into the room, but still it looks dreary. It is not as much the light that one needs as the sunshine, and when this cannot be had one must make it, or rather get the effect of it.

A room with a northern aspect should not, of course, be papered in blue, or some such cold color, but rather in rich, warm tones of olive, green, brown, red or yellow. If the room gets but little light and sunshine, yellow should be the choice.

Not only should there be yellow on the walls, but also on the ceiling, for the sake of the reflection. A pretty treatment is to have a light pumpkin yellow on the walls as far as the picture molding and a lighter shade above this and on the ceiling. Then yellow silk sash curtains, pulled tight, to make a room sunny.

But one can make a wonderful difference to a dreary room by large pictures, with a plant in it placed in a dark corner will light up most marvelously. The andirons, too, will give a cheery reflection, even candlesticks help, and little trays and bowls, be they ever so small. The importance of brass in a sunless room cannot be too strongly emphasized. Mirrors brighten up and so do some pictures, with well-polished glasses and gilt frames, but these little points are seldom taken into consideration.

WAYS OF DRESSING THE HAIR.

Plumes, Jewels and Wreaths All Have Their Admirers.

The paradise plume is as popular in coffee decoration as in millinery and this soft, sweeping feather is more easily adjusted in the hair than are the little ostrich tips which rival the paradise feathers in general popularity.

The full straight aigret is much worn in Paris—not the fine small aigret for many seasons past used in association with knots of velvet or tulle or with jeweled ornaments, but such a big aggressive aigret as has appeared upon many a modish hat this winter.

Next to the jewel and feather ornaments the Parisian most favors a single large rose or a cluster of smaller flowers.

A wreath of simple green leaves pointed in shape and arranged in a Napoleonic fashion with the points meeting at the center front is an unpretentious affair, but has charming possibilities in association with the right coiffure.

Wreaths of small flowers are always charming and some exceedingly attractive things are shown in these floral wreaths in coronets.

A cluster of roses posed at the left side of the coiffure and holding a corner wreath of maidenhair is a good design. Maidenhair is gold and silver, as are the roses of gold and silver, and is much in evidence.

A wreath of exquisitely natural velvets sprinkled with dewdrops is most attractive and wreaths made up of tiny morning glories in all the delicate morning glory colorings shot with silver are among the loveliest of the novelties.

In a very loose coiffure piled rather high a plain velvet ribbon runs in and

out through the soft strands and curls is considered particularly chic, especially for the debutante.

Ween Dainty Aprons at Tea. Certain fashionable hostesses in Manhattan wear dainty little lace aprons over their afternoon gowns when they preside at the tea table. The bibs are mere cobwebs, with a graceful bow perched on the left side. They give the homely touch not always seen at fashionable tea gatherings. The custom has come from Paris. Some aprons are made of alternate strips of Valenciennes lace and Swiss embroidery.

PLAIN SKIRT IS SMART.

A black and white illustration of a woman wearing a plain, simple skirt. The text describes it as being smart and well-made.

Almost any woolen material may be used for making up this skirt. It will look specially smart in one of the soft, dark plaids now so much worn. Tabs are joined on to the front brech which cross the flat pleats at the sides. A velvet-colored button is sewn in each point. When slightly cool, add three ounces of mercury and apply with a hair's brush and beaten.

To Renew Mirrors.

When old looking glass need resewing, lay them on the back with the following mixture: Half an ounce of

each of lead and three

ounces of bismuth melted together.

When slightly cool, add three ounces of mercury and apply with a hair's

brush.

Material required: $\frac{1}{2}$ yards 33 inches wide.

THE LATEST IN TOWELS.

Recently There Has Been Distinct Change in Styles.

While a few old-fashioned folk cling to the damask towel, the great majority demand the huck, bleached by natural processes out of doors. Many of these come in damask figures and fancy weaves, such as the fluer-de-lis or chrysanthemum woven in. Fringed towels are also popular, and hemmed borders are attractive, but not durable for everyday usage, hem and body being too apt to part company in the laundering process. There is a demand for hand embroidery in towels, even for everyday use, but the plain hem answers for most people. The marking for towels should be clear and distinct. If a single letter is used it should be about two inches in size. While family pieces are better embroidered for different members of the family, towels are quickly assayed after the wash if each individual has his own color. The mother of two boys who are often off on camping and yachting trips, where they carry their towels, has one set of towels marked in blue and the other in red, so that it takes but a moment to separate them.

For those who do not like huckaback for face towels, small lengths of diaper lines buttonholed on the ends make a good face cloth.

TRIO OF POTATO DISHES.

Directions for Preparing Rissoles, Cones and Canapes.

Potato Rissoles—Mash and season the potatoes nicely, then when cold enough to handle, shape them into small balls; dip in beaten egg, dredge with bread or cracker crumbs and fry in deep hot fat. Drain in a colander and serve with a garnish of parsley.

Potato Cones—Prepare and season mashed potatoes that have been beaten very light. When cold enough, shape into small cones; brush over with beaten egg yolk, arrange on a flat pan and brown in a quick oven.

Potato Canapes—Shape cold, mashed potatoes into round cakes about one-fourth of an inch thick. Brush each with beaten yolk of egg, and spread the top with melted butter and pepper, then brown with butter and brown in a rather quick oven. Arrange on small, hot plates, for individual serving, and garnish with parsley. This makes a particularly acceptable lunch.

Potato Cakes—Shape cold, mashed potatoes into round cakes about one-fourth of an inch thick. Brush each with beaten yolk of egg, and spread the top with melted butter and pepper, then brown with butter and brown in a rather quick oven. Arrange on small, hot plates, for individual serving, and garnish with parsley. This makes a particularly acceptable lunch.

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The Blue Blood of England.

The blue blood of England, like Fairy Gamp's gin and water, is a little mixed. More than one woman has stepped from the stage to lordly halls. Harriet Mellen, the actress, who was the second wife of Thomas Coutts, the banker, became after his death the duchess of St. Albans and having no children left all her wealth to her granddaughter, who became the noted philanthropist, and died the other day as Baroness Burdett Coutts. Some of the Royal Progeny of Charles II., the "Merry Monarch," were the children of Nell Gwynn, the player and former orange girl, and Mrs. Jordan, the comedienne celebrated by Charles Lamb, had sons who owned William IV. as their father. The duchess of Clancarty, who died the other day, was Belle Bilton, an old-time music hall performer, and her offspring are, of course, noble, in the sense of having a titled father. Many more women who have faced the footlights professionally, says Boston Budget, might be mentioned who have become aristocratic dames through marriage, thus showing that the nobility of England have done more than rub elbows with the common people. Actors, however, have not been so fortunate as the feminine players, and have seldom, or never, been wedded to women of high degree.

Cost of Discovering America.

A Chicago antiquary has discovered that Columbus received a salary of \$200. He estimates that the whole cost of the expedition that found America was about \$7,000. John Knox received a salary of \$200 and a leading lawyer in the time of Edward IV. was content with a fee which amounted to one dollar in our money. A sumptuous Christmas dinner could be bought then for 17 cents. A dollar went a long way in those days but the salaries of professional men and the wages of laborers seem absurdly meager when compared with the best-paid ability and skill in these modern days. The good old times, the Philadelphia Ledger, would present no attractions to those who imagine there was a time when labor was much better rewarded than it is to-day. Despite the monopolies and the trusts, a moderate fortune can be acquired now more readily than it could in former times. In 1820 a man who had \$20,000 was accounted rich, and such men were very scarce.

Perhaps the greatest dental operation on record was performed upon an elephant some years ago in the city of Mexico. The aching tooth was 12 inches long and 4 inches in diameter at the root. After Mr. Elephant had been securely fastened by chains his mouth was pried open and a quantity of cocaine applied to deaden the pain. When this was done a hole was bored through the tooth and an iron bar inserted; then a rope was twisted around the bar; four horses attached and the tooth pulled out.

There is no more difficult sort of legislation than that which deals with the distribution of water rights, and this is to form the subject of serious study in the near future. The topography of the Mexican republic—highly elevated tableland sloping gradually northward into the United States, but in almost all other directions furnishing more or less abrupt declivities to the sea, down which the mountain streams—in itself suggests untold possibilities in the way of water power.

Mrs. Lew Wallace devoted to the memory of her distinguished husband, has kept everything in the library where he wrote exactly in the same condition in which he left it. Even the book which he was last reading lies open at the page as he left it down. The library is a large building which the author had put up in the middle of the garden with every requirement for writing and with shelves for his thousands of books.

