BARRINGTON REVIEW

ESTABLISHED 1885

M. T. LAMEY, Editor and Publisher

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THURSDAY, JANUARY, 18, 1923

ILLINOIS VS. IRRIGATED LANDS.

Every little while the United States government authorities send out to the county press a few columns of interesting (?) matter regarding irrigation, the irrigated states, and the vast sum that the government is spending in such projects.

Irrigation is a wonderful work of course, and by its use many acres of otherwise worthless lands have been made tillable and profit producing, but we do not see the wisdom of exploiting before residents of such a community as surrounds Barrington the great values of far away farm lands when those lands, with all the cultivation and irrigation, do not equal our own Illinois. Many northern Illinois farmers who have heard so much about the productiveness of the irrigated states will probably be surprised to learn that an acre of corn, wheat, oats, barley, rye or flax is of greater value here than in the irrigated states; and the farmer hereabouts does not have to buy water nor lead it around in little creeklets over his farm with a hoe and rubber boots and a bad temper.

Comparing Illinois' 1911 crop with that of Colorado and taking the December farm values as shown by the United States crop reporter the aggregate value of an acre each of the above mentioned crops is more than $14 greater in Illinois than in Colorado.

ON PENNIES IN THE RURAL MAIL BOXES.

Now that the days of winter are again here, it is not at all amiss that the rural route patrons be cautioned not to put pennies in the mail boxes expecting the carriers to accept them in place of stamps. Carriers are no longer required by law to collect loose coins from the boxes for postage. This ruling became a necessity because the time required to collect such coins caused serious delay in the delivery and collection of mail and because of the hardship imposed on carriers when compelled to gather small coins one by one, especially in rain or cold.

According to statistics, each of us is drinking five gallons of beer a year more than we did last year ago. Of course here and there an individual will arise to deny vociferously that he is doing any such thing. It makes no difference, though; if he isn't doing it, some obliging friend is doing it for him.

TESTING HIS STRONG WILL

Conceited Club Man Caught in Attempt to Prove Superiority of His Mental Powers.

At one of the clubs the other day two members were arguing about will power. The conceited man, who was in the habit of boring all present with his pointless tales, said that his will was stronger than his friend's.

"You are wrong there," said the quiet man, "and I will prove it in this way. You go and stand in that corner, and I will will you to come out of it. You will against me, and I bet you that I will have you from that corner before I have commanded you a second time."

The smart one took the bet, and put himself in the corner. The quiet man said, in a commanding voice:—

"Come out of that corner!"

The other grinned and shook his head. The quiet man sat down and looked at him steadily. Five minutes passed, and then the man of will said, with a sneer:—

"Hadn't you better give it up? Don't feel any influence at all, and can't stand here all day long."

"There is no hurry," said the quiet man, "and I have a very comfortable seat. There is no time limit except that you are to come out before I ask you twice, and as I don't intend to ask you again until this day week, I think you will feel the influence before then."

The smart one came out.

Where the Acorns Grow

By Carl Jenkins

(Copyright, 1921, by Associated Literary Press.)

"Just in time for the acorns, my dear," added Miss Molly Durham to her welcome to her school chum, Miss Cathy Dalton, of the city, as the latter reached the railroad depot at Rensaveret.

"Oh, are there acorns?"

"Pecks and pecks of them—nice acorns—sweet acorns—acorns falling on you—and a you kick around in the dead leaves!"

"And I never saw one, except in a picture!"

"And there's a man!"

"You can't mean it!"

"But I do. He's a young man!"

"Better and better!"

"He's a mysterious young man, with black eyes and curly hair."

"Oh, Molly! I'm so glad I came! So on, quick!"

"I don't know his name. He appeared a week ago in a very mysterious manner."

"How delicious!"

"I was up on the hill after acorns. There's a stream there. I was carrying my hat in my hand and whistling 'Yankee Doodle,' and I had just jumped over a log, and my hair was down, and I know I looked my very worst, when—"

"Yes, when—"

"When I ran right on him—the man—the young man—the mysterious young man."

"And he was gathering acorns?"

"No, he wasn't. He was fishing. Yes, he just sat on a log fishing, and I couldn't see that he had caught a thing."

"And you screamed?"

"Not a scream! Cathy Dalton, do you think I'm a child?"

"Well, he raised his cap to you?"

"No, he didn't. I don't believe he even raised his eyes, though he must have heard me. He just sat there

Her hair was hanging—

like a chump and bobbed his fishline, and he paid no more attention to me than as if I were a goose on the other bank."

"And everybody says you are so handsome!"

"Yes."

"He must be so near-sighted that he can't see the end of his nose. And you had to walk off alone?"

