

Bribing Georgie

By JOHN J. O'CONNOR.
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"I think I had better take you to the train," said Ethel coldly. "I do not care to advertise to the whole family the fact that my affections were bestowed upon a man so utterly unworthy of them."
"You will have to announce the breaking of the engagement some time," suggested Castron. "But I guess it's better this way. We'll talk it over on the way into town. You have not given me a chance to defend myself yet. It will be all right when I get a chance to talk to you quietly."
Ethel smiled. "That was precisely what she wished to avoid. She would take the dog cart and have the little



"IT MAKES IT FIVE," HE OFFERED.

green go along. Castron noticed the smile and guessed her thoughts. When the cart was brought around the back seat was unoccupied.
"James said he had to send the boy to town," was the explanation. "He will be waiting for you at the station."
Ethel frowned and turned and walked to where her small brother was trying to coax the goldfish from the fountain basin with a bent pin and a bit of bread. He looked up guiltily at her approach, but was visibly relieved when he saw who it was.
"Don't you want to ride into town with Mr. Castron and me?" she said.
"Nope," he said decidedly.
"I'll give you that air gun if you will," she bribed.
"It costs \$2," he warned.
"I know," she agreed. "Hurry, or Mr. Castron will miss his train."
Georgie raced across the lawn and climbed into the back seat. "I'm going, too," he announced cheerfully. Frank Castron said something between the cover of his mustache and scowled. As he helped Ethel into her seat on the box.

It was apparent that Ethel was determined not to afford him any opportunity for a "retreat." He thought that he had frustrated her design when he had bribed the head coachman to send the tiger to town, but he had not counted on Georgie. He settled himself in his seat, and Ethel took up the lines.

"They covered the first half mile in silence. Then he broke the quiet. "I want to tell you," he began, "that that locket was."
"Please Georgie will hear," she whispered. "Please spare me the annoyance of having the wretched story spread all over the town."
"But if only you would listen for a moment," he pleaded. "Let Georgie drop off and walk back. He won't mind."
"I do," she said severely. "Do not make me think any worse of you than I do already."
"But it is all such a miserable mistake," he pleaded, "and you have not given me a chance for a single word since it happened."
For answer Ethel turned to speak to the boy, and Castron gripped his teeth. Just five minutes and the whole miserable mistake would be explained. If he could not get this chance, there was no hope. She would return his letters unread, just as she had sent back the note he had written a month ago. A bit of paper blowing across the road frightened the horses and demanded her attention. Castron leaned over the back of the seat.

"I'll give you a dollar to fall off and go back to the house," he offered.
"This is going to give me two," he explained.
"I'll make it five," he offered.
Georgie was resolute. "I made a bargain," he declared. "I wouldn't be fair."

Castron faced the front again. Everything seemed to be settling down. "I congratulate you upon your fortuitous finding in bribing Georgie," he said bitterly. "You seem determined to allow me no opportunity to explain."
"There is no possible explanation," she said decidedly. "The least you can do is to keep silent for the few minutes longer that you are to be burdened with my company."
"Very well," he said slightly. "If you are determined, I suppose there is no use in trying to prove you wrong."
He averted her head, and as they

hauled along through the leafy avenue Castron, all unconscious of the tumult in her mind, wherein pride and affection waged war, sat in the back seat viewing the events of the past twenty-four hours.

At Christmas Ethel had given him a locket, including her picture. Yesterday she had broken the case and had found therein another picture and a lock of hair that in no way suggested her own chestnut curls.

Before he could explain she had run into the house, and she had not returned to Castron to count the lost seconds.

At last, in desperation, he felt in his pocket. There was a bill he had slipped into his change pocket to avoid the trouble of taking out his pocket-book in the station. Gently he withdrew the bill and for an instant held it behind his back; then, certain that Georgie had seen it, he released his hold and let it flutter to the road.

Quickly the boy slipped off the tail-board and scrambled in the dust. Castron turned to Ethel.
"We are almost in town," he said. "I insist upon being given the right to explain."
"Hush," she warned. "Georgie will hear."
"Not unless he has exceptional ears," she smiled. "Georgie is about half a mile back."
Ethel half turned in her seat to convince herself, then turned to him again.

