BARRINGTON REVIEW
ESTABLISHED 1885
M. T. LAMEY, Editor and Publisher

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Cards of thanks, resolutions of condolence and all notices of entertainments given for pecuniary benefit must be paid for.

All communications should be addressed to the
BARRINGTON REVIEW
Tel. 403 BARRINGTON, ILL.

THURSDAY, MAY 26, 1910

THE PLIGHT OF THE LIAR.

Is there any power in cunning, in shrewd, long-headed, deceptive methods that can for a moment compare with the truth, with absolute integrity, asks Orison Swett Marden in "Success Magazine." There is no advertisement in the world, in the long run that can compare with that which comes from the reputation of always and everywhere telling the exact truth, of being absolutely reliable. This reputation alone has made the names of some of the great business houses in this country worth millions of dollars.

Every time a man deceives he knows that he has to cover his tracks. He is always on thorns for fear of discovery for everything in his own nature is trying to betray him; but when he tells the truth because he is built on the truth plan, he has all the universe sustaining, supporting, backing him.

What a difference there is between power of a man who is telling the truth and a coward who knows he is backed by the eternal principle of right and justice, and the man who is lying and is conscious of it.

One can look the world in the face without winking, because he feels that he is backed by eternal principle; there is power in his voice, assurance in his very bearing, while there is something within the other man which says, "I am a liar; I am not a man. I know that I am not a man, but a sneak a make-believe."

One very large class of liars are liars of carelessness, thoughtlessness; people who do not mean to lie, who are honest enough, but who are slipshod in their mental processes. Their observation is faulty; they do not see or hear them as they are. This comes from not taking pains to get the exact facts about anything into their heads.

One of the most pernicious liars is the flatterer, the one who cannot bear to wound you on your weak point. Then there is the polite liar, who prevaricates and deceives in order to be courteous. He wants you to think well of him and wants to make you feel good. He would rather deceive you than tell you unwelcome truths. Vanity liars cannot bear to tell the truth when it reflects upon themselves or does not flatter their vanity. These liars may be believed in what does not reflect on themselves or put them in an unfavorable light.

We try to make each issue of the REVIEW better than the issue preceding it, and we're sure that every issue abounds with good things for our readers. This week we are printing some especially fine Memorial Day matter which we know will make excellent reading. Your attention is especially directed to the beautiful, illustrated poem by Wilbur D. Nesbit on the first page. On the fourth page you will find a timely and touching little story headed "Katherine," and an interesting article about our national cemeteries is published on page six.

An article about King Edward's funeral on page seven should interest many.

Every issue contains all of the local news and news of the world that's fit to print. Read this number carefully, that you may more thoroughly appreciate your home paper.

Notice to Woodmen.

All members of Barrington camp number 809, Modern Woodmen of America, are requested to meet at their hall Sunday morning June 5, at 10 o'clock to attend services at the Baptist church. The members will also meet at one o'clock in the afternoon of the same day to march to Evergreen cemetery to decorate graves of deceased neighbors.

5-2 WILLIAM GRUNAU, Clerk.

KATHERINE

A PLEASANT LITTLE STORY OF MEMORIAL DAY.

"DAD," said Jack, at the breakfast table, "I've got to have a new pair of shoes before Memorial day. All the fellows are getting patent leather oxfords, and I find my shoes getting rather disreputable—worn clear through on the soles."

"Dad"—elsewhere known and respected as the honorable Judge Adams—laid down his morning paper and looked at Jack over his glasses.

"See here, young man, go ahead and get your patent leathers if you need them, but get the ones you have on fixed up. I know where there's a little cobbling shop down on Spencer street—it's kept by two brothers—old soldiers both of 'em, crippled by the war, and they're trying to make an honest living. Tell the old fellows to put on some good strong half soles and straighten up the heels if they need straightening."

Katherine passed her father the toast. "Daddy," she said, coaxingly, "may I take the new auto on Memorial day? You know you and mamma are talking of going to Uncle Robert's to spend the day, and if you'd only let me take it I'd be so careful."

He folded his newspaper, consulted his watch anxiously, and rose. "Well," he said, "I've got to be going or I'll miss that car. Yes, Katherine, I guess you may take the auto, if you think you can be careful. Broken bones are expensive as well as mighty painful. And you, Jack, remember what I told you about those shoes."

