

Malcolm's Rescue

By Gordon Talbot

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"I'm worried about Nancy," said Peyton gloomily.

"You've got to worry about something," was the consoling reply, as Nancy Westcott's brother Billy did not see anything to worry about in the situation.

"But," persisted Peyton, "she never acted this way until that fellow Malcolm came down."

"Possibly it's Miss Malcolm," chuckled Billy. "If you were not holding hands last night, it's because appearances are deceitful."

"Nothing of the sort," protested Peyton, reddening. "I was just trying to make Nan a little jealous."

"And it looks as if she might be trying to play the same game," laughed Billy. "See here, Tom, you've got a fair wind and a pipe full of tobacco. What more do you want? Worry about it when you get back to the island!"

With a heavy sigh, Tom Peyton threw his leg over the tiller to hold it while he lit his pipe. They had gone over to the mainland for supplies, and after beating their way against a head wind it should have been enough to satisfy the heart of any yachtsman to have the wind right for a straight run home.

It was five miles to the mainland, an absurd distance to go for butter, but the Westcott party held the privacy of the island, and did not let the launch broken down the matter of supplies would have been unimportant. Billy had volunteered to sail over and get the butter, and Tom had invited himself to go because he was so utterly miserable with Malcolm dancing attendance on Nancy.

For three years he had been trying to get her to say yes to the all important question, but she had evaded the issue with the skill of a diplomat, and in despite he had sought to force matters through annoying her jealousy by flirting with Miss Malcolm.

Unfortunately Nancy had seen through the plan and retaliated by engaging in a desperate flirtation with

him. At this moment Mr. Jones Smith drove his car up to the house. He was a young man, well dressed, and he was looking at the woman who was sitting on the porch with a look of interest.

The Tone of the Neighborhood

By W. Crawford Sherlock

"It's simply outrageous," declared Mrs. Bagby emphatically. "To think that such people should have moved to West Park is just awful!"

"It's worse when you live opposite them," moaned Mrs. Pratt. "I saw that detestable man sitting on his porch last night in his shirt sleeves, smoking a miserable clay pipe."

"That isn't all," chimed in Mrs. Waters, who managed to gain more information about her neighbors' doings than any one else in West Park. "His wife actually scrubbed the porch this afternoon in full view of every one. I saw this Mr. Smith—I believe that's his name—grazing his own horse this morning. They're just common people, that's all they are, not to have servants to do such things."

"I wish Mr. Elder had not sold his cottage," deplored Mrs. Bagby. "I



At this moment Mr. Jones Smith drove up to the house. He was a young man, well dressed, and he was looking at the woman who was sitting on the porch with a look of interest.

"I'll tell you what we'll do," remarked Mrs. Pratt, who, on account of her proximity to the objectionable neighbor, was more anxious for his removal from West Park. "We'll buy the Elder cottage from this man and sell it to some desirable person. We will have to pay more than it's worth and sell it at a loss, but it's better to lose a little than to have our homes ruined. We'll get some of the other residents to join with us, and the share of each will not be much."

"This will take a great deal of money," objected Mrs. Waters. "Who will advance such a sum?"

"I will," declared Mrs. Pratt, who was a widow of ample means. "All I want is for every one to stand by me and pay a proportion of whatever loss we have. It won't be much if it is divided among so many. The men shouldn't be anything to do with it. They'd get some one to buy the cottage who wouldn't be any better than this Smith is."

Having been promised the required support, Mrs. Pratt, accompanied by Mrs. Bagby and Mrs. Waters, waited upon Mr. James Smith with the purpose of purchasing the Elder cottage. As the ladies approached the house Mr. Smith, who was sitting upon the porch in his shirt sleeves, arose and greeted them cordially as he knocked the ash from his clay pipe.

"Just a minute, please. It's cooler out here. Wait a minute, and I'll call Marthy."

"Horrid creature!" murmured Mrs. Waters. "She's disappeared in search of his wife. I think we have come to pay a social call."

Marthy, in response to her husband's rigorous calls, presently made her appearance in the parlor, where she soon comfortably seated upon the porch.

"Ahem! Mr. Smith," began Mrs. Pratt somewhat awkwardly, after politely declining Mrs. Smith's urgent request for the removal of the visitors' hats, "we've come upon a matter of business."

"Zim be glad to do anything he can for you," observed Marthy assuringly. "He's the most accommodating man in the world. Always likes to be friendly-like."

"That's so," assented Mrs. Smith affably. "Let's hear what your business is, men."

