

BLACK IS WHITE

By GEORGE BARR McCUTCHEN

ILLUSTRATIONS BY RAY WALTERS

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SYNOPSIS.

In the New York town of James Brood and Riggs, his two old penitents, Brood's son Frederic, to learn the contents of a wireless from Brood, but Frederic leaves the room without a word. Frederic's wife, Lydia, learned his father's message and orders the house prepared for an immediate homecoming.

CHAPTER II—Continued.

"I prove that your father has made no mistake in selecting his friends, my dear. My dear husband used to say that he would cheerfully die for James Brood and he knew that James Brood would have died for him just as readily. There is something in friendship of that sort that we can't understand. We have never been able to test our friends, much less our father, and I would die for you, Mrs. Desmond," cried Frederic, a deep flush overspreading his face. "For you and Lydia."

"You come by that naturally," said, laying her hand upon his arm. "Blood will tell. Thank you, Frederic," she smiled. "I am sure it will not be necessary for you to die for me, however. As for Lydia, you must live, not die for her."

"I'll do both," he cried, impulsively. "Forgive me."

"There is nothing to forgive," she said simply. "And now, one word more, Frederic. You must accept this new condition of affairs in the right spirit. Your father has married again after all these years. It is not likely that he has done so without deliberation. Therefore, it is reasonable to assume that he is bringing home with him a wife of whom he at least is proud, and that should weigh considerably in your summing up of the situation. She will be beautiful, accomplished, refined, and good. Frederic, of that you may be sure. Let me implore you to withhold judgment until another and later day."

"It do not object to the situation," Mrs. Desmond said, but the angry light returning to his eyes, "so much as I resent the wording of that telegram. It is always just that way. It loses no chance to humiliate me."

"Hush! You are losing your temper again."

"Well, who wouldn't? And here's another thing—the very worst of all. How is this new condition going to affect you, Mrs. Desmond?"

"She was silent for a moment. "Of course I shan't stay on here, Frederic. I shall not be needed here. As soon as Mrs. Brood is settled here I shall go."

"And you expect me to be loyal and contented?" he cried, bitterly.

"Something of the sort," she said.

"My father objects to my going into business or taking up a profession. I am dependent on him for everything. But why go into that? We've talked it over a thousand times. I don't understand but perhaps you do. It's a day's work of living."

"Your father is making a man of you."

"On, he is, with great scorn."

"Yes. He will make a man of you day that the kind of life you lead is not the kind you want. Your pride, your ambition will rebel. Then you will make something out of life for yourself."

"Well, it looks to me as if he means to make it impossible for me to marry, Mrs. Desmond. I've thought of it a good deal."

"And is it impossible?"

"No. I shall marry Lydia, even though I have to die in the streets for her. It isn't that, however. There's some other reason back of my attitude, but for the life of me I can't get at it."

"I wouldn't try to get at it, my dear," she said. "Wait and see. Come, you must have your coffee. Can you get up now?"

The old gentlemen at breakfast now, come in."

He followed her dejectedly, a perceptible droop to his shoulders. Mr. Dawes and Mr. Riggs were seated at the table. Lydia, a trim pale and distrustful, was pouring out their coffee. The old man showed no sign of his midnight experience. They were very wide-awake, clear-eyed and alert, as old men should be.

"Good morning, Frederic," said they, almost in one voice. As he passed behind their chairs on the way to Lydia's side, he slipped each of them cordially on the back. They seemed to swell with relief and gratitude. He was not in the habit of slipping them on the back.

"Good morning, gentlemen," said he. "Then the Lydia's slim fingers to his lips. "Good morning, dear," she squeezed his fingers tightly and smiled. A look of relief leaped into his eyes; she drew a long breath.

"She poured his coffee for him every morning. Her hand about his wrist as she lifted the tiny cream pitcher, 'I didn't sleep very well,' she explained in a low voice. His hand rested on her shoulder for a moment in a gentle caress.

"Floor old Jim!" sighed Mr. Dawes. "I'll probably have to ask you to vacate, too. I imagine she'll insist on making a spare bedroom out of our room, so she can entertain all of our friends. Jones, will you give me some more bacon and another egg?"

"I thought it was nothing but a slipper," murmured Mr. Riggs, placidly.

Frederic hurried through breakfast. Lydia followed him into the library. "Are you going out, dear?" she asked anxiously.

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present, then, to the new Mrs. Brood as "the best old boys in all the world," and they were both saying, with epigrammatic caresses of pleasure, that the "mountain" before a word the young man's voice said.

He was struck by the calm, serene manner in which she accepted these jocular contributions to the occasion. Her smile was friendly, her hands were cordial, and yet there was an unmistakable air of tolerance, as of one who is accustomed to tribute. She merely smiled and thanked them in simple, commonplace phrases. Her voice was low-pitched and marked by a huskiness that was peculiar in that it was musical, not throaty. Frederic, on first hearing her, had jumped to the conclusion that her English would not be perfect. He was somewhat surprised to discover that she had but the faintest trace of an accent. Her voice was clear, however, to the realization that he had been looking into his new stepmother's eyes for a long time and that she was returning his gaze with some intensity.

"And this?" she said, abruptly breaking in upon one of Danbury's rambling reminiscences, effectually ending it. "This is Frederic."

"She came directly toward the young man, her small, gloved hand extended. Her eyes were looking into his with an intensity that disconcerted him. There was no smile on her lips. It was as if she regarded this moment as a pronounced crisis.

Frederic mumbled something faintly about being glad to see her and felt his face burn under her steady gaze. His father came forward.

"Yes; this is Frederic, my dear," he said, without trace of warmth in his voice. As he withdrew her hand from Frederic's clasp, James Brood extended his. "How are you, Frederic?"

"Quite well, sir."

"They shook hands in the most perfunctory manner."

"I need not ask how you are, father," he said, after an instant's hesitation. "You never looked better, sir."

