Mrs. Irene Bonola, Elkhorn; two grandchildren, Jane Adele Bonola, Jill Barrington, and Elizabeth Ellen Bonola, Elgin. Also a sister Mrs. Charles Jencks, Elgin, and a brother C. M. Keeler, Barrington.

Quality of Judges

Judges, wrote Bacon, ought to be more learned than witty, more reverent than punishable, and more advised than confident. Above all things, integrity is their portion and crown.

Classified Ads Bring Results

The Catlow

FRIDAY, JAN. 13
Last Chance to See
PROSPERITY
Marie Dressler Polly Moran
Adm. 10c-30c

SATURDAY, JAN. 14
TOM MIX in
HIDDEN GOLD
A new type of Western
Also Chapter III
"LAST OF MOHICANS"
News and Cartoon—Adm. 10c-30c

SUN.-MON., JAN. 15-16
CLARA BOW in
CALL HER SAVAGE
A SENSATION
ALSO
Bing Crosby, Cartoon and News
Sun Mat. 3 p. m. Adm. 10c-25c to 6:30
after 6:30, 10c-35c

TUESDAY, JAN. 17
A REAL TREAT
BLESSED EVENT
STARRING
LEE TRACY and MARY BRIAN
A show for the whole family
Adm. 10c-15c

WED.-THURS.-FRI., JAN. 18-19-20
JANET GAYNOR and
CHARLES FARRELL in
TESS OF THE STORM COUNTRY
Added Attraction
Notre Dame and Southern California Foot Ball Game
News—Adm. 10c-30c

A&P
ESTABLISHED 1859
WHERE ECONOMY RULES

ES 15 LB. CLOTH BAG 25c
n White 4 LGE. PKGS. 15c
ES LARGE 150 SIZE NAVELS DOZEN 27c
NCY WASHINGTON WINESAPS 4 LBS. 23c
E FANCY GREEN TOPS 3 LBS. 10c

EE MILD AND MELLOW LB. 19c
21s BOKAR COFFEE, LB. 25c
SULTANA
Red Salmon TALL CAN 17c
SOUR MARASCHINO
Nucoa 2 LBS. 19c
EXCEL
Pork Sausage LB. 10c
SAWYER'S FIG BARS AND
Ginger Snaps LB. 10c
Rolled Oats 20½-LB. BAG 47c
DAILY EGG SCRATCH
Grain 100-LB. BAG $1.15
DAILY EGG LAYING
Mash 100-LB. BAG $1.75
DAILY EGG OYSTER
Shells 100-LB. BAG 89c
CANVAS
Gloves 2 PAIRS 19c
Climalene LARGE PKG. 23c
BIRD'S-EYE
Matches 5 BOXES 19c

IS LB. 19c
½ LB. PKG. 9c
ST LB. 17c

IFIC TEA CO. Middle Western Division

Barrington Joins Group to Oppose County Unit Plan

Continued from page 1

...ated by any park district ...ion of the city of ... metropolitan agency ...ve the right to take ...side of the city that ...part of the metropol...

...areas, boulevards, ...ments, and appur...r assets and all park districts lying ...politan public works ...side of Chicago be ...municipal govern... and villages with... which such properties ...be apportioned as ...enabling legislation ...ough, the com... districts levying ...purpose). In cases ...of such park dis... and municipal limits ...territory, the mu... to which such ...should be author... some enabling legis... ...ession of, and op...

...paragraphs it is ...small communities ...the burden of fi... park districts and ...be forced to pay ...of the large Chi...

Belmont Citizens Reject Proposal for Municipally Operated Electric Plant

...vote of two to one, ...this week re... to build and operate ...plant of their own ...to the commun... proposition also ...to raise money ...sued by issuing pub... against it. The ...of the 3999 votes cast ...showed 2234 against ...1705 in favor of it.

...defeat of this ...culminates a heat... ...over a con... during which ...considering the ...franchise ...Illinois Northern

...vigorously contended ...for the municipal ...by interests out... ...were to reap ...of the proposed ...equipment. In the ...controversy it was ...the contract with the ...firm which had ...purchase of the ...included a clause pro... ...to its fee for ...the engineering ...to receive a commission ...expenditures which their ...contained.