"I suppose you bought him off," she said scornfully. "You told me you were aware of his price. I suppose I shall have to listen since I cannot drive and stop up my ears too."
"I'll drive," he offered, "if you want to stop up your ears."
"What is it you wish to say?" she demanded, ignoring his generous offer.
"Just this," he said eagerly. "That is not my locket at all."
"As though I did not recognize it!" she scoffed.

"It fooled me," he argued. "You see, I haven't looked inside since I've been up here because I've had the original of the picture to look at. I never noticed that I picked up Frank Compton's locket by mistake. You were so proud of the uniqueness of the locket that I hated to let you see my foot made one just like it. From the similarity of the engraving I fancy it came from the same store."
"When I picked up the chain I got Frank's name," he found it out until you opened it. That girl in this locket is Frank's fiancee."
For a moment the horses trotted along in silence, broken only by the hoof beats; then she turned to him with moist eyes.

"What can you think of me?" she cried penitently.
"That you are the dearest little woman in the world," he said promptly. Her hand stole into his.

"I'll never be so foolish again," she said. "I'm so glad you persisted, dear."
"Me, too," he agreed.
A couple of days later Castron was smiling over a scrawly letter that had just come. It read:

"Dear Frank: I'm over E. It ain't fair to take it, because I didn't drop off that wagon because of the five, but because I thought you'd be my brother-in-law. I heard what she said. I guess she wanted me, too, because she gave me the ring and the locket. It's funny to have a girl cry over you. Did you ever hear her cry over you? Come up soon. Her brother-in-law is to be GEORGIE."
Castron smiled reminiscently, recalling the last ride to town.

Wetshod upon his Father.
When Mr. Finnelly returned after a day's outing with Michael, the only son, his face was long and doleful and quickly drew inquiries from the mother.
"I mistrust Mick's not long for this world," said Mr. Finnelly, with a deep sigh. "I mistrust there's a spell over him already, and he'll not be long wid us."
"Anah, what are you talkin' about?" demanded his wife as she removed some light brown sticky decorations from the countenance of the sleepy Michael. "He's one of the long, thin kind, but he's got good health and a fine pair o' lungs in him."
Mr. Finnelly shook his head with stubborn conviction.

"You can say what please you," he remarked scornfully, "but I've got this to tell you, woman: On the platform of the station there was a large, big scales, an' I stepped on, holdin' my baby by the hand. They tipped an' balanced at a hundred twenty-two pounds. Thin I lifted Micky up an' hid him in the air—all free of the platform, mind you—and, woman, thin scales never was in a pound. There was only one bit of a trindle. I'd hardly the strength in me legs to walk home."

A gleam of Hope.
The dark letters made through the flut. Then came the gleam of a revolver.
"Hands up!" hissed the head of the family. "You are a burglar?"
"I s'pose," gasped the intruder as he faced the cold steel.
"What have you stolen?"
"Your wife's pug dog."
"I'm! Er—if that's all, you may sneak out quietly."
"And your mother-in-law's parrot."
"You don't say? Well, here is some loose change."
"And your daughter's phonograph."
"Good! Here's some more loose change."
"Also your son's punching bag."
"What? Great Scott, man, come out to the lee chest! There certainly will be some peace in this flat from now on."

Daisy's Trunk

By GEORGE STAIR.
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"You should have sent your trunk on in the train ahead," said Compton. "Just now there is a press of baggage, and you must get your trunk out in time to get the other train."
"But I can't," insisted Daisy, with pretty impetuosity. "If I lose that train the yacht will have left and I shall miss the trip. She will be sent south next month, and I shall not have another chance."
"I'll see what I can do," he volunteered. "But I am afraid that it looks very much like a hopeless case."
"You can do it," said Daisy confidently as she settled back in her seat with the air of one who dismisses discussion. Somehow Compton gave one confidence in his powers of accomplishment. Ever since she had been a child she had let him do things for her. He had always seemed a handy man, and precisely because he was so handy he had urged his suit on her in vain.

Just now Dick Tomlin was the favored suitor. Dick was to meet her at the station and take her over to the other railroad, where she would connect with the train for the shore where her brother was waiting for her on his yacht.

In spite of her liking for Tomlin she was glad when Frank Compton's form loomed up in the aisle of the car. Dick was not a good manager. With Frank along she knew that her trunk would be assured.

Compton sank into the seat beside her. "I suppose there is some favored suitor waiting for you," he suggested. Daisy blushed.

