BARRINGTON REVIEW

Entered as second-class matter at the postoffice at Barrington, Ill.

M. T. Lamey, Editor and Publisher

FRIDAY, July 3, 1908

Why Is Woman?

Having ranged over the whole field of speculation as to what woman is, the college professor now undertakes to answer the question which has puzzled the philosophers of all ages and tell why woman is what she is. Professor G. Stanley Hall declares that woman has two roels and maybe more than two; that she may love and hate, feel joy and sorrow, at the same time and not even be conscious that she is the subject of conflicting emotions. In this way he would explain the world old allegation that woman is perverse, fickle and deceitful, the woman is not so, but her "activity" may be, and she is not responsible, for she does not know of the disembodiment of her other self.

Not satisfied with telling why woman is, as Bardish psychological chair, Dr. Thomas Clare Hall, goes a bit as to how she may be changed—that is, if change shall seem worth while. This professor finds that woman's model, her tears, her intensity, her fondness for clothes and diamonds, and the general mysterious of her nature, result from an overdevelopment of certain emotions. Let them be inclined assume that it is time to call a halt in this overdevelopment. These matters generally regulate themselves, and already there is at work the athletic development to counteract the inherited muscular weakness which, according to Dr. Shaw, "has obliged her to resort to artifice to gain her ends." In order to gain her ends by muscular strength woman must become an amazon, and those who prefer an amazon to the present creature of alleged "obstinacy, sympathy and humanity" will need to speak up or the count on woman haters will never be polled.

It is difficult to decide which is the stronger in these professors that they essay to analyze the general mystery of woman in this fashion, their conceit or their courage. It is often said that woman is the world's victim, and the modern college professor seems not inclined to spare her from psychological vivisection. Perhaps man is an open book and so perfect without that he offers no temptation to the moralizing scientist. However, it is pertinent to note that at the present time the national administration and at least half of the states are trying to hammer men into doing what is good for them and to prohibit them from doing what it is said by the men themselves they harm themselves in doing. The spectacle may not have any mystery in it for a scientist, but to the average observer it seems very funny. Here is what Thackeray, the learned Dr. Shaw's fellow countryman, said of his own sex many years ago: "Which of us can point out in his circle many men whose aims are generous, whose truth is not only constant of its kind, but elevated in degree; whose want of meanness makes them simple, who can look the world honestly in the face with an equal manly sympathy for the great and small?" Perhaps the future woman professor will take up the hunt for Thackeray's man and tell the world why he is, if found, and also why he is not, if missing.

Noiseless War.

Watch the crowds rushing from side streets into an avenue and the sudden display of heads at all the windows in the neighborhood when the band begins to play at the head of marching soldiers and you get a good idea of how the war craze works on the young. Being ready to fight makes a nation fight, says one philosopher, while another declares that it is the splendor of war which makes it popular. But war cannot be splendid without noise to advertise the splendor. The noise stirs up the blood and creates that nerve which is needed to make war go. What the pageantry does through the eye to fire the heart the noise does through the ear.

With the noiseless gun the martial band must go too. In France the drum is now almost silenced in the army. Gaudy uniforms are out of favor. Equestrian pageantry, with the commander and his brilliant staff sweeping down the field, targets for all eyes as well as for a few guns, is a thing of the past. The general stays in his tent, and his orders are carried by wire. So the element of pomp and romance in war is passing, and the noiseless gun will about finish it. Humanitarians will do well to think about it before they oppose the noiseless Maxim on the ground that it is an infernal contrivance to murder human beings. It may murder war by taking the last vestige of romance out of it.

Twice within a year the kaiser has interfered in the love affairs of his relatives. After all, the real autocrat is born and not elected.

Boys cradled in the lap of luxury seldom turn out a credit to their mothers.

The Vacation Season.

In spite of the predictions which had reference to the money pressure the outgoing European steamers at the beginning of the last reason were crowded with Americans. If the records of travel are not broken this year, there will apparently be no marked decline in the number who are seeking some sort of an outing abroad. The state of business here may not be indicated one way or another, for the great mass of those who take the European trip have been saving for it for years and, having the money in hand, may as well go as to stay at home, so far as business conditions affect them. Dull times may give the opportunity to a few to go without loss; but, as a rule, the crowds come from the salaried class, and business fluctuation does not concern them.