"Thank you, I am well. Ah, Mrs. Desmond, it is good to be home again with you all. My dear, permit me to introduce Mrs. John Desmond. You have heard me speak of my old comrade and—"

"I have heard you speak of Mrs. Desmond a thousand times," said his wife. "There may have been a shade of emphasis on the word, but it was so slight that she could not have heard it."

"The widow of John Desmond, who had joined the group."

"Will you go to your room at once, Mrs. Brood," asked Mrs. Desmond. "The new mistress of the house, as she offered to shake hands with her, as James Brood had done. She had moved closer to Frederic and was smiling in a rather shy, pleasant way. In direct contrast to her manner of the moment before. The smile was for her stepson. She barely glanced at Mrs. Desmond."

"Thank you, no. I see a nice, big bro and—oh, I have been so cold!" She shivered very prettily.

"Come, sit here, dear. That's just the thing. No one spoke as you moved toward the library. 'We must try to thaw out,' he added dryly, with a faint smile on his lips."

"His wife laid her hand on Frederic's arm. 'It's cold outside, Frederic,' she said; 'very cold. I am not accustomed to the cold.'"

"He was prepared to dismiss her. He overestimated that his hand should be against her in the conflict that was bound to come. And now, in a flash, a strange, raw emotion rushed up his spine. He felt a cold, icy, awful note of sympathy in her voice had done the trick. Something in the touch of her fingers on his arm compelled the sympathy. He was conscious of a mighty surge of relief. The horizon cleared for him."

"We shall do our best to keep you warm," he said quite easily, and was unconsciously dimly hoped down and threw open the door.

James Brood, a tall, disheveled-looking man of fifty, stopped out of the house. For an instant, before turning to assist his wife from the car, he allowed his keen eyes to sweep the windows on the lower floor. In one of them stood his son, holding the lace curtains apart and smiling a welcome that seemed sincere. He waved his hand to the man on the sidewalk. Brood responded with a swift, almost imperceptible gesture, then held out his hand to the woman who was descending.

Frederic's intense gaze was fixed on the stranger who was coming into the house. At a word from Brood he glanced up at the window. The smile still lingered on the young man's lips, but his eyes were charged with an expression of intense wonder. He had never looked upon a more beautiful creature in all his life. A kind of stupefaction held him motionless until he heard the door close behind them. In the brief interval, however, a picture had been impressed upon his senses that was to last forever.

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ing about the room with eyes that seemed to take in everything.

"I am sure I shall be very happy in this dear old house," she said quietly. "Our own mother must have loved it, Frederic."

James Brood started. Unnoticed by the others, his fingers tightened on the gloves he carried in his hand.

"I never saw my mother," said the young man. "She died when I was a baby."

"But of course this was her home, was it not?"

"I don't know," said Frederic, uncomfortably. "I suppose so. I came here a few years ago and—"

"But even though you never knew her, there must still be a something here that—that how shall I say it? I mean, you must feel that she and you were here together years and years ago. One never never knew his mother, yet yet he can always feel her. There is something—shall I say spiritual?"

His husband broke in upon these unscientific reflections. His voice was curiously harsh.

"Mrs. Desmond is waiting, Frederic." "She drew herself up. "Are you in such a hurry, Mrs. Desmond?"

"She asked in a voice that cut like a knife. Instinctively, she glanced at Frederic's face. She saw the muscles of his brow and chin, and an angry light leaped into his eyes. Instantly her arrogance fell away. "I beg your pardon, Mrs. Desmond. I will kindly show me my room. I prefer this to the one of the servants should be my guide. As a result, Frederic. Till tea-time, James."

Her eyes were sparkling, her husky voice once more full of the appealing quality that could not be denied. The flush of injured pride faded from Mrs. Desmond's brow, and a faint look of surprise crept into her eyes. To her further amazement, the younger woman laid a hand upon her arm and gave it a gentle, friendly pressure.

The man wished to the entrance as they left the room, side by side. A moment later they heard the soft laughter of the two women as they mounted the stairs together.

"She's splendid, father," he said, impulsively.

Brood's face was still clouded. He great respect to the elder woman in silence as they left the room, side by side. A moment later they heard the soft laughter of the two women as they mounted the stairs together.

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after prolonged separations, to look for something in the boy's face that he wanted to see and yet dreaded, something that might have escaped him in daily contact with him.

Now, at the end of the rather extensive scrutiny, he seemed to shake his head slightly, although one could not have been sure.

"And as charming as she is attractive, Frederic," he said, with a faint flush of the enthusiasm he suppressed.

"Who is she?" asked his son, without realising the bluntness of his eager question.

"Who is she?" repeated his father, raising his eyebrows slightly. "She is Mrs. James Brood."

"I beg your pardon," stammered Frederic. "I didn't mean to put it in that way. Who was she? Where did you meet her and—oh, I want to know all there is to tell, father. I've heard nothing. I am naturally curious."

Brood stopped him with a gesture. "Who was Lydia LeStrange, before we were married—Madame Lydia LeStrange. We met some time ago at the house of a mutual friend in Paris."

"I assure you, her references are all that could be desired." His tone was sarcastic.

Frederic flushed. "I'm sorry I asked the questions, sir," he said, stilly.

Brood suddenly laughed, a quiet laugh that had some touch of humor and a touch of compunction in it. "I beg your pardon, Frederic. Come up to my room and smoke a cigar with me while I'm changing. I'll tell you about her. She is wonderful."

To his own surprise, and to Frederic's astonishment, he looked his arm in the young man's and started toward the hall. Afterward Brood was to wonder even more than he wondered then what it was that created the sudden desire to stand by the girl's side and to have brought to the eyes of Lydia's son—and the old longing to touch his arm gently.

CHAPTER IV.

In the Jade-Room.

Lydia met Brood and Frederic at the top of the stairs. She had received the message through Jones and was on her way to dress for tea.

The master of the house greeted her most cordially. He was very fond of this lovely, gentle daughter of John Desmond. Into their association had stolen an intimate note that softened the cold reserve of the man to a marked degree. His chief joy was to chat with her over the work he was doing and to listen to her frank, honest opinions. She regarded herself as his secretary—or his amanuensis, in the strict sense of speaking—but he considered her to be a friend as well, and treated her with a freedom that was not extended to others.