...sentiment against the ...Belmont, and in Kewanee ...proposal was recent... ...vote and likewise ...to be significant in ...municipal ownership sugge... ...made in other Il... ...during the past few ...

Carloads of Snow Enroute to Fox River Grove for Championship Ski Meet

...snow are enroute to ...to be spread over ...Hill ski slide prior to the ...annual Ski tournament ...the auspices of the ...

...for the tournament ...These include ...amateur and pro... ...of the country.

...feature of the meet ...attract large crowds to ...Grove is the entry of ...Kristad and Hilda Braskerud ...the leading women jump... ...Both will attempt ...Hill record Sunday. ...interesting points about ...ski jumpers is that ...form about as well as ...other branches of sport. ...women can do well but do ...marks set by men ...This is the only strenuous ...in which the records of men ...are nearly on a par.

Two Dozen Books Furnish Reading Matter for Out-of-Work Transient Men

...nothing like a good book ...worry from an idle mind, ...the librarian, believes. ...thought in mind she has ...a wanderer's library in the ...ment of the village hall ...transients spend their ...in Barrington.

...worn old volumes, no longer ...for library circulation, ...placed on a shelf in the ...room where the men can ...when to a little reading ...

Costly Soil Erosion

...of soil erosion of the ...department says that ...21 times as much ...is washed away by ero... ...as taken out of the soil ...and furthermore, this ...cannot be put back, since ...washed completely off ...

Classified Ads Bring Results

Lady Blanche Farm

Continued from page 3

via again without apparent connection, "how wild Austin was when he was young?"

"I—yes, I have—"

"That was before I knew him. But he was twenty-seven when I came here. If I'd grown up with him, loving him all the time—as of course I should have, for I loved him as much as I possibly could from the first moment I ever set eyes on him and never could help showing it—I suppose it would have hurt me dreadfully—to have him wild, I mean. I suppose I would have either mistaken immaturity for viciousness and condemned him when he had really done nothing to condemn, or excused viciousness for immaturity and forgiven him when he should, some way, have been punished. Either would have been equally bad, and equally likely to happen. We don't judge clearly when we're unhappy. Of course it hurts Austin and me, a little, now, to think that he ever—slipped up at all. He and I have talked this plan over a good deal. He thinks it ought to help the fellows in Hamstead, some, anyway. Do you remember that poem by Coventry Pat more that Ruskin quotes,

Ah, wasteful woman, she who may
On her own sweet self set the price,
Knowing man cannot choose but pay—
How she has cheapened Paradise!
How given for naught the priceless gift,
How spoiled the bread and spilt the wine,
When, sweat with due respective thrift,
Had made brutes men and men divine!

"Isn't that what we're all tempted to do when we love a man—to walk straight into his arms, without knowing whether his arms are ready for us?"

"Or worthy?"

"If they're really ready, they will be worthy. That's just the point."

"I see," said Mary, very low indeed.

"And then," continued Sylvia, "Austin had ideals, always, even if he didn't live up to them. There's a tremendous difference between that and not having any ideals, not being able to see them yourself, and not having anyone care for you enough to give them to you. Austin's got a wonderful mother."

"So have your boys," said Mary, sobs rising in her throat.

There was no more direct allusion to her trouble than that.

No one but Sylvia in all Hamstead would have been clever enough to see that nothing would comfort Mary so much as to be able to think a little more gently of Paul. Indeed, no one else considered that she deserved comfort or that this would be a legitimate means of giving it to her if she had. But this comfort, great though it was, did not last indefinitely. After that talk with Sylvia, Mary found that she got through the days very well. But the nights seemed to grow harder. Formerly, she had gone straight to sleep when she went to bed, because she was so tired. Now she was so utterly weary, mentally and spiritually as well as physically, that she could not sleep. And when she could not sleep, she cried—cried so violently that each morning found her more and more spent. Her overwrought nerves, seeking some means of relief, found only this one, and they were, just then, stronger than her will-power. And at last something snapped, suddenly, and she broke down openly in the middle of the bedtime songs that she always sang to her little brothers.

