

THE REVIEW

Entered as Second-Class Matter.

W. T. LAMBY, Editor and Publisher.

Friday, October 19, 1906.

Barrington Locals.

Mrs. Colekin visited with Oak Park relatives this week.

Everybody take a trip around the world next Wednesday evening, Oct. 25th.

Mr. and Mrs. S. Lipofsky of Palatine visited with relatives here Sunday.

Miss Edith Wagner visited with Chicago relatives a few days this week.

Mrs. Kate Johnson returned home Saturday evening after a few weeks' visit with her daughter, Mrs. Byron of Chicago.

Miss Mabel Banks returned home Tuesday after spending a few days with friends in Chicago.

Mr. and Mrs. Andrew Johnson of Chicago spent Sunday at the home of Mr. and Mrs. J. Palmer.

Miss Della Gleason of Chicago was the guest of Mrs. P. Fackelman over Sunday.

Born, to Mr. and Mrs. Herman Schenk, residing near Palatine, October 9th a 13-pound daughter.

Village Attorney M. C. McIntosh of Chicago was here on business Wednesday.

John D. Busch, formerly of Palatine, now of Turtle Lake, Wis., visited friends and relatives here the early part of the week.

H. C. S. Meyer, residing near Gilmer, has decided to quit farming and will move to Wheaton, Ill., about November first where he will enter into the hardware business.

Mr. White and family of South Bend, Ind., arrived Monday and took possession of their home at the corner of Elm and Washington streets recently purchased of J. M. Topping. Mr. White is in business in Chicago.

M. C. McIntosh invites all his old friends to come and see him at his old home in the Henrietta Building, but requests that they do not all come at once. Mr. McIntosh has commenced the erection of a new home in Barrington.

Considerable dissatisfaction has been expressed over the assessment of benefits for Cook street water pipe extension. The Commissioner who prepared the assessment wishes to assure the property owners that he made a conscientious effort to be fair and just to every one.

Mrs. C. Churchill and daughter Miss Maude, formerly residents of this place but now of Athens, Ill., spent the week here visiting with Dr. and Mrs. A. Weisheit.

J. M. Topping's new residence, corner Harrison and Main street, has been commenced. It will be modern in every particular and will be two stories and basement. They moved temporarily into the Lamey house, corner Liberty and Hawley streets.

Don't forget to eat supper in the parlors of the Baptist church to-night—done in "Dutch" style, and will be served from 5:30 to 9 o'clock. At the conclusion of the serving of supper an interesting program will be rendered. Visit the candy and pop-corn booth.

Sarah Hill a deaconess at Zion City, died there Monday, as the result of a paralytic stroke. Miss Hill was one of the most noted characters of Zion City. It is said that she was the first to recognize Dowse as Elijah.

The departure of Mr. and Mrs. J. W. Coggin and their daughter and nephew, Mrs. Ida Bennett and son Lovell, for their winter home in Florida last Monday had to be postponed on account of the illness of Mrs. Coggin.

The semi-centennial convale of the grand commandery, Knights Templar of Illinois, will be held Oct. 23, at the Medina Temple auditorium, Dearborn avenue and Walton place, Chicago. A reception, addresses and business matters will occupy the morning session and at 2 p. m. a dinner will be served in the banquet room of the temple.

The "Round Table" of the Baptist church met at the home of Mrs. H. K. Brockway on Monday evening of this week. Prof. Fulton gave a most interesting talk on "Elements of Teaching." Vocal and instrumental music, and five minute talks by the pastor and some of the teachers were also given during the evening. At the conclusion refreshments were served and a social time enjoyed.

Evangelist A. W. Miller will give his lecture on "The Bible at the Methodist Episcopal church, Barrington, on Monday evening, October 29th. Those who heard Mr. Miller last winter will remember his ability as a speaker, and this lecture will be of interest to all who hear it. No admission will be charged but a silver offering will be taken at the close of the lecture. All are invited to attend.