A faint gleam of astonishment lurked in the girl's eyes as she stood before the two men. Never in her experience had there been such an exhibition of friendliness between father and son. A curious throbbing of joy rushed up from her heart and lodged in her head. For the first time she found it difficult to respond with composure to Brood's lively comments. Tears were lying close to the surface of her eyes, tears of relief and gratitude. The happy expression in Frederic's told a new story. Her heart rejoiced.

"Nonsense!" said Brood when she announced that she was going to change her gown. "You never looked so pretty, my dear, as you do at this moment. Come just as you are, to please me."

"A tea party and an autopsy are very much alike, Mr. Brood," said she. "One can learn a lot at either. Still, it's good to have Mrs. Brood see me as I really am. I'll appear as a plums."

"I'd like it," said he promptly. "I am sure you will like each other, Lydia."

"I am glad you did not say we would admire each other," said she, smiling. "You look very happy, Mr. Brood. The went on, her eyes bright."

"I believe I am happy," said he. "Then we shall all be happy," was her rejoinder.

She returned to the jade-room on the upper floor, where she had been at work on the catalogue. Brood had a very large and valuable collection of jade. The jade-room, so called, was little more than a large closet off the remarkable room in which James Brood was pleased to call his "hiding place," or on occasion, his "retreat." No one ventured into either of these rooms except by special permission.

Brood, big, jaded, serene, slept in an adjoining room, and it was whispered about the house that not even James Brood had viewed the interior. This silent, unapproachable man from the mysterious land of Lydia, looked his door when he entered the room and locked it when he came out. No one was to go in or out of the room, except on his orders. He was responsible for the impression that the man kept deathly secrets there.

As a matter of fact, Brood was a peaceable fellow and desperately afraid of snakes.

Lydia loved the feel of the cold, silky lumps of jade. There were a few pieces of porphyry, of extreme rarity and beauty as well, and several pieces of bits of obsidian, but it was the jade she loved. There were two or three hundred objects of various sizes and color and all were what might be called museum pieces.

She had been at work for half an hour or longer when a note in the outer room attracted her attention. She had the odd feeling that some one was looking at her through the open door, and swiftly turned.

Except when occupied by Brood the

room was darkened by means of heavy window hangings; the effect was that produced by the gloaming just before the stars appear. Objects were shadowy, indistinct, mysterious. The light from the jade room door threw a diverging ray across the full length of the room. In the very center of this bright strip ran a placid sliver of Buddha that Brood had found in a remote corner of Siam, solemnly stolid on top of his thick base of bronze and lacquer, with a shining skirt for a backcloth. In the dim edge of the shadow, near the door at the far end of the room, Lydia made out the motionless, indistinct figure of a woman. The faint outline of the face was discernible but not so the



A Noise in the Outer Room Attracted Her Attention.

features. For a moment the girl stared at the watcher and then advanced to the door.

"It's all right," she inquired, peering and a suggestion of laughter in the tones.

"I am exploring the house," she said. "She came forward at once. 'Oh, it is Mrs. Brood. I beg your pardon. Shall I switch on the lights?'"

"You are Lydia?"

"Yes, Mrs. Brood."

"I have been prowling everywhere. Your good mother deserted me when my maid arrived with Ranjan a short time ago, just this the dreadful blue of her dress. She was a beautiful girl. I am sorry to be the cause of her distress. She has experienced a sudden longing to be closer to the speaker, to listen for the very intake of her breath."

"You have already been discovered by the ego, Mrs. Brood," said Lydia, smiling. "And your father appears to be quite satisfied."

"Thank you, rather curiously, as if repelling familiarity. It was like a dash of cold water to Lydia's eyes. 'You may turn on the lights. I should like to see you, Mrs. Desmond.'"

The girl crossed the room, passing close to the stranger in the house. The fragrance of a perfume hitherto unknown to her filled the air. The odor of sandalwood that always filled the room; it was soft, delicate, refreshing. It was like a breath of cool, sweet air. Lydia's eyes closed. Her head bowed. She was close, stuffy room. One could not help drawing in a long, full breath, as if the lungs demanded its revitalizing quality.

A soft, red glow began to fill the room as Lydia pulled the cord near the door. As the light grew brighter and brighter the eyes of the stranger swept the room, taking in every detail in their depths.

"How extraordinary!" she murmured, and then turned swiftly toward the girl. "Where do you come from? I can see no lights. And so? There are no shadows; not even beneath the table, yonder. It—it is uncanny—but, oh, how lovely!"

Lydia was staring at her with wide, open eyes, frantically astonished. The eager, excited gleam vanished from Mrs. Brood's lovely eyes. They narrowed ever so slightly.

"Why do you stare at me?" she demanded.

"I expected—because Lydia, and stopped in pretty confusion."

"I see. You expected a middle-aged lady, at—? And why, pray, should James Brood marry a middle-aged person?"

"I don't know. I'm sorry it has offended you."

Mrs. Brood smiled, a gay, pleased smile that revealed her small, even teeth. "You haven't offended me, my dear," she said. "You offend my husband by thinking so ill of him, that's all. She took the girl from head to foot with critical eyes. 'He said you were very pretty and very lovely. You are lovely. No one could be so pretty. You are just what I expected.'"

Lydia was the taller of the two women; a matter of two inches perhaps, and yet she had the curious feeling that she was looking upward as she gazed into the eyes of the girl. It was the way Mrs. Brood held herself, sending a swift glance around the room, the way she sat, the way she looked in having beautiful things about him. He doesn't like the ugly things of this world."

(TO BE CONTINUED)

It's a great old world, and it'll never be better, never better than it is.

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THURSDAY, APRIL 22, 1915.

IT'S UP TO US.

A paragraph is fitting around in the press to the effect that "the future may be bright for some, but the road will always be dark for others."

