BARRINGTON REVIEW

ESTABLISHED 1885

M. T. LAMEY, Editor and Publisher

Published every Thursday afternoon at Barrington, Illinois, and entered as second-class matter at the Barrington postoffice.

Subscription price $1.50 per year in advance. Advertising rates made known upon application.

All copy for advertisements must be received before Wednesday noon to insure publication in that weeks issue.

Cards of thanks, resolutions of condolence and all notices of entertainments given for pecuniary benefit must be paid for.

All communications should be addressed to the

BARRINGTON REVIEW

Tel. 403 BARRINGTON, ILL.

THURSDAY, APRIL 26, 1917.

MR. MICKEY'S LETTER.

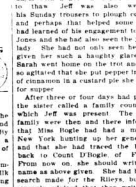
We are publishing in this issue a letter from Robert Mickey, a resident of this community, in which he censures Representative Louis J. Dupre, for his attitude in the Lorimer case as shown in a letter from him which we recently published.

We wish it to be understood that in publishing these letters we are not endorsing either the one side, or the other, but are merely opening our columns to these men as a means by which they may give public expression to their opinions. We have ourselves closely followed the Lorimer case as presented in the metropolitan dailies, but it would be too large a task for us to review all of the evidence and arguments in the REVIEW, and in addition comparatively useless, as most of our readers are as well, some of them perhaps better informed in the matter of current events, than to us that now the best time for we, of what Mr. Mickey calls the rank and file, to express our opinions is at the voting booths in November 1917 and 1918. Let us then not forget when that time comes.

MILK CART THAT IS CURIOUS

Device Resembles Life-Sized Cow in Which Product Is Stored and Kept at Right Temperature.

A curious idea for milk carts is contained in a patent, applied for in 1898, says the Popular Mechanics, but what it is intended for is told by the inventor himself: "My invention is a new and useful improvement in milk refrigerators and delivery apparatus, and has for its object the provision of a device that resembles a life-sized cow, in which milk may be stored and kept at a proper temperature, and from which it may be drawn as occasion requires after the manner of milking a cow. Within the body are receptacles or compartments, each of which is provided with a cover and adapted to contain the desired quantity of milk. By the use of two receptacles two qualities of milk may be stored at the same time, such as sweet milk and buttermilk. In the bottom of each of the receptacles is located a valve having a spring for normally holding it in place, so as to prevent the drawoff cock of the milk. Each of the teats has a toggle-lever



Cow Gives Ice-Cold Milk

connected to a lift-rod, and when the latter is raised the valve is lifted and the milk flows out of the teats. Its proper manipulation of this device a realistic representation may be had of the milking of a cow.

"The portion of the body of the imitation cow not occupied by the milk receptacles is utilized for the storing of ice to maintain the milk at a proper temperature. The imitation cow stands riveted to a wagon platform and its drawn through the streets in the same manner as an ordinary milk cart."

Political Economy.

"I hope you did not accept any money from the interests in the state legislature." "Nope," replied Farmer Corntossel; "the bargain-counter rate the bosses offer now isn't even a temptation."

Where She Stood.

"Are you a friend of the groom's family?" asked the usher at a church wedding. "I think not," replied the lady addressed; "I'm the mother of the bride"—Yonkers Statesman.

Who Ever Did?

It is a goodly thing to die with the blessed consciousness of never having taken advantage of another's infirmity, or poverty, or Ignorance—Heart Purveyor.

Their Lottery Ticket

By JAMES HULBURT

Farmer Riley was a plain, hard working man and his wife was a plain, hard-working woman. As for Jeff Sanson Riley, usually called "Jeff," he put on more style than the old folks, but the neighbors admitted that he was a horse to work and had sense in his head.

Jeff Riley had been engaged to Farmer Jones' daughter, Sarah, for two months and all parties interested were satisfied with the match when an event happened. The Riley family received a letter from Mrs. Riley's sister in Wisconsin, saying that she was coming on a visit. Her name was Dogle, and as she was a very old and had never married, she properly came under the head of a spinster. The sisters had not met for years, but it was understood that Miss Dogle, who had quite an income of her own, put on more or less style.