Jack cornered Katherine as she was going upstairs to dress for school.

"Say, sis," he said, digging his fists into his pockets, "would you mind taking my shoes down to those old duffers on your way to school? You generally get that way to call for Phyllis, don't you?"

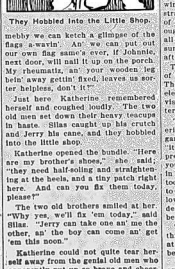
Katherine took the bundle under her arm along with her high-school books and went down Spencer street.

She went into the little shop and sat down to wait. She had knocked loudly, but no one had responded, and the door had held to enter.

As she sat there waiting, voices from the little kitchen beyond reached her. Evidently the two old men were having a late breakfast, and evidently also they were somewhat hard of hearing, for they kept on talking.

"I don't care so much for myself, Henry," an old voice was saying, "but laws! you hain't ever missed goin' to Decoration day. And I hate to have you miss this one—yes, sir, I do; you do. If work wasn't so slack now, mebby we could afford to hire old man Dole's son's horse an' buggy to go with, but there's the grocery bill yet to pay, an' the medicine for your rheumatiz an' the repairs on my wooden leg, an' our pensions not due yet for quite a spell, and—"

Here Jerry broke in. "Now you hain't no call to worry none about me, Silas," he said, "not a mite. I guess I know how willin you be to go with out things so as to give me a little pleasure—you always was that way, an' I appreciate it. But don't you go to worrin'. I guess mebby we can hear the band play clear here, an'



They Hobbled into the Little Shop.

mebby we can ketch a glimpse of the flags a-wavin'. An' we can put out our flag same's ever, if John comes next door, will nail it up on the porch. My rheumatiz, an' your wooden leg, bein' away gettin' fixed, leaves us sorter helpless, don't it?"

Just here Katherine remembered herself and coughed loudly. The two old men set down their heavy teacups in haste. Silas caught up his crutch and Jerry his cane, and they hobbled into the little shop.

Katherine opened the bundle. "Here are my brother's shoes," she said; "they need half-soling and straightening at the heels, and a tiny patch right here. And can you fix them today, please?"

The two old brothers smiled at her. "Why yes, we'll fix 'em today," said Silas. "Jerry can take one an' me the other, an' by gun can come an' get 'em this noon."

Katherine could not quite tear herself away from the genial old men who apparently put up so brave and cheerful a struggle against adversity.

"My father says you are both old soldiers," she began. "You must try to go to the exercises up in the cemetery on Memorial day. They say they're to be exceptionally fine this year. Gen. Thomas Wyatt is going to deliver the oration, and—"

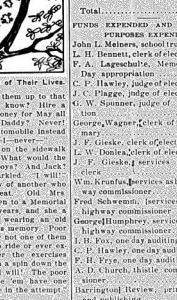
Old Jerry almost bounded to his feet in his excitement.

"I want to know!" he cried; "I want to know! Why, my land o' liberty, Silas an' me is under him in the-army! Old Tom Wyatt! An' here's Silas an' me old an' crippled, an' can't go to see him and hear him!"

Katherine, her young face aglow with sudden resolve, rose impulsively.

"Well," she said, "you shall go, some way. I'll see that there's some way provided so you can both get up to the cemetery and see and hear your old general!"

As she hurried on to school she thought: "Isn't that just like me! All impulse and not a bit of sense! Just because those two poor old men touched my sympathies. Now, how



Gave Them the Ride of Their Lives.

are you going to get them up to that cemetery, I'd like to know? Why, the livery rig! Pocket money for my allowance is gone forever from Daddy! Never! I'd rather be the automobile laughing-stock of the girls! Well—I—never—"

Katherine stopped on the sidewalk and laughed aloud. What would the girls say? And the boys? And Jack? Her dad's eyes narrowed. "I will," she said, "and I know of another who will fill the empty seat. Old Mrs. Dole, who hasn't been to a Memorial day celebration for years, and she's a widow's widow and always wears an old rusty crape veil in his memory. Poor old dear! And I know not one of them has ever had an auto ride or any prospects to. And after the exercises, perhaps I'll take them a spin down the river road. Yes, I will! I will, I'm good old souls! I'll make 'em have one real afternoon or die in the attempt."