Of course some pessimists wrote it, for pessimists always mill around in the shadows.

As a matter of hard fact, this world is always just what we choose to make it.

If we pull a long face and go out hearing for troubles, WE WILL FIND THEM—in benches.

If we saddle ourselves with a case of the blues in the morning, and hang on to it with a death grip all day, and take it to bed with us at night, we will probably find life's pathway shrouded in gloom.

But it will be room of our own making, and we will be getting only that which we sought.

But how different is the other side? God inflicts us all with certain troubles, but He also gives us brains, and determination, and a will power with which to raise above the petty perplexities and trifling of life.

The bright side of existence is all around us—in front of us—everywhere we turn—constantly knocking for admission.

It is ours for the taking.

The man or the woman who cannot feel thankful for the pure air and the bright sunshine and three meals a day is scarcely less than a normal human being.

Even the animals of the earth and the birds of the air are not so degenerate in their class, for they seek always for the brightness of life.

And is our intelligence and our will power inferior to theirs, that we should live with an ache and die with a groan?

Every trouble inflicted upon us is for our own ultimate good, and they are infinitesimal when compared with the joys of a bright mind, a clear conscience and a determination to reach to the fullest of life's blessings.

If the road is dark to some, it is because they do not use the brains which God gave them in overcoming the obstacles which life in this world has placed in their pathway.

Our future is up to us, to make or to mar, as we choose.

A BIG PLUM—GRAB IT.

There's a juicy commercial plum right within our reach.

Prior to the war Russia imported nearly all of her manufactured articles from Germany—enormous quantities of them.

Now Russia seeks to establish close trade relations with the United States. She wants to buy her hundreds of millions of dollars worth of supplies from us, and she has the gold with which to pay.

Great possibilities for the future are opened up to the manufacturers of this country—if they will but grasp them. It will require the adjusting of financial conditions to harmonize with those existing in Russia in the matter of credits, which are quite at variance with our American methods.

But what Germany has been able to do, WE CAN DO—if we try.

It is a simple matter for our manufacturing interests to send representatives to Russia and pave the way for this tremendous volume of business.

It is too big a plum to be cast aside, and it is to be hoped manufacturing and financial men of affairs will be equal to the emergency.

THE MAN WHO ADVERTISES.

There are two classes of merchants—those who ADVERTISE and those who DO NOT.

The man who advertises has the BEST OF THE DEAL.

He keeps HIMSELF before the public—and he keeps their QUALITY and PRICE uppermost in the PUBLIC MIND.

People TALK about the man who ADVERTISES, because they know he has something WORTH advertising—or he wouldn't advertise.

Cobwebs never grow in the store of the man who advertises, because people buy his goods because he DOES advertise.

People READ the advertisements—they LOOK for them and EXPECT to find them—and often end in FORGETTING the man who does NOT advertise.

Advertising PAYS. Get the habit, and GROW WITH YOUR ADS.

BABIES PRETTIER THAN EVER. Even in the midst of war France finds time to rejoice over the fact that her babies born during the last six months are healthier and prettier than ever before. It is a source of much pride to the republic.

Old pretty babies are becoming an old story in America, and no longer occasions more than passing comment.

Of all the civilized people of the earth, there are no healthier babies than those of the United States.

Of all the peoples of the world, there are none so lucky as our American babies.

And of all the pretty babies in existence, there are none to compare with the babies of our own town.

Our babies are the same of perfection and beauty.

And if you doubt our simple word, JUST ASK THE NOTHERS.

SPACE IS FOR SALE.

The "free space crafter" wants a newspaper to pull his chestnuts out of the fire and when you have done it for him he repays the benefits, while you also various and sundry burrs, coming from them with "never again" balm.

The average country newspaper editor is the living Mr. P. Z. Mark. Is there any reason why a newspaper should give free space to every Tom, Dick and Harry or Hen-letta with a scheme for raising money, any more than a merchant's a greeter should give away his goods for the asking? Space is a newspaper has to sell. It is the stock in trade.

If given away freely how is the editor to pay the printers, the paperhangers and the type foundry?

MEN TO BLAME.

If the young misses of the village could hear the old counsels made by old men in the business district about them when the girls hang around down town, they would pass on quickly in shame. These girls are mostly good and innocent and doing no harm, they simply like to be where it is lively because they are young and full of life, but men will talk where ever you live in any town or country. Some poor girl loses her good reputation in a second by the mean remark of some fellow and it is true in most cases that dignity is good, only a little thoughtlessness and too young to realize the talk of men of the world.

Earthquake Distribution.

Rev. B. V. Gill, an English clergyman, on studying the dates and places of occurrences of earthquakes, has found that 674 or more than three quarters of them, occurred in sequences, the successive whiffs of which were separated by a week or less. Mr. Gill believes that any great displacement of the crust of the earth makes the earth to rotate unevenly or "wobble," and that the unevenness of motion has to be corrected by displacements in other regions, where they will balance the original displacement.

Kindness.

The spirit of unwarlike good will is the great lifting power of the world. When we can do nothing else to right wrongs, except by kindness, it is the hardest places for "heavy feet" we can at least be kind—in face, voice and deed. And how many dark places would be brightened, how many glooms would be cleared, how many hearts would be made to glow with light and new courage come to the heart if only simple kindness were the rule of conduct!

No Disputing It.

"Introspection," says a Boston lecturer, "is more profitable than retrospection." Of course it is. Retrospection merely reveals to the average man what a tattered fellow he has been; introspection, if he is honest with himself, reveals to him what a blooming Jackson he is.—Houston Post.

Subscribe for the Review.

The Woman of It.

"Oh, Mildred," cried one young lady, meeting a school friend of some two summers past, "I've heard the greatest piece of news. Can you keep a secret?" "I don't know," said the friend. "I never tried. What is it?"

Poor Man's Riches.

A poor man that had little, little, and desires no more is in truth richer than the greatest monarch that thinketh he hath not what he should or what he might, or that desires there is to more to have.—Bishop Hall.