Unquestionably a change once a year is a good thing for every one. The attraction to Europe is great, but the trip is too expensive to become a habit with the industrious and thrifty. To very many it serves as an incentive to study the home country and to finding out new ways of having a good time at very little cost. The tourist abroad observes that the natives and also many of the foreign tourists are getting enjoyment out of the simplest things and that it isn't really worth while to go so far, at least not a second or a third time, for what can be enjoyed at home. We have at home seashore and mountain, incomparable lakes and stretches of forest. The "just as good" vacation outing here has the extra merit that it costs less in the long run, and the money expended stays at home and may get around to the same pocketbook again after awhile.

Under the New Currency Law.

Two New York national banks, which stand at the head of the conservative banks of the country, recently returned to the federal government certain federal funds which they have held on deposit and at the same time gave notice that they will not in future receive for deposit any government funds upon which interest is demanded. It is an irrevocable rule of these two banks that they will not pay interest upon any deposits, and, as they do not pay interest upon the deposits of other people, firms and corporations, they will not make an exception in favor of the government.

The recently enacted currency law provides that national banks receiving deposits of federal funds must pay 1 per cent interest on such deposits. This clause gives governmental approval and indorsement to a questionable principle. In the competitions likely to arise in banking for an increase of business interest on deposits is sometimes paid by certain banks, with the result that as the interest so paid mounts higher and higher the banks involved increase the rates of interest on the money which they lend to cover these higher rates and in so doing take risks on insufficient security. The creditors of the banks in order to get even for the high rates they pay must also take speculative risks, and in every financial trouble like that of last October it is noticed that those banks which pay high interest on deposits are most seriously involved.

The Cheaper Postage to England.

There seems to be no doubt that the reduction of letter postage between the United States and the United Kingdom from 5 cents an ounce to 2 cents an ounce will result in loss to the treasuries of both countries for a time. The English estimate that there will be a falling off on that side of the water of about $800,000 the first year, and our postal department expects to feel a like decline in receipts from this quarter.

Reduction of postage on correspondence generally tends to increase the number of letters, and ultimately the revenue reaches the same plane as before the cut in rates. The lower the rate the more trifling the postage seems, and people having friends at a distance are continually having occasion to "drop a line" to let "the folks know what is going on." Increasing the weight limit on letters is undoubtedly a boon to the public. Last October the limit for a five cent stamp was raised from half an ounce to the full ounce. But the permitted weight of a letter for the minimum rate is of slight consequence compared with that of a marked reduction in the rate for the ordinary letter.

President Roosevelt is going to put in some vacation work chopping down trees. But how about the "conservation of our natural resources" in the way of forests?

Even Taft had to admit that presidential campaign work must wait upon the ceremonies of commencement day and the glories of the boat races on the Thames.

Young man, the world will measure you by what you do, not by what you think you know. This is a baccalaureate sermon in one sentence.

Speaking of race suicide, Mr. President, there is the toy pistol.

The man who never says the wrong thing seldom says anything.

CHURCH DIRECTORY

METHODIST EPISCOPAL CHURCH
Cook Street near South Hawley Street.
Sunday services.
10:30 a. m. Preaching
11:45 Sunday School
3:00 p. m Junior League
6:45 Epworth League
7:30 Preaching
Wednesday Mid-Week Praise and Prayer Service 7:30 p. m.
The Woman's Foreign Missionary Society meets the first Tuesday evening of each month
The Epworth-League business literary and social meeting, the last Tuesday evening of each month.
Parsonage corner Cook and S. Hawley st
Telephone No. 808. A cordial welcome is extended to all services.
O F. MATTHES, Pastor

SALEM UNITED EVANGELICAL CHURCH
Sunday Services:
Sunday school, 9:15 a. m.
Preaching service (German) 10:30
Keystone League, 6:45 p. m.
Preaching service, 7:30
Week Night Services:
Monday—Junior League, 7:15
Tuesday—English Prayermeeting, 7:30
Teachers meeting 8:30
Wednesday—German " 7:30
Friday—Choir meeting 8:00
Monthly meetings:
Mission Band—1st Sunday, 1:30 p. m.
Y. P. M. S.—1st Tuesday, 7:30 p. m.
Church Missionary Meeting—1st Wednesday, 1:30 p. m.
W. M. S.—1st Thursday, 1:30 p. m.
Strangers are cordially welcomed at all the services of the church.
Phone No. 261 EUGENE F. PUESSLE, Pastor

