

## BARRINGTON REVIEW

ESTABLISHED 1888  
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THURSDAY, JANUARY 16, 1913

**THE CROSSINGS PROBLEM.**  
It should not be a hard thing for the village authorities to secure the two extra watchmen for the Chicago & North-Western railroad crossings which the trustees at their last meeting decided were necessary. The railroad company has only two crossings in this village and pays less to protect them than any of our neighboring towns. The city of Woodstock has even gone so far as to require the company to slow all trains down to 10 miles an hour while passing through that city, and it certainly seems that the railroad company should readily accede to the extremely reasonable request of this village, as it doubtless will.

There can be no complaint concerning the efficiency of the present watchmen, but, after putting in a too long day, they are allowed to go home at just the time when the crossings are really most dangerous—at night when it is early enough for many people to still be about, and several fast trains pass within an hour or two.

The editor of the Review is located where he can observe the main street crossing at all times and we have come to the conclusion that there will never be an accident there as long as the present watchman, John Nagrats, is on duty. If travelers obey his signals, and we are told that Mr. Page, who guards the other crossing, is equally careful. It is, then, between the hours of nine o'clock and eleven, when the watchmen have gone home, people are still using the crossings, and fast trains are still passing, that watchmen are needed, and the trustees propose to ask the railroad company for two extra men, that the hours of the present two may be shortened and still the crossings be guarded from five o'clock in the morning until eleven at night. The present watchmen go on duty at six o'clock and remain until nine, far too many hours for one man to work every day.

Let the action be prompt and let the public give heed to the watchmen and it is probable that the village will remain as free from accidents in the future as it has fortunately been in the past.

Receipt for living a hundred years:  
Work, smile, study, play and LOVE—  
BUT LOVE ON THE SQUARE.

### PREVENT ICY WALKS.

At this season of the year, glary, slippery sidewalks are often the cause of more or less serious accidents, and it would be a good idea for every property owner to sprinkle sand or ashes over all icy walks. The condition of the walks can be blamed upon no one but many accidents can be prevented if these precautions are taken.

If property owners would remember to clean off their walks immediately after each snow storm there would be less chance for ice to form on them, it would make traveling much easier, and the village would present a much better appearance to our visitors. Nothing is more exasperating and discouraging to the man who does keep his walks clean than to be obliged to wade through snow-banks and pass over sloppy or slippery walks in front of the homes of his less public spirited neighbors.

Shoveling and sweeping off the walks is a duty which every property owner owes to himself, his family, his neighbors and to the town.

There are two valuable possessions which no search warrant can get at, which no execution can take away, and which no reverse of fortune can destroy; they are what a man puts into his brain—knowledge; and into his hand—skill.

Money spends money liberally for a good cause.

## UNCLE DICK'S METHOD

By JOHN BRANDON.

Uncle Dick agreed to take care of the baby. Uncle Dick and the baby were good friends.

"I don't see why so much fuss is made about taking care of a child," said Uncle Dick to himself when the mother and aunts had departed. "After a half hour of play with his small charge Uncle Dick was exhausted and wanted to read."

"I want to go out and play in the yard," said the child.  
That suited Uncle Dick.  
"I want my hat," she said.  
"All right. What sort of looking hat is it?"

Uncle Dick did not know the Sunday hat from the every day hat and was afraid to take a chance.

The child decided to write a letter. "Does dear spell dear, Uncle Dick?" "Yes."

"How do you spell Annie, Uncle Dick?" "A-n-n-i-e."

"Dear Annie,"  
That's the kind of dear you mean! That's dear. I told you wrong.

"Dear Annie, we were— How do you spell were, w-e-r-e?"  
Not this time, baby. W-e-r-e this time.

"We were at the park. How do you spell park?"  
P-a-r-k.

"Is that the way all the time?"  
Yes. I don't know of any exceptions. You see, I don't know much about spelling. Spell any old way. I'm going to read.

"Uncle Dick—Uncle Dick!"  
"Yes! What do you want this time?"

"What did mother say she would bring me?"  
"I don't know."

"Yes, you heard her. She said she was going to bring me something."

"Well, I'm sorry, but I've forgotten. You see, I'm not like your mother. I can't act as memorandum book and dictionary, and all that. I'm only plain, ordinary Uncle Dick. I don't know much more than you do."