Yes, Why?

Why is it that the last words of the great are so much wiser than any they uttered while in good health?—Exchange.

Smiles.

If we cannot strew life's path with flowers, wrote Charles Dickens, we can at least strew it with smiles.

Adjudication Notice.

Public Notice is hereby given that the Subscriber, Executor of the last will and testament of Mary S. Miller 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 June next, 1915, when and where all persons having claims against said estate are notified and requested to present the same to said Court for adjudication. JOHN C. M'LAUGHLIN, Executor.

April 12, 1915. Castle, Williams, Long & Castle, Attys. for Executor.

Adjudication Notice.

Public Notice is hereby given that the Subscriber, Administrator of the estate of Henry P. Gottschalk 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 June next, 1915, when and where all persons having claims against said estate are notified and requested to present the same to said Court for adjudication. ADOLPH GOTTSCHALK, Administrator.

April 12, 1915. Castle, Williams, Long & Castle, Attys. for Administrator.

R. L. PECK, Lawyer, Residence, Palatine, Illinois. Office: 1414 American Trust Building, Chicago. Telephone Central 95.

CASTLE, WILLIAMS, LONG & CASTLE, Attorneys at Law. 805-817 National Life Building, 29 South La Salle street, Chicago.

HOWARD P. CASTLE, Evening Office at residence, Barrington. Telephone number 212-M.

Automobile Repairing and Overhauling. Tires Repaired. Accessories Furnished. ABBOTT, THE REPAIRMAN. Phone 49-B, Barrington.

PHOTOGRAPHS for EVERYBODY. LATEST STYLES. NEW POSSES. ARTISTIC LIGHTINGS. COLLINS STUDIO. Palatine, Illinois.

Moving Picture Show. Will be given in the Village Hall every Tuesday and Friday evenings. 2 shows, commencing at 7:30. Friday Evening three good features. Shoe contest, home talent.

HARRY SCOTT Proprietor.

ST. ANNE'S.

Mass will be at 8:15 o'clock next Sunday morning.

FATHER E. H. MCCORMICK, Pastor.

ST. PAUL'S.

The Young People's society meets on the last Sunday evening of each month at half past seven.

Prayer meeting at 2:00 o'clock on the first Thursday afternoon of the month.

Sunday school at 9:30 o'clock p. m. Regular services at 10:30 p. m.

Professor Carl Bauer of Elmhurst and Reverend Adolph Voigt and family of Hanover visited with Reverend and Mrs. Thiel Sunday afternoon.

The Mannererlin will meet on Thursday evening, April 22.

Rev. H. Tietjen, Pastor.

BAPTIST.

Sunday morning worship, 10:30 o'clock.

Sunday school at 9:30 o'clock.

Sunday evening service at 7:30 o'clock.

Prayer meeting at 7:30 o'clock every Wednesday evening.

The pastor will be pleased to answer all calls for service.

Covenant meeting the Wednesday evening before the first Sunday of each month.

Communion the first Sunday of each month, at the close of the morning service.

Parsonage phone 218-W.

Pastor Lockhart's subjects for next Sunday are: morning, "The Soul's Geography;" evening, "The First Temptation, or Did Eve Reach Heaven After Her Experience in Eden."

The hard fellowship has extended to new members again last Sunday.

A special make quartette will soon grace the choir and greatly please our congregation.

Mrs. Fellows, one of our oldest and much esteemed members, has been unable to take her place in the church services of late on account of illness.

Choir rehearsal on Thursday evening at 8 o'clock.

Rev. G. H. LOCKHART, Pastor.

ZION.

There will be no morning service on Sunday, April 25.

Sunday School at 9:30 a. m.

Morning service, German, at 10:30.

Y. P. A. meeting at 7 p. m.

Evening service, English, 7:30 p. m.

Prayer meeting on Wednesday evening at 7:30 o'clock.

Choir rehearsal on Friday evening at 8 o'clock.

Y. P. A. business meeting on the first Tuesday of each month.

The pastor, H. Hanson, will be glad to receive services to all that may call upon him.

METHODIST.

Sunday Services.

9:45 a. m. Sunday school.

11:30 a. m. Public worship.

8:45 p. m. Evening Lecture.

7:30 p. m. Public worship.

Week-day Meetings.

Praise and prayer service, Wednesday, 7:45 p. m.

First Tuesday in each month, meeting of the Women's Foreign Missionary society at 2:30 p. m.

Ladies Aid society on the second Tuesday of each month.

Rev. W. J. Libberton, D. D., Norwood Park, minister.

SALEM.

Sunday Meetings.

Sunday school at 11:15 a. m.

Morning worship 10:30 a. m.

Evening service 7:30 p. m.

Senior League at 3 p. m. upstairs.

Junior League 6:45 p. m. social room.

Weekday meetings.

Prayer meetings Tuesday and Wednesday at 7:30 p. m.

Junior Bible class, Thursday 7:30 p. m.

Choir rehearsal, Friday 7:30 p. m.

Missionary meeting first Wednesday of each month.

W. M. Society first Thursday each month.

Y. P. M. Society first Tuesday each month.

Rev. J. HOENEN, Pastor.

THE BARRINGTON CHOCOLATE SHOP

ICE CREAM, CANDIES, FRUITS, CIGARS, TOBACCO

Home made ice cream furnished for all social functions, in lots of ten gallons or over. Special price \$1.00. Phone 29-K.

Barrington Mercantile Co.

FARM TOOLS, Cement, Sand, Building Tile, Rock Phosphate and Ground Limestone. Our prices are right.

Barrington Mercantile Co.

FIRST STATE BANK OF BARRINGTON

Capital and Surplus \$52,000.00

Village and farm REAL ESTATE LOANS made without commission.

Three per cent interest paid on savings accounts of \$1.00 or more—automatic recording books free to savings depositors.

The bank owns and offers for sale selected FIRST MORTGAGE bonds, payable semi-annually—price, par and accrued interest, including \$300 gold bonds of Swift & Co., \$100 farm mortgage bonds of Peoria & Tait Land Credit Co.