EVANGELICAL St. PAUL'S CHURCH
Sunday school, 9:30 a. m.
Sunday morning service, 10:30
Evening service 7:30
Phone 514 REV. G. H. STANGER, Pastor

St. ANN'S CATHOLIC CHURCH
Sunday, Mass, 8 a. m.
Observation of Holy Days and Morning Mass, hour subject to change.
St. Ann's Sewing Circle, Tuesday, 1:30 p. m
Phone 301 REV. FATHER E. J. FOX

BAPTIST CHURCH
Saturday evening, prayer and praise service, 7:30 p. m.
Sunday, 10:30 a. m., 7:30 p. m.
Sunday school and U. U. X. at 11:45 a. m.
Young People's Meeting at 6:45 p. m.
Dorcas society, Tuesday, 2 p. m.
You are tall cordially invited to worship with us. JAMES H. GAGNIER

ZION CHURCH
Sunday school 9:30 a. m.
Morning service, 10:30
Evening service, 7:30 p. m.
Prayer meeting, Wednesday 7:30 p. m.
Y. P. A. business meeting first Tuesday of each month, 7:30 p. m.
Woman's Missionary Society second Thursday of the month at 2 o'clock.
A cordial welcome for all.
J. WIDNER, Pastor.

News of the Week at Lake Zurich.

Fire works at A. W. Meyer's.

Charles Seip of Palatine was in town Wednesday.

Get our fruits for the Fourth at A. W. Meyer's.

J. D. Fink transacted business in Chicago Tuesday.

Rev. Tildmann was a Chicago caller Wednesday.

Mrs. August Froelich visited at Barrington Wednesday.

Miss Emma Seip came home Wednesday to stay for the Fourth.

Miss Anna Schulz returned home Tuesday after a short stay in Chicago

Don't forget the celebration at Lake Zurich the Fourth given by the M. W. A.

A large part of Chicago friends will fill the Fieke home over the Fourth and Sunday.

William Bicknase will give a grand dance Saturday evening, July 4th. Don't miss a good time.

The Lake Zurich ball team and the Catlow team played ball Sunday in favor of the Lake Zurich's.

It is said that about one hundred and seventy people are expected at the Whitney home south of the lake for the Fourth.

The board of trustees of this village will hold its regular monthly meeting next Monday evening. It is probable the annual appropriation ordinance will be passed at this meeting.

Edward Young and family of Joliet are camping on the farm occupied by Charles Wille on the East side of the lake. Mr. Young is manager of the Joliet Stove Repair Co. of Joliet.

An Inconsistency

There is a way to travel
And yet remain at home—
It really is quite possible—
Just use the telephone.

Advertisein the REVIEW.

Jewelry

If you want to know just "what's what" in fashionable jewelry, come to my store. You can't go wrong by choosing an article from my assortment. All prices, from the cheapest that's good to the best that's made.

Watches and clocks that are guaranteed to keep correct time.

Repairing a speciality.

Burkhardt

Jeweler

The Best Man

By EMELINE BARR.

Copyright, 1908, by Associated Literary Press.

For the first time in his life John Amidon found himself in New York. It was a warm spring day—much too warm and too glorious to spend in visiting a round of stuffy offices. He would make a holiday of it and let business wait until tomorrow.

An inspiration seized him, and after some search through the various compartments of his leather wallet he drew out a dingy visiting card.

"I'm," he mused. "That's funny. I was sure I had his address. 'Richard Mallonley,' that's all it says, though. Isn't sure."

He put the card back thoughtfully.

"It was something about Washington," he reflected.

But the "something" had eluded him limpidly. He drew a map out of his pocket and studied it carefully. With an air of triumph he at length pounced upon the words "Mount Vernon." He had it!

Should he consult a telephone directory? What was the use? It would be more fun to give Dick a surprise. Dick was just the kind of fellow to enjoy the unexpected. On the way out on the train Amidon indulged in pleasant reminiscences of college days when he and Dick had been such jolly good chums. Was it possible a whole ten years had gone since they had seen each other?