"Oh, Uncle Dick—Uncle Dick! I'm bloodthirsty!"  
"That so? You don't look it."

"I am! My tooth's loose and it's bleeding and I can taste it. It's fine! I must be bloodthirsty."

"You are descended from pirates."

### THE ILL WINDS.

The wildest winds that ever blew became a gentle breeze at last; the coldest days we worry through no longer chill when they are past. Some day the sun will shine again and we will find the world still fair, and hope and pleasure will remain despite the present ill we bear. The hardest task to which we turn is easy after it is done; through lessons that are hard to learn knowledge we most need is won. The weak, when they are troubled, yield, and fretfully conceal defeat; the strong their fears conceal until their triumphs are complete.

## THE VOICE OF THE PEOPLE

(OPEN TO EVERYONE FOR THE DISCUSSION OF QUESTIONS OF PUBLIC INTEREST)

EDITOR REVIEW: I notice that the village board has taken steps to give towards progress, but while they are about it let us all have protection. In the hours of five to seven a. m. and nine to eleven p. m. You will see that the people in the morning need light as well as flags. The crossings on the E. J. & E. could and should be protected by electric lights and bells. If they are not some accident will be the result. Let us all have protection.  
Yours very truly, SIMON ZIEGLER.

## AMBITION TALKS

BY HARLAN READ

ALL "EASY ROADS TO SUCCESS" LEAD THE OPPOSITE DIRECTION.

Almost without exception the great scholars of the world have been men who have studied continuously from young manhood to old age; and in this class are included both those who were quick and so long that the handless at the start is not a matter of great consequence.

The familiar illustration of Cato, that old Roman philosopher with the large Adam's apple, comes readily to mind here. Cato began the study of Greek at 16 with the poet Ennius, and took up Greek literature again at 33, simply for the sake of keeping his brain in trim.

Henry Clay, brilliant as he was in his youth, did not consider that the real foundation of his future greatness as an orator was laid until at the age of 27 he began the practice of tempering daily upon some current topic, his efforts being witnessed by an audience of cows and hens. And there is many another young orator who ought to do his practicing on the same kind of an audience.

Dr. Robert Hall, the eminent English divine and scholar, in his old age, was once found lying upon the floor, racked with pain, engaged with the study of Euclid, in order that he might become able to test the correctness of Moschell's famous companion of Milton and Dante.

How weak and feeble, in comparison with this, becomes the "painless method" adopted by many of our modern educators, who want the pupil to have education pumped into him with the aid of laughing gas and local anesthetic. And whose chief concern in life is to invent games and tricks whereby the unsuspicious child may get a thimbleful of brains without knowing that he's got 'em.

Does Willie object to eating meat? Then chop it up into tidbits and mix it with candy, or else put on so much tobacco sauce that he'll never recognize the taste.

Does he refuse to work? Then build a toy automobile around his lawn mower, so he'll think he is violating the speed ordinance while he cuts the grass.  
My word!

That's what makes you like that. Now, if you'll keep quiet for half an hour so I can read I will take you to the some ice cream soda place and get you to be quiet for half an hour to get the soda."

When the mother returned all was quiet. She came in with a smile. "Where's the child?" she asked.  
"Oh, she's—er—around here some where," said Uncle Dick.

The mother went out. Suddenly there were sounds of the baby angry and abused and sounds of the mother equally angry and abused.

"You know you are not allowed in my boudoir drawer! And the top of my gloves? And my watch! And grandmother's medallion! And my necklace! What haven't you been into!"

Uncle Dick stepped in to remonstrate. "Now, look here, Emma! All the time you were gone the child has been perfectly happy! Not a sound out of her. But as soon as you get back there is all this fuss!"

"Perfectly happy! No doubt! And no wonder! Look at what she has been allowed to play with! Lace and ribbons and precious old jewelry and everything else. She knew better than that!"

Uncle Dick retired. Soon he was joined by the child. She was in disgrace, and evidently felt it keenly. Uncle Dick took her in his arms and seated her upon his knee.

This seemed not quite proper to the child.  
"I've been bad, haven't I, Uncle Dick?"

"Yes, I think so."  
"Do you love bad girls?"  
"Yes," whispered Uncle Dick.  
"And you get 'em, too?"  
"You bet I do!"