"Yes, but I broke down bushes and clubbed trees to show how I felt about it. Since he was a trespasser on mother's property he might have had the manners to ask me if farmers didn't feed pigs acorns to fatten them. I looked back four times before the bushes hid him, but he sat there humped up just the same."

"And wasn't looking after you?"

"Not a look. There is surely a mystery about him."

"There surely is, but we'll get to the bottom of it. We'll go after acorns this very afternoon, and we'll see if he ignores both of us. He may be suffering from unrequited love, but he shouldn't be a cad about it. Just wait till we march up to him!"

Dwight Felham had graduated as an M. D. at Columbia. His health was not of the best, and he had had a hard time to pull through. Then a friend had said to him:

"Go up the country and find a quiet place to rest. Fish, hunt and loaf. Don't think of hanging out your shingle for weeks yet, and don't fall in love."

And the bearer of the new sheepskin had taken the advice. That is, he had hunted without shooting anything, fished without catching anything, and had escaped the snares of Cupid for two whole weeks when discovered sitting on the log among the green leaves. Or, you be bad seen and heard the whistling girl, but Dr. Pelham was shy—very shy. He hoped to remain unnoticed himself, and he flattered himself that he had. He visited the hill a second time, not in the hope of seeing the same girl, but really to catch a fish or two. He enjoyed the chatter of the squirrels, the voices of the birds and the murmur of the stream, and he felt annoyed when the laughter of two girls suddenly reached his ears. Again he got away, but they were in the path he must take, and he sat down again.

Two minutes later two young ladies appeared on the bank at his left. One was carrying a fishline, and the other was hatless and the stage whisked.

Then they came to a stable into the forest.

Then they threw clubs at the chipmunks!

Then one of them asked is tramps were ever seen in those woods.

Then the other replied that they hadn't better be seen in there if they knew what was good for them. Then both giggled and kicked up the dead leaves and walked away. Dr. Pelham smiled. He was shy, but he knew that screamers were skittish. Ten minutes had passed, and he was smiling indulgently when a fish took his hook. Then a squirrel who had miraculously eluded his leaping distance fell short and came plump down on his head. He was in the midst of trouble when he heard a scream, and before he could locate it one of the girls came tearing through the bushes and halted before him to exclaim:

"Oh, sir, right out there!"

"Yes. What is it?"

"She—she climbed a tree!"

"Well?"

"—I told her not to, but she would do it."

"Yes, she climbed?"

"And she'd get up! I don't know how many hundred feet high when she thought you were coming and—and—"

"Lost her hold and fell?"

"Yes, yes. She's crying and laughing, and I think she has broken her arm. We struggled at you, but we want you to come."

"Most certainly."

It was Miss Cathy Dalton who sat with her back to the oak she had climbed, though there was a bushel of acorns on the ground around her. Yes, it was her right arm that was broken, and that wasn't the worst of it—not with her—not with a good-looking girl, in making her descent she had passed through several scraggly bushes, broken down the hazel bushes and hit the ground with a great jolt. Her hair was hanging—her garments torn—face and hands scratched and one pink ear bleeding from a cut. Even her limpid tears were leaving streaks down her cheeks.

"I'll have to run for help, but I won't be gone long," said Dr. Pelham when he had assured himself of the nature of the injury. And then to Miss Molly, who was also weeping in sympathy:

"Wet your handkerchief in the creek and rub it over her face and forehead and don't get excited over this thing."

In twenty minutes the doctor was back with first aid, and in thirty there was a farmer with his wagon there to convey the patient to the Durham homestead. There was considerable trouble before that, broken arm was set and strapped, and so it was three or four hours after the accident when Miss Molly had opportunity to say to the girl in bed:

"Think you're awfully smart, don't you?"

"What do you mean?"

"To go and climb that tree."

"But you dared me to."

"Dare! I didn't dare you to fall head over heels and break your arm and have a doctor and all that. I'm sorry it's hurts, but I can see your little game."

"Game! Game!"

"Yes, little innocence. You are going to marry the doctor!"

And a year later when Miss Cathy told Miss Molly that she and Dr. Pelham were engaged, there was a "bumpit!" followed by the words:

"Of course you are! Don't I know you fell out of that tree on purpose! Well, I don't like doctors, so you can have him!"

His Connections.

The office boy for one of the largest financial houses in New York recently found a package of valuable papers.

He promptly returned the property to its owner and was told he would be sent a suitable reward.

"And, by the way," said the grateful person, "when you get it to you, send it—" mentioning the address of the firm.

"Why," said the boy, "I'm one of the Daring Dodos Social club, sir."

"Dodos? Social club? Why, what do you mean?"

