

BARRINGTON REVIEW

ESTABLISHED 1885
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All communications should be addressed to the BARRINGTON REVIEW
TELEPHONE 31-R BARRINGTON, ILL.
THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 28, 1913

GOOD ADVICE

St. Louis Times: In his "History of the American People," Woodrow Wilson has had something to say about what he regards as the unusual and even extraordinary manner in which President Cleveland chose the men who were to constitute his cabinet.
"In his first cabinet," says Mr. Wilson, "there were men who had been chosen in accordance with well recognized precedents in such matters; because of their service in party councils; but the rest were men, as far as might be, of his own personal selection, whom he chose, not for their influence among politicians or in political canvases, but because he knew their efficiency as men of business. In his second cabinet the element of personal choice was still more noticeable. The president's object was to surround himself, not with a party council, but with capable heads of departments."
Grover Cleveland's story is now told. He was a failure as a politician. During his last two years in office he was "a man without a party," as Mr. Wilson himself observes. But he is today regarded as one of the comparatively few really great presidents this nation has had, and his worth has been recognized by all statesmen and scholars and historians who have found it possible to free themselves from partisan points of view.
In the forthcoming task of choosing a cabinet, it may be suggested that Mr. Wilson turn to his own interesting book, and read again the story of the Cleveland methods.

Real Estate Transfers.

The following transfers of real estate in this vicinity have been recorded recently:

M. A. Whittier and wife to E. L. Reader, lot 24, block 8, Chicago Highlands, \$700.
Louisa Schaefer to Tillie Goddis, 2 acres in Village of Barrington, W. D. \$2,200

Unclaimed Letters.

The following letters remain unclaimed in the Barrington postoffice for the week ending February 28, 1913:
Mrs. James Brown.
Miss Boone.
Ed Turk.
F. Isles.
Charles Johnson.
V. T. Lewis.
H. R. Brockway, Postmaster.

Poetry and Music.

If I had to live my life again, I would have made a rule to read some poetry and listen to some music at least once every week; for perhaps the parts of my brain now atrophied through use, the long of these tastes is a loss of happiness, and may possibly be injurious to the intellect, and more probably to the moral character, by encroaching on the emotional part of our nature.—Charles Darwin.

MARY, THE FAITHFUL

By CORA CARSON.

"There! Doesn't it sound a thousand times better than before it was tuned?" demanded Dorothy as she let her fingers slide nimbly over the keys in exhibition of the improved condition of the piano.

"At least two thousand times better," assented her father, with an assumption of gravity. "I suppose you'll never practice on it again for fear of spoiling it!"

Dorothy nodded so vigorously in agreement that her short braided hair snapped about her head. She swung around on the piano stool, which, since it had had no misadventure to its coils, squeaked an exasperating accompaniment to her words. "And then, that old piano tuner would come back and take a week to fix it!"

"Daughter, you exaggerate too much. Do try to be more literal," lectured her father as he settled himself comfortably in his leather chair for the evening.

"Well, this time it took his just 'tactly five days," asserted Dorothy, with an aggrieved air of one who has spoken the truth vainly.

"Five what?" asked her father, amusements in his voice.

"Five days," reiterated the little girl, emphatically.

"Five days to tune a piano? What do you mean, Dolly?"

"I thought he was awfully slow, but he said it was awfully, awfully out of tune."

But even so, whatever did he do all that time for?"

"Well, he came Monday. First of all he played a long time—to find out which keys were wrong. I s'pose. He plays just grand, marches, and waltzes, and all variations of 'The Star-Spangled Banner' and such pieces, you know."

"Fine!" agreed her father, with much enthusiasm.

"Then he stopped and tried each note separately."

"That wasn't so grand, was it? Well, how long did the concert last?"

"About all day. I got awfully tired of the noise he went over to Kathryn's. But I told Mary to take care of him."

"Mary is a faithful maid and took such good care of him that he came again next day, didn't he?"

Dorothy missed the sarcasm in her father's words and continued her explanation placidly. "Oh, yes, he seemed in like her. Well, on Tuesday he took the piano all apart and raised such a dust it kept Mary busy cleaning up around him."

"I see," her father's intonation was ominous. "Well, on Wednesday?"

"He put it together again—but something was loose, or tight. Any way, he didn't like the way it sounded and he tried it a long time, so that Mary and I could tell it wasn't quite right."

"So he had to come on Thursday in order to take the poor old piano apart again," guessed her father.

"Yes, and as it was Mary's day out, I was glad he was here only in the morning, so I could go over to Kathryn's after he was here only in the morning he put it what he called the finishing touches. You see, that does make five days. But I didn't ask him to stay a luncheon again, so he finally left at noon. You don't care if I didn't do, you father? I did so hate to eat with him; he gobbled so." And Dorothy looked both disgusted and apologetic.