"But Dick's all right," he soliloquized. "It's a great thing to be sure of a welcome. He'll be just as glad to see me as I will"—

"Mount Vernon!" shouted the conductor, and Amidon got off hurriedly.

"Can you tell me where Mr. Richard Malloney lives?" he asked the first person he happened to run into at the station. Before the person addressed had time to reply a six-year-old boy piped up:

"I can."

"Is that so?" returned Amidon genially. "Well, suppose you show me then. Will you?"

For answer the knowing one turned to lead the way importantly. When he came to the end of the station platform he stopped beside a shining automobile.

"Get in," he said to Amidon hospitably.

Amidon hesitated.

"Why, thank you, young man," he replied. "You are very kind, but if you'll just be good enough to tell me where Mr. Malloney lives I'll walk there."

"But we're going right there," persisted Amidon's personal conductor. "Mr. Richard Malloney is my father. I'm Richard Malloney, Jr., you know."

In spite of his amazement Amidon was alert enough to be conscious of the chauffeur's silent chuckling. Richard Malloney, Jr., was proving a most unexpectedly sprightly pilot. It might be well before committing oneself irrevocably to his management to ask a few definite questions. So Amidon addressed the amused chauffeur.

"I arrived from town on this last train," he stated. "Can you tell me if Mr. Malloney is at home?"

"Very sorry, sir," returned the chauffeur civilly. "He's just started for town himself."

"And—Mrs. Malloney?"

"She went with him, sir."

Amidon reflected a moment.

"Barbara's home," volunteered Malloney junior.

Amidon's face lighted instantly. Barbara—that was Dick's sister, of course. He remembered, but this was no time for reminiscences.

"Is she, indeed?" he exclaimed jovially. "Then I will run out." And he jumped in beside Richard.

"Let's see," he mused, hardly conscious that he spoke, "how old must Barbara be now?"

"About thirty," Richard suggested.

Amidon glanced at the chauffeur. He was quite sure he was chuckling again.

"About thirty?" repeated Amidon. "It doesn't seem possible."

"She's grown up awful fast," Richard commented. "She was only just a girl when she went away to school, but now she does her hair up and stays up evenings. I wish I was thirty."

This yearning was accompanied by a very genuine sigh, but Amidon had quite forgotten to listen to the child's prattle. His own thoughts were more absorbing.

Had he or had he not met Dick's sister? So many fellows at college had sisters! If so, what had she looked like? She must have been very young—and to think of Dick's being married and never letting him know—more than that, to think of there being a Richard Malloney, Jr.!

"Here we are," exclaimed the boy, "and there's Barbara on the porch. Hoo-oo!"

Barbara came to the top of the steps, looking at Amidon curiously.

As for Amidon, he was seized with a panic of misgivings. Surely, if he had ever in his life seen that girl, no matter how many years ago, he would never have forgotten her.

But he must say something, for young Richard had already climbed out of the machine and announced, "Here's a man to see you, Barbara," an introduction that certainly needed elucidating.

Amidon braced himself.

"I am John Amidon," he stated simply, standing below her, with hat in hand. "Your brother and I were friends at college. I hoped to find him here."

To his astonishment Barbara burst out laughing, revealing two very beautiful dimples in her glowing cheeks. She recovered herself with evident effort.

"I beg your pardon, Mr. Amidon. There must be some mistake. You see, this is my only brother," she said as she lifted Richard junior off his feet and then let him down again with a suddenness that evidently tickled that young man's fancy.

"Well, it couldn't have been your father!" ventured Amidon.

At the absurdity of this suggestion Barbara and John both laughed heartily. Then Barbara had an idea.

"Why, of course, you mean Cousin Dick. Are you a Harvard man?"

John nodded. "Ninety-eight," he informed her.

"How stupid of me not to have thought of that at once!" Barbara accused herself. "But, you see, '98 is a pretty long time ago, and Dick has been abroad nearly ever since he left college."

It was all such a ridiculously mixed up state of affairs—the idea that Cousin Dick was married and that Richard junior was his son; that Barbara was Dick's sister—when in reality, as it turned out, Dick had no sister; that, most comical of all, Barbara was "about thirty"—well, what was there to do but to laugh and laugh about it?

"But how," suddenly broke out Barbara, "did you happen to find us here in Mount Vernon? Dick's family lives in New York, you know."