The electric light, when used at night to constantly illuminate beds of lettuce, radishes, and similar vegetables, insures a more speedy growth than when no artificial illuminant is used.

American expectations of wood have increased 80 per cent. during the past nine months. The breakfast food industry is to be congratulated on this sudden boom in its prosperity.

Mark Twain says the American people desire a monarchy. With each new joke of his conviction grows that Mr. Clemens should stand put on his earlier outburst.

The police of Alton, Ill., are ordered to shoot all "mashers" who resist arrest. Why not shoot 'em any now, on general principles?

Lady Isabel Goes Traveling

By Mrs. Neish

(Copyright, by Joseph B. Bowles)

"It sounds so easy, but it is so really difficult," said Lady Isabel helpfully.

"Well, it certainly sounds easy enough."

She sighed and handed me her tea-cup—although the table was near her and not near me—and murmured gently, "Thank you, dear; I suppose you do know of anyone who would care to come?"

"Well, I might find some one," I said.

"You can," explained Lady Isabel. "I really want a change very badly myself—just to buck me up before the season, and Dr. Parkes says Babs absolutely must go to Blarritz; but it's dreadfully expensive, and, as usual, we are horribly hard up—or, at any rate, Vernon says so."

"It's absurd the things these doctors order poor people to do," I said sympathetically. "I am sure some nice everyday place like Margate would have been just as good for poor little Babs's glands."

Lady Isabel looked horrified. "My dear Marjorie, how dreadfully crude you are in your ideas!"

She looked so shocked that I was quite ashamed of my suggestion.

"All the same, Margate is very good for glands, Babs," I murmured reluctantly.

"You haven't got glands," she retorted. "My darling Babs is only the tiniest swelling; but I do so want to go to Blarritz," she added plaintively, "and so—"

"So you naturally chose a doctor who had some tact, I see."

She smiled. "Yes, and he told Vernon it was imperative for Babs to go to Blarritz."

"Really? and what did Lord Etchingham say?"

"Oh, Vernon said—d—," replied Lady Isabel; "but, then, men never understand children's requirements."

"It's a mercy Babs has such a sensible mother," I said flatteringly.

"Yes; isn't it dear? Well, I must be running along now. Good-bye. Let me know if you hear of anyone who wants to go to Blarritz, and you—



"I'll Tell You What I Did."

know, dear, I won't repeat the horrid business part; I hate talking about such horrid, solid things as money matters."

Three days later I received a pressing note from Lady Isabel. "Do come in to luncheon to-morrow. I want so much to see you—Yours ever, Isabel. P. S.—Off to Blarritz on Tuesday."

Lady Isabel greeted me with effusion. "My dear girl, isn't it perfectly lovely? We are going to Blarritz on Tuesday for a month—at least. I am going, and, of course, taking Babs. I can't go without her; she is such a treasure, and a perfect packer."

"And Babs?" I asked.

"Oh, darling Babs is going to Margate," said Lady Isabel airily; "you see, I took your advice after all, dear; and I thought it would be better than dragging the poor little thing abroad."

"With whom are you going, Isabel?"

"Of course, I am going, so, you couldn't be too much of a solution with why little Mrs. Barrington-Brown of course." She simply jumped at it. You see, the Princess Pollock was there, and she was—and the Princess Massingham, and she's dying to know them, and she's going to give some dear little parties, and I have promised to bring them all."

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"Will you want German, Isabel, at Blarritz?"

"No, of course not," she replied.

"Besides, I can't speak either, you know, dearest, but it doesn't matter as the gets."

Elise is French. But I do wish Mrs. Barrington-Brown would at least let me pay my fare out."

"Or the porters," I suggested mildly. "It was perhaps a month later when I saw Lady Isabel again. She was looking radiantly well and in the heat of spirits.

"Well," I said, "how did you get on at Blarritz?"

"It sounds so easy, but it is so really difficult," said Lady Isabel helpfully.

"Well, it certainly sounds easy enough."

She sighed and handed me her tea-cup—although the table was near her and not near me—and murmured gently, "Thank you, dear; I suppose you do know of anyone who would care to come?"

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"You haven't got glands," she retorted.

"My darling Babs is only the tiniest swelling; but I do so want to go to Blarritz," she added plaintively, "and so—"

"So you naturally chose a doctor who had some tact, I see."

She smiled. "Yes, and he told Vernon it was imperative for Babs to go to Blarritz."

"Really? and what did Lord Etchingham say?"

"Oh, Vernon said—d—," replied Lady Isabel; "but, then, men never understand children's requirements."

"It's a mercy Babs has such a sensible mother," I said flatteringly.

"Yes; isn't it dear? Well, I must be running along now. Good-bye. Let me know if you hear of anyone who wants to go to Blarritz, and you—

The Siren

By Basil Tozer

(Copyright, by Joseph B. Bowles)

The jury returned a verdict in accordance with the coroner's decision. Deceased, they said, had died of a self-inflicted poison. Neither had he died of apoplexy. Seemingly he had been in excellent health on the very day of his death. In the small hours of the morning, according to the evidence, his valet, who slept in a room adjoining, had heard deceased breathing unusually heavily. Becoming anxious, he had gone to his master's room and there found the young man as dead and quite unconscious, with wide-open eyes and pupils extraordinarily distended.

At once he had hastened in search of a doctor, but by the time the doctor had reached his master's room life had been quite extinct. Deceased, though pronounced by his friends a man about town, had not, they said, been addicted to violent dissipation. Neither had he been addicted to drugs or alcohol. A rather remarkable feature in connection with the case was the statement that no less than four other young men of social standing had been found dead in their beds under circumstances almost exactly similar, and that within the last few months. As on the previous occasions the verdict returned was that the death of deceased was that of "Death from natural causes."

Phoebe Vincent let the paper drop from her hands and smiled. A very beautiful woman in the prime of her life, and gowned to perfection, few knew whence she came or who she really was. Rumor had it that her husband had died under a cloud, also under circumstances said to have been "mysterious." But nobody much cared, least of all the men—men of rank, all of them, and not a few of position, indeed, had been deeply interested.

Indeed, it had come to this, among a certain set, that not to know Phoebe Vincent was to argue yourself out of date.

"Poor boy," she said at last. "I almost feel sorry at times, and yet—"

She looked steadfastly for some moments at a framed photograph on her silver table. Then her gaze rested



"You Lie!" She Exclaimed.

ed on several portraits, framed and unframed, on the mantel. They were portraits of men, most of them, the majority portraits of men well under 40. Some were portraits of mere boys.

"Pah!" she exclaimed. "I shall do it again. I know I shall. It gives me pleasure, such intense pleasure. Perhaps it gratifies me even more than it gratifies them—while it lasts."

After a little while she rose and pressed the bell.

"I shall want the brougham to-night," she said, as the maid entered. "Tell John I am going to the opera."

"Tristan and Isolde" was over. In the portico of the opera house police men and others belloved down the line of carriages. Within the hall men and women mingled, awaiting their turn to depart.

Inside the brougham a tall and resplendent, good-looking youth, exquisitely groomed, stood wrapped in admiration of an extraordinarily handsome woman waiting alone not many yards away. Seemingly the woman was ignorant of his presence, of his very existence. Yet presently she turned her head carelessly and at once her eyes met his. As they did so she smiled at him and almost bowed.

"I believe I have had the pleasure—," he began rather awkwardly, but the woman set him at once at his

"It is charming to meet you," she said, with another entrancing smile, and extending a well-shaped hand from beneath her handsome opera cloak.

"My brougham is so long coming that you will—I wonder if it would be possible for us to go to the opera together?"

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A Motor Conflict

By Hugh Pendexter

(Copyright by Joseph R. Bowles.)

"I tell you, Eric Butterworth, these people are ruining me," said Pfad Sr. "I want them sued, enjoined, restrained and stopped and made to wear every kind of a hamper and hope the legal market affords. And I want big damages!"

"You know, I have just launched the Peerless Gear Manufacturing Company, Ltd., and believed I was about to reap my reward for improvements in the Peerless car. But the success of the new car we are turning out depends entirely on my device. It revolutionizes the methods of steering motor wagons and is more delicate and sensitive than the daintiest bit of mechanism put on the market, outside of a watch. And yet it is so simple any one can repair and readjust it, though any mischance it gets out of order. But those fellows are riding me."

"What?"

"The Auto Superba people."

"How?"

"Well, that's what I want you to find out," he groaned. "Ever since placing the machine on the market and after repeated, successful trials, every machine sold has met with an accident. We only put out a few at first, fortunately. But each sale has been a boomerang."