DIRECTORS.

H. K. BROCKWAY G. W. LAGSCHULTE JOHN C. PLAGGE HOWARD P. CASTLE H. J. LAGSCHULTE E. W. RILEY J. F. GIESKE MILES T. LANEY A. L. ROBERTSON GEORGE J. HAGER J. L. MEINERS JOHN ROBERTSON R. R. HAMMOND A. W. MEYER G. W. SPENNER

Bell System

If there is anything about the telephone bill that is not clear, have an early explanation and adjustment of the account. Do not hold the bill, but get the difficulty straightened out.

The Fifteenth Day of the Current Month

is the last day to which you should allow your Telephone account to run. Some will always wait for that day, some will be so situated that they cannot get around before. This invariably causes a rush at the last, the inconvenience of which can be avoided by the great majority of subscribers if they will but arrange to come in earlier.

Cheques sent in payment of bills should be drawn to the order of the

Chicago Telephone Company

J. H. Conrath, District Manager. Telephone 9933

Unreasonable Border.

Mrs. Smithers, if you are unpatience enough to board your footstool that is a matter for your own conscience, but please remember that future not to give me a boarding egg for breakfast.—Punch.

Booked Ahead.

"Now that your son is through college, what are you going to make of him?" "Can't tell for a couple of years. He went to a coed institution and he's booked up for two years solid to act as an usher at weddings."

Testing Metals.

Apparatus has been invented for accurately testing the hardness of metals by showing their resistance to the touch of files.

Daily Thought.

If a man does not keep pace with his companions, perhaps it is because he hears a different drummer.—The Zen.

The Last Resort.

A Chicago judge has just ruled that the man is still head of the house. Further details, however, might disclose that when he went home his wife applied the recall of judicial decisions.—Pittsburgh Gazette-Times.

Subscribe for the Review.

Subscribe for the Review.

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WORLD'S EVENTS TERSELY AND BRIEFLY TOLD

European War News

The status of the British on the German lines running from St. Etienne to the Bassee developed into an active offensive in the region of Zillebo, southeast of Ypres and the capture of hill No. 60, two miles south of the village. The position is one of much importance. An official statement by the war office at London says it now is occupied in force.

Lieut. Roland G. Garros, the famous French aviator, has been made a prisoner by the German command. He was flying a biplane over the Belgian frontier. Lieut. Garros is well known in the United States.

Special messages from Vienna to Copenhagen state that great excitement prevails there owing to information received from the Trentino. It is believed that war with Italy is imminent. The Italian embassy is said to be prepared for departure.

Baron von Macholz, Austrian ambassador to Italy, has sent his family and the archives of the embassy to Vienna from Rome.

At least 70,000 soldiers, including about 300 officers, have been taken by the Russians along the whole Carpathian front, between March 19 and April 12, according to an official statement issued at Petrograd.

The British, as an offset to their success in destroying a Turkish torpedo boat which attacked the transport Mantolou off Chios, lost the submarine E-15, which ran aground on Kozhob point, the crew being made prisoners. Seven of the crew are missing.

An official statement by the British admiralty at London says that twenty-four men were drowned when the British transport Mantolou was destroyed by the Turks.

It is again stated at London that the German efforts to bring about an armistice between Austria and Italy have failed. According to persistent reports reaching London, Austrians who were passing over Italian territory actually fired upon Italian troops. The Italians repulsed their assailants and in return returned into Austrian territory.

Domestic

In E. Wood, postmaster, and R. M. Brantley, chief of police, both Democrats, together with eight others of that party and ten Republicans, have been arrested so far, charged with buying votes at Charleston, W. Va.

With the examination of twenty-two men out of a panel of eighty, the Barnes-Brookfield \$50,000 libel suit jury was completed at Syracuse, N. Y. As his first line of defense Roosevelt set out the contention that his statement about the latter's best methods made no personal charge and carried no innuendo. This was in the form of a motion made by his attorney, John M. Dowers, to dismiss the complaint. It was overruled by Justice Andrews and the case will go to trial on its merits.

Justice Hendricks of the New York superior court reserved decision until Thursday after hearing argument of Harry K. Thaw's habeas corpus writ which asked that Thaw be released from custody or be given a trial by jury on the question of his mental status.

Because it did not care to participate in the manufacture of machine gun instruments of war, the Jeffrey Manufacturing company of Columbus, O., turned down an order to machine and finish 1,000 machine gun shells a day for a Canadian firm. The amount of the contract involved is \$4,000,000.

Ray McKoon, Greenville, O., and Mrs. Walter Cook of Richmond, Ind., killed in auto accident at Greenville, O.

Cecil Cogswold, a four-year-old daughter were killed when car hit auto at Farmington, Mich.

C. W. Shaffer, wealthy Maywood, Mo., farmer, killed in Quincy, Ill., auto turned over.

Mayor Doan M. Roberts and the 13 other officials of Terre Haute, Ind., convicted and sentenced in connection with an election conspiracy, arrived at the federal prison at Leavenworth, Kan., and were "dressed in" and assigned to temporary duty.

Ten thousand United States troops belonging to the Second division start all in extensive war game at Texas City, Tex. Many visitors are coming here long distances to see the maneuvers, which simulate closely actual conditions of combat.

While working at a depth of 22 feet outside the harbor at Honolulu, where attempts are being made to raise the submarine E-4, Divers W. E. Loughman became entangled in the lines attached to the submarine, but was released by Divers O'Leary.

John Merella, a youth of nineteen, pleaded guilty at New York to a charge of attempted extortion in having written two letters to Vincent Astor, demanding \$500 under penalty of death.

Authentic orders have been received at Pittsburgh for war material which will aggregate \$25,000,000.

Mrs. John D. Rockefeller, who died recently, left an estate valued at \$25,000,000, according to her will, which was filed for probate in the surrogate's court at New York. Mrs. Rockefeller disposed of about \$300,000 by special bequest and the balance was bequeathed to hospital institutions. Mrs. Rockefeller left various sums to her children.