That afternoon was a dream of delight to the three old people and the young fellow from Dole's garage, who was so wonderful a thing to Joy to those who had not seen visits. The color came in Widow Davis' wrinkled cheeks, and her old eyes beamed with pride as she sat down across the rows of graves to Henry's, where the little flag fluttered and the great bouquet of white syringas and plump lilacs lay like a benediction. The band played its ever-loved and sorrowful airs, and the old brothers never knew that quiet tears were running down their faces as they listened.

"The general's speech was strong and true, and brave and tender, and when it was over, Silas and Jerry could not refrain from hobbling up to greet their old commander.

"When at last it was all over and the people began to descend the long hill, Katherine turned her automobile in the direction of the river road. She drove slowly, so that her guests might enjoy the exquisite view, and on and on they went, miles out into the beautiful, free, open country. But on the way home Katherine gave them the ride of their lives, and laughed to see the widow's old face flushed like a girl's and her gray hair floating on the wind, while the old crape veil blew out straight behind into the sunlight. Each of the two old men, who were thoroughly enjoying the swift pace, it was all very wonderful and beautiful, and surely there was a good deal in life after all, they thought.

"And right the general was the guest of honor at Judge Adams' at dinner. The judge and his wife had at the seventh hour given up their promised visit, and were glad and proud to entertain such a famous guest.

"The general looked across at Katherine. 'My dear young lady,' he began in his quiet, old-fashioned way, 'it does me good—more than I can express in mere words—to discover that youth is not all frivolity and flippancy in this generation. When I saw you today giving pleasure and satisfaction to those whose lives are poor and lonely—when I heard afterward of the delightful thing you gave them in the beautiful river road—why—I—I—'

"The general stopped, and tried to think of the proper word, then smiled at Katherine, which was a great deal better than finding it.

"They told me all about it—Silas and Jerry," he said, "when I called to see them on my way here, and it ever a happier or prouder pair of brothers existed I have never met them."

Supervisor's Report.
Office of Town Supervisor.

The following is a statement by Charles P. Hawley supervisor of the Town of Barrington, in the county and state aforesaid, of the amount of public funds received and expended by him during the fiscal year just closed, ending on the twenty-ninth day of March, A. D., 1910, showing the amount of public funds on hand at the commencement of said fiscal year, the amount of public funds received and from what sources received, and the amount of public funds expended and for what purposes expended, during the said fiscal year, ending as aforesaid.

The said Charles P. Hawley, being duly sworn, doth depose and say that the following statement, by him subscribed, is a correct statement of the amount of public funds on hand at the commencement of the fiscal year above stated, the amount of public funds received and the sources from which received, and the amount expended and purposes for which expended, as set forth in said statement.

CHARLES P. HAWLEY.

Subscribed and sworn to before me, this 5th day of April, 1910.

MILES T. LAMEY,
Notary Public.

FUNDS RECEIVED AND FROM WHAT SOURCES RECEIVED.	
Amount of public funds on hand at the commencement of the fiscal year, commencing the 5th day of April, 1909	$ 312 16
Barrington Bank, loan	41 53
John R. Thompson, county collector, delinquent tax	41 17
James Hutchinson, collector, town tax	676 49
James Hutchinson, collector, dog tax	139 16
Total	1210 51

FUNDS EXPENDED AND FOR WHAT PURPOSES EXPENDED.	
John L. Meiners, school trustee	9 00
L. H. Bennett, clerk of election	7 00
A. Lagowski, Memorial Day appropriation	50 00
C. P. Hawley, judge of election	7 00
J. C. Plagge, judge of election	7 00
G. W. Spinner, judge of election	7 00
George Wagner, clerk of primary	2 00
J. F. Gieske, clerk of election	7 00
L. W. Donlea, clerk of election	5 00
J. P. Grosek, judge of election	7 00
Clerk	28 70
Wm. Krunfus, services as highway commissioner	34 50
Fred Schwemin, services as highway commissioner	32 50
George Humphrey, services as highway commissioner	34 50
J. H. Fox, one day auditing	1 50
C. P. Hawley, one day auditing	1 50
F. H. Frye, one day auditing	1 50
A. D. Church, thistle commissioner	68 25
Barrington Review, printing and publishing	41 53
Barrington Bank, note	41 53
Barrington Bank, interest	62
Wm. Krunfus, dog tax 1907 and 1908	292 04
George Humphrey, services as commissioner	31 00
Fred Schwemin, services as commissioner	31 00
Wm. Krunfus, services as commissioner	41 00
J. F. Gieske, services as town clerk	33 15
J. H. Fox, one day auditing	1 50
Legal Adviser, Pub. to blanks	10 03
Barrington Review, printing and publishing	11 48
C. P. Hawley, one day auditing	1 50
Cash fares to county house	2 35
F. H. Frye, one day auditing	1 50
C. P. Hawley, services as supervisor	10 00
Balance on hand	356 33
Total	1210 51

