

BARRINGTON REVIEW

ESTABLISHED 1893
LESLIE W. MCCLURE, Editor and Publisher

WALTER R. WINTERINGHAM, Business Director and Foreman



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TELEPHONE, BARRINGTON NO. 1

NEW DEAL EDITS THE NEWS

"Publishers are now cognizant of the efforts to control our news by indirection, instead of by the direction of censors," the American Newspaper Association was told by its Washington attorney at a recent meeting. The lawyer-mind is startled by the fact that nearly half a hundred publicity bureaus of the government are sending out newspaper copy in a way that has never been known before.

From an editorial point of view there is not much to worry about the lawyer's statement that "there cannot be a democracy without a free press," because the government is not trying to censor the press even though it is sending out censored news by the carload.

But the editor who falls back upon government propaganda and uses it in preference to the copy supplied by independent news bureaus and correspondents is giving his readers a bad break and doing a great injustice to what our layper friend proclaims to be the real democracy.

HELPING BOYS

"No man stands so straight as when he stoops to help a boy."

With so many million of men out of work it is such an easy matter to become careless and pay no attention to boys. Men are doubly busy with the affairs of business and trying to figure out how they can live up to their codes. Worrying details occupy one's mind. Yet, all about us, are boys who need help—the help that comes from encouraging words, a helping hand, a little boost—and yet they mean so much to a boy.

It does not take long for a boy to grow and develop into a man. It may be that what we say today will have a big influence on what kind of a man he will be. Are we doing the thing that will help the boy? Just a cordial word of greeting in the morning as the boy is on his way to school will frequently give the lad just the needed encouragement for that particular day. Do we do that? Can we truthfully say that we have been the means and channel by which a boy gets inspiration to do better things?

There is so much we can do in boy's work without ever having to take any time to do it. Most men are willing to do this if they only realize how easily it can be done.

"No man stands so straight as when he stoops to help a boy."—Times-Herald, Alliance, Neb.

Just as long as there are men who deep in their hearts have the desire to leave the world a little better place than they found it, just that long will service clubs flourish.

HOME EDUCATION

"The Child's First School Is the Family"—Froebel

Issued by National Kindergarten Assn. 8 W. 40th St. New York

Delightful Occupations During Walks With Children

Walks and talks foster a desire for wholesome recreation that can be enjoyed whether the purse be full or empty, that is of benefit physically, morally and mentally and that can be shared with others.

On your walks point out the trees that make a strong appeal to children; those that bear fruits, also the hickory and chestnut trees; the maples with their keys that sit so snugly on the nose; the oaks with their acorns that can be hollowed out and used as cups or pipes.

Collect milkweed pods and bitterness with its bright, berries to beautify the children's room. Pick wild flowers, such as its deep blue, spring beauty, violet, wild geranium, daisies, black-eyed Susans, and goldenrod, and you will soon be asked to tell why the bees hover over the flowers, and you will also watch the bees at work.

Keep your eyes open for cocoon in the fall; put them into a wide lantern chimney resting upon a saucer, the top covered with mosquito netting, and await developments. When the butterfly emerges the children will have had an experience more deeply impressed because more intimate than any classroom illustration.

As the children grow older you will try different careers in the same chimney device, and will watch the spinning of the cocoons or the transition into the chrysalis state. The children's sharp eyes usually see that you have found will discover eggs already laid on leaves, and you will watch them emerge into wriggling little

birds.

One little girl was fortunate enough to see the eggs hatch about 10 minutes after she had gathered the leaf, and ever since she has kept her eyes open for another such "find." Frogs, toads, and tadpoles are sure to be noticed by the children, and will afford most interesting study if an aquarium can be provided for them at home.

Get acquainted with the birds. Begin in the late fall and winter when there are so few species that they can be easily learned and their notes readily distinguished—the woodpecker, the nuthatch, the chickadee, the junco, the English sparrow, and the white-throated sparrow. When these have become familiar the early spring birds will soon be added to the list—the robin, the grackle, the flicker, the meadow lark, the song sparrow, the bluebird. With these birds well known, the child will possess sufficient knowledge to discover others for himself, and he will find never-ending delight in greeting the birds as the bar-bingers of the seasons.

Moonlight walks, despite the disadvantage of exceeding the usual retiring hour, have no equal in imbuing children with a sense of the mystery and the power and the glory of the universe, and this experience should not be denied our children. They should be permitted this walk with parents at least once each season, when the moon is full and seems to bathe not only the earth, but the innermost soul in soft, healing light.

Then, if you will add a few autumn walks in the summertime, you will be certain of having stored up in your children and in your memories and delights that will remain forever.

The MAN from YONDER

Continued from page 2

there, scramble to his feet. Their voices were raised in incredulity. In two decades and more, he had never before had dared lift even his voice in Tincup in other than that respect for Nicholas Brandon. And now this stranger had picked him up and thrown him away. But Brandon was all jangling for the sidewalk where Ben Elliott stood, legs spread, fists clenched but with good humor repossessed and grinning as he had grinned at Bull Dural; grinning as a man will who loves combat for his own sake and not at all as one who fights in red rage.

However his smile faded and his jaw settled as Brandon uplifted his face in that rash. Murder was there at that black eye, in the loose hanging of the lower lip, in the purple lush of his cheeks. Murder, and no less, as quickly as that homicidal look came, it passed. Something like fear swept those eyes, driving it away. Not fear of this stranger, younger man. Some- thing else again; something entirely different. It was the sort of fear that comes from within; the kind of fear a man has for his own impulse.

