

# CHUMS

By FAYNE HESSLER LEA

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"The only feeling that ever lasts between a man and his friend is friendship. Make your friend your lover, you lose him when the flirtation has reached its climax, and the artistic ending is a final separation. Make your friend your husband, you are bound to him by a rope of fading illusions and inevitable discord—when 'Life has changed to doggerel, what love began, a tender rhyme.' Keep your friend your friend—no more, no less—he is yours forever."

Thus said Donald Randolph, twenty-four and didactic, to Helen Ward, nineteen and afflicted with world sorrow of her years.

On these tenets was their friendship established, and though in treacherous moments, months apart, it sometimes occurred to Helen to wonder how Donald's voice, unusually rhythmic of cadence, might sound in pronouncing words intentionally emotional, she always dismissed the thought as mandala.

They had been friends—"chums," they called it in their warmer moments—for four years. Helen had had a wedding, with all its demands for best man and maid of honor service, confronted them.

"If only Lilla had asked some other girl or Martin had asked some other man," said Helen uncomfortably, "I shouldn't in the least mind being maid of honor to Luce Folsom's best man, or Tom or even Dan Harris—but with you it's different. One has to flirt with the best man. It's part of the ceremony."

She glanced across the moonlit space between them. "We're friends, and I won't flirt with you because of course not," said Randolph with unnecessary firmness. "Are you going up tomorrow?"

"Evening train," she responded briefly. "No need for me to wait over, is there?" he inquired. "I thought of going in the morning."

"How absurdly protested Helen. "Why should you wait? I'd much rather you didn't. It would look so significant."

"Very well, see you tomorrow then," he said, and left her with a handshake, cool and friendly.

She did not see him till 8 o'clock the next night, when, after a late train and a later dinner, she descended to the library in search of the other members of the bridal party. In a book by an open window she found Lilla and Martin absorbed in certain arrangements for their departure the next day.

With them was Randolph, and Helen fell at once into the discussion of evading the rice and other means of the side door and a hired vehicle. Once the question was settled, however, the conversation languished, and at the interruption of a third telephatic communication between the lovers Helen sprang up in desperation.

"It's too warm in here," she complained. "Let's go find the others, Donald."

"They went out there somewhere," Lilla suggested cordially.

"I dare say we can find them," said Helen with a smile.

She stepped through the window on to the wide porch and Randolph followed without delay.

"Now this is what I object to," she broke out, turning to the two inside, "one of hearing of the two inside, 'one doesn't want an enforced tete-a-tete. Do you know where the others are?"

"Dancing in the schoolroom," said Randolph, without hesitation.

"Dancing," cried Helen. "That settles it. I simply cannot dance tonight. I'm tired to death. It's a good thing we're chums and not just friends, isn't it? I know I'm not at all interesting tonight."

She sat down in a hammock swung behind her and motioned to a big wicker chair. "Smoke if you like and don't bother to talk unless you want to."

Randolph produced a stubby pipe from his coat pocket. When he had puffed a few moments in silence he crossed his legs and clasped his hands behind his head.

"You make a man adorably comfortable, Helen," he said slowly, then added more decisively: "You're the finest kind of a chum."

"Always a chum—always," she answered, with a queer difference of intonation in the repetition that Randolph interpreted as a warning.

"Martin got his passes today for the Frisco trip," he said hastily, in a businesslike tone.

"Did he? Then they go direct?" "Not quite—Lilla wants to see Salt Lake City, and Martin wants to follow who has a ranch in Colorado. They're going there for a week or ten days. Jove, that's a trip."

"Isn't it? But I think the coming back will be almost as good. Have you seen the house? In town, you know, on Boliver street. I went over it this week with Lilla. It's almost perfect. Not too large, and yet large enough. A dear little reception hall-dining room drawing room and a tapestry parlor in the library. I think I could improve on the library."

She clasped both hands about one knee and stopped swinging. "What's it like?" asked Randolph, with interest.

"Very good papering," said Helen earnestly, "dark red and stained floor, with some very good rug. But the bookcases!"

