

DIRTY NEWSPAPER WORK

Justice Fryc is Maligned by a Chicago Newspaper.

Of all the dirty newspaper scribbles ever written, the following from a Chicago leading (?) journal is probably the dirtiest. It was published some days ago, and it tries to besmirch the character of a Barrington man without the least foundation on which it could base its calumnies.

The facts in the case are that Justice Fryc, the gentleman mentioned, never in all his honorable career as an official for the past twenty years, casual to cases alighted to, and on the day in question did not have a case on his court calendar, and as for his adjoining court to a nearby saloon for refreshments, any reputable citizen of Barrington township can vouch that Justice Fryc never enters a saloon.

All in all, in justice to the gentleman mentioned, the leading (?) Chicago paper should either retract the article, or Justice Fryc in justice to his friends and neighbors, should use every legal and honorable means to COMPEL it to do so.

The Chicago Papers' Write-Up

'Loan Sharks Lose Aid'—Noted outlying justice courts close with the advent of Municipal bench—last scenes memorable—Barrington shop filled at early hour with sleepy lawyers and debtors—Two score sleepy and red-eyed attorneys and debtors, who traveled from the vicinity of the stock yards to appear before Justice Fryc amid the rustic shades of Barrington at an early hour yesterday morning assisted in the last performance of the loan shark and strong-arm attorney in that memorable seat of "justice."

With the advent of the municipal courts to-day, the justice shops of Barrington, Lyons, Harlem, River Forest, Logan Square, Hawthorn and other similarly inaccessible haunts—like in Cook county cease to be available for the prosecution of unfortunate victims. Barrington was the worst of all and constables and loan sharks exulted with glee when a victim was summoned to that lonesome spot.

Chas. E. Gross, said to be well known as a loan agent to the sorrow of the employes of the packing-houses in the stockyards, caused the issuance of the invitation to Barrington yesterday. There were sixty-three invited guests each one alleged to be a debtor for a trifling loan. Each case was set for 8 o'clock in the morning. The first train for Barrington after daylight leaves Chicago at 8 o'clock and arrives there at 9:30. In order to be on time for the opening of court, it was necessary for every "invited guest" to leave Chicago at 3 a. m.

ALLOWS "HOOK OF GRACE"

According to statute, Justice-Fryc allowed one hour of grace and started calling the cases and entering judgment at 9 o'clock. The appearance of his predecessor on the magistral bench as attorney for one of the defendants, who demanded a trial, halted the proceedings, and before they could be resumed the 9 o'clock train had arrived and the stockyards visitors burst into the court room.

"Judgment entered, with costs," Justice Fryc was steadily intoning, rapidly shuffling the legal papers and making a notation on each one. Perspiration was standing in beads on his forehead from his efforts to meet out speedy decisions. In front of him his fellow townsmen was loudly declaiming that the proceedings were irregular.

"I want to argue my cases," announced Attorney Geo. M. Stephenson, who represented nearly half of the stockyards clerks. A chorus of approval seconded his demand and Justice Fryc halted. Mr. Gross, for reasons of bodily comfort, was not present.

BORROW \$100 OR \$200

The first case called was that of Robert Boling and Richard Newman, who were alleged to be indebted to Gross to the extent of \$200. The original loan was only \$10, according to Attorney Stephenson. After three hours of argument these cases were dismissed. Justice Fryc then dismissed all in which the defendants had appeared and adjourned to a neighboring saloon for refreshments.

"I got \$63 for the cases, and I guess I'll dismiss all of them, for it's my last day," he then vouchsafed as he returned to his court.

Justices Hurley, Bradwell and Caverly closed their courts yesterday and the other Clark street courts will close to-day.

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Science in the Nineteenth Century.

It seems too bad, when there is so much really good work being done in fiction, poetry, household decoration, dermatology, baby culture and elite directories, that the achievements of science in the nineteenth century should have been so lightly passed over. This slurring of scientific achievements is a pity. Only about 4,000 works on the subject have been published, and there are still one or two "eminent" scientists who are at- tentive. They should be stirred up.

In the meantime, to supply this crying need, let us deal with the subject. We want to give science her due. We have been longing so long to throw bouquets at her that we cannot resist the temptation. Let us take hold of the last century, spread it out flat, and let the corners turn up, and at least indicate, if we may do no more, the vast obligations to science that lie at our doors.

To begin with, so filled are we with the conceits of automobiles and flying machines that we are apt to forget the locomotive, just because it happens to run entirely by steam. Yet think of what the locomotive has done for us. It has increased our capacity to hurry a thousandfold. And there is no single disease we know of that has by itself cut off more common people than the locomotive. A disease sometimes gets tired and lays off, but the locomotive is always doing business at the same old stand.