She had had a long hard day, and it seemed as if evening and the chance to rest would never come. When, on top of everything else, the small boys showed no disposition to settle down promptly for the night, she began to feel as if her self-control were slipping from her like a cast-iron garment.

"I want a drink of water," announced Algy, bouncing up and down on his mattress.

Silently Mary brought the little white china cup painted with bluebirds to the child. He drained it at a gulp.

"More," he announced, cheerfully, handing it back to her.

Mary filled the mug a second time, and as she did so, she could see the rest of the family, in the new automobile, starting for the performance of "The Merchant of Venice" at the annual Chautauqua entertainment at Wallacetown. She knew the play almost by heart, loved every word of it, had never seen it given, and even the little mediocre traveling company that was to play it, could, with her own knowledge of it, have given her a glimpse into fairyland if she could have heard it. And none of the others cared for Shakespeare, or were in the least familiar with him. They were simply going because it was "part of this year's program." because everyone else was going, because Paul welcomed any excuse to drive the car and Violet any excuse to be seen in it, and Jane and Seth any excuse to go to a play which could not, of course, be wicked, since it was "classic." No one had even suggested staying home with the children so that she could go.

"Can't I have a piece of candy?" was Algy's next question, as she reached the crib which stood by her bed. "I been a good boy all day, haven't I, Mary?"

"Yes, dear, pretty good. Where is your bag of lemon drops?"

"In my top bureau drawer. Bring it here, so's I can choose."

The bag was brought and a fragment carefully selected.

"I wish you'd stay with me for a while, Mary. I got a sorter pain in my leg."

"A sharp pain, or an ache?"

"No-o, just a regular pain. I think maybe it would feel better if you rubbed it for a while."

Mary uncovered the plump, brown legs and rubbed them briskly. "I've got to go now and hear Moses' prayers," she said at last, thinking that signs of drowsiness were finally beginning to be evident.

But Moses was not feeling devotional. He was constitutionally irreligious, and now that he attended kindergarten, the morning exercises at school seemed to him more than sufficient for his spiritual needs.

"I ain't a-goin' to say the Lord's prayer tonight," he announced with decision. "I said it this mornin' at school."

"Very well, say 'Now I lay me,'"

"Now I lay me," began Moses without much fervor, "down to sleep . . ." when a loud crash and a wail of distress from the next room.

"Oh, Mary, I've dropped my bluebird cup! It's bro-o-ken . . ."

Mary rushed to Algy's side and gathered him, dripping wet, into her arms. On the floor, in a pool of water, lay the beloved mug broken into fragments, while the crib, as well as Algy himself, was deluged by its contents.

"Don't cry, darling! It's a shame, but Mary will buy you another just like it, only prettier, maybe, the next time she goes to Wallacetown. Hush, honey. Let Mary put you in bed with Moses while she gets you dry pajamas and changes your sheets and wipes up all the pieces so you won't cut your dear little feet."

Comfort, fresh linen and more water all having been provided, Moses was urged to continue his devotions. "I don't see why I should say, 'If I should die before I wake.' I've said it and said it, and I ain't never died at all."

"Well, just say 'God bless' tonight, then."

"God bless Daddy and Mary and Algy," mumbled Moses gibly, "and all my dear friends, and make me a good boy, and bless Cousin Jane and Cousin Violet and Blanche. You needn't bother about Paul, he snitched my woodchuck trap. Amen . . . Now sing me 'The Sugar Plum Tree,'" he commanded, climbing into bed and settling himself on his pillow.

Mary began it bravely enough. But the reference to Paul was too much for her. Before she reached the Chocolate Cat she found she could not go on.

"I'm afraid I can't finish 'The Sugar Plum Tree' tonight, darling," she said abruptly, bending over to kiss him; and in spite of her, some hot tears fell down on his face. Then she fled from the room.

Moses lay for a long time wide-eyed and pondering. He loved Mary as he loved no one else in the world, and Mary, plainly, was very unhappy. Moses always slept with a small Canton-flannel dog named Spotty, to which he had been devoted from infancy. It had gone through numerous vicissitudes. More than once it had fallen in the brook, but Mary had always fished it out, and dried it in the oven. And one night he had ripped it open and devoured most of its lining—an experiment which had proved very disastrous to both. But Spotty still survived. Moses made a sudden resolve.