During the ensuing two weeks the parlor bedroom had its walls and ceiling white-washed, a new pair of chintz curtains hung at the window and the legs of the stand and bureau glued on. New leather hinges were put on the front gate and the house and the pen were treated to coats of white. The house was ready as could be and the family was holding its breath when Sister Dogle finally arrived from the distant railroad station. She had been advised that if she would set a date the farmer would meet her with his ox team and farm wagon, but she had not arrived. She had come on a hack instead—the first vehicle of the kind ever seen so far from town. Mrs. Riley had prepared herself for hugging and kissing and "oh, my!" but there was nothing of the kind. Miss Bogle did shake hands, but in a lofty pumpkandle way and a minute later she announced that she didn't believe she could possibly stand her Kirmonnings over two days in the country.

For the first time in his life Jeff Riley was ashamed of wearing a blue patch on the broadest part of a pair

"And Jeff, Here, Has Become Jefferson, Jr."

of gray trousers, and although he kept the said patch covered as much as he could he was made to feel that he was a poor and humble worm of the dust. It was two days before the newly arrived relative thawed out to any extent. Perhaps this was the two days, with a hot wave, and she had to thaw. Jeff was also wearing his Sunday trousers to plough and pitch and perhaps that helped some. She had learned of his engagement to Miss Jones and she had also seen the young lady. She had not only seen her, but Jeff had given her such a hospitably plain Sarah went home on the trot and was so agitated that she put pepper instead of cinnamon in a custard pie she baked for supper.

After three or four days had passed the sister called a family council at which Jeff was present. The Riley family were then and there informed that Miss Bogle had had a man in New York hunting up her genealogy and that she had traced the Bogles back to Count D'Bogle of Spain. From now on, she should write her name as above given. She had had no search made for the Rileys, but she strongly advised that they write and call it Riley after this. She herself had called it that way to the man who drove the hack and thought he had scratched his ear and seemed puzzled, he had not asked any impertinent questions. They Jeff got it straight in the neck. How could a Rayle, who was a direct descendant of a D'Bogle, mix himself up with such common people as the Jones? He must give Sarah Jones the cold shoulder or become a social outlaw. There must be no more hanging out at the farm gate. Sarah had freckles. Her nose was sunburned. She had got of a tan call. She didn't know how to retire backwards from a room. She had no soul above chickens and pigs. The mesalliance would cover the D'Bogle family with obloquy and forever disgrace the Rayles.

At this point Jeff spoke up to his very amazement, and said he had always thought it took money to put on airs and uphold a great name, but it should be. He was willing enough to be a Rayle and he didn't know that that he could be led to give Sarah Jones the clammy hand, but, what about the long green to maintain his position? This brought his maiden sister to the point. She could be a D'Bogle on her income and she had taken the proper steps to see the money was safeguarded. She had bought a lottery ticket a few days before leaving home and the agent had not only assured her that she would draw the capital prize of half a million dollars, but she had dreamed for three successive nights that she had done so. There was no such thing as failure, she was willing to divide up. The Riley family should come out of obscurity and wear diamonds and ride in carriages. They could not call themselves the D'Rayles, but they could pass muster and avoid making slips in grammar by sitting up very stiffly and saying little or nothing.

Plain Farmer Riley and his plain wife were glad to hear that their working days were over, though rather doubtful of the swell they would cut, but Jeff was enthusiastic. No more blue patches for him. No satin stiffie nails any more in place of buttons. No plowing corn when he could have a negro driving him around the country. He had always prided himself on his plain speaking and didn't care much for grammar, but he would go at it and fit himself for high society with a month. As for Sarah Jones, he had asked her to marry him, but that was when he was plain Jeff Riley. Now that he had become Jefferson J. Rayle he must see that there was a difference. She would probably stand in awe of him and be glad to let him go his way and come to the Jones farm next morning to see. He made the excuse that he wanted to make a bee, but sat down in the kitchen where Sarah was washing the breakfast dishes while her mother made the beds. Sarah had been plagued and humiliated by the D'Bogle coat of arms and was ready with a criticism. This opened the subject and gave Jeff opportunity to announce that he was on his mind. As Jeff Riley, working for his father as a hired man at $14 a month and board, he loved her. As Jefferson J. Rayle, neighbor of the D'Bogle and soon to be possessed of a fortune, she must see that he could only be a brother to her. As a brother he would bring her the first cucumbers and the strawberries of the season. And in case of her marriage he should certainly send her a diamond ring or a set of sulky furs. It wasn't his fault that he was no longer to wear that plow patch around and grease his boots with lampblack and pork fat. He was just as humble in spirit as the day before but he must be guided by the D'Bogle family to a certain extent. Sarah continued to sit and to wipe and to listen until he had told his story and then she went to the stair door and called to her mother:

"Say, ma, come down here a minute.

