

# BARRINGTON REVIEW

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## WHAT DO TARIFF REVISIONISTS WANT?

What would interest a good many people in this campaign would be to learn just what the tariff revisionists want. A lot has been said to the effect that the system now prevailing and that included in the general policy of the Republicans is wrong. We are told that the wage-earner is being robbed, that certain privileged classes are sharing unearned profits and that the tariff is responsible for the high cost of living. Granting that all this is so—although it is not so—what do the revisionists propose to do? The only proof of their intent lately shown has been in the nature of the Underwood bills, which were slapped together in a hurry to meet the demands of the pressing national campaign and about which the Democrats themselves were uneasy for fear they might ultimately become the law, and the effect upon the industries concerned would prove disastrous to their political aspirations. Voters who have been impressed with the charges laid up to the score of the tariff should demand of the revisionists a statement of something definite in regard to their intentions. "Revising the tariff downward" is a generally which elicits an uncertainty about the problem that it would be well to clear away before voters endorse it as a battle slogan. "Revision downward" means much or little. So far as industries of this city and vicinity are concerned, it is very essential to know how far downward the revision is going before it stops. The voter interested in those industries should ask himself whether he prefers that the revision be made by the party which is pledged to protect the industry while revising the tariff, or by the party pledged to levy duties only to the amount of the expenses of the Government and to let them fall haphazardly, mainly as chance directs. The latter was the way the revision started by the Democrats tended. The Republican policy on the tariff is a safe one. Revision should be conservative and scientific.—Fall River Herald.

## ROOSEVELT AND THE TRUSTS.

Robert M. LaFollette, United States senator from Wisconsin, foremost Republican progressive in the upper house of Congress, is against Theodore Roosevelt for a third term, because, he says, Roosevelt, while president, co-operated with the trusts instead of co-operating with him in his fight against the trusts. "On the day that Roosevelt was made president of the United States," declares LaFollette, "there were 149 trusts in the United States. When he turned the government over to Mr. Taft there were 10,000 great trusts and combinations."

## THE GIRL WHO CAN SEW.

The girl who can take a few inexpensive materials and make herself an attractive dress is much more accomplished than her friend who can sing in two languages or paint roses in all colors of the rainbow. There is more art in making a pretty dress than in covering the parlor wall with fearful and wonderful paintings. The girl who can dress herself neatly and also attractively has more culture than the one who can pound seven kinds of music out of the piano and has to buy her dresses ready made.

Yesterday died at midnight; it has gone into the measureless past. Today is the living, pulsing present, to be taken joyfully into our hands and made the most of. Tomorrow is a wonderful opportunity yet unborn.

# GIRL CAPTURED BY BRIGANDS FINDS HERO

By JOHN PHILIP ORTH.

Miss Claire Benson had the pony and her maid the night around to the door of her father's house in Bellville that she might take a drive down the Shady Beach road. She found the vehicle, gathered up the lines and gave the pony a cut with the whip and was off. A man always utters a chuck to start a horse; a woman always gives him a cut. Miss Claire turned out of three miles and hitched the pony and then strolled into a grove to sit down and think as the summer breeze sighed through the branches above her head. The girl thought and thought and thought! She had got it about settled when a chitmouse ran along the ground before her and died into his burrow.

"Your thing—he shall not smother down there because he fears me!" exclaimed the tender-hearted girl as she rose up and looked around for help. In a moment more she was running through the woods, thinking she heard the voices of men. She fought about that. She hadn't taken a hundred steps when three brigands sprang hidden in a hollow leaped up and came rushing at her. They wore rough clothes; they had long hair; their whiflers were black as the ace of spades and matted with leaves.

"Keep the sheriff off, boys, until I can get a little start!" And then there were whoops from the bushes across a creek, and the reports of firearms from all around, and Miss Claire was hustled further. That is, the leader mounted his cayote and she was grabbed and hoisted up to him and the beast started off on a run for life. "After 'em, boys!" "Shoot 'em down like dogs!" "No quarter to brigands!" "Ki-yi! Whoop!" Miss Claire only partly lost consciousness. It was a wild ride up and down hills—across meadows and through thickets and she prayed that the sheriff's party would not fall. It was wonderful how very quickly that suffering chipmunk was forgotten.

At length justice prevailed, as it always should, but never does when the other man has the most money to spend on lawyers. The two brigands covering the retreat were killed off after being struck in vital parts about thirty times apiece and then the leader's horse gave a stumble and a groan and fell to breathe his last. Nobody hurt in the fall—except, of course, some more. Behind the carcass knelt the last and the most desperate of the brigands and emptied his guns at the retreating foe and then died with the sacred name of "mother" on his ashen lips. Then the sheriff's posse dashed in with whoops of victory.

Miss Claire Benson lay sprawled out in a graceful and picturesque position. "Who are you, and how did you happen to get into this?" "She's the brigand leader who had died and come again to life with progressiveness and dynamism." "The girl be hanged! You made a mistake! There is the girl over there you should have carried off, but she was late in getting here. Nice sort of a thing you've done!" Miss Claire recovered her dignity, and as the "sheriff" stepped forward and raised his hat she demanded in turn: "Sir, will you explain this outrage?" "I'll try to, miss, and beg your pardon a thousand times over. We are moving picture actors, and are out here acting a play for a reel. The girl who was to be carried off by the brigands is a farmer's daughter, but through some blunder she didn't reach her assigned place in time. It seems you were there, and the brigands thought it was all right to go ahead. Jan't it so, Mr. Aldrich?"

The brigand leader had doffed hat, wig and whiflers and laid aside his guns and bandolier, and he now appeared as a fine looking young man. With a bow and a smile he said: "It's my fault, and I can't hope to be forgiven. I think you tried to make an explanation, but it was too late then. Our cue was out and we had to hush. You were in the woods to gather berries."

His query reminded Miss Claire of that poor chipmunk, and she forgot all else temporarily and cried out: "Some one must come with me at once! There's a poor little animal dying back there!" With her head in Mr. Aldrich's they hastened back to the woods with scarcely a word between them, and presently arrived at the tragic spot. When the chipmunk business had been explained, the young man set down on a log and said: "It was three months later when Mr. Benson told his duty to me." "Claire, I could never give my consent to her marrying a man like that. I don't expect you to ask for my hand," was the reply. "The girl—Miss Claire?" "Oh, she's long since dead."

The weather in the blindfold. An Indian went hunting one day for deer. After tramping long over the woods for some hours he came across a herd, and managed to kill one. He considered it and started for market, which was some five miles away. Now, of course, the longer he walked the heavier the deer got, and by the time he reached the deer market he was about all in. He hung the deer on the scales and stood looking at it with wonder. Finally he said to the man: "Ugh! Let him hang a while."

SONES as a barometer. The merits of bones as indicators of fair or foul weather have been vouched for by the captain of an Italian steamer carrying a cargo of bones from the South American port of Buenos Ayres to New York. When the ship was sailing toward a storm recently the skipper noted the bones creaked and moaned, and when fair weather was ahead they were silent again.

Wild Red Rice. In Senegal red rice grows wild. The fields in which it grows are bounded regularly by the Senegal or by its affluents, and in measure as the tide rises the rice plant rises above the food. The grain is very red and very dry and hard. It swells in the water and as it swells loses some of its rich color. It is very nourishing and requires no cultivation.—Harper's Weekly.

Japan's National Drink. Sake is the national alcoholic drink of Japan. It is brewed from rice, and, according to the latest available figures the annual production is about 210,000,000 gallons. Beer is becoming popular, however, and there are several large breweries, the total annual output being over 7,000,000 gallons.



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