But her father's patience gave way and he asked sternly, "Whatever made you ask him to luncheon with you at any time?"

"Why, you told me to be nice to him," Dorothy burst into tears. "So I gave Mary orders to have extra good luncheon food—and—"

"But, Dorothy, I was joking," the exasperated father explained.

"You're always telling me to be literal," the little girl declared to her own defense. "Once before, when Mr. Jenkins, you remember, came for a visit and you told mother to be-

WORDS OF TRUTH

FROM

WASHINGTON TEMPLE

THE SECOND DAY OF EPOCH

THERE are various theories regarding the formation of the Earth. We follow the one which seems most closely to harmonize with the Bible account. It is called the Volcanic theory. It assumes that Saturn's rings and Jupiter's belts illustrate the various stages of development of the Earth.

The Earth was once molten, as indicated by the igneous rocks of the Azoic period, so-called by scientists but not discussed in the Bible. When the Earth was thus molten, its water and minerals were thrown off a great distance in gaseous form. As these and the Earth cooled and took shape, the water and mineral substances constituted great rings at a distance from the Earth.

Gradually the motion of the rings became different from that of the Earth in proportion to the distance from the center of gravity. These rings of water and mineral under the law of attraction, gradually approached the Earth. Yet they would be kept off by centrifugal force, particularly strong at the equatorial line. Thus, one after another these rings as they approached the Earth would spread out like a great canopy, but would not be permitted to come down directly upon the Earth because of the circumambient air, referred to in the scriptures as a "firmament."

God made the firmament and separated the waters which were under the firmament from the waters which were above the firmament. The strongly mineralized water above the Earth held off by the "firmament" gradually concentrated at the two poles, where later they broke and then reached the Earth, forming layer after layer of mineralized earth deposited by the water which rushed from both poles toward the equator.

These rings or belts of water and minerals followed each other as great deluges upon the Earth—perhaps thousands of years apart. The deluge of Noah's day was the last, and of pure water only because the heavier minerals had been attracted first. Hence minerals are generally under several layers of shale and earth and soil.

PASTOR RUSSELL.

AT THE CHICAGO THEATRES

FINE ARTS.

"Hindle Wakes," the Lanca hire play by Stanley Hodgson, has taken dramatic Chicago by storm. The critics are taxed to find words of praise for the acting and the play at the Fine Arts theatre, under the direction of the Chicago Theatre society by arrangement with William A. Brady, have almost exhausted all the laudatory adjectives. "One great play" and "some of the best plays" and "best playing" some of the papers say about it. Herbert Loman, has been universally pronounced as great actor because of his work as the rich old mill owner, Nathaniel Jaffe, and the playing of all the members of the company has been praised without stint. The cast includes, in addition, Whitford Kane, Emeline Pollin, Roland Young, Robert Kureph, Alice O'Dea, Adah Barton, Kathleen MacPherson and Lillian Tread. The play was brought to Chicago with some trepidation, after its rejection by New York, but Chicago instantly agreed with London that it was a splendid play and disagreed with New York. No play in years has caused so much discussion in Chicago.

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"I am an old lover of your most valuable Godsend to suffering humanity—Dr. King's New Discovery," writes Jennie Fleming, New Dover, Ohio, "for it cured me of a dreadful cough of three years' standing. It was so bad that I would cough until I would be speechless, but for the quick relief of your wonderful remedy gave me, it's worth more than all the remedies I ever used before."

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Review Ads Pay

AMBITION TALKS

BY HARLAN READ

Our Happiness of Today Depends Upon Our Plans for Tomorrow

Tell me why well-meaning people go from the stork's nest to the Styx without saving the price of a rainy-day meal and I will give you the reason boys get drunk.

Explain why children or their parents neglect the very fundamentals of education while the glow of youth is yet within them, and I shall quote your own words to tell you why the Chinese smoke opium.

There is a similarity between all follies, and a kinship among fools, and it lies in this: That the fool says in his heart, "Tomorrow is not important." Extravagance, boozing, fighting, mental neglect and opium are only possible to the half-wits who live for the sake of today.

Tomorrow is the day for which wise men prepare, and in the preparation they discover a wonderful today for happiness and peace depend upon imagination, and imagination looks forward.

Tomorrow is what brings to us the reward or punishment for today. Our plans and efforts of today must inevitably be controlled by the spirit of tomorrow we desire; for every man works for what he wants, and the closer of his desire is to the refining pot of effort.

There is a slow but constant growth that looks toward what is to come, and the happiness of tomorrow can come to the man who lives only in yesterday and today.

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