"You're very comfortably fixed here," Mrs. Waters continued Mrs. Pratt, "and I don't see how to tell you. There are some people very anxious to

buy this house, and they would be willing to pay you something over what it is worth. It won't make much difference to you, as you have no children and one place is as good as another to a childless man," responded Mrs. Smith thoughtfully, "there will be five of them down here next week. 'Twasn't right to bring 'em till we got things fixed up."

Conversation reigned in the breasts of the visitors. Five little Smiths ranging wild in West Park! There would be a whole pane of glass in the place of the old window. The necessity for getting rid of the Smith family was greater than before.

"We will give you \$250 more than you would get for the property," offered Mrs. Pratt in a businesslike tone. "That will be a good profit in so short a time. Won't you take it?"

"Can't think of it, men," returned the affable Mr. Smith. "I wouldn't say for the expenses of moving both ways."

"Will you take \$500?"

"No, Sir. You had never moved in good old West Park. It was a respectable place of keen judgment. A faint smile appeared around the corners of his rather large mouth, and his gray eyes twinkled merrily.

"This place was for sale a long time before Mr. Elder sold it, wasn't it, men?" he questioned, eyeing Mrs. Pratt closely. "It's a pity your folks didn't buy it."

"They didn't want the house then," replied Mrs. Pratt evasively. "Will you take the \$500, Mr. Smith?"

"The house is one of three houses in West Park just as good as this one that can be bought for the price this one cottage cost," continued Mr. Smith, and he was looking at Mrs. Pratt's question. "I can't quite make it out, men, unless—"

"Unless what?" demanded Mrs. Pratt, not relishing the searching glance Mr. Smith was casting upon her.

"Unless, men," continued Mr. Smith slowly, "you don't sorter think me and Marthy good enough for West Park and the other two?"

"Oh, Mr. Smith," demurred the three visitors in chorus, but the telltale flush on their cheeks betrayed the conviction that they had been wrought to the unexpected error. "What makes you think such a thing?"

"Well, ladies," returned Mr. Smith, "without the slightest trace of ill feeling, I saw one of you putting the other thing in my shirt sleeves, and that one's nose was turned up so far that it was 'frail it would get out of 'em. Then, when another of you folks saw Marthy a-washin' of this 'ere porch, that night she had some pickered up as if she had been eatin' permittions. I guess you think we ain't good enough for you, don't you?"

"We look at it this way, Mr. Smith," stammered Mrs. Pratt nervously, she had devouredly sorry that she had undertaken the plan of purchasing the cottage. "We don't think you are—ahem—well, accustomed to such society as this is in West Park. We don't mean to insult you, but we think you are one like to mingle with those who are congenial. You don't keep any servants and you won't enjoy it down here, as we thought we'd make you this offer. What do you say?"

"It's very kind of you to think of me," returned Mr. Smith in no way offended. "I'm sorry, men, but I must say that we're going to stay in West Park."

"Good evening," chorused the visitors, indignant at the failure of their plan for the removal of Mr. Smith's correct himself of their view regarding him.

"One moment, ladies," called Mr. Smith as his visitors descended the steps. "Me and Marthy won't lower the tone of this neighborhood. We don't own this house—not much! Marthy she's the cook, and I'm the gardener. We just come down to fix up the place. Next week, who's comin' down next week with his wife and children and three more servants?"

There is a grave danger from the plague of coughs and colds that are so prevalent, unless you take Dr. King's New Discovery for consumption, coughs and colds, Mrs. Geo. Walls, of Forest City, Me., writes: "It's a Godsend to people living in climates where coughs and colds prevail. I find it quickly cures them. It prevents pneumonia, relieves the grippe, gives wonderful relief in asthma and hay fever, and makes weak lungs strong enough to ward off consumption, coughs and colds. 50c and \$1.00. Guaranteed by Barrington Pharmacy, Chicago, Ill., bottle free."

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The Illinois Liquor Dealers' Protective association, in closing its convention recently went on record in favor of prohibiting the sale of liquor to confirmed drunkards. A resolution was passed of an amendment to the law which would require a written notice from some member of the family not to sell an inebriate. The convention promises to obey such a law.

Another resolution deplored the tendency to disparage the liquor business, and declares saloonkeepers to be as honest and moral as other business men.

The following officers were elected: President—Henry Maunum of Chicago. Vice President—J. F. Tellmusher of Quincy. Treasurer—Thomas J. Murray of Springfield. Secretary—Michael J. McCarthy of Chicago.