When the mother came into the room the child was still in Uncle Dick's lap. His arms were tight close together.

"You oughtn't to let me except when I'm good," the child was saying. "Well, you see, I don't have to handle that of it, either," returned Uncle Dick. "For mother looks after that along with the dictionary and memorandum books. I am only your Uncle Dick, and you have to give me something easy."

The mother sat down beside them. "Are you two rascals talking about me?" she demanded.  
"Yes," answered Uncle Dick, "we are, respectfully and in tones of awe."

Amanities.  
"I've just been introduced to Professor Smythe; such a charming man to talk to! He doesn't make one feel a fool in spite of his cleverness." "Ah, my dear, but that's because of his cleverness."—Punch.

### Beyond His Power.

James, being requested by his old nurse to make her son a "gentleman," answered emphatically: "I'll make him a baronet, gin ya like, lucky, but he'll still himself couldn't make him a gentleman."

### THEY SAY THAT

The physical wreck is usually up on the fighting dope.  
Good breeding is doing nothing needlessly one thinks will hurt or displease others.

The longer you are on your job the better it should be to you or you are not "on your job."

The man who thinks he is full of wisdom and knowledge will always be known for his ignorance.

The woman who divides her affection is apt to subtract from her peace of mind, and add to her family.

Some public speakers are remarkable for a great flow of words and others for a great command of language.

One class of people are not much interested in the newspaper column headed, "Happenings of Twenty-five Years Ago," and they are the old maids.

Success and Failure.  
It is sometimes hard to find out just how the man who is successful has managed to succeed, but it is always easy to see why failure comes to those who fail.

Woman's Unfitness.  
An anti-suffragist once said, "Woman's unfitness for the ballot accentuates her continuance in a narrow environment."

This reminds us of the old negro who was asked why he did not seek religion. He replied, "Does I ain't fit."

"Well," said the other man, "why don't you get fit?"—Woman's Journal.

## WHAT OTHER EDITORS SAY

Chicago Inter Ocean: We saw those poor Idaho editors stand shivering before the bench for sentence.

We heard a great commotion outside and frantic cheers. We saw a majestic figure burst headlong into the courtroom. We saw him stride between the shivering editors and the astonished court. We saw him draw himself to his full height and we heard him say:

"Lo! It is I. I have ridden clear from Oyster Bay in fifty minutes to save these innocent men. I alone am responsible for the utterances which your honor has the laudable audacity to consider contempt of court. If any one must be martyred, behold me, the martyr!"

And then we awoke.

Illinois Farmer and Farmers' Call. It is in the country that real neighborliness exists. It is almost impossible to find it elsewhere. It gives a very great charm to country life and it should be cultivated. Unfortunately in a good many country neighborhoods it has been allowed largely to disappear.

We have been indeed pleased to read in our local exchanges during the past week of several notable exhibitions of neighborliness among farmers.

In several places the neighbors of a sick farmer have made a holiday of needed work on his farm.

One never really loses anything by such an act of neighborliness. After a month or two he will not notice that he gave a neighbor two or three days' work. And it is safe to say that that neighbor will not forget the kindness done him as long as he remembers anything.

We must define the educated man in terms of life and not of mere scholastic experience. And we must define him in terms of the whole of life. Washington and Lincoln were educated men, though they had little experience of the school. The educated man is a rounded character, well adjusted by nature and by training to the world in which he is called to live. He has learned self-mastery, consideration for the rights of others and the final art that schools so often fail to teach, of knowing how to learn and keep on learning. Knowledge that is applied to life and is increased in using, sympathy that is even awake and active as a motive power for action, humility and courtesy that deepen and broaden the soul in following out the thoughts of God—these are the elements of the education we desire for all men upon earth.—Isaac Ogden Rankin in "The Congregationalist."


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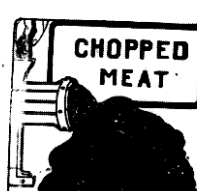
Get the man on the telephone, if the letter is obscure—one of those self-contradictory efforts of tired minds—and have an understanding.

Perhaps some figure is blurred, or some word omitted. Or he may have mixed his dates. Maybe your correspondent is not a literary prodigy.

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