"Whom and for what am I to sue?" asked Mr. Butterworth, growing a bit interested. "Still we prove our machine is superior to any with our rivals, and are guilty of a composite conspiracy, if I may use the term?"

"I doubt if that would hold," sighed the manufacturer. "You see, two of the complainants are old acquaintances, and, until they bought my automobiles, they were friends of mine. No; they wouldn't knowingly abet the Superba people in anything unwholesome."

"But I can't sue, unless there's some thing to sue for," remonstrated Mr. Butterworth. "You must show me something tangible."

Pfad Sr. looked at the old lawyer to dismay. Then he broke out: "I know they are at the bottom of all this trouble, and are inspiring a detrimental publicity. If I had last week's papers—"

"Jethuel," broke in Mr. Butterworth, "bring last week's file." Almost immediately the file was placed on the desk and the manufacturer with furrowed fingers, turned to the first sheet and read his trembling, fat right through several columns before he exclaimed:

"Here you have it. Read that! Ma chine not under control! They are wiped it!"

Mr. Butterworth brushed his spectacles into place and mechanically repeated a portion of the item aloud: "Obviously the chauffeur did not understand the working principles of the steering gear. He escaped death by a miracle. It was also by the merest chance some injury was not inflicted on a group of street musicians who were standing near when the machine turned turtle. Hm! Well, where's the next? Nothing like that, that's all. Nothing like that."

"Hang it, man! It's so simple a child can work it. My seven-year-old daughter can take one of the cars anywhere if the automatic safety clutch is on."

The other items were very similar. Each was short, and so far as I could see displayed no more bias than the one that showed when we counted the dangers of a carefree driving automobile.

"Mr. Pfad sent this in, sir," informed Jethuel as he handed him an envelope the next morning.

"Dr. Buntin, eh?" mused the chief. "Bought a \$2,400 car yesterday afternoon. Lives on Riverside and is an expert chauffeur. Scan the evening papers very closely, Jethuel," he reminded.

And sure enough, that night's seven o'clock edition had quite a lengthy account of Dr. Buntin's injuries caused by an accident while out with his new machine.

"Anything that strikes you as unusual, my boy?" asked the chief, with what, for him, was almost a demonstration of gaiety.

I was forced to reply in the negative, and added that it would be conducive to the safety of life and limb if an automatic clutch were made permanent fixture on every car sold.

"Public would start a suit, being provoked," he declared. "Anything that savors of guardianship is repelled. We must be a free people, you know. By the way, I want you to come up to the house to-morrow afternoon at two o'clock. I had Pfad send up one of his cars for me to use for a few days. If we are to defend damage suits, we must post ourselves on this mechanism."

Promptly at two I was on hand, and was requested to sit in the rear seat while he did the driving.

As we drove to the boulevard we swang around by the Superba plant, where I had an opportunity of showing the mechanics how to handle a good car.

"Now, my boy," cried Butterworth, leaning forward. "Hold her dead ahead for all you're worth. Don't budge out of your course for anything. And don't pay any attention to any music you may hear."

"Street band?" I yelled over my shoulder.

"All around you," assured Mr. Butterworth, with a loud chuckle. "Keep her straight."

"Shall I run into them?" I asked, for a dozen men were now clearly in our path, and as we neared I saw that they were carrying musical instruments.

"Straight ahead!" cried the chief. "Don't swerve a hair. Hold her hard and straight!" and above the chugging I caught the soft strains of harmony behind me just as the street band drew aside and began to play.

I was astonished and shot a glance over my shoulder just as Mr. Butterworth sprang to his feet and another amazed me by whipping up a violin and playing a weird and most depressing score. And as I caught it swelling, dilating, concentrating in one eerie shriek, I was conscious that the leader of the cordon band, sawing away for dear life, was endeavoring to drown my chief's unwholesome melody. And as I changed to slow speed my companion leaned far down in his hat, off and on, while looks blowed madly in the breeze, scraped away most artistically, was brought face to face with his swarthy rival. Then helpless I brought the car almost to a standstill, while the musicians, except the two violinists, desisted from play ing.

And as the Peerless drifted slowly along I felt that two masters were playing a duel to the death.

"Stop her!" cried Mr. Butterworth.

"Stop her!" he repeated, and as he dropped his instrument and as the other gave a farewell screech I caught the tinkle of broken glass, and instantly the car hooked to the left, striking the leader of the musicians and tossing him aside.

I thought I must have unconsciously moved the lever to the third speed just as I should have come to a stop elsewhere would not have been sufficient momentum to have caused the accident. Instantly that I felt the car just as I knew that off the power and only the leader of the wandering play ers was injured.

"Call an ambulance," commanded Mr. Butterworth's quick voice, and although the wounded man's companion



Scraped Away Most Artistically.

ions protested we soon had him on his way to the hospital with the chief close pursuit.

Left to myself I found a little glass cylinder in the steering mechanism had been shattered. Leaving the car in charge of a policeman I telephoned for one of Pfad's employees and went to the office.

It was several hours later when the chief returned, but by his sparkling eyes I knew he was successful in something.

"I've got them on the big, boy," he saluted exultantly. "Depued the leader of the street orchestra, has made his affidavit, confessing all. He thinks he is about to die. He'll be all right in a few days, but his deposition stands."

"And it is?" I cried.

"That he was hired by one of the Superba people to play a certain note whenever he saw a Peerless car approaching."

"A certain note?" I repeated numbly.

"The affinity, or whatever you wish to call it, of the little glass cylinder's voice. It is the old trick of breaking a drinking glass.

The cylinder has its own note—sound it and the cylinder shatters, the steering gear is thrown off gear, the car runs haphazard and you have a smashup. Simply fendish!" I saw a light after reading the third newspaper item, quiet indignation, and I knew that in due course the glass cylinder was broken, seemingly because of the car running into a pole or a building. But I was skeptical and had Jethuel do a little work. He has ascertained that one of Pfad's mechanics, who had seen drinking glasses broken before he was a chauffeur, had taken the employ of the Superba people just before the Peerless was placed on the market. He has also learned that the mechanic had been seen talking with Depued. Evidently Depued was picked up and sent to work with the results as recorded in the newspapers."

"But why did you take your instrument and play in the car?" I cried.

"I thought I might minimize, or despatch, the effect of his vibration with a counter note," he explained.

"I held my own for a half minute and they realized he was about to drown me out. That was when I called on to you."

"And the result will be?" I exclaimed joyously.

"That besides our fees we get a new machine apiece."

IT PROVES IT'S WORTH



The HOLSMAN Automobile

PERFECT IN CONSTRUCTION, CHEAP IN PRICE AND COST OF OPERATING

When you see the HOLSMAN machine it will make you its friend at once for these reasons:

1. Solid tires, admitting of no punctures.

2. All-steel. No water to contend with, or broken jackets which occur in

frosty weather.

3. No live axles.

4. No transmission gears.

5. No drive gears.

6. No spares as, in fact, not any gears to contend with. No clutches. The simple rides as easy as the best made carriage and is controlled by two simple hand levers. Is started, guided, stopped, speeded, reversed and fully controlled by these two simple levers.

Should you have a breakdown, repairs are quickly secured. However, the chances of a breakdown are slim in a Holsmen.

Write me for catalog and descriptive matter.

J. W. Burkitt, Arlington Heights, Ill.

N. B. I'll be pleased to give you a spin in my car and show you the advantages of a Holsmen. It won't cost you anything. I also have the agency for the Rotary Shuttle Standard Sewing Machine, the best thing in this line on the market. Let the ladies come in my place and let me show them.

Canals.

Since Washington planned a canal from the Atlantic to the Ohio, and Madison urged the need of one from the Mississippi to Lake Michigan, artificial connections have been proposed between almost every two important natural waterways of the country. For a time the development of railways obscured the interest in the canals. The Erie canal and others fell into comparative disuse. Meantime other countries have continued to open new waterways and make great use of them. The advantages of water transportation, chiefly its cheapness as compared with rail way traffic, have revived interest in canals. To say nothing of the Panama canal, the new Erie canal, which will take thousand barges from the lakes to the ocean, and the Chicago drainage canal, constructed as a sewage way and certain to be completed as a ship way, are examples of what may be done. Our water course lies in four systems—the rivers of the Pacific, the rivers of the Atlantic, the Mississippi and its tributaries, and the great lakes. That there will ever be a cut through the Rockies to join the Pacific and the central systems is beyond the dreams of engineers, remarks the Youth's Companion, but any one with a map may trace the conduits that will make the other three systems a great unit of traffic. Following streams where they show on the map, draw a line from the Mississippi to Green Bay from Minneapolis to Duluth, from Cincinnati to Lake Erie, from Ashtabula to Pittsburgh, from Pittsburgh to Washington—and the great inland cities have become seaports. Draw another line from Boston to Providence by way of Taunton or across Cape Cod—the canal is already provided for from New York to Philadelphia, from Philadelphia to Baltimore, cut the belt of Virginia at the mouth of the James, cut Florida along the thirtieth parallel, and a way is indicated by which a steamer can go from Boston to Galveston protected from a foreign navy on the high seas.

