

BARRINGTON REVIEW
ESTABLISHED 1885
MILES T. LAMEY, PUBLISHER
L. B. PADDOCK, EDITOR

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TELEPHONE 91-W BARRINGTON, ILL.

THURSDAY, MAY 8, 1913

THE UNKNOWN FAITHFUL.

The chief of the war bureau has been removed, but the weather forecasts are issued just the same. The postmaster general goes away to his post, but the mail is collected and delivered without any evidence of the change. Within the last few weeks the great governmental departments have been in charge of new men, but the country never would know it had anything had happened.

Let's give a credit to the faithful unknown men in the service who carry on their work efficiently no matter who is the nominal head of the department.

Foolish Egotism.

The true egotist is the man who imagines he is attracting attention to his particular line of comedy in a crowd of baseball players.

Didn't Dare to Go to Work.

"I say, Tom, lend me another ten, will you?" "Heaven! Why don't you go to work and earn money?" "I don't dare to, my boy. People would think the governor had disinherited me, and that would ruin my credit."

Only Way.

Knick-knack—A fashion note says that skirts are to be six inches narrower at the ankle. Bocker—Will the girls stand on one leg?

Frequently Happens.

A man may wear a hard running after a band wagon that when he overcomes it he's too tired to get any pleasure out of the ride.

The Crank.

"Yes, he will never try to talk over a telephone because he says that the one of the 4,000,000 in the United States which would be of service to him is sure to be in use."

This Poet's Wife Was Practical.

"If I can do anything to cheer and brighten the lives of my fellow men I shall be perfectly satisfied," remarked the long-haired poet. "Then," replied his wife, "why don't you quit writing poetry and get up a comic series in which the humor is furnished by some one who has another over the head with a club?"

Won Papa's Dollar.

Martha's school report card had very low marks. Her father promised her a dollar if she got a hundred in anything. Shortly after that she fell sick. The doctor had taken her temperature the mother asked him what the temperature was. "A hundred and four," was the reply. "Moth-er," cried Martha, "I have won the dollar from papa. I've got over a hundred."

History of the Key.

The key was one of the first things invented by man. The primitive key was probably a stone or splinter. Afterward fish bones were in use. Wood was used in later times. In modern times the key is highly developed. In the past there were only some hundred varieties of keys, each having its special name and distinct use. Today they are legion.—Harper's Weekly.

RUSSIAN JOAN OF ARC
By BESSIE R. HOOVER.

Dmitri Pretzoff had been notified that he must move in the case's history. This news came like a thunderbolt to his mother, Anna Pretzoff, who is my distant kinswoman and who has cared for me ever since the awful night at Pribor ten years ago, when my parents were both killed.

It seemed as if Dmitri could not be spared for his mother's little holding had to be cared for, and Anna Pretzoff and myself could never do all the work, though I was twenty years old and strong for a girl.

The day came when Dmitri was to go; but like a stroke out of a clear sky, a strange sickness fell upon him that very morning as he started on his way to Svetsk, where the recruiting officer was stationed.

Dmitri was very sick, so sick that he seemed near death. Of course he could not go to Svetsk that day, but that only put off his going a little longer.

Then a quick resolve came to me, and with it a daring plan, that though I was only a peasant girl, I formed in a moment's time.

Fired with an unreasonable zeal of adventure, I slipped up to the loft where Dmitri's best clothes lay ready for him on a cot. I hastily put them on, and they were a good fit for I was about his height, and large and strong for a girl. Then I quickly clipped my hair in the fashion of the peasant men, and went down stairs.

Calling Anna Pretzoff into the kitchen, I told her of my determination to take Dmitri's place, march away with the troops, and when there was no longer any fear of them coming back for Dmitri, I would explain all and come home.

At the recruiting station all went as it should, and I was soon marching, shoulder to shoulder between two stalwart peasant soldiers, who took my presence as a matter of course.

On the third day my name was called as we stopped for dinner beside a little stream.

"Dmitri Pretzoff, a letter," I had almost forgotten my new name.

The letter had been written by kinswoman, and said that I must come home at once, for Dmitri was dead.

Dead! Dmitri, my old playmate; the man I was going to marry some time! I had not thought that Dmitri would die.

The old scenes and the familiar faces that had faded so quickly from my careless mind, that the strange events of the last three days had seemed to obliterate, came back and pained. After all, I was only a woman, and Dmitri had been more to me than I had been conscious of. I must go home and care for his mother.

That night I got a permit to visit the commanding officer's tent. He was alone and I told my errand briefly.

"I am a girl," I said, "I took the place of Dmitri Pretzoff, who was too sick to come—now he is dead. May I go back and take care of his mother?"

The officer was astonished, then nonplussed, and above all he was displeased to think that such a trick had been played.

"Did you do this for love of country?" he questioned.

"No," I answered, "I went to seek adventure," then I hung my head, for the part that I was playing did not seem so heroic as it had at home; all of a sudden I saw that I was really an impostor.

But I was a woman, very tired, almost sick, and the officer had compassion on me, for he wrote a pass and gave me money enough to get back home on.

