BARRINGTON REVIEW

ESTABLISHED 1885

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BARRINGTON REVIEW

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THURSDAY, AUGUST 4, 1910

HOT WEATHER HEALTHGRAMS.

A few days ago we were all vigorously kicking because summer was so unconscionably long in arriving. Now we are all kicking on account of the supererogatory manner of summer's sudden arrival, says Chicago Record-Herald. But the health guardians in the city's departments have no time for futile complaints. They are "on the job" every minute, and no matter what the weather may make or do, the timely bulletin, regular or special, is ready for us, with information concerning the unbearable don'ts as well as the seasonable "musts." Medical sharps tell us that hot weather is a blessing in disguise to many of us. That it may be a less disguised blessing to more of us, let us so far as possible carry out the instructions of the health department. We are admonished to reduce our food allowance, cut out strong drink, let grass alone, consume quantities of pure water—externally and internally—and live largely on vegetables, cereals and skim milk. By these signs we can conquer the weather man and contemplate the sun and the thermometer without fear.

Numerous arrests for smuggling give evidence both that this particularly contemptible form of offense against the national laws is prevalent and that the customs officials in New York are thoroughly on the job. Collector Loeb started in by making it clear that he did not intend to subject passengers on incoming steamers to unnecessary annoyance and inconvenience, while at the same time he should exact compliance with the treasury regulations. There can be no good ground for complaint against this system. The person detected in smuggling may be set down as a willful offender and entitled to no sympathy when caught in attempts to cheat the government.

Before you begin to criticise aviation meets for not panning out as per promises, please kindly remember how many races for the America's cup have been boring and inconclusive drifting matches. Both aviation and yachting depend on the wind, and the wind is mighty uncertain.

At a class dinner of a woman's college it developed that of the seniors fourteen were bride-to-be. This doesn't look as if Dan Cupid were worrying much over the higher education as a serious obstacle to his business.

Why can't people learn to say the "better" man won, instead of the "best" man, when but one contest? How can we hope to be a great people as long as the populace will be so careless?

Missouri demands to be shown the farmers that own automobiles. The institution is that a great deal of misinformation on that subject has been circulated.

There is a German periodical called Der Gesundheitsingenieur. It must have trouble in finding room to put the picture of a girl on the front cover.

It may be that soon we will occasionally hear this: "Do you see that man up there? Why he mortgaged his house to buy that aeroplane."

Man jumps Brooklyn bridge and is rewarded for coming up alive. The majority go to their great reward without coming up at all.

Veterinary dies from inhaling the breath of a horse. Is that what we get for training horses to smoke Turkish cigarettes?

Ducks may be shot from aeroplanes, but the problem of getting them afterward appears to be full of difficulties.

It has come to a pass where the patient has is merely working for the cold-storage plant or the incubator.

HIS SUBSTITUTE STENOGRAPHER

By STACY E. BAKER

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Dalton was a diffident man. This diffidence, however, did not protect him from the simple machinations of one Greek god, Eros.

Miss Holly, Dalton's substitute stenographer, was, in the eyes of the infatuated young insurance man, the prettiest girl in all the world. Her dark, wavy hair, black eyes and her slight graceful form were indeed so that was to be desired, and the fresh daintiness of the maid subjected her employer's heart to excited pit-a-pats each time she entered the office.

Miss Moore, Dalton's regular typist, and an antique that had been handed down to the successive owners of the business since its establishment, was a vinegar-faced person, and her mere presence in the Dalton sanctum had been a keener incentive for him to plunge recklessly into the complexities of business. Miss Sophia Moore was conspicuously homely.

Miss Moore was not demonstrative. She either answered yes or not to her employer's rare questions, and she knew his business better than he did himself. In all his five years at the head of the local branch of the business he stenographer had been faithfully at her desk each day. Nor had she availed herself of proposed vacations.

Therefore, Dalton, arriving one morning, was most agreeably surprised to find the office ancient substituted by a most pleasing creation in femininity.

She raised her eyes in a comprehensive inventory of Dalton and then dropped them demurely.

"I am Miss Holly," a well-bred little voice explained. "Miss Moore's substitute stenographer."

It was like Miss Moore to her superior egotism to put some one in her place without first consulting the winner, her employer.

"Is—is Miss Moore ill?" Dalton was bashful in the presence of women—especially when they were pretty women. He would have liked to give a frigid touch to the question, but to his

"What Business School Did You Graduate From?"

intense disgust his voice broke to a frightened squeak. The red blotted the bronze from his thin cheeks.

"Oh, no!" Miss Holly glanced curiously at the young proprietor. "She isn't ill. She has decided to take a vacation, that is all."

"Funny," mused Dalton aloud, "that she didn't say anything about it. Not," he added ironically, "that it is any of my business, only—well, office etiquette, you know—or—sort of preserves the custom.

It was the girl's turn to blush.

"I am sure I know nothing about it," she advanced coldly. Then, with a touch of the haughty of the new incumbent of that particular chair of stenography, she said: "Any letters?"