The Poor Rich Boy.

Instead of sympathy for the chanceless poor boy, we should rather pity the rich boy. What opportunity has he to become more than an ornament or a mere owner? As Riley makes the old Hoosier say: "What's more pathetic than just a being rich?"

Out of sheer humanity something ought to be done for the boy whose father has money, remarks the New York Globe. Genius is not confined to poor and humble birth. It should be possible for the chap whose mother wore a diamond sunburst really to rise in the world. The cottage and the cabin have become too arrogant and browstone fronts also have their rights. Fix on a civilization that opens the door of opportunity only to the fortunate poor!"

The girl students at Green castle are in rebellion. The matron of the woman's hall has flatly prohibited shrieking, screaming and whistling in the building, and restricted the students to "making a noise like a lady." This tyrannical rule would produce the condition described by the poet:

"There was silence supreme! Not a shriek, not a scream,

"There was howl or a groan—

"And the young ladies' very proper respect it. Did not freedom her shriek when Kosciusko fell?"

"But why did you take your instrument and play in the car?" I cried.

"I thought I might minimize, or despatch, the effect of his vibration with a counter note," he explained.

"I held my own for a half minute and they realized he was about to drown me out. That was when I called on to you."

"And the result will be?" I exclaimed joyously.

"That besides our fees we get a new machine apiece."

The Baltimore Sun says "there are more fresh people in this country than fresh eggs." And more stale eggs, but we can't help it.

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CEMENT BLOCKS

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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both in rough and smooth face, and I invite you to call and let me show you the advantages of using cement blocks for building purposes.

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SGHUMAKERS STOCK FOOD

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An ideal milk maker. We recommend and sell this food ON ITS OWN MERITS AS A DAIRY FOOD. Give it a trial and be convinced.

We handle only the best grades of

Wheat, Bran, Middlings and Oat Meal

Lake Zurich, Illinois

The

Review

Office

for

Job

Printing.

The youngest professor in the eastern states is William T. Foster, professor of English at Baldwin college. He supported himself from a very small child, and at the age of 17 had saved enough money to take a college course.

"I thought I might minimize, or despatch, the effect of his vibration with a counter note," he explained.

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It is sad when our friends depart, but it is worse when our virtues die.

Until the Sultan engaged a European artillery expert, Raisuli didn't know that the imperial forces were bring at him.

Bomb-throwing seems to be on the increase in this country. Frank that it isn't applauded as it is when it happens away off in Russia.

Philologists have found that originally the word churl meant murderous brigand. How in the world could the meaning of it ever have been so changed?

There is reassurance for Mr. Atwood in the words from Berlin that surgery can now attach a beheaded man's head to the trunk again, that is unless the man has lost his head entirely.

Parisians who like to have a distinguishing epithet for everything everybody, call the actresses who ride in touring cars, wrapped up in automobile coats, the little bears of the boulevards."

We are having the kind of a winter in which a shrewd husband can make a big hit with his wife and at the same time experience no personal discomfort by getting up to light the kitchen fire.

The burning of the bride's toys is part of the wedding ceremony in Japan. The bride lights a torch which she hands to the bridegroom who with it lights a fire in which the toys are destroyed.

When the United States gets that biggest battlehip in the world the secretary of the navy wants her saucy ship will be a beauty that will attract the admiration of the globe. She will, in fact, be the belle of the seas.

The biggest gain in numbers of immigrants last year was from Italy, Russia, Greece, Turkey and the orient. It should not be rashly said that this is not cause for congratulation. It may be in the places they came from.

John E. Wilkie, chief of the secret service, is one of the best amateur magicians in the country. He performs wonders with a deck of cards and his sleight-of-hand maneuvers with coin-handkerchiefs and other objects are a source of constant wonder to his friends.

An invention of Franz Antonietti Arizena and exhibited at the recent musical exposition in Berlin consists of a method of increasing the resonance of the voice by inserting a film under the roof of the mouth, making a sort of sounding board. The apparatus is intended for the use of orators, officers, sea captains, etc., as well as for singers.

A new company capitalized at \$4,000,000 has been formed by John D. Spreckels, Jr., William Clayton and Harry L. Titus, with the avowed purpose of building a railroad from San Diego, Cal., to Yuma, Ariz., by way of the Imperial valley. The articles of incorporation have been filed in San Diego, and the official seal of the corporation is the San Diego & Arizona Railway company.

In commemoration of the rare foresight and wisdom and the indomitable courage which led William H. Seward, then secretary of state, to induce an unwilling congress to purchase Alaska for his country the citizens of Seattle will erect a monument to commemorate the act which has endeared the grand old statesman to the people of the northwest. It is planned to complete the monument in time for the Alaska-Yukon Pacific exposition, which is to be held in the summer of 1909.

The New Zealand international exhibition, now in progress, is the most important one ever held in Australasia. It covers 14 acres, and the cost of the main buildings is estimated at \$500,000, though the entire expenditure before the show was opened three times that sum. All nations were invited to exhibit, and it is regretted that American Manufacturers did not respond. The Standard Oil company, through its New Zealand representative, is the only American concern with an exhibit.

Work seems to be waiting for the men who can do it, and the unemployment agencies are said to be practically idle because there are few out of work. In Boston a free state employment bureau, opened on December 3, announced in an advertisement printed on the Saturday before, that it had on its books demand for more than 400 workers at wages varying from five dollars a month and board for a boy, to \$50 a week for workers in an electrical shop.

A Philadelphia minister claims Adam was a negro, but the claim doesn't seem well founded. If he had been, no doubt he would have claimed he was kicked out of the garden on account of his color.

An Indiana boy who was impelled to kill every kid he met, but found many, must have thought that he was destined to become a captain of industry.

Although it rejected simplified spelling, the house was afraid to go back on simplified salaries.

PERSONAGES OF PUBLIC INTEREST IN THE THAW TRIAL NOW ON IN NEW YORK CITY.



STANDARD OIL COMBINE IS SEVERELY ARRAIGNED

INTERSTATE COMMERCE COMMISSION, IN REPORT TO CONGRESS, DECLARES IT IS WORST OF ALL TRUSTS — CHARGED WITH MANY CRIMES.

Washington.—The most terrible arrangement of the Standard Oil company yet made by either private or public investigator was that filed with congress Monday by the interstate commerce commission.

Every conceivable corporate crime, from discrimination and false pretenses to bribery, corruption of the press and debauchery of public officials, is contained in the catalogue of charges.

After a long and painstaking investigation ordered by congress, in which hundreds of witnesses were examined in various cities of the country, and ample opportunity was given the oil octopus to defend itself, the commission makes a report that completely overshadows the sensational disclosures revealed in the report of Commissioner of Corporations Garfield on the same subject last May.

Monopoly and Its Methods.

Garfield's report was confined largely to the relations of the Standard Oil company to the railroads of the country; the interstate commerce commission's report goes into the whole subject of monopolistic control of the oil market. With a wealth of detail it describes the devious methods employed by the Rockefeller combine to crush competition.

Some of these methods are outlined by the commission as follows:

"The Standard has sold 'different' grades of oil at different prices from the same barrel."

Bravery and Venal Press.

"It has paid employees of independent oil companies for information as to the business of their competitors and has paid employees of industrial companies to secure the adoption of oil in preference to that of its competitors."

"It has followed every barrel of in-

dependent oil to its destination. Its agents are instructed to secure customers at any sacrifice."

"It has tampered with the oil inspectors in different states. The laws of several states concerning the inspection of oil are singularly defective, and this has been turned to profit by the Standard."

"The Standard buys advertising space in many newspapers which it does not, with advertisements, but with reading matter prepared by agents kept for that purpose and paid for at advertising rates, as ordinary news."

The assumption is that this literature furnishes many of the ideas touching the great benefits conferred upon the public by the Standard Oil company. It uses such purchased or independently organized companies to kill off competitors by such companies reducing prices.

