BARRINGTON REVIEW

ESTABLISHED 1885

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BARRINGTON REVIEW

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THURSDAY, APRIL 13, 1911.

EXAMPLE WORTH FOLLOWING.

New Hampshire legislators are discussing a bill making it a fineable offense to "rubber" over the telephone, where there are several parties on one line. It will cost $10 to take down a receiver when someone else is talking and listen to private conversations. One of the members of the house says that down in his district they have named it "Tattle Corners," because of the gossip the neighbors catch over the line.

"Tattle Corners" is a name that could well be applied to localities nearer home than New Hampshire. Would it be a blessing in our own neighborhood if Springfield would pass a law of this sort?

PRETTY VARIETY OF TULIPS

Shoulders Grows to Height of 18 or 20 Inches With Flowers Measuring Two Inches Across.

Some varieties of tulips are well adapted to the flower pot. The Clipsteen grows to a height of 18 or 20 inches, with a slender stem. The flowers are long and narrow and the silver sometimes measures two inches across. This variety is of the funnel

Single Vallow Tulip.

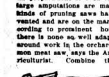
form with bright lemon-yellow flowers, with light shading of green or purple, sometimes streaked with pink. It is very fragrant and when properly cultivated is one of the most beautiful of all the tulip family.

The tulip is easy to cultivate, as it thrives well in either heavy or light soil. It does better, however, in rather light soil, well drained and fairly rich. Those grown in heavy, black soil produce smaller flowers and the colors are not nearly so bright.

EQUIPMENT FOR AN ORCHARD

May Implement So Well Adapted for Pruning as Common Hand Saw With Swivel Arrangement.

Every progressive orchardist has a surgery equipment for his orchard. The deterioration of an orchard can be checked materially by the use of sharp implements for pruning operations and the application of paint, cold tar preparations or even cement when large amputations are made. Many kinds of pruning saws have been invented and are on the market, but according to prominent horticulturists there is none so well adapted for all around work in the orchard as a common meat saw with a swivel blade attachment. Combine the regular



Various Pruning Implements.

butcher's saw with a swivel arrangement at various angles and you will have the ideal orchard pruning saw.

Electric Kissing.

There seems to be another new thing in electricity. The little manicure girl in one of the recent plays says to her admirer: "Yes, you did like me! You kissed me seven times—four times direct and three times alternating."

Reflection of the Mind.

The whole countenance is a certain chart language of the mind.—Cicero.

AUNT PENELOPE MAN-HATER

By JOHN PHILLIP ORTH

My Aunt Penelope is peculiar. She hates men. When I went to visit her "The Hayfields," as she calls her remote little home, I knew that I would not be a man. She is also averse to newspapers; consequently I prepared for a month of starvation. I was sure, too, but whirlwinds always seem to be in my wake, and the night I arrived things began to happen as they kept right on happening.

Aunt Penelope—of course—that Aunt Penelope had adopted came down with scarlet fever and we were all quarantined, which struck me as rather humorous, for we never saw anywhere, and no one ever came past "The Hayfields"—the road ending in a cow path.

I thought maybe I would have the diversion of a flirtation with the country doctor, but Aunt Penelope sent for a woman doctor.

On the day the quarantine was lifted I was the first arrival. I came into a wide swirlpool and then to a bridge on which was a rustic seat. I sat down and drew a deep breath of the scene and thought on a book which I had brought with me, but the day was scenery inverted reverse.

I was far away in a beautiful castle of the air when I heard a tramping sound, a rush and loud shouting. I jumped to my feet! Was I asleep, or out of my mind? From the woods beyond wave succeeded hundreds of men in uniformed rows, while down the road came long files of blue uniforms, head a bugle, ringing orders shouted, and long lines of rifles.

I didn't know which way to go or what to do, so I went to the middle of the bridge and sometime later, when the troops with their thundering, roaring rack, Everything was turning black before my eyes when a long, lean man in the front rank leaped ahead, caught me up with a strong

Was I Asleep or Out of My Mind.

right arm and set me down on the Twelve just before the opposing forces met on the bridge.

In the midst of my terror I was vaguely conscious of my rescuer's glances with the two bars.

"What is it?" I gasped. "What does it all mean?"

"It means that we must take this bridge, and we must hold it right now," he answered, briskly.

"No," I answered, weakly. "You see, there I live—all alone—The Hayfields—we never hear anything, and there are no newspapers, and we've been quarantine, so I didn't know there was a war."

He looked at me oddly.

"Walk on a little distance and rest under that rock," he advised after go back now."