"Separate, I suppose?" "Yes, and they ought to be low, along the walls, all around in one wood, instead of which he has one mahogany,

the cherry. You can imagine the disappointed effect. Then, instead of a big leather chair at the fireplace, there is a rocker." She broke off with a little sigh. "I can imagine how that library would look on a winter evening, with a wood fire and the light coming through those stained glass panes and the chair piled with cushions and the books one likes best to read—" "Lilla has red hair," said Randolph thoughtfully, "and she wears pink accents." She looked at her color scheme. "Oh, Donald, you are nice," sighed Helen mirthfully. "You see what one thinks so well, and that's my idea of a friend," she concluded, with sudden fervor.

"A library like that would fit a woman with dark hair," said Randolph, his eyes on the dusky head beside him—a woman who wore a pale yellow gown and had shadows in her eyes. She would be sitting there in the big chair with a book when a fellow came home in the evening, and she wouldn't talk to him if he were tired, and she'd let him smoke, and she'd play for him."

"Would they have a piano in the library?" she asked anxiously.

"A violin," said Randolph. "She'd play Chopin for him, as you play it, and Schumann—"

"Dear me," interrupted Helen lightly, "you're infected by the sentimental environments. Isn't it lucky we're chums, so that I understand your mood and don't repay it in kind?"

She walked to the railing and stood looking out across the shadowy lawn. "What chums we've been, haven't we? There was a pathetic note in her voice. "We've never spoiled it by flirting. Do you remember what you used to say—'Make your friend your lover and you lose him?' We'll never do that. 'Keep your friend your friend—be his yours forever.' It's true, quite true, isn't it?"

Helen groaned desperately for the ease, commonplace tone he had taught her best in losing it. "I don't mind you. I think I've proved your theory, you and I—friendship is the only thing that lasts between a man and woman. Ours has lasted, will last."

"It will not last," said Randolph miserably. "After this"—he drew her to him and kissed her—"I suppose I've lost you for good and all now," he said earnestly. "I love you, I couldn't pretend any longer. I've got to care more than a chum or not at all."

Helen leaned limply against his shoulder in the peace that follows a great strain.

"I thought you wanted to be friends," she said, with a pathetic little laugh. "So I pretended too. And now we've spoiled your theory, for it seems that friendship doesn't last either."

"No, thank the Lord," said Randolph fervently, "not for us."

Too Lazy to Live. Tim Woodson was literally "too lazy to live," as the anecdotes of him told in an old "History of Milwaukee" go to prove. It may be that the doctor at today would pronounce him a victim of the insidious germ which works to uncontrollable languor, but the diagnosis of the good old times of Tim's career reads simply "slumb laziness."

A party of Indians, knowing Tim's peculiarities, once captured him for fun and made him believe that they were going to burn him at the stake. They took him to some distance from the village, tied him to a tree and heaped wood about him. Just as the pile was ready to light the chief approached and whispered in Tim's ear that if he would never tell who had captured him he would release him and let him return to Milwaukee.

"What was all that twenty miles?" exclaimed Tim, "if you'll lend me a horse I'll agree to it."

One time when Tim was lumbering a loose log made a perilous descent down the side of the hill. The shouts of the other men warned him that the danger was coming his way, but rather than expend vital force in jumping he let the log strike him and break his leg.

Pulled the Court's Leg. The following remarkable judgment was delivered some years ago by a magistrate in one of the English colonies:

"Faustus is hereby charged with having on the 11th of January followed the court on its rising and while said court was in the act of mounting into its buggy came from behind and, seizing the court's dangling leg, the other foot being on the step, forcibly pulled back the court, frightened the horse and nearly caused an accident. The reason alleged for this by accused is that he wanted to hear the result of an application of his practice by petitioners of pulling the courts by the legs is one that should be discouraged. Accused only says he is a poor man, admitting the truth of the complaint. He is sentenced to one month's rigorous imprisonment."

Strange to relate, the lieutenant governor of the province on reading this sentence felt it necessary to intimate to the magistrate that neither the sentence itself nor the peculiar phraseology in which it was couched was calculated to meet with approval from minds running in legal grooves.