"The operation of such fake independent concerns has been one of its most effective means of destroying competition. The Standard has habitually reduced the price against its competitors in a particular locality while maintaining its prices at other places. When competition was destroyed, it restored or advanced former prices."

Time for Government to Act.

"The Standard is responsible for the report, 'for the uprooting of established wrongs and the prevention of others, that the government shall fix in the first instance the rates and regulations for the transportation of oil. This method has been adopted by the legislature of one state."

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SUPPLIES STALLED IN SNOW.

Coal and Groceries for Northwest Blocked by New Storm.

Minneapolis, Minn.—The snow blockade and fuel famine in the northwest continue, and relief seems about to remote as ever.

During the past 24 hours another snowstorm has swept North Dakota and Minnesota. From points along the Soo, Great Northern and Northern Pacific railroads comes information about stalled trains and deserted engines and snow plows. Hundreds of cars of coal and groceries, started in the early morning of December 24, are still in the snowdrifts.

McKinley's Birthday Celebrated.

Washington.—The anniversary of the birth of William McKinley, late president of the United States, was celebrated Tuesday night at the Metropolitan Methodist Episcopal church, where Maj. McKinley worshipped while serving in congress and later when he was elected to the presidency. The church was crowded and the audience attended. The meeting was held under the auspices of the United States Historical society, and Harry A. Colman, president of that organization, presided.

Missing Major Returns.

Bloomington, Ill.—Otto Eddy, A. G. Erickson, who disappeared on Saturday, returned Tuesday night, having been to New York. He says: "I had the impulse to go some place, and I went."

Powder Mill Explosion Kills Two.

Fountain, Ind.—The powder mill of the Laffin & Rand Powder company, near here, was destroyed by an explosion Tuesday. Jake Garner and Max Burnell, the only employees in the mill at the time, were blown to atoms.

Illinois Centenarian Dies.

Rockford, Ill.—Otto Eddy, aged 102 years, died at his home here Tuesday. He was believed to be the oldest Mason in this country in years of membership, having been initiated into the order May 20, 1824.

Although it rejected simplified spelling, the house was afraid to go back on simplified salaries.

Illinois State News

Recent Happenings of Interest in the Various Cities and Towns.

FIND MORE DOUGHTRY SCRIP.

Peoria School Board Now Has Hopes of Recovering Money.

BATTLE OVER WATER POWER.

Sanitary District in Fight for Land Worth Millions.

Peoria—With the finding of a bundle of forged school scrip, executed by Newton C. Dougherty, superintendent of public schools, in a box of rubbish at the public library building, hope has been restored to the minds of the members of the school board and the outcome of suits to recover the amount of the shortages.

The scrip will be kept locked tightly in a safety deposit box in one of the banks of the city until offered in evidence against the treasurers and their bondsmen.

When the school board safe was blown open several weeks ago and what was thought to be all of the Dougherty forged scrip stolen, there was consternation in the camp of the school board. The prosecution has been based largely upon the signatures of the former superintendent of schools. It was expected to prove his signature in court, and in this manner gain judgment against him.

With such a record preceding him, he is expected to be able to proceed to the court on the motion to dismiss the contention of the school board that the same contention had been settled by the supreme court of Illinois in a large number of previous condemnation cases.

Col. Thompson is in a strong address to the court to the effect that the Dougherty scrip was forged.

It is asserted that Dougherty gave a large amount of his property to his sons and daughter and members of his wife's family. It was first necessary to get judgment against him before they could do anything to recover the property which he had transferred.

JUROR TELLS OF BRIBE OFFER.

Attempt to Stop Investigation of Alleged Graft at Peoria.

SON'S ENGINE KILLS FATHER.

Victim Worked Thirty-six Hours and Dropped on Tracks.

Norris City.—A. D. Salsbury, aged 51 years, was run over and killed by a construction engine on the new portion of the Big Four tracks here.

He was working on the dirt spreader and having been on duty 36 hours without rest he is thought to have fallen off. His body was mangled. His son was firing on the engine which promised to try and stop the prosecution.

It is probable that it will require a full week to complete the investigation.

The jurors are going over the testimony again, and Sheriff Sheriff and admit that some of the charges will be startling. Sheriff Potter, shortly before he left his office, purchased a \$15,000 farm and Deputy Ed Peters bought a drug store. Their free spending of money is to be a subject of investigation by the grand jury.

Mad from Grip Siege; Suicide.

Elgin.—Driven insane by a long stay in a family, Mrs. Fred Merritt, residing near East Elgin, committed suicide by drinking carbolic acid.

The three eldest children and the husband are just recovering from serious illness from the grip, and the infant child, aged six months, is now suffering with pneumonia. Mrs. Merritt lost her reason through ceaseless watching by the bedside.

Man Struck by Engine.

Pana—George L. Thomas, who has been employed at the new water well, which the Illinois Central Railway company is sinking north of the city, was seriously injured. He was near the track, when he slipped and fell on the ice just as an engine was passing. He fell face downwards and his head struck a projection of the engine, resulting in a fracture of the skull. He was firing on the engine which was at full speed. The men started to take the handcar off the track when the switch stand fell on the rail. Seeing that they could not save the car and switch stand and not be injured, the men ran away from the spot. The engine plowed into the obstruction and the car and switch stand were utterly demolished. The pilot of the engine was also badly broken.

Will Send Paupers to Hospital.

Taylorville—Christian county authorities have decided to send all paupers to the hospital in this city for treatment. The hospital management has agreed to care for them, giving them medical treatment and board for \$3.50 a week, and the superintendent thinks this cheaper than patients can be cared for in their homes.

Suit to Recover Reinsurance.

Freeport—The Chicago Title and Trust company, receiver for the German Insurance company, has filed suit in the circuit court against the Royal Insurance company to recover \$2,100,000 paid for reinsurance. The company contends that the money belongs to creditors and policyholders. The men were released on bonds of \$1,000 each.

Dying Woman Seeks Revenge.

Kewanee—Leaving as her last request that her husband, who deserted her and five small children one year ago, might not be permitted to see her body, Mrs. William Hillman died.

A few hours before she had learned Hillman had returned from Aurora, this state, and wished to be forgiven. She denied him admittance to the house.

Four children, as well as Mrs. Hillman, have died in the last four months. The family was poverty stricken, but the facts did not become known in time for assistance to reach the suffering.

Will be heard during the March term.

State Cup to Bunker Hill Man.

Carlinville—Theodore Benner, of Bunker Hill, in this county, captured the state cup, a beautiful silver trophy, which is annually awarded by the Royal Plymouth Rock club of Marion. Mr. Benner had an exhibition of 29 of his best birds. His birds scored more points than those of any other exhibitor.

Fall from His Engine.

Auburn—E. Ashberry, of Bloomington, an engineer on a northbound Chicago & Alton freight train, fell from his engine at Thayer, a small station a few miles south of this city, and suffered a dislocated shoulder.

Sheep Frost to Death.

Sterling—One of the most pitiable sights attending the devastation of the recent flooded conditions of Rock river was a field near Prophetstown, where 50 sheep stood, frozen in their tracks.

Baby Killed in Folding Bed.

Arcola—While Ira, the one-year-old daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Eli Collins, was sleeping in a folding bed an older sister closed the bed, and before it was discovered the child had smothered.

TRY TO LYNCH NEGRO

MOB IN PITTSBURG SEEKS TO KILL COLORED MAN.

HIS FRIENDS ATTACKED

Wild Chase Through Business District is Stopped Finally by the Police and Firemen.

Pittsburgh, Pa.—C. A. Jackson, a negro, bleeding from many wounds on the head, locked up in the central station, was driving an excited and almost successful attempt to lynch him Wednesday night by a crowd of several hundred persons on Fifth avenue, between Wood and Market streets, in the heart of the business district.

A number of unknown negroes who tried to protect Jackson were roughly used by the mob and quickly disappeared.

A newspaper asked the negro to buy a paper. Jackson showed him roughly through the street. The boy threw a stone that struck Jackson on the head. The negro jumped to the street and began choking the boy.

Some one cried "Lynch the nigger!" and hundreds of men and boys rushed upon Jackson. Canes, stones, belled-up newspapers and closed fists were the chief weapons used by the mob. Backed up against a building, Jackson trembling with fear, shielded his face with his arms while the crowd beat him and tore his clothes. About this time several other negroes in the crowd and endeavored to protect Jackson. Immediately there were cries of "Lynch them!" and "Kill the niggers!"

The mob then turned its attention to Jackson's protectors and soon there were several rough-and-tumble battles.