Cesar Sheffeld, a negro, was removed from the Lake Park hotel near Valdosta, Ga., and shot to death by a mob, according to advices received at Valdosta. Sheffeld had been arrested in a charge of robbing a mail train.

The plant of the American Bridge company at Gary, Ind., which has been closed for the last month, resumed operations and will take back 450 employees.

Benjamin L. Straub of Philadelphia, Ill., auto overturned at Erie Harbor, N. J.

Dr. C. E. Shaffer of Windsor, Pa., was killed in an accident near Tyrone, Pa.

Chicago grain merchants say Europe's war has enriched the middle West farmers approximately \$200,000,000. This money has gone chiefly to growers of grain.

Dr. W. W. Toys, dentist, Marion, Ind., killed in auto collision at Indianapolis.

Accused of threatening to kill Vincent Astor, John Merella, a youth of nineteen, was arrested at the Grand Central terminal at New York.

Select and counsel of Philadelphia decided to allow the liberty bell to be sent to the Panama-Pacific exposition.

A bill providing for the submission of a private bill prohibition to the voters was killed in the senate of the Michigan legislature. It had passed the assembly.

A quarter of a million bushels of wheat were destroyed in a \$400,000 fire in the grain elevator at Minneapolis.

Washington

The Supreme court of the United States at Washington dismissed the appeal of Leo M. Frank of Atlanta, Ga., convicted of the murder of Mary Phagan, from the decision of the United States district court of Georgia, denying him a writ of habeas corpus.

The need of self-protection, calmness and a judicial temperament on the part of the United States in the present world crisis was urged by President Wilson in a speech before the twenty-fourth continental congress of the Daughters of the American Revolution held at Washington.

Japan has ordered all her warships in Pacific waters near the American coast, except those salvaging the wrecked cruiser Atsuta in Turle bay, to return to their home stations. Advices to that effect were received from Tokyo at the Japanese embassy at Washington.

Mexican Revolt

Official confirmation of the defeat of General Villa by the constitutionalists, commanded by General Obregon in the battle of Culoya, crushed the state department at Washington. Villa lost 15,000 men. Villa is making a desperate effort to rally his force against the victorious advance of Obregon's army toward the north.

Gen. Maclovio Herrera, Carranza commander in Nuevo Laredo, opposite Laredo, Texas, was killed by his own men, who mistook him for Villa troops.

Personal

The resignation of A. H. Frederick, president of the St. Louis board of aldermen, was presented to the city council. Frederick was elected April 6 by 127,000 plurality, but since the election he has been indicted on a charge of forgery in the first degree.

John Calaby, president as a member of the Chicago board of trade, banker and member of the Cudahy family of Jackson, is seriously ill at his home at Chicago.

F. W. Strong, secretary of the Illinois Grain Dealers' association, died at his home at Urbana, Ill.

Nelson W. Aldrich, 39 years United States senator from Rhode Island and Republican leader whose name was stamped upon tariff and immigration legislation of his party, died of an apoplectic stroke at his home in New York. Mr. Aldrich held a seat in the United States senate continuously from 1881 to 1911. He was seventy-four years old.

GOVERNOR SURE OF WATERWAY MEASURE

Certain That Legislature Will Pass the Bill.

DUNNE EXPECTS BIG VOTE

Chief Executive Declares Passage of Measure Will Benefit State and Citizens in the State of Illinois.

Springfield—Governor Dunne is confident that a sufficient number of votes can be assembled in the house and senate to pass the bill enabling his waterway project in northern Illinois. In an interview the governor expressed keen satisfaction at the outlook.

The governor stated that he knows of no project affecting the people of the state that had received more widespread and enthusiastic support from the business men and newspapers and people generally, irrespective of politics, than has the proposed waterway, known as the project No. 3, for the construction of a waterway between Lockport and Union.

"I was very confident," said the governor, "that this bill now pending before the legislature, after being amended in certain necessary details, will be passed in both houses of the legislature by a very conclusive vote."

"The passage of this bill, in my judgment, will benefit every citizen of the state."

"The market prices for every bushel of wheat, corn and oats, and of every head of cattle, hogs and sheep, are made in the great city of Chicago. The opening of this waterway will reduce transportation rates to and from Chicago. In many cases it will cut rates in half and if transportation rates be reduced and from the central market, the benefit will redound to the producer. Transportation upon lumber alone from the lumber districts of the South to Chicago now \$12 per 1,000 feet. With this waterway opened the rate will be 36 per 1,000 feet or less. The saving upon the freightage alone if one-half of the rates go through this waterway, and the other half by rail, would amount to \$1,800,000 annually."

"The opening of the Panama canal has revolutionized transportation in the United States. Upon the eastern seaboard goods can be shipped through the Panama canal to the western coast at much less than it has heretofore been carried by rail, and the same holds true in the case of the opening of this waterway. The opening of this waterway will reduce transportation rates to and from Chicago. In many cases it will cut rates in half and if transportation rates be reduced and from the central market, the benefit will redound to the producer. Transportation upon lumber alone from the lumber districts of the South to Chicago now \$12 per 1,000 feet. With this waterway opened the rate will be 36 per 1,000 feet or less. The saving upon the freightage alone if one-half of the rates go through this waterway, and the other half by rail, would amount to \$1,800,000 annually."

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Appointments Held Up by Senate

Springfield—Election of the most important of Governor Dunne's 276 recess appointments failed to receive confirmation by the senate. Investigation of these and the hearing of charges against some of them is to be made by the senate before it acts on them.

There held up were William L. O'Connell, of Chicago, chairman of the utilities commission, Walter A. Shaw, Chicago, utilities commissioner, Owen P. Thompson, Jacksonville, utilities commissioner, Richard Yates, Springfield, utilities commissioner, Frank H. Funk, Bloomington, utilities commissioner.

Rufus M. Potts, Springfield, superintendent of insurance, John Adams, Chicago, west park commissioner, Charles W. Elliott, Galesburg, board of water works, George W. Dowell, Duquoin, state court of claims.