A Cub. Infant lions and bears are now generally spoken of as "cubs" but in former times the word "whelps" would have been used. Every edition of the English Bible from Wyclif's time to 1811 gives "whelp" for the young of the lion or bear. A "cub" meant originally in English only a young fox. But by Shakespeare's time it was possible to talk of the "young suckling cub" of a she bear, and Walter ever applied "cub" to a young whale, now known as a "calf." The origin of "cub" is not really known, though the conjecture connecting it with the old Irish word "dog" would make it akin to the Latin "canis" and English "hound."

## SPECIAL ASSESSMENT NOTICE.

Notice is hereby given to all persons interested that the Village of Barrington having ordered a cement sidewalk to be constructed five feet in width on the East side of Grove Avenue in front of lot two (2) and the north eighteen feet of lot one (1) in block thirteen in the Village of Barrington, Cook County, Illinois. The ordinance for the same being on file in the office of the Village Clerk at 115 West Madison and the said Village having applied to the County Court of Cook County, Illinois, for an assessment of the cost of the sidewalk according to the benefits, and an assessment thereof having been made and returned to said court (Docket number 2), the final hearing thereon will be held on the 2nd day of July, A. D. 1924, or as soon thereafter as the business of the court will permit. All persons desiring may file objections in said court before said day and may appear on the hearing and make their defense.

JOHN H. MAC KAY, Officer appointed by County Court to levy said Assessment. Dated Barrington, June 16, A. D. 1924.

## ADVERTISED LETTERS.

The following letters remain unclaimed in the Barrington Post Office for week ending June 15, 1924:

- Elmer J. Adams (2)
- Elmer Adams (2)
- Plin Arps
- Charles Kordek
- Mr. Russ Merrill
- Chas. A. Parker, printer
- L. I. Rogers
- Mrs. Smith
- H. K. BROCKWAY, P. M.

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## Low Rates to San Francisco and Los Angeles.

Via the North-Western Line. An excursion rate of one first class fare plus \$2.00, for round trip, will be in effect from all stations June 25 to July 7, inclusive, with favorable return limits. Three fast trains through to California daily. The Overland Limited, electric lighted throughout, less than three days to San Francisco. The "China" Limited, electric lighted throughout, via the new Salt Lake Route to Los Angeles, with drawing room and tourist sleeping cars to San Francisco and Los Angeles. For itineraries and full information apply to agents Chicago & North-Western R'y.

## ENTERTAIN MANY GUESTS.

Mr. and Mrs. Geo. Page Remember the 25th Birthday Anniversary of Their Son.

Mr. and Mrs. Geo. Page entertained in honor of their son, George, on Wednesday evening, the occasion being the 25th birthday anniversary. About thirty accepted the invitation. Guessing games, progressive penants, etc., furnished the amusements of the evening. Mr. Carmichael won first prize in the guessing game, and Miss Ruth Meyer the booby prize. Mrs. John Sizer won first prize in the peanut scramble, while Mr. Carmichael secured the geuts' prize. Mrs. W. A. Shearer was consoled with a consolation prize.

An elegant 3-course repast was served. The guests from out of town were: Mr. and Mrs. John Sizer and Miss Julia Thomson of Chicago, and Mr. and Mrs. John Hipwell of Chicago.

## Following the Flag.

When our soldiers went to Cuba and the Philippines, health was their first consideration. Willis T. Morgan, retired Commissary Sergeant, U. S. A., of Rural Route 1, Concord, N. H., says: "I was two years in Cuba and two years in the Philippines, and being subject to colds, I took Dr. King's New Discovery for Consumption, which kept me in perfect health. And now, in New Hampshire, we find it the best medicine in the world for cough, cold, bronchial troubles and all lung diseases. Guaranteed at Barrington Pharmacy. Price 50c and \$1.00. Trial bottle free."

## Deadly Serpent Bites.

are a common in India as are stomach and liver disorders with us. For the latter however there is a sure remedy: Electric Filters, the great restorative medicine, of which S. A. Brown, of Hemmettsville, S. C., says: "They restored my health after years of suffering with dyspepsia and a chronically impeded liver." Electric Filters which cure chills and fever, malaria, biliousness, lame back, kidney troubles and bladder disorders. Sold everywhere by Barrington Pharmacy. Price 50c.

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