The mob, crying all the while, "Kill all the negroes," caught several other negroes and proceeded to bump their heads against the stone buildings.

Jackson, bleeding, and his clothes almost torn off, was temporarily forgotten and he ran down Fifth avenue.

Somebody cried, "The nigger is escaping!" and several hundred persons took up the chase.

Just below Fifth street Jackson ran into the arms of several policemen. The officers took him into an alley and attempted to hold back the crowd with their night sticks. They were fast losing ground, however, when a large force of city firemen from a nearby engine house came to their aid.

The police and firemen guarded the entrance to the alley until the patrol wagon, loaded with officers, responded to a riot call.

Within a few minutes the crowd was scattered by the free application of night sticks and Jackson was locked up.

COAST MEN ARE PACIFIED.

Conference at White House on Japanese School Question.

Washington.—After two hours' conference at the White House Wednesday night regarding the Japanese question on the Pacific coast, the California delegation in congress authorized the following statement:

"The California delegation had a very full and harmonious discussion with the president, the secretary of state and the secretary of the navy on the Japanese question on the Pacific coast. The character of the discussion leads us to feel confident that a solution will be reached satisfactory to all concerned."

"The result of the meeting is that the delegation has telegraphed to the president of the San Francisco board of education and the superintendent of schools to come to Washington at once for a conference with the president and secretary of state."

SIXTY DEAD IN STUART MINE.

Late Advices Reduce Number of Victims of the Disaster.

Charleston, W. Va.—Late advices received from the scene of the disaster at the Stuart company's mine at Stuart, Fayette county, is that the number of victims will be about 60, instead of 75 or 80, as was first estimated. The list of known positively to have been in the mine at the time of the explosion includes 38 white miners and 10 colored miners. Besides these there were a number of foreigners whose names are not known.

Wyoming Senator Dies.

Cheyenne, Wyo.—State Senator Charles A. D. Keister, of Lander, Wyo., died of appendicitis Wednesday at Chadron, Neb. He became sick three weeks ago when coming to Cheyenne to attend the legislature.

Fifth Attempt to Wreck Train.

Springfield, Mo.—A fifth attempt to wreck train on the Kansas City, Clinton & Springfield railroad was made one mile south of Osceola Tuesday night. A section foreman found eight railroad spikes between rails.

Engine Explodes. Two Killed.

Fort Wayne.—A Pennsylvania railroad engine pulling a freight exploded 12 miles west of here Wednesday killing two men, seriously injuring another and practically demolishing the entire train of 20 empty cars.



THE DELUGE

By DAVID GRAHAM PHILLIPS, Author of "THE COST OF LIFE"

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CHAPTER X.—Continued.

But my vanity was not done with me. Led on by it, I proceeded to have one of those ridiculous "generous impulses." I persuaded myself that there must be some decency in this liberality, in addition to the prudence which I flattered myself was the chief cause. "I have been untrue to Rosebuck," I thought. "I have been misjudging his character." And incredulous though it seems, I said to him with a good deal of genuine emotion, "I do know more than you do, Mr. Rosebuck. And, instead of trying, I want to apologize to you. I have thought many hard things against you; have spoken some of them. I had better have been attending to my own conscience, instead of criticizing yours."

"Thank you, Blacklock," said he, in a voice that made me feel as if I were a little boy in the crossroads church, believing I could almost see the angels floating above the heads of the singers in the choir. "Thank you, Mr. Langdon. And, instead of trying, I want to apologize to you. I have thought many hard things against you; have spoken some of them. I had better have been attending to my own conscience, instead of criticizing yours."

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XL

ANITA.

On my first day in long trousers I may have been more ill at ease than I was that Sunday evening at the Ellerslys, but I doubt it.

When I came into their big drawing-room and took a look around at the assembled guests, I never felt more at home in my life. "Yes," said I to myself, as Mrs. Ellersly was greeting me and as I noted the friendly interest in the glances of the women, "This is where I belong. I'm beginning to come into my own."

As I look back on it now, I can't refrain from smiling at my own simplicity. I was so young then, so determined was I to believe what I was working for was worth while, that I actually fancied there were upon these in reality ordinary people, ordinary in looks, ordinary in intelligence, some subtle marks of superiority, that made them at a glance superior to the common run. This ecstasy of snobishness deluded me as to the women only—for, as I looked at the men, I at once felt myself their superior. There was an inconsequential, patterned lot. I even was better dressed than any of them, except possibly Mowbray Langdon, and if he showed to more advantage than I, it was because of his manner, which, as I have probably said before, is superior to that of any human being I've ever seen—man or woman.

"You are to take Anita in," said Mrs. Ellersly. With a laughable sense that I was doing myself a favor, I crossed the room easily and took my stand beside her. She shook hands with me politely enough. Langdon was sitting beside her; I had interrupted their conversation.

"Hello, Blacklock!" said Langdon, with a quizzical, satirical smile with the eyes only. "It seems strange to see you at such peaceful pursuits." His glance traveled over me critically—and that was the beginning of my trouble. Presently he rose, left me alone with her.

"You know Mr. Langdon?" she said, obviously because she felt she must say something.

"Oh, yes," I replied. "We are old friends. What a tremendous swell he is! A real swell." This with enthusiasm.

She made no comment. I debated with myself whether to go on talking with Langdon. I decided against it because all I knew of him had to do with matters down town—and Monsion had impressed it upon me that he was taboo in the drawing-room. I rummaged my brain in vain for another and suitable topic.

She sat, and I stood—she saucy and beautiful and cold, I every instant more miserably self-conscious. When the star for the dining-room was made I offered her my left arm, though I had carefully planned beforehand just what I would do. She, without hesitation and, as I know now, without sympathy for me in my suffering—was taking my wrong arm, when it flashed on me like a blinding blow in the face that I ought to be on the other side of her. I got red, tripped in the fair-sprawling train of Mrs. Langdon, tore it slightly, and she tore to the other side of Mrs. Ellersly by walking in front of her, recovered myself somehow, stumbled round behind her, walked on her train and finally arrived at her left side, conscious in every red-hot atom of me that I was making a spectacle of myself and that the whole company was enjoying it. I must have seemed to them an ignorant boor; in fact, I had been about a great deal among people who knew how to behave, and had I never given the matter of how

the impatient glances of his wife, while he talked on and on with Miss Ellersly.

At last Langdon arose. It irritated me to see her consider him with that different fascinating smile of his. It irritated me to see that he held her hand all the time he was saying good-bye, and the fact that he held it as if he'd as lief not be holding it hardly lessened my longing to rush in and knock him down. What he did was all in the way of perfect good manners, and would have jarred no one not supersensitive, like me—and like his wife. I saw that she, too, was frowning.

In an aimless sort of way Miss Ellersly, after the Langdons had disappeared, left the drawing-room by the same door. Still aimlessly wandering, she drifted into the library by the hall door. As I rose, she lifted her eyes, saw me, and drove away from her face like the faintest haze. In fact, it may have existed only in my imagination. She opened a small, square silver box on the table, took a cigarette, lighted it and holding it with the smoke lazily curling up from between the long slender first and second fingers of her white hand, stood idly turning the leaves of a magazine. I threw my cigar into the fireplace. The slight sound as it struck made her jump, and I saw that, underneath her surface of perfect calm, she was in a nervous state full as tame as my own.

"Any smoke?" said I.

"Sometimes," she replied. "It is soothing and distracting I don't know how it is with others, but when I smoke my mind is quite empty."

"It's a nasty habit—smoking."

"Do you think so?" said she, with the slightest lift to her tone and her eyebrows.

"Especially for a woman," I went on, because I could think of nothing else to say, and would not, at any cost,



"SHE LOOKED AT ME—JUST LOOKED."

care what they think of you? It's a damn sight more important what you think of them, as it won't be many years before you'll hold every thing they value, everything that makes them of consequence, in the hollow of your hand."

When the ladies withdrew, the other men drew together, talking of people I did not know and of things I did not care about—I thought then that they were avoiding me deliberately as a flock of tame ducks avoids a wild one that some wind had accidentally blown down among them. I knew now that a forbidding peer must have been responsible for my isolation. However, I sat alone, sullenly resisting old Ellersly's constrained efforts to get me into the conversation, and angrily suspicious that Langdon was enjoying my discomfiture more than the cigarette he was apparently absorbed in.

Old Ellersly, growing more and more nervous before my dark and silent look, finally seated himself beside me. "I hope you'll stay after the dinner," he said. "They'll leave early, and we can have a quiet smoke and talk."