"What part of New York?" asked John.

"Washington square."

And then followed more explanations and more laughter.

When Mrs. Malloney returned from town at luncheon time she found Barbara and John in the midst of an exciting tennis match.

"Who's playing with Barbara?" she questioned Richard junior after several futile attempts to recognize the young man.

"A man I brought from the station," Richard informed her boastingly.

"Richard, what are you talking about? What's his name?"

"Barbara will tell you. She likes him. They've been laughing lots."

The introduction, with its subsequent explanations, at last over with, Mrs. Malloney was all charming hospitality.

"Of course you'll come out and stay with us while you're here, Mr. Amidon. The city is so disagreeable in warm weather. It's a great privilege to be able to do anything for Dick's friends. We're all most fond of him, but he gives us very little chance to show it. You will make this your headquarters, won't you?"

John Amidon had to hold on to himself good and hard. He was so happy that he feared he would appear overzealous in accepting the invitation.

Of course John Amidon fell head over heels in love with Barbara. Of course he decided to spend the whole summer in the east, and, of course, at the end of the summer he wrote to his chum, Dick Malloney, commanding his congratulations.

"You're going to marry Barbara, aren't you?" asked Richard junior, bobbing abruptly out from under the hammock where the lovers were sitting one evening at twilight.

"You bet I am!" exclaimed John, catching him up affectionately.

"What will I be then," queried the puzzled Richard, "your cousin or your son?"

"You? Why," said John, laughing, "you'll be my best man, of course."

A Sane Fourth.

"A Sane Fourth" has been pleaded for of late years as the day approaches. The many accidents and deaths on record on account of celebrating the holiday with the noise of fire-works and fire-arms, are an argument in favor of observing the national day with sanity. Two methods are offered: appealing to the common sense and police force; both should be used.

Children like the noise of the Fourth and cannot be made to realize the dangers; they should be given a substitute in the way of a picnic or other safe amusement. Many young men who look on the day as a reason for firing off pistols and giant crackers should be dealt with by police power. Arrests and fines would help matters. Fourth more "sane" and the country would finally enjoy a peaceful, happy time instead of a murderous holiday.

KILL THE COUGH AND CURE THE LUNGS

WITH Dr. King's New Discovery

FOR COUGHS COLDS PRICE 50c & $1.00 Trial Bottle Free

AND ALL THROAT AND LUNG TROUBLES.

GUARANTEED SATISFACTORY OR MONEY REFUNDED.

BUY YOUR PAPERS, BOOKS, MAGAZINES AND STATIONERY OF

WILBERT C. NAEHER

NEWS and MAGAZINE AGENT
LIPOFSKY BUILDING, MAIN STREET
ALL KINDS OF GOOD BOOKS AND MAGAZINES SOLD HERE

HOURS:
DAILY 7 a. m. to 10 a. m. 12:30 p. m. to 6:30 p. m.
SUNDAY 7 a. m. to 10:30 a. m.

50 YEARS' EXPERIENCE

PATENTS

TRADE MARKS DESIGNS COPYRIGHTS &C.

Anyone sending a sketch and description may quickly ascertain our opinion free whether an invention is probably patentable. Communications strictly confidential. HANDBOOK on Patents sent free. Oldest agency for securing patents. Patents taken through Munn & Co. receive special notice, without charge, in the

Scientific American.

A handsomely illustrated weekly. Largest circulation of any scientific journal. Terms, $3 a year; four months, $1. Sold by all newsdealers.

MUNN & Co. 361 Broadway, New York
Branch Office, 625 F St., Washington, D. C.

Hager's Restaurant

Wm. Hager, Prop.

Meals served at all hours. Ice cream and cigars.

Phone 421

Barrington, Ill.

TRY OUR DELICIOUS

Ice Cream Soda

We also sell
EATON HURLBERT'S
Fine Stationery

Special
GRAVES' TOOTH POWDER
This Week 20c

BARRINGTON PHARMACY

The Barrington Home Bakery

Every day you can now get

Ice Cream

The sort that may be eaten freely without any unpleasant after effects

The cream we sell is known far and wide, and recognized as the standard of purity. Delicate in flavor and wholesome excellence. It's a rare product, which accounts for its popularity.

Come in and get a dish or send for a quart.

The Barrington Home Bakery