The steamship is another admirable feature. Think of how many ports one can touch in a given time with a neurotic steamship and how often, oh, how often, we can go to Europe! Isn't it nice to feel that we can be just as restless in a Paris hotel in seven-days from now as we were here? Perhaps one of the greatest inventions of the century is the telephone. There is no friend, no matter how unimportant, and no bore, no matter how trifling, who cannot now reach us over the telephone.

Wireless telegraphy dates its inception from the close of the nineteenth century. While not yet completed, it is already a question of time when, the "wireless" will be called up, and the dulcet voice of "central" will echo through the halls of our psychic selves. This, of course, will but add to the already teeming scientific joys of existence.

At present the automobile and the electric car—the latest achievements of science—are on top, and we take off our hats to them. They are doing good work and fully justifying the hopes of the inventors. It must not be forgotten also that the automobile is taking over a better class of citizens, including women and children, than ever before. It is higher up in the social scale.

The crowning achievements of biological ambition in the nineteenth century, however, are in the field of medical science. The number of new diseases discovered is alone a monument of invention. All the germs are not yet classified, but this necessarily takes time. Those who are too willing to declare that it has been through these that many of the most abhorred germs have been discovered. And what, pray, could we do without germs?

A careful study of Shakesperiana reveals the fact that the poet was threatened with smallpox—if he didn't actually have it—and had all the symptoms of appendicitis. What a pity he couldn't have been vaccinated in time! He would probably have had the lockjaw, but lockjaw, at any rate, does not directly produce writers' cramp. And if he had had that appendix removed "Julius Caesar" might have had some new twists to it. The doctors would have been paid, however, as William wouldn't have been persuaded that it was the only thing to do until he was opulent enough to be a satisfactory patient.

Great is science! About the only thing it hasn't been able to create is a better man. TOM MASSON.

The hullabaloo raised in a library board over Mark Twain's book suggests the incongruity of the whole thing. Whatever was or was not in the garden of Eden, there was nothing Twainish, writing him down in a diary when Eve is supposed to have made notes for a curious posterity.

Some of the newly elected congressmen, who will not take their seats until the Sixtieth congress opens, are already in Washington looking over the job and wondering what the country is going to get along without them until December, 1907.

That German cobbler who made Europe roar with laughter by looting a town's treasurer while masquerading in "the king's coat" got four years in jail. It seems, after all, that the liberal knaiser "can't take a joke."

Perry is quoted as saying that it is warmer at the north pole in winter than it is in New York. Somebody will go to booming the north pole as a rival to Florida in the winter resort business.

Doubt in Marriage.

It is unfortunate for the people of the stage that their class furnished the first notable attempt to apply the doctrine of trial marriage, as recently expounded by a respectable author, to a real situation in life. An actor pleaded his belief in this doctrine as a reason for not marrying a young girl whom he had compromised. He said he was not assured that the girl in the case was suited to him. There is little danger that trial marriages will appeal to the average young man who has made any sort of beginning toward union with the girl of his heart. That the knot cannot be tied too quick or too fast is the opinion of most candidly. It is the only one to make a true union, and it stands back of nearly all successes in marriage.

Marriage is often lightly talked of from the stage, and slurs upon domestic constancy too often meet with encouragement from the audience. Yet the latter is no indication that the morals of this generation are a license to marriage. Many of those who laugh may really feel themselves to be victims bound by Hyman's chains and yet would look upon the breaking of the bonds as a calamity. In all ages marriage has been held in contempt more or less by the wits, and stage literature is not alone in this. But humanitarians have held its own because marriage must "hunt in couples," and society has laid down the law that the wife shall be hiding. And it is well for the individual that society is sternly exacting. If partners were to separate at the first fit, social happiness would be almost unknown.

Hasty marriages are to be deplored, but once the resolution to marry and secure the prize takes possession of a man's heart there can be no room for doubt but the step must be taken. The actor who doesn't nerve himself for that is the victim of his feelings. The true man welcomes the chance to show the object of his affection how earnestly he means it. Trial marriage among earnest people assumes that the couple don't know their own minds, the best of evidence that the whole thing is a mistake. The woman would better wait until a suitor of more positive nature appears. And the doubting hero should serve a term in the army or ship before the mast until he is cured of his timidity in the face of this marvelously simple and yet intensely vital problem.

Studying Farming.

Mr. J. J. Hill wants more model farms scattered over the country to show farmers how to do it. Farmers may be inclined to thank the manager for his "management," or they may suggest that the gentleman stick to his last. However, there seems to be some sense in the attitude of those who talk of studying the farming problem.

Statistics show that a very large percentage of students attending agricultural colleges have actually returned to the farm. Theory has not spoiled them for practical work. In fact, it is probable that the proportion of students following the plow is greater than the students of law or medical schools who stick to Blackstone and the scalpel. And for those days the agricultural college ought to be a good feeder for farms. Men are no longer asked to merely cut down trees and turn up new soil for crops, rotating until the whole is under cultivation. No virgin land awaits superfluous energy and crude experience. The problem is to be one of making a living from the land as it is. Homes have been built, neighbors have gathered, making society, and it is folly to emigrate from somewhere to nowhere. If new methods will save the situation, then the model farm or the college may be the shortest road to success.

