

Barrington Review

M. T. LAMEY, Ed. and Pub. BARRINGTON, ILLINOIS.

With apologies to the hen, why is a green hat?

Mrs. Langtry is 50 years old—a fact shown only by the records.

With a three-year-old emperor China should have no fear of the sovereign talking too much.

Rockville, Conn., has the distinction of being the first town to arrest an airplane for disorderly conduct.

Some one has reported seeing a sea serpent off Newport, but maybe, after all, it was just the back bone of winter wiggling into place.

In prehistoric times, says a Chicago lady lecturer, woman was mentally the superior of man. Is she arguing that something has happened since then?

The simplified spelling board wants us to spell "det." Of course that makes it easier to spell, but not any easier to get out of a spell of it.

A man in Chicago has been ordered by the court not to speak to his wife for two weeks or allow her to speak to him. Which one was the plaintiff?

The daughter of Lombroso is coming to this country to study our prisons. We may be thankful, after all the other eliminations against it, that she isn't coming to study our society.

All the world is ready to admire the taste of the man who fell in love with a young woman and married her because she thanked him when he gave her his seat and when she turned and sat down "her waist and skirt did not separate."

A Philadelphia man left his son-in-law 50 cents with which to buy a razor to hang himself. The beneficiary will probably forego the bequest rather than comply with its conditions, but it is certainly a terrible tale to come from the City of Brotherly Love.

Prof. D. C. Jackson of the Massachusetts Institute of Technology has been retained by the Massachusetts highway commission to make a report regarding the telephone exchange with special reference to the practicability of a reduction in rates and a higher efficiency of service.

The official denial of the Abnuz-Belins engagement which character a romance in which two continents were deeply interested, and many will refuse to give up the hope that the path of true love may yet smooth for the royal lover and the beautiful American girl of his heart.

The recent refrigeration congress in Europe has reminded a student of history that Francis Bacon made the first experiments in the use of ice for the preservation of meat. The people of New Zealand, who have been largely dependent on refrigerated meat, have shown their appreciation of Bacon's discovery by erecting a statue of him suitably inscribed.

A minister recently read a paper before a Congregational church conference in Boston in which he called attention to the fact that in the membership of 58 churches in that vicinity only one child to each church was born during the year. His conclusion was that Congregationalism is ceasing to perpetuate themselves and that Puritan stock is dying out. President Roosevelt ought to look into this.

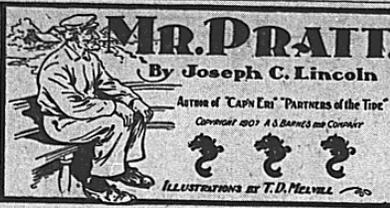
At the recent dedication in Bath of a tablet to Edmund Burke, Whitehall Field spoke in behalf of Americans in honor of their best friend in Great Britain. Burke has become almost a national hero in America, and it was he who phrased most eloquently many principles that are part of our tradition. His "Speech on Conciliation" is a difficult piece for schoolboys, but it should always be a part of the prescribed reading of young America.

The Ohio-Mississippi coal trade, which persists today, is one of the greatest single movements of cargo in the world. From Pittsburgh to New Orleans is 2,000 miles, all downhill. Coal in 1,000-ton barges is rafted into fleets and towed down this distance by powerful steamboats at a cost of less than 75 cents a ton, against a railroad rate of about four dollars and fifty cents—from Pittsburg to Memphis for 40 cents, against a rail rate of \$2.70.

The president of the University of Illinois has announced that dismissal will in future be the punishment of hazing, which he denounces as a violation of the rights of individuality, a provocative of public disorder, in its milder forms non-sensational, and in its coarser forms vulgar, brutal, always demoralizing and sometimes dangerous. Hence, he says, the university cannot countenance or tolerate it. Such a stand in the opinion of the Indianapolis Star general is initiated, will soon end the practice.

A Chicago burglar broke into a hospital and took everything but the patients' temperatures, we presume.

Our referendum among the leading personalities of this country on the question, "What is your opinion of the great men of Europe and America?" has resulted as follows: Washington and Napoleon are the greatest favorites, after whom come Hannibal, Caesar and Charles XII. of Sweden. Among the most named are Brutus, Cromwell and Darwin—Nihayashi Nihonji (Tokyo).



THE DRAFT By Joseph C. Lincoln

Author of "CAPTAIN PARTNERS OF THE TEA" Copyright 1917 A. S. Barnes and Company

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SYNOPSIS.

Mr. Solomon Pratt began comical narration of story, introducing well-to-do Nelson Southwick, Edith Van Brunt and Martin Hartley, two rich New Yorkers seeking love. Later pair's lavish expenditure of money, and Mr. Pratt's impression was connected with lunatics.

CHAPTER I.—Continued.

We cut across Sears' meadow, and the frogs was beginning to squeal and croak to us. I remember that in the early summer notes are so cheerful and restful as a teakettle singing or a cat purring. But, all at once, Hartley, the rich one, stopped and held up his hand.

"Heavens, Van!" he says. "It sounds like the tinker," and he said it so grateful and I liked 'em from the bottom of my heart. Van Brunt shook his head. "Don't let," says he. "I can see the tape running off that tree. 'Green Apples Preferred, and your hand account is nothing, minus a good deal, divided by naught; but don't you never complain again. 'Epon you was good-looking and rich, but out of your hair and them two poor young chaps. Dear! dear!'"

And I thought about 'em and pitied 'em all that evening, while I was frying my herrings for supper. I hope I'll get credit somewhere for all that pity.

"Sure! Oppen's what I said," says I. He got red in the face. "Oppen," he says. "Haltch—o-p-p-p."