Get your free lunch at Tokio, Rome, Berlin and Chicago next Wednesday evening.

Miss Teresa Goodhater of St. Louis visited Mrs. F. O. Willmarth Wednesday.

The Friday Pleasure club will be entertained to-night at a gentlemen's night by Mrs. F. O. Willmarth.

Miss Laura Nlemeyer is ill at the home of her sister, Mrs. John McGowan.

Miss Jennie Fleisher has been ill nearly all week. Miss Emma Plunge substituted for her at the telephone office.

A lady desires a position as house-keeper. Will do general house work. Call or address, J. A. Kitson, Barrington.

Is your name in the register? If not make sure that it is placed thereon Tuesday, October 30th the last day for registration in the country town.

Mrs. W. J. Bangs and children of Huron, S. D., are visiting at the home of her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Warren Powers, near Wauconda.

Charles Beinhoff, manager of Nelson Morris meat market, Cleveland branch, of Cleveland, Ohio, was here over Sunday, visiting with his parents, Mr. and Mrs. Fred Beinhoff.

Mrs. D. H. Richardson was in Chicago Wednesday and Thursday as a delegate representing the Barrington Woman's club at the 29th Annual Convention of the Illinois State Federation of Women's clubs.

Arnold Schauble sold this week an 8-horse power gasoline engine to Fred Chowellie, of Palatine, also a 12-horse power gasoline engine to C. S. Hutton, of Chicago, for use of his summer home at Wauconda.

The B. Y. P. U. of the Baptist church will hold its regular monthly business meeting at the home of Miss Nancy Jencks on Monday evening, October 22nd. All members are urged to be present.

It is rumored that spectacular litigation in the matter of the will of the late M. B. McIntosh will be avoided by an amicable adjustment and equitable distribution among his children, subject to the life occupancy and use of the entire estate by Mrs. McIntosh, widow of the deceased.

Master Wilford, the bright young son of Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Denick, living south of Barrington, was taken suddenly ill Sunday morning, and although medical aid arrived within an hour and a quarter, his life was despaired of. At present writing, however, the little lad has nearly recovered.

Mrs. E. F. Schaeck and Mrs. Henry Rieck left Tuesday for Chester, Neb., to visit with Mrs. John Silker for two or three weeks. Mrs. Silker is a sister to Mrs. Schaeck and a sister-in-law to Mrs. Rieck. John Silker, of Chester, Neb., who has been visiting relatives and friends here for several weeks, accompanied the ladies.

Anyone wishing to receive injuries from a defective old board walk had better attend to the matter at once, for the old sidewalks are disappearing fast in Barrington and another summer they will be a rarity here. Many property owners realize that old walks must be torn up and cement ones laid and they are only plajing against time.

The Thursday Club met this week with Mrs. Sanford Peck. A most delicious program of song and light refreshments were served by the hostess. An invitation was accepted from the Altruist Woman's Club of Jefferson Park for their "guest day," Oct. 27th. Mrs. Roy Peck of Palatine, the scheduled hostess, could not entertain the club owing to the death of a relative.

The Wauconda Lender of last week says: "The gold mining story of a find by Muller on the hill in the oil report had just stirred things up. The fatal cheese eating contest at Johnson's was also a 'stirring' article but like the other with weak foundations, but truth or no truth, things must be kept stirring, you know."

Wm. Hager's sale of lots was well attended, the city officials attending in a body. Many lots were disposed of, and arrangements to commence the erection of houses within a few days. The lots are high and dry, and are an ideal building site. The prices were reasonable. Mr. Hager's sole ambition being to start a building boom.

The annual game dinner given by Otto Muecke of Fox Lake yesterday was not as well attended as usual, only about sixty guests responding to invitations issued. The inclement weather had much to do with this, and small attendance. However, a bountiful repast was served which was much enjoyed by those present.