He hugged Spotty and kissed what remained of his nose. He gulped as he did it. Never, since he could remember, had he gone to sleep without first laying his head on the cherished toy. Then he picked it up and pattered into Mary's room.

It was as he had expected. Mary was lying on her bed, weeping. Moses held out his hand.

"Don't cry any more, please, Mary," he said softly. "I've brought Spotty to sleep with you."

It was then that Mary realized that she had found a second source of comfort in Moses. Most of her unhappiness had been caused by selfishness. Moses was willing to make, for her, what was to him a tremendous sacrifice. She drew the child, with his little, Canton-flannel toy still in his hand, into bed with her and cried without restraint, holding him in her arms. Moses lay solemn and silent, asking no questions, making no overtures. But she could feel his sympathy in every curve of his warm little body. Gradually she relaxed, a sense of peace, of compensation, of contentment, stole over her. She fell asleep, her cheek against her little brother's.

Things never seemed half so hard again.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Old Disease

The disease known as pellagra was discussed under this name in Italy in the Eighteenth century and has rapidly increased. It is common in northern Italy, southern France, in Spain and in countries farther east in southern Europe.

Named for Developer

The wilt-resistant tomato, "Scarlet Topper," was developed by Fred J. Pritchard, internationally known tomato breeder of the Department of Agriculture, who died in January, 1931. As an memorial to him, the name of this variety has been changed to Pritchard.

Births

Mr. and Mrs. John J. Buell of Barrington township are the parents of a daughter, Melvina Mercedes, born January 3.

Mr. and Mrs. Bodeen, 118 Waverly road, are the parents of a daughter born Monday, Jan. 9. She will be known as Elizabeth Rose Mary.

Mr. and Mrs. James Neuman of Cuba township are the parents of a son born Monday, Jan. 9, at the Barrington General hospital.

Make Apples Blush

By turning the ultra violet rays of a mercury lamp on green apples, using a filter of some special glass, the Boyd-Thompson institute of plant research has been able to speed up the action of the sun and turn the green fruit into a beautiful red color in 40 to 96 hours without burning or overheating. In other words, the fruit is colored quickly by improving on the sun's methods. If the peel is too old or crushed no color results, as Dr. John M. Arthur, in charge of this investigation, found that only living cells of the apple will respond to this treatment.

Sycamore a Fig Species

The true sycamore tree, not the buttonwood which is termed the sycamore in this country, is, in fact, a member of the fig family and is quite common in Egypt. Its wood is of a particularly lasting nature and was employed by the ancient Egyptians for the manufacture of mummy cases.

The sycamore of this country has found great popularity as a shade tree and its wood, while none too strong, has found considerable use because of its beautiful grain in the manufacture of furniture and cigar boxes

Card of Thanks

We wish to extend our sincere appreciation to friends and neighbors for their kindness and sympathy during our recent bereavement.

MRS. ELLA HOEFT AND FAMILY

Card of Thanks

To the friends so gracious with help and sympathy during our recent bereavement we extend our sincere thanks. Friends unable to reach us with assistance rendered or sympathy expressed also have our thanks.

JANE ADELE KEELER.
IRENE BONOLA
CATHERINE JENCKS
C. M. KEELER.

Attend Round Table

Six officers of the Lounsbury lodge No. 751 A. F. & A. M., attended the round table meeting of Masons held at Arlington Heights Wednesday. The Barrington persons who attended were Thomas Dockery W.M., George H. Whitcomb S.W., A. N. Robinson, J.W., Vernon H. Schroeder S.D., F. W. Hatje J.D., and Oliver Hollister M.

"Sterling silver" is an alloy of silver and copper, containing ordinarily about 7 per cent of the base metal to give the requisite hardness.

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All in ONE Simple Operation

Morton's Smoke Salt is a complete meat cure. Every ingredient necessary to thoroughly cure and perfectly smoke meat is blended with salt. It is used just like ordinary meat salt—for either dry or pickle cure.

It pays to grow and cure your own meat. It also pays to do the curing and smoking job with this safe sugar-curing Smoke Salt.

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