Brandon halted abruptly. His fists relaxed into hands and with one of them he brushed rather aimlessly at mud on his sleeve. A dozen men were close, then, holding back, watching, waiting, listening. Others were coping. And as Brandon halted, looking up into Elliott's face and evidently fighting for self-control, one of these new arrivals pushed to the front and came up imperially.

"What's the matter, Mr. Brandon?" he asked sharply, with the manner of one ready to render service.

Brandon did not reply at once. He settled his coat on his shoulders.

"Sheriff, arrest this young man immediately," he said then. "I'll answer to a complaint of assault and battery myself."

A sigh of relief, of disappointment, of taxing leniency, or of all these things combined, went up from the group. The sheriff turned to Elliott and touched his arm significantly.

"You'd better come along, Elliott," he said. "You took in too much territory."

Ben looked about almost foolishly. He was embarrassed and surprised. He had expected a rough-and-tumble fight in what he considered a righteous cause and surely he was the sort who would have been on a familiar ground in such an encounter. But here he was, with a sheriff plucking at his sleeve!

He laughed a bit sheepishly. "All right, Sheriff. If it's arresting you run to here in Tincup, likely I'm it."

He turned for his pack-sack and as he did so observed old Don Studer sitting weekly on the step of the vacant store building before which the scene had been enacted. He was obviously a sick man and trouble clouded Elliott's eyes.

"Minute, Sheriff," he said and crossed to Don, thrusting one hand into a pants pocket. "Here, old timer," he said gently. The hand came out and into Studer's palm he pressed a thin packet of bills and some change. "Got one of your old buddies . . . here you!"—straightening and beckoning Bird-Eye, who approached with alacrity. "Get the old timer to a better place, get a doctor, he's bad. He's headed some to take care of himself a few days. After that . . . we'll see."

He turned then and fastened a severe gaze on Brandon. "And you, chum, let him alone!" he warned. "Until a doctor says he can travel, you watch your step with him!"

But Brandon ignored this. He was brushing his coat, pushing his way through the group, which fell aside respectfully.

"All right, Sheriff," said Ben to that worthy. "Let's go!"

CHAPTER II

A BLE ARMITAGE, justice of the peace in Tincup, looked over his spectacles into the face of the prisoner before him and a shrike appeared in his keen blue eyes. He asked:

"Now, young man, you're charged with assault and battery on the person of Nicholas Brandon. Are you guilty?"

From the rear windows of his cluttered little shop and behind watched young Ben Elliott emerge from the status of a complete stranger to the populace to that of his latest hero, by sending Mr. Bull Dural to a dump and ignominious death in the log building. After that he picked up an old clarinet, mended it, and commenced to play a halting, aimless and not completely musicless tune.

He was so occupied either with the musical performance or with the thought that he did not hear the tramp of many feet on the walk outside and was unaware that he was about to be called up to face

him in an official capacity. When the door opened, though, and Ben Elliott, Brandon, the sheriff, and Nicholas Brandon, followed. It seemed, by the total male population of the county, sergeant through the doorway, the district attorney leaped into a shrill squeal and died away. The judge's feet dropped to the floor and he swung his chair to face the entrance.

The sheriff stated his errand, the complaint was drawn, Nicholas Brandon signed his signature and then for the first time Able looked closely into the face of the defendant. It was a long and searching look and was met steadily by a pair of clear steel-gray eyes.

"Are you guilty or not?" Able repeated and Ben Elliott who had stood at ease before him, slouch back in his great brown hands, gave his usual grave twist.

"Well, if pitching a man off the sidewalk into the mud is called assault and battery in Tincup, then I'm about a hundred per cent guilty," he said.

A stir in the room followed that and Able frowned, a contingency judicial frowned. He cleared his throat at length. "Now how about this disruption of the peace, anyhow?"

"Are you guilty or not?" Able repeated and Ben Elliott who had stood at ease before him, slouch back in his great brown hands, gave his usual grave twist.

"You see, Able, 'twas this way, Mr.—"

"Now, just a minute, A. T. This account has pleaded guilty, as I understand it. I don't see any need of anybody else saying anything. He's thrown himself on the mercy of the court, you might say, and it's regular and proper and according in the spirit of the statute that I question him before passing sentence."

The sheriff smiled and subsided. Clearly, there was little friendship between him and the justice.

"Now, Mr. . . ." Able glanced at the complaint again. "Mr. Ben Elliott, how come that you go about the country, flouting reputable citizens into the mud?"

"Why, he was trying to make a friend of mine do something he didn't want to do. That's all. I bitted in, I guess; he got hard and so—ah—'I lost my head for a minute and put him in his place.'"

"Yeah, in the mud."

"Well, go on; go on. Go back to the beginning. I want to know all the details."

Elliott drew a lens breath. (TO BE CONTINUED.)

The Continental Divide

The continental divide has been so carefully surveyed by topographers that there are places in southern New Mexico where the line is established although the slope in either direction is indiscernible to the naked eye.

The Word "Pamphlet"
The word pamphlet was originally Pamphila, the name of a Greek goddess who left behind her a vast quantity of literary material in the form of short notes and essays, and this proved to be of such value that it gave a name to a new style of publication.

Site of Garden of Eden
Archaeologists and biblical students, according to the New York Herald, the first in this country, declared Ohio to be the site of the Garden of Eden—in Adams county, to be exact, where they the great support mound, upon which they based their belief.

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