"Dick Tomlin said he might be there," she admitted.
Compton smiled.
"If he said that he might be there, he assured that he will," he said gravely. "Will he be the one, Daisy?"
"You are always thinking about my getting married," she pouted. "I don't

think of it." "The best of George Washington which stood upon the pedestal in the reception room has been removed and placed upon the floor, with its face in the corner. Until the culprit, whoever she or he may be, comes to the front and makes a public confession of the misdemeanor not a soul will be permitted to leave this building. Remember, there will be no other punishment imposed than the open and public confession."
There was a great sensation. Teachers exchanged glances; pupils giggled all the while. Their attention increased, says a writer in the New York Press, when he began to address them on "George Washington, the Father of Our Country."
When the principal finished his remarks he paused impressively for a moment and then went on in his severest tone:

"The school is dismissed," said the principal.

A Great Town.
A man who had been born and reared in a small town in the West went to one of the large cities, engaged in business and accumulated a fortune. After a lapse of twenty-five years he made a visit to his native village. The spirit of his boyhood for the place he rented a vacant building on the principal street for a long term of years and telegraphed an order for a first class chemical engine and other appliances.

Having previously secured the volunteer fire department which a volunteer fire department would be organized to protect the building from fire, seeing the engine installed in the building before he went away.

A few days after his return to the city a friend in the little town sent him a copy of the local paper. It contained a full account of his philanthropic action and expressed the gratitude of the citizens for his liberality, but wound up thus:

"It is a great feeling, however, that with his vast wealth it wouldn't have hurt him a bit if he had given us instead a system of waterworks and a regular steam fire engine, with a fire department. Then we could have crowded over every town in the county. As it is, we are merely on a par with the 'inferior' reaction of modern times, putting on airs they'll give us the laugh."

Inquire and Enquire.
"While you are on the subject of spelling," says a correspondent, "can you kindly explain why business men insist on writing 'enquire' and 'enquiry' instead of 'inquire' and 'inquiry'?" The word is pronounced 'in,' and 'in' clearly expresses the meaning.
The explanation, we think, must be that business men are too much given to the study of the older classics of our language. In the romance of "Geryonides," for example, the business man reads that:

"Every man be encouraged the certain which of us were ded and which were taken."
And they have noted that Child's test of "The Halliwell's Daughter of Islington" says that:

To fair London she would go Her true love to enquire.
Congreve spells it with an "e," but Milton with an "i." Spencer spelled it with an "i," but the translator of the "Authorized Version" spelled it with an "e." So the honors are perhaps say as regards the classics. But there is no doubt that the "i" has all its own way in the hands of modern writers of repute—London News.

der the baggage, and the helper grinned. "Jump up there with the rest of the trucks and let me run you into the room," he laughed.
Compton fell in with the joke and took the next half of the pile of luggage.

The next half hour he was compelled to sit in the stuffy room until the baggage-master found time to attend to him. Then the two checks were returned to him, and he was permitted to go.

Three weeks later he ran into Daisy on the street. "How is my trunk?" she asked, with a smile.
"I hope so," he said quickly. "I mean my substitute trunk," she explained. "The Porters told me about it. It seems that they saw you make the exchange."
"It was the only way to avoid a delay," he said. "That accounts for my not coming to say goodby."
"You are a dear old fellow," she said. "I had the story from the Porters and remembered how Dick complained because you were on the train with me I saw the difference between you two and I was satisfied."

"The contrast was in your favor," she said hurriedly. "Frank, if you want to ask a certain question again I think I'll answer it."
"Here is the Jeweler's," suggested Compton. "Let's get the ring."
"I want one with a seal like a trunk check," she said as she followed. "I planned to get it, but I forgot."
"Bless the trunk check," said Compton fervently.