"Well, what's wanted" asked the mother as she descended.

"That withered up old maid over at Jeff's house calls he self D'Bogle. For the land's sake!"

"And Jeff here has become Jeffersons."

"You don't tell me!"

"And the family has become Rayle instead of Riley!"

"Is it possible?"

"And Jeff is going to be a rich man and swell around and he wants a different wife from me."

"Sarah Jones am I awake or dreaming" exclaimed the pretty mother as she moved her chair she intended to sit down on and took the floor instead.

"And as Jeff is going to be a brother to me after this, announced Sarah as she arose.

The mother rose to her feet and went over to the sink and took a dipper of water from the pail. Then she led Jeff by the ear to the door and left him there while she poured the water over his head.

The next two weeks were exciting times for the D'Bogle and the Rayle families. They did little but make plans. The Rayles kept each report and hundred times over, and each time it was pronounced a sure winner. Jeff got a new suit of the Jones family and wore his full Sundays suit, even to feel the hay, and his father and mother got down the Farmer's Almanac and read it over and over again, with a view of improving their language. At length the fatal day arrived. The Rayles had a hired man to do the work of the drawing sent her by mail. It arrived in the afternoon of the day before, and Sarah and Jeff had hasty and beating hearts. It was gone over and over five or six times, and her mother fainted in the night. When this became evident she burst into tears and rushed to her room while father and mother and Jeff sat and looked at each other. Sarah and Jeff counted on his fingers as he said:

"Maybe is one, dad's two, mam's three, and dorn my cats I'm four. Four of the Rayles and Sarah Jones has already picked up two new beaux."

To the Cemetery.

"One sees some queer things on these long Glidden tours," said Cleveland Leader, "and the queerest one that I remember happened to me in Indiana. There was a post office there also a black smith shop and a church and a couple of dozen residences of a hamlet—except the cemetery—were down in a valley out of sight. The burying ground was up on the side of the highway

"We were rolling into town over as fast roads we knew of when we looked up into the cemetery and saw a banner stretched between the monuments. And on that banner in letters that could be read for a mile or two in the air letters the words, 'Welcome Glidden Tourists.'"

DAIRY WINDOW IS IMPORTANT

Practical Arrangement Is Shown In Illustration to Prevent Draft on Cows While In Barn.

Dairy cows should never have a draft on them in the barn, so I had my windows made in such a way that they can be opened from the top, as shown by, says a writer in Farm and Home. The carpenters attached a three-cornered piece to it, at each side of the window to prevent wind coming in from the sides when the window is open. There are cleats, b, on these hooks to hold the windows at the proper place. In the summer I like to have the windows wide open. I don't care that the draft is a draft through the barn so these windows were put in lower and can be opened at one side, as shown by d.

Modern Barn Window.

NOT MERE MILKING MACHINE

Story of Man Who Sought to Make Fortune in Dairy Business Started with Important Cows.

"IN R BUCKHAM:

Among my acquaintances there is one who, a year ago, recently decided to make a trial of furnishing milk for the local market. Having attended only several short branches of agriculture without having achieved any great success at any one of them, he determined to attempt this, make one more play for favor at the hands of Dame Fortune.

For a start, he purchased half a dozen cows of condescript extraction and set himself up in the business of a milk farmer. His idea seemed to be that all he had to do was to feed a little grain and hay to these animals, eight and nine months of the year, receive an abundant supply of milk, the equivalent of ten times and more in value.

He before he had been at it long he found that he had made a mistake in his calculations, somewhere. The account was running against him, instead of in his favor. He was playing a losing game once more.