Breathless, on the verge of exhaustion, with unsteady limbs I reached "The Hayfields" and sank trembling fingers fumbled at the door.

Aunt Penelope, as I said, faintly, "there's war! The armies are right here. I got into a battle on the bridge. I would have been killed but a captain caught me and bore me away! I was in a battle, in my life. Oh, I can't tell you! It was awful!"

I sank into a chair and Aunt Penelope took my hot, trembling hands.

"She's got the fever," I heard her mutter.

"What alls her?" asked the servant, Susan Hannah, who was dead.

"She's out of her mind," called my aunt. "She thinks she's in a battle."

"It was!" I insisted. "The captain said so. He had to leave me to care for the wounded and dying men. Oh, If we could only get a newspaper we'd know what was going on in the world."

"You come to bed," said my aunt, sternly.

I was so tired and so frightened I didn't care whether I was believed or not.

It was sunset time when I awoke. I heard Aunt Penelope yelling to Susan Hannah:

"Dr. Elvereta Hodges has gone on a week's vacation. I have sent to a town for a doctor—any doctor. I suppose it will have to be a man! Brother Henry wouldn't be so fussy if he didn't have a doctor."

Presently I heard a deep, manly voice below and Aunt Penelope exclaimed: "Sal! The doctor!"

She ran downstairs and I heard Susan Hannah come to meet her.

"It's the doctor, but he's in a uniform and he's gone in a swirl! Anyhow there is war!"

I was so excited and so expectant I sat up in bed, a vivid flash spreading from neck to brow and my eyes glowed.

In a few moments Aunt Penelope came in, leading the doctor, followed by—my captain-surgeon!

"You see, She's out of her head!" warned Aunt Penelope.

"I am not!" I declared hin, indignantly. "I told her about the war and how you saved me from being killed, and so she thought I was delirious and sent me to bed. I went to sleep because I was so tired from running. Do tell us about the war and what it is about!"

"Nonsense!" snorted my aunt. "It's an escapement of the Hayfield regiment troops and it was a sham battle, or a maneuver, or something of that sort that you saw."

"It was a lovely one, anyway," I said, sentatiently, thinking it too good to be true that so many men were in proximity to "The Hayfields."

Meantime the military surgeon was feeling my pulse and looking keen into my eyes.

"Bad—temperature," he said to my aunt. "Long excitement and bright were too much for her nerves. May I have a glass of water and a spoon?"

When she had left the room I reminded him that I was too ill, only frightened.

"I was might be ill," he said, earnestly, "and you know the old adage about prevention. Moreover, I shall be in camp tomorrow to see how you are, and maybe by the next day a sign of the fever detected."

"Your prescriptions are promising" he said, as Aunt Penelope came back with pen to come? Who told you I was ill?"

"I met a man headed for town, and he told me he was going to fetch a doctor. Everything was turning black before my eyes when a long, lean man in the front rank leaped ahead, caught me up with a strong right arm and set me down on the Twelve just before the opposing forces met on the bridge.

"Yes," I replied faintly, hearing Aunt Penelope's approaching step.

After he had administered a seemingly harmless medicine and had left a few instructions, he took his leave, leaving my aunt that he would call in the morning.

Aunt Penelope seemed so agitated that my conviction wavered and I was on the point of confessing to the deceptions of my malady when she was called from the room. Susan Hannah immediately seized the leading current one.

"Sam sent: she said in a stage whisper: 'is all broke up.'

"What is it" I asked.

"Why ain't you never heard tell about her being crossed in love when she was young?"

"No" I exclaimed, interestedly finding at last the reason for her antipathy to men.

Well, she was, and him a soldier, too. Seemed mighty fond bring it here."

"In Civil war?"

"In Civil war!" scornfully exclaimed Susan Hannah. "Was the war with Cuby, of course. Your aunt's only thirty-five."

Only!" I thought, with a shudder. "I've deceived her, and she said she was a never gain to her nuthin' to do with men folks, and she never lied. Why, I'm as good as dead."

I had enough new food thought to keep awake that night, but I imagine my military surgeon just a little sleep indeed, and in his universe I slept until morning. I arose and dressed in most beautiful gown and went reverently down to breakfast.

Kathleen are you sure you are all right?" asked my aunt.

I assured her that I was, but I thought I looked pale and I was afraid the physician came in riding boots and spurs and Aunt Penelope seemingly let me receive him alone, and to my surprise he said:

"You are decidedly better," he approved. "I thought you would be so when I saw you yesterday."