Teachers and pupils of a high school in New Jersey were amazed one morning when the principal suddenly ordered all the classes to assemble in the auditorium. Their attention increased, says a writer in the New York Press, when he began to address them on "George Washington, the Father of Our Country."
When the principal finished his remarks he paused impressively for a moment and then went on in his severest tone:

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Holland's Future.
The question of the future of the Netherlands has been revived of late in various forms, and the destiny of the two countries came under that the seems to be involved in the destiny of one of them—that is Holland. Whoever holds Holland in any new arrangement of the Low Countries holds Belgium. Since France and England contended a century and more ago Germany has come upon the field as a great power, and both England and France would be glad should the Germans control Holland. It is said in Europe that the Dutch are at present inclined toward allegiance to some great empire rather than have their country remain a small and inconspicuous state. On this point the London Saturday Review says:

We are too ready to judge of modern Holland by her past. To be sure she is largely a nation of ease loving, well-to-do people. The upper classes draw large incomes from colonies which they do not govern with any special felicity. In the event of a failure to enter the house of Orange one great incentive of patriotism would be lost. There is a very noble incorporation of Holland with the Germans, which would mean a voluntary claim to the right to interfere? The possibility of the seizure of Holland by force may be eliminated. Such a step would not only excite, but elicit, outside interference. France or England would interfere to prevent Dutchmen from joining the host for themselves or what the matter themselves.

The Review suggests that Holland and Belgium may reunite and face the future together. But it also affirms that both countries have of late become Germanized to a considerable extent—that is to say, the official classes of Belgium and the commercial classes of Holland. This authority holds that the possession of Holland by Germany would result in the absorption of Belgium, whether the Belgians resisted or not.

A New York business woman says that the sympathetic element is needed in the modern office and relates that she kisses her sixty-three girl stenographers every morning. Every man will now be enthusiastic about that sympathetic treatment also if he can make his wife see it the same way.

They say that China has not had a bank failure in 100 years or more. Now, China has been in the banking business, more or less, since 2700 B. C. This would seem to show that the plan of cutting off the heads of bank wreckers has been developed by long experience.

The apple crop of 60,000,000 barrels might mean three-quarters of a barrel for every man, woman and child in the United States; but, like the other good things of life, the apples won't be divided with absolute impartiality.

Country Life discourses upon "the disappearing black current." The trouble with the black current is it doesn't disappear fast enough to suit some people. Few persons like the taste of it.

Those London women who are getting up riots in favor of woman suffrage must have studied the methods of voters at exciting elections.

In a recent address to the students of a divinity school the lecturer warned the candidates for the ministry not to be "misled by a rumor that the congregation is weary of doctrinal sermons." He added that the reasons why lawyers, doctors, teachers, writers and men of affairs whose business demands more than routine use of the intellectual powers often seem so benevolently indifferent to the church is to be found in part in the decay of the doctrinal sermon.

They are interested in religion. Every man who is really educated is. But because of their constant use of their reasoning powers they want reasons for what they are asked to believe. All their mental habits of life deter them from accepting unsupported assertions.

They do not care for merely dogmatic sermons. They cannot be led to active belief merely because some other man is in a pulpit, commonly of fewer years, less experience and smaller learning, save in one special field, then they possess, tells them they should so believe.

The minister is assumed to be a student of doctrine. His education is supposed to have trained him in the essentials of the documents and evidence of religion, natural and revealed, and to have equipped him with ability to say what this evidence is and what it means to those trained to weigh it.

When he preaches on the lines of his special training he is bound to preach doctrinal sermons.

And if to unshaken and unshakable faith the preacher add ability to give reasons which appeal to intelligence for his faith he will never lack intelligent and educated men as hearers. He gives them what they want—the reasons of a trained speaker on the points at issue for the faith they are seeking.

Moreover, such sermons may be made interesting to the general congregation. That department of church history which treats of the evolution of doctrine is a rich field to draw upon for illustration and proof. In fact, in this domain lies about all that is personal and vivifying in the life of the church on earth.

LAMMY & COMPANY.
The Woman's club met at the home of Mrs. H. Powers Thursday as guests of the president, Mrs. M. C. McIntosh of Chicago, who had invited the club to her home in the city but received them here to accommodate the ladies who could not go to town. The program was a routine of the charity work being done by the club and plans perfected for further acts of benevolence. Mrs. Addie Lines brought as guests—Mrs. D. Lines of Woodstock and Mrs. Lakewood of Hebron, Ill. Mrs. Powers entertained Mrs. M. Gregory and S. L. Lewis of the Elgin Woman's club.

The ladies of Barrington have many clubs, the girls have the Portia and the Froelich Art club, but the boys had none up to last Sunday. On that day, however, they got a "wriggle" upon themselves and organized the "Jing Leaven." Some big fish stories were told.