Dalton ruffled the thick, black hair over his broad brow with puzzled fingers.

"I—I believe so," he responded, his moment of temerity gone. "I—why yes, I believe there are a few."

The girl was so adept either with the machine or pencil. Several times she cast appealing eyes toward the young man, causing him to flounder woefully in his dictation. Telegraphically, Dalton received this message: "Not so fast, please." Once spoken to about, upon their emersion from the typewriter, were spotless no longer, but smudged and bit into by an unerring toothed ink eraser. Dalton gingerly fingered an effusion positively bristling with scars.

"By the way, Miss Holly," casually asked the real estate man, "what business school did you graduate from, and where were you employed previous to your coming here?"

An eloquent silence caused him to turn and stare at the white faced girl. There was a terrorized, hunted look in her eyes hard to define.

"Never mind," added the man, hastily. "Mere idle curiosity, you know," he ended weakly. "I—or—just wondered."

Miss Holly gave a relieved gasp.

"You would have thought I had sentenced her to be shot," grumbled Dalton to himself. His thoughts reverted to the absent Miss Moore and her sublime nerve in leaving this most incapable silly of a girl in her place. And still—

He was glad!

Dalton, although uncomfortable in the presence of pretty girls, was a most appreciative admirer—at a distance. The other sex, in a whole some, honesty way, appealed to him. But a hard struggle with fate had given more frivolous youths with doting fathers and unlimited bank accounts the advantage. Dalton's father, who was financially able to rest from the labors of his early years and take his pleasure with the sugar-and-cream youth of the land he found the inheritance fear he his desert that would have been weaned away had he had the time to mingle with the fair sex in early youth.

He watched them from a distance.

Despite the work turned out by this girl substitute she was unusually fair to look upon. Dalton revelled in her presence, even though he writhed at her spelling, her punctuation, her promenes to errors.

A month passed. Dalton, now blindly accustomed to an extremely bad stenographer, wondered at the prolonged absence of Miss Moore.

By the way, Miss Holly." He approached the subject without a symptom of the bashful preamble that would have weakened the phrase some months before. He and the slim girl at her typewriter were on a firm footing of friendship. "When is Miss Moore to return?"

Results were surprising. Miss Holly turned a painfully red face to her employer, and her eyes were deep with pitiful appeal.

"Am I—am I not doing the work right?" The question was spoken in the sensitive lips of the girl. Dalton strove his best to hide the telltale tremor, she hastened to add. "Aren't you—don't you know? Why, I thought—I—I—I—I rather like it. She ran away to work in the—the—"

To Dalton's amazement, the girl flung her pretty arms recklessly down on the protesting keys, and burst into convulsive sobs.

In an instant the youth was out of his chair, and bashfulness and the ethics of a well regulated business office forgotten, was on his knees beside the girl, one firm arm about her.

"Do—do—don't," gasped the sobbing maid. "The—the—I know what I have done."

"But I don't care," protested Dalton, the victim of conflicting emotions. "Only for heaven's sake stop crying. You don't want to work? You—you can have Miss Moore's job. I'll discharge her when she returns. Listen, little girl, I love you; I want you near me always." He floundered wildly. "Can't you see how it is? I—I want you to marry me."

Through tear blurred eyes, the substitute stenographer looked up at him, suddenly calm.

"I must confess," she began tragically, and resolutely thrust his arm aside. "There—there is no Miss Moore."

"Is no Miss Moore?" reiterated her employer, insanely.

"No," gasped the girl. "Nor—nor no Miss Holly."

"Never mind," soothed Dalton. "Tell me some other time. You are hysterical, dear."

The girl flushed. "Miss Moore was my aunt," she said, "and—and she wanted to marry—and—and she did, and so there is no Miss Moore. She told me to deceive you until I learned to do the work better. I am sorry—ah, I really am—I am awfully sorry. Then, half reminiscently: "I suppose I know that any one could be as nice as you."

"I love you, girl." Dalton's voice was husky with emotion. "Isn't that reason enough for being good to you?"

"Yes-s," faltered the voice of the maid. "But—but my name isn't Miss Holly. It is Holly Moore."

Knew How to Advertise.

"How did you happen to get four times as many letters as I did?" said one washerwoman who had advertised for work to the other, who had advertised for the same thing.

"I put my advertisement in saying I was on a diet," said the lucky one. "That 'dh a diet' notice goes to the heart of stingy souls who are trying to cut down expenses. They hate to figure on a washerwoman's meals and jump at the chance of getting one who doesn't eat."

Alaska's Forest Area.

It is estimated that the total forest and woodland area of Alaska is approximately 100,000,000 acres, or about 37 per cent. of the land area of the territory. Of these about 20,000,000 acres may possibly bear timber of sufficient size and density to be used as saw timber, while the other 80,000,000 acres is mostly woodland which will some saw timber, but mostly only firewood.

Tact.

"Helen," demanded the stern mother, "what are all these little stars at the end of this young man's letter?"