All unstrung though I was, I yet had the desperate courage to resolve that I'd leave, defeated in the eyes of the one person whose opinion I really cared about. "Very well," said I, in reply to him.

He and I did not follow the others to the drawing-room, but turned into the library. "I know you," he said. "I seated myself I could see part of the drawing-room—saw the others leaving, saw Langdon lingering, ignoring

thing she probably wished me to think vaguely pleasant.

"You are the first woman I ever knew," I went on, "with whom it was hard for me to get on any sort of terms. I don't know it's quite true, but I don't know this game yet. But I'll learn it, if you'll be a little patient; and when I do, I think I'll be able to keep up my end."

She looked at me—just looked. I couldn't begin to guess what was going on in that gracefully poised head of hers.

"With you try to be friends with me, and with others."

She continued to look at me in that steady, puzzling way.

"Will you?" I repeated.

"I have no choice," she said slowly.

I flushed. "What does that mean?" I demanded.

She threw a hurried and, it seemed to me, frightened glance toward the drawing-room. "I didn't intend to offend you," she said in a low voice.

"You are a good, good friend to me—*we*—we're in right to feel anything but friendship for you."

"I'm glad to hear you say that," said I. "And I was; for those words of hers were the first expression of appreciation and gratitude I had ever got from any member of that family, except myself."

"It's a nasty habit—smoking."

"Do you think so?" said she, with the slightest lift to her tone and her eyebrows.

"Especially for a woman," I went on, because I could think of nothing else to say, and would not, at any cost,

Compulsory Arbitration a Menace to Organized Labor

By ARTHUR M. WATSON,
Secretary Carpenters' District Council, Boston.

CERTAIN organizations of employers who have been unsuccessful in their efforts to discredit labor organizations, to curtail their power, and to nullify their efforts to secure better conditions for the toiling masses; who have failed in their campaign of constant litigation and persecution in the courts to disrupt one single international union, are now seeking to create a sentiment in favor of compulsory arbitration.

Our rights as labor unions proceed from our rights as individuals, and we contend that our legal rights to act collectively should go as far as our individual rights. Confronted as we are to-day by immigration unprecedented in history, and by the constant army of unemployed, we realize that it is folly for individuals to make terms with the great corporations who conduct the most of the business of the country.

Collectively we can in some instances successfully combat them. Under present conditions we are not very liable to extract anything unreasonable from society. Very few who work for wages in the cities of the land will ever own their own homes, ride in their own carriages, properly educate their children. We want all these things which go to make life pleasant.

From whence shall the power to compel arbitration proceed. From the courts? Had we the workers, the same influence in appointments to the bench as those who in this connection we must consider as our adversaries, we might consent. There are so few decisions on record from the courts favoring our contentions that we do not wish to add to their power; the gag is being drawn tighter daily to prohibit the collective action which is our constitutional right. True, labor disputes are sometimes vexatious to the general public, but without strife it is impossible to secure better conditions, and we do not wish to lose one atom of the rights still accorded us.

To sum up the matter: Compulsory arbitration might reduce the membership of labor unions to a state which might be called involuntary servitude. I can conceive of no practical plan whereby this can come to pass without giving undue advantage to the property-owning and privileged classes of the community.

We must admit that labor is a necessity; employers may be considered as a necessary evil. We, in our desire for better living; they, in their desire for profits, must necessarily clash at times. Out of all these things comes good in the end.

Arthur M. Watson

That Fortunate American Girl

By PAUL BOURGET,
Famous French Novelist and Academician.



That which first strikes the traveler who has heard so much of the American girl is the utter impossibility of distinguishing her from the married woman. The fact that is so often commented on in Europe, that she goes about alone and unattended, is not the whole cause of the confusion.

The similarity goes much farther. They wear the same jewels and the same toilettes; they enjoy the same liberty of laughing and talking; they read the same books; they have the same gestures, the same full-blown beauty and, thanks to the invention of the chaperon, there is not a theater or restaurant party or tea to which they do not go alone and at the invitation of any man of their acquaintances.

The younger the chaperon is the better she is liked. The young widow or the "grass widow," that is, the young wife separated, divorced or simply living away from her husband, fills the conditions of the role to perfection.

That is to say, three young girls, sitting in company with three young men and the said chaperon at Delmonico's, or taking tea with another young man, are as free as if they had no one to answer for them except themselves. This habit of governing themselves without control is responsible for their remarkable self-assurance.

The divorce suits which the newspapers publish in full prove that this young person had as much good sense as she had beauty. For my part, and after having studied human conditions closely, I believe that for a young man of 20 or 25 the best chances of happiness are to be born of a good English family and to study at Oxford, but for a young girl it is to be born an American, with a father who made his fortune in mines, railways or land speculation, and enter New York or Washington society under the wing of excellent sponsors.

Plea for New National Church

By JOHN AUGUSTUS WALL,
President National Church.

Can a church or party

be organized in New York city out of the millions who have neglected or forsaken the paths of their fathers' religion?—a church so vital in all respects that it will attract those who have never entered a church at odds with each other?

I would like a church or party broad enough to interest and hold all intelligent thinkers whether orthodox or nonorthodox, so long as they believe in being kind and helpful. I want to take the hand of Darwin, Huxley, Emerson, Paine and Ingersoll along with the hand of the noble mother whose only faith is in Christianity. I want to cement all join in singing the songs of a common brotherhood.

I want a plain, common-sense church—a people's church free of all superstition, hypocrisy and dead-century rules—an institutional-industrial society that shall stand for the greater advancement of civic and ethical knowledge—a militant, twentieth-century organization that should by the power of intelligent co-operation drive out the rule of gold and bring in the Golden Rule.

"I could tell you what I think of you in a very few words."

"True, you could, Maria," responded Mr. Meekman. "But you won't, Maria you won't."

Barrington Local Happenings Told in Short Paragraphs

Born to Mr. and Mrs. C. Walbaum Friday, a girl.

A birthday party was given Thursday for Mr. R. Purcell.

Dr. Shearer went to Clarence, Ia., this morning.

Mrs. Wm. Howarth is quite ill.

Mrs. Meyer, of Chicago, formerly Anna Biescher, sister of Nico's Biescher, was buried at Palatine this week.

C. H. Horn, of Chicago, was here Thursday and sold his property on Cemetery street just south of Main to Henry Hoben for \$2,000.

It is believed that Anton Broemelkamp is the oldest man in town, he being 97 years old. His home is on Grove avenue.

Yesterday afternoon a musical was given by the Thursday club at Mrs. C. P. Hawley's in which only club members took part with solos, piano selections and readings. During the evening gentlemen attended and the time was passed in playing chess. Mrs. E. Alverson and E. Prouty won the prizes.

Mrs. Emily Hawley visited Mr. and Mrs. F. E. Smith in Austin Friday.

Mrs. Geo. Carmichael entertained on Wednesday her brother Frank Southwick and bride of Iowa.

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

Miss Amy Olcott entertained Miss Ida Leason of Chicago this week at her home on Grove avenue.

Ray Fabritz continues to be very poorly and unable to move about the house.

Prof. Harris reports that there is a prospect of vocal music instruction being added to our school course. This would be a good movement as all standard schools of the times have vocal teacher.

Lloyd Robertson of Carlisle, Ark., arrived home Sunday night for a short visit at the old home on Lake street.

Prof. C. S. Horn of Chicago was here Tuesday at the Girls' Band meeting in the afternoon and the Boys' in evening, for the first time since before Christmas. Both the Professor and Mrs. Horn have been ill and they leave Sunday for a Southern trip.

The Primary room enjoyed visits from three of the parents last week, the Medesmes Brockway, Kline and Boyer.

Conrad Lipofsky was kept at home for several days by a severe wound in head, but has returned to his schoolroom.

John Snyder returned to school Monday after an illness of two weeks.

Miss Robertson was ill Monday and was unable to teach.

Rev. D. N. Vaughn of Chicago will speak on next Sunday morning on the "City Mission Work in Chicago." Everyone is invited to come and hear about what is being done for the Indians, Bohemians etc., of the great city of Chicago.

On Saturday evening Mrs. George Comstock entertained the twelve ladies of the clinch club and their husbands.

Miss Pearl Tremble went to Cary Tuesday to live.

Rev. and Mrs. F. N. Lapham were guests last Tuesday and Friday of the David Cook family in Elgin.

Mrs. McCarthy and daughter Rose of Chicago visited Sunday with their relatives, the Donleas and Kirby's here.