Bronson Howard lays the blame for an inferior stage upon the tired business man who has to be argued. He lately said: "I hate the tired business man. He is the cause of plays being produced that keep four other men at home. I wish he would go home and rest. The drama has no future in this country until we cease to cater to the tired business man."

Some of darkest Africa will brighten up when Rhodesia, the Transvaal and other interior sections are supplied with light and power from Victoria falls. Strange, too, if that backward land should be the first to see a great waterfall harnessed to the industries of civilization.

William Dean Howells once more insists that genius is merely another name for hard work. Still, there are many people who continue to believe genius is a combination of good luck and skilled adventuring.

A Pullman porter says he rarely ever brushes out more than a dollar a trip, all of which may seem quite possible to any one who has never traveled on a Pullman.

Anyway an eruption of statesmanship is not a thing unknown in a short session of congress.

"That Confounded Cucumber."

Indigestion breeds crime. At least that is what some out and out scientific sociologists believe. That dyspepsia creates in the human mind thoughts bordering upon criminality most men and women who have met the beast face to face will testify. If everybody knew just what actual indigestion is, perhaps there would be no need of science to expound its capacity for breeding mischief. "That confounded cucumber I've eaten and can't digest" of the school recitation is often recalled in the hour of acute distress, but the moment the inner man gets to working smoothly again the lesson is forgotten.

One trouble about avoiding indigestion—and no one really intends to be criminal or even harbor criminal thoughts—is that it is so difficult to diagnose and still more difficult to trace to the original cause. For, after all, the cucumber was made the real criminal in the recitation drama. School children and workers in the backwoods sometimes find it next to impossible to be bright or amiable after lunching freely on hard boiled eggs, for instance. But it will require something more reverend than science to indict and afterward convict hard boiled eggs in a criminal court. And so with numerous things people eat because they stay by the stomach. Perhaps after all the cucumber and the hard boiled eggs only find weak and imperfect stomachs to work mischief upon. In that case the place to reform is farther back. We should cultivate stomachs that refused to be criminalized by anything which sensible folks would think of swallowing.

Hungary is making a row over the undisciplined efforts of the big steamship lines to tempt her people to emigrate to other lands.

Anna Gould might spend the balance of her life very profitably in trying to keep her two boys from growing up like their father.

What San Francisco appears to need now is a political earthquake, one of large energy and robust size.

Cuba.

Miss Grace-Hall spent Saturday with her cousins at Gilmer.

Miss Edna Gossel spent a few days last week visiting friends at Lakes Corners.

A very young man came to stay in the home of Henry Pepper, Jr., formerly of this city, now of Florida.

Mr. Wm. Hall and daughter Mabel spent Sunday afternoon in Barrington to hear Alonzo E. Wilson's speech.

Wm. Buehling of Lakes Corners had a new arrival in his home Sunday afternoon. It being a fine baby boy.

Friday afternoon, Dec. 21st, the Bennett hotel will give a Christmas entertainment. Friends are cordially invited to be present.

About 24 young people spent a very pleasant evening Thursday evening at the home of Wm. Blue. The evening was spent playing games, and after partaking of refreshments they returned to their respective homes about midnight.

Charles Rowson, who formerly lived in this vicinity, and who now lives near Wauconda, had a sale and will soon move to Kansas on account of his health.

Miss Bertha Wiese spent several days last week with her aunt, Mrs. Lank, at Honey Lake.

Mr. Maynara & Son's are doing a job of chopping on the Sam Clark place.

Mr. Frank Hanks made a business trip to Chicago Saturday.

Mr. and Mrs. Hayes entertained relatives from the city Thanksgiving week.

Mr. Toynon and family spent Thanksgiving at the Courtney farm on the banks of Fox River.

Mrs. Newkirk and daughter Jessie expects soon to make an extended visit to Danville, Illinois.

Mr. Blue's family spent the holidays in Chicago, and arrived home Sunday.

The improvements on the Grace farms are still going on.

Miss Etta Jacobson is home this week assisting her mother.

Mrs. M. M. Donnelly went to Boston in September to visit her niece. She returned last Sunday to her home in Chicago.

Turkey dinners was the order of the day, Thanksgiving, in Cuba.

School closed Wednesday at the Bennett School house with an entertainment, consisting of speaking and singing by the pupils, which was listened to by some of the patrons of the school. Our school is under the management of Miss Daisy Grosvenor who taught here last year and is well liked. There are thirty seven pupils enrolled, which, we think, is pretty good for a district school.

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