REVIEWPOINTS

In answer to "A Sewer in Your Back Yard" by local property owner).

In an article entitled, "A Back Yard" appeared in the Review, credited to Mr. VanHagen, one of the members of the Barrington sewer committee deserves serious attention by the village board and citizens.

It is readily admitted that Barrington has made mistakes. In the first place, instead of going ahead to construct a sewage disposal plant that the neighbors to the village were opposed to, the disposal plant, followed by a court suit and then the decision went into court. In the latter the decision was in the court, which forbids to discharge effluent from the village sewerage disposal plant into Flynn Creek, which has property influence in the condition of the creek from its sewerage disposal plant. While the village board members are directly responsible for the property owners of the village responsible because it has properly influence in the village, firstly, to the construction until an agreement has been reached with the property owners of the village, and secondly, to make means to improve the creek, discharged into Flynn Creek.

Mistake by the village board in the court suit and in going to the village; the mistake may be a serious one for the village if it should lose the sewer case in the court. It may be up to the village to decide the installation of sewage disposal, tricklers and septic tanks, at its present disposal plant would appeal the approach as the village board is in the matter property owners should take in their interests.

To the neighbors to the village should recognize the fact that they bought their estates, with the fact that they passed through their back point far above and down to the Fox River and merely an "open drainage-carrying channel" creek became filled with other materials, as is the property owners living on the creek bed on Flynn Creek, asking Barrington to dredge the creek was already then a channel for natural drainage? Further, the neighbors west of the village, the channel of the creek, at their expense, why do they not go ahead and provide a sewage effluent disposal plant on the creek, either as a "open channel"—that is the problem for the neighbors, which possibly agree to share of the expense in providing this channel, the neighbors would be interesting that they would not again complain of the disposal of the village.

It appears that it would be cheaper to the village, if the disposal plant had the properties of the village, it was a mistake for the neglected acceptance by the plaintiffs, of the reasonable plan if the village to install a sewage disposal plant below the properties. But there are two sides to a removal plant to the new site, if the village is not prepared to bear the expense of changes in the sewage disposal plant, then the village still ought to the court decision, to discharge into Flynn Creek, which the decision forbids to discharge effluent from the village of the plaintiffs, to settle this matter for good, before the lands adjacent to obtain a decision of the court forbidding it to discharge from the new disposal plant, on the basis of the present effluent from the village.

The village can prosecute further similar suits to obtain a permanent injunction all the way to the court to effect a reversal of the court decision, giving at the same time assurance of disposal effluent from the village plant.

Through neglect, laxity, or some other reason, the village officials in charge caused the property owners unnecessary expense and done not yet seem to be considering the manner in which the over-issued bonds, in the case, the over-issued bonds, other problems have arisen in the recent years. Could realize that the problems are definitely your will interests affected, if business improve, have neglected their money, how their money and it is time that more interest in

JOHN H. D. BLANKE.

Old Disease

Known as pellagra under this name in Italy in the Eighteenth century and has rapidly increased. It is common in northern Italy, southern France, Spain and countries in southern Europe.

Lady Blanche Farm

A Romance of the Commonplace

By Frances Parkinson Keyes

WNU Service

Copyright by Frances Parkinson Keyes

THE STORY

CHAPTER I.—Motoring through Vermont, near the village of Hanstead, Philip Starr, young Boston architect, makes the acquaintance, in unconventional fashion, of Blanche Manning, girl of seventeen, with whom he is immediately enamored. From her, in conversation, he learns something of her family history, dating from Revolutionary times. Starr is convalescing from a serious illness, and it being a long distance to Burlington, his destination, Blanche suggests, the small village of Hanstead, a hotel, that he become, for the night, a guest of her cousin, Mary Manning.

CHAPTER II.—Mary receives Philip with true Vermont hospitality, and he makes the acquaintance of her two interesting small brothers, Moses and Alex, to whom she is "mother," the mother being dead, and of Mary's cousin Paul, her fiance. Mary, Starr finds, is acquainted with Gale Hamlin, noted Boston architect, in whose office Philip is employed. Recognizing in Mary a friendly spirit, he informs her of his desire to win Blanche for his wife. She is sympathetic, and tells him of an old family superstition concerning the "Blanches" of the Manning family.