"Oh, Oppen!" I says. "Of course, Oppen," he says. I felt as if I'd been calling a race and had made a lap and got back to the starting buoy.

"All right," says I. "What's an 'I' or two between friends? How's your patients, Mr. Oppen Hopper?"

"Look you, my fine feller," he says. "You're too fresh. For a 'specy I'd come down and put a 'ead on you.' And right then I give up the idea that he was a retired parson. Parsons don't talk like that."

"You would," says I. "Well, you go on putting 'eads on the poor lunatics you have to take care of, and don't try any of your ayium games with me. 'Twould be safer for you and wouldn't interfere with my work. What do you want?"

"I'm Mr. Edward Van Brunt's rally," he says. "Is 'man-servant; and 'e 'as ordered you to—"

"His man-servant!" I sung out, setting up straight. "Of course. Didn't I say so? His rally; an—"

"Well, I'd made a mistake, I judged. If he was a servant he couldn't be the keeper. I calated 'twas best to be a little more sociable. Beside, I was curious about the 'eads on the 'eadboard and let's talk it over!"

"Humph!" says I. "I guess I'd ought to beg your pardon, Mr. Oppen—" "Oppen!" he fairly hollered it.

"All right, never mind. Come on aboard and let's talk it over!" So aboard he come, making a land-lubber's job of it, and come to anchor on the bench in the cockpit, setting up as stiff and straight as if he'd served a marlin-spike. Then we commenced to talk, me dropping a question here and an while, and him dropping 'is like he was feeding 'em to the hens.

"What kind of a reason did you say you was?" says I, breaking the ice. "A rally, Mr. Edwards' rally." "Vally, vally," says I. "Vally! Hum! I want to know!"

"I guess he see I was out of soundings, so he condescended to do some spelling for me. "v-a-l-e-t," says he. "Vally." "Oh!" says I. "A vally. Yes, yes; I knew what a vallet was—I'd read about 'em in the papers—but this fel-

The Symmetrical Figure. Speaking of that rare gift, symmetry of person, it is more desirable than beauty of face, because it lasts long youth. The symmetrical figure is perfectly proportioned and articulated anatomy, each nothing is more rare. Be thankful, fair ones, when you have "points" which cause us to overlook any little discrepancy in form.—Exchange.

SICK HEADACHE CARTER'S LITTLE PILL. Positively cured by these Little Pills. They also relieve Dizziness, Indigestion and Two Heartbeats. A perfect remedy for Dizziness, Headache, Stomach, Bowels, No Drowsiness, No Bad Taste, No Griping, No Laxative Effect. In the BOTTLE, FORTY LITTLE PILLS.

45 to 50 Bu. of Wheat Per Acre have been grown on farm lands in WESTERN CANADA. Much less would be necessary. The general average is about twenty bushels. It is now possible to secure a harvest of 100 bushels per acre and 100 bushels per acre. Farmers have paid the cost of their farms (if purchased) and then had a balance of from \$10,000 to \$12,000 per acre from the sale of their crops. It is now possible to secure a harvest of 100 bushels per acre and 100 bushels per acre. Farmers have paid the cost of their farms (if purchased) and then had a balance of from \$10,000 to \$12,000 per acre from the sale of their crops.

BACKACHE, Sideache, Headache, and a Worn-out Feeling. May all come from Constipation. Lane's Family Medicine (called also Lane's Tea) is a herb Tonic-Laxative and will cure constipation and the ills that come from it. It is a great blood purifier and one of the best for all stomach, kidney and bowel complaints. All druggists, 25 and 50 cts.

W. L. DOUGLAS \$300 SHOES \$350. My father-in-law and I have made more money in the last 12 months than we have in the last 12 years. I have made more money in the last 12 months than we have in the last 12 years. I have made more money in the last 12 months than we have in the last 12 years.

For Sale Four hundred acres of land in the State of Illinois. The entire farm has just been thoroughly plowed and is in the best of condition. The soil is rich and the water is pure. This is a big bargain. STEVENS FOSTER, WISCONSIN.



"If They Ain't Crazy, What Made 'Em Come to Live at Nate Scudder's?"

critter developing no cash symptoms. "My good man," he says; "you don't understand me. I said that Mr. Edward had ordered the boat for 'all part II.'" "I know you did. And I asked if he'd have it tried."

lery's calling it a "rally" put me off the course. He was not, but a for-ciger, though, so I made allowances. I give him a cigar that I bought at the grocery store on the way down, and we lit up. Then he commenced to tell about himself and how he used to work for a lord once over in England. According to his tell England was next door to Paradise and the United States a little worse than the best world. "Gawd forsaken" was the best word he had for Yankee-land.

"I suppose you're quit when the keeper comes," says I. "Keeper?" says he. "What keeper?" "Why, the feller from the ayium. How long has your boss and his mess-mates been crazy?" I asks.

"Crazy?" he says. "Crazy? What do you mean?" "Look here," says I. "You tell me straight. Ain't Van Brunt and Hartley out of their heads?" "Out of their heads? 'Evens, no!'" "He was so upset that he couldn't hardly speak for a minute. Then he commenced to tell about the Heavenslies, and 'twas long afore I begun to see that 'twas Nate Scudder and me that needed a keeper; 'twas the biggest loons in the crowd."

Seems that the Twins was rich New Yorkers—the richest and high-grownest pair of 'em had money by the bucket and more being let to 'em while you wait. They lived on a nice venue with a number to it, and they done business in the "strees," meaning that they dickered in bonds and such things. I gathered also. I gathered, they didn't have to work overtime. "Not, if they ain't crazy what made