The Village of Barrington in soliciting bids for Mrs. Hager's property extension opens a field of business operation which ought to be taken advantage of by some of our young men. Growing rapidly as our village is, such a contract is a small step in an extremely profitable business. Municipal contracts have been the foundation of many great fortunes. A contractor who does honest work at a reasonable price will be of interest to all cities and is as much a public benefactor as the man who with a bare of his hand, takes the money of the people and that if a local party takes the Main street contract that he will receive the best local contracts aggregating \$50,000 in the next two years. Think of it, young men, and act. M. C.

A Great Gun

By GRETCHEEN GRAYDON

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"Oh, yes! Billy has it again, and this time very bad," Mrs. Wheat said, nodding across at her son. "But you won't wonder at it when you hear the new sweetheart's name—Sarah-Susan—Miss Sarah-Susan Gunn."

Billy turned pale. Connor, his chin, laughed explosively and said as soon as he could speak: "Billy, I call that positively immoral! You had better be courting twins. How ever will you fix it? You may propose to Susan and be rejected or accepted by Sally. You may even be married wrong. Think, too, of being always a mere gunner's mate!"

"What?" Billy interjected, his face scarlet, but grinning in spite of himself. "Wait till you've seen her at least. Mother makes fun of her names because she can't find fault with her any way else. And she isn't to blame. She didn't name herself or choose the family she had to be born in."

"No, but you do choose the family you marry into," Mrs. Wheat cooed. She was less than twenty years older than Billy and still a very pretty and very lively woman. "Connor thought her stunning. So did the Uncle Tim. He turned back and deny in his mind to something a year old, he whistled aloud and asked abruptly: 'Say, Mammy Wheat, is it the same way with Tim? Did you turn him down now, and then you wouldn't be Mrs. O'Toole?'"

It was mammy's turn to blush. The blush made her younger and prettier than ever. "Who says I had the chance to be Mrs. O'Toole?" she began, but stopped as both the youngsters growled derision and unbelief. "Tim was the worst ever," Connor said decidedly, "couldn't get or steady used to hang out of the windows all 'prom' week just to stare up the street toward where you were staying. In the greatest fidget, too, to get his place fixed up new. And then, after he'd walked about with you one twenty half hour, he quit—out out everything except my allowance and scooted across the pond with just half a steamer kit. Don't say you don't know why, mammy! It won't do any good—out with us two. We know. He wanted—because you sent him. Poor old Tim! You laid a heap on your conscience, mammy! How could you do it?"

"Don't you understand, Larry, dear?" mammy said, still blushing. "It was all on your account. I couldn't bear to suggest you." Her eyes laughed, but Larry Connor saw under the laughter. "If that was your game you went blind," he said. "Don't you see, Tim is so near the years of indiscretion—they begin at forty-five—he'll sure fall in love somehow somewhere. You ought to have taken him, mammy. Then, indeed, my future would have been secure."

"Where is he? Have you heard from him lately?" mammy asked, her eyes suddenly downcast. Larry shook his head. "He was tearing around toward the midnight sun, though maybe the iceberg would remind him of you," he said. "But that was six months back—long enough for him to be buried or married."

"He always talks of Ireland—mammy began, sighing faintly. "But he didn't care for it unless you were there, so see it with him," Larry interrupted. "I think I'll cable him to come back right away. Maybe he will be ready to sacrifice himself for your white—carry off the adorable Gunn and so save Billy."

"I've had a letter—almost—she had Billy," mammy said inconspicuously. "Tim is a dear, but—Hon. Mrs. Timothy O'Toole! Dear me, I could cry when I think of it! Why wasn't he born sooner than this?" "Smith, Jones, Brown or Robinson," Larry commented. "Mrs. Wheat got up and walked quickly away. Billy went to the window. Larry, staring after the vanishing lady, was amazed to see her head drop and her bosom swell. Clearly she was on the point of sobbing. He followed her softly and said as she flung herself on a couch: 'Tell me, mammy! You're playing a game. What is it?'"