Aunt Penelope's parting admonition was: "Don't let Kathleen go out half an hour, so I want in the house at luncheon time with Susan as to her attitude toward me, but she burst out as soon as I left.

"Captain" she called, sweetly. "He was about to fetch water and carry back and stood at attention, meekly awaiting his sentence.

"I hope," she said, suavely, "that you'll be neighborly while you are in camp entertaining—we can be thankful you come over this evening."

He eyes twinkled, but he eagerly accepted her invitation.

"Is superbearable!" thought Susan Hannah. She was also excited and resorted to the stage whisper, at intervals during the day, when she was in the garden.

"Sam sent after you had left," she said, "he came!"

"Who Who?"

"Why whom do you suppose? Major Lyndon, of course! Sam knew him and he told Major Lyndon about you and spoke of your aunt, so over he came this morning to patch it up. It seems there was one of them mislaid letters or some of them things that happen in books, and he thought you had left and left him in the lurch. It's all fixed fine, and he's a-comin' tonight along with your aunt."

"A call to arms at Hayfields!" I exclaimed, and I began to concoct a salad dressing.

HER SMALL BROTHER

The small brother is a very important factor, for good or evil, to the young man who is engaged in making an impression on his boy's grown-up sister.

Some small brothers are worse than a hundred Egyptian plagues distilled down into one, while some other small brothers are born matchmakers, and thoroughly enjoy helping along the fun of courting.

The small brother frequently elects to entertain the anxious suitor while Mamie Marie gets ready to come down. Getting ready to come down is, with the majority of girls, a herculean undertaking, and consumes a great deal of time and thought, and draws seriously upon the brain power of the young woman who desires to make good impression on her waiting young man.

The anxious suitor may consider himself in luck if the use of his fifty gold her hair into the requisite state of fluffiness, and her ribbons and bows into the regulation state of stylishness in half an hour; and he must possess his soul in patience if she keeps him waiting a full hour before she comes down.

But if there is a small brother to entertain, the time will pass quickly, and he will learn more of the true inwardness of his lady-love's family in that short hour than he would learn in a lifetime of ordinary calling acquaintance.

The small brother collies sitting into his lap and lolls his head against the nervous young man, who is holding his hat as if it were a thing of the greatest appearance of being ready to jump out of the chair in a moment's warning. The small brother is either chewing molasses candy or taffy, or, as the condition of his supplies may be—for a boy is a great deal more at home when he is well fed—full.

The expectant suitor is anxious to propitiate the small brother, and he addresses him with: "Hello, Jimmy! Pine morning for skating, isn't it?"

"Yes. It's too sloppy. Say! you don't skate much, I guess. Girls said you couldn't keep on your feet, and was afraid ter strike out. Said you looked like a grasshopper on ice. Huh! There's new shoes, ain't they? Ain't big enough, is they? I'll bet yer feet ache. Guess Mame'll smell new leather when she comes down. Say! did you notice her ear Mame or Gussie? Ma said she'd bet you'd git all you'd bargained for if you took Mame. Pa he said for her ter bite nip. Say! don't you want ter chew my gum while I eat this apple? I don't want it ter git cold. Cause I gits little scorcer. Mame said if I'd keep out of the room tonight she'd give me lots of couple sugar when Tom Fletcher brings her some. Tom he's awfully sweet on Mame. Say! what do that mean Mame don't want me ter see? You're courtin' her, ain't ye? Mame she's got some powdery white stuff that she puts on her ears, ter slick 'em down, and you'll git some of it in yer coat collar if you don't watch out. Mame's ears. I got jawed ter ma, and Mame she brushed it off. I saw her. I was hid behind the winter curtain. Pa he told him she guessed he'd been leaning up against the wall. Say! I guess he had, too.

Ma says she dunno whether Mame likes Tom Fletcher or John Perkey best. Tom's got an awful big house, but John's freest with chocolate and ice cream. It's funny how people's dodgeated dodge. He says your roller skates hurt the soles of his feet—how does it wan your ears? When I'm a man I'm goin' ter be able ter tell roller skis to see how it feels to be sawed down—you can't swell burned! I do know I'm crippla here, and she's a-crutched her curls. That's cause she's hurt her. She wouldn't come out that day I told under the sofa and you told her how I'd folded stuff about being the pins of your existence, and the queen of your life—your dear little bird. I told Gussie and George Latt. me of it, too. Gussie she done tell Mame what she hoping." George he said you was always a-sittin' on the sofa when he was a-a-a-