CHAPTER III.—Violet Manning, mother of Blanche and of Paul, with her sister, Jane, spinster, are dubious concerning Philip's worldly and spiritual standing, but await developments.

CHAPTER IV.—Paul Manning, pampered in his home life, is inclined to be dissipated, not realizing Mary's true worth, and taking their future relationship as husband and wife as established, though there is no formal agreement. Mary's reproaches for his undue "conviviality" are badly received by Paul, and the girl begins to have misgivings as to the wisdom of the alliance. Starr's disclosure of the fact that he is the son of a Congregational minister, and of his financial standing, establish him in the Manning family's regard.

CHAPTER V.—Gale Hamlin, long a suitor for Mary's hand, having known her since her college days in Boston, visits Hamstead but makes no progress in his lovemaking. Philip's wedding with Blanche, in the immediate future, is understood.

"Just now, from Boston," he said, laughing and shaking hands. "I understand you are more cordial to guests from that locality than you once gave me to understand you were likely to be. I have had the pleasure of—er—meeting one of your small brothers, and he told me I should probably find you here. Aren't you glad to see me?"

"Moses! Oh, what dreadful thing was he doing this time? Yes, of course I am, but—" her flush growing deeper every minute.

"This time I came because Philip Starr asked me to. Naturally, I didn't tell him how glad I was of an excuse. He thinks I'm doing it entirely out of friendship for him—only, it's great luck, for me, that he happened to fall in love with your cousin. I'll get Hannah and get into touch with you again—Philip is a young man of unusual thoroughness, promptness and decision, as you may have gathered in your glimpse of him—qualities which unfortunately, are not often found in one who is also an artist and an idealist. Moreover, he possesses a very fine sense of honor. He seems to be in a tremendous hurry, but didn't think it right to press his suit until he had been more thoroughly introduced. I was instructed that as soon as this formality, through me, had been accomplished, I was to telegraph him at Burlington, and he would return here—unless, of course, it seemed absolutely hopeless for him to do so."

"Is there any reason why it should be hopeless?"

"None in the world."

"Then come over and meet Cousin Violet."

"All right," replied Gale Hamlin with twinkling eyes. "But remember that afterwards I'm coming back here to see you!"

* * * * * *

Two days later, Philip stood in the white-paneled north parlor of Violet Manning's house, waiting for Blanche to come down to him. The room was unlighted and it was beginning to grow dark.

The door opened and Blanche came in. Philip took a step towards her, and held out his arms. She walked straight into them.

"Lady Blanche—you little white flower—Oh, my darling!" was all he said, and covered her lifted face with his kisses.

CHAPTER VI

PHILIP STARR would never have dreamed of considering his comfortable income a fortune. But it loomed large in the eyes of Lady Blanche farm, and soon in those of all the countryside, for in the general rejoicing at the good luck which had befallen Blanche, it was augmented—consciously or unconsciously—by many persons. Violet herself was largely responsible for this. She went about among her neighbors scattering her good news as she went.

"Of course, Blanche is very young, and it breaks my heart to think of parting with her," she said, sighing and wiping away a few tears. "But I couldn't bring myself to stand in the way of the true happiness of one of my children for selfish reasons. That's never been my way. Of course Blanche is too innocent about worldly things and too much in love to think of the material side at all, but we older ones know that can't be overlooked altogether. Philip can do everything for her. Yes, her ring is lovely, isn't it? You seldom see such pure white diamonds. And he's giving her a pendant, too—a diamond star! Wasn't that a pretty thought, and so clever! Philip is clever, unusually so. He says the name she's going to have, Blanche Starr, is a poem just in itself. No, Philip won't hear of a long engagement, so I'm going to take Blanche to Boston right away, to buy her trousseau, and see caterers and stationers, and so on. I guess I can show his fashionable friends that I know how things should be done, even if I do live in the country!—They're going to California on their wedding trip—of course Philip would have taken Blanche to Europe if this tiresome war hadn't been going on. Blanche is going to keep a maid, and have a motor, right from the beginning. Of course, Philip's friends—and he has thousands of them—will entertain her and give her a beautiful time. Philip is charming, and that's so rare in a man! He is so thoughtful and pleasant always. I simply adore him myself. . . ."

There was not a single flaw in the crystal. Violet could purr on for hours. In fact Hamstead grew a little tired of so much perfection and so much purring.