Raymond Jensen of Ela street celebrated his sixth birthday Monday evening with a party to eight little friends who played games and had a fine supper.

Miss Dawn Silverman neice of Mr. and Mrs. Henry White who makes her home here, returned Tuesday from a visit in Peru, Ind., where she has been about five weeks.

Sam Schaefer, the nine years old son of Henry Schaefer, who lives south of town, is getting along nicely after his accident but will be unable to walk for weeks to come. A week ago Sunday his leg was crushed by a fall or kick from a horse, he not being able to tell which as he slipped and fell just before the kick hit him.

Valentine thoughts are possessing the children and valentine ads and articles are appearing in the stores for Feb. 14 isn't very far off.

FOR SALE—Lot 4 by 8 rods on east side of Harrison street just north of Main street. C. H. Horn, 907 1st court, Chicago.

Born to Mr. and Mrs. Edward Gruet Wednesday, Jan. 30, a son.

The Y. M. C. A. basket social attracted a goodly crowd to Barrington hall last night—\$115.00 was taken. Six dollars were accumulated so one can judge of the good time current. A full "dinner-pail" of Miss Alma Steffenhofer sold for nearly five dollars. A program of songs and readings with talk by Prof. Fulton was given.

FOR SALE—Fine young laying chickens. THOMAS MARCHER, Randal's Lake, Ill.

Home-made Cooking.

Do not forget the sale of home-made cooking under the auspices of the Aid Society which will be held in the Methodist church parlor, Saturday afternoon, Feb. 9th from one to five o'clock. This makes a fine opportunity for the ladies to have a rest from doing their own cooking, and also to try some good cooking of other ladies. It would be wise to plan not to do your usual baking and cooking Saturday, Feb. 9th but go to the sale of home-made things.

There will be white and brown bread, biscuits, pork and beans, pies, cakes, etc. All these will be made fresh Saturday morning.

There will also be soap, kitchen and fancy aprons, sweeping caps and a new "takin'" kind of sunbonnet and comforters. Come to see and buy.

Will Observe Lincoln's Birthday.

General Sweeny Post, No. 235, G. A. R. will observe Lincoln's birthday, Tuesday evening, Feb. 12, in their hall. The members of the G. A. R., the W. R. C. C., the Y. M. C. A. and all friends for whom there is room are invited to attend. Superintendent Fulton will give an address on Lincoln and there will be readings and music.

Notice

Barrington, Ill., Jan. 25, 1907.

L. Aug. Hawk, have made a mistake. I had a little talk with Mr. Hobson and I told him if he found the hog in the pen to ship it which he did. But I had also sold it to Wm. Peters and accepted a check from him.

Therefore do not accuse Mr. Hobson or anyone else of stealing this hog.

Aug. Hawk

LAKE ZURICH.

Cattle thrive on Smith Bros. Stock Foods.

Mrs. E. A. Fleck is visiting in Chicago.

Fred Fisher of Iowa is visiting his sisters, Medesmes H. L. Prehn, Tank and Helmuth.

The ladies have organized a bowling club which will meet every Thursday afternoon. All are invited to join.

Mr. Paddock of Palatine transacted business here Tuesday.

Call on Smith Bros. when your coal bin is empty.

Mrs. John Dickson has returned home from Nevada, Ia.

Misses T. and L. Hokenmeyer spent Sunday with their sister, Mrs. Otto Frank.

Quite a number of the young folks attended the masquerade at Long Grove last Saturday.

Bert Seip returned Tuesday from a visit with Libertyville relatives.

In securing that pleasing comedy "Was his Marriage a Failure?" for a two nights stage in Lake Zurich Opera House, Mr. Bicknase, proprietor, has again shown his wish to please the public and has given them the opportunity to enjoy at a very low price one of the best comedies playing outside the large cities. Remember the date, evenings of Feb. 2nd and 3rd. Admission 25¢, reserved seats 35¢, children 15¢.

Think This Over.

Wisdom is the science of happiness. Get a telephone to make your home both pleasant and safe. It is not costly. Other people are already enjoying the service. Why not you?

CHICAGO TELEPHONE COMPANY.

Advertised Letters.

The following letters remain unclaimed at the Barrington postoffice: Wm. Bradford Hattie Daniel

H. K. BROOKWAY, P. M.

South Barrington.

Mr. and Mrs. Moore and son Howard went to Chicago to attend a wedding Monday of their son Claude to a Miss Dolly Hartman, which took place at 5 o'clock Tuesday evening at the home of the bride.

Mrs. Jessie Mangi went to Glenview last Monday to visit her Grandmother and uncle for a week.

J. E. Heise, inspector for the Bowmam Dairy Co., made an inspection in regard to health among the dairy men last Monday.

Every school district should have a health inspector so as to report at once any sickness that may occur, so as to stamp out diseases.

Mrs. Fred Rieke visited Mrs. Geo. Popp last Sunday.

Alvina Thlesling visited at the Humphrey home last Saturday.

Samuel Billings returned from the County hospital last Sunday where he recently underwent an operation for a depression of the scull bone and is well on the way to a speedy recovery.

Good luck to all.

The undersigned will offer for sale at public auction on the premises on Thursday, February 21, 1907, at one o'clock, the E. H. Hawley farm situated one and one half miles west of Barrington, consisting of 100 acres of land.

Good house and barn. Fences well kept up. The barn is 30x100 ft. with 20 foot posts, built 9 years ago. Go to look over this property before you buy. Terms of sale: Cash.

C. P. Hawley, Administrator.

Estate of Frederick E. Hawley.

Wm. Peters, Auctioneer.

Getting a Bill Before Parliament.

In Congress, in the house or senate any member can introduce a bill without formality; in the house a member merely drops the bill in the box, and it then automatically goes to the appropriate committee; in the senate the bill can be presented at any time in open session. In the house of commons, explains A. Maurice Law, in Appleton's, the procedure is more elaborate. No bill can be introduced, even by the government, unless the house has by motion given its permission or a member has given notice of his intention to bring in a bill, but the introduction of a bill may be, and sometimes is, opposed. No "money bill" (that is, a bill imposing a charge upon the public revenue or on the people, or making any appropriation of money) can be introduced unless it has been authorized by a committee of the whole house, and then only by a minister. The scope, therefore, permitted the private members in the introduction of bills is very limited, and the opportunity afforded him to enact his bill into law is even more circumscribed. In fact, it is only by the verdict of a private member's bill becomes a law.

BEAUTY OR BRAINS?

Four literary women, not one of whom was remarkable for beauty of face or symmetry of form, were interviewed on a subject of vital importance, says the New York Weekly. Each woman, in her own particular line, had achieved a reputation, and could afford to answer truthfully the question put to her. The question was this: "Which would you rather be—clever or beautiful?" No. 1 said:

"Beautiful, because beauty's mantle is larger than charity's. It covers social gaucheries, ignorances, and any amount of stupidity." No. 3 said:

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Y. M. C. A. Notes

Y. M. C. A.

POPULAR EVENINGS

Monday, Feb. 11 at 8 P. M. Debate: resolved that a man's character is influenced more by heredity than by conditions about him.

AFFIRMATIVE NEGATIVE

Elmer Peckham R. D. Wells

Karl Powers Elmer Giesche

Victor Rieke D. Schroeder

Ben Schroeder Vernon Hawley

Wednesday, Feb. 13 at 8 P. M. Demonstration by Physical Director from Central Y. M. C. A. of Chicago.

Monday, Feb. 18 at 8 P. M. Instrumental and vocal music. Games, etc.

Monday, Feb. 18 at 8 P. M. Trilling experiences by various members. All welcome.

Sunday Meetings at 2:30 P. M. Feb. 3.

Rev. Hirsch, Arlington Heights.

For women and men.

Feb. 17

Elder Morelock

245 W. Chicago Ave., Chicago, Ill.

For men

Feb. 18

W. S. Wells, Park Ridge, Ill.

For women and men.

Feb. 19

Rev. G. H. Stanger, Barrington, Ill.

For men

ALL FREE ALL INVITED

Services at the Baptist church next Sunday will be conducted by W. L. Runyan of Chicago. A library of recent good books will be in this church during Feb. 1 for the use of the people of Barrington.

C. F. HALL CO.

CASH DEPARTMENT STORE

DUNDEE, ILLINOIS

Spring Dress Goods, Suitings, Waistings

Novelty mixtures in greys, tans and greens, yard wide goods, in newest spring colors, per yd. 39, 35, 34, 30.

Latest waistings, new Ginghams in checks, embroidered dots, etc. per yd. 13, 15, 25.

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