Now, some girls would have blushed and admitted they were kisses, but not Helen.

"You see, mamma," she replied, calmly, "he is a student of astronomy, and the little stars indicate the position of certain planets in the solar system."

NEW NEWS OF YESTERDAY

School Teacher Who Opened the Nation's Eyes.

David A. Wells Showed How the Country's Natural Resources Would Take Care of the National Debt.

By E. J. EDWARDS.

For months following the close of the Civil War, one of the great anxieties felt throughout the United States was borne of our enormous national debt of more than three thousand million dollars. "How are we going to get the money to carry on the government and pay the interest on this colossal debt? Many persons were doubtful of our ability to raise the necessary revenues; they felt that the burden imposed upon us by the war was great as practically to prostrate—in fact, almost bankrupt—the nation.

In the midst of this widespread anxiety there appeared one day a modest little pamphlet which bore the title, "Our Birthright and Our Burden," and carried the name of David A. Wells as the author. As logically as one works out a problem in arithmetic, he demonstrated that the natural resources of the United States were of inconceivable richness, that we had hardly scratched the surface, and that from their development would come all the money necessary to run the government, pay the interest on the national debt, and, ultimately, to reduce it to normal proportions.

So simply, so convincingly, was the pamphlet written that it changed the national viewpoint in a day, almost, from that of pessimism to hope; and at once, so, from being an obscure school teacher in Troy, N. Y., Mr. Wells sprang into national fame as an economist, and from that time, to the day of his death in 1898, he was an authority in economic matters.

About a decade after he had done this good work for the nation, I met Mr. Wells for the first time, and one day, months later, when our acquaintanceship had ripened into friendship, I told him that I was curious to know how he came to write the essay which had served so greatly to change the business world from a condition of despair to one of enthusiastic optimism.

"Well," said Mr. Wells, as he tugged gently at his whiskers, which grew in clumps each side of his ears, "when I was a college lad back in the forties I was immediately interested in all subjects that related to the natural resources of the country. For example, I found deeper pleasure that I have ever received from fiction in reading the statistics which aimed to tell how much prairie land we had and how much of it was available for growing wheat. The thing I carried away from college, indulged it at every opportunity, and, finally, I became convinced that the American people had not begun to realize what their natural resources were.

"This was my frame of mind when all that unreasonable doubt about our not being able to carry our heavy Civil War debt was filling the country, and one day I went for a walk over Mount Ida, the high hill back of Troy, N. Y., to think about the problem. On the way back I made a detour which took me by some freight yards. There I saw cars marked with the initials of railways of Illinois, Minnesota and Wisconsin, and it was easy to guess that most of them were filled with the natural products of those states. And there were other cars carrying the manufactured products of New England and of New York state. 'Why,' I said to myself, as I looked down upon them all, 'what is three thousand million dollars to a country such inexhaustible resources as ours? Our railroads alone are soon to have a greater capital than our debt.' And with that there propped into my head the thought, 'Why not publish an essay that will show the people what they've got in the way of natural wealth, and what they must do in order to get material results from it? Put it simply, and they'll see it, and they'll no longer be this foolish doubt of our ability to meet our national obligations.

"So," concluded Mr. Wells, "I went home and wrote a pamphlet along these lines. It was fortunate it attracted wide attention. I had letters of thanks from statesmen in the federal administration. I was told that what I had written had at last opened the eyes of the people. Perhaps it did. At any rate, I know that I enjoyed immensely writing that little essay on the subject that has always been near and dear to me."

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Orientals' Notion of Paradise.

Russia, in deciding to claim a foothold in Persia, shows a desire to gain possession of what the Orientals regarded as an earthly paradise. For so the country watered by the Zarafshan or Sharezand river was anciently dubbed—"Zarafshan" in Persian means what it was supposed to be to the countryside, "Gold-spreader." Gold, that is, meaning the scatterer of gold no longer. The irrigation works of the Russians in Samarcand are drying up the river and depopulating the country. Bokhara in English stands for "Eastland," but in spite of the remoteness which the name suggests, it has played a conspicuous part in the history of the world from the times of Genghis Khan to the announcement of yesterday. The city of that name does not believe in town planning, many of its streets being scarcely wide enough to let a camel through.

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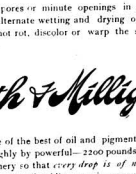

The Function of Paint

is to seal the pores or minute openings in a surface so that alternate wetting and drying or heat and cold cannot rot, discolor or warp the surface out of shape.

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paint is made of the best of oil and pigment combined thoroughly by powerful—400 pounds pressure—machinery so that *every drop is of uniform consistency.* The oil oxidizes on air exposure and with the pigment forms a leathery film which effectively seals every minute opening in the surface, and protects it from the weather.

Cheap paint is made of doctored oil and cheap, coarse pigment, ineffectively "stirred together" forming a loosely combined mixture. The oil, on air exposure, evaporates and leaves the pigment without a binder to be washed away by the first rain. So, to protect your property, you must paint it again.

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