Nevertheless, in spite of some expressions of disparagement, Mrs. Elliott and all Hamstead with her, flocked to see the trousseau, and then the presents, and, in early August, to the wedding. During the two months and a half that had elapsed since his first appearance there, Philip had spent every Sunday and holiday at Lady Blanche farm, and, as Mrs. Elliott said, had been so "pleasant-spoken" that he had become cordially liked in the village; and, in turn, he had come to have a very warm and real affection for many of his new friends and relatives. Only twice had his dream of perfect happiness been shaken; and he tried to dismiss both of these episodes from his mind as trivial.

Left alone for a time one rainy morning, he had decided to explore the little, abandoned law office. He had been thinking what fun it would be to restore it, and put it in order for Blanche and himself to occupy when they came to Hamstead to visit. It contained a cellar and two large, semicircular rooms, one above the other, and a small one with a little attic over it in the rear. He sat in one of the dilapidated chairs, pulled up a shaky table, and drew plans and sketches. Under his swift pencil, the tiny place rapidly became transformed. There was the living room, bright with white paint and a landscape paper, and shining brasses, with Lady Blanche's portrait over the mantel, her desk in one corner, her harpsichord in another, and her gate-legged mahogany table in the center of the room; there was the chamber, with her four-poster bed—one of her hand-woven linen sheets serving for a counterpane—her bureau with its crystal lusters for Blanche, her low boy for his own dressing table, her long gilt-framed mirror, and the sampler she had stitched, on the flowered walls instead of pictures.

He spent a long time over his pleasant task. Then, finding that Blanche, who had promised to join him there, was still nowhere in sight, he picked up some of the musty books lying on the table, and began to look through them.

They were mostly law books, with a few interesting marginal notes that the second Moses Manning had made; but Philip knew little or nothing about law, and did not understand them. The third volume that he opened, less bulky than the others, proved to be a county history, written by a local clergyman early in the Nineteenth century. The Connecticut valley had been settled by men of no slight caliber, and their subsequent Revolutionary record was noteworthy. Philip read on with increasing interest, which grew greater still when he reached that portion of the history devoted mainly to the Manning family. Here were Moses Manning's fine war service—the trip to France—and here, too, was the Countess Blanche! The story of the great chests that came over the sea. And, at last, came the date of the twins' birth, and, a few pages farther on, that of Lady Blanche's death. But between these dates was something that Philip had not yet heard.

". . . And the Lady Blanche, being very weak after her long travail, was sorely spent, for she was a female elegantly formed, but not sturdy, or of sound health. She lay in great pain, and ever and anon she sank into a stupor from which none could rouse her, nor did she regard my exhortation, or the lamentations of her afflicted husband. But suddenly she did speak in a loud voice, saying, 'Since I must die, neither shall any other woman in this village who beareth twins give her grief labor; and though I perish, there shall be, in every generation, a Blanche Manning on this farm, who shall have not only my name, but in whom my person shall also be seen again. And she shall wed for love, being hotly wooed, even as I was wooed, by a stranger. But because I have suffered, for all my love, in this unfriendly, cold country, and because he who swore to love me best has not saved me from anguish, but hath shown his love to be but selfishness, since he hath failed me when I most did need him—therefore, I say, she shall not love for long. Within five years of her marriage either she or her husband shall die, and die with the bitter knowledge that neither riches nor passion nor high romance, nay, not even all three together, suffice to make that great thing called love unless there be other things, which my lover hath not given me, added unto them. And, in the hour of their death, I will appear unto those who die, and comfort them, for the manner of their passing shall be lonely and grievous altogether.'

"And thereat," went on the chronicler, "she lay back upon her bed in peace, and did not speak again. And we marveled greatly that one so gentle should seek, in her last moments, to lay a curse upon her innocent descendants."

Philip closed the book, shivering, and angry and ashamed because he was shivering. That silly old superstition—what did it amount to! But—had it amounted to anything? He began, involuntarily, to recall the histories of other members of the Manning family. The countess' girl-friends—the second Blanche—had married a Virginian, a classmate of her brother's at Harvard, who was shot, after they had had only a few radiant months together, in a duel with the man who had once been his best friend. The lawyer, Moses, had a daughter named Blanche, who went west in a prairie schooner on her honeymoon, and was never heard of again after she passed the Allegheniles. And the lawyer's eldest son had a daughter who—but that story was too dreadful, and contained shame as well as tragedy. Feeling as if his throat were being clutched, and as if he could not shake himself free of the hand that choked him, Philip sprang to his feet to see an apparition standing in the doorway.