"How did you guess?" mammy said, speaking very low, with her finger on her lip. "You mustn't ever let Billy guess it," she said. "He doesn't know about our story. It came to me from my uncle, the dearest, strictest, best. He thought second marriages sinful—spiritualism, he called them. So I kept my fortune, which will be Billy's fortune, on condition of remaining always a widow. Now you see why I had to send Tim away."

clever to care really for my dear, big, blundering, pretty boy, but she cares a whole lot for what he can give her. You ought to see her crying my particle. I could forgive her a little if she had no pearls of her own. To be rich and grasping is so much worse than to yearn for what one never has had. I could break up the match tomorrow by letting her know I hold the purse strings, but that would lose me my boy, and he's everything."

"She shan't have him, and you shan't lose him, listen! I've got an idea," Larry said.

Mammy bent toward him, her brimming eyes shining. They talked in whispers for two minutes, then Larry struck away, headed for the telegraph office.

Exactly three weeks later Mammy Wheat, with Larry in attendance, went up to the city upon a steamer day. The pair got back late to Fernbrook and slipped into the hotel by the side entrance wholly unseen. But soon there was inscribed upon the register in Larry's most sprawling hand, "Mr. and Mrs. F. T. O'Toole-Merrion, Mount Merrion, County Meath, Ireland." And underneath, in Greek letters, "They're found it."

"What's all that about?" Billy said, coming up and leaning over Larry's shoulder.

Larry laid hold on him, saying, "Get your Gunn and come see." As he dragged Billy toward the main staircase he added, "Don't get your heart failure. You'll come out all right, if you only live through it."

Sarah-Susan, in wait for Billy, was quietly carried along. As the three entered mammy's private parlor they saw her standing beside a tall, handsome fellow, baldish and grayish, to be sure, but ruddy and with the happiest merry eyes. Stammeringly he put his arm around mammy, not even giving Billy a finger until he had said: "I had to have her, even if it meant changing my name and nation, so—Sure, life was no life without her. Wish me joy, lad, of my new home and a wife in it."

"I do," Billy said heartily, bringing the fairly blind, Mammy detached her-elf from Tim and flung herself upon Billy's breast, half sobbing, half laughing out: "Wait, son, until you know! Are you willing to be poor to make me happy?"

"Sure," Billy said, giving her a hug. Sarah-Susan bridled. Larry in his most innocent fashion began to explain. Before he had said fifty words she wheeled upon mammy.

"As you have beggared your son, madam, for your whim, understand I refuse to countenance your duplicity, I agree with your late uncle. Such conduct is positively immoral!"

As she spoke she had been stripping herself of Billy's ring, a simple affair of three-hood gold with a diamond spark on it. But she quite forgot the diamond the ring to Billy, poor creature, who stood at his mother's side.

But when Mrs. O'Toole-Merrion drew his head to her breast and patted it as she had done when he was three years old, he lifted it bravely and smiled up at her, saying: "It hurts, mammy, but I'm not going to cry. And I'm not going to starve either. Tim will see to that."

"Sure," Tim said, hugging his new son. Mammy and Larry considerably looked away.

In a good part of Berlin—that is, in one of the most desirable locations—one can get a flat for anything from \$20 to \$50 a month that could not be had in New York for less than \$150 if it could be found at all. I have such an apartment in mind, and it is only one among thousands in Berlin. It is on the third floor, and is a fine flat, as houses are sold there, more than four or six stories high. It does not lie in a straight, unattractive line along a narrow, dark hallway, but is built around a big square entrance that might be used for a reception room if it were needed. The rooms are enormous and each has outside windows. The bathroom is as large as an ordinary "inside" bathroom, as we know it, and it is fitted up with every modern luxury conceivable, including a splendid shower. The kitchen is too nice to be true, says a writer in Leslie's Weekly. It is lined halfway up with beautiful blue and white tiles. It has a white tile floor, and its gas range is made of blue and white tile to match the walls. It has a blue and white tile floor, and there are rows of white porcelain jars upon white tile shelves to keep things in. It would be absolutely impossible for such a kitchen to be dirty.

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