And some way the papers got hold of the story and dilated on it as papers will, and it went all over the world that I was a second "Joan of Arc" when I was only a foolish and ignorant girl.

I started home, still in my uniform, with my knapsack strapped across my shoulders and the precious pass signed by the commanding officer, in my pocket.

Leaving the train at the little station at Svetsk, I tramped disconsolately through the fields towards my kinswoman's holding.

A peasant was working in the field, a strong young fellow, I could tell by the lusty strokes of his mattock. It must be Jan, I thought, I thought, helping because of Dmitri's death.

"Ho, Jan," I called, glad to speak to one of my own people again.

But it was not Jan that turned toward me at the sound of my voice, it was Dmitri. Then I supposed that I must be delirious from overstrain, and that the man I saw before me was only a phantom.

But no, it was Dmitri, who welcomed me back as one from the dead; for his mother had never told him of my taking his place, but had told him to believe that I had wandered away from one knew where.

Not till long after Dmitri and I were married did Anna Pretzoff tell me the whole truth about the strange sickness of her son. When the day had come for him to join the army the doctor told me that he had been taken by a peasant girl. He found this hard during the morning meal, and shortly after became unmanageable. Later she told me that he was dead, and that she had seen him lying in his coffin.

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After Dmitri had married me a man he was asked to fight and go to jail.

Annual Statement for Publication Receipts and Expenditures.

Receipts and disbursements for the township of township No. 43, range No. 3, Lake County, Illinois, during the fiscal year beginning April 1st, 1912, and ending April 30th, 1913.

TOWNSHIP TREASURER IN ACCOUNT WITH SCHOOL DISTRICTS.

Receipts.

Cash on hand at beginning of fiscal year (April 1, 1912)	\$ 300.00
Received from notes paid and from sales of tracts	400.00
Received interest from townships	105.93
Received from county superintendent	552.00
Total	\$1417.93

Expenditures.

Loans and investments of township funds made during year	\$ 300.00
Disbursements put up to credit of districts	611.31
Compensation of treasurer	100.00
Interest of trustees and treasurer	1.92
Publishing annual statement	5.30
Cash on hand at close (April 30, 1913) belonging to principal of township fund	400.00
Total	\$1418.53

Balance on hand at beginning of fiscal year (April 1, 1912) \$359.41

From disbursement of trustees 611.31

From special district taxes 400.00

From railroad taxes 605.72

From treasurers of other townships 141.87

From tuition fees 329.24

From insurance 234.50

Total balance and receipts \$1286.4

Expenditures.

District No. 12	\$ 139.16
District No. 13	131.86
District No. 14	122.06
District No. 15	106.80
District No. 16	506.91
District No. 17	413.03
District No. 18	638.93
District No. 19	1207.67
District No. 20	590.36
District No. 21	329.24
District No. 22	265.52
District No. 23	490.99
District No. 24	173.44
Total expenditures	\$5779.91

Cash balance on hand at date April 30, 1913 \$549.83

Total expenditures, loans and balance \$11280.74

I do hereby certify the foregoing report to be correct, according to the best of my knowledge and belief.

F. J. BERGHORN,
Treasurer

Sworn to and subscribed before me this 6th day of May, A. D. 1913.

MILES T. LAMEY,
Notary Public.

Hunters Contribute to Revenue.

One of the important functions of the government in Germany is the leasing of permits to hunters. The revenue thus obtained is about \$1,500,000 annually.

Succulent Grape-fruit.

A fellow by the name of Baer, perhaps the original liar, makes the remark that "a grapefruit is a lemon that had a chance and to take advantage of it!"—The Equator.

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BARRINGTON, ILLINOIS

AMBITION TALKS
BY HARLAN REED

OUT OF STEP.

When a man gets out of step, he is only one remove from being out of line.

When the marching step was invented, it was by a General who anticipated the overwhelming enthusiasm of marching motion. He may have been a psychologist, but whoever he was, he understood mass psychology.

A hundred men swinging in perfect step across a bridge will shake it down; and for that reason armies have broken step across bridges for hundreds of years.

In uniformity of motion there is precision, speed and enthusiasm. To be in step is to feel the thrill of comradeship, the enthusiasm of numbers, the electric rattle of a compelled circuit.

The men who are in step in business are the men who believe it can be done—and when a man believes it can be done he usually does it.

I pity the man who is out of step.

A new generation comes upon the scene of action, a generation of young men filled with life and hope, a generation that is studying business power, self-confidence and mass psychology.

The new men believe in themselves. They act with uniformity and with a will.

The man who is out of step views them with a snarl, shelters himself behind a logical answer, says it can't be done, and watches the marchers sweep by him.

To be out of step means more than simply to disagree with other men as to plans and methods. A man can be a chronic debater and yet be able to get into line.

It is what a man simply can't do in anything that other men are working for that he is out of step, either as employee or employer.

Get into step. It will save you many.

Bell Telephone System

Every big undertaking has some one big idea back of it. The one big idea back of the Bell Telephone System is

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