Blanche also had been spending her time that rainy morning by making an excursion into the past. Her mother had felt it a good opportunity for them to go through some of the chests carefully stowed away in the attic in search of treasure to add to her trousseau and they had found a tiny iron-bound trunk, thrust far under the eaves and forgotten, full of the countess' clothes; Blanche had carried them down to her bedroom and tried them on. They fitted her as if they had been made for her.

"Couldn't I keep one of them on, and surprise Philip?"

"I think it would be lovely! And you can do your hair like hers in the portrait, and wear that white brocade dress that she had it painted in—you'd be the living image of her!"

Accordingly, after a careful study of the famous picture, Blanche did her hair, with Violet's help, high on her head, powdered it, laced herself into the stiff, magnificent gown that had been the countess' wedding dress, and went out to join Philip.

The startled, almost terrified cry that escaped him when he saw her frightened her almost out of her senses. She ran to him, and put her arms around him, trembling, too.

"What is it?" she exclaimed. "Oh, Philip! What's the matter?"

"Nothing—nothing. . . . How lovely you look! . . . Are those some of the first Blanche's clothes?"

"Yes. Don't you think they're pretty?"

"Beautiful, darling. You—you're very like her, aren't you? Like her picture, of course, I mean."

"Yes—but I don't see why you seem so upset, even if I am. I thought it would please you to see me dressed up like this!"

Philip forced a laugh. "I'm not upset," he said pleasantly. "You startled me a little, that's all. You're—you're enough to startle any man, you're so lovely. I want a kiss—and I want to consult you about something. . . ." And then he told her of his scheme for fixing up the little office.

To his surprise, she did not respond to him with enthusiasm. At first she looked a little bored. Then she interrupted him with a petulance which shocked him.

"For Heaven's sake, Philip! Don't you realize that I want to get away from Hamstead and stay away? If we fixed up this place, and put all that money into it, we'd have to keep coming back to it! That's the last thing on earth I want to do! I don't want an old-fashioned house, full of old-fashioned furniture, in an old-fashioned village! I want to live in a big city. I don't want a quiet existence; I want to give parties all the time—except when I am going out to them—little afternoon bridge parties and little evening theater parties—and heaps of dancing. And I simply adore going to the movies and shopping around for lacy nightgowns and getting an ice cream soda in the middle of the morning, and having lunch at a tea-room. That's what I've done the few times I've been to town to visit. Why Philip, I thought you were going to help me to escape from Lady Blanche farm! I thought you wanted me to have a good time and pretty clothes, and heaps of new friends. . . ."

There was something almost grotesque about her, in spite of her loveliness, as she stood before him in her silvery brocade, clamoring for tawdry possessions and trifling pastimes. The sudden dread lest

Continued on page 5

Statement of Condition

OF THE

FIRST NATIONAL BANK OF BARRINGTON
BARRINGTON, ILLINOIS

MADE TO THE COMPTROLLER OF THE CURRENCY

AT THE CLOSE OF BUSINESS
DECEMBER 31, 1932

RESOURCES		LIABILITIES	
Cash and Due from Banks	$168,773.61	Capital Stock	$75,000.00
U. S. Government Bonds	215,034.50	Surplus	25,000.00
Other Marketable Bonds	277,802.24	Undivided Profits	4,154.63
Fed. Reserve Bank Stock	3,000.00	Reserves	3,960.77
Loans and Discounts	146,611.20	Circulation	60,000.00
Loans on Real Estate	64,829.95	Bills Payable	NONE
Accrued Interest	2,375.86	Rediscounts	NONE
Overdrafts	30.14	Other Liabilities	$15.80
Real Estate	34,708.83		
Furniture and Fixtures	15,080.64		
Other Resources	4,750.71	*DEPOSITS	764,866.48
	$932,997.68		$932,997.68

*This figure represents an increase of $200,701.05 over December 31, 1931

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The Strength of this Bank is plainly revealed in the figures of this statement of condition. This Strength is not a matter of chance. It is the direct result of careful, conservative management, wide experience and devoted service.

FIRST NATIONAL BANK
of
BARRINGTON

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CHAIRMAN