Along the Atlantic coast the devastating bluefish has terrorized the spray-scuttled fishermen for generations. His people's prowess "needs no bush." It has been a rash and crowing talk of excitement to many a vacation. The peculiar charm of the churning waters, riotous gulls, swift trolling—a contagious atmosphere of motion that sets the veins aglow—has cast its spell upon many. But despite the thrill and exhilaration no form of handling can be justly be termed sport on the same basis as rod and reel angling. Both too nearly akin to the methods employed in strictly market fishing. The bluefish, taken from a stationary boat, is a sport and fishing strand line, furnishes magnificent sport, but as this is often accompanied by the nauseating stench of "chumming" with needless baiting, the sport is marred by the discomfort involved in the school of myriad individuals of this tribe have an indefinite migration and wide distribution. In a general way they move north and south with the birds, though at all seasons they have been seen at many points between Key West and Halifax—Field and Street.

It is 10 p. m. They are seated in the parlor.

"No," she says, bowing her head. "Pa says I am too young to become engaged."

It is just 1.30 a. m. They are still seated in the parlor.

Suddenly from somewhere upstairs a gruff voice shouts, "Henrietta, if it is a little longer, I'll be a little longer to see how to tell you."

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The next instant they were flooded. The sea had been the last straw, and Tom was as miserable as it is given man to be.

For awhile they were silent, Billy lay dreaming in the bottom of the boat sending out great clouds of smoke as he stared up at the sky, and Peyton, his leg still thrown over the tiller, was engaged in devising torments to which Malcolm should be subjected if he had his way.

Neither noticed that a breeze seemed to be springing up from westward, but they were under the lee of Cattin Island, and with its steep bluffs, and spinning along nicely. Westcott Island was only half a mile beyond the larger island, and already it seemed to Tom that he could make out Nancy and Malcolm sitting on the rocks at the point. He was just about to reach out for the glasses when the boat slipped out from under the protection of the cliffs, and with a slap the strong wind struck the sail.

The next instant they were foundering in the water. Tom couldn't swim, but Billy grasped his collar and hoisted him on to the bottom of the upturned boat.

"Hold fast for a moment," he commanded as he slipped off again. He floundered in the water for a moment, then paddled toward the boat. "Here's the coffee," he called. "It's in an air tight tin, and I'll bet it's all right."

"Better toss up your pipe, too," suggested Tom, who for the first time saw that Billy's teeth were still clinched on the stem. "They have seen us and are coming out."

A rebound had put out one of the camp, in it Malcolm and one of the servants were pulling furiously, while on the shore Nancy could be seen waving frantically.

Malcolm bent his back to the task, and presently as they came out he began to shout messages of hope.

"But he thinks we're drowned and doesn't know it," laughed Billy, who had abandoned his quest for floating property to watch the little crew.

Malcolm, still puffing, alongside the boat and bellowing, "Peyton! Billy climbed in over the side, and with a cherry in his hand he was in time Malcolm swung the boat's head about and

Divorce Among the Burnesees.
The marriage customs of the Burnesees are simple in the extreme. A man and woman are married or are not married, according to whether they live as husband and wife or not. A man may have several wives, though in practice he rarely has more than one.

A woman may have only one husband. Divorce is a matter for the village elders. No court is necessary, no decree, no appeal to legal or ecclesiastical authority. Divorce is but the breaking of a string which man and wife has a half share in all property acquired during marriage. If she is divorced she takes her own property and half that jointly acquired. There is no blessing of her authority with that of her husband. She may do what she will with her own.

There is no property and no power of bequeathing property by testament. All the children inherit equally. No Buddhist may make a will. Whatever a man or a woman dies possessed of must be divided according to the rules of consanguinity. There is no preference of either sex. The children are equal in this matter. The eldest son shares alike with the youngest daughter.—Labore Tribune.

The Bishop Apologized.
Dr. Temple was about to rule the discourse of Exeter with an iron hand, and a tale told of a denary meeting at which he presided, when the subject for discussion was "The Hindrances to the Scriptural Discourse." After the discussion had proceeded for some time a vicar electrified his audience by declaring that the greatest hindrance to the full spiritual life is none other than the bishop. "I repeat it," said the speaker calmly, "our right reverend father in God is very far from being a father to any of us. Your manner toward us is harsh in the extreme, while your method of rule is this: You treat us all, old and young, as if we were a set of schoolboys." This bold statement drew from the bishop an apology, and he explained that beneath his brusqueness of manner was a very genuine sympathy with the work of all the clergy. This impromptu created a more sensation in the meeting because it came from a son of Dr. Temple's predecessor, the famous Henry of Exeter.—Westminster Gazette.

Out of Office and In.
A well known radical member coined the happy phrase: "It is a pity that the government has not much more to say in office as it had conscience in opposition."—London Truth.