BARRINGTON REVIEW

ESTABLISHED 1888

M. T. LAMEY, Editor and Publisher

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All communications should be addressed to the

BARRINGTON REVIEW

Tel. 403 BARRINGTON, ILL.

THURSDAY, JULY 14, 1910

Eat Little Meat In Summer.

The amount of food devoured is IMMENSELY BEYOND any needs or demands of the physical system. The best of the body must always be sustained at nearly 100 degrees. In summer we have only to combat a few degrees of lower temperature, but in winter by food and clothing we must raise the body heat from zero outside of 40 to 100 degrees above zero inside of it.

It plainly will not do to eat in summer as we do in winter, as much or of the same kind of food, if we consider heat alone.

But in summer we live, as a rule, more active lives and generate soft superfluous heat with great ease and rapidity, while the surface of the body is covered by perspiration.

It is probable that most people digest and assimilate and dispose of waste SO MUCH BETTER IN THE WINTER SEASON that they eat more than in winter and need to do so. The kind of foods used should, however, be very unlike. It is almost impossible in summer to eat too much of ripe fruits, while of meats very few should eat large amounts in warm weather.

Meat should not be cooked in summer as much as in winter.

Sleep on the Veranda.

If you cannot camp out in hot weather, SLEEP ON YOUR VERANDA. Fresh air twenty-four hours a day will preserve youth or restore it. A Nantucket hammock or a cot and a few yards of mosquito netting will make you comfortable.

Napoleon's Grit

was of the unconquerable, never-say-die kind, that you need most when you have a bad cold, cough or lung disease. Suppose troubles, cough syrups, cod liver oil or doctors have all failed, don't lose heart or hope. Take Dr. Kings New Discovery. Satisfaction is guaranteed when used for any throat or lung trouble. It has saved thousands of hopeless sufferers. It masters stubborn colds, obstinate coughs, hemorrhages, la grippe, croup, asthma, hay fever and whooping cough and is the most safe and certain remedy for all bronchial affections. 50c $1.00. Trial bottle free at all Druggists.

Poor Time for Pun.

"No matter how the case goes," said a court employee at the trial of a man named Lustig, when the case went to the jury, "the accused man will al ways be merry." When a verdict of guilty was announced and the prisoner showed signs of collapse the man was reminded of his prediction and said: "He is merry still, and will be to the end, for Lustig is the German word for merry or jolly."

Women Ahead.

As women, we should not quarrel with our horizon, nor should we shrewdly arraign poor man because he has civilized us at his expense. We must realize simply that emotionally we are centuries ahead of him, and that we shall have to wait patiently for him to grow up and meanwhile moderate our steps to his just as we do when we take the baby out for an airing.—Woman's Life

Those Pies of Boyhood

How delicious were the pies of boyhood. No pies now ever taste so good. What's changed? the pies? No. Its you You've lost the strong, healthy stomach, the vigorous liver, the active kidneys, the regular bowels of boyhood. Your digestion is poor and you blame the food. What's needed? A complete toning up by Electric Bitters of all organs of digestion—Stomach, Liver, Kidneys, Bowels—Try them. They'll restore your boyhood appetite and fairly saturate your body with new health, strength and vigor. 50c at all Druggists.

A Comfort in Illness.

The adaptability of the telephone to special conditions is shown in many ways, but in no case is it appreciated more than at the bedside when the patron is confined to his room through illness or accident.

CHICAGO TELEPHONE COMPANY.

Aunt Pardon's Scheme

By LAWRENCE ALFRED CLAY

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When Aunt Pardon arrived at the home of her sister in a New England village on a certain date she was met at the depot by her niece, Miss Jean Travers, who had tears in her eyes. When she reached the house she was kissed by her sister, who had tears in her eyes. A little later she was welcomed by Mr. Travers, who looked glum and determined.

It did not take the little old woman more than half an hour to discover that something in that family was out of joint, and to demand an explanation. She was told to get ready to hear something awful.

Miss Jean had been away to school in Boston. She knew that, because, being rich, and because Miss Jean was her favorite, she was paying the bills. What had the girl done, on her third term of schooling, and just as she had arrived at that point where she could almost ask for gumdrops at the store in French, had fall in love?