ADJUDICATION NOTICE.
Public Notice is hereby given that the Subscriber, Administrator of the Estate of Antone Prometius deceased will attend the County Court of Lake County, at a term thereof to be held at the Court House in Waukegan, in said County, on the first Monday of January next, 1927 when and where all persons having claims against said Estate are notified and requested to present the same to said Court for adjudication. EDSON F. HARNDEN, Administrator.

Waukegan, Ill., Oct. 27, 1926.

Arista B. Williams, Howard P. Castle Percy V. Castle Jesse R. Long

CASTLE, WILLIAMS, LONG & CASTLE ATTORNEYS AT LAW 1020-22 Chamber of Commerce Bldg., Chicago. Telephone, Main 2621

Howard B. Castle at Barrington Monday Evenings.

M. C. McINTOSH, LAWYER. Suite 420 Ashland Bldg., Chicago. Residence Barrington.

HENRY BAUMGARTEN has opened up a Restaurant in the Lamey Building, opposite the Depot, OCTOBER 1st, 1926 To be known as the COLUMBIA RESTAURANT Home cooking. Reasonable charges. Meals or Lunch at all hours.



"LET ME HAVE YOUR CHECK," HE SAID QUIETLY.

say why we can't just be good friends, Frank.
"Because I want to be something better than good friends," he explained. "I want you for my wife and you merely laugh at the idea."
"I've known you ages," she explained. "You seem more like a big brother."
"So a newcomer wins the prize," he sighed.
"Please don't speak about it," pleaded Daisy. "You know I hate to hurt you."
Compton settled back in his seat with a sigh. That was the explanation of it all. Daisy had known him all her life. It was the new face that won her attention. There was no hope for him. The train was pulling into the station before he roused himself.

"Let me have your check," he said quietly. "Tomlin will look after you. I will try to get the trunk."
She gave him a grateful look as she handed him the square of brass. "You're an awful comfort, Frank," she said softly. "I'm sorry I can't—can't—"
"It's all right," he said, as he gathered up her belongings.

"Tomlin to get a banesom and send the driver after me. I'll have the trunk for him."
He helped her down the steps and, after seeing that Tomlin was there, went in search of the trunk. Truck or truck was run down the platform, and at last he recognized the little steamer trunk with his big red D.

Quickly he explained to the helper the necessity for having the trunk immediately, but the baggage handlers were tired and cross and not disposed to extend any favors.

"Can't do it," he said sharply. "The trunks have got to be checked up before they can go out. That will take half an hour."
Compton passed the man a bill. "Compton you transfer the check to me," he said. "You can check me up instead of the trunk. Then if there's any trouble you have me to answer for."
For a moment the man stood still as the idea sank in; then, with a laugh, he jerked off the trunk, slipped off the strap and fastened it to Compton's arm. The cabman stepped up to shout-

Chicago Season of "Ben Hur" Ends in Four Weeks.
The closing days of "Ben-Hur" at the Chicago Auditorium are announced. Klaw & Erlanger's stupendous production of Wallace's mighty Biblical romance is to be withdrawn in four weeks' time. He added that the reasons why announced for Thanksgiving Day in addition to the regular Wednesday and Saturday matinees that week. The present engagement is the most notable in his career. Chicago's largest and most classic amusement temple has never held more cultured and distinguished audiences. It is estimated that by the time the engagement closes fully 300,000 people will have attended. This is a marvelous record and indicates that this great semi-religious drama of Palestine, the product of the pen of Gen. Leo Wallace, able statesman, gallant soldier and courageous American gentleman, will remain a potent factor in the amusement world to entertain and instruct for years to come.

It is advisable for those who intend witnessing this attraction to lose no time in writing Mr. Millward Adams, Director of the Chicago Auditorium, for seat reservations. Mr. Adams promises particular attention to all mail orders accompanied by remittance.

Barrington Locals.
The Barrington Choral Society under Prof. Harris of Chicago began Monday night and all are enthusiastic over the work. The chorus is well balanced and the musical selections are the best. The cantata, "The Wreck of the Hebe," Longfellow's poem set to music by Anderson, will be one of the studies. Many more names should be added to this chorus. Come out next Monday night at 7 o'clock and join the class. After next week the session will begin at 7:45 in the Baptist church.

Don't wait for colder weather. It is cool enough now to look over your needs in the way of window glass. Bring in the cash and we will glaze it for you while you wait. We have in stock any size from an 8 x 10 to 36 x 62. Give us your order.

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