Robert Eadie, Springfield, industrial commissioner, Walter E. Bennett, Quincy, state fire marshal, W. Scott Matthews, Carbondale, state food commissioner, Frederick T. Provost, Chicago, board of pharmacy.

John F. Hixman, Peoria, game and fish commissioner, J. M. Booth, Kankakee, public administrator, Rudolph M. Patterson, Chicago, live stock commissioner, J. F. Browne, Galesburg, live stock commissioner.

James H. Bartlett, Chicago, president state civil service commission, All of these with the exception of Funk, Yates, Elliott, Dowell and Patterson, are Democrats.

The state capital is to get a chance to grow through a bill for Senator Manny appropriating \$50,000 for the purchase of two additional blocks south of the present site for an additional building. The plan of the Democrats at the previous session was to build an entirely new capitol.

The Twenty-first district of the Illinois Farmers' Institute held a meeting in the offices of the institute in the statehouse and dinner were served for the fall institute in the various counties. The board also passed a resolution protesting against the bill now before the house for the consolidation of the Farmers' institute with other commissions and boards.

The resolution in full follows: "We, the delegates of the Twenty-first congressional district assembled in conference, April 14, 1916, hereby express disapproval and enter our protest against the enactment of any law by the general assembly which will consolidate the Farmers' institute with any other board or commission."

"Edward Grimm, director of Twenty-first district, W. J. H. Fahrenkrug, president Macopin county institute; Jerome A. Leland, president Sangamon county institute; John M. Hinton, president Montgomery county institute."

The dates selected for the institutes were as follows: District assembled in conference, April 14, 1916, hereby express disapproval and enter our protest against the enactment of any law by the general assembly which will consolidate the Farmers' institute with any other board or commission."

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ILLINOIS DRYS WIN

VOTES OF WOMEN DUST SALOONS IN TOWN ELECTIONS HELD THROUGHOUT STATE.

200 TOWNSHIPS STILL WET

No License Territory is Extended—Three Municipalities Decide to Banish Liquor, and Elmhurst Alone Will Keep Dramshops.

Chicago, April 22.—Illinois drys on Tuesday landed on old King Abolition agita. About one-half the twenty-one incorporated cities and villages that batted on the saloon issue voted to chase them from their borders. No new counties were added to the "dry" column, but the polio-sore territory was extended until less than 200 townships in the state are now wet.

The most extensive success of the drys was won in Du Page county, where out of four communities that had the question up closed the dramshops. Lombard, Naperville and West Chicago, all suburban territory, went dry, while Elmhurst remained wet.

The feminine vote was the deciding factor in at least two of the Du Page dry triumphs. In Naperville 576 women voted dry and 525 wet, while of the men 222 voted dry and 286 wet. The dry proposition carried by 117 votes, through the strength rolled up by the women.

The outcome was similar in the other two. They cast 277 dry ballots and 175 wet, while the men voted 365 dry and 197 wet, and the dramshops were put out of commission by a majority of 33.

Leander went dry by a margin of 102 votes, and Elmhurst remained wet by 468.

Beardstown and Cullom, however, remained wet. The voters in Cullom gave a wet majority, as well as the men. One of the most bitter fights was in Ottawa in LaSalle county. The vote was by 1,320. This was another community in which the women voted wet. The men voted by 1,140 majority and the women voted for the saloons by a majority of 170.

The dry leaders estimated the present extent of dryness in Illinois as follows: Counties entirely dry..... 55 Counties partially dry..... 6 Counties wet (Chicago)..... 6 Total..... 67

County seats..... Dry..... 27 Wet..... 127 Townships..... Dry..... 124 Wet..... 176

Beardstown, Dixon and Morris, three municipalities which the drys classed among their most hopeful territory, remained wet. The contests brought out an unusually heavy vote. In Beardstown nearly every legal voter in the city cast a ballot. The ordinary vote of 1,500 was raised to 3,700. The women gave a dry majority, but they were overcome by the masculine vote in favor of saloons.

Marion, in Grundy county, remains in the wet column, the saloon advocates rolling up a majority of 177 in the city election. T. H. Hall was elected mayor. In the Republican ticket over the reform candidate by a large majority. Twenty saloons were affected.

Gardner went dry by 33 majority, the women being responsible for four saloons being knocked out. The drys elected one member of the board of trustees and the wet two.

Elgin remained wet through a majority cast by the male voters. Litchfield was hailed by the drys as one of the victories of the day. The city voted to abolish the saloons by a majority of 130 and in addition it elected all dry candidates. This is the tenth election on the saloon question, and each time before the wet won.

Alton, the only town in Sangamon county voting on the liquor question, went dry by a vote of 612 to 410. Both men and women gave majorities against the dramshops.

The returns showed Danville's city council will be for saloons. Mayor Will C. Lewman was re-elected by a majority of 130 and in addition it elected all dry candidates. This is the tenth election on the saloon question, and each time before the wet won.

The returns indicate that the city will stand for saloons and saloons. The city voted to abolish the saloons by a majority of 130 and in addition it elected all dry candidates. This is the tenth election on the saloon question, and each time before the wet won.

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England billigt Japan's Forderungen gegen China. Es wird auf eines Tages Japan's Forderungen gegen die Vereinigten Staaten billigen — und als Bundesgenosse unterstützen.

According to an official list made public in Berlin there were in Germany, March 2, a total of 5,510 pieces of captured artillery. These included 3,300 Belgian pieces of both heavy and light caliber, 1,300 French guns, 400 German and 50 British.

only 70 votes.
Belleville. — The special m
committee of the Belleville
league has issued a report, con
the dancing and dresses worn

Have you accepted fully God's grace? Or, like bargain-monger Jacob, are you now trusting in your own strength? now in self? now walking by sight? now in faith? If so, the God of all mercies meets you and asks you to re-examine your condition and be blessed accordingly.

"There's a Reason"
Sold by Grocers everywhere.