She had not only fallen in love with a young man, but she had failed to notify her parents by special delivery letter. Propriety was broken as a rule of the school. On her arrival there, she had been told in the plain, if not plain English that under no circumstances must she fall in love with a man, either old or young, while to write or receive a note was an offense so heinous that it could not possibly be overlooked. All this was as nothing to what was to come. Aunt Pardon must square herself in her chair and keep from falling away. If she could.

Miss Jean had written notes—little pink notes. She had received notes—little robin's-egg notes. And some of those notes had got into the hands of Miss Bonneset, the president of the school, and by her had been sent to Miss Jean's parents. And now the earth was about to tremble. Aunt Pardon would tremble with the earth.

Miss Jean had been caught when on the verge of eloping with the young man aforesaid. She had her window up, and was about to descend a rope ladder when she was seized and hauled back. She was talked to for the rest of the night and sent home next morning. It was the most flagrant case Miss Bonneset had encountered in her fifty years of maidenhood, and she must make a shining example of the guilty party.

There it was, and what had Aunt Pardon to say about it? Had she ever, in her whole life, heard of such a thing? She replied that she had—just one case, and she knew exactly the remedy for it. Then, in turn, she asked what was the matter with the young man. Neither father nor mother could exactly tell, and Miss Jean had locked herself in her room.

The fact of the matter was that Mr. Travers had been speculating and made a lot of money, and was going to keep on speculating and making more, and for the honor of the family he wanted the daughter to make a good match. There was no reason why she shouldn't marry a lord instead of an adventurer. Other girls had done it, and why shouldn't Jean?

The girl's story, told amid tears and in the privacy of her room, differed somewhat. Yes, she had written and received notes, but he was such a lovely young man! There was a rope ladder, but one of the girls had dared her to descend it. Perhaps she might have met the young man and told him to go away, but she certainly had no thought of eloping.

"Do you know what I'm going to do?" asked Aunt Pardon of the head of the family after a day or two. "I'm going to take Jean and go down to Atlantic City for a month. I need the sea air, and she needs to forget this young man. I've heard that girls are always from ten to fifteen lords hanging around there, and I'll bet my old shoes she captures one of them. There'll be your money and my money behind her, and she'll go off like hot cakes. The biggest relative we've got is only a member of the legislature, and I believe they are investigating him for, grafting. I'd kind of like to be sure of something to a lord to see how it seems."

Miss Jean was ordered to make ready for the trip. She demurred a little and shed a few tears. She wasn't told in so many words that it was an excuse to further separate her from her young man, but she figured out things pretty well for herself. She might have jumped off the barn or down the well and made her parents lots of trouble, but when the time came she went along as docile as Mary's little lamb.

Aunt Pardon was a hustler. If her sex had had the right to vote she would have been governor of the state years before. Four hours after reaching Atlantic City she was promenading the boardwalk looking for a lord. Miss Jean wasn't. She was still demurely unpacking. She had been chastened, and it was not for her to go galloping around like a young colt.

For three days Aunt Pardon looked for her lord. She got all the papers and scanned the hotel arrivals. She didn't find one, but she was not discouraged.

On the fourth day, after considerable argument, she persuaded Miss Jean into a promenade. It was for the girl's health. It was also to show her off to the sight of any stray lord. At one point of the walk the railing had been carried away by the waves kicked up by a heavy storm. The drop down was twelve feet, and pedestrians hugged the far side in passing. Aunt Pardon can't remember to this day just how the thing came about. Of a sudden, Miss Jean was seized with vertigo and went staggering toward the gap. Several persons screamed. The aunt was petrified. An old man waved his cane. She must have taken the drop but for the young man who rushed forward and caught her and swung her to safety. He didn't wait for thanks. He thrust his card into Aunt Pardon's hand and modestly disappeared. The vertigo disappeared at the same time, and Miss Jean did not require the assistance to get back to the hotel.

"If he isn't a lord then I'm an old turtle," said Aunt Pardon to herself as she looked at the name on the card. "It says Guy Livingston, but that of course is his incog. Nobody but a lord could have jumped in the way he did. Oh, he seemed to be waiting right there for the chance to do something heroic. That's where lords differ from other folks. I didn't see him write the name of his hotel on the card, but here it is, and he must receive a note of gratitude and an invitation to call."

Such a note was written. It was written by Miss Jean, and she concealed her blushes as she wielded her pen. And that she hummed to herself! It was her first hum for many days.