"Well, sir, we're a branch of the Ananias club."

Kind of Woman That Women Like Best

By DR. GRACE E. CROSS

It would be a difficult task indeed to epitomize in one type the kind of woman that women like. For, not only do the needs of different individuals vary, but a woman's choice of friends changes with the phases of her own development. There are, in woman's nature, two distinct elements, one or the other of which is apt, at some time, to determine the sort of friend she chooses. These are the dependent immature, and the protective or maternal.

Dependence belongs naturally to youth, though it may exist later in unequal friendships. There is a time in the life of nearly every young girl when she looks up to some older woman teacher or friend with an affection which approaches adoration. Upon her conduct she molds her own; her sayings she regards as inspired, and from her counsel, if it be beneficent, she will receive, at this plastic period, an untold influence for good. If the girl becomes a self-reliant woman, this experience passes for all time, but there will always be weak sisters who must cling, if not to a man, then to a woman who possesses the useful attributes of the sturdy oak.

The protective or maternal element naturally belongs to a woman's maturer life. It reaches out to what is weaker than herself. To one who needs help she gladly gives herself, and in the giving comes to love the object of her spiritual bounty. Necessary as is this type of friendship to the ethical economy of the race, a danger lurks therein. There are some women in whom the primitive instinct of self-sacrifice has not yet given way to the saner individualism which counts it wrong to submerge one's own personality in the vain effort to live another's life. It is well to aid and support, but it is essential that a strong woman's friendship for a weaker one shall neither eventuate in futile self-sacrifice nor degenerate into a mere satisfaction in flattering dependence of an inferior.

Grace E. Cross M.D.

FOOD VALUE OF CHESTNUTS

Are Rich in Starch and Fat, Better Than Potatoes and Almost as Good as Bread.

In France much attention is given to the propagating of the chestnut, and the fruit is spoken of with enthusiasm and respect. In French literature, especially in stories for children, the chestnut tree is quite as important a feature as the plum tree in the politics of this country, where we speak lightly of the chestnut and then pay at the rate of $8 a bushel for them. The small French chestnut is called the "chataigne," but the large gat giant chestnut is the "marron." The marron is cultivated extensively in France and Italy, where it is used in large quantities.

"Every soda fountain menu," says the New York Soda Fountain, a trade journal, "has some reference to marrons, and marrons glace are a favorite after-dinner morsel at all the large hotels, yet few people realize that while primarily a dessert delicacy, marrons are an exceedingly wholesome and valuable food. It is not generally known that the fruit of the chestnut tree is nearly as valuable as bread and more valuable than potatoes as a food, being rich in starch and fat."

In some districts of Pennsylvania much attention is now given to the planting of chestnut trees. There are whole acres in Bill counties in Pennsylvania, Brown, Monroe and Morgan, where the marron and the smaller sized chestnuts could be made a source of profit.

"LONG TIME" IS DEFINED

Remark of Governor of North Carolina to Governor of South Carolina Brought Into Court.

The oft-quoted remark of the Governor of North Carolina to the Governor of South Carolina has at last been brought into court, carefully examined, and found not to be so long as some other times. It is probable that it was the exceeding drowsiness of the listener which made it seem long. In a prosecution for the illegal sale of whisky in Alabama, a witness testified that he had bought a pint of liquor of the accused "a short time" before the grand jury returned the indictment against him. It was objected that this evidence did not show that the prosecution had been begun within 12 months after the sale of the whisky, the time limited by statute for beginning a prosecution. In discussing this objection, the Supreme court, in Wilson versus State, of Southern Reporter, 114, after holding that "a short time" might be taken in the connection in which it was used to refer to a period less than 12 months, said, by way of illustration: "The expression 'a long time' would refer to a very different period of duration and have a widely different meaning in ordinary times when used by an archaeologist having reference to the period of existence of the Egyptian pyramids, than when used by the Carolina Governors with reference to the time between drinks." The court may be right, but probably the Governor of North Carolina measured time as recommended by the poet who said: "We live it in feelings, not in figures on the dial."—Colliers'.

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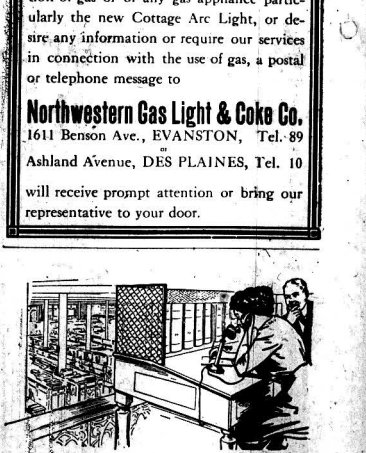

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