"What was the trouble? Simply this, that he had misjudged animal nature, in one respect at least. There is no such thing as a milk machine patented or unpatented that, which you can pass hay or grain at one end at your pleasure, and pull a value equal to that of milk from another, in four fancy. At any rate, a cheap, worthless cow is not such a machine, and cannot be made over into one. These sly cows turned out to be just ordinary, barren, quantity milkers, a half ten and eighteen upon any man who undertook to make a business out of them. And now they are for sale, away below what he paid for them, but are a poor bargain at that.

Capacity of Swiss Cow.

It is claimed a well-bred Swiss cow weighing 1,200 pounds, fed on the rich nutritious mountain grasses, will give an average ten quarts of milk per day for ten months or 700 to 800 gallons, besides raising a thrifty calf.

DAIRY NOTES

Dry cows and poor cows are two cows that dairymen should steer clear of.

Breed your favorite breed in a man ner that will conform to the local requirements.

Successful dairying is like riding a wheel if you don't keep moving you will fall off.

No dairyman can afford to grow timothy hay on land that will yield good crops of clover.

Let every cow stand on her own individual merits and not live on the reputation of her sire.

The dairy cows are our best friends on the farm and contribute most to the road to impoverishment.

Cleanliness in the dairy business is more a matter of inspiration than education in sanitary methods.

Individual feeding is the only safe guide to follow in selecting a ration for dairy cows.

In figuring up the profits from the cows that are fed and cared for neglect to include the labor bill.

Moistening the hands either with water or saliva before milking is only a habit, and not a good one at that.

It is impossible to secure the pail of feeding grain and supplemental forage crops until everything in the pasture is exhausted.

The true value of the cow depends not on herself alone, but on her breeding, shelter and functional action of the organs of nutrition.

Any dairy cow of any breed should give her own weight in milk each month for at least six months, and an extra good cow will do better.

The point are the basis on which the dairy business rests at the present time and they are the cows that will continue to do the business with owing to their greater numbers and less cost

¶For Sale—Three and four year old driving colts, also a few shoats. W. E. WEBBE, Phone 1051.

AN INCOMPARABLE LIGHT
A Helper That Never Tires

Are each available at the touch of a button when your home is equipped for electricity. It is luxurious in everything but cost. Electric service is possible to any income under our plan of wiring houses, at cost, 24 months to pay, no interest.

North Shore Electric Co.

SAVE MONEY
USE GAS
FOR
Cooking, Lighting, Heating or Power Purposes

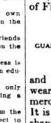
We sell Gas Ranges, Water Heaters, Heaters House Piping, Fixtures and all kinds of Mantle Lights for cash or on terms

Northwestern Gas Light & Coke Co.

1611 Benson Ave., EVANSTON

Phone Des Plaines No. 10 or Evanston No. 90 or postal card will bring our man to your door

JOHN R. VERHOEFF



ROY E. FRANCE

DO YOU WANT TO KNOW

That your Clothes are Faultless, the Style Correct, Fit Perfect, and Patterns Exclusive? If you want to know they are made of Quality Materials, and will give absolute satisfaction?

We'll make you such a Suit from our Exclusive Line of

GUARANTEED **"Shackamaxon"** FABRICS

TRADE MARK REGISTERED U. S. PATENT OFFICE

and guarantee it to give absolute satisfaction as long as you wear it. **"Shackamaxon" Guaranteed Fabrics** are made for merchant tailors only. You cannot get them in ready mades. It is absolutely guaranteed. If it fades, shrinks, or loses its shape, or any other fault develops either in the fabric or in the making, at any time, we will make it good.

We can show you over 2500 styles of these Latest Exclusive Patterns. If you cannot come to us, let us know, and our representative will come to you with a complete line of samples. Drop us a postal and we will mail you our beautiful samples. 1911 "Shackamaxon" Booklet on correct dress. You will appreciate it and so will we.

Also Other Very Attractive Lines Both Foreign and Domestic. Suits from **$25.00 to $50.00**

Give Us a Trial. No Better Fabrics. Better Tailoring, or Better Values Can Be Had Anywhere

JOHN R. VERHOEFF & CO.

Chicago's Leading Men's Tailors

134 CLARK STREET R. W. COR. MADISON CHICAGO, ILL. | THIRD FLOOR (ON A) | STRAUSS BLDG. (ON A) | Telephone MAIN 5390 WE CLOSE AT 6:30 P. M.