The 'incog' called. He was a gentleman, he was good-looking, he was entertaining. He didn't say right out that he was a lord, but he couldn't fool sharp old Aunt Pardon. He was asked to call again, and he said he would be charmed. He did call, and one day, a month later, Aunt Pardon sat down to write a letter to her brother-in-law in New England, and among other things she said:

"You speculated and lost all you made, eh? Well, I've made a fool of myself, too. That incog lord I wrote about has turned out to be the very chap Jean was going to elope with. She must have got into down here. He says he's bound to marry her, and she says she'll drown herself if he can't marry him, and as he has more money than both of us put together, and has no relative under investigation for graft in the legislature, I guess we'd better make the best of it.

"P. S.—It's all in knowing when you are licked."

"P. P. S.—We are licked!"

"He Thrust His Card into Aunt Pardon's Hand."

LODGING IN 16TH CENTURY

Traveler at That Time Was Greatly Benefited by Carrying His Own Bedding.

Often before the inn came in sight, the traveler would see his Italian host. Sometimes the host would have touts as far away as seven or eight leagues to buttonhole foreigners, carry their luggage, procure anything, and behave with the utmost servility—till the morning of departure. E. S. Bates says in the Atlantic. But with all this, to expect them to provide clean sheets were to expect too much, and as the nation was grievously afflicted with the itch, it was desirable for the visitor to carry his own bedding. In many cases, we find the tourist sleeping on the table in his clothes to avoid the dirtiness of the vermin of the bed. Still, in Italy, as a rule, you shared your bed with these permanent occupants only. In Spain you were sure to do so; one man, one bed, was the custom there. In Germany the custom was just the reverse; in that, if the tourist did not find a companion for himself, the host chose for him, and his bedfellow might be a gentleman, or he might be a carter; all that could safely be prophesied about him was that when he came to bed he would be drunk. The bed would be one of several in a room; the covering, a quilt warm enough or be too warm for summer and narrow enough to leave one side of each exposed in winter. That is, supposing there were beds.

Saws Wood; Says Nothing.

The quiet man always gets through more work than the noisy one.—Ervet Slight.

VOTE FOR

L. C. PRICE

I I

Candidate for Republican Nomination for

County Treasurer

Primaries, Thursday, September 15. Polls open from 6 a. m to 5 p. m. tf

H. W. FERRY

Supervisor of Benton

Candidate for

County Clerk

of Lake County

Primaries, Thursday, Sept. 15, 1910 tf

I wish those not knowing me to be advised that I am City Treasurer at Waukegan, and believe am qualified for the office I am seeking.

Thanking you for any support given me

CARL P. WESTERFIELD

Republican Candidate for

County Treasurer

Primaries September 15, 1910. tf

Miles T. Lamey

Candidate for

County Clerk

of Lake County

Subject to the Republican Primaries to be held September 15, 1910.

The Barrington Chocolate Shop.

Home-made Ice Cream and Candies. Cigars, Tobaccos and Fruits Ice Cream furnished for all social functions. $1.00 per gallon; two quarts, 50c; 1 quart 30c. Special prices on 10 gallon lots or over. Order your Brick Ice Cream, 35c.

Gus Pulos, Proprietor. Telephone 421.

Say Mr. Farmer

HOW much of your corn rotted in the shock or stack last winter? How much time did you spend figuring it out of the ice and water? A silo would have saved all the crop with half the labor and would have fed more than one-third more cows. It is estimated that an acres of average corn will feed thirty-three cows for six months. In every large dairy district the farmers are seeing the advantages of the silo. The round stave silo can be erected at a moderate cost. The Bushnell Hinge-Door Silo is made in one o' the most up-to-date plants in the country, by the latest improved machinery. The mechanical construction is correct, and its record as a perfect silage keeper serves to substantiate its claim to having no equal—in a class by itself—the silo pre-eminent.

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Barrington

SAT. JULY 16

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The Girl and the Stampede

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Prof. Lasky's Cowboy Band and Orchestra.

Band Concert at 12, 7:30

Performance at night only.

ADULTS, 25c; CHILDREN, 15c

N. B. This show exhibits at Sycamore, July 12; Genoa, 13; Hampshire, 14; Dundee, 15. Have your telephone central call up any of the cities and ask about the show.