Your Home Furnished Complete.
Send at once for our illustrated catalog explaining how we can conveniently furnish your home on very easy monthly payments. Send no money, just say, send me your latest catalog.
A. L. LEATH & CO.
70 Grove Ave., Elgin Ill.

Best bread in town, sold six loaves for 25 cents at the Bakery—adv.

Real Estate Transfers.

The following transfers of real estate in this vicinity have been recorded recently:

C. T. Commander and wife to O. J. Mink, lots 7 and 8 block 3, Applesee's subdivision, Barrington, and land adjoining, C. T. Commander, $1,000.

Dr. Barber will be at Dr. Shearer's office Tuesday, May 31. If your eyes trouble you see him. All work guaranteed.

Advertised Letter List.

The following letters remain in the Barrington post-office uncalimed:

Mr. W. H. Dale
Mr. Harris Dales
Mr. Harnclore
Andrew W. Stafford
H. K. BROCKWAY, P. M.

New Rubber Tires.

You may have your old rubber tires replaced by new ones at Mittelman's blacksmith shop. Prices reasonable.—Adv.

The Barrington Chocolate Shop.
Gus Pulos, Prop.
Home made Ice Cream and Candies. Cigars, Tobaccos and Fruits. Vanilla Ice Cream $1.00 per gallon.
Order your Brick Ice Cream 35c.
Telephone 421

Mr. Milk Producer:

A SILO will bring you more dollars in the shape of net results than any other method of feeding. It isn't a question of whether or not you can afford a silo. It's a question of whether or not you can afford to be without one. The silo isn't an expense. It's the most economic thing appertaining to a farm or dairy. A silo will pay for itself the first year.

Silage will increase by 20 per cent. the milk and butter yield of your cows. It will put 10 per cent. more flesh on your live stock than any other feed you can use at anywhere near the price. It means the saving of approximately 35 per cent. of the food values of your feed stuffs—corn, clover, alfalfa, cowpeas, etc.

It also means the utilization of the entire corn stalk and this represents 40 per cent. of the nutritive value of the plant.

The Bushnell Hinge Door Silo is built to last, is convenient and is guaranteed for perfect keeping of ensilage.

Ask for our new silo booklet.
Bushnell Tank Works, Bushnell, Ill.

Good Printing

"*Your specimens are all very neat and tasty*" was the verdict of F. J. Trezise—chief instructor of the Inland Printer Technical school, and a recognized authority on printed things—after looking over a bunch of our samples recently.

"That statement amounts to considerable, coming as it does from a man who daily inspects work done by the best artists in the world.

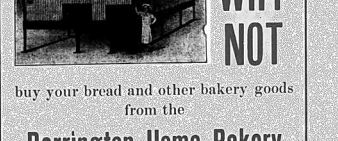
"It means that our work is far above the average—that we are qualified to do YOUR work, no matter how particular you are.

"We recently added to our equipment a new and modern cylinder press, thus greatly improving our facilities.

"We can handle any job, no matter how large nor how well it must be executed. We're not above the small and ordinary jobs either. All have the same careful attention.

"Let us do YOUR work, be it much or little. You will be pleased we feel sure.

Barrington Review
Job Printing Department.



buy your bread and other bakery goods from the

Barrington Home Bakery

Goods baked in this new and up-to-date bake oven are superior to all shipped-in bakery goods; besides, bread bought direct at the bakery is never exposed to dirt, dust and dogs on depot platforms or store fronts.

Any lady wishing to see this oven in operation, and the clean and sanitary condition of my shop, is most cordially invited to call at any time.

McBride Bros. famous Ice Cream always on hand Best cream in town. Guaranteed